

## Bacchanal Dancing



Forms break up in the Bacchanal dance of life.  
When I ceased to know right from wrong,  
I ceased to worry.  
Then people worried on my behalf, thinking that I was mad.  
But I rejoiced.  
Drunk as a sailor on liquor or life. What did it matter?  
I lived!  
And the blaming eyes that followed me, embarrassed on my behalf,  
were not mine.  
They mourned for me, while I rejoiced for myself.  
Now tell me, which of us was the smartest?  
Hear me, ye people of sighing!  
    The sorrows of pain and regret  
Are left to the dead and the dying,  
    The folk that not know me as yet.

- Alas! - aphorisms on the Path. Bjarne S. Pedersen, 1996 e.v.