



whole world is a single flower poem

In a realm before time and space,
Shakyamuni Buddha held up a flower.
Mahakasyapa smiled, men and gods were astonished,
but the twelve hundred didn't understand.
(How sad, How sad.)

Time and space, inside and outside,
I and not I all appeared.
Who makes that?

Zen Master Man Gong held up the world
and proclaimed: "One Flower!"
All opposites were shattered and lay
flat under the road.
("Nothing is better than a good thing.")
Most still did not understand.

Mine and yours, self and other, love and
hate again appeared.
North and South Korea, Vietnam,
Rwanda and East Timor appeared.
Albania, Serbia, Croatia, Bosnia, much killing
many dead appeared.

Complete stillness is original nature,
Where did all this come from?
Men and Gods, Buddhas and Bodhisattvas
are all crying.

Big question, troubling question,
How to find the courage to try again?
Return to Man Gong's black ink, white
paper and single flower of many colors.
What then?

KATZ!

Listen! Outside the door a puppy is whimpering.
Treat it with utmost kindness.

*Zen Master Wu Kwang
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