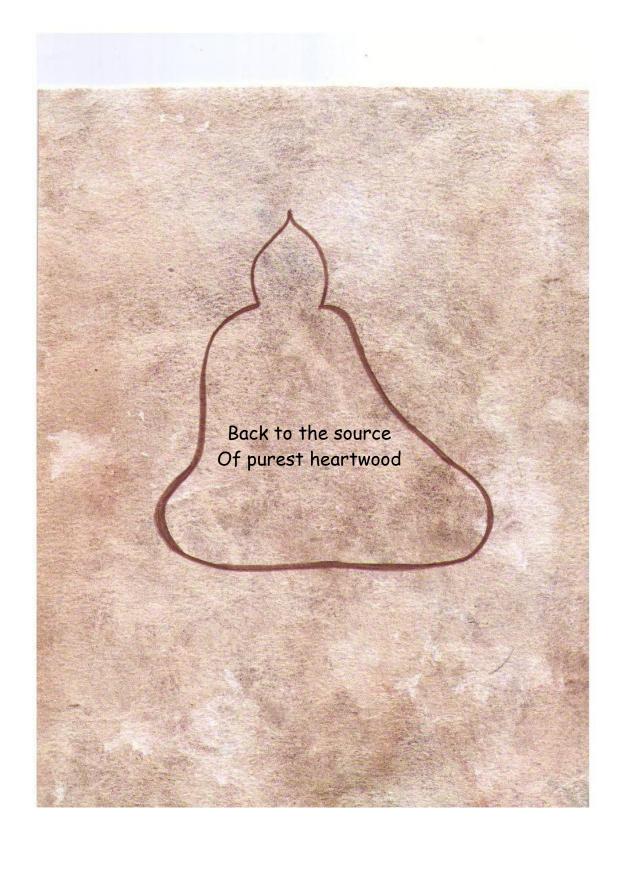
A Few Favourites

36 selected poems

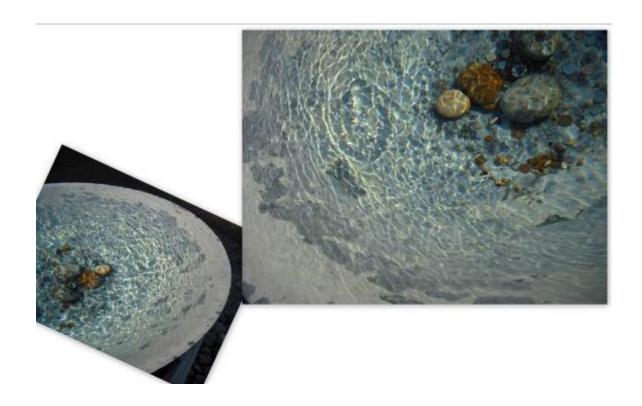


by Ajahn Kalyano

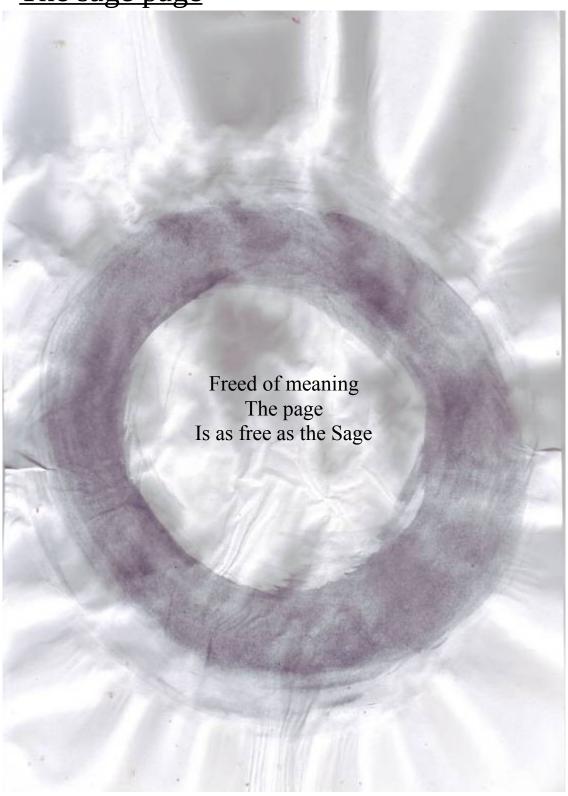


A fondness

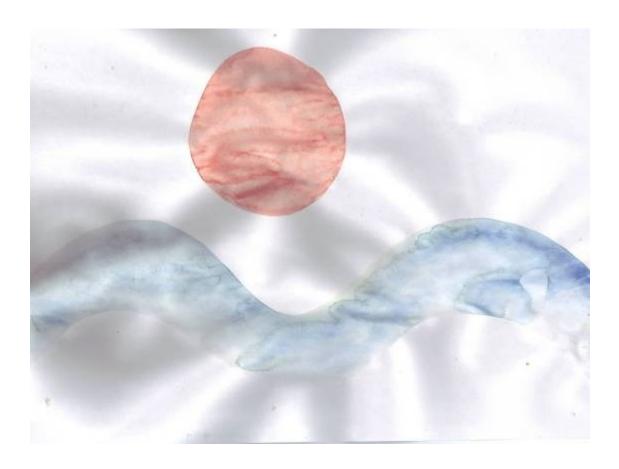
As I see
Just how ethereal the world can be
There arises, spontaneously, a small fondness
That flows just like the light that ripples
In this small pondness



The sage page



and the free sun and sea can ripple the sky



and we may fly into a heaven like silk as white as milk before we die

The sacred art of patience

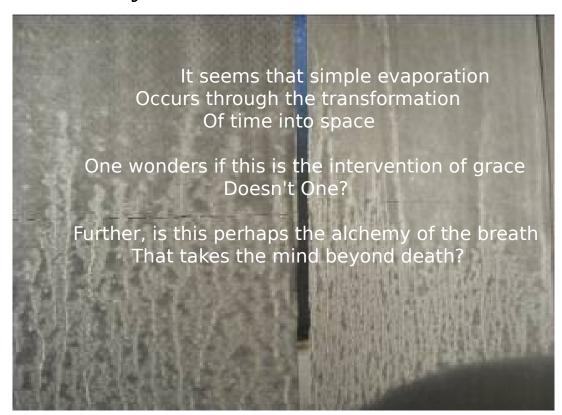
Time passes with the river's flow Time is never fast or slow To the child that sleeps with the buffalo Beneath the weeping willow

And there is as yet no thanks
For the shady riverbanks
In the heart of the child
So humble and mild
So there is never a curse
When the times they go,
With the flow,
From bad to worse.

Such is the holy presence Of purity, of innocence That may follow the heart Through the sacred art Of patience.

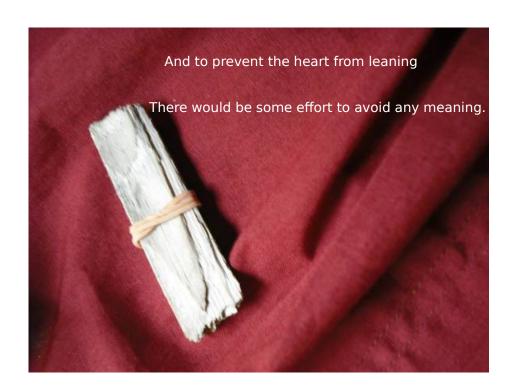


Thermodynamics



Bound to be small and ordinary

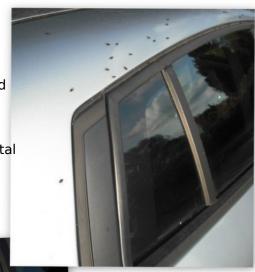


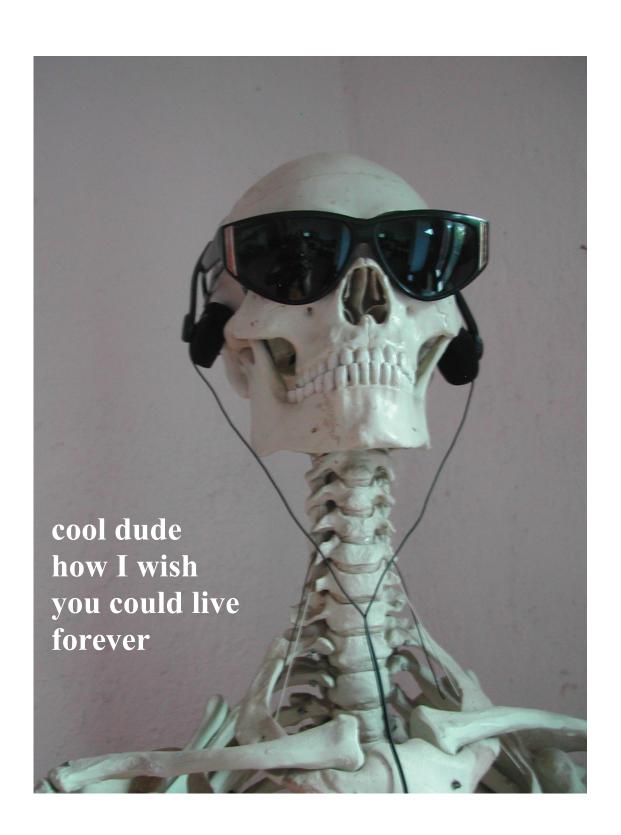


The modern world

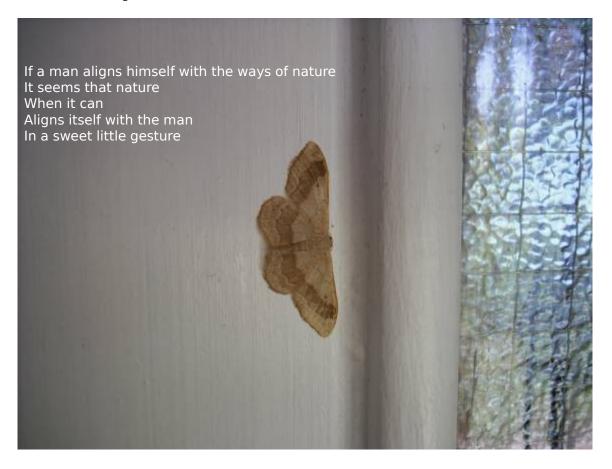
As for the modern world
Into which their desire had been hurled
They truly felt
That no matter how it smelt
They could settle
And enjoy the finish of its polished metal

It somehow glorifies Even the greatest of lies Doesn't it, petal?



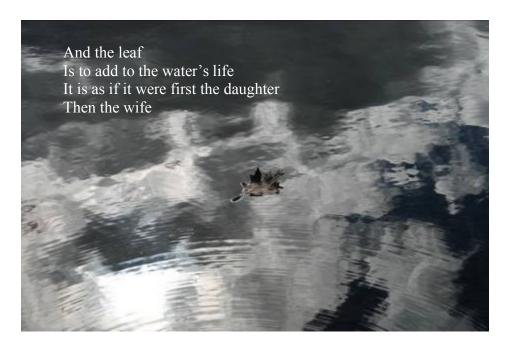


<u>Harmony</u>



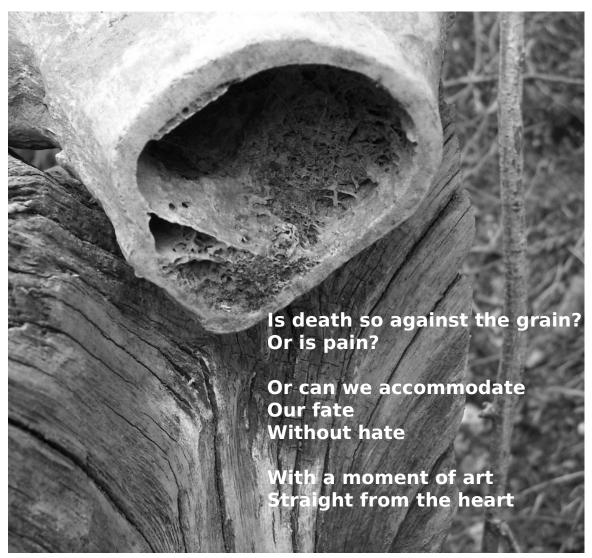
Fallen Leaf





and when the water, the heart and the leaf were One nothing was ever done nothing was ever said nothing was ever alive or dead

Against the grain



Between, between, between

Between fast and slow
At a new pace

Between outer and inner
In a new place

Between brother and sister
Showing a new face

So freely the heart shall flow As open as a summer meadow Between, between

Between higher and lower
With a new taste

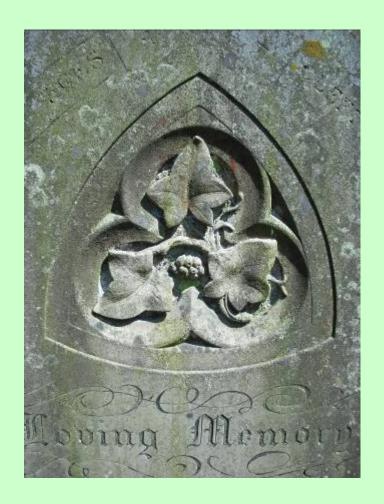
Between innocence and grace
Bathed in a new light

Between time and space Endowed with fresh sight

Seeing as far as one can see
As open as the sea
Between, between

Slipping between Slipping free You and me.

Let me love you



Let me love you
Love you to death
Praise you
And raise you
To the skies
Until you are full of shame
Over all the lies
And die beneath a cloud of blame
For being too real
And feeling how you bloody well feel

Ground and path



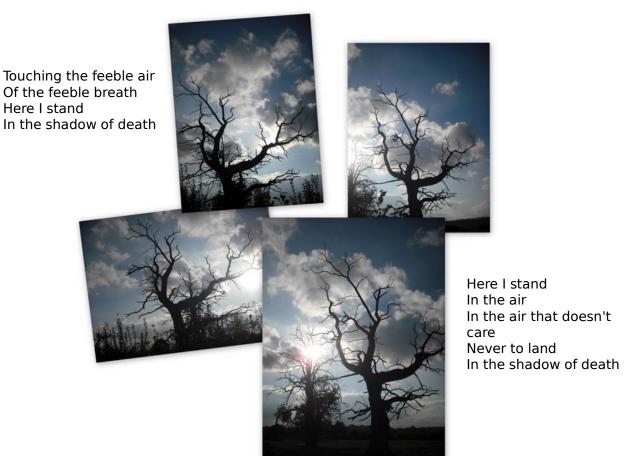
As generations grieve the past Time's monstrous shadow is cast

Yet as generations form the ground

The path can be found

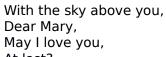


In the shadow of death



Dear Mary

'Dear Mary, May you live forever, Perfectly cast?







<u>Between</u>

Between the glint of an eye And the hint of a sigh

Between the smile And the desperate plea

Between the nurturing field And the freedom of the sea

Between Between





Hands

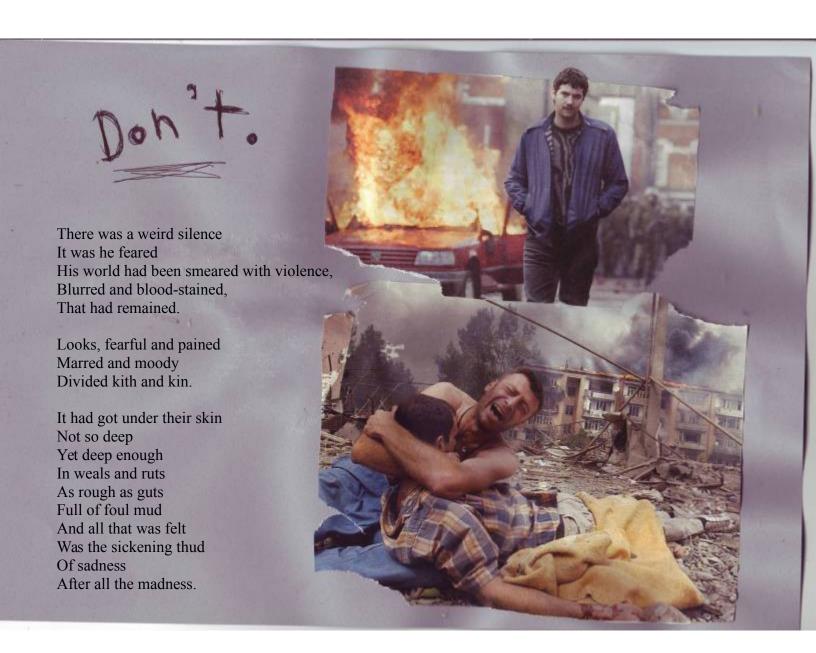
The hand, made of sand Having felt its way Up the hand rail Up the hand rail Has arrived on deck

'All hands on deck,' says the hand.

'Quick, time is running out.'

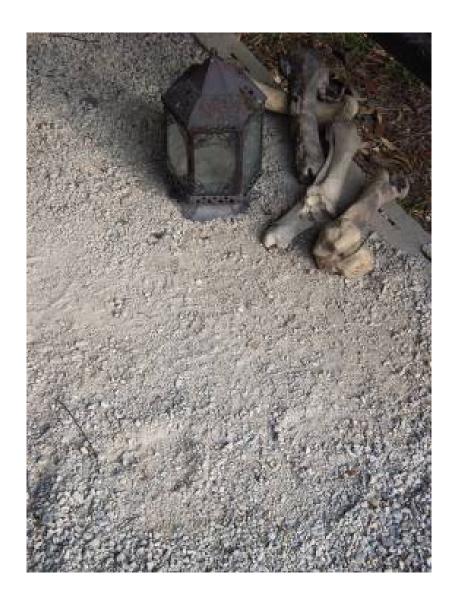
Any day





It would be so hard, for heaven's sake, For the him not to repeat the mistake And fight his way out of the mud Shedding more sacred blood.

In the MONASTERY



The bones had been placed
In this blessed place
Out of worldly haste
As a peaceful reminder
Never kinder
For me to find and reflect...

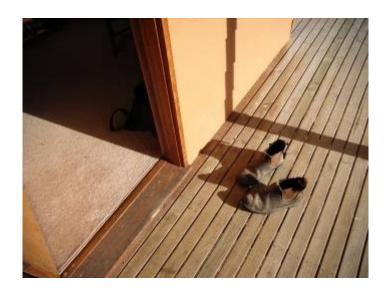


Then one evening I looked at my glasses Sat on the table The candle burning...

In the present moment
(Although I was still perfectly able)
The scene seemed like history, already turning...

Looking back it was clear My dearest dear That time had stood still

With a calming of the will In softest breath and silent muse...



Also sitting there my old shoes
Had seemed as though deserted
As if left there after my death.
I was not disconcerted.

My attention was drawn again to my breath
And assured me that although it seemed
That in some way I had passed away
The body was still functioning ok...

It was not then as though I was in any hurry to die.

I was at peace, though I knew not why.

To the body I just felt tied

Like to a life-long bride.

There was much to be learned

But I was keen to avoid getting burned

By passions that robbed the mind

Of its new study of history, calm and kind,

In this eternal present

That came uninvited

Yet was so strangely pleasant...



Then one evening I looked at the fire
So pretty are the warming flames of the hearth
On a cold night they seem beyond worth
But how beautiful are the cremation flames
That takes away our brothers



And are these not the same flames As the others?

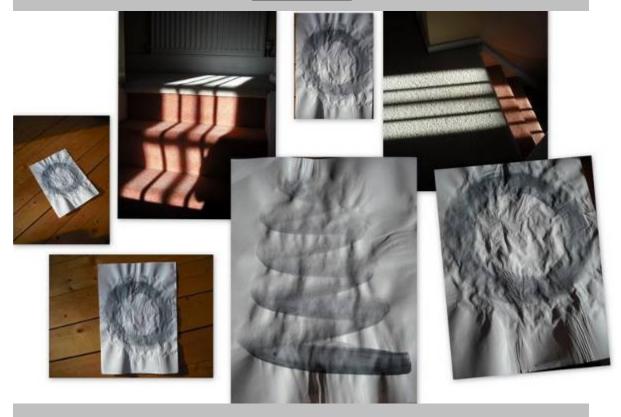


Perhaps if the fire is not touched there is no pain But perhaps a loss well borne the spirit tames Then, perhaps, the shroud is not worn in vain

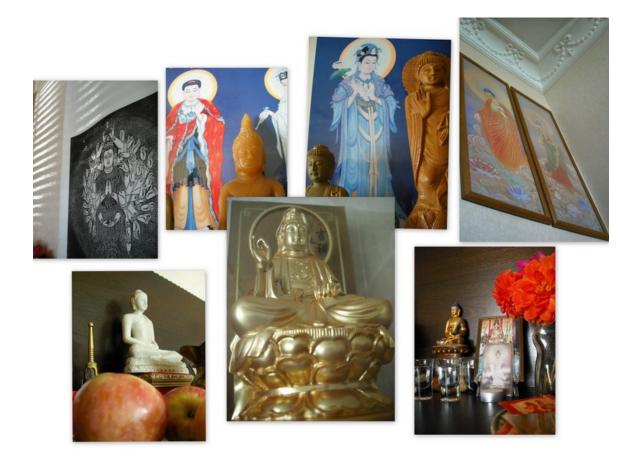
For then, perhaps our spirit will be with itself
And that of our brother
Rather than with desire
And we may see that the spirit
Was never touched by the fire.

Then, perhaps, if we are wise
We may see that the spirit
Was not warmed by the hearth either
It was just the eyes of the survivor
That valued the warmth of the fire so much
Next time we will know
It's just the body that is warmed
And our heart will not be swarmed
By cravings army, as before
When the fire goes out

Conceit



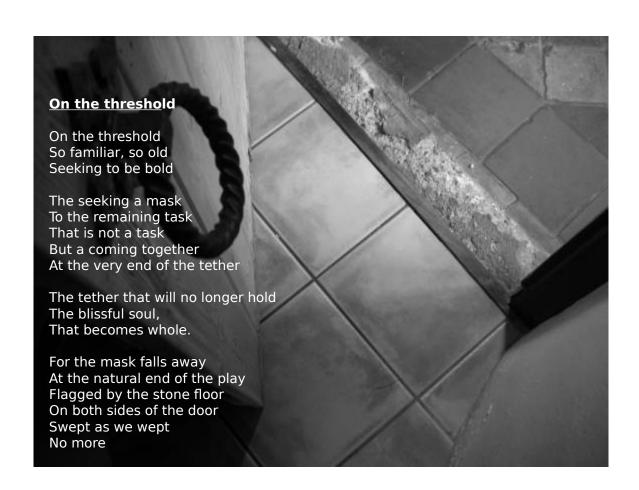
Giving himself airs
Climbing the stairs
Of the facts
That remain abstract
They are no miracle
For as the paper shall crinkle
They will make their mark
So dark



Homely shrine

Far from home
The homely shrine
Theirs and also mine
With food for the Lord
Who is surely replete.

I am also given more food
Than I could ever eat
Mixed messages
Carried lovingly through the ages
Far from home.



At the core

Right at the very core
No less, no more
Lies the seed
Not early nor late
It need not plead
But merely wait
For soil and sun

Not yet begun Nor at the end The seed, we have seen Is at peace, my friend Between, between, between



ADVERTISING

Human being seeks nothing

A well-seasoned human
Aware that his existence
Is a mere rumour
And who may thus overcome any resistance
With naturalized humour
Seeks little more
Than a tiny roof with a tiny floor
In which to keep both his peace and yours

A peace that you share

If you dare

For as you rest in his ease
As warm as the the damp hay
For as long as you please
He may take your very existence away

But please don't fear
Or shed a tear
You will never die
I tell no lie
You won't even be bored
He ain't no crusty relic
He is our living Lord
And His life is simply psychedelic



Before

There was something about it This brand new toilet...

Before it had all begun
And he was forced to run
Before the humble clown
Had sat there
with its trousers down
Before, before

There was a light
As white as white
As bright as bright
Oh, so bright did it shine
Yet it was not me or mine
Oh, so bright did it shine
Without grief

Oh, so bright did it shine With relief

And this promise that came before Could, perhaps, be the promise for ever more

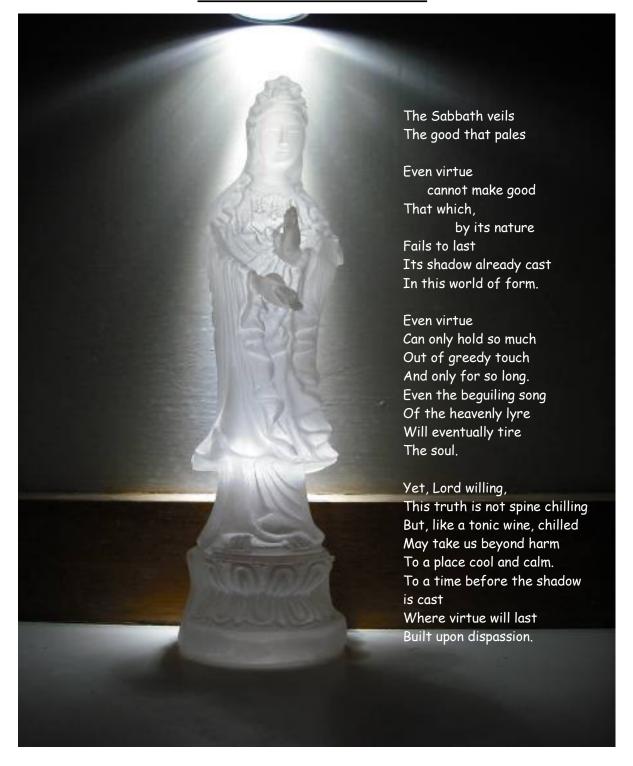
Yes, there was something about it This brand new toilet...

I will make it shine Not for its sake but for mine This brand new toilet...





The Sabbath veils



A place where virtue is not following memory's fashion, But a fashion whose new desires would change The ageless pages For a brand new range.



The lost sock

Who shall it mock
The baby's lost sock
From its dirty place on the ground
Forlorn, unfound
For it is not beyond grace.

Indeed the heart's space
Gathers in that place
Where the suffering of mothers, too young
Waits to be sung.

It will be sung by granny's love From up above As she knits another.

It will be sung by granny
And by granny's mother
And so the song may climb
Back through time
To the source
Which of course
Need never rise above
The horizons of the simplest love
Love ever more vast
From whence no shadow is cast.





So far
The chocolate-box stars
And the stars within the stars
So far
Trapped in their wrappings,
Lost in their trappings
So far
Lost to you and I
To the inner eye
Like the joy of the toy
Is, so far, lost to the big boy

Cast out so far

Not with hatred or sorrow Not for the sake of tomorrow But for a greater joy



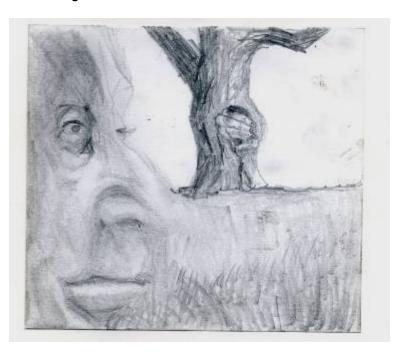
Desire, the swirling ball of fire That we take to be our life When it is our greatest strife

And do not mourn for the star
It will shine anew, like the sun.
When our work is done
And the heart is at One
It will shine,
Shine to the Child of the Universe

Over the years

Over the years of outer dispassion
Time awoke the dreamy eye
As it was seen passing by.
The drifting cloud and shifting sands
Took away passion's hands.
They were drawn,
Behind nature's lawn,
To the heart's bounteous tree
To fruit as free and fun
As the ripening sun.

From such inner summer Truth may gather light Steady and bright To a penetrating gaze Out of sleep's swirling haze.





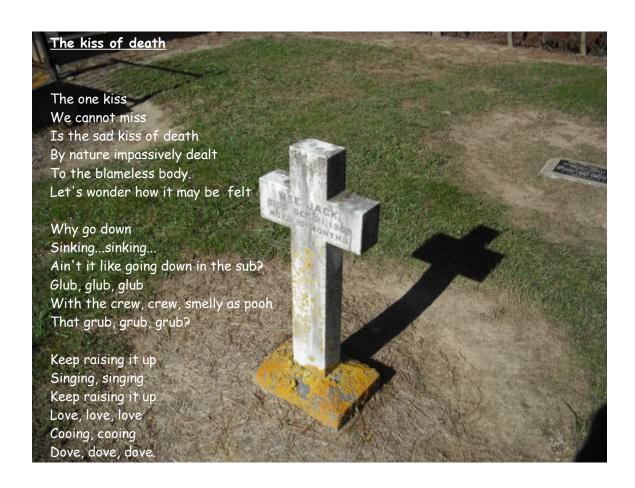
So the smile was taken deeper
Than the roots of that creeper
To wait in the calm earth of autumn
For the gentlest sign of caution
The falling leaf
Natural ending, without grief.

But how can the leaf be caught Without the hands of thought?

Only reflected in the still pool Calm and cool Only in the silent eye That doesn't cry Free of flowing tear Or rippling fear

There shape and colour

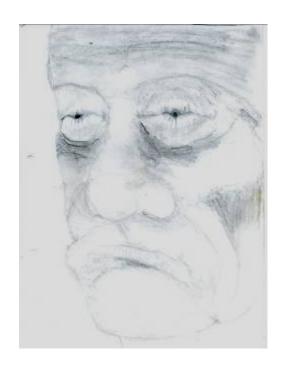
Do not charm desire
Instead our honour
Precedes the fire
And new meaning
Dancing and gleaming
May reverse the trammels
The passions of us little mammals



CATHARSIS

Now in the light We see our fault As it bucks like an unbroken colt Taking a step back from our objects of desire To see the danger of eyes of fire

For when, as asleep,
As the creepers creep
His eyes puckered
He was so easily suckered.
There was no truth
He couldn't miss
In their dreamy kiss.





Neither could he hold His silly old eyes, so bold In a more proper place On his simple face Nor balance them on his nose And leave his fingers free To properly count his toes. For sleepy smells were spells Dreams of them there hills Echoed behind by wells Of history's tears.

Feeling, in haste, forgets space Thinking forgets weight Remembering brings hate. As desire comes back Into reality It scapegoats the innocent body....

The soaring bird Of love's reply Is not a word Yet something is heard From within,

Mild as a child
Whose innocence is free
Not feeling like you or me
Not a fact or act.
This innocence is the body
It is as though we step back
From our dreamy romance
To see the skid-mark on our underpants
To the body's sobering earth.

And as the mild Sunday child Greets the humblest bit His humble feet





His sure, silent feet His magic toes as light as flowers Outruns the tragic flow of hours That run toward the dead. And nothing needed to be said.



For the monkey-body is no junky
The pain runs off the counterpane
Just as rain runs off the windowsill
Where moss and lichen drink their fill.
Inside, safe and dry
It seems not that the windows cry
Nor that the view that thought forever sought
Through the glass of name and class
Needs to be perfectly clear.



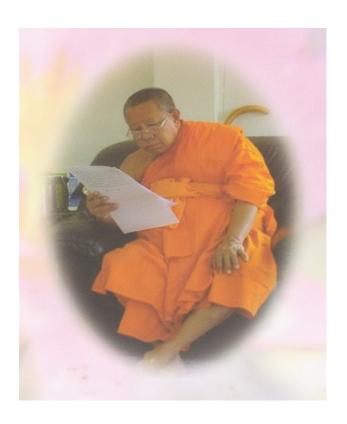


And clearly need not be clear Of the feeling Of a pure, rinsing tear.

And nothing needed to be said Even to the dead.

Tributes

Luang Por O'Part



Orange robe and piercing eyes
He is our Lord's tiger in slim disguise.
On your passions he will spit
With his charm and wit
Until you can see
And humbly agree
To fight until the last breath
To find the way beyond death.

Luang Por Ben

He could roast your faults alive Deep in the calm of his old eyes With perfect disdain But without any pain On either side.

Ajahn Anan



So present yet nowhere to be found
So soft yet as firm as the ground
Bright and still
Yet as light and swift as air
He unlocks
With his radiant paradox
The door to the deathless

Luang Por Bud (aged 101)

His desire defeated
Never again to be cheated
A selfless bag of bones
He just plays
As he ends his days
Adored by his faithful kin
Sat on finest sheepskin
Beyond worldly dreams or dramas
And wearing silk pyjamas

Luang Por Daa (aged 97)



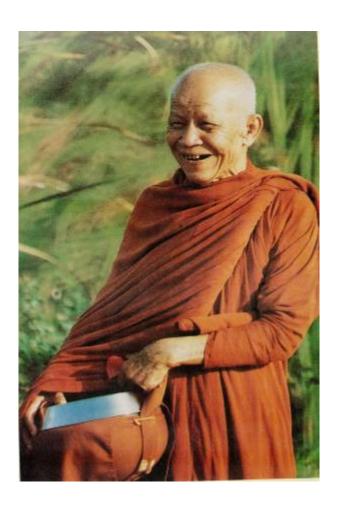
He walked bent double
His body in big trouble
Grabbing and grasping
Like a steam driven spider.
Yet his gaze was bright and calm
His mind seemed beyond stress or harm.

He sat as poised as kings Speaking truth with wings.

Luang Por Maha Sopa (aged 116)

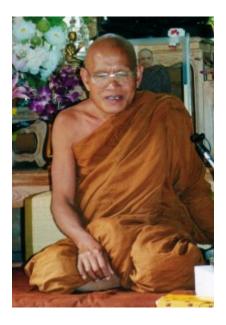
Nearly deaf and nearly blind
Tender, impossibly kind
He would bellow the truth
Until it raised the roof.
With conviction, crafted and honed to the core
Over a century and more
By the virtue and learning
That had taken him beyond worldly yearning
To peace.

Luang Dtaa Maha Boowa (aged 96)



His own inner battle won long ago
Standing proudly at the prow
He will fight our demons now
Until his last breath
Takes him forever beyond death.

Luang Por Liem



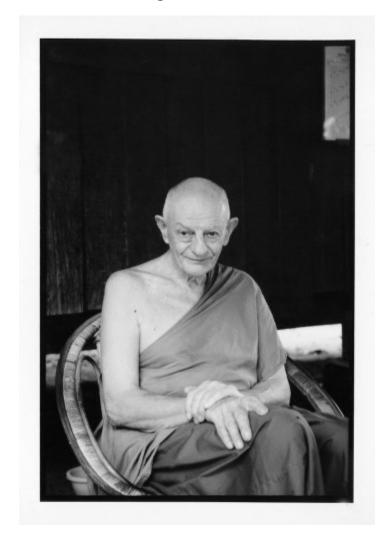
Always there, full of care
Always the same, so perfectly tame
We gather to learn
From his complete lack of concern, so sublime
As though a space is created beyond time.

Luang Por Sumedho



Still jewel that glistens A heart so fond That always listens Both here and beyond

Luang Por Pannavaddho



Inner wealth won in the hardship where nobody cries
Held in the soft sparkle of diamond eyes
His humble wit ploughed through sorrow and greed
Planting in all the most precious seed.



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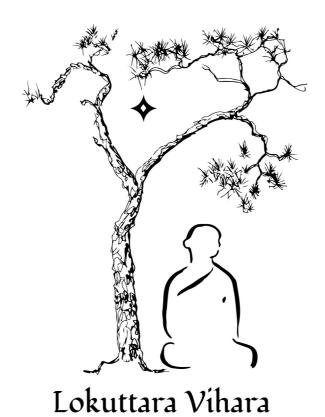
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