

Diamond Dealer

Daily contact with perfection
Can ruin the rest
And best of things.
Just aim your lens
At any of these gems
And peer into
The bottomless cup
Of the Absolute. The mind
Faced by the flawless
Goes mute.

Now look up and out.
The laziest inspection
Will tell you
This diurnal world
Is deeply flawed,
An insult to taste.
The finest orchid is paste
Compared to the diadem
On this golden rope.

But now lay aside the loupe.
It's the imperfect,
Not the perfect,
Gives us hope.