

Buddha

If I were as fat as the Buddha,
I could contemplate my bellybutton
while sitting on a lotus
and clap my fat sides and laugh.

I could grow my earlobes long,
like mudflaps on a tractor trailer truck,
and shake them at the pain
which is an illusion in this world.

Then again, maybe I should lose
weight and work out, so I could fit
into a white t-shirt like Mr. Clean
and get started on this mess.