

### Happiness (3)

The moment you turned to me on W. 4<sup>th</sup> St.  
Your gentleness to me

The hard winter grass here under my shoes  
The frost

I knelt in the frost to your parents

The warm  
light on the right hand side of your face  
The light on the Buddha's eyelids

I knelt to my parents  
Their suffering    How

much sleep there was in sleep    How no  
suffering is lost

—Jean Valentine