

## **Buddha In A City**

*They walk beside me*

*always late for something.  
Quickening loafers  
compete against themselves  
emphasising their importance.*

*Go!*

*Choking on their breath  
in an over-zealous attempt to identify  
what's freedom?*

*This fastened reality  
Punctures inner peace  
my energy disperses  
Like a balloon buzzing as it loses momentum.  
When did Life become a marathon?  
When will I decide where I want to be?*

*Conversations shout themselves out..  
an energetic argument before their words reach the air..  
Will you ever confront your disguised pains?  
My mind's elsewhere..  
I'm trying to figure out  
the last time I saw your body unclench itself.*

*And I'm a little confused,  
because I don't know whether to [accept](#) your denial  
or  
continue to disconnect from reality.  
And I [question](#),  
If we all mirror each other, what part of myself cannot find peace in you?*

*I observe this anxiety in motion  
stuck forever in a hurry  
leading itself down roads that end where they began.  
And I wonder,  
If their legs were to rest  
would they have to pick their head up from the floor?*

*Like buddhas in a city,  
their lives are a fast forwarded tomorrow  
as the present hurries along.  
And I ponder,  
Does the truth stop blinding when silence doesn't teach?*

*A quickening motion  
Changing with every step.  
Acceleration..  
human race...  
Go!  
Chasing of thy death..*