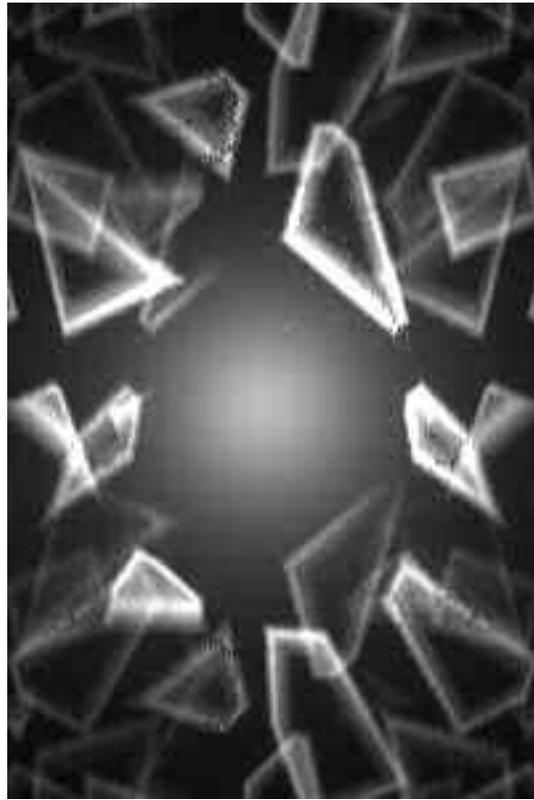


Perspectives



A.S.Kline

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Sing To Me Softly Of Earth

No Mind

Under the dark tree, no Mind made us.
In the gold desert flowering after rain,
in the blue desert, no Mind watching us.

Hedges dark-scented.
Lanes where stone steps glisten,
where the wind quickens. No Mind.

And no Mind watches now as we walk back
towards the past ages, free of gods, full of feeling.
Under the sky where no-one knew us, we knew
ourselves.

On the grasslands, the savannahs,
on the steppes, the prairies,
as the creatures flowed past us. No Mind watched.

First Light

No god, no soul, no spirit, no beyond.
No other life, no hell, eternity.
No sin, no fall, no grace, no redemption.
No dim confessional.
No ought, no outer meaning.
No given, man.
No free-will, no direction.
No destiny but form and breath and choice,
the endless view scaling out in distance.

No victim and no eden, wheel or eye.
No rebirth, and no snake coiled in the dark,
head flattened against being.

No call to us, no cry.
The sky
like the first white of sky in the first dawn.

Winter , Night , or Both

Intrudes into the eye a coldness that outlasts
of unrelated magnitude's coincident glare.
It is the glimmer of time, unstartled by humanity,
arriving at the human.

We watch ourselves, while Nothing else watches.
Form in the unplanned world is the sound that air
makes
to our ear, without sense of beginning, unfilled
with our absence, carrying no message but origin.

Nocturne

The moth on the leaf of night,
makes something of the minuteness of the real.
It flutters and is fluttered by the mind.

Galaxy and eye are fluttered.
Moth climbs, through falling light,
through the white gravity of how things are.

Ex Nihil

We are Mind and no mind made us
in the pale dawn of deserts
spirits softly moving
the slow human commerce
the freight of earth-seas.
Mind learns a complex waiting

of snowed trees in winter
the cold of ice boughs
that have been there colder
in the stand of night
and holding out for a light
glittering with thaw not snowfall.

Mind waits. Are we waiting
for more than our survival
among leaves also waiting ?
We are Mind and no mind made us
out of the nothing beyond us
or the nothing inside us.

Hedges of May

Past the abandoned pastures burnt in the sun,
past the indolent stream and the dead thorns,
on above the level of the uncivilised streets,
up the bare slope to the pale hedges of may.

Burning poisonous white in the afternoon.
Burning pit of action, hope, desire,
of sense and memory.

White abyss in the inward of the eye
that seethes on nothing.
Burning of the body, of the mind.

The town sterile on its hill,
the blind houses looking back at abyss.
The vast stifling of a civilisation.
The future naked, offers no consolation.
Only the burning bonfire, only fuel,
the mephitic perfumes of decomposition,
the wild, slack, beauty of corruption.

White fires, white banners blowing,
and we too, living fires, we men and women,
still flesh, mind, spirit.
We live and are not defeated, we the silent people.
And we shall be hedges of may, white hedges of may.

A Path in Trees

What is there you do not doubt, the self, the line
of meanings taught knee-high, the purposes ?

A path in trees may take us who knows where,
despite all mapped imaginary symbols, air
of gold and pine-filled resin, dark and green,
unsure, a siren-space where men can be unlimned,
a stream with no grail-cup below the surface
below the neutral, iced, untainted grey.

A random walk, whose landmarks, curious,
impress on mind, the unbounded and unpurposed,
doubt's certain centre.

Paths do not end, and do not own, divide.

No possession is implied by your walking.

No knowledge of what you walk from, promised,
or what you hope, unpromised, this floor cares
for no betrayal. Dark, where a bird, unseen
softly calls, or riven with light, edge-brightening,
looking down, a path that climbed.

Gorge

This silver-grey landscape is where limestone weathers,
abandoned pastures petrify, stone crumbles.

Unpossessed abandoned land is best, unpossessed
peoples.

Un-history of places, lingering life, the human
essence of inhuman spaces, a silence without centre.

Flower-shelves, dark overhangs, constituents,
molecular dead inheriting the soil, intensifying
the yellow of starlike flowers, the pale of turf.

An atom here or there must still be there. The mind
abrades, but time does not erode, erase all traces.

What we hold back is our particular power over death,
the private mind, the voice of the aftermath of talk
of quiet places, the inner logic, the consonance
that other sounds fragment. This landscape also,
a continuous self, untouched identity,
the best of places, uncultivated, clear.

Quarries

These shelves of rock are stands of light-filled leaf,
green water welling from stone, pale bays of air,
split flakes, unweathered, scattered on the grass,
sinews of silence, where the deep call of hidden birds
falls through lassitudes of air, and pine-tree height.
Here nothing demands our presence, breeze on breeze,
loses itself in showers of light on leaf.
Easy to vanish here, to evaporate outwards,
into the unknowable otherness of the earth,
into air, rock, soil, the insect labyrinth,
the darkness, lichen-lipped, of broken walls,
the undisturbed, unkempt, the undeclared,
the shelves of anonymous stillness.

World must miss us later if not sooner, and if self-love
is what this love is, greater than human longing,
that makes some live more in the solitary mind
than in affection, though they love deeper or as deeply,
love that is also the losing of the mind in things
that are, that we must lose, their revelation,

which taken inwards is then carried inwards speechless, dark, goes deepest in those least well equipped to return its gift, through delight, joy, feeling and affection, but still the prime mover of that traveller who vanishes into self, into his own.

These shelves of rock nourish the isolate self, its solitude - are loved for what they are, neutrality and not indifference, having no stake in humanity neither facing towards us nor away, unimplicated undirected, pure of all intent. These bays of time are like the miraculous curves of the sea, they are filled with grace, are launchpads of the spirit, and in them our profligate pulse of transient process grows fainter, deeper, calmer, until it shades into the mirror of space behind the skyline. Not ours, but some other power digs down here into the core of the self, creates as it destroys.

The Green Man

Behind the leaves, man in nature stands
the human staring out of living stone.
Reality resists knowing and remains
in mouths that strain, in leaves that coil,
is curve, the singing flute, is Marsyas.

God of headlands and millennial light
heavy from his journey. God of masks,
saying god is not love, only presence,
a waiting in the moment, of the air,
heavy-leaved Orpheus of the foliate crown,
oak, laurel, birch, black poplar.

King of the dark, slave of this murmuring wood,
Janus bi-face who arrests the mind
with terror and with pity. What is between
an age that lives by vision, and this age ?
What tongue moves in the severed head ?

He

Through all these forms, silently he plays.

In all these forms he rests, and is fettered.

Formless, only in form he finds himself.

Willing himself in all forms is his freedom.

Free of our prison he weds himself to being.

Endlessly being he reveals himself.

Through all these forms we would be free of,

In this bondage that constrains us,

He is the spirit of the head that's severed.

Where he sings no time passes.

He is Bran, Orpheus, and is Siva.

Through all these forms , silently, he plays.

Creatures

Keepers of fire, in the dark, remembered places
of the soul, in the depths of the mind, beyond all gods
transients of feeling, mystic names
where meaning glimmers. Our naming, and our
touching.

Out of such grace, such life, such beauty comes
of what in us is source, is inception,
the bright fires of feeling, voiceless flames,
in the consonance from which our being came.

Why then are they our shadows,
still beyond us, in a past we cannot recover ?

Aquarius

Slowly the sun sinks under the world.
White moon rising in Aquarius,
return us to the first unknown freedom
the first exquisite freedom of the Earth

We are so unfree.
There is another truer clear dimension
where poise matters, and affection,
the first dimension where our life began.

Now with all our knowing, we could be tender
Now we could love Earth as never before,
as the first men loved before knowledge,
as the first women loved before possession,

their spirits alive in the dry grass oceans,
before we owned earth, time, each other.
The old earth, the oldest universe,
alive in the pale sky, the evening cloud.

Now we could love the glow of earth,

naked on the threshold of being,
and the Present, clearest of gifts.
No more greatness, so unfree,

The Past not delimiting, the Future not unfolding.
Waiting for the flame of life, till it comes again,
when it comes again, waiting.
It will come again.

Be in Me

In me like the sky, exterior mirror,
mind's outer echo, dark surface of feeling,
over which thought of you passes.
In me, not possession but relation,
silent without intention, clear
of memory, of word.

Be and become, deepening challenge,
force always new, always beyond
that which you think you are,
weakened or bounded.

In me not as you know yourself,
but as I know you, outside the limitation
world creates in its creatures, wordless now, free

Be the image, created as if without love,
so truly loved, that in the one declaration,
love pours out of the anonymous mouth,
from object to mind, so that all possible truth
murmurs inside it.

Be in the final act wholly yourself,
You who unknowingly granted all this to me,
all overflowing - You the all-human
standing against space and time, as a statue
freed by the hand stands against stones,
itself half-emerging out of its alien world.

Be both the ache and the sweetness,
dread in the veins, shaking with lightening force
the crown of the tree. Be beauty and fear.
Sing to me softly of Earth, that brings us forgiven
back to our source in the heart.
Sing of necessity greater than pleasure or pain,
purpose or understanding.

Sing to me softly of Earth, soothe the dull heart.
Declare all is to come, over and over,
again and again, Mind and its lover
Body, their book, new and unbroken.
Show me the silence that comes
when out of pure giving, suddenly spirit becomes
subtle and tender, when sex touches on sex,
like star within cloud, or moon
in the inward mirror touching on light.

Dream

Of what man has the power to know
of what man is.

(Mountains of light, staring out
across the dream of desert.
Empty earth, of being without self-knowing,
of mirrors without reflection)

There are three things to unlearn.
(Mountains of dawn, silent under morning,
above the white smoke of our footsteps)

Not to believe.
Not to follow.
Not to own.

Be

Be, in the Moment's power.

Be, in eternity.

Be, in the silence that the world leaves.

This is the only thing you are.

This is the passing hour.

This is the meaning of life's mask.

Love, and in your love be true.

Know, and in your knowing pity.

Remember, in your heart, remember.

Season

Man is the gardener now, in the garden empty of gods,
dreams the cold fountains and the frozen streams,
the stone grass, the ice earth, the statues.

There are figures there, Goya's doll faces,
the blind-man's-buff of movement.

No touch, no taste,
under the crystal, clarion, brilliance.
This season now, where we are most at home.

Winter Walk

The gush of air and light in the dark trees
that makes firs sigh greenly together
is like a bent rower with the sky on his back
rowing through the depths of the wood, through time,
is like Gauguin's bareback rider of riversides
who crouches under whiplike branches.

Space roars but we come down to the small meadow's,
sunlit silence. It is like leafing through
Breughel's towers , hells, landscapes, and coming
across the drawing of human figures, on paths
of light, flickering among trees, where at last
individuals, walk, and talk, and the silence waits
for time to flow, for Rembrandt to begin.

Pissarro

The world, flickering, is still.
The truly-loved, concentrated on
becomes our own image of our existence.
Place by place remembering what is loved.

The pure technique, in having no observer,
no desire, free of time's claims and its obligation,
speaks in a place beyond that movement teaches,
a place of light, and light's delirium.

Fearful touch, like mouth on mouth, or arm on arm
ensnaring, in the undemanded future.
A space, of something seen by love
its silent eye.

Mind, centrifuge of flame, still circling
the fall of light on walls, the leaves, the roads.
A spring and autumn landscape of the heart.
And colour, like a god, humbly passing.

How To

Time then, and the Earth shifts under our feet.
Terror. Courage is to be our own firmness
a pillar of fire.

In the cage of History, one more or less.
But to be a voice, a mind, a pair of eyes.

Pressure

Stillness behind the moon lifts up the hills.
Tongues press greenly on the word.
White foam in the sea's bowl is the spine
of the silent minotaur's emerging.

In mind is the pressure of the mirror,
the unbreathing night darker than a stone.
What is this beating in the cage of bone ?
O round white mouth forever searching.

The Garden

Respect them,
the animal eyes,
where we are.

See now, there,
the Nothingness flower,
contain us.

Acknowledge
body, mind, process,
discover the sacred.

Examine
how silence, stillness invade
what no-one made.

Consider
the empty garden now.
Attend.

Talking To The White Goddess

Invocation

Moon-creature precious of desire
tender in faithfulness of light
how shall I touch your perfect fire ?

Suffering that breathes above me now,
beyond obedience to be,
Beauty will you itself allow ?

Peace of these constellations' calm
night of the mind that must endure
harbour the love in us from harm.

Power to the very utmost keep
the loved, the loving from despair
drowned where they lie in Eros-sleep.

Moon-creature precious of desire
faithful in tenderness of light,
how shall I touch your perfect fire ?

Rowan

You are the shoulder of light above
the blackbird's way.

Delicate you throw yourself
from the high rock.

Bruised lips part in the arms of sky
on arms of stone.

O centre of the circle,
and sacred second letter.

Eyes of the future open
in your arrow-shaped leaf-blades.

Care

Heavier than air my care for you
but lighter than leaves the wind blows through.

O darker than night my care-in-love
yet brighter than breath of light above.

O sharper than pain my love of you
but sweeter than that delight that through
the body sends its fire.

Touch

Sweet as the touch of light
or eyelids' touch of fire
lips touch in deepest night
the tremor of desire.

Mind in the night's excess
touches the dark of air
its silent tenderness
almost too much to bear.

Sweet as your touch so light
it barely stirs the night
its elemental deep
beyond the call of sleep.

Moon-Song

Child of the moon
in moonlight known
your beauty shines
on all I own

Child of the light
within the night
from you each gift
of touch and sight

Child of the heart
within my arms
be free from fear
and all life's harms

Based on an Irish Song (7th Century)

You're the white flower of the rowan.
You're the sweet flower of the blackberry.
You're the silence of the moonlight
between midnight and dawn.

You're my heartbeat, you're my secret
you're the miracle of the greenwood
you're the ring-dove's soft cooing
in the silence of dawn.

Three Anonymous Rondeaux
(Translated from the 13th C. French)

"Est-il Paradise, amie ?"

Is there Paradise beloved
any Paradise but love ?
None that's for our eyes beloved.
Is there Paradise beloved ?
He who lies in his love's arms
all of Paradise has found.
Is there Paradise beloved
any Paradise but love ?

"Encore un chapelet ai "

Always a garland I keep
that was my love's.
Given to me in joy so deep
always a garland I keep.
For her sake it ever sleeps
with me always.
Always a garland I keep
that with her lay.

"Trop me regardez, amie, souvent "

Too much you gaze at me, love often
your sweet looks are caught by all men.
Heart that would love in sweetest heaven
(too much you gaze at me , love, often)
should not reveal its love to all men
but should guard itself from treason.
Too much you gaze at me, love, often
your sweet looks are caught by all men.

Three More Anonymous Rondeaux
(Translated from the Medieval French)

“Toute seule passerai le vert boschage” C13

Lonely I'll wander in the green woodland
since company I have none.

If I've lost my lover by my own hand,
lonely I'll wander in the green woodland.

I'll send him a message he'll understand
that I'll mend what I have done.

Lonely I'll wander in the green woodland
since company I have none.

" Ne me mettez en oubli " C15

Do not put me from your mind
my sole comforter, my good
who of all the world I would
love the best of all I find.

My love gentle, true and kind
if my heart you've understood

do not put me from your mind.

Let us be of one sweet mind
that is what I ask of you.
Since with you I chose to bind,
do not put me from your mind.

" La fiance que j'ai en vous " C15

The faith that I have in you
my only friend, my chosen one
makes me forget my martyrdom
and all my great suffering too.

One day we'll meet again we two.
What is it that makes me say so ?
The faith that I have in you.

We will, by god, despite those few
who would have wished to say us no.
None but god can hurt us though.

This is the root of all my good,
the faith that I have in you.

New Moon

Tender, so tender, arc of slender light,
new under the dark, collecting starlight.

Pale beauty, loveliest of all.

White stillness that frees me in the gulfs of time
for inner journeys to the kindest source,
the sweet heart of the Earth.

New Moon rising from the dying sun,
new life returning.

Softly you passed the shadows, safely came
open into the new beginning of the spirit,
into the birth of the gentlest aspect,
the conjunction where mind and feelings meet

I knew you there, hidden,
and then seeing you born suddenly beyond the earth,
curved again like a woman taking
the universe into her arms.

Through the dark space you came,
of time and distance, healed and whole
from the sun's warm giving,

from the places of loss and departure,
risen again to life.

Moon fixed in memory where my deepest feelings
touch, intense the sphere of your circling.

Secret, careless child of our unknown
and unknowing oceans of the spirit.

Well of compassion. Sensitive bowl
of the electric shadows.

Reborn again. Moon of mind's seas,
now setting swiftly following the sun,
to come again in the new life,
in the heart's bright renewal.

In You

In you I drown and all my senses end.

What sense remains where I in you am drowned?

The drowned self is beyond the body's sense.

The end of all my self in you remains.

The self remains when sense is drowned in you.

You are the sense of self where I am drowned.

What is the body's sense where self remains?

I drown in you where all my senses end.

Song

Love is just a dying
a sweetness and a sighing.
A transient of light,
love is, in the night.

Love is just a dying,
the descant of that song
we cannot suffer long,
the closeness, the denying.
Love is just a dying.

Love is just a dying,
the mystery's untying.
A miracle of light
are lovers in the night.

Love is just a dying.

Ardour's Tower

Beyond desire,
I climbed with secret heart on fire,
among
bright winds of night
that bring the light.

Sweet flowers of May,
now are gone silently away,
in mind,
blown memory's
done ecstasies.

Pure winds of night
from our deep fears give us respite.
In Ardour's tower
we stand
at midnight's hour.

Alphabet

Flower of the hawthorn.
Shoulder of moonlight.

Shoulder of the holly.
Silver of moonlight.

Silver of the birch-tree.
Fountain of moonlight.

Fountain of the willow.
Shadow of moonlight.

Shadow of the alder.
Secret of moonlight.

Secret of the apple.
Sweetness of moonlight.

Sweetness of the rowan.
Delight of the moonlight.

Delight of the hazel.

Wisdom of moonlight.

Wisdom of the reed.

Spirit of moonlight.

Spirit of the poplar.

Slenderness of moonlight.

Slenderness of aspen.

Whiteness of moonlight.

Whiteness of the blackberry.

Beauty of moonlight.

Alternan

Little hazel-bush by the deep pool.
Little tree of wisdom over clear water.
I will remember you for ever.

Sweetness and grace and the knowledge of pity.
Little hazel-tree in the green silence.
Little tree of wisdom over still water.

Fire

Love is the fire that wraps us round.
Love is the flame that sears the ground.
Love is the light that blinds the eye.
Love is the pyre on which we lie.
Love is the shirt of pain that burns,
the unbearable knife, the body that yearns.
Love is the maker, love is the form,
love is the reed in the howling storm.
Love is the river, love is the night,
love is the sea, love has the right.
Love is the talon that descends.
Love is the guardian, love is the friend.
Love is the unattained desire.
Love is the jealous eye. Love is the liar.
Love is the music, love is the rhyme,
love is the final hostage of time.
Love is the dark fire, Eden's fall.
Love is the light, that raises all.

Bird On Briar

(An Anonymous Lyric from The Medieval English)

Bird on briar, Bird, Bird on briar,
Nature comes of love, love to crave.
Careless bird, for me, for me have care,
Or make you, fair, for me, make me my grave.

I am so careless-bright, bird on briar,
when I see that fair hind, hind in hall.
She is white of limb, lovely, true.
She is fair and flower, flower of all.

Might I her willing, willing , have,
Faithful of love, lovely, true,
from my pain I might, I might be saved,
joy and bliss were for, were for me new.

Heart Be Still

Heart be still, heart, heart be still,
never returning, mind, returning.
Life of the will, make, life of will,
not of body, of body's burning.

Her form fills the eye, eye on fire.
She is lustre, of lustre, bright.
She is all of joy, joy's desire,
light of dark sea, dark of night.

Mind be still, mind, mind be still,
light on the mountain, mountain moving.
Cloud on the hill, cloud, cloud on hill,
love in the mind, love, ever-loving.

'Irish Kind'

Mermaid slipped through the dark wave
courting danger, always leaping,
throwing yourself to the other side of being.

Open the black hill for me, the high fall,
the peat's depth, the sad lough, the bath of the sun.
Open the side of the dark slope for me,
the heart's pool, the deep waters.

Give me the shadow lane, the copse, the dumb thicket
where the blackbird flies.

In the teeth of the wind from your homeland,
show me your mermaid-hair wet with the sea, the
leaping, the dying.

Cry out the spell for me, hazel-bush, may-thorn,
white in the blossom, lost, bound by air's silence.
Call the deep drowning.

See

See if the heart can bear
touch that is light as fire
beyond all thought or care,
lips of a sweet desire.

Once to the heart it comes,
burns the mind as it dumbs,
once and then not again,
touch that is ache and pain.

See if the body holds
touch that is pure as gold,
over the hands and hair,
body of love's despair.

See if the heart can keep
touch that is lost in sleep
further than furthest light
of the mind's dark goodnight.

The Goddess

To each, giving, generous, lovely, not to one only.
To others speaking her secrets of utterance, never
uniquely.

To each merciful, pitying, renewing, repeating.
To all various, hidden, wild, concealing.
Of each indiscriminate, taking her lovers, coldly.
Over all, victorious, tyrannous, tender, yielding.
Beyond each, careless, wondering, unsurprised.
To each cruel, gentle, fierce, demanding,
spreading her favours, asking, taking, needing,
mocking jealousy, pleased, from all receiving,
owning with each enacting, soothing, sating,
goading each, driving, bleeding, tormenting.

From each learning, all knowing, seeing,
true, easy, wordless, unsated, pliant.
In each trusting, to each holding, defenceless,
defended by magic, sowing. By each held sacred,
by each honoured, cursed, cried out on, embittering.
Over each arching, under each cradling,
into each flowing, beyond each sighing.
From each distant, warmest to least known,

turning on nearest, declivities revealing.
From each asking, thanking, wishing, gifts
piled forgotten, wealth vanishing ,crushing,
drawing the core, dragging the root, spending.

To each one faithful, faithless, impartial, smiling,
each one absorbing, holding, lying, watching dying.
From each learning the spell, then binding,
in each finding the vision, then blinding.
Mermaid of mirage, sybil's echo,
white-browed, gold-haired, red-lipped, long-fingered.
For each the one voice, various, compelling,
innocent, loving, darkness, disaster ,dispelling,
all fears, curses, hexes on wise men, wild
for her nature's places, earth's swelling.
By each charmed, shafts of her full quiver, giving
tremor, unsigned testament of her lightning.

Naked, incalculable, cautious, bold,
moon-opposite, sun-quencher, star-delayer,
serving hope, stirring envy, raising from chagrin,
the dumbfounded lover. Unreasoning, proud
of her lunar resilience, controlling, commanding
of all her elements, aspects, figures, childish then
woman,

touching the infant, granting leave, withholding,
restless, poured out, relinquished, flowing.
From each asking the universe, yielding the earth.
To each returning stillness, choice, by his will,
bloodied, bloodless, leafy, lit, be-flowered,
intense and momentary, easeful, eternal.

From whom the silence, night, and the deep wood,
the word of unknowing, the white-limbed whispering.
From whom inscrutable truth, blind life, the hidden
face.

Cen Áinius

(From the 9th Century Irish - treochair metre)

Cen áinius
In caingen do-rigénus;
nech ro-charus ro-cráidius.

No joy for us,
in that deep vow I made for us,
cruel to what was precious.

Graciously,
except god came between us then,
I'd given what he asked of me.

Unseeingly,
he takes the road, away from me,
pain now, but then eternity.

A foolishness
to turn that heart towards distress,
where once I showed such gentleness.

I, Liadan,
who time gone loved Cuirithir,
nor can deny the cherished man.

I still will bless
the time that I was at his side
and treated him with tenderness.

The wind-filled trees
were my pure song with Cuirithir,
and movement on the sunlit seas.

Then, so it seemed,
no crueller thing could ever be,
than to wake us, where we dreamed.

Call out to him,
that if this heart loved any one
more than all others, it was him.

For me the pain,
of what's inside, the hurt and strain,
losing him - never whole again.

Rose

Hedge-rose,
gentleness,
the world crushes.

Dog-rose,
wildness,
earth crushes.

Sweetness,
tenderness,
being crushes.

Briar,
Briar, rose of the thorns,
you
night crushes.

Rose, Rose
of no-time,
light crushes.

Adapted from the Gaelic

You are whiter than the swan is,
you are whiter than the gull is,
you are whiter than the snow is,
you are whiter than the sky.
You're the whiteness of the rowan,
that subdues every anger.
You're the white foam of the ebb-tide.
You're the white waves of the flood-tide.

Starlight

White star in the grass,
mattress of stars,
by the blackberry root,
by briar-white of blackberry.

Star by the thorn.

White star by the fern.

White straw of stars,
four-fold petal-form, six-leafed
flower of the turf.

Star, star, on star,
smaller than eyes, eye bright.

White star, white star, star in the grass.

Part, to be part,
to be part of this.

White star in the grass.

Various

Drowned by love, remember she is moon-led,
mistress of invocations, jealousies, expert in delay,
drawing tides in from her first slender arc
to the white full, weaver of shows,
scattering radiance, matching the light she yields
to how the gold of sun shines on her,
discriminate in angers, engendering illusions
to bring all to her subtle ease and calms.

Buried by fire, remember these are her ways,
immanence, rightness, fury, time-driven transience,
deaf to entreaties, then relenting, mask-wearing,
savourer of subjections, waiting tribute,
giving random play, spreading nets gently,
noosing tightly, in show of love, in rare deceit,
cooling, then warming, watching the nest of rivals
fight to outdo each other, in the grass.

Blown in the air, remember her beguiling.
Leasing the night, losing all common kindness
is part of her masque, her mistrust of words
not of her silence out of which words are born.

Live on hope unpromised, vows unmade,
signs lost in the stream.

Buried deep, a dead man, remember
her seasons of light and her seasons of darkness.
Nothing new the cold sweat at her deceptions,
liaisons, pain of the knowing and the not-knowing.
She is awareness, sower of dreams, maker of
hesitations,
merciless in all counter-recriminations,
yielding inside refusal, a vortex of light and air.
Dead man remember, all elements are hers.

She

She exhibits in white flowers and leaf-dark trees,
the triangular hill, the briared and berried lane,
is white-thorn and the purple line of furrows,
shadow of hedges, smell of festering ditches,
wood-sorrel, meadow-sweet, the burnet-rose.
Glittering she is light-shreds over alien fields.
Her birds flight the shadows above white rock.
She waits at the gate, by doorways, in the corners
of unprotected, unspent spaces, astonishes,
is joy, the strangeness that stares out from nature
through visionary angle. She is the source's impulse,
the spring from stones, and is absence, stillness,
less than nothing, the worn and unworn threshold,
the new and un-new moon. She shows herself
in seasons, surprises silence, in dark of nettle,
in sea of furze, bends down as birch, shivers in aspen.
She is three ways, three trees, three parts of the year,
her name is of three letters, air and light move,
where she turns her head, earth and water
where she takes in her lovers.

Mermaid

On the rock of silence
you sit, your hands are bright.

In the mirror of silence
white gleams, red burns, gold glistens.

One claims your comb,
your skin, your hair in the light.

You murmur of spray that appears, slopes that shine.
You fill spaces, empty them, light as a wave.

They yield to you soft mouths of whiteness,
the salt-urns bitter with brine.

The dark stone weeps with fire.
They are ploughing your shining furrows.

On the rock of silence,
you sit, your hands are bright.

Fifty Dragons For Shen Lung

1.

Keeping his counsel
in the green jade
that dragon who knows so much about us.

2.

This clear night, brightest of moons.
Is it true we are parted
only by the Dragon of the Milky Way ?

3.

Your sleepy head
Shen Lung watches
with one eye closed.

4.

At daylight you leave
the dragon in sheets of cloud,
wearyed from gathering dew.

5.

Through clear water
see the coiled dragon.
Asleep at last that snake of jealousy.

6.

Visible like dragon veins,
the deep love that does not speak.

7.

Suddenly hearing a voice
from the dragon boat.
Will you ever know her true name ?

8.

Over all the summer sky
red scales of the dragon.

9.

In the white porcelain
one sign for "blue" and "dragon".

10.

What Shen Lung sees and knows
he can never tell.

11.

Like a dragon in the clouds
thinking of her
fondly in a dream.

12.

Trust your sleep
to this pillow.
One dragon riding
on a curtain of mist.

13.

What did we find
beyond the mountain
dragon rain, dragon clouds ?

14.

Gone in a moment
the Dragon of a Thousand Years.

15.

The white wake of the dragon
is this passing world.

16.

Beauty that shakes the whole body.
The breath of the dragon.

17.

O Lady of the Jade Mountain
ride the rising dragon vortex.

18.

In the East the green dragon.
In the North the "dark warrior".

19.

Feng-shui is "wind and water".

Not to disturb the sleeping dragon.

20.

Coiled around the vase.
Is this only a painted dragon ?

21.

Carried through seven heavens,
seeing you in a dream.

22.

Floating clouds conceal his shape.
Misted thought, dims
the neglected mirror.

23.

Plum-flowers drift in the dark bed.

Moon-shadows deepen in the fragrant pool.

24.

Over the energies
of the heavens
flies the true dragon.

25.

Alone again what have I ?
The dragon's wake
the dragon's track.

26.

Again and again
I think of you
free like the white cloud,
silent like the pale water.

27.

Northern winds savour of winter.
The white fall is cold with spray

28.

Behind that mountain
lives the dragon,
mysterious in its dark valley.

29.

This waning moon
has lost its splendour.
Shen Lung will breathe new life again.

30.

You do not need
to dream of me.
Only accept
this silent friend.

31.

In the silence of the night
one dragon gazes at the Moon.

32.

Those who talk do not know.
Shen Lung knows
but does not speak.

33.

What do the white clouds
know about sadness ?
What do the dark waters

know about love ?

34.

This helpless heart
turned inside out
by the dawn wind.

35.

The jade congealed
in the morning
shows where the dragon passed.

36.

Waited and yearned
in the dragon silence.

37.

It was for you
the dragon came.

38.

Mask of snow
and fragrance of flowers.
Mist on the dawn tree.

39.

Was it the dragon only
stirred the tangled heart ?

40.

Did I choose you ?

Did you choose me ?
Dreaming each other
we both awoke.

41.

Nothing is lost.
The dragon found
its own image
in the clouds.

42.

Fragrant with the scent
of shallow water
this bowl filled
with the beauty of plum-flowers.

43.

Too far off to see him.
At last the clear dragon.

44.

Who is she ?
Who am I ?
A deep longing
confuses the mind.

45.

All night through
the bright dragon
tossing and turning
in the clouds.

46.

At the great dragon
gaze all your life.
When the dawn comes
bring me your perfume.

47.

See the dragon
touch the moon
white fire
across his scales.

48.

Like smoke, like water,
these thoughts and dreams.

49.

Dim in the new light
the vanishing dragon.

50.

After these words
see the real Shen Lung.

Three Pines And A Buddha

1.

White lotus -
and in its arms
feel the dragonfly.

2.

Not I -
under your
eye-lids
you hide.

3.

On the sheet
of brown water
the mandarin ducks -
two lives
on the one surface.

4.

This rain that falls
into the heart
of the lotus
empties time.

5.

The eyelid - opened
to reveal
one drop
in which you are.

6.

Under the rain-fall
no mind.

7.

The poem's surface
covers

with a fine lacquer
life's black ink
and gold thread.

8.

The insect
surprised by red dawn
vaguely
hesitates in the air.

9.

How
will the tethered boat
ever shake itself
free ?

10.

The boat -
grounded in the shallows
collects water-plants
croaking frogs

pale fish.

11.

One flame -
that exhausted
everything
condemns
and exalts a life.

12.

You need -
an infinite space
without selfishness
around you.

13.

On the frozen lake
the Emperor
shoots bright arrows
across banks of snow.

14.

The ice -
at your heart
an ominous silence.

15.

That Buddha
cannot feel
the dragon of rain and cloud
joyously dancing
on his head.

16.

Azure sea
azure sky
over which
we float
in a dream.

17.

Fragile though -
this pain
that a whole life
cannot contain.
From compassion
pledge and trust.

18.

The seven petals
of the wild flower
are not the totality
of your name,
this fragrance
is not your fragrance.

19.

The cat falls
confused
by the butterfly.

20.

The poet always knows

the sting at the core of the flower

21.

The eye
does not wait
for the mind
to hear the line.

22.

The curious stare
from the face of mindless nature
concerns me.

23.

True knowledge
is afraid
of knowing.

24.

This flower
without eyes.

25.

Waking -
to moonlight
in the night.
You being
the opposite
of emptiness.

26.

Again and again -
in the one night
water falling
on the sea.

27.

Blanched earth -
without desire
at last
the empty god

in the deserted field
sleeps on white stalks.

28.

What if then
when pain ends
so does joy ?

29.

This screen
peopled with others' emotions
leaves mine outside.

30.

The fear -
and the pain
of deep love
part of the same joy.

31.

This different water

moves but is the same thing's
cold waterfall.

32.

Pressed against my side,
how to shrink you
into my heart
already there.

33.

No sound
of the waterfall's
great sound.

34.

Even when I stop
to consider
this silent Buddha
the pain of being
keeps on moving.

35.

How to judge
what never judges -
the inhuman either way.

36.

Pine mist
and white fire
cover the country
of autumn silence.

37.

Mouth to mouth -
one spirit explores
another spirit
in the new landscape.

38.

Across the bridges
of time
I will follow
your imaginary breath.

39.

Who is
speaking here ?
Nothing
present,
and no-one past.

40.

Two leaves
lie over each other
under the basin's
stone sill.

41.

A flute
played
in the invisible evening
at Loyang long ago.

42.

Through the enchanting
autumn moonlight
imagining a goddess
vanishing in the cloud.

43.

Overpowering beauty -
the fragrance
of the yellow azalea.

44.

In the mirror -
the flower opens
to allow a drop
of dew deep inside.

45.

This pale flower
in the dawn light
dusts my white pillow.

46.

On the thorn hedge
sharp sparrows
and flowers of may.

47.

That to which you say no
I too will quietly resist.

48.

Intermingling -
after flowering
the implicit fragrance.

49.

Resonance
in the flesh -
the bronze bell
still humming
in the walls
of the temple.

50.

The singing serpents
of wistaria branches
suddenly clotted
with flowers.

51.

Under your
closed eyes
see
the spirit singing.

52.

Closing your eyes
suddenly you can hear
smell, feel.

53.

Breathe once
and the water
of her beauty
will be clouded.

54.

Lie -
on my breast
and be
the child of eternity.

55.

White plum-flower
bows to the lotus.
Red peony
bows to the chrysanthemum.

56.

Gold letters
and grey script
on the pure snow.
Branches dipped
in the pure ink
of midnight.

57.

Between two dreams
this other
day of life.

58.

Circles of light -
the pool of water
has had an idea.

59.

Water falling on water
washes the whole earth.

60.

The river of rain
makes us cling together
more closely
warming the heart.

61.

Who knows why
tonight
you are more passionate?
A memory held hostage forever?

62.

Which little piece of me
is held
between the lines ?

63.

Silver dust
on the dark landscape
is this fine grain
of sentiment
you deride.

64.

Yourself
which you consider
of no value
I value.
The selfless mirror.

65.

Out of the fog
the river emerges
black and slow.

66.

Overpowering -
the sweetness
of the accumulated emotion
of echoing fortuity.

67.

Overcoming first fears
you accept
this poured-out gold
this innocuous lightning.

68.

I am
the space
I do not see
enclosed
by the space
I see.

69.

Now a memory
is already buried

in this mind
waiting to become present.

70.

Heart of ice -
you thaw
are suddenly gold.

71.

I carry it
from day to day
this sadness
which will not go away -
lingering.

72.

Sometimes -
the mind is monstrous.
Sometimes -
the body is culpable.

73.

Sap is a strange gold
in the straw of green
this rush of life
under the leaf's surface.

74.

A carpet
of young fir-trees
the dragon
of mist
on its back.

75.

Moon
deep in your body
draws the tides
of azure and silver.

76.

That noise
of the cuckoo -

something deep
in yourself is
answering back.

77.

What we have deciphered
after great pain
was there to be known
from the very beginning.

78.

Grateful -
if in this scattering of ash
there remains one grain of gold.

79.

Your tongue
is the pen
that writes
my spirit -
mouth of an angel.

80.

I know how your whole being
flushes into your throat
and shoulder-blades
become wings.

81.

Still the red bee
refuses to die
at the heart of the flower.

82.

The poem
does not describe
the form
which is not
the poem.

83.

I do not express
the poem

which is not
the pain in me.

84.

What is there
that a deep love
does not call in question
profoundly?

85.

Mouth
against mouth
the touch
of the idea.

86.

One thread of vein
from heart
to heart
pulls tight.

87.

In the dark sheets
full of fragrance
the mind
trying to stave off
the dawn.

88.

A worship
given
without thought.

89.

Where all these words
come from
one old man is going.

90.

A glass
of water
douses
the flame

of pain.

91.

In one sigh
the white peony
disburdens itself
on the ground
the hand touches.

92.

There is a dark sweet pain
that comes from the heart
of the rose.

93.

Odour of pine
that clings
to the fingers.

94.

In the ancient courtyards
too many gods
and cherry-trees.

95.

The Buddha -
one grey stone
in a basket of rice.

96.

The magic alchemical alphabet
of sun and rain
in which all our foolishness
is written.

97.

The sound created
the idea of the frog.
The idea of the frog
created the idea
of the sound.

98.

Are you the blind river-nymph
of midnight's bed -
the fragrance of wet flowers ?

99.

On top
of the mountain -
no more world.

100.

Mouths full of fragrance.
Plum-blossom mixed with perfume.
Night after night
our singing souls
crossing an azure sea.

101.

The heart
of the flower
which opened

is not in time.

102

Sound of flags
and prayer-wheels
from the heap
of stones.

103.

With this breath
only love.

104.

Feel this Buddha's pain
cold bronze
under your hand.

105.

Touch Once more
this body of love

that lifted you up
and now
cannot let you fall.

106.

Feeling the invisible
Buddha inside the visible core.

107.

Alone
the eye
watches
the moonlit wall.

108.

Now it is revealed
what hides
at the white chrysanthemum's heart.

109.

In the bed

plum-flowers
and the fragrance
of eternity.

110.

This colour
of the rose
that we can only see
with eyes closed.

111.

Beyond Earth
and looking back
the entwined butterflies

112.

The poem
of the peony flower
has already
been written.

113.

Ink. Congealed breath
where an absent
mouth
shows itself.

114.

This arch of being
calls itself
the rose.

115.

In the casing
of hoar-frost
the closed bud
holds another
springtime world.

116.

Night and Day

remotely
touching.

117.

A column of pink light
this flute-playing girl
on a screen of silk.

118.

Flashing suddenly
clearly from the dark iris
the glance of gold.

119.

Water on grass on stone.
The bridge over the mountain stream
is a hundred threads of spray
on a wooden floor.

120.

Into your hand

one spoken word
surrounded by a mouth of fingers
closes.

121.

Night -
the blind goddess
communing
with the inside of darkness.

122.

The water-drop
on the thorn
waits
and does not wait
to fall.

123.

The child's eyes
follow the words
- one mind.

124.

Shoulders of ivory
discrete form
which brings its own
purity.

125.

Under the stormcloud
the ancient pine-tree
is weary of all this turmoil.

126.

Thick-headed
that Buddha
of the incense sticks.

127.

Above a last patch
of daylight

an almost full moon
rises in the trees.

128.

Forgive
the silent worship
of this foolish man.

129.

When the breath
stops
will mind have stopped
yet?

130.

Over the purple field
the shadow
of the storm
is passing.

131.

Over all the earth
one goddess of mercy
with a basket of fish.

132.

The sun and moon
are both
lovers of earth
the blind adorers.

133.

Dragons and demons
of rain
dancing
in the cherry-trees.

134.

Over the pale sky
a sprinkling of silver dust
flecked with discreet gold.

135.

Suddenly
small children
with the heads
of rabbits
sit up
in the autumn grass.

136.

My boat is tied
to the curved bridge
in her garden
of red peonies.

137.

A panel
of gold foil
swaying
in the autumn wind.

138.

Pine and plum

stand up
to meet the moon.

139.

The deep radiance
always lingers
behind the skyline.

140.

These coarse pines
have skirts of mist
against the pale
wet mountain.

141.

Slight -
those imperfections
that increase
the sense of yearning.

142.

The real never stops moving.
The unreal never moves.

143.

The point
of pain
is where this poet
becomes a fulcrum.

144.

The irises
of Van Gogh
go to meet
the irises
of Korin.

145.

This indrawn
breath of gold
conspires to cover
with words

the silent paper.

146.

Amongst wild irises
the eight-fold bridge
crosses
the meandering stream.

147.

September -
ending with
a bird-filled mist.

148.

Savouring the moment
of the plum-flowers'
exquisite fall.

149.

Opening the six-fold sense
all being

is in the one perception.

150.

The pine-tree points
the hour
of deep shadows
in the white sand.

151.

Beauty -
fragile as a fan of silk
now discarded in the dawn.

152.

Poems
divisible by zero
all giving infinities.

153.

This pillow-book
that lover

gives endlessly
to lover.

154.

The Buddha that stares
as stupidly as a fish -
the golden carp.

155.

What is
this world
words inhabit?

150.

After the frost
the flowering cherry
slowly recovers colour
from the pale sky.

151.

In winter twilight -

these pale leaves
of the pieris
are not its
cream-of-spring.

158.

Wintersweet carries
its pale bells
next to the gold
of jasmine's fall.

159.

Blue irises -
and their deep green leaves
a sheaf of beautiful women.

160.

This night -
too ice cold
to drown the spirit.

161.

The amazing
sound of the waterfall
thundered into my body.

162.

Hold tight
to this earth
that changes
under your feet.

163.

One old giddy Buddha
on the mountain
drinking clouds.

164.

Fragile leaf
touches
fragile leaf

the white stream
presses flat.

165.

In the heart
of the storm
the wood
gives a green shout.

166.

Something in me
keeps counting the time -
the drummer.

167.

The demon Death
has a hundred white masks
and every one
is expressionless.

168.

Under the coverlet
talking intimately
two mandarin ducks.

169.

Behind closed eyelids
she is gracefully
making love
in a dream.

170.

Out of the pale gold sea
rise
blue irises
green blades.

171.

Night-window
opening
onto the white
embers
of poplars.

172.

Pale shoulders
give themselves
as a pledge -
love goes naked.

173.

The wistaria's
mauve rain
that keeps on
not falling.

174.

On the back
of the courtesan
the efforts
of a grand-master.

175.

Clearing the trees -
the pure thoughts

of Tohaku.

176.

How can I find you
in the immense darkness
at dawn?

177.

Cedar -
the upraised head
of the great cobra
that will not strike.

178.

Infinite space reddens
then cools
silently
at the heart of the rose.

179.

With a flat board
scattering
the embers
like words
from a fan.

180.

Misunderstood -
the meaning
of the floating world.

181.

Your affection
has the colours
of water and moonlight-
the colours
of the mysterious angel.

182.

The mind aware -

the passing of its being
echoes
inside the bell.

183.

This paper
wrinkled
under one word -
absence.

184.

Not worth remembering
those days -
that lengthened
then shrunk to nothing.

185.

I will wait forever
for the ray of light
from behind the mountain.

186.

All those actions
without trace,
others are fated
to repeat.

187.

In the cracked bowl -
humble tea,
plain rice.

188.

Paper is
more patient than
the heart.

189.

Patience of the heart
a sheathed blade
never drawn.

190.

Flame and light
softly interfuse
in the far depths
of this flower.

191.

Peony and Chysanthemum -
the gentle giving-way
to a mysterious flame
of silver and gold.

192.

Cutting
the centuries
with the blade
of art.

193.

Her two hands
clasped round her knees

the child once more
gravely looks out.

194.

In the green garden
trying to conceive
the memory
of snow.

195.

The green bamboo
bows
to the spirit of snow.

196.

The fragrance is deepest
in this green garden
empty of gods.

197.

From the small smoke

of a meeting
the great fire
of this love.

198.

The drum stops
and suddenly reveals
the continuous silence
of Buddha.

199.

Your beauty
like one red maple leaf
on the screen of white and gold
hides
all the landscape.

200.

Only to give solace to the day
opening yourself to the night.

201.

The moon on a sea of light
waiting
to find
another floating island.

202.

Salt spray
in drops of light
trickles over and through
the beach-pine's branches.

203.

In the floating world -
the lightness
of our feet on the earth.

204.

Black juice of the pen
runs
in the dragon veins
of the poem.

205.

Reflected by black
the light of time
is golden.

206.

A rushlight
of gold
over evening snow
cancelled my pain.

207.

Pale steam
shrouds the window.
Over the snow
strange trees are walking.

208.

Love and Truth -
if I lose you
I lose myself

eyes-of-the-willow.

209.

Gold leaf.
The autumn willow
gently paints
the stream
in its arms.

210.

The plum-tree
does not criticise
the rose.

211.

On the flight
of stone steps
the helpless Buddhas
collecting leaves.

212.

Over the gold bridge-rail
I see
the terrible power
of spring.

213.

Green was never tender
as in your eyes.

214.

Which drop
of water
are you
in the immense
sea ?

215.

A child in the snow
surrounded
by a halo of gold
goes shaking

the heavy branches.

216.

The moisture
in my words
has wet
your listening eye.

217.

The deafening
silence
of the gods.

218.

This precious night
these deep feelings
the graceful nymph
brings as a gift
from her land
of rain and cloud.

219.

Sacrifice -
the smoke of pain
out of which
the grace of light.

220.

The small bird waits
as the tree-squirrel
eats upside-down
on the cherry-branch

221.

The pale swans float
at the far end
of the lake.

222.

We will conspire
to create

the dream
you had lost belief in.

223.

Does the shadow
of the bird
reflect its lost companion?

224.

Loose white feathers
drift over
the ruffled water.

225.

Mind trying to enter
the invisible space
inside the tree
is baffled.

226.

The plum-blossom

mingles
with the fragrance
of moonlight.
Its pale glow
is the tenderness
of milk mixed with gold.

227.

In the winter sky
the angel of blue
has met
the angel of grey.

228.

One drop more
and the stream
will become
empty.

229.

On the lacquered box
the plank bridge

crosses
the sea of wild irises.

230.

The Zen tiger
lands gently
on the screen.

231.

Not too much
the sadness
of this floating world.
Between deep longings
deep ecstasies.

232.

Aching
of moon's circle
rising
in black branches.

233.

From the light
suddenly
flaring in the mirror
the ancient warrior
steps forward.

234.

Pruning
the cherry-trees
the dark clicking
of blades.

235.

The memory
of the waterfall
hides
the origin of silver.

236.

I am the idea

you see
when you close your eyes.

237.

The deep world
is dyed
by the colour
soaked
from the rose.

238.

The objects
wait
in silence
to recover
from us
the touch
of the idea.

239.

The objects
know our silence
fear and hatred.

240.

Freed from earth
light, the cosmic circle
floats in formed
and fully rounded being.

241.

Seeing again
the rising
full moon
no-one here
created.

242.

No mind
dreamed us.
We dreamed
ourselves.

243.

What is real
in us is also
unearthly.

244.

The meaning
of the peony flower
is in that silence
after the word
has ended
in you.

245.

The colour white
of this peony
has become
the flower.

246.

The alchemy
of the emblem
mingled with
the alchemy
of the word.

247.

Here
where everything disperses
to make
something which does not disperse.

248.

From the bell-shaped flower
the faint sounds
of blue nocturnal silver.

249.

The fire

from the heart
can scorch
the heart
of the fire.

250.

Colour -
the touch
of ecstasy
that light
gave to the world.

251.

Here is the gap
that closes
the circle.

252.

Words
that bewitch us
make us simple.

253.

Too many
dark idols
absorbing
warmth.

254.

The child
is always
outside art.

255.

No time
from
the aged phoenix.

256.

The only meaning
is kindness
and the glory

of passion
is kindness.

257.

Spring -
the reincarnation
of the rose.

258.

We close
our eyes
and are sleep
dream
childhood I.

259.

Only love
can be
still silent
and alive
in radiance.

260.

Spring moonlight
spring breeze
opening your lips
of water and fire.

261.

The shadow
of the sound
that was in us
re-flowers
in the mystical line.

262.

Two butterflies
your lips
on my eyelids.

263.

At the top
of the mountain

three pines
and a Buddha.

264.

From the darkness
of the object
the reflected light
of the human -
is the idea.

265.

Pounding
the true elixir
the hare
in the moonlight.

266.

The god
that cannot smell
this incense
bathes us
in its fragrance.

267.

How to absorb
the power
and beauty
of the world
and not be destroyed.

268.

The radiance
of total giving.

269.

Plum-blossom
in the bed.
Faith
at the heart
of the flower.

270.

Crazy Buddhas
concealing the way -
kitchen laughter.

271.

The mother
bows down
to the laughing child.

272.

To infinite
tenderness
said the rose
I return
infinite
tenderness.

273.

In my beauty
is my silence
said the rose.

274.

This child
is two hands
and a mouth
becoming mind.

275.

For two
million years
the mother
and child.

276.

The world
behind his head
is the world
the artist paints.

277.

In the snow's
radiant crystals

trying
to capture the heart.

278.

Shivering
in the morning snow
where have past
and future gone ?

279.

In the silence
of the mind
the other half of being
the sacred bride.

280.

The object
alien
walks off
without
its idea.

281.

Perfect the pale
white carnation
by the fence
weighed down
with white dew.

282.

Protection
becomes trust.
The wild
carnation
becomes Murasaki.

283.

Dressed in silent
colours
talking our silent
love.

284.

No dust
on the carnation's
white silk.

285.

Hopeless
the soft arousal
of the spring rain.

286.

Autumn leaves
falling in distant
mountains -
unspoken thoughts.

287.

Lost dishevelled
the peony flower
opens to the silent rain.

288.

Wondering which is longer
the peony's day
the pine tree's
thousand years.

289.

Neither a mist
nor a flower -
a spring dream.

290.

Behind what
silent eyelid
the moon.

291.

What I wish for you-
fragile

as a butterfly.

292.

Only from love
love comes -
and from hatred
hatred.

293.

Beauty -
of black stones
in the moonlit
river.

294.

The earth
wheels round
this Buddha's
intricate fingers'
soft shadows.

295.

No harm
in this laughter
sounding
somewhere
about the
mountain.
296.

Wildness -
of the captive
fawn.

297.

Rest your head
and feel the peace
the warmth
inside the god
that flows
for you.

298.

A memory

echoes deep
in an imagined
landscape.

299.

Moon
and flowering plum.
White dew
on the pine.

300.

Entwined butterflies
an angel
for everyone.

301.

Something there
in the mind
that dances
with light
and flames.

302.

Over the wet grass
and paving stones -
one tiny frog.

303.

In the bath
of flame
the marriage
of spirits.

304.

Behind
the slatted blinds
a love
which is
long patience.

305.

The deep colour
of the paper

on which
the mind writes -
startled me.

306.

The bull's dark blood
stains the floor
of the arena -
the lances
lie across him.

307.

Beauty is the opposite
of transience.
Form is the enemy
of time.

308.

Love is
the tenderness
and transience
of the rose.

309.

Never to stop
the current
of feeling -
beats
that old Buddha
hollow.

310.

So fierce
this feeling
for what will pass.

311.

Eyes close
the flower opens.
Fragrance
and plum-blossom
mingle.

312.

A feeling
emerges -
and becomes
the rose.

313.

From front to back
of the sea -
this moon
and its power.

314.

Which way
back
among
the white clouds ?

315.

These carnations
dipped

in deep colours
of dried paper.

316.

Passing on
the message -
bowed leaves
of bamboo.

317.

What remains
for the eye -
the form
when the feelings
have separated.

318.

Having been
so close -
ten feet apart

infinite space.

319.

So many tracks -
the hidden world
has danced
on this new snow.

320.

All these colours
faded -
more beautiful
than the original.

321.

The sound
of birds
agitated
by the spring.

322.

The lark -
one pillar
of crystal
that falls
through the ear.

323.

Saw for the first time
on the morning sky's
full moon -
the hare
under the cassia tree.

324.

An edge of feeling
is needed
to feel the edge
of this world.

325.

How could we see

the whole world's beauty
when one moment
overwhelms us ?

326.

Passion sits
on the chest
of a blind man.

327.

Yellow sea-poppies.
Red poppies
of the cornfield.
White heads of death.

328.

Bathed with love
the child
confuses
light with gold.

329.

Instead of that -
let the present
pity the future.

330.

All that time -
only the faint stir
of the winds of spring.

331.

Open window -
on always-green water
always-blue mountain
the ever-loving heart.

332.

Under a layer
of frost
a fall
of snow
and flowers.

333.

Water
on the pear-blossom
forms drops
then falls.

334.

White powder
white fragrance
in this dawn
of the dying moon.

335.

In beauty's
uncertainty -
its exquisite
confirmation.

336.

On her new
scarlet jacket

calligraphy
of gold.

337.

Under the kingfisher covers'
silver embroidery
feeling
the chill of dawn.

338.

Not too much -
life's sadness.
Not too much -
knowledge of things.

339.

Stone cinnamon
water magnolia
the mind on fire
at the other end
of the sky.

340.

Light on the water
touches
light in the sky.
Endlessly drifting
the abandoned heart.

341.

In the corner
of the garden -
hot wall's glare
humility of shadow.

342.

At twilight -
no form
only colours.

343.

Looking for
nothing
finding

everything.

344.

Wandering
in the night sky
among a million
dreaming stars.

345.

Fabulous red
legendary purple
in the forest
of the golden moon.

346.

The description
of colour
is the experience
of time.

347.

Held back
the balance
that is almost
escape -
water drop
on lotus leaf.

348.

The god
of the northern forest
who does not understand
humanity.

349.

The burning
in me
the burning
in you. O
jewel in the lotus.

350.

In the fog

a swollen sun
and silver leaves.

351.

Eyes that weep
where
sweet mouths meet.

352.

Weeping blood
weeping darkness
the fragility
of meeting.

353.

Compassion's
tangled threads
like the delicate
offerings of seaweed.

354.

Your mind
moves
with the rhythm
of the moon.

355.

The golden fish
swims up to feed
from the emperor's hand
out of dark water.

356.

What does it say ?
On the ancient seal
untranslated
writing.

357.

Out of excess suffering
the altar of Kwannon
the gate of ashes

perfume
and the phoenix.

358.

The tensions
of red and black -
the meeting
of blood and darkness.

359.

The strange
golden breath
of unalloyed
joy.

360.

Inside
all which melts -
all which becomes
new form.

361.

What is held
inside
emerges
as a golden thread.

362.

On the midnight wall
our lives
expressed
in pictograms.

363.

The posterity
of the peony
is also expressed
in petals.

364.

Then in us
emerged
the madness
of the colours.

365.

In spring rain
the pine
is still drinking.

Six Shunga

1.

Silence flows sweetly from your closed eyes.
The flower of faith opens in the dawn light.
Night of this joy, of these feelings.
Two clear souls afloat on the endless sea.

2.

Gone beyond holding and releasing,
this fragrance of rivers and of seas.
No words to express your worth for me, your meaning
the truest wind-blown flower, the deepest cloud.

3.

Whispers of love to your graceful silence.
We make our new song until the fragrant dew.
One night of the precious bed between sad longings
entwines our spirits for a lifetime, ten thousand years

4.

Eyes that question chase the falling dew.
Watching this pale sky what do you see ?
One flower opening beneath the plum-tree's branch.
Leaves in the moonlight making their new song.

5.

Distant silence after intimate feeling.
This resonance is the bell-sound of the earth
ringing in the empty moonlit garden.
Pledging myself to the ancient faith
I sweep again the stairs of the midnight temple.

6.

This night we climb again to the stars.
Together again we rest on rivers and seas.
Endlessly twined these joyous butterflies,
these midnight blossoms falling in the dawn.

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