

The Compass Rose

(Excerpt)

by John

YUDHISHTARA

Such as they are,
these poems were written
only because of you.
They do not exist
outside this place.
Without you,
they disappear
like smoke
in the wind.

ANY WAY

I want the truth
straight through
and all around:
like white on rice,
like a house
afire.
I want the truth
in any way,
shape,
or form:
hard as a
diamond,
soft as
a mother's touch.
I want the truth
clear as a bell,
right as rain,
sweet as a lover
calling
my name.

BELOVED

Nothing is real.
The rolling hills,
the trees shimmering
in the breeze,
the bright blue
dome of the sky,
the houses shining
in the sunlight,
the people walking by,
are just a backdrop
for your incandescent
Love.
Peace.

YUDHISHTARA

The creation
of the compass
was god-sent to all sailors,
giving direction to the unknown,
and they celebrated its power
and saving grace
with the insignia
of the rose.

I'M NOT GOING TO SAY

When people ask me,
why do your eyes
look like that?
I'm not going to say,
I'm falling in love
with God.
I'm going to say,
"I have an allergy.
There must be
something blooming."

ALL THE SEASONS

This life
is like the weather,
and sometimes all the seasons
seem to pass
in a single day;
the coldness of winter
and its pain,
the joy of spring
and its promise,
the lazy warmth of summer,
the sweet melancholy
of fall.

And sometimes all the seasons
seem to jumble up
and pass in almost
a single moment:
spring is frozen
in its tracks by the cold;
a hot summer storm
melts a passage
through the ice;
and among
a litter of dead leaves—
bright, green shoots
magically appear.

THE HIDDEN ONES

It is quite amazing
but I swear it's true,
that person walking
next to you
could be
a fountain
of love.

The woman who
cleans your house?
It could very well be
the Beloved Herself
on her knees
washing
your floor.

And the man who
leans out his window
and says "hello"

for no reason at all,
could care more
about you
than you can
possibly imagine.

OUR OWN HEARTS

It's so sad
how men will
(myself included)
baby and treasure a car.
The best oil
every three thousand miles
like some sacred rite;
fussing over
the odd engine sound
as if the car
were sick child
in need of a doctor.
And how women will
tend a garden,
adoring every little shoot,
and exclaiming
over every bloom,
while our own hearts
are neglected,
seizing up for want of love,
dying on the vine
from the simple
lack of attention.

CELEBRATING HERSELF

What exactly
is the purpose
of a rose?
None whatsoever,
except the Beloved
celebrating Herself
through our eyes.
She is so
wonderfully vain.

LOVE

The love
I aspire to
crosses rifts
and separations.
It does not hold back.
It flies over canyons
and rivers
like a flight
of sunlit doves.

OUTSIDE MY WINDOW

There is
a beautiful tree
right outside
my window,
and if I turn
and look at just
the right angle,
I can see
the morning sun,
bright as fire,
shining through
the dense,
green leaves.

I COULD TELL YOU

Where do knowledge
and love meet?
I could tell you
his name
but you won't
find him there.
He passed that point
a long time ago
and is sitting now,
waiting for you,
in the center
of your heart.

For more see: www.iuniverse.com (search Bookstore for Compass Rose)