

Untitled

My finger no longer points
toward you with blame.
It was I who took my power
and placed it in your name.

You — the villain
dragging me into the abyss
to dance with anger, hunger and hell
to dance with loneliness.

Hey you, the villain,
You're getting clearer.
I see you now
In my mirror.

The devil never carries
so much clout
as when I feed it
with self-doubt.

My Buddha nature
Are you in there?
I'm struggling to find you
amongst my tears.

I was told many years ago
to call the Buddha's name.
I did
and I waited,
But my savior never came.

Now, in the midst of this swamp —
This battle — I refuse
to give up this time.
I hear someone calling me
from somewhere inside.
I hear a voice getting stronger
I will ignore it no longer.

As I call the Buddha's name
My heart answers to the same.

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