

Kosen-rufu (the road to happiness)

The road less traveled by
Even Robert Frost deliberated with a sigh
Before he chose that difficult trail
Was it on impulse, a compulsive dash
A leap into darkness
In search of an unpatented flash?
Was it calmly decided
Like his maple syrup voice
Or was he desperately clinging
To a splintering joist?

No matter the crux of his mental thrust
The choice once cemented, a magnetized must
Kosen-rufu flows like a river, does not flutter like a flame
Once pursued, forever racing
A joy-filled mystic train.

— *RICHARD ZOMMICK, Philadelphia*