Buddha and the Bird

the Buddha statue sits quietly
each day the rising sun kisses its face,
a butcher bird descends
perching lightly on the enlightened one,
Buddha unperturbed remains serene.

suddenly I recall Saint Kevin
Heaney's mystical masterpiece[1],
his poem *and* the blackbird
the universe *and* Saint Kevin
merged into oneness.
A mysterious mystical moment
enlightenment beyond words,
beyond books,
beyond repressive doctrines.

the butcher bird in rapture
sings her song sweetly,
I have merged into oneness
with the Sun *and* the Buddha
with Saint Kevin *and* the birds.

NB: 1. "*Saint Kevin and the Blackbird"* (p.25) by Seamus Heaney (in) *The Spirit Level* (1996) Noonday Press.

The last verse:

"'To labour and not to seek reward,' he prays.
A prayer his body makes entirely
For he has forgotten self, forgotten bird
And on the riverbank forgotten the river's name."

Pumpkin Creek

guarded by dense mangroves
a million miles from the fast lane
the humble house awaits

rocky outcrops and eucalypts
the Hawkesbury signature
symbols of an ancient land
dominate my vision

boat access only!
psychic adjustments required here
a reconnection with time and tide;
this is wild country
a place for creating,
a place to reassess values,
a place to laugh at our self-deceptions

the sturdy jetty
a safe landing point
beckons,
my little boat approaches
whoosh, whoosh
and the sun caresses this Nirvana.

NB: Pumpkin Creek is a boat only access creek, a tributary of the mighty Hawkesbury River near Sydney, Australia.

– Rob Harle*

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