

BUDDHA BOB PAINTING POEM

May, 1991

A windy day in Rhododendron Dell –
Ann and I invited by Buddha Bob
to paint and write in Golden Gate Park.
We search for right spot in the woods.

Ann paints in front of foxgloves
with rhododendrons
and trees in background. I
read to her from journal
I kept briefly in Germany.
Buddha Bob with his new
Japanese watercolors
paints on top of hill
next to a bench dedicated to
Lila Delahanty Pioli, 1928-82.
He looks out at pastoral expanse
of bushes and trees
with UC hospital
in the deep background.

A bumble bee enters
the red spotted bell flowers
of a curved stem foxglove.
Crows are talking in the trees
and a pair fly out in front of us –
probably the same crows I saw
at Ocean Beach standing beside

the body of a seal covered with flies.
Dogs would run at them and
they would rise and then settle again
as the dogs ran off behind
their jogging masters.

Ann paints with brushes and fingers.
I write her flowing strokes into the poem
while she paints my abstract portrait
at the bottom of her canvas.

Buddha Bob is painting delicate
watercolor landscape on hilltop.
Taoist hills and flowers –
he brings through the essential view.

Clouds float over us
on ocean wind.
There is a mocking bird
singing over his head.
The wind picks up
rushing and stirring through
the innumerable leaves
of the pine, eucalyptus and oak trees.

We pack up our canvases
brushes, paints and notebooks
and walk toward
Buddha Bobs house
passing the bike riders and
roller skaters on Kennedy Drive.

Ann stops to draw
a graceful twirling skater
while Buddha Bob goes home
to prepare tea.

