

Two poems
by
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THE BUDDHA'S TOOTH

Word has got around
that the Buddha's Tooth
has arrived in town.

The Emperor himself
has ordered new clothes
to wear at its unveiling.

The children are laughing,
hoping to be held
up high on older shoulders,
to see the wonder
such a rumour can create.

And the Buddha
sits and smiles.

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INNER ALCHEMY

This morning, the dawn
broke inwards,
lifted the veil of mind mist
and saw
through the sky eye.

It called the ancient names
of long-forgotten islands
poured its golden stream
along the secret pathways
and felt the heart distill.

Space spiralled into time,
soul to body
promise into purpose;
and a planet danced
at the centre of gravity.