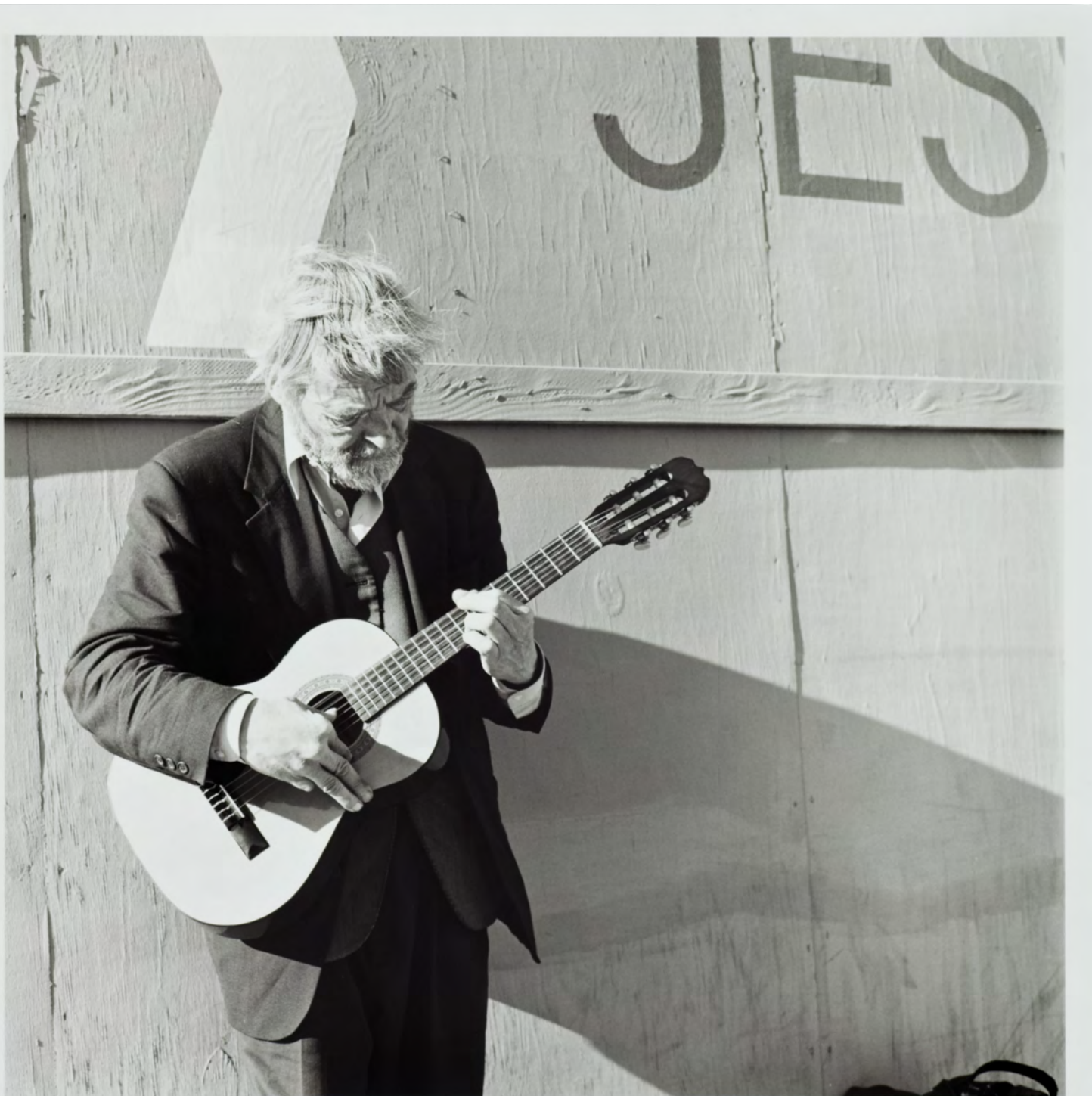


## KATIE CATER

*Jessie St.*, 2008  
gelatin silver print, 11 x 14 in



courtesy: the artist

## DANE CERVINE

### Clay Feet

All my gurus are human. The best ones  
embarrassingly so. The intellectual Indian  
with the alligator shoes, fine white hair

brushed forward in a perfect wave over  
his Brahmin bald spot, who fell in love  
with a woman he wasn't supposed to,

walked away from the community he  
was groomed to lead as the new world avatar.  
Makes me trust him more, that he's not

pretending to be human. That he, in fact, is.  
Like the Japanese roshi whose relentless sake  
could not mask the brilliant moon reflecting

through the haze. Or the Tibetan lama who  
traded red-gold robes for American business suits  
and iced glasses of liquor after braving the Himalayas,

escaping death. And always, the women. Who  
wouldn't want to sleep with an enlightened being?  
I'm not even talking about the ones with the bevy

of Rolls-Royces and machine guns fortified in  
the Oregon mountains, nor the Indiana-bred wackos  
indulging suicide in Guyana, or murder in Hollywood.

I mean the regular enlightened beings. I love that  
they care about shoes, bald spots, that like me  
they need a drink now and again to bear the weight

of clay feet under a tainted moon.

**Dane Cervine's** book *The Jeweled Net of Indra* was published by Plain View Press, and his new book, *How Therapists Dance*, is due to be published in 2013. His poetry won a National Writers Union award from Adrienne Rich and was chosen by Tony Hoagland as a finalist for the first Wabash Poetry Prize. He is a University of California, Santa Cruz alumnus who continues to live in Santa Cruz and serves as chief of children's mental health for the county. [www.DaneCervine.typepad.com](http://www.DaneCervine.typepad.com)