

A Found Poem

Marilyn Bushman-Carlton

The girl
spotted a pretty pile
of colored sand

on the floor
of the vast hall
and couldn't resist.

Never mind
it was the creation
of eight Tibetan monks

who had spent days
cross-legged on the floor
of Union Station

pouring the sand
into an intricate expression
of their faith.

They were more
than half-way done
with the *mandala*

when they ended
their work for the day
and left.

The girl
showed up
sometime later.

She did
a little tap dance
on it.

—from the *Deseret News*,
KANSAS CITY, Mo., (AP),
Friday, May 25, 2007