
The Chopped Liver Sutra

Jonathan C. Sampson

1

Rapturous mountains and billboards so quaint,
Overgrown as kudzu or sparse as the desert,
There's nothing unnatural in any of it.

Satori doesn't care if it's lonely or loved,
If it's strolling down a mist-laden valley of sequoias
Or chugging on a rusty locomotive through industrial swampland.

It's a joy beyond joy.
Which means it's unconditional.
Which means you can only choose it right now.

2.

All things were in Nirvana from the start.

Even your headache: it isn't a headache.

How can it be that your headache is a headache?

It's just a part of the furniture in this cozy little alcove of the mansions of
heaven.

Your most deluded ambition is beatific in itself.

There's not a chance of failing.

When you're young, it's time to play at catching butterflies.

When you're older, it's time to play at being a serious butterfly hunter.

When you're senile, it's time to play.

3.

Lust, latte, and cigarettes, greenery and grime,
Are glowposts all, a vast mandala, chiming, their suchness all stuff.

The myriad signs are pristinely empty of meaning, let alone
meaninglessness.



Every fawn knows the language of trust and fear,
Lovingkindness and greedy murder.

Whence this tragic specialness?

If your dad ditched his seed at a different tilt, you would still exist.

Any face trades for your own.

So if I said you're chopped liver, what I meant is: you're a son of man.

A natural born adventurer, **Jonathan Sampson** used a technical Ph. D. as a
springboard to live and work in various countries.
JonathanCSampson@yahoo.com