

THE DHARMA OF POETRY

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By Mike Bovingdon

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A song that waited in a quiet way for a word
 Or a knowing to knock me backwards
 A beginning waiting to happen; fresh; original
 The energy of a smile; a dance; The Dance that has no
 dancer
 Words that have no must attached
 No uniform to sit inside or scheme or scan or rhyme
 Or crystal frame of words that slowly snow truth under
 Dharma in what form it chooses
 Words in loose formation like Spitfires
 Beautifully crafted and flown in desperation
 Dharma; the order that goes right across;
 And we don't see it because we must have edges
 Three-piece music with no hiding place
 Chords that ring true or it fails; no fudge
 A quiet voice in a great symphony like a truth waiting to
 be born
 Only the weight and energy of truth to carry it forward
 Dharma not in the words but the space they wrap around
 The tiger – spring; the gazelle – leap forward in joy of
 seeing
 Knowing; telling it like it is
 The bear – like stand on the line and saying I don't
 retreat
 The wolf- like gleam of an eye outside the camp circle
 Outside the little ring of light where they thought they
 knew it all
 A storm of thoughts and words that spins up and flies
 In the energy of the soul
 Your storm that they said was always for tomorrow
 The glacier creeping on unstoppable embedded with
 chisels and gouges
 The ice that started downhill when humans first came
 north
 A glimpse through half closed eyes
 And awareness pure and easy of the wholeness of it all
 Reflections in each crystal piece
 Of all the others reflecting then coming back
 And knowing it can be like that on main street but you
 really have to mean it
 Finding that gravity is bigger than politeness; more
 honest
 That moment when you're listening or watching or
 reading

When it all goes down the rabbit hole
 And you see it's forever only a beginning
 The dance for joy from before joy itself
 Where words and worlds already fit from before they
 were
 The Periodic Table of all the souls and planets
 Order that leaves surprises, like al – chemy
 The Gas Laws of what we think it's really like
 Order with deviation because all the tiny bits really are
 there, hard
 The Laws of nature that seem to say we apparently
 like hard journeys
 That we have to pick and scratch until it bleeds
 And, oh; humanity has bled and always the same
 colour
 Those times when it changes so fast and the
 gyroscope is nudged
 And has to wobble; gyroscope of our little world
 Those times when the thinkers put on Saint Michael's
 robe of light
 Upset their followers by changing trains at the last
 minute
 Hey you; I have bad news, you re going to have to
 pack right now
 Chuck away your old maps; this is like no trip you
 ever had
 You were looking for order in yesterday's truth in dry
 black ink
 And it's not like that and it never was
 Dharma; the rippling order of the universe
 The underlying fabric; the flag with all known prayers
 and equations
 Forever being recited and rewritten
 All the unpronounceable names of god or gods
 The proofs of prime numbers that there is not time to
 write out longhand
 The thing that does not fill all time and space
 They fill it, nearly
 The thing that casts shadows over what's slower
 darker, cooler, denser
 Like love or truth in the space that time and space can
 only point to
 Yet we know it's there; can point to the space
 between the notes
 The space within the wrapping skein of words
 It's the thing that calls softly that we should look and
 see for once
 See beyond the signboards, the little circle at the camp
 fire
 Beyond the slight radiance of prophets and presidents
 It's the page it all gets written on; the utterings of
 sages and seers
 The declarations of divine right and eternal piety

That our version is best – honestly
The order of the universe
And then, the words; just marks; expulsions of air
To describe what has already happened; already gone
That dizziness that comes when you try to say what
cannot be said
And know you must be here, now, because it's all there is
Dharma; the order of the universe; uncaptured
Lightly brushed with the fingertip of the love of the soul
Singing like electricity; springing in the moment that's
already past
That was, is and ever shall be; world without end
And on the edge of the great blue tapestry, there we are
Tiny light flecks of dust shining in the light
Of the love of life and love and brighter than stars
Temporary; up-tempo; tiny sparkles to burn bright and
brief and only once
And try to tell it like it is

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