

Breathing in an Old Jeep

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Breathing in an Old Jeep

Sitting in the corner of the crowded jeep,
Invisible. Like all women when they age.
Breathing in, I absorb all your miseries,
Lost illusions, broken hopes, and worries,
Jealousy, greed, anger, and pride,
I take all of them in.

Invisible old woman in the crowded jeep,
The dark river of your grief flows
Into my heart and dissolves
My own pain into light.

Invalid old woman in rags,
Cramped in the corner of the jeep,
Breathing out, I let the light flow out,
Millions of sparks from my heart to yours,
Giving you strength against miseries and foes,
Soothing your pain, lightening your woes.

When we reach, pay our fare, and leave,
No one will remember the old woman in red
Walking away, slowly telling her beads,
Praying that your wishes be fulfilled,
Her heart grown bigger with the joy of giving.

Tenzin Kunkyi, Dharamsala,
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