

“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?