

## ASILOMAR BEACH MEDITATIONS

Flying eyeball wings across the sky.  
The bleached blue sky of April  
Off-set against the white sand.  
I walk upon this beach  
In the slow lopping gate  
Of many miles to go before  
I rest my weary bones.  
I hear the rhythm in the waves  
Just listening without analyzing  
Not particularly going anywhere.  
Understand this is a miracle.  
Ain't it good to be alive?  
I rejoice in my poet's vision  
And regret not the times  
When demons torment me  
Or emotions unhinge me  
Or falsehoods deceive me.  
For these are necessary parts  
Of the process  
And only this ocean is eternal.  
The irregular rhythm of the waves  
The manifestation of cyclic patterns.  
The diffuse blue light of a warm afternoon  
Inspires one to calm meditations  
Whilst one would bark at the moon  
That hangs in the dark sky  
And both are reflections of one.  
Duality is illusion.  
All the same ocean.  
In this world of trickery  
We trick ourselves.

Each of us a Buddha  
Eating pomegranate seeds.  
It is our duty  
To help each seed  
Reach its full potential.  
Although there is no reward in this  
Beyond doing it.  
Enjoy the drama  
Dream of life  
The poetry of it  
And the ocean shall answer  
In its answer  
That is no answer.

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