

HONEST-TO-EASTERN-GOD GEORGE

George, the “Eastern” wise man, sits awaiting change.
His deadly logical eyes shut out the contradictions;
His skillful artist’s hands are scrupulously folded,
Preserved from creative betrayal;
His slender legs rest still and crossed in integrity
Beside a well-worn path across the speechless ground.

All Being is One and One is All,
Save us from mirages: green grass, blue skies, running
water, rocks and butterflies—they are all the same;
black and white, square and round, big and little,
good and evil are all one—appearances deceive.

One is All and All is One,
Deliver from ego: I sinned, I trespassed against “God”—
I imposed on voiceless clay a vase for flowers,
I stole color from earth and plants to paint on it,
I made the fire bake and fix my design in it . . .
all without their permission, as if I were greater. . . .
I also beat out a silver necklace for that girl, Carla,
and forced the breeze to bear my poem-song to her.
I will no more drive Nature so. . . . I will be self-less.

All One and One All,
. . . from the desire to know: help not to imagine, not to ponder,
not to wonder about, or ask about, or think about
where that path over there leads, or who made it,
or why anything, or how anything,
or when it will please be absorbed into oneness.

Someone . . . or no, no . . . All One, All One,
No more illusions, please: I do not hurt, I am not tired,
not aching, not thirsty, not starving . . . there’s no pain,
no hunger, no desire . . . (Carla) . . . no, no pain—
nothing, nothing, nothing, just Everything.
All is One, All is One, All One, All one . . . all one.

George, the “Eastern” wise man, lies silent in the dust.
His change came—the lethal conclusion of an ancient belief
Honestly followed out with that noble human dignity
he tried not to believe Someone gave him.

— *David L. Hatton, 1976*