

1993

## *Tathagata*

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### Recommended Citation

Wells, Leslie (1993) "*Tathagata*," *Exile*: Vol. 40 : No. 1 , Article 4.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol40/iss1/4>

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# Tathagata

Change keeps me awake at night.  
I would like to rename the stars  
instead of asking for directions.  
I stay in place long enough to remember  
the eternal roar spiraling in a shell.  
The tumbling of days confuses dreams.

I saw Apollo. He ran through my dreams,  
taking over the night.  
Heralding the dawn with a giant conch shell  
his song gleamed under the sleepy dust of stars.  
Leaving me to the hazy world of "remember",  
he bellowed out direction

like a fog horn. Guided by the source of all direction  
I tunneled through clouds of memory, chiseling out my dreams.  
I found we know all we need, if we remember  
patterns of time. Inside the quiet passage of night  
I saw an infinity in the sea, reflected by stars  
as the deep sky covered earth like a shell.

Collecting ridges of time in empty shells  
I keep walking in the sloping direction  
of shorelines. The world mirrors stars  
in the constellations of my dreams,  
as I plot my course. Like a sailor navigating night,  
gliding across the ports of yesterday I remember.

It is worth taking the time to remember  
the varied textures of song and shell,  
tossed about in the waves of night.  
As time falls away in a distant direction  
I find the infinite possibility of dreams  
in as many ways as there are stars.

I have given up counting stars.  
The numbers grew larger than I could remember.  
I found the colors of dreams  
painted along the spirals of sea shells.  
Following the rhythm of the tide's direction  
I cross even the darkest night.

Broken memories I have stored in shells  
reveal themselves in tides of floating dreams.  
They are the beacons in the night.

— Leslie Dana Wells '94