

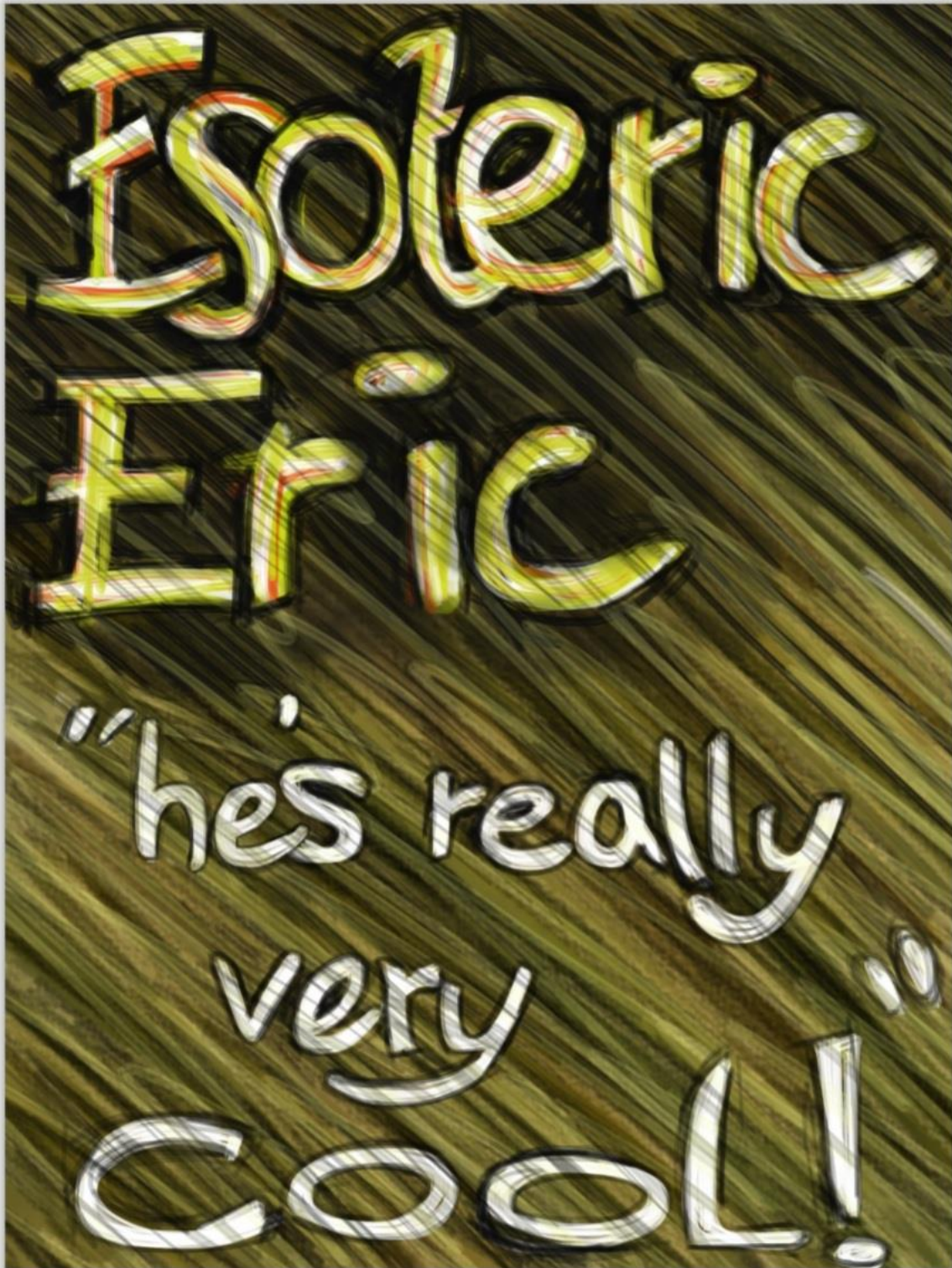
ESOTERIC ERIC

Esoteric
Eric



Terry Greenwell

ESOTERIC ERIC



ESOTERIC ERIC

This story poem is dedicated to the Wise women and Men out who hold court to their dedicated followers. They appear to have all the answers. Me, I only have the questions!

Esoteric Eric was really very cool

For he had mastered the Art
Of doing nothing at all.

He dwelled within a single room,

With bed and chair and mat,

All he did was eat and sleep,

But mostly he just sat

Cross legged on his carpet,

His eyes gently closed.

But never for a moment

Did Eric ever doze.

For all his journeys were inward

Betwixt his pointy ears.

In fact, he had never left his room

For years and years and years!

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He seldom took in visitors
And rarely spoke a word.
So, as I passed in through his door,
I am told I was the third.

What was my cause?
I hear you ask,
That I should chance his way,
To visit him, to sit and talk
With my respects to pay.

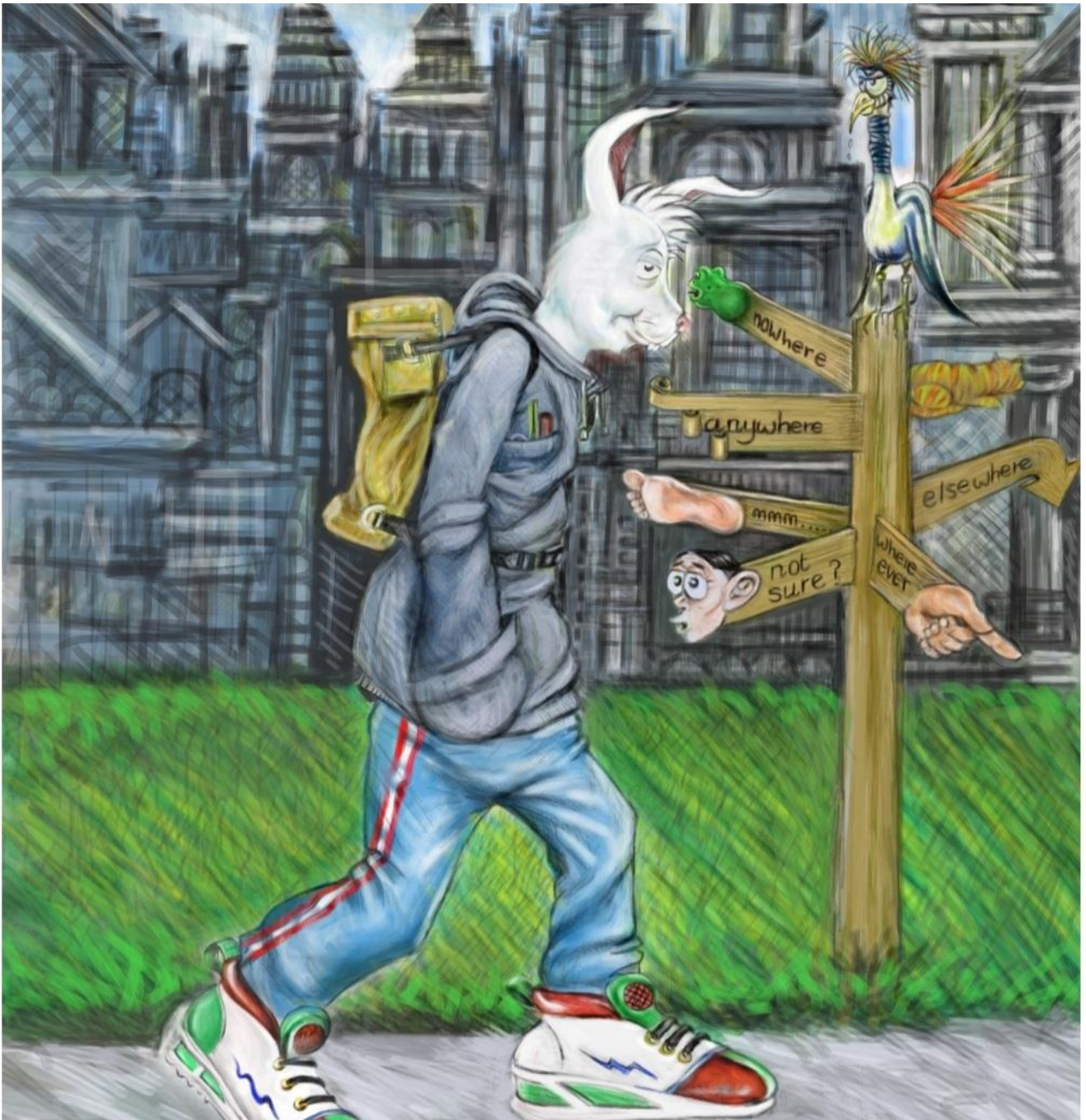
Well, I had heard in whispers spoke
Passed down from here to there
That Eric had deep knowledge
That he might care to share.
That knowing what Eric knew
Might cast aside all fears.
But also whispered quieter still
Was the cost, it seemed, was dear.

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I had heard in whispers spoke...

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The reason that so very few
Had trod his lonely way.
Though none had ever spoken
Of the currency of pay.

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What of them, where were they now?
Were their lives healed in every way,
And was the cost unspoken,
Worth the cost to pay?

I did not have the answers,
To this and questions more,
As I opened up and stepped
Through Eric's lonely door.

"I see I have a visitor,
Do come and take a seat.
Take off your coat, remove your shoes
And let me rub your feet!"

I must exclaim I was surprised
At Eric's form of greeting!
But then recalled,
This was no ordinary meeting.

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So, I sat as Eric worked
My feet from heels to toes.
Squeezing here and rubbing there.
Quite pleasant as it goes.

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"So, what of you, why are you here?"

It's rare I entertain."

So, I replied,

"I am told you take away all pain,

That woes, strife and

Anger dark are never felt again....."

He stopped me there, with kindly gaze,

As hands continued kneading.

"Observe the creature out in the field

Then ponder as he feeds,"

"He takes his fill, sustains himself,

There's wisdom there to heed.

He then moves on so grass renews,

To return another day.

To nature he is true,

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Who bid him be this way?"

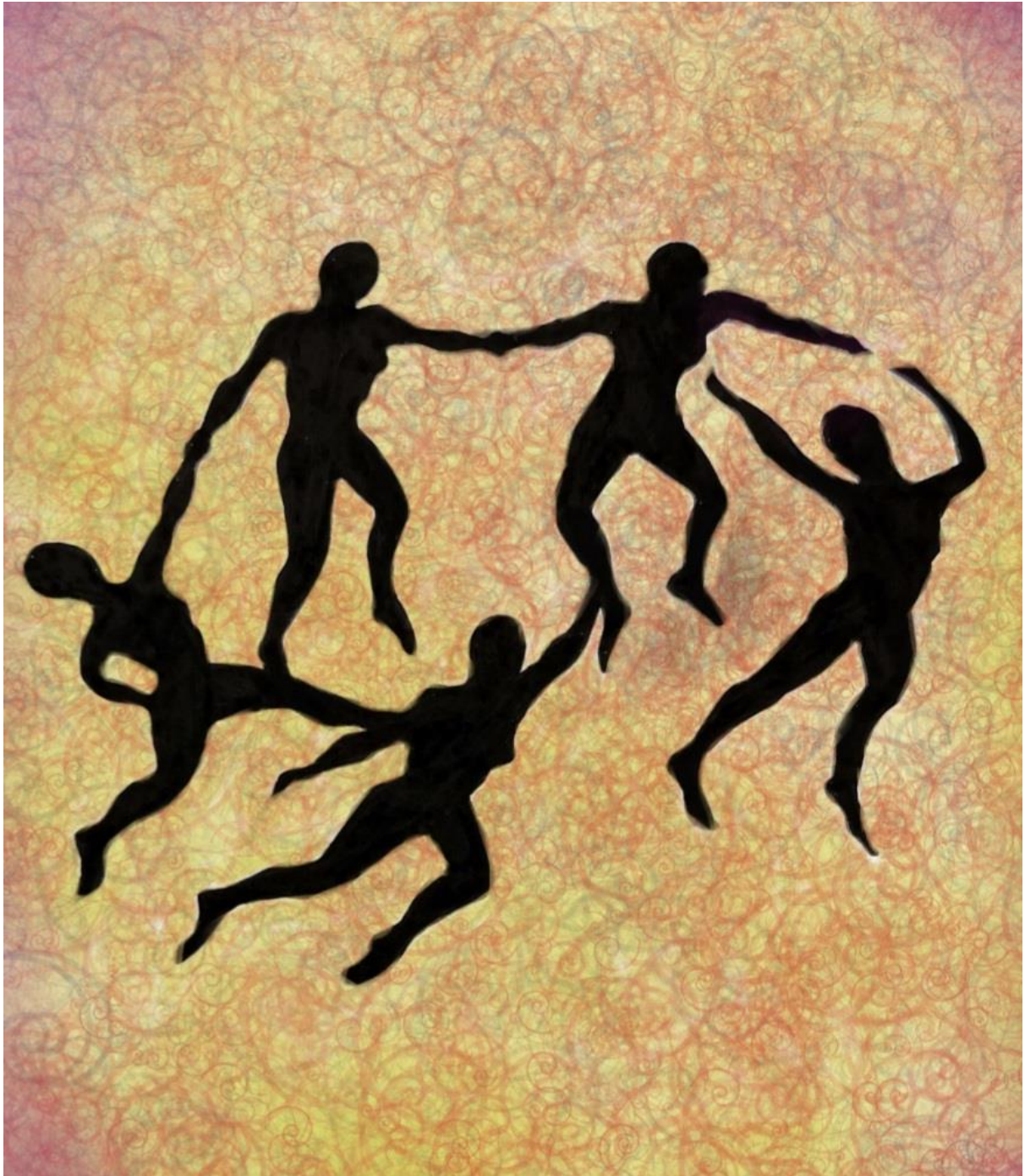
Who taught him to be Wise?



He did not come upon my door,
With questions I might answer."

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"



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" The Dance of Life is all around,
And I am but a dancer.
It was not I that penned the score,
I know no more than you."

"So, bid Farewell, put on your shoes,
Your fate is yours to choose.
But please remember as you leave,
To share this news
And kindly shut the door."

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"Food for Thought"

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The End

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