

In Memory of

Zen Master Su Bong Soen Sa

*On the first anniversary
of his death
July 17, 1994*



On Mystic Peak East and West embrace shamelessly.
Without opposites, true nature appears freely;
In life and in death, he shows us "Human Being."
In gratitude, with folded hands:

Ji Jang Bosal
Ji Jang Bosal
Ji Jang Bosal

Wu Bong
Cumberland, Rhode Island
July 17, 1994

See Hoy, Mu Deung, Su Bong
Son, Father, Friend, Teacher:
Why so Soon?
How like you
to leave us with a question.
Mountain peak ascends to sky;
Roots hold the earth.

Ken Kessel
July 18, 1994

Stern-faced teacher laying down the law,
Naughty boy with his finger in the pie,
Smiling friend looking you in the eye—
Which Su Bong Sunim was the one you saw?

Su Bong Sunim, you didn't really die.
We're not through with you yet!
But you always had to be first, had to win each bet.
So now you are laughing—should we also cry?

Mu Sang Sunim
July 21, 1994

In L.A.

Mu Ryang Sunim opened a package
that contained a silk-covered box
that contained a porcelain jar
that contained your ashes.

Sun-faced Buddha, moon-faced Buddha.
In the midst of life, what?

Judy Roitman

Goodbye, old dharma friend,
You've left without a trace
Though in the trees today
Did I not see your face?

So sad the moktak sounds,
Ji Jang Bosal for you;
But in the morning bell,
Your voice is in there too.

And at the break of day
I almost hear you call,
"Now, don't forget Kyol Che.
I'll see you there this fall."

Bob Powers