

A Kingdom

A kingdom is a place where everyone is a king
Pinnacled castles, stately robes, dignity
The image of kingliness reigns far and wide
We aspire to express our kingship
Do not be embarrassed
How do kings greet kings, meet kings, eat, sleep treat kings?
Kings love kings?
We are all true kings -
 Within us divine essence
 Lord and Master

And we are all paupers
Paupers adrift, bereft of earthly permanence, pure of earthly possession
Ya hayyo, ya quayyum
Paupers on the road
Buddhas with a bowl
How do meet, greet, sleep, treat paupers?
Paupers love paupers?

Class differences vanish
as we express our different selves
and know all such dimensions as reflections
The infinite diamond
Atop the crown
On the head of the king
Of the kingdom of kings' crowns.

Relate to the essence, behind the imperfect manifestation
Appearance and Reality finally sorted out
Reckon with both.

Beverly Feinberg