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Edinburgh Buddha

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Edinburgh Buddha

By: Christopher O'Hara

As I walk down a cobblestone street
In a cold, clear, Edinburgh night,
The church bell rings deep twelve times
In the darkness.

I turn to my right and see a man in an alley,
Next to a neon club, "Vice,"
Hurling his last pint
Onto the pavement.

Further on, a white bearded man
with a wrinkled face pulls a wool
Blanket over his cardboard bed
On the stony sidewalk.

On my left is a cemetery with a massive
Black wrought iron gate gilded fading gold.
In the dimly lit glow, I see a freshly dug grave
Covered in red roses and evergreen wreaths.

At the end of the street stands an Indian man
Wearing bright orange robes,
Asking for money for the temple.
In return, a plastic golden token
With the word "peace" on it
And a small, beaded bracelet.
Two pounds slip from my hands
into his, before falling loudly
into his small purse.
"Two more, not enough."