

## **LET HIM GO**

Through the trees of Jetta Grove  
The Buddha whispers in my ear:  
So let Mara go, as things come and go  
the good and the bad that would be had.

Oh one to revere,  
I have not Him.  
He has me, and  
will not let go.

Oh do not fear,  
He has your self.  
If you let go  
He has nothing.

The whisper fades back into the trees  
before a breeze that clears all karma,  
free from attachment to be good and bad  
as all things will go as they must come.

(But out there far beyond and here below  
Mara still stays through all my living days.)

- ***Jim Hanson***

(USA)