

無為

Wu Wei

Reading the Buddhist poet I am suddenly afraid
of what isn't in the poems,
that it's all in some abscessed

back issue, in tissue inflamed
by a strain with an unpronounceable name
that might be catching.

I am thinking it starts in the midbrain
with dopamine seeping out,
even the extra baggies of it

cells keep for emergencies; all of it
leaking through lipid bilayers
until desire is gone.

I am thinking it's like high altitude,
as when at 16,000 feet
you can't eat, you can't imagine eating

or what hunger ever was. I am thinking
that when you lose your word for want,
you lose it for truth.

The oldest character for truth
was a claw, hovering over something small:
a mouse, an unfledged bird,

which to me implies hunger, and suffering;
penetration
and a cry—



Wu Wei: “without doing”; detached from outcomes or agenda

