

Art of the Bardo

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What can be known of the Bardo is simply
a reawakening to, say, a Monarch,
cracking open the chrysalis perhaps amazed
at the dazzle of nectar across a field
where even the noblest counterpoint to saying grace
demands a new kind of body.

I hope the Buddhists are right. My belief
in what's next is nothing, for example, but
honey in the mouths of honeybees. An alchemy
on the tongue, like an engine,
mechanically turning the difference
between hearing that Monarch butterflies are
color blind and still
believing in the blaze on those wings.

I don't know when I started thinking so much
about death. But I think about it:
Ragweed and yellow houses remind me how
the dead stare at clouds all day. I see them
above the book I'm reading, as they stare at clouds
shifting like moments of thought.