

At the Teahouse, 6 am

Sunrise at the octagonal hut;  
beyond, where two decks meet,  
a lizard does pushups in the sun.  
I see the green, chattering world  
through the window, I see  
my image in the window.  
Both are present; are both true?  
A bee enters the hut, buzzes  
insistently against the window,  
but the window won't yield  
to his wishes. I want to  
show him the open door,  
say *this world through the glass  
is only an illusion* but I don't.  
How long will he hurl himself  
against the dusty glass? How long  
will we believe we are not free?

~ Holly Hughes ~

(America Zen - A Gathering of Poets)