

Poetry

For Gloria

(After a long absence)

Great teachers have said:
Fullness of heart is delusion.
Wherever we look, whatever comes
Is only emptiness.
What does this mean?
“No eyes, ears, nose,
tongue,
body,
mind;
No color, sound, smell,
taste,
touch,
object of mind.”
But I answer otherwise,
Because I know these things:
The sight of you glowing
with our son in your arms;
The sound of you singing quietly when
you think no one can hear;
Your fragrance as you pass,
like a whole mountainside of flowers;
The taste of your back,
In morning dark,
Like fine silk;
The feel of you in my arms,
Searing your image upon my mind and
heart
Forever.
That is my answer to the heart of
wisdom.
Not enough?
Hah!
The complete fullness of your being in
my arms,
The absolute emptiness of my heart
When you are gone,
Are shouted to the boundless cosmos
By green tree
By blue sky
By bushes blooming
That would not wait for
—Robert Lockridge



Photo: Sven Mahr

Retreat Poem at Gaksu Temple

Red ferry boat crawling
up the foggy mountain
Yellow butterflies flying
away from wooden
typhoon's eye
Did the black cow eat
the single flower?
Or the flower chanted
Great Dharani in the
cow's dream?
Bei Kap Hao Fu Kap Kap Bei Fu*
Happy ice cream time
after the retreat!
—Kwan Shim (Nozomi Kobayashi)
Summer 2013

Retreat Poem

On ridges of blue mountains
Clear winds blow
Autumn cicada is calling
When evening bell rings
Teacher's teaching printed in my heart
Clear Don't Know
All worries have no trace
—Katherine Lau
(October 1, 2013)

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* Qi Gong breathing exercise during retreat: “Breath in nose, breath out mouth, breath in, breath in, breath out nose.”

Silver moon drapes across deep blue snow
 And through the open door
 Spills onto the wooden floor
 At midnight
 Fingertips of silver upon these feet
 Silver moon inside the eyes
 Silver moon outside the eyes
 Does not
 matter
 Bow upon the floor now
 His golden radiance like lace upon these
 shoulders,
 Gold inside the eyes
 Gold outside the eyes
 Who cares?
 ALL the Heart has ever prayed for
 While the Mind was Silver, Gold and
 neither,
 Is not inside, not outside and not in the
 middle either.
 And yet . . .
 Silver moon spins slowly into the mid-
 night sky.
 Golden Buddha sits upon the altar.
 Stand. Bow. Stand and bow once more,
 Upon the wooden floor.

—*Jo Potter JDPSN*

november dawn practice

sitting dawn practice, beside the harbor. a myriad of sunrise pastel, changing moment to moment. in november, only a handful of songbirds singing. a v-shaped group of ducks fly by; their wingbeats break the near silence; they know they are safe, at least here. a lone fishing boat lumbers out to sea. suddenly, in the distance, three shots ring out; kwan seum bosal, kwan seum bosal, kwan seum bosal . . .

—*Jim Calvin*



Photo: Sven Mahr

Where'd It Go?!

Damn! Where'd it go?
 How could I lose it again! It was just here.
 When did it leave?
 I didn't notice.
 I won't let it happen again.
 I'll buy a key chain or a leash.
 Maybe I can find something with a Zen
 circle on it.
 And I'll buy that magazine and finish
 that book.
 I know, I'll track it on GPS.
 I'll download the latest version and—

Shhhhh.

Excuse me?!
 Who's that?

Clear Mind. Don't Know.

Sounds familiar.

clear mind, don't know . . .

Okay.

clear mind don't know

found it

—*Craig Coatney*



Photo: Jan Sendzimir