



The doors of the temple will remain open.
There will be no walls.

The sacred letters will glow
beneath the lights of spheres celestial.

The poor will come to end their thirst
from lakes of wine.

And as we tilt our cups we will see
the reflections of those yet to be born
feeding extinct species by the hand,
humming to dragonflies in copulation.

All sentient beings

in the midst of celebration,
medicine steaming within our veins,
butter dripping forth from the wheat
of our grasp.

C. Mehrhoff