A Walking Meditation

Andrew Burke

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I walked along a track
that runs to the river
that runs to the ocean;

I walked to aerate
the stream that flows
within my mortal frame.

I saw on the first
woodchip corner between
long dry grasses

a yin-yang mandala
drawn in white sand
from the long jump pit

of the primary school.
Memory made tracks to
Tibetan monks in flowing robes

writing sandy sutras in
air-conditioned spaces
of city art galleries.

As I stood I thought
of the wave
of East to West

through Beatles to Menuhin,
bring the world
closer together -

followed by faiths
with armed believers
dying for eternity.

Balance?
These days are built
on shifting sands.

Andrew Burke is an Australian writer with books of poetry published, small plays decades ago, short stories in literary mags, and a novel waiting to be published.