Buddha

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“Come on down to Joe’s with me. I need something to brace me up.”

“I’d like to help you out at a time like this, old man, but I absolutely have to have this report in tomorrow. Let’s see if we can’t get Steve to go with you.”

Hans stood alone in the room; quietly he closed his books, and then glanced at his watch. It was eleven-thirty. This was a twelve o’clock night; half an hour yet. Time for a few precious words.

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Buddha

By LeRoy B. Morley, ’37

IN fragrant whirls
The joss smoke eddies,
Circles, dips,
Rises, blue, to wreath the face
Of a fat jade Buddha
Who rests serenely,
Dreaming dreams.

The scarlet ruby
On his forehead
Twinkles, glints,
Everchanging in the smoke;
And the still, grave face
Of Buddha slips
Into smiles.

In languorous clouds
The joss smoke fades,
Spreads, dies,
Passes softly, gently upward
To the ceiling’s peaceful gloom;
And once again
Buddha sleeps.