

1.

minnows--
which
discover a pond

as
notes
discover
a harpischord

fine resolute movements
like raindrops:

upon the surface
circle- tracing



MIND REALITY

One point . another point . .
a line from one to the other,
extending on into space and back to itself.

Zero-one, zero-one
bits of information, of words and images projected onto a screen;
word sounds, song sounds in wires and space.

Who would have thought in the days of pounding on rocks,
before imprinting on papyrus,
before pounding on drum for earth-sounds, sky sounds
before blowing cedar flutes for sparrow and wind sounds

That from the mind,
one man could form a phonograph and light contained in glass;
while others inspired love, devotion, no-mind, non-violence.

Who is to say in the future the mind could not project
a fragrant ginger orchid,

and by mere thinking together the sound of peace . . ?

2.

sky
flooded with stars
sound of crickets

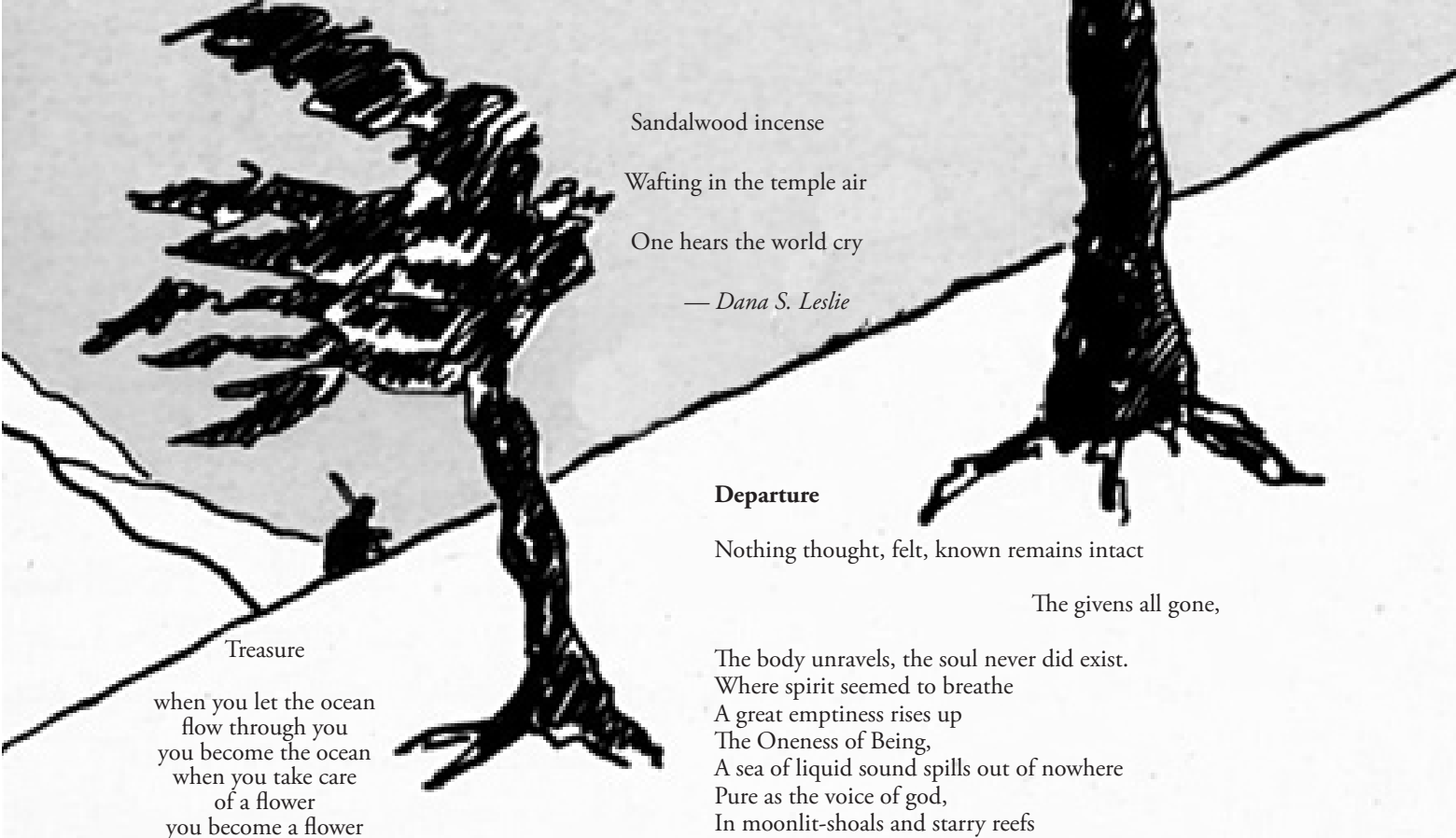
3.

Lily
from a dark tree
fallen:

petal- butterfly
soft winged
among
dry leaves

—*Ji Hyang*

—*Chae Sungsook*



Sandalwood incense
 Wafting in the temple air
 One hears the world cry
 — Dana S. Leslie

Treasure

when you let the ocean
 flow through you
 you become the ocean
 when you take care
 of a flower
 you become a flower

...
 in the stillness of your mind
 there is
 no mirror and no dust
 no life and death
 no coming and going
 in the stillness of your mind
 that does not ask for more
 because it already has
 all treasures
 of the world
 you become
 a treasure
 for this world

—Katka Grofova

Departure

Nothing thought, felt, known remains intact

The givens all gone,

The body unravels, the soul never did exist.
 Where spirit seemed to breathe
 A great emptiness rises up
 The Oneness of Being,
 A sea of liquid sound spills out of nowhere
 Pure as the voice of god,
 In moonlit-shoals and starry reefs
 Vacancies of time too wide to navigate,
 The soul, a supreme fiction, dries up,
 A dream in pure color and sensation gone
 Glittering a last hour with the many lives
 All the causes that rose up, folded and were no more,
 Directions collapse in the dark
 Light rises and falls, light in all from all,
 Nothing to hold, what I am dissolves in awe
 A dreadful wonder of knowing all, and nothing at all

But this moment of departure...

I do not, nor did -I- ever... exist

—Rayn Roberts

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