

# THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

## POEM

*Poem*

*in celebration*

*of 30 years*

*of*

*Zen Master*

*Seung Sahn's*

*teaching*

*in the west*

*&*

*the coming-into-being*

*of the*

*Kwan Um*

*School of Zen*

30 years is one minute.  
Seeds grow where they will.  
Animals gather at the gate.  
We are no different.

Bodhidharma came to China for the food.  
Zen Master Seung Sahn came to America for the food.  
This food is feeding everyone.  
Be careful what you eat.

Landing in LA he caught a plane for Providence.  
This plane still circles above our heads.  
Once you touch it you can't forget it.  
Its wings span the universe.

In the mountain is a cave.  
In the cave is a treasure.  
For 30 years we've mined it,  
coming out, going in.

Appearance is disappearance.  
Disappearance is appearance.  
Many centers, many ceremonies.  
Many teachers, only one teaching.

The storm gathers its tail about itself,  
dives into the ocean like a mother,  
like an ice dancer, like a leaf,  
shooting up again from the bottom like stars.

Dogs laugh and chickens cry.  
Stone girls have plastic babies.  
The still center of the universe  
is reflected everywhere.

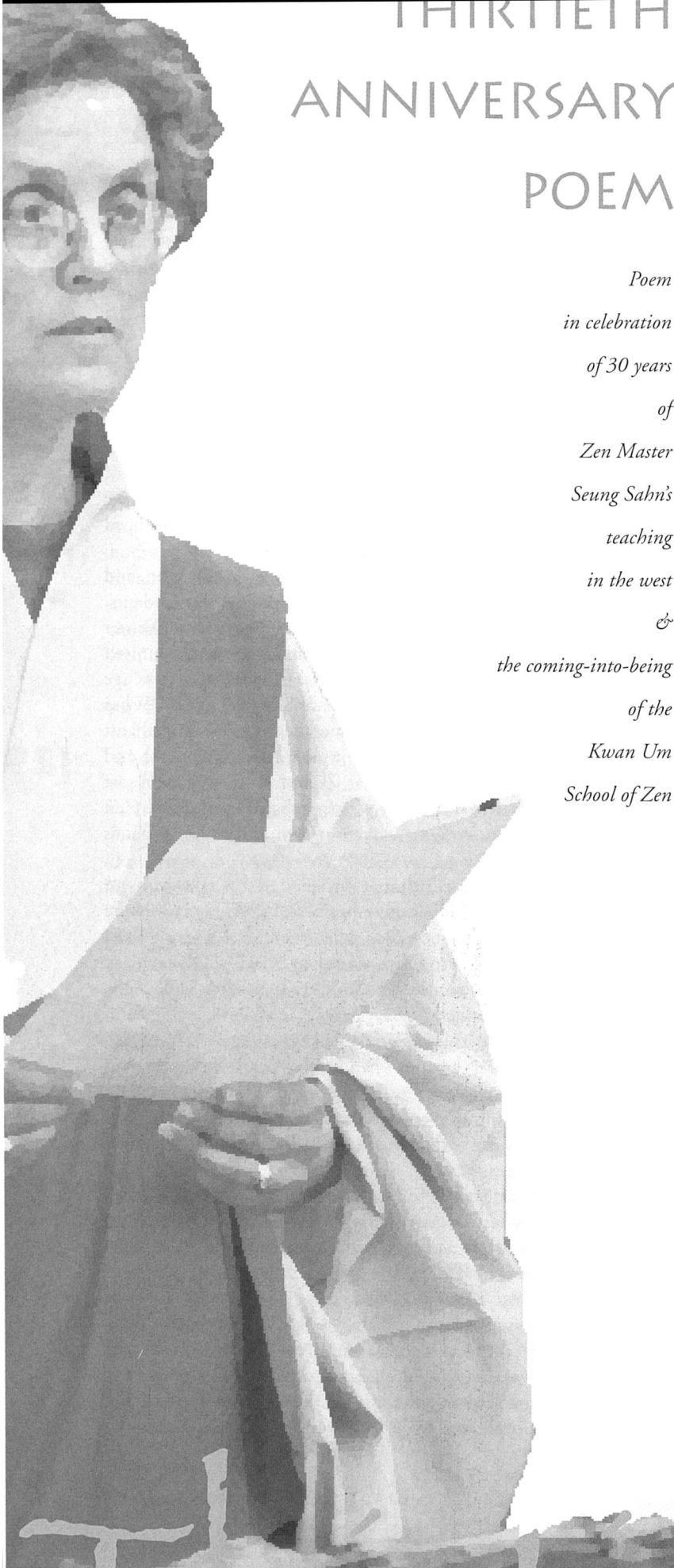
But armies are in dissension!  
They march every which way.  
They can't put their weapons down.  
They can't even find the interstate.

Even the dharma room is like this.  
Especially the dharma room is like this.  
Did you come here for peace and quiet?  
You'd be better off at the movies.

Go straight = don't know.  
Don't know = do it.  
The bone of space plays like a flute.  
One flower = same direction.

All beings wait for us.  
All being enfold us.  
All beings need us.  
In space the sun always shines.

*Judy Roitman JDPSN  
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