

Manic Wizard

Today the wizard actor plays,
a role he self creates.
He energizes every cell
and wanders stores and streets.
Above his head, he calls the clouds,
and mantras fill with rain.
Thunder and his waving arms,
keep time within his brain.

This wizard knows the secret signs,
of every oak and maple.
He counts the numbers 6 and 9,
and dances near the willow.
Back at home the TV screen,
gives messages of grace.
Music from the phonograph,
affirms the wizard's faith.

Nonetheless, the wizard rides,
inside an institution.
Believing wizard's ought to hide,
They make his reservation.
As the wizard's magic fades
dissolving into gloom,
he waits to greet the other saints
who greet him in his room.

By John Frederick Zurn ©April 2020

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