

## Waiting for God

a narrative poem by Milton Moon.

*I'm due to die  
sooner rather than later.  
My wife of sixty-seven years  
has already gone,  
her mortal remains, in ashes  
waiting for mine.  
Together they'll go, somewhere  
as part of the seasons  
or the tides ebb or flow.  
She is still with me,  
I talk to her often,  
burning incense twice a day  
and telling her  
"incense is dispersed for the soul  
of the young girl."*

Many people say  
'when you're dead you're dead.  
Sceptics hedge their bets,  
'no one knows' they say,  
(not sceptical of their own scepticism.)  
Atheists say they *do* know;  
'it is all over when you're  
dead and gone - bones or ash —  
no God, no Heaven, no Hell,  
no thing to carry with you.  
All is finished, except things  
you leave behind, genes or work  
to remind everyone  
you once were here.'

Opposite to Sceptics or Atheists  
speculative thinkers of the ancient past  
— expressed in myth and legend —  
suggest a world beyond our world  
where everything exists in forms  
of knowing we can't know  
and will probably never know,  
the way human's know.  
Hindu thought, Judaic beliefs  
Buddhists, Christians, Islamic thought  
and others, all embracing eternalism  
in one form or another.  
All gods exist in many forms but  
no form contains the formless.  
Speculative philosophers speculate  
— but *only* speculate —  
no one knows for sure.  
Some think though that everything is  
recorded and stored, and the storehouse  
whatever it is, or might be,  
has a consciousness  
a part of consciousness itself.

Some speculate the storehouse  
is the Mind itself, and although  
the Mind permeates everywhere  
harbouring all we think and do,  
it itself remains unsullied.  
Every thought, every act,  
every hatred, every suspicion,  
good acts and bad acts,  
kind and unkind, merciful and merciless  
fantasies, acts of imagination,  
a montage layering every facet,  
every activity, assuring an audience,  
not only a reaction but a participation.  
Like metadata it is all stored  
in the Mind owned by no one  
but linked to everyone.

Grossness attracts grossness,  
the subtle beckons the subtle,  
the unexplained, the explainable,  
(even the inexplicable).  
Like the physical world,  
conjoining or opposing,  
everything goes everywhere:  
the heavenly to where the heavenly go,  
as the hellish goes where it must go,  
but there is no judgement of  
either Heaven or Hell,  
everything goes where it belongs  
'of itself.'

No one knows what instincts  
you were born with,  
or the ways nurture will affect you.  
Your past is as fragile, as is  
the present or future; more fragile  
than the perfumes and flavours  
wafted from a thousand countries,  
or born and burnished by  
a million lifetimes,  
ill *or* well lived,  
*or* in peace *or* tumult.  
You might be lucky but  
Karma is not a waiting game:  
what you wish for in this life  
you may rue in the next.

Religions have their own ways,  
coming to terms with what happens  
when you enter the stage beyond.  
Christians have their Hell or Heaven  
others have different names.  
Buddhists speak of the Pure Land,  
the Mind unsullied by the contents  
whatever they might be.

In Japan  
the Buddha of the Pure Land  
is called Amida and reciting his Name  
is a direct link to the Mind  
beyond our ordinary use of minds.  
Of course it is a mystery,  
but so much is beyond the  
knowledge of human conceit.  
The Christians say  
*Ask and it shall be given,  
seek and you shall find.  
Knock and it shall be opened unto you.*

In Japan the Buddhists say  
*Namu Amida Butsu*  
responding to Amida's vow.  
Said with a sincere mind,  
a deep mind  
and an aspiring mind,  
an appeal to the Pure Land  
the Mind beyond the Mind,  
the Mind within you and all about.  
*'Jinen, of itself,  
made to become so.'*