

poetry

I'd like
to say

that when
I change
coffee

the pot
doesn't know
it for
a few
days

it's awaiting
the tempo
of French
espresso &
suddenly
El Pico
is back

it's inexplicable
the glass pot

is dulled
speechless

so wake
me up
with your
confusion

in a few
days you'll
be shaped
like this
& a new
strong
meaning
will
come.

Be patient
pot. Advance
the parade.

Eileen Myles

Inka Poem for Myo Ji Su Nim

Sun Face Buddha
Moon Face Buddha
Three Worlds
Ten Directions
No Hindrance

Inka Poem for Chong Hae Su Nim

In this busy world
Someone with nothing to do
Spring comes, flowers grow
Give like the sun

*Ken Kessel, JDPSN
Still Water Zen Center
April 7, 2001*

The Sage

Shines as a model for present and future
Abides with inherently perfect nature
Fulfills completely the body's heavenly endowment
Lives eternally within the moment whether rich or poor
Transforms fully by virtue even beyond mundane comprehension

Refuses to be sullied by anything against the way
Uses one's awakening to wake up others
Comes and goes with ease
Understands correct action by time and circumstance
Loves virtue and benevolence regardless of fame or fortune

Lives this life just like everyone else
Has the same heart as all other people
Belongs to the same species as all other humans
Acts as a sage and becomes a sage
Doesn't worry about becoming a sage

Serves as a teacher for a hundred generations or more

*Adapted from the Book of Mencius
Ed Canda
Kansas Zen Center*

At home, I am homeless.
The tree, cut off from its roots, blossoms.
The myriad worlds interact freely.
No sound is too loud or too soft.

*Judy Roitman, JDPSN
Kansas Zen Center*

STRAWBERRY

The bent-over hours creep into it,
a long ache in the spine, neck blistered by sun,
from childhood to death, fingertips pricked a million times

The spring flood
pours into it, clear and cold,
all of the rivers and wells of the earth

The earth itself, black loam, red clay,
granite and sand
swells the pink flesh

Even the dung of innumerable cattle
lowing side by side in the meadow
flows into this seedy sweetness

Even the sun, even the blind
myriad photons of dazzle and dance
explode on this tongue

*Christina Hauck
Kansas Zen Center*

CAN YOU HELP ME?

Where are they now—
lifetime after lifetime
straining to recognize
the person of no rank
who strolls with such ease
through the six doors?

Kansas. January.

Kwan Yin
is up to her ears in snow.

Shen Kuang
is drawing his sword.

*Christina Hauck
Kansas Zen Center*