

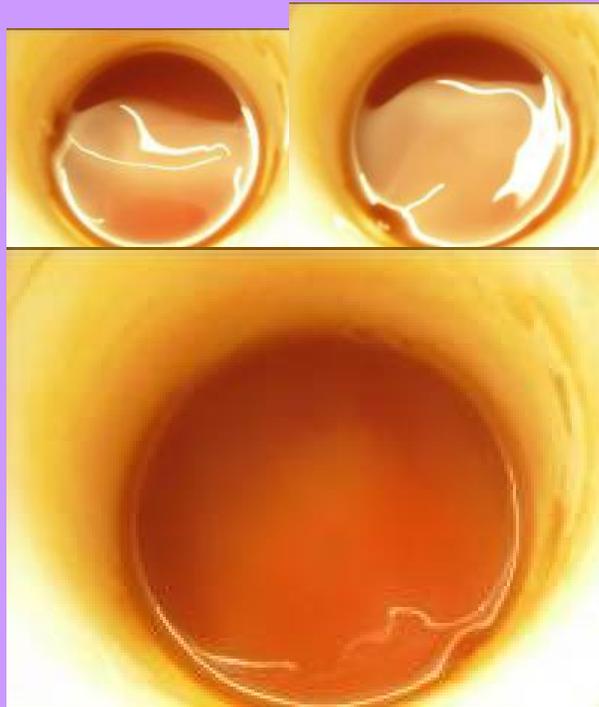
# Another Dimension



Ajahn Kalyāno



When thought  
Is broken open  
Colour is caught,  
Awoken



**The boat was lost at sea**

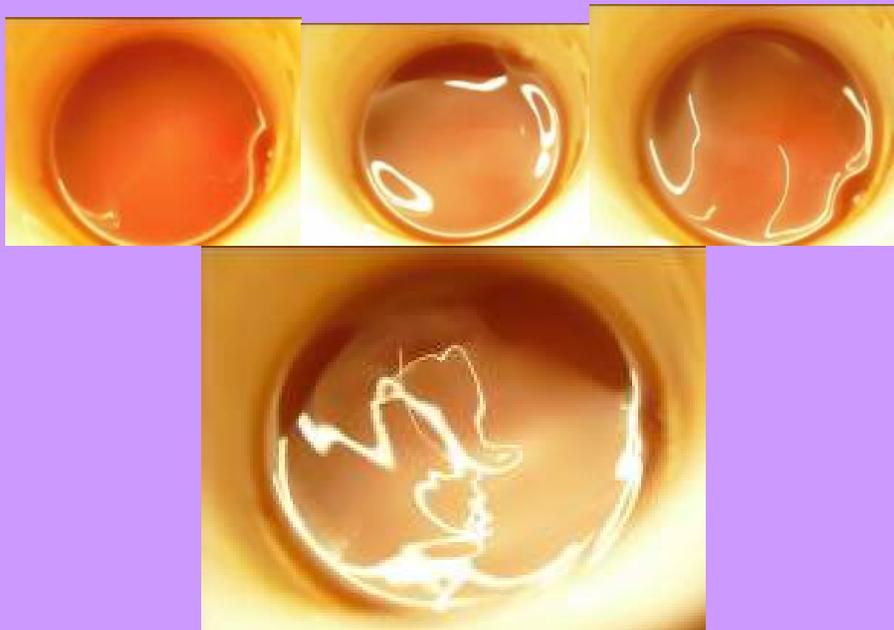
He felt a little achy  
Around his left knee  
He felt a little shaky  
Before his first cup of tea  
And the paint was getting a little flaky  
Between you and me

He had to be a little careful  
With the electricity  
And he felt a little prayerful  
The boat was lost at sea



The clock chimes  
For the old times  
Not for you or me

And the boat was, forever, lost at sea  
Bye, bye boat.

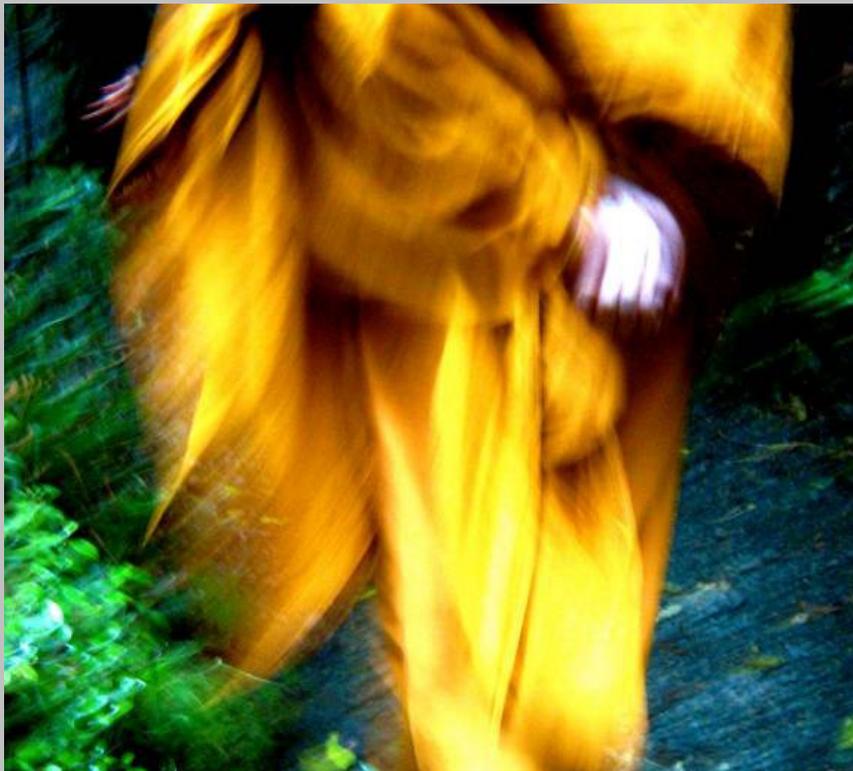


Like a gentleman

Like a gentleman  
I fear blame.

Like a gentleman  
I fear shame.

And then, like a gentleman,  
I must endure  
The vagaries of honour  
And let these holy rags,  
Honour without pride,  
Cover my back.



Rare blue

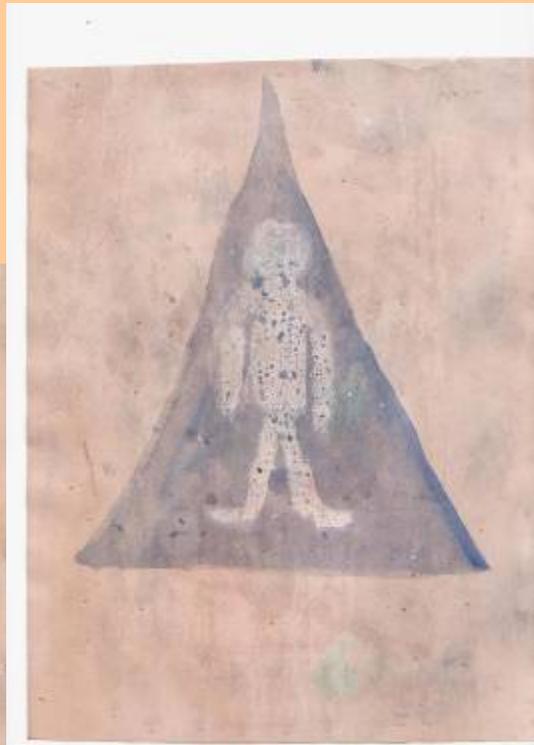
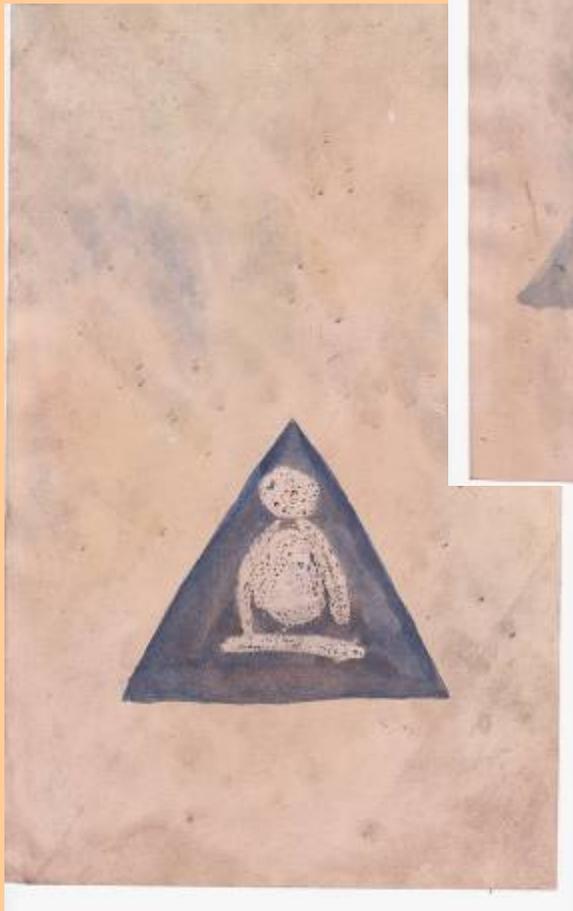
In a rare blue  
Sun skin zoo,  
Of squares thrown askew  
Upon squares,  
The fence snakes  
Sideways and breaks, free,  
Free of itself, ordinarily,  
Through the white witch sight  
Of silent light.





## **Denim devas**

It seamed  
As it was dreamed  
That all the elements were there  
In the rarified air  
All the most extravagant means  
To weave the most giant pair of jeans



For the denim devas



Such that, one day  
Along the way  
A subtle blue  
May beckon you  
Within  
And further within  
Through the mysterious, anarchic door  
Of the curiously lawless law  
Of the truth

Finding that you may abide

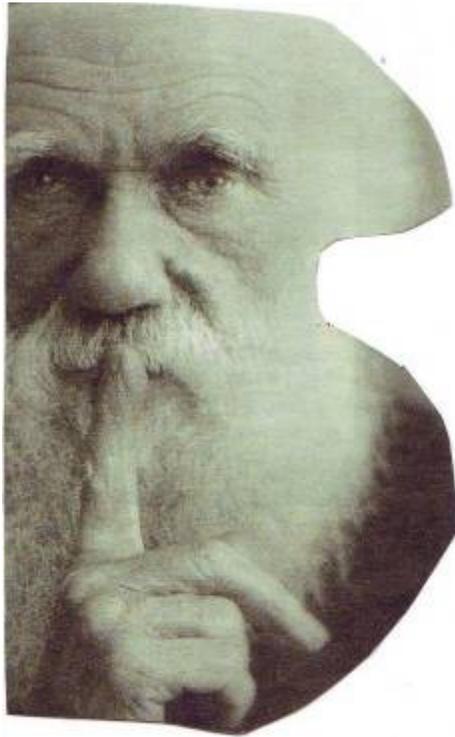
Right here in the glorious heaven inside  
No, further inside





Then, as the leaves fall by and by  
As the leaves fall from on high  
The brown broom sweeps  
Earth sweeping earth  
Below the sweeping-blue sky

And the peace grows  
And the sky knows  
Knows that this means  
Silvery steps for ethereal jeans  
Worn, faded, moon-cool  
The jeans of the Celestial Fool  
The Fool that now sleeps but will awake  
To don the saffron robe, for heaven's sake



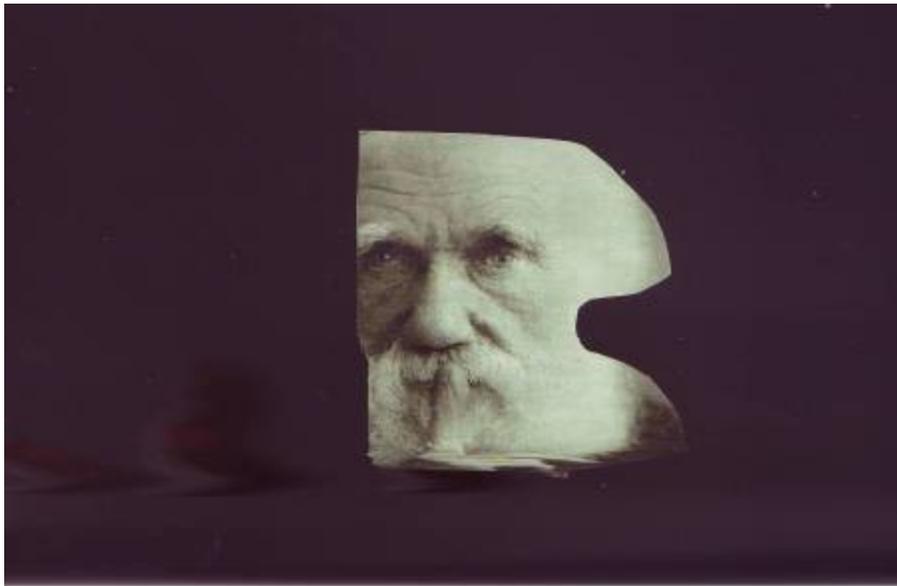
## Hush

Having gained so much worldly knowledge and money to burn  
The old man would have loved to return  
To the silence from whence he came  
The silence of innocence, free of blame  
But he could not just hush  
The mind's fearful rush  
The prison that pleaded...

But all that was needed,

Was the seeing  
That saw things as being  
All the same

The eternal mirth  
That was there,  
In the air,  
Even before birth  
That is there in the breath  
Right until death  
And after





**Call me**

As the dew falls may the heart, softly silver  
Call us by the calm gray names of winter  
And, watching carefully by moonlight  
Come as quietly slippers might  
In its last endeavor

For, coming thus from within  
The heart shall surely win,  
Forever.



### **Holding hands**

Their eyes first met  
Over the fresh meat cabinet.  
It was love at first sight  
They could tell  
Just by the smell  
That the chemistry was right.

Holding his hand at last  
She had never imagined, even in her heart of hearts,  
How they would part,  
Her folding his hands at the last.

Furthermore, as the tears began to flood  
It seemed to her horror that there was now blood  
In her heart of hearts.

Her life passing before her eyes,  
Surprisingly not to her surprise,  
She saw as a baby,  
An innocent maybe,  
There were daddy-long-legs and strawberry tarts  
In her heart of hearts.

That when she was young  
And the heart still sung  
There were music and fine arts  
In her heart of hearts.

That although she thought her love  
Was from up above  
Once she was wed  
And her heart was asleep in bed  
There were even belches, burps and smelly farts  
Creeping into her heart of hearts.

But having learned to love him warts and all  
Meant that in her heart of hearts she had nowhere to fall...

Her suffering, magically, passed  
And there was freedom for them both at last  
Together in their heart of hearts  
Just as there was that flower  
Placed in his hands at the final hour  
By the Heart of Hearts.



Her body, so flimsy  
Rather gross, most filthy  
Yet near to a joyful tear  
Wiggled.

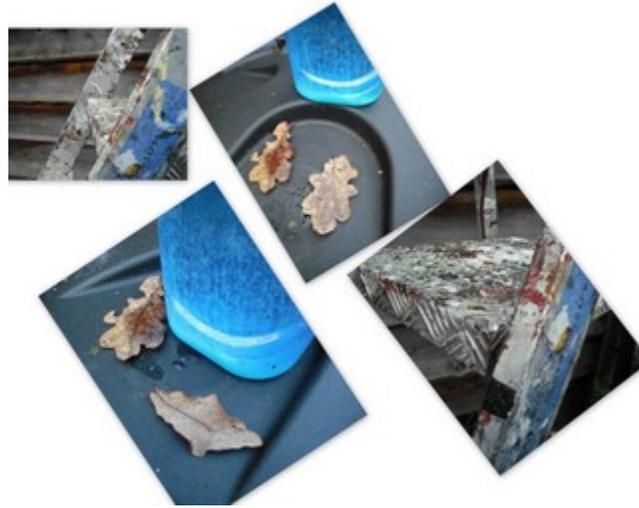
Whispered whimsy,  
Very close, almost clumsy,  
But nearer than fear,  
Giggled.

In her new life as a nun  
She was to be so much fun.



### **Tree spirits**

Spirited love remembered  
Spirited tree  
Tree spirits



## **Liquid sky**

To the fallen leaves, so gently laid  
The offerings were respectfully made  
Of a painted ladder as blue as a splash of why  
And the most magnificent liquid sky  
Oh me!  
Oh my!

Could it possibly be said  
That it could suffice to raise the dead  
Or would it be a lie?

Never mind  
It was so impossibly kind  
For the angels just to try



### Rocket Moon Radar

"Rocket moon radar...  
Come in, come in  
Rocket moon radar...  
Are you there,  
Rocket moon radar?"  
Said the Captain.

"Are you there,  
Rocket moon radar?"  
Said the Captain.

"Yes, I am here, don't worry, and I know you're there,"  
Said the rocket moon radar.

"Rocket moon radar...  
Come in, come in..."  
Said the Captain.

"I am in already,"  
Said the rocket moon radar.

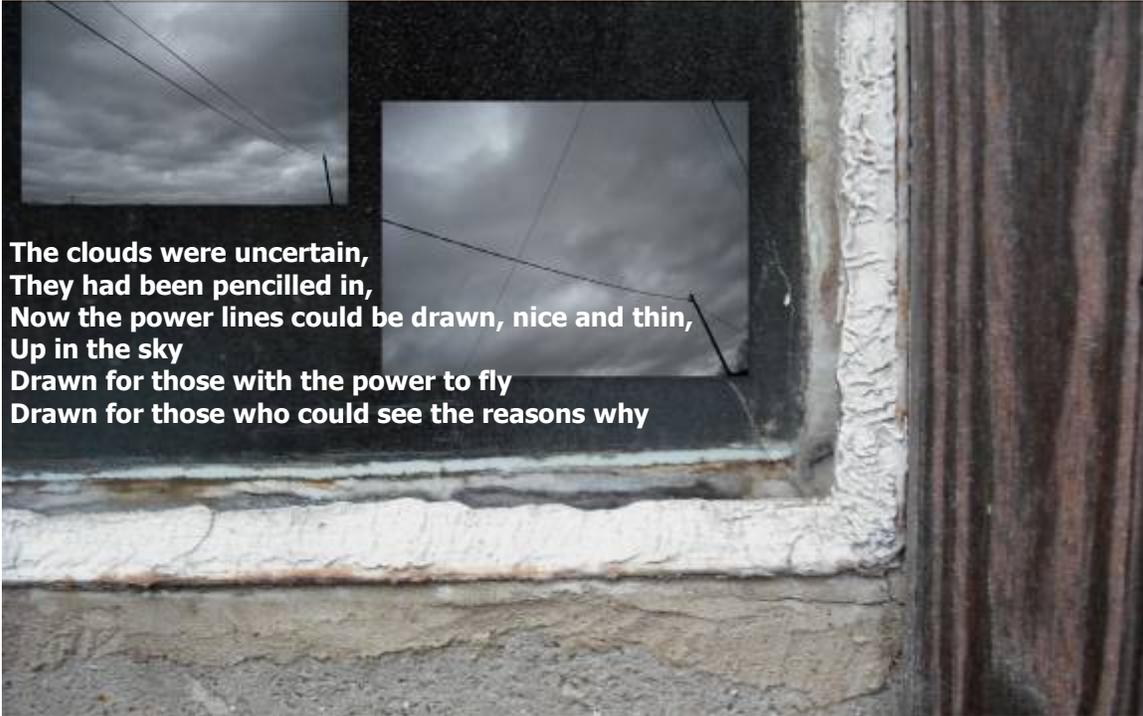
"Are you there,  
Rocket moon radar?"  
Said the Captain.

"You can't see through the disguise, can you?"  
Said the rocket moon radar.

"Rocket moon radar...  
Come in, come in  
Are you there,  
Rocket moon radar?"  
It's raining, said the Captain.



Through the Dhamma window



**The clouds were uncertain,  
They had been pencilled in,  
Now the power lines could be drawn, nice and thin,  
Up in the sky  
Drawn for those with the power to fly  
Drawn for those who could see the reasons why**

**They would surge  
With the power of reason**

**They would converge  
On the verge  
Of freedom**

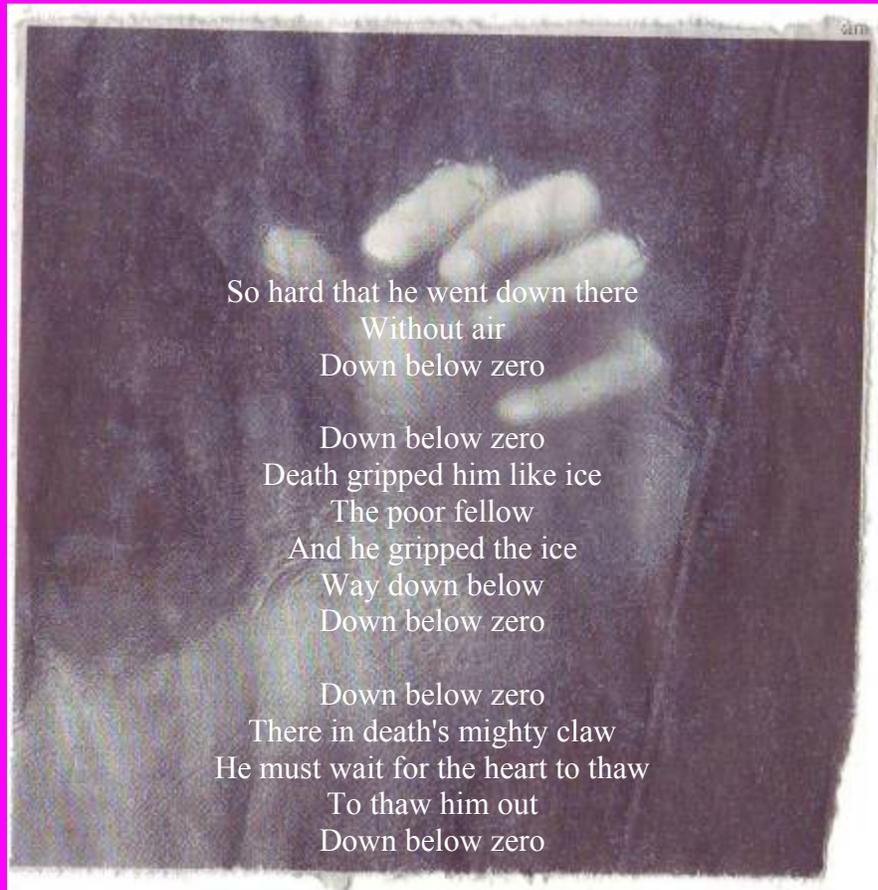
**They would carry the birds  
Who would humble  
With their little turds  
Those on the earth that fumble  
To feed us all**



## Down Below Zero

He didn't know  
He was a nothing  
A bright, beautiful nothing  
He was just a bit slow...

Oh, so hard he tried  
Nevertheless  
To escape  
This body of an ape  
And so hard he had died  
In order, nevertheless,  
To be less  
Less than nothing

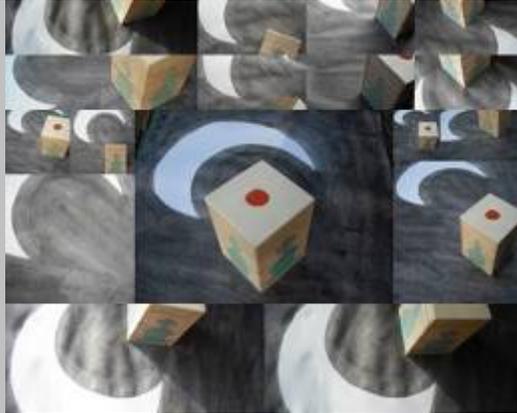


So hard that he went down there  
Without air  
Down below zero

Down below zero  
Death gripped him like ice  
The poor fellow  
And he gripped the ice  
Way down below  
Down below zero

Down below zero  
There in death's mighty claw  
He must wait for the heart to thaw  
To thaw him out  
Down below zero

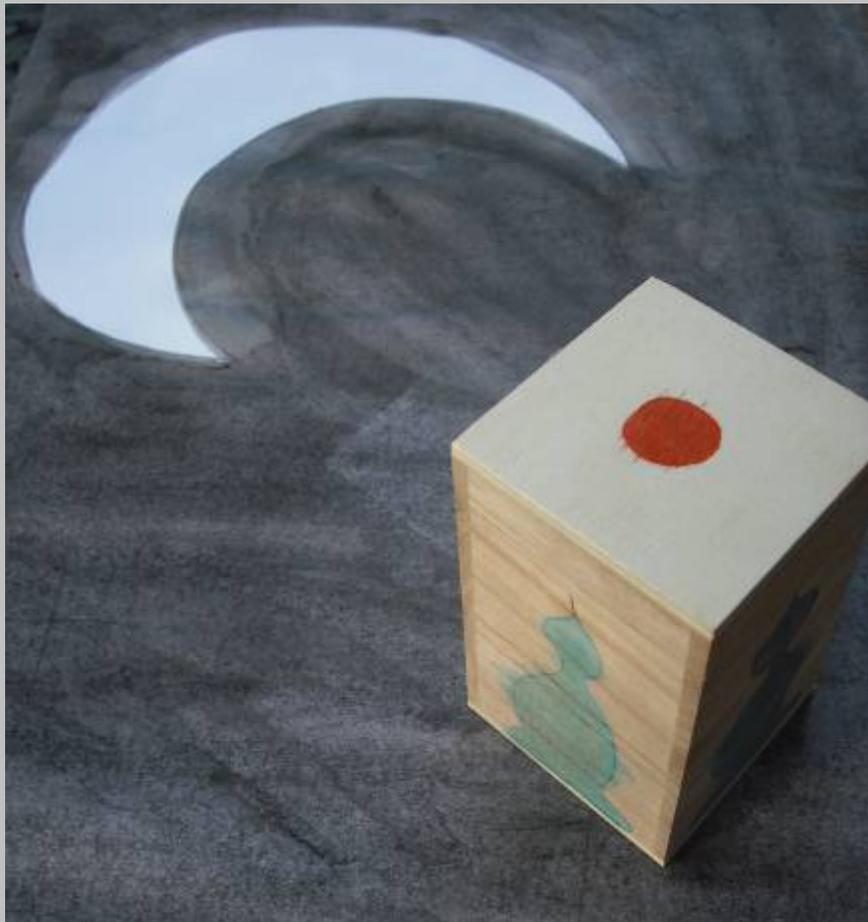
It won't take long  
Once he remembers  
That old song



## **Another dimension**

There is a light  
That is not a light  
Like day entering into the night

That enters along a new dimension  
Beyond any kind of conception  
Just kind without exception





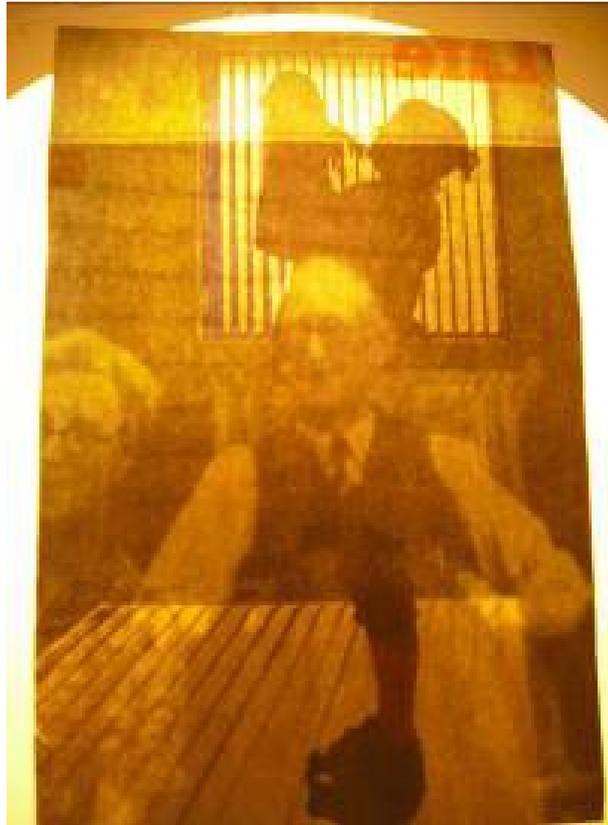
### Seeing through

She had been a good wife  
Through the trouble and strife  
He was still in tow  
From long, long ago  
Feelings were calling  
His heart was falling...



Only to be risen,  
As he was born, forlorn  
Into another prison

Yet everything was new  
Seeing on through...



For he remembered from whence he came  
The heaven where everything was all the same  
Although he could never tell  
He could nevertheless remain well  
Through any of the hell  
Until it was time to go back home  
Never again to roam  
For this time, singing the old, old song  
He would take her along



**Sun spoon spark**

And the wheat cries  
To be beaten and eaten

Sun spoon spark

And the wheat cries out  
In summer storm flies

Sun spoon spark

And the gold sings  
Of the summer lark

Sun spoon spark



And the plastic pink  
Betrays what we really should think  
Telly belly  
Wink wink wink

Sun spoon spark

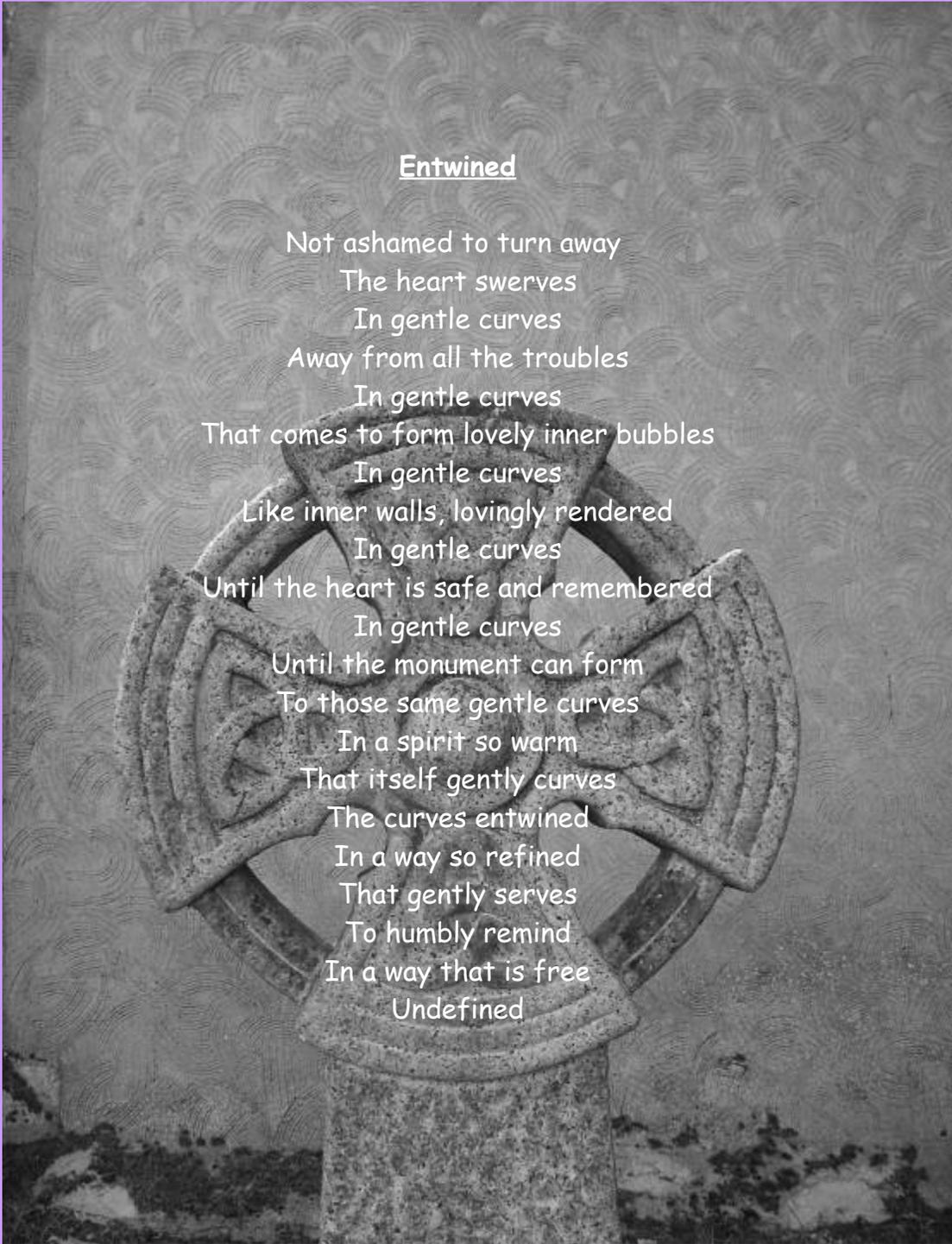
Or should we?  
Hee, hee, hee

Empty sun spoon spark



## Entwined

Not ashamed to turn away  
The heart swerves  
In gentle curves  
Away from all the troubles  
In gentle curves  
That comes to form lovely inner bubbles  
In gentle curves  
Like inner walls, lovingly rendered  
In gentle curves  
Until the heart is safe and remembered  
In gentle curves  
Until the monument can form  
To those same gentle curves  
In a spirit so warm  
That itself gently curves  
The curves entwined  
In a way so refined  
That gently serves  
To humbly remind  
In a way that is free  
Undefined





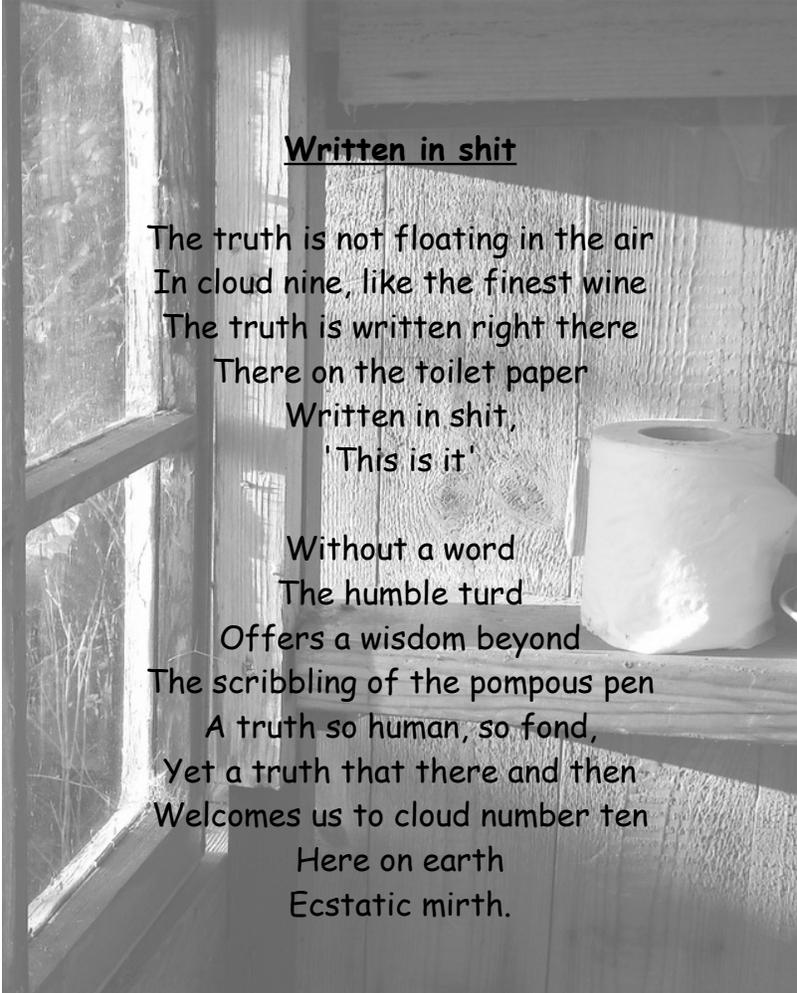
**The simplest strokes**

May shedding the right light  
Of right sight  
Glorify the simplest strokes  
Of the simplest folks



Getting the right angle  
May the ties that bind untangle  
And may the way the paper crinkles  
Be part of all the miracles  
So that not a single fact  
Ever becomes abstract





Written in shit

The truth is not floating in the air  
In cloud nine, like the finest wine  
The truth is written right there  
There on the toilet paper  
Written in shit,  
'This is it'

Without a word  
The humble turd  
Offers a wisdom beyond  
The scribbling of the pompous pen  
A truth so human, so fond,  
Yet a truth that there and then  
Welcomes us to cloud number ten  
Here on earth  
Ecstatic mirth.





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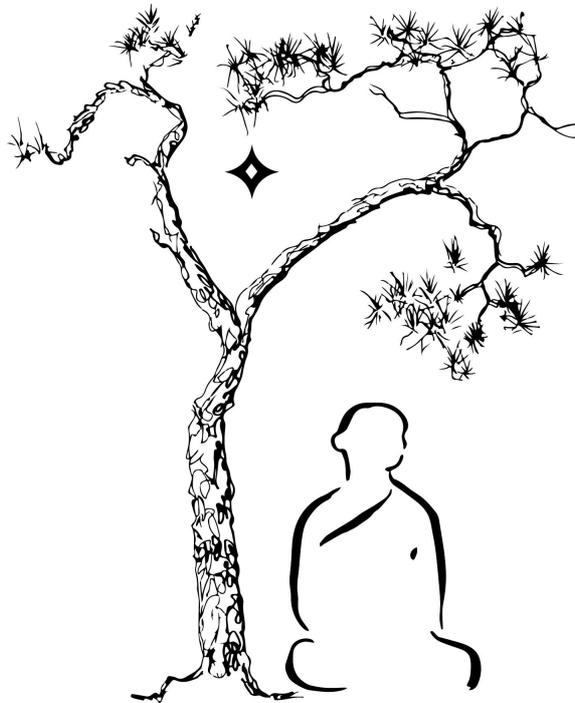
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