

Editor's Note: Two major events occurred since our last issue. The first was the global pandemic. *Primary Point* solicited brief reflections from our worldwide sangha about practicing in the pandemic. The response was so rich that we are printing only about half of it here. The other essays can be found at <https://kwanumzen.org/primary-point/covid19>.

The other event happened after the previous issue had started to go to press. The murder of George Floyd has consumed the United States—and the world—as never before with the flames of racism. Our statement about that is at <https://americas.kwanumzen.org/on-racism>.

On another note, we would like to thank Zen Master Ji Kwang (Roland Wöhrle-Chon) for his years of service as European editor of *Primary Point*. He will be turning over these responsibilities to Barbara Pardo JDPSN. We welcome her to our team and look forward to her participation and contributions.

The Song of Zen

Zen Master Kyong Ho

Suddenly, I realize that everything is but a dream;
Countless heroic leaders now all in their graves,
Words of honour without any use
For how can death ever be escaped?
Ah, this body is but a single dewdrop hanging on a blade
of grass,
A flame fluttering in the wind.

The words of Buddha, the great teacher of the Three
Realms,
Are thus transmitted through the Eighty Thousand
Sutras:

Upon seeing our true mind, become
Buddha.
Cutting off the cycle of samsara
Each of us are able to dwell in the land beyond life and
death
Functioning in non-action.

If you cannot attain this right now as a
human being,
Chances are bleaker than ever, so make haste!
There are many ways to attain one's true self,

But in short, here it is:
When sitting, standing, seeing, hearing,
Dressed, eating or in conversation

At any place, any time, what is this that brightly
perceives?

The body is a corpse, all thoughts
originally empty.
My true face, already Buddha:
Seeing, hearing,
Sitting or lying down,
Sleeping or working,
Within the blink of an eye, coming and going
Ten thousand miles and back in an instant.
This mind, in all its mysterious functioning
What is its form?

Questioning and still questioning,
Like a cat stalking a mouse,
Like a starving beggar searching for food,
Like a thirsty wanderer seeking only water,
Like an old widow awaiting her only lost son,
Without eating or sleeping—
Never letting go,
Looking deeply into this One Question
For 10,000 years nonstop.
Then Great Enlightenment is right before you.

Attaining enlightenment at once,
Finding that Buddha is already within,
Isn't this already Amitabul and Shakyamuni?
Neither young nor old,
Big nor small,
One's own true light from within
Is the whole universe.....

Heaven and hell are both originally empty.
Life, death and rebirth never existed.
Find an enlightened teacher, get inka
And do away with any doubt once and for all.

