

60. Hymn to Indian Plum

*The interlocking hearts carved on benches are the cheap
wedding vows of seducers.*

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

& the book as spiritual instrument will not itself
thicken your knowledge (will knot itself) will not
itself allow yr vision to penetrate the evergreen nor
the cliff above Obstruction will not itself lift you up
out of animal blinders or make luminous the
February witch hazel's view or the perched Anna's
Hummingbird or the frail first candleflames of the
Indian Plum, no.

Might make a fine window
(widow?) to jump in & see the Light of the
Supreme Lamp of Universal Virtue or Lion
Banner of Universal Light, might be an in to the
Subtle Light of Flames of Universal Jewels or the
Banner of Oceans of Qualities of Universal
Sounds. Cd open my February window and hear
waves below bushtit chatter or starling gossip & jet
engine wash. Maybe wait for a day when (through
practice practice practice) could envision hearing
the Pleasing Voice of Universal Awareness or the
Undefined Treasury of Light of Oceans of
Cloudlike Sounds.

Could make a topknot of that.
Cd imagine it instead of a whorl of pheromones or
a goatskin jailcell in which to feel the beatdown of
bruxism. Could envision a Light Banner of
Fragrant Flames each morning, before yoga &
truckgrowl before slaughter and dehydration
before the animal inside aware of extensive root
systems & their eloquent oceans
of concentrations that sometimes emit the scent
of magnolia blossoms or jalapeño or jasmine.

Pick a vow
at least as radiant

as the first leafshoots
of the February
Indian Plum.



2:32P - 2.23.12
Lucile