

On Not Seeing Michael Jordan's Last Shot

The shot that we missed

when the screen was forced so rudely off
is still in the air, the wrist still arched
like a heron watching the widening circle
on the dark water forever grow wider

"the moment you see what the defense
wants to do"

in the dying seconds of eternity
like a ghost behind his great adversary
one final sleight and all the lesser gods gasp
and beg for their lives

"I saw that moment"

and stopped and lifted off, the greater god
the greater glory
And the shining furrow
the arc of the ball made still hangs in the air

It is still in the air
It is still there
It is still

Oh what a great awakening

Zen Master Hae Kwang
Kansas Zen Center

Posed

The portrait photographers posed me
with a bust of Homer

adjusting the lighting, arranging
wisps of hair for a magazine cover,
everything just right, but the light

from Homer's chest

reflected too strongly off my right ear
and the photographers fussed
with the glare, finally draping
the bust in black velvet,

and I held my hands in hapchang,
fingertips to my lips, listening
to the metered light from his lips,
remembering the modelled sound

idmen gar toi panth' hos' eni Troiè
caught in the unstopped ear

"That's it, just that expression,
hold it now"

Zen Master Hae Kwang
Kansas Zen Center

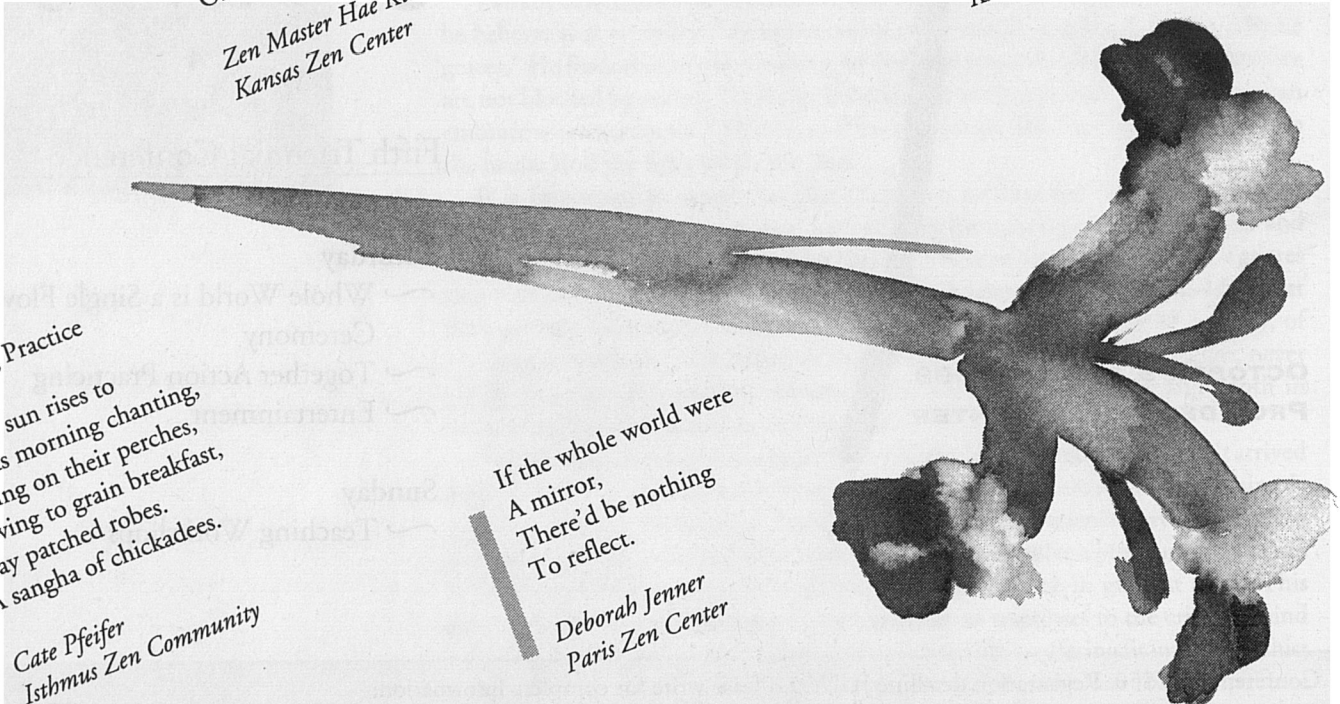
Morning Practice

Yellow sun rises to
ruckus morning chanting,
settling on their perches,
bowing to grain breakfast,
gray patched robes.
A sangha of chickadees.

Cate Pfeifer
Isthmus Zen Community

If the whole world were
A mirror,
There'd be nothing
To reflect.

Deborah Jenner
Paris Zen Center



Today is Thursday

Today is Thursday.
Unlock door.
Door chimes, footsteps on the stairs.
Tie robes.
All clock hands point down.

Open altar.
Bang wood, ring bell.
Hit moktak.

Swelling chants.
Close altar.

Three hits.
Sit still.

One hit.
Walk.

One hit.
Sit still.

Three hits.
Everyone reads aloud the *Compass of Zen*.

Untie robes.
Arrange kitchen.
Boil water.

Steep tea.
Drink tea, eat cookies.

Footsteps on the stairs, door chimes.
Lock door.
Wash dishes.

Today is Thursday.

Cate Pfeifer
Isthmus Zen Community

winter storm warning

Snow, wind, cold
and bitter memories:
tug of war at
February's door.

Above a distant horizon
of roses

the moon arises
silvery and pure
to greet the sleeping
lions of March.

Tornadoes in the Midwest,
Rain in the South,
Fog in the Northeast,
Nostalgia in my heart.

Outside, a cold wind
whips up anxiety
in the bare trees.

Guillermo Echanique
Chogye International
Zen Center of New York

I want to unfold
Not to change,
Change stubbornly
Just to remain
The same
Through time.

Deborah Jenner
Paris Zen Center

chinese philosophers garden

snug harbor
lies still
quiet fog
sleeping breeze
ghostly buildings
quietly asleep
dream granite dreams
heads hidden
cloud and mist.

cradled
by pensive woods
embraced
by winter sleep
unborn garden
waits for life's
multicolored
touch of spring.

Guillermo Echanique
Chogye International Zen Center of New York

Possum lying in the road
Like a broken clown—
A grin that promises
Someday, soon...

Algernon D'Amassa
Providence Zen Center

Cycle of Three

One:
stepping forward,
the tree knows my secret.
The sky hears my voice
The grass is my footsteps.

Two:
Coming to stand by the stream,
The sun shines on me,
Green-sister leaf opens the sun,
unlocks its heart.

Three:
Reaching down to the water,
Willow branches touch the surface.

Debora Orf
Furnace Mountain