

Quan Yin

How many times during the course of one day  
do we pass objects in our homes,  
without offering acknowledgment or thanks?

When I think of my Quan Yin,  
swathed in white, reclining outside my office door  
on an curved Tibetan table, I wonder  
about her journey here,  
who created her and where she was born.

During the course of one day, I must pass her  
a dozen times or so, on my way nowhere  
or to the kitchen or the bathroom or my car.

She patiently inspects  
and only on rare moments like this,  
do I stop, stare and offer thanks  
for her being in my life  
prompting her tenor of compassion.

I decide to bring this new ritual into my life—  
a thank you, a nod, a bow to an object  
which epitomizes life's big moments—  
tender light and dark times  
that takes turns swimming  
through our fragile hearts.

## Nirvana Vibes

the name of my teen hangout.  
Stepping through its beaded doors  
was like walking into a time cloud—  
musky scent of patchouli incense,  
marijuana whiffs and hashish pipes  
by color within glass cabinets.

The owners: a hippie  
and his bead-laden, long-haired girl,  
VW van parked behind with paisley cloth  
window covering and a bumper sticker saying,  
'when this van's rocking, don't come knocking.'

The store with black lights,  
psychedelic peace signs,  
a private room in back  
with alerting wind chimes  
to sample pipes. Beside, mirrored velour dresses—  
only peaceful but rebellious visitors:  
barefoot and groovy may enter.

My favorite Beatles songs blared  
through black speakers  
in each corner.  
'Let it Be,' instilling instant calm.

Nirvana Vibes was the safe haven  
where my fifteen-year-old self thrived,  
protected from screaming, battling parents,  
cold TV dinners of fried chicken,  
mashed potatoes and sugar-soaked peaches.