

Wisdom tree

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The Buddha sits alone under the wisdom tree,
even in the gloom of night, shines bright and free.

Better that we be like the lion of man, free as a bird,
rather than a popular sheep in someone else's herd.

See the tree how it loses its leaves year after year,
still tall it stands and grows them again without a tear

Depend not on anyone nor on anything nor any luck
even our shadow leaves us without a word in the dark

Life's true beauty is best felt and loved, rarely seen.
So close our eyes to pray, to cry, to kiss, to dream.

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