

Is It Risen?

Now, when we think of egg drop soup
We also think
"Which comes first
the chicken or the drop?"
Same old resurrection.
On this day, he arose from the dead
And smartly said
"Which came first..."
Mary cried, Joseph nearly died
All the little children were mesmerized
To see his magic show.
Can we pull a chicken out of a pot of egg drop soup?
There once was a clever sorcerer
Who had some good intentions
Of making people kind
By tricking them with slight of hand
Or shall we say with slit of hand and feet.
Too bad, too too bad
Good try
But as it turns out
Magic martyrdom blinds mind eye
But only for a moment.
Now, my grandfather said that hard work is the only way
And his friends and family were disappointed
After all, he was supposed to be a great magician, too
"Show us some tricks
Make sticks and stones turn into bones
And turn them back again."
My grandpa said, "Make your bones into precious stones
To diamonds of great discipline."
Simple Simon went to such a length to die upside down
But, my old crusty grandfather
He died in bed
And his family and friends all gathered round
And said
What's left for us?
All and all, he's dead
But, even so, that old miser left a will
A trust fund for his family
What do we call it now, generations later?
Irrevocable, impenetrable
Only one way to get to it.
Trust one for yourself
What's the point of our little Easter egg?
Maybe to hatch a trickless chick, and pull egg drops
out of grandpa's soup.

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