



THE WANDERER

There was fire on the mountain,
and, seeking to put it out,
he chose to move to the right —
an *Easterly* direction, against
all Nature (for he had not
noticed that the Sun, his sign,
moves *Westerly* — and that all
Men follow the Sun.

Thus the Wanderer walked
all the 64 spokes of the
Great Wheel — of course,
he was fortunate enough,
or fool enough, to have
lept over many of the
Stations of The Way.

How strange to think
that if only he had
chosen to move to his
left on the Great Wheel, or
Westerly, following the Sun,
his wandering would have
ended in a single step —
his present abundance
almost instantly known.

Perhaps he was only born
upside down, or with his
eyes turned in the wrong
direction, or crossed or
something. Who knows?



It's enough to be home,
at last, Magda, for
when you found me I
wasn't even wandering
anymore, just lost —

Abundance, fullness, right
before my eyes. You showed
it to me.

Forgive me for being so stupid,
for taking so much time,
to see.

[October?, 1970]

