

## PARANIRVANA

morgue cart  
outside the shrine room  
that's how he got here  
11pm-1am sitting with the upright body a crown on his head invisible face hidden  
with colored scarves a vast streaming down

in the hospital his eyes were open mouth agape, face relaxed, magnificent old  
chieftan who went out right  
eskimo cheeks  
warrior hair long to shoulders

the crematorium door shiny steel  
Tibetan drum conch shells horns  
- his son  
reincarnate tear  
convulsively weeps  
the beginning moan of an epileptic  
a passing cycle's roar

Nyima Marc Olmstead