

# *The Wandering Buddha*

CATE GABLE

*for chef Jimella Lucas*

Entering the Bardo or another set  
of bones, you cannot know  
we mourn your knife skills,  
tinctures, sauces, sturgeon opened

with precision, sliced along the  
spine, flesh parted from skin.  
We've glimpsed you ghostly in  
whites on the line coaxing fragrance

from herbs, a two-fingered touch  
for the ripeness of steak  
in the pan, a pour of olive oil  
wedding garlic to flame.

Please take a moment, love,  
to relay your whereabouts:  
how born, to whom and if we  
might contact you by phone

or email and what language your  
new tongue prefers. We bow  
before you regardless of form:  
wolverine or dove, poi dog,

saguaro, silk worm, dappled  
trout. Just call out in the night  
(my dream-door is ajar)  
or leave a message at your gate

beside the weeping alders.