(un fitted)

break camp?

or leave it

as is?

for whoever comes this way

Diane DiPrima

Eyes eat color
Ears eat sound
Nose eats smell
Tongue eats taste
Body eats feeling
Mind eats thought
Hungry or full?
Blue sky for miles
Cool autumn breeze

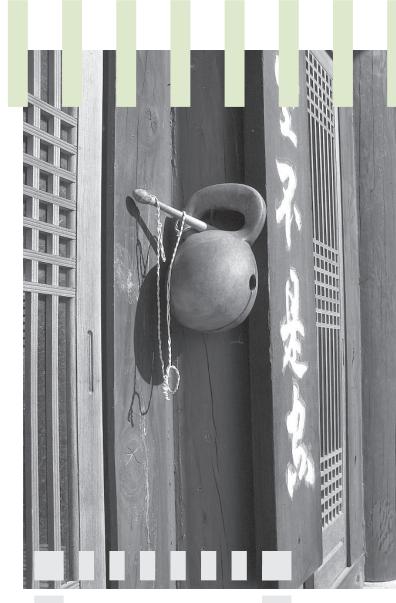
Many streams
One ocean
Don't say Atlantic
Don't say Pacific
Wave on the shore
Mist in the air
Ahh! Wet!

24]

One mind No mind All minds Eyes in the front Ears on the side Me too

Sharp as butter
Smooth as a knife
When it's sliced
Is it
Knife through butter
Or butter through knife?
Pass the bread, please

Ken Kessel JDPSN New Haven Yong Maeng Jong Jin September 22, 2007



drawing on sky

wd it be
cross hatching?
contour drawing?
a one minute
gesture drawing?
wd it be
ink wash?
charcoal
& white chalk?

Diane DiPrima



Shovel digs grass and gravel.

I work peat and loam by hand,

bury the bush roots in the ground

as sun settles toward the trees.

Wind whips the lilac, branch and bloom.

Sun flash on petals, a lilac light

whips the moment to a peak—

lilac, framed in vision,

wind, blossom, sun.

Darkness settles toward the trees.

David Jordan

Moment to moment Everything's changing There's nothing to keep Not even the mind That has nothing to keep

• •

If we are brave enough
To accept that
Then the whole universe
Opens up it's treasure
Of the very single moment
When there is nothing to keep

• • •

Red poppy in green fields Beneath the blue sky We walk together

• • •

Katka Grofova

this pattering of rain.

this dream of dusk,

the dull colors graying

before our eyes.

where are we lost to

in this world?

what distances do we run

to know ourselves?

i, left at home, wonder,

"where am i now?"

i do ask these questions.

where is the joy?

this pattering of rain.

David Jordan

Schulchan Aruch For Paul Bloom's Abbot Installation Ceremony

> No problem Big hindrance Big problem No hindrance Roof above Floor below Always keep The table set

Ken Kessel JDPSN



