

The Buddha of Prahran

Michael Crane

The Staffordshire
sits on the couch
observing
the many people
who come
to his master's house,

She prepares coffee
and morning tea for
the art dealer,
the cable guy,
the stockbroker,
the hungry poet,
the musician.

He casts his eyes
over each guest.
She looks over
for approval
as he knows immediately
who are the frauds
with black hearts.

He sits there quietly
on his little throne,
as the wisdom
of centuries
sparkle softly
in his eyes.