

Earl McKenzie

POET

**(For Mervyn Morris, Edward Baugh,
and Wayne Brown)**



This chronicler of our pain
has the jewels of tears in his eyes,
through which he sees
where the treasure lies buried
on the map of our suffering.

At another time,
the tears are the precious stones of laughter,
through which he sees
the route to the mountain,
habitation
of that mysterious form of understanding
that triggers our mirth.

Suffering we share with all sentient beings;
laughter, it seems, is ours alone.
Using the poet's map,
the philosopher seeks our deepest secret
in the unity of both.