

THE ENLIGHTENED ONE

Glenna Holloway

Fujiyama

Haunting as haiku in pastel mist paintings.

Three weeks I waited for live audience with its majesty,  
fastening my fortunes to cedars, hiking the Hakone hills  
while bright ferries slid the lake below.

Once, struggling up Fuji's flanks I had touched it  
like truth, held it hugely.

Unidentifiable.

A Shinto wind urged me back, beyond shadow slants,  
out of the ignorance of intimacy. But now  
the mountain sat in supreme privacy like a fat shogun  
enshrined in smoke from a billion censors,  
unmoved by my petitions,  
contemplating old crucibles beneath his throne,  
considering a show of power, screening his conclusions  
from earth eyes.

I had to leave. Then flying home, off the starboard wing—  
a Bodhisattva!

pedestaled on ermine and lapis, Helios-haloed,  
capped and caped in white lotus. Fujiyama.

Electing to stay this side of heaven, giving a glimpse  
inside the meaning of light. Forcing shut earth eyes.