



# Poem by a young Buddhist

**written a week after her Buddhist teacher passed away**

You have unforgivingly shown me how unprepared I was

    To be smacked in the face by impermanence,

        The end of your time in our world in your physical form.

A form I was so used to

    I took for granted it would remain.

        What idiocy!

I wasn't ready to fully meet you.

    I wish I had been.

        I wasn't ready for you to leave.

You gave everything.

    And now I feel you've taken it away.

And I'm mad.

    I'm mad you're gone.

        I'm mad I can't see you're still here.

            All pervasive.

Thank goodness for the people you gathered,

    Each one more gorgeously kind in mind and in heart than the next.

How could you leave so many shattered hearts?

    I mean, I know how.

        Everyone dies.



*Windows into Buddhism* is licenced under a Creative Commons 4.0 international licence.