

The Other Shore

Your eyes--light shining, blue radiant,
mine--veiled, duller, nothing revealed.
Meeting, our mouths sprung into laughter.
We danced the dance, headlong exploring
limitless secrets, unraveling mysteries.
Sisters--we shared and not sharing,
we fought,
our fierce rage unsheathed 'til
sweetly we surrendered.

Now the river stands between us,
our eyes no longer flashing,
tears only falling into the stream,
churning, whirling,
disappearing and resurfacing,
through kalpas and eons
one hundred thousand manifestations,
warriors and courtesans,
mountains and palm trees.
My sister, mother, child, and friend,
how can I bear to let you go?

But I see your determined eye.
"On to the other shore!" is death's mandate.
Gya te...then go...in peace. It's o.k.
I'll catch up with you.

Note: *Kalpas*: Buddhist term: "universes which go on eternally"
gya te: Buddhist term: "go beyond."

Converted for sonnet for Ehret class

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yours, light shining, blue radiant, our mouths sprung
into laughter. We danced the dance, headlong exploring
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and not sharing, we fought, our fierce rage unsheathed.
Sweetly we surrendered. Now the river stands
between us. Our eyes no longer flashing, tears only
falling, churning, whirling, disappearing, and resurfacing
through kalpas, eons, one hundred thousand manifestations,
warriors, courtesans, mountains, palm trees, my sister,
mother, child, and friend. How can I bear to let you go?
But I see your determined eye. On to the other shore
is death's mandate. Gte te....then go...in peace.
It's okay. I'll catch up with you.

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