

83. Buddha Diet

(Quotes from the Flower Ornament Scripture or
Beck)

Buddha is the only religious founder never went on a diet.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

but still stunned in March by the rapid ascent of
magnolia blossoms, *scattering jewels in all directions*.
Fascinated by bootcrunch of stairway catkins that
stay'd firm 'til April rain. Reborn as a baby w/ joy
to kick legs again, joy dance in the kitchen to Beck's
Qué Onda Guero bounce to *Guatemalan soccer ball
instant replay*. Hear the transmission of rhythm, here
joy embodied, a future tool to *evaporate oceans of
cravings* he wanted to say w/ *clear eyes and deep
understanding* only slightly addled by Mu drunk
with the orphaned son of an illiterate carnival fry
cook.

Still stunn'd by the snowless
winter the stolen alley jasmine wd perfume the
home dance floor for a week, bounce to the joy of
the baby's eighth dance Qué Onda Guero, Buddha
somewhere eating ribs from Jones bbq w/ *clear eyes
revealing the treasury of non-regressing great compassion* for
the pig who wanted a taste of the Buddha while
stolen magnolia blossoms unfurl /explode into
reluctant April, another *wheel of teaching in reality like
space*. Kick Kick Kick fat baby legs define joy in
meat & tendons signified by a five toothed smile.
The hymn of the Indian Plum still echoes off the
corridor walls. We'll remember soon where lilac
trees hid all winter & she may remember how, en
L.A. español to say *what's up gangster? en un ritmo
perfecto*. Qué Onda Guero.

From gangster
to winter kale gardener
mimic the Buddha's
disdain for dieting.