

On Elusiveness

Fourteen

At the Heart of Lao Tzu, by Bruce Fertman

In memory of Theodor Seuss Geisel

1904-1991

•

Not A Person. Not a Place. Not a Thing.

Not in a place, not in a space,
Not a person, not a thing,
Not a ping or a pong,
Not the soundless sounding of a gong.
Not a word, surely not absurd.

Don't look.

You'll not come across it in a book.

Don't seek,
And you will find,
It is not yours, not mine.

It has no foes, woes, or toes.

There – off it goes!

It hates to sit.
Does not come in a kit.
Some think it illegit.
About to quit?

It's a zone...where you are not alone.
It's a ball...floating through us all.
It's a climate...of refinement.
It's a breeze...full of ease.

It's changeable as the weather.
Totally untethered, soft as a feather,
Like a field of heather.

Nowhere does it dwell.
It's like a well, but without the well.
Well, well, well...impossible to tell.

It is...it is...it is.