

The Wisdom of the Crumbling Buddha

The Buddha sits, a smile serene
Upon his face; while all around him
Crumbles into oblivion.

Why are you smiling Buddha?
What do you know that allows
You to accept your fate with tranquility?

I sit and stare at Buddha, and think
How alike we are: for my world is crumbling
As well; but then again, I'm not serene.

I wish I had your answers, your deep
Indifference to this shattered world,
But I'm a man, and not a Buddha.

I can't shut out this world of pain;
I can't withdraw into some other
Place where men don't count,

And everything's the same.
I guess we're really not alike,
When you look at it this way.

But sometimes, I wish I could
Withdraw and smile complacently
While the world crumbled around me.

Why are you smiling Buddha?