

# Does the Buddha Play Pool?

Category: Poems

written by Lenora Lapidus | May 1, 2009

Come Medicine Buddha

Come shine your rays upon me  
Penetrate deep within my body  
To quell my queasy stomach  
And soothe my aching bones.

Let those golden arrows  
Shoot deep within my frame  
Extinguishing the round tumors  
That live inside of me.

Like a pool cue poised and ready  
Aim straight for the triangle  
Number 6 in right side pocket  
Red 4 to far left corner.

Knocking away each colored ball  
Dropping steadily into the pockets  
Clearing away the hard assortment  
Until only white and black remain.

The 8 ball holding fast  
White blood cell gearing up.

And, then, a final shot—and POP!  
No more colored balls  
The table's cleared.

## **About the poet:**

Lenora Lapidus is an attorney and the director of the Women's Rights Project of the American Civil Liberties Union. She litigates and engages in advocacy in courts throughout the United States and in international human-rights forums. Her work addresses economic justice, violence against women, educational equity and women and girls in the criminal and juvenile justice systems. She has written and read poetry for many years. She lives in Brooklyn, NY, with her husband and daughter.

## **About the poem:**

This poem was written shortly after I was diagnosed with metastatic breast cancer that had spread to my bones. It was one of several poems that I wrote during this time. I found the process of writing poetry very therapeutic.

## **Poetry editors:**

Judy Schaefer and Johanna Shapiro