
Drawn to obedience
From outside my afternoon window

Psalms and Sutras
Disappear with a birds song

Sound infixes all things
Time and space devoured in the flight of a
dragonfly

Complete life
Chirp, chirp, chirping

Wm Brown

Death Poems in August

1.

Picking my way
thru the words & papers
is too slow—

I'm outa here

2.

Spin off in a spiral
like smoke
but it's just a sigh, really.

Final breath.

3.

Sorry to leave this mess.
Maybe you can sell it.

I bow once more at the door.

Diane Di Prima

Evening Sitting

At the mouth of this cave,
a pile of three stones
makes a Buddha;
the smoke from a pinch of herbs
curls gracefully.
A single candle,
a cup of water,
the night drifts...
Somewhere in the deeper caves of sleep
a female kestrel nestles in my hair,
brushing with soft feathers,
and says,
"She loves us all."
Later
the boulder
at the mouth of the cave
blushes
with the first kiss of dawn.
Then the rich man from the east
drenches the tree tips
with yellow gold.

Chris Hoffman
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It's Just There

The hiss of the radiator,
Sound of the cars on the street,
They come & go to us meditators
Like the sound when we eat.

It's just there
It's just there
It's just there

Cat watches birds
Airplanes fly by,
Kids playing in herds,
Noise that really dosen't matter, just goes by.

It's just there

Tommy Hendrix

The Nun Abutsu

(Japan, d.c. 1283)

Sukka

from the Therigatha c. 80 BCE, Pali Canon

The spirit of the tree
walking the streets of the city speaks:

What's wrong with you men
of Rajagaha?
You're acting drunk, stupid, lazy
Don't you want to hear the woman Sukka
teach the precious Dharma?

The wise drink it up
it's irresistible, quenching,
An inexhaustible elixir she pours into you

Her words are sweet
Travellers drink them like rain

And hearing what the tree-spirit said, people were
excited and flocked to Sukka.
At the end of her life, Sukka declared her realization:

I'm named Sukka because I am a "child of light".
I subjugated desire, focused my mind
Conquered Mara and his temptors.
Ah, my little frame breaks
but it's the last body I speak in

sea wind
chilly on me
snow rides down
each night
look up
that moon is smaller!
I wane
too
as I write
not sadness
brings me
to words
but everything
resembles something else
is an exultation
enormous waves
rise:
flowers! Flowers!
The road
East
is a song

Anne Waldman

Anne Waldman

Sukka was a great preacher, attended by five hundred bhikkhunis. One day after begging alms in Rajagaha, she returned to the nuns' settlement and began to teach "with a great company seated around her." Her words were so powerful and sweet (like mead and ambrosia) that they inspired a tree spirit (devata) that stood at the end of the Sisters' terrace to go and walk the roads and squares proclaiming Sukka's excellence.