

(unfilled)

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!

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

Lilac Light

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

joy

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

Poetry

