

Someone knocks
wood
at dawn

I wait
under a dark window
that crawls
toward light

somewhere
a small bell
crimps the naked time

released at sunset
to a wind in the
garden

the tree falls through me

Pat Reed

No sun
and no ducks

and a whole day
where I hold still

my lap
gives birth
to hands

shook free
of me

Pat Reed

What was given
in holding still

gone off in the
wind

rags and long bamboo
we nudge the high cobwebs

and wake the delicate spiders

Pat Reed

Daylight pulls
me up
and the green
world

glows in the
small high
window

getting me used to
enough

Pat Reed

On His Blindness

The crows spatter the spent meadow:
Crushed grasses and shorn goldenrod.
Dark water gathers in hoof-marks,
Gaping, naked and sour as mouths.

In a moment, the crows tangle and scatter
Like a black pot shot in the air.
They throw their scene against a stone—
Then, in one instinctual motion

The crows constringe in a single tree.
There they tense, like fingers in a fist:
Ashes, bright in the beautifying eye.

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