

## The Way

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international / poetry / post

i must return to the Way  
where meaninglessness has meaning  
and the autumn leaves that once  
rustled in the wind lay fallen  
crunching underfoot

where the sun rises and sets  
without the need to presume  
and the moon passively receives  
its light, shining silver in a motionless pond

but there's no point in returning  
as i have never left nor could i or anything else  
that exists in the interplay of dreams and realities

longing for the Way is self-deceit so i simply find my way  
without taking trails or roads that lead nowhere or at best, places  
that i have outworn

it is good to have been a fool, scholar, monk, magician  
thief and madman, it is good to have been hanged, honoured,  
abused, tortured, murdered and loved, so many times i have lost  
count

if u see a familiar phantom in the sky, forest or urban place  
that appears and disappears  
do not think of me, or follow what u see  
as you would only find yourself  
searching fruitlessly for what you already have

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-32.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-860.html>