

Arlan Mitnick

I am staring at the sun with binoculars,
I am tired of non illumined faces,
I think I need a telescope to teleport me somewhere else,
It seems I am wishing for something beautiful,
Like a kaleidoscope nebula to change and reinvent its self a hundred times,
I can't believe I stumbled back into this body again,
I have walked this Himalayan highway looking for a rickshaw for my lazy reclining nature,
I don't like to go the distance,
I don't believe there is any place to go,
I rather sit in a hollow of a tree in a meditative owl persona asking who for the of my life,
I could look at a still water face but the reflections are waving with a gentle gust,
I say goodbye to that pitter patter image,
Lost in a billion cloudy nowhere tear drops,
As I watch him flow in the rainbows of oil on water,
In a stream of karmic diluted spectrums changing the homeostasis of the liquid,
My trickling truth will be found in the bellow of a happy frog lounging on a lily pad croaking
my love to the orange half pumpkin moon,
I have cut my way out of this lampshade mask,
I have tried to see the wick of this sacred candle,
All I saw was the proud face of a sleepy sun,
Who cast his light upon the earth
Who created beauty in the colors of his words,
So I am staring at myself with binoculars trying to see more than what is.

Self Examination with Binoculars

