

Kyol Che

Finding it is losing it, losing it is finding it

Where is that enlightenment?
I know I left it around here somewhere.

Maybe it's slipped into the sink
drowning in sudsy water
with the breakfast dishes.

No.

Maybe it's trapped in the sterilizer
roiling around with steam demons.

No.

Maybe it's fallen under the table
or crept into a corner.
Maybe I can coax it out with a broom.

No.

Where is it?

KATZ!

Dust pan's in the closet,
bucket and mop are on the porch.

(For Lerch PSN)
—Christina Hauck

My wedding ring got lost in the tall grass.
I couldn't stop looking until Dave said, *It's okay.*
And even if we find it now, it won't be mine for long.

Finally, You and I and this moment, Coincide.

—Jean Murphy

For Bassara, On His Ordination

Broken television and a cloth
Make a decent altar;
Boundless light Buddha
Waits for us in Sukhavati.
No Detroit, no L.A.
How will we meet in the pure land?
KATZ!
At the bottom of Clinton Street
Stairs lead to Echo Park.

—Mu Mun
Los Angeles

Night, I

the pond dark
with ice,
roof tiles
drip moonlight

—Diamond Hill Zen Monastery

Night, II

Boats move across the city harbor;
A thousand lights reflected in the water.
Trucks move across the expressway, green and red;
minibuses skip between them like crickets.
Distant squeal of train brakes;
sweet smell of mosquito coil
drifts down from the groundskeeper's shed
and the mountains
keep watch over the city
deep into the night.

—Shatin, Hong Kong

Ji Hyang Sunim

Whatever you think you have—
You have not.
Whatever you strive to be—
You already are.
If you completely put it all down—
You can play with Galaxies as with toys.
At that time what place can you sit on?
On the frozen branch
The flower buds are sleeping.

—*Myong Gong Sunim*

Two limitless mirrors are facing each other.
Looking inside—see outside,
Looking outside—see inside.
If without inside and outside,
What is it?
In the evening wind
Small tree branch sways.

—*Myong Gong Sunim*

seasons change their ways

seasons dance under ozoneless sky
and month cycles morph to days
our discontent as skittish

sunday we villianize a frigid spring
and wednesday drip sweaty road rage

birds care little
live and die short lives
in the grand ecological sweep
absorbed by consumption of insects
and the feel of small brown feet
balanced on knobby limbs;

the planet adapts—
our complaints irrelevant to the seasons
who perform their costumed dance
with whatever props
monsoon or dandelion
way outside the intellect

—*Paul Bloom*

Epigrams

Life

The cat sits sunning in the heat of day.
I glance again. I find she's slipped away.

The Threshold

Through many doors Unknowable *I am*.
Once through, who cares for knob, hinge,
molding, jamb?

Beyond Stonington, Connecticut

Sign: "Cemetery
(Nonsectarian)."

How could it not be
at the very end?

—*Mark Bauer*

Seven Words on Bicycling

Bodhisattva wind pulls silence stunning my heart.

—*Hank Kalt*