

CARING - THE JOURNEY OF THE SOUL

Ajahn Kalyāno

*I had kept my hand on the throttle
Though it was strangling my spirit
I had nearly lost my bottle
right there at the limit
It was so hard to let go
Or go with the flow
I throttled myself
In more ways than one
I became just a scribbled sketch half done
In my own defense, I was lying
Though I was kind of dying
to myself.*

*Likewise in a dream
From the same turbulent stream
I held the woman I loved so tight
Her love for me died
Like a little bird might
So I suffered so much
At my own fearful touch
Sometimes when I hurry
I still feel that tightness begin to sing
In the throat of worry*

*No wonder my facial expression
had always felt forced
Like I was playing a part, divorced
Living a lie*

I was well mixed up...and why?

*my senses competing
sleeping and eating
and mixing it all up,
arms and legs, eyes and ears,
laughs and tears*



*But most of all the eyes
Sipping, slipping, sipping eyes*

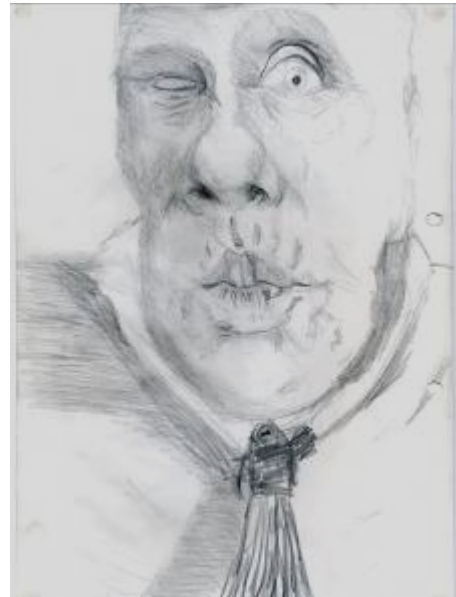


Eyes everywhere...great yawning eyes...

*terrifying
desire eyes*

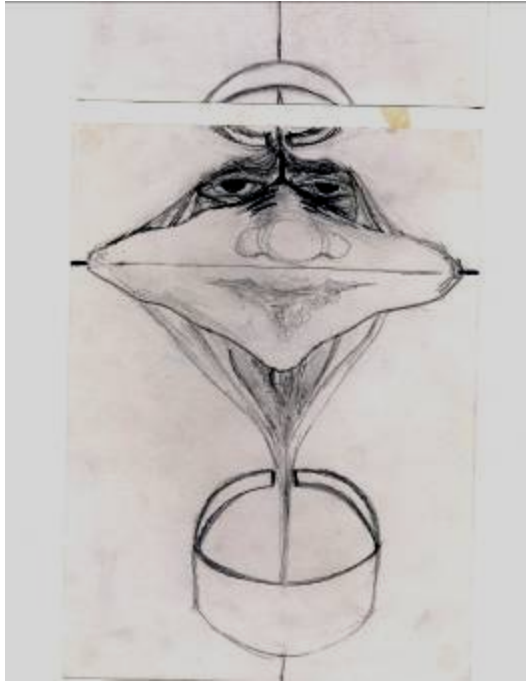


*Rather than all that sight
Electively half-blind
Deadly serious
So stiff and tight*



*A puff of wind
Could blow me over*

Then I met the vicar



*In my dreams I will make your dog collar into a halo, vicar,
Though not a perfect one
God's puppet we will suspend you, his son
from heaven by a thread from your crown
You need not think for yourself or frown
Just reflect His glory as best you may
You need only be willing, simple and kind
I will love you and your pimples
And give my old jumpers to your jumble sale*

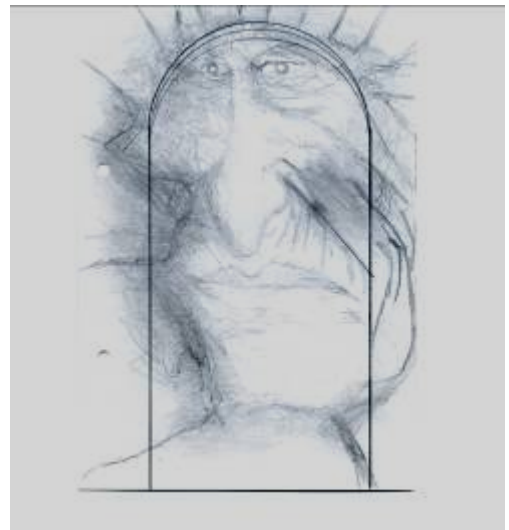
*Then envy envy slipping in hating
like a dry crust grating on sports car
but thinking of those jumpers
sour with sweat
lost in debt
as good enough for them, as good enough
the heart slipped away
like white soap on glass
such class
lifted into nothing by the power of a dream waking
faster than a sports car
that needed no braking*

*Then I saw
The strange strength of starving women*



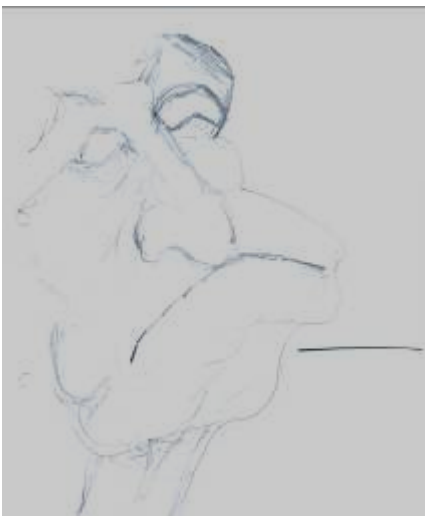
*Like carvings, wizened stone women
Standing solid as bone
For humanity*

*Head scarf, holy arch women
sanity
His pity insults their proud poverty
But in a mercury mirror mind, a sad omen
spitting poison, dirty
He sees
He is stealing their dignity*

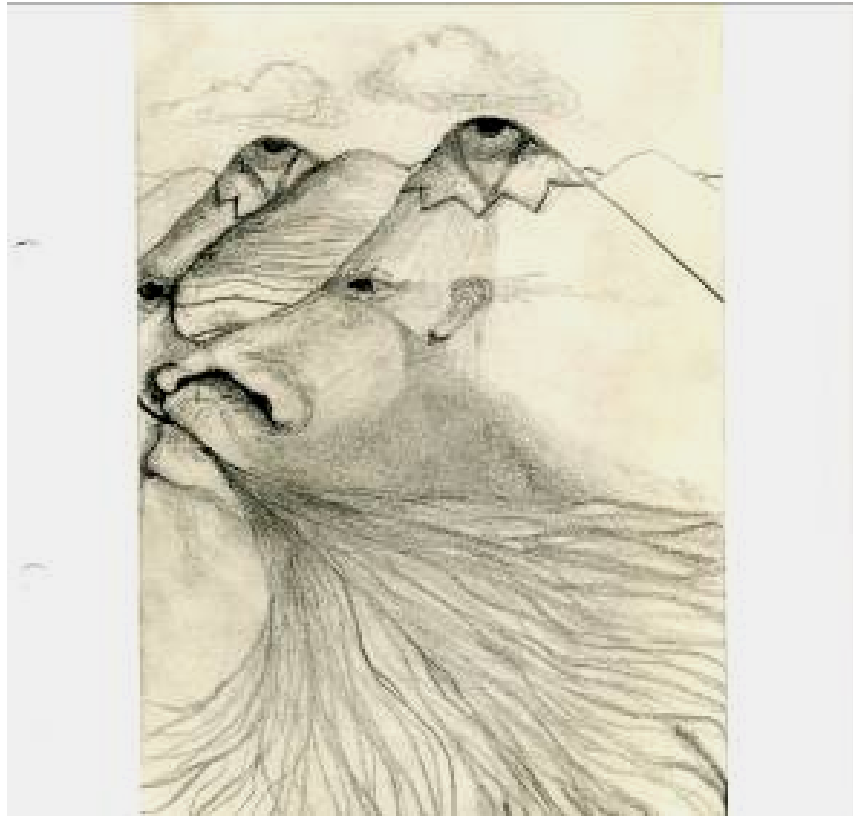


He sees the strange strength of the sick

*They make primal soup, so thick
They cook, broken wheelchairs, wrecked
Boiling in neglect
In their sacred sufferance and melancholy
In the institution, unholy
That helps them
Not to exist*



*Here he gathers the grist for the mill
Slowly he consume at will
That primal soup
To still the mad quick-silver mirror
the river of passion*



*Youthful,
 river of passion
Primal soup
Kiss river, eye, mountain
Very high floppy friendly snow-cap,
 counting the stars it seemed it would never end*

*Married
 he thought now he owned nature
Worried he would lose it
He counted and counted*



*Even asleep
His counting was troubled
By mountains of sheep
That, wandering across his brow, redoubled
By bulrushes rushing by
By ponds that absconded
By the ghosts of reasons why
It all took root as age
That came and went with waves of rage*

*Youth passed, disenchanted, so fast
He thought it would be great
 to be at one with nature but he got all mixed up
 too much desire, too much thinking
 there was just more and more me and mine everywhere he looked
now, feeling different
sometimes there was that big itch still
between the legs, a glitch
it would swell up then go down
he didn't want to scratch it now
he knew it would make it worse*

*what a curse
lust sometimes dragged him off
skating with Barbie dolls
through a habit as strong as a wicked troll
rather let them fall on the ice and wake up
sitting patiently, cooling off
the hooks of the past may fall away
he thought
but still wouldn't like and dislike,
if buried inside
make mountains out of the moles on his cheek so big*

*Splitting him up, so meek
Wouldn't he have to dig them all up?*



*Like his heroes
Buried under Glastonbury Tor
That used to ride he skies
Buried inside wouldn't they just made sad, a miserable hill
As he looked for the door feeling slightly ill
Wouldn't they have to come up, he thought?*

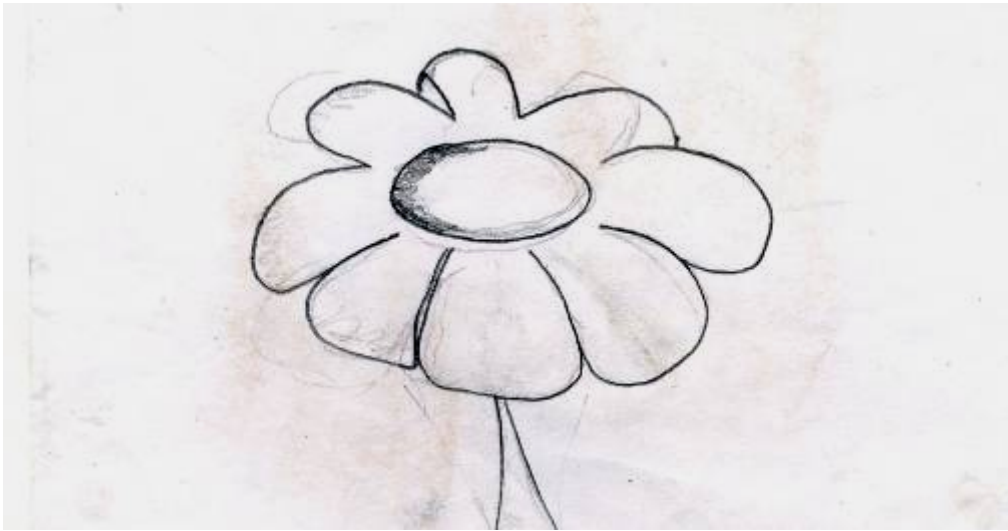


*Then suddenly, one bright day
With one positively disenchanted hand he found he had flattened the miserable mountain
For it was just a sand castle!*



*He tried so hard then to get a grip on himself
It was like his fingers plunged into his eyes
Blinded he could not grasp*

*The harmlessness of an empty palm suddenly opens
A gaping mouth
An opportunity
For a new seedling to sprout
In the most honest screams and shouts...
the seed of a reflective smile*



*Flower petal thoughts
Sentiments of re-growth
over
Tender new leaves, eyes of kindness
Took my imagination
gradually into the sunlight*



new tools come to his aid...



The holy grail

The chalice of commitment

The golden goblet

Of honest enquiry

Enables us to dive inside

Drinking the medicine of truth

To the full

The true sacrament

The commitment of our own body and blood

CAUTION

This inner purge is not recommended to the fundamentalist...

have the cigar

the path is not the perfection of virtue

it is freedom from desire

harmless naughtiness is release

for the good boy



*the dharma stethoscope enables one
To listen with that which speaks
To the worlds vital signs
Then sends forth the truth
A trumpeted prognosis*

What of passion itself,
In and of itself it is a jester....

*On the journey
with his attorney
Many a slip in self-defence
Jokes too far that stuck like tar
his patience had slipped
The horns of the spirited fool turned and fell
His jester's hat gripped,
Full of vice from his thinking device*



*Looking back, caught by claws, that cry
the talons of desire's eagle eye
opened a dangerous yawn
so strangely drawn, yet true
Jingling, jangling jester's bells ringing their playful toll
Hung heavily on the soul
He spat them out as he tried to deny his mistakes
As big and treacherous as lakes
Of sticky mud cakes
But the bigger picture*

*In which he faced himself
Had a lot of heart*

*So he suffered as his memories lists twists and turns,
Were judged and burned in
quickly reversing curves
frowns and smiles*

*As he chewed the past for miles and miles
tasting the good and bad turned grim and
his chances seemingly slim
but in the judges mouth*



was the growing voice of conscience

*As memories of youth and innocence churned over and over
both the bad breaks and the four-leaved clover
Then these talons of youth and age with their ringing tolls
Followed each other spinning around the world like spinning dolls
Swooping down to grasp nothing but each other
not man to child but brother to brother*



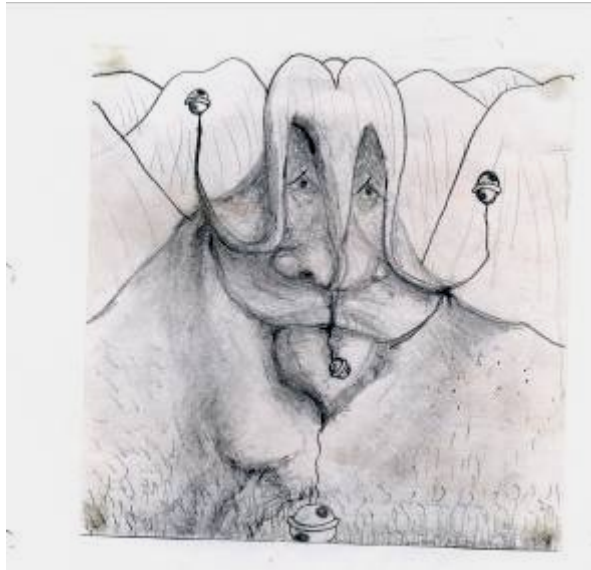
*In their union,
conscience and innocence together
there was the first wisdom*

*all had seemed lost
all thorns turned inside at high cost
yet with this painful self consciousness
nothing was grasped
the mind came first within
the rose
of desire, unplucked
its thorns were seen*

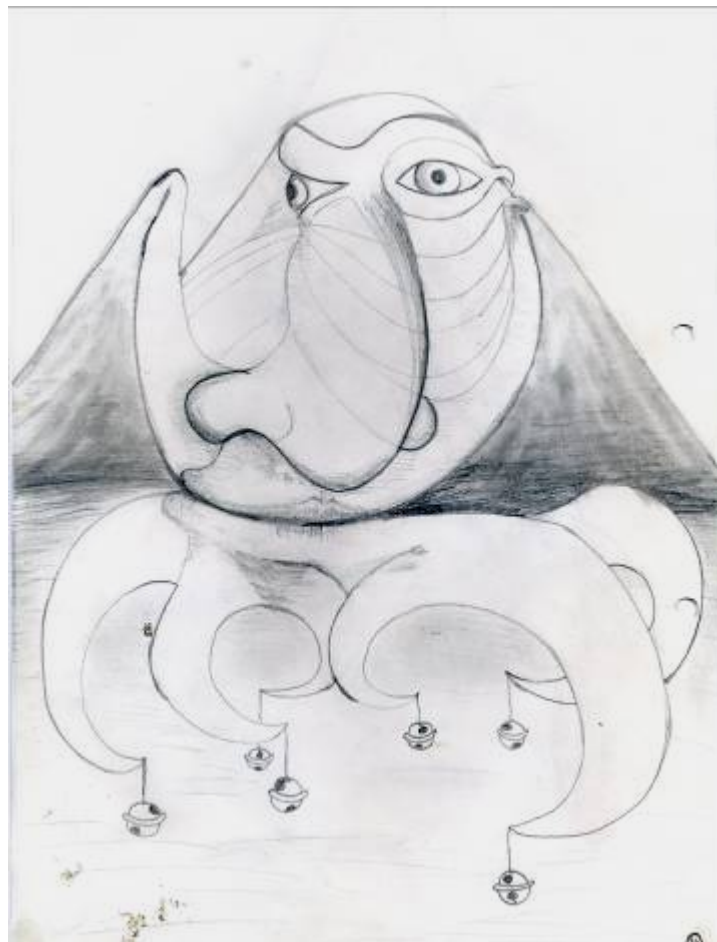
*in this first pause so keen
the talons exposed
beneath passion's alluring flower
that curiously closed
Unplucked the rose is left to die
Then the rose-hip, cool above the thorns with a wrinkled crown
Holding the harmless seeds from sowing more desire or frowns
Bells of laughter tinkle on the thorns....*



*it was all coming together
mingling further
thorny talons jester red rose
into a huge joke then higher and higher
Growing then soft and delicate
A mountain top flower
Jester's bell crown of a harmless clown,
high aloft*



*Looking back, from on high unentangled, shedding sentiment
 His head lost to a grin,
 led by floating bells
 As new, sharper eyes rose out of the ashes of desire
 wings of a Phoenix made more mountains
 the great bird's talons turning into more jesters hats*



following the smile

*the talons open wide into the sky
Open hands like clouds,
holding happiness high above the mountains
The innocence and wonder within
The playful jester, wit like lightening*



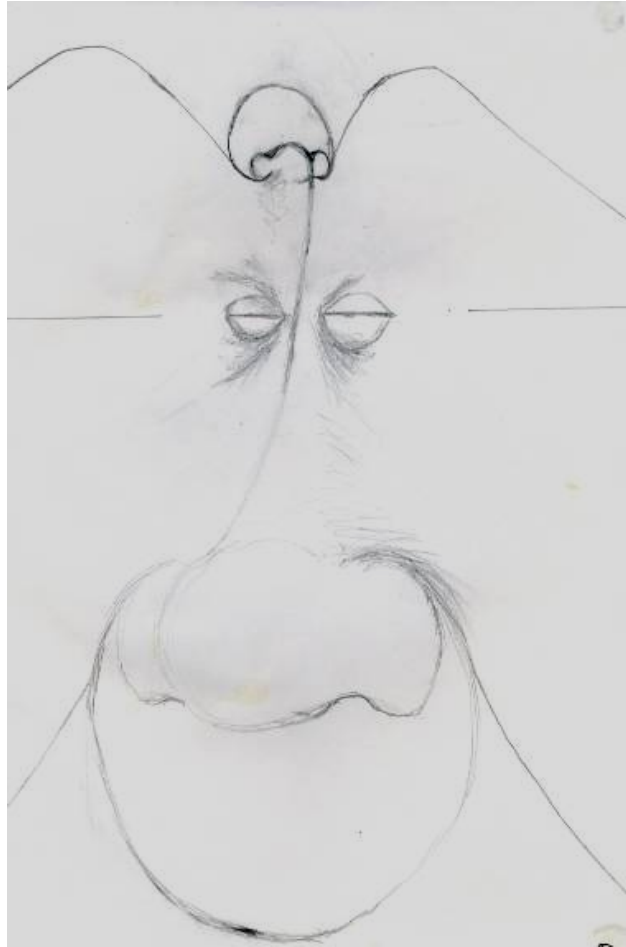
*has transformed passion's rose
through a confusing quest of quickly reversing curves
relinquishing both the smile and frown
for freedom
giving them to the spirit*

*When all judges
stepping back
become just*

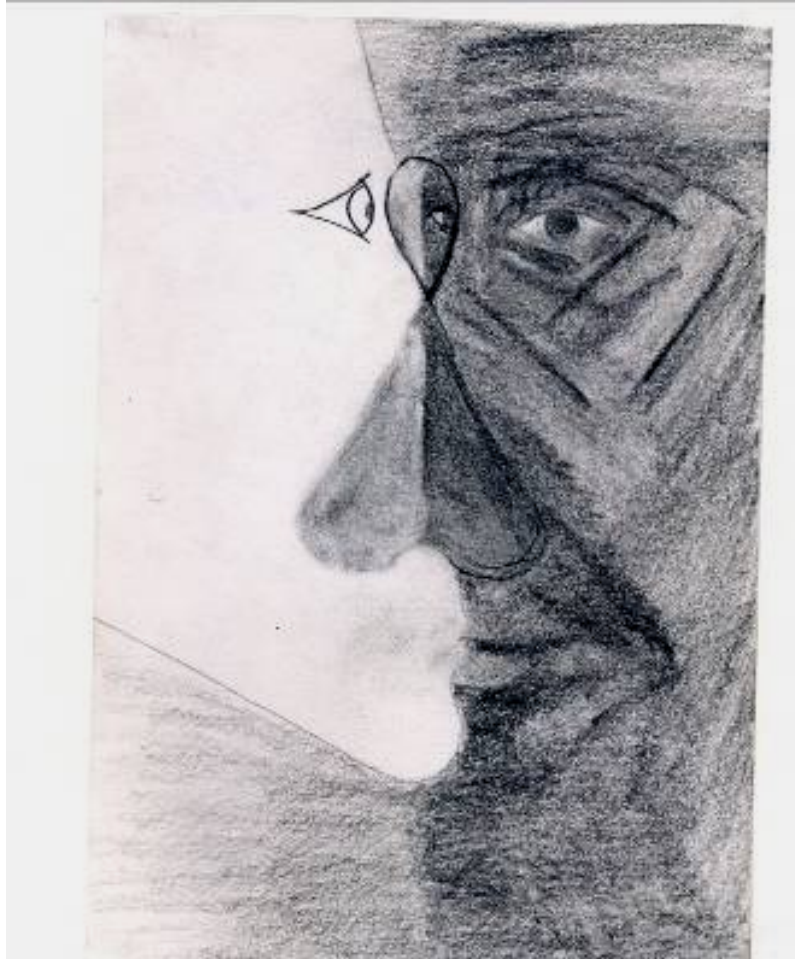
*When everyone is just
Just IS
Just real, love*

*Then, with such a reflective smile
Joy spreads so wide
Between earth and sky
A new dawn rising*

*A self seeing smile
Grins mountains and valleys
the dark clouds,
here and there
pass*



focussing anew



*Black sees white
White sees black
Through the keyhole
Of a nose tip meeting point
Here the spirit
Gathers
Its nearest strongest challenge
Raising the goodness of the heart
To guard the eyes
from the despair of time*

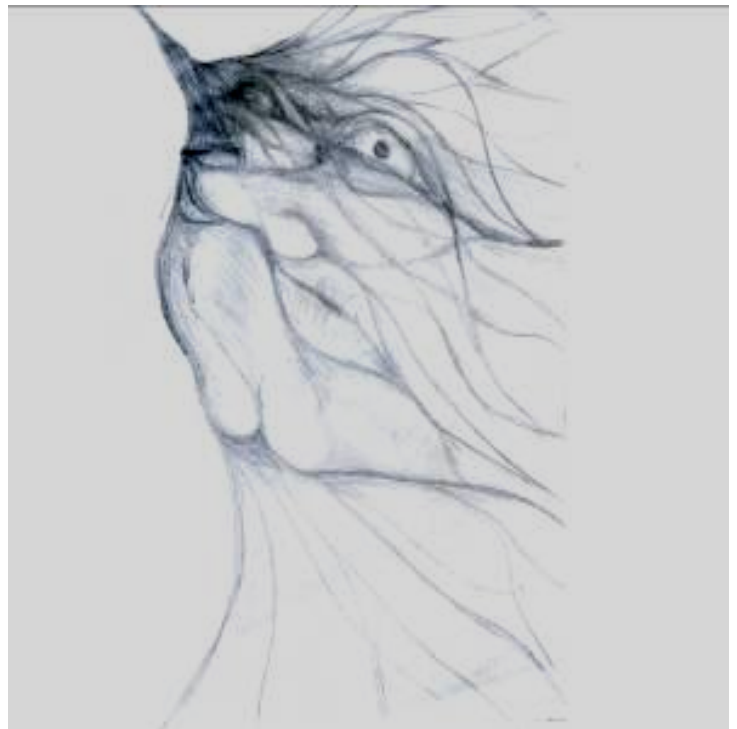
suddenly...



*Jet of black smoke, pressure of anger
Screaming at the sky through gritted teeth
No harm or danger the smoke rises
By itself*

*Then I saw like a king
I cannot blame a thing
For the passions...I have drawn
And these passions
 may be drawn themselves in and out
So the winds may change*

*Change it all throughout...
 as form whistles like a gentle wheeze*





*My face in the breeze grows so large
A rippled mirage*

*Blown away
By a breath so subtly at play
That joins the space without
To the emptiness within*



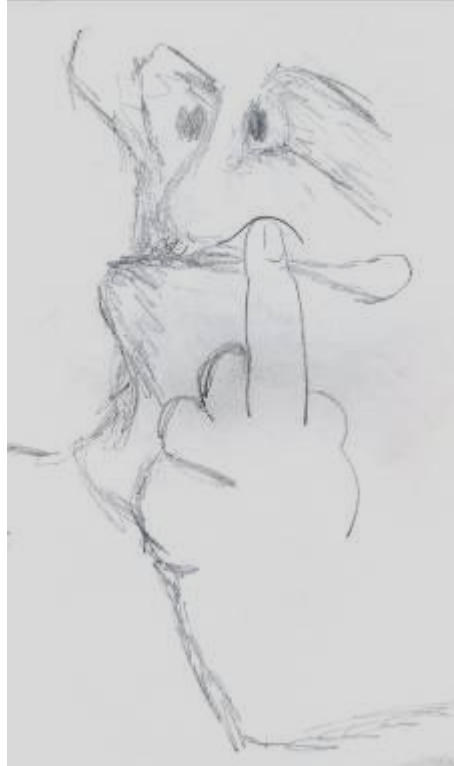
*Sucking him in like the telly
By a pendulum thrust into his belly
Time had dragged him by
Marked by the sun in the sky
For all he was worth
As he clung to the earth*



*Now, as time pauses a divine plunder
Of divine wonder
Miraculous splendour
Of desire asunder*



*In public
He was still not quick enough
But despite his heedless hand
His nose recoiled from being picked in public
He was saved
Was this being centered, he thought..*





This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives 4.0 International License.

To view a copy of this license, visit:

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/>

You are free to:

- Copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format.

The licensor cannot revoke these freedoms as long as you follow the license terms.

Under the following terms:

- Attribution: You must give appropriate credit, provide a link to the license, and indicate if changes were made. You may do so in any reasonable manner, but not in any way that suggests the licensor endorses you or your use.
- NonCommercial: You may not use the material for commercial purposes.
- NoDerivatives: If you remix, transform, or build upon the material, you may not distribute the modified material.
- No additional restrictions: You may not apply legal terms or technological measures that legally restrict others from doing anything the license permits.

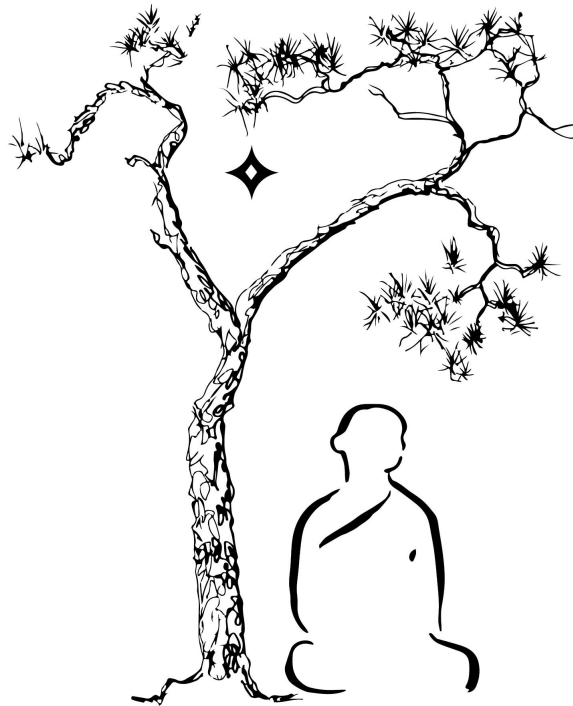
Notices:

You do not have to comply with the license for elements of the material in the public domain or where your use is permitted by an applicable exception or limitation.

No warranties are given. The license may not give you all of the permissions necessary for your intended use. For example, other rights such as publicity, privacy, or moral rights may limit how you use the material.

Created by Ajahn Kalyano.
For more works by the same author:
<http://www.openthesky.co.uk/>

Published in 2017 by:
Lokuttara Vihara, Skiptvet, Norway.
<http://skiptvet.skogskloster.no>



Lokuttara Vihara

Skiptvet Buddhist Monastery
Norway

For free distribution only