

## Buddha Catalogs

Loretta Lukaczer

They come folded, jutting through the mail slot  
nearly everyday. Someone in New York,  
New York certainly has my number. I stare  
at the various poses of the cement or resin Buddhas

In all his dappled nature: tiny and huge, heavy and light  
laughing, sitting, stoic or rolling, placid, kind, knowing  
severe and implacable and I want to buy every one of them  
except to do that would really be most Ridiculous.

So, I collect chickens, or rather my sisters give me  
chicken items and I accept: pecking, walking or sitting  
endowed with perky feathers and broad breasts, plastic  
wood or china, plates, bowls and mugs (no roosters allowed).

They sense I need a suggestion, a clue, after the scattering  
and spilling of a lifetime. Being sisters, they take the long view.