Dance Beneath the Modern Sun

Patrick W. Wallace

...At a shrine or precipice, Eastern and Western,
On a coming and going fading in and out channel on TV,
In the lonely static and distant voices, snatches of music,
Between stations on the radio,
Between the words of chanted primal prayers,
In the incantation of words too powerful to be written,
" Somewhere in a parking lot amid broken glass and flattened cans,
The ghost of all I have known or imagined said:
Live as if each moment is the first moment.
Live as if each moment is your last.
Live as if you will relive this moment eternally.
Live as if you will never have this moment again.
Do not forget your life.
Do not forget your death.
Do not forget you are Christ and Satan,
Buddha and Hitler, Atman and Maya.
Live as if only now is real, no past or future.
Live as if past and future are as real and present as the present.
Live as if nothing is real.
Live as if appearance is the only reality.
Live as if you will never be young again.
Live as if you will never grow old again.
Live as if you want to be here.
Die as if you are ready to die.
Be here.
Do the best that you can.
Cope how you will.
Understand as much as you can.
Always know there is more.

...Sanctify the sewer and the altar.
Pity those who deserve pity.
Feel sadness for others that they may not feel for themselves.
See the beautiful melancholy of our predicament.

This excerpt is printed with the permission of the poet. Patrick W. Wallace is a philosopher, poet, and song writer from Mississippi, USA. His Broken Circle, Epistles of the Stranger *is published by Llumina Press: http://www.llumina.com.*