there are those who think;
"there must be more", but there is
no magic to save
us here ...nothing to
eat to protect us, nothing
to wear that will make
us strong ...we keep the
fire lit till we run out of
fuel, there's nothing else
to do ...oh, here's a
tea to drink, here's a stone to
roll, here's a god to
lean on like a cane
...this code was broken long, long
ago; realize
the mind, notice all
things are connected ...you are
the fire, you are the
fuel, & you are the
darkness when the fire is out
...there is no magic
here, the air is thin
& cold ...still, the mountains smile
...we smile back at them

LHASA TIBET
藏西

a post card from my tibet

Stosh Machek

Stosh Machek was born in Chicago nearly half a century ago & it was there in that fair city's saloons near the beginning of the current millennium where he began his curious habit of reading aloud, in public that which he has written