

To Emptiness

So finally we found out the world was rigged,
A mighty magic show that we believed in.
Complaints and mockeries will not expose it;
Much too large, too clever, and too empty.
Besides, one cannot prosecute a sleeve.
“Nothing up my sleeve!” said the old magician.
Yet into and out of nothing our tokens
Vanish, reappear, and turn into rabbits
Or fabulous sights that might mislead our eyes.
“Attention! an iris becomes a dove!
There, watch how it flies! see what tricks it does!”
Until we recognize behind, there’s nothing.
Yet know it is no ordinary emptiness
That bears the living body of the world.