

Tiziano Fratus  
NOTES FROM A STREAM

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-oss is  
the womb of  
the Buddha. I sit  
on it to open my eyes.  
Sangha are trees swinging  
at the whim of the wind at dawn,  
whirlpools of water the stream draws  
in the light, growing and sinking. They are  
also new leaves, on top of their branches, and  
worn leaves, in the dust. Friends in meditations are  
sparrows and dippers who have fun in this sketch  
of a forest. They are barks torn by deers for their  
hunger, ivy in its thousand iron grip, days of  
rain, days of fog, days of heat. I half-close  
my eyes and forget every echo of  
reason, it is me for a moment  
and it is not me anymore.  
I have no more words,  
no more dwell