What The Storms Did

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Remember that teenage horror movie
where kids are walking
through a graveyard

And a big hand comes out
of the murky earth
and drags them down
to hell or worse

Well we find Bill’s site
split in the middle
by a gash three feet deep
running towards the cliff
and the sea

Can’t find any ashes or bones
where Whalen and Dorsey
ceremonially chanted
for a Zen comrade’s last feat

Joko, Judy and me
marvel
at the showman he is
Incense smoke and Kannon’s beat
Nothing stops Bill
on his way to the Beach