

# Siddhartha became Gautam Buddha

Siddhartha tried for six long years  
To know the divine, to conquer his fears  
He practiced all that was known to man  
And mastered every method he could find, he took a stand

He sought out every guru that he could find  
And learned from them, his mind open and inclined  
But despite all his efforts, he came up empty  
The divine eluded him, his quest seemed unsteady

He tried and he tried, he never gave up  
He even invented his own methods, he filled his cup  
With all the knowledge and wisdom he could gain  
But still the divine remained out of reach, a strain

One evening, as he bathed in the river's flow  
He felt so weak, so tired, he had no more to show  
He clung to a tree root, ready to give in  
But then a thought came to him, a chance to begin

He had done all that he could, and more  
He was tired of doing, his body a sore  
He relaxed, and in that moment of release  
A new energy flowed through him, a peace

That night, under the Bodhi tree's shade  
He slept, a deep and dreamless sleep, his body unafraid  
The next morning, as he opened his eyes  
He saw the last star fade, and in that moment of surprise

*He realized, with no mind or desire  
That a new reality had opened up, a great new fire  
The man Siddhartha was no more, he had become  
The Buddha, enlightened, his journey done*