

“Bardo”

nearing now the ultimate When
along the laden path that we
will follow while the sky will touch
some lofty heads. And then when we
approach the house, we all will enter
with eyes high and poised to touch
the friezes, ceilings, walls entirely
overcome with light. And when no
one can find the balance on one's
own, the feather falls alone
and silently trod many men
on through the door. And so to kill
our beating hearts and sighs is all for
naught since all we have now in this
palace is the choice to tread or
maybe turn and flee. And for
the best of us, the path is long as
they can see, but not so much
that they would never think to run and
follow the road home. And what
the worst of us can see are skies of
massive height, which can't but beg the
question: is it better we are dead?