

## This Happy Dwelling

What radiant dress  
with which I am clothed!  
The beggar-man cannot know,  
the rich wonder where to buy it,  
but its price is not with money.

I have gained it, have earned it  
through application of time,  
spirit-coin in a process of becoming.

Treasures surround me,  
but the eyes which see them  
are the greatest treasure.

I value my fine shiny statuary,  
my high piles of books,  
the many music discs.  
Much sadness were I to lose them!

But a scratch line drawing can beautify,  
and knowledge remembered is best possessed,  
and songs emerge from the heart first.

Say a sweater for the coldness,  
and shade for the heat,  
the head that rests best has clean conscience for a pillow.

Cool, clear water,  
what better drink?  
And simple bread can sustain.

Time can be a burden if fears are great.  
but time is light if you are not trying to carry  
the past and the future.

What cannot be known, don't try to lift it.  
What cannot be changed, leave it be!

The radiant changeling can be you,  
your thoughts,  
and your loves.

Love your thoughts,  
and your mind is a paradise.  
This happy dwelling, we are home anywhere.

Home anywhere,  
comfort won with pride,  
the best victory, inside!

JAL, 10-9-08