## The Buddhist

## by Adam Sifre

She is not centered, but she finds her way. Enlightened? She lights a way for others, so what matter?

I don't know my Buddhist, but who do you know, really? The stranger in your bed, clothed in intimacy, disguised in familiar habits?

My Buddhist is a mystery. Who doesn't love a mystery?

Turn to the one sharing your bed, building your life.
Do you see what you will never see?
Do you see that wonderful mystery?
That hidden spark?

( whispers ineffable when you are not listening.)

My Buddhist is strange fire, a wonderful missing puzzle.

and I am drawn.