

THE MONK STOOD BESIDE A WHEELBARROW

The monk stood beside a wheelbarrow, weeping.

God or Buddha nowhere to be seen—

these tears were fully human,

bitter, broken,

falling onto the wheelbarrow's rusty side.

They gathered at its bottom,

where the metal drank them in to make more rust.

You cannot know what you do in this life, what you have done.

The monk stood weeping.

I knew I also had a place on this hard earth.