

Utopia, The Ascetic

Everyday I go upon the mountain
Climb to the top, but I don't know what for.
It's quiet until I hear a voice from the mountain
It say's "beware of what you want...it might want you more!

Ashes...my burned hut...
But beautiful like cherries blooming from the hill
One of my patients...just before he died
And just before I left the hospital and began to travel
If he could face death so calmly, how can I face life with
So much doubt? now...i sit on the side of a mountain,
And watch the shadows slowly filling the valleys below.

But not without the doubts that still linger,
And constantly caress the edges of my shadowy interior...
At least a cathater expels impurities,
In a manner of model effeciencies. and my previous profession
Always at least offered that. fully vasectomies in clean and
Well-lit places. a sterile feel, seals from infecti[b,
But not from disease. I often wonder if I left anyone behind?
But somehow, I just can't remember. only an oddly-defined try
To find a better way. but somehow...i don't believe this is it!
I think about india, and the hindu concept of life,
To be so loved...and understand the space between reality and
Perception. and now...it seems that I live there...