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### **Gold Flake Light at Cafe Tavern**

We dip the cigarette tips  
into the ashtray of life.

Every day turns into smoke  
as it burns into ashes.

Midway you take half of it  
so that I don't waste it

and that is how you share  
your light with a stranger.

That is how you change  
a flame into a butt end

lying between your lips.  
That is how the embers

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of a day I was to forget  
shall now be remembered.

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## **Bada Din**

That day my five year old nephew

asked me about Bada Din.

I mean he did not ask me about the day,

but about the bigness of the day.

That made me wonder.

How big is Bada Din?

Is it just because the earth

in its annual march around the sun

reaches winter solstice,

gets tired and stretches its limbs,

slowly lengthening the duration of the days

and shortening those of the nights?

When the day expands,

does the city too expand?

Does the heart too become big?

Do we all become somewhat big

in the bigness of being?

Do we give more and take less?

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Do we care more and spread the earth  
to include more than just me and us?

It is then that I knew  
that his question itself  
was too big to answer  
because the answer was  
always within, always so.

The more we grow, the more we shrink.

This is the truth that has always been,  
unless we find Bada Din deep within.