

Palden Gyatso comes to town

ANNE HANLEY

I always go to hear
Tibetan monks
Even though
I cannot understand
Their words.
I go to see their round
Earth faces,
To see the mirth
Behind their eyes.
I go to watch the slides
That document
Their incredible suffering
Without dampening
Their belly laughs.
I go to watch the faces
Of the audience
Melt. I go to watch
Their eyes fill up
As if they were holding
Newborn babies
In their arms.