

# **The light of the heart**

**By Ajahn Kalyāno**

# **Now she has gone**

Now she has gone  
Love can open wide and bright  
Now she has gone  
There can be clear sight

Now she has gone  
There is nothing I lack  
Now she has gone  
She can come back

# **The light of the heart**

This is the light of the heart  
All of this

The Real Presence comes  
In the most real moments  
Of this

This is the proof  
That there is  
Just this

# True love

The swirling storm  
Where love is first born  
The wind of a million whispers  
Through discipline, through choice  
Finds its pacified million voice  
And love begins where love ends

Lets be friends

And where this true love is born  
Rides the crystal unicorn  
Of the blossoming sand  
Of the open hand

Heaven sends  
For love that truly gives  
Is love that truly lives  
Forsworn

# A Monk's Christmas in Wales

Ordinary houses, locked  
Holding cells  
Ordinary spouses, mocked  
Ringing bells  
It's all ringing bells  
Ding, ding, ding  
And the dog dribbles, dribbles  
Over it's bone  
Until, as the worms turns  
And we dig, dig, dig  
For the dog's bones  
For the Pavlov's dog  
That never really learns...

As for me I could never really start  
I was always late  
I had somehow left my heart  
On that Council Estate  
Where the pigeon pecked at the bacon rind  
And times were hard, but kind  
Lard, lard, times were hard  
Hard but fair  
In the broken air...

Cracked with sight  
Opened with light...

I had been torn between the kuti and the council flat  
Torn between the magic wand  
And the cricket bat  
I had been torn between  
And was now torn apart,  
Dying to the wavering heart  
And looking on  
I sing, sing  
Of suffering  
Fully awake  
For freedom's sake  
I sing, sing  
Of suffering...

# Mr. Ploppy-poo

Mr. Ploppy-poo was so shy  
He wouldn't come out of the loo  
People thought he would die  
Oh, what a to do

Poor Mr. Ploppy-poo

The doctor came  
And thought he was insane

So they took him away  
That very day

What a stink  
Don't you think?

When Mr. Ploppy-poo  
Was really just like me or you  
It just all happened in such a hurry  
He couldn't tell the doctor about that curry  
And what was really insane  
Was that the doctor hadn't even asked his name

Later, in the Surgery...

"Mr. Colon, please come this way.  
Mr. Colon?"  
Strange, no Mr. Colon.

"O.K then, Mr. Spleen are you here."  
Crumbs, no Mr. Spleen either.

"Mr. Lungs? No?"

"Mr. Buried-Trousers? No?"

"Mmm, there's something funny going on here."

"Ah, you must be Mr. Buried-Trousers? No? Then why are you up to your waist in mud?"

"I am not up to my waist in mud, its you."

"What do you mean its me."

"Its you! There's mud in your eye."

It was true and it was only the beginning  
Of the great mud slinging  
That fateful day through the gloom  
In life's great waiting room...

"Well, wouldn't it be clearer if you called yourself Mr. Chest.  
In fact wouldn't it be more honest?"

"Well, I think you need help to be honest."

And so, on and on....until..

"Hello, my name is Mr. Ploppy-poo, remember me?  
Your looking a little flushed, doctor."  
He said.

Then the !@#%^^&\* really hit the fan  
As only the !@#%^^&\* really can  
But it was the help that was needed  
A great new beginning was seeded  
To dispel the gloom  
In the universal waiting room.

# The heart lands

gently carry me away, Lord  
as if I were a sleeping child  
for a child I am, your child...

then when I awake in your arms  
may I play  
out of harms way...

for years my heart had been prone to hate  
until I realized I had grown up too late  
and that if I had ridden a motorbike when I was five  
I would have been twice as alive

if we can grow up while still a child  
our minds can be clear  
while our hearts can be wild...

I had a little food hidden about my person  
it would last the day  
there were comments being made about my person  
what could I say  
what was it about my person that caused such dismay?  
and who was this strange person, anyway?

there was, it seemed, a strange smell about this person  
of what I could not say  
as strange as today  
a stranger tomorrow  
and no stranger at all to sorrow  
let us cut this puppets strings and give it wings to borrow...

remember the goldfish in the fair ground given out in little plastic bags?  
put them now in the soul-fish bowl and place it on the table, in the heart window  
then at dawn the summer fair may reopen on the pure white cloth of the heart-table  
and the heart-piano may fill the morning room with the hymns of the heart spheres  
over the dancing of wondrous tears  
and we will remember  
and everything will not be lost

and there will arise no more sorrow  
on the pure white cloth of the heart pillow  
and the heart will be free and fly  
over the rolling hills of the heart pastures...

bright is the sun over the heart fields  
yet the smiles are brighter

under the proof  
of the old tin roof  
and as big as the sky  
is the smile that is kind but a little wry  
for it is so silly to be born and die

and between the crude tin shacks  
between the slats  
between, between, between  
lay the most beautiful of all life's facts  
seen and unseen  
for it is here that the smiles are the brightest  
it is here that the hearts are lightest  
where there is little too choose  
and nothing to lose  
in the slightest...

and there are no shadows  
only shade in the heart land  
and the shade is cool  
to those who are kind  
as they grow  
into those that know...

then the shade is bright  
as bright as sight  
and cool as shade  
to all things made  
and if and when there is no more making  
then there is only awakening and sight

and at last  
by the heart moon, sun and star  
the shade is cast  
over the heart lands...

the heart sun is warm and kind  
kindling the birth of the pure mind  
the heart moon is cool and calm  
the heart star is wise, beyond harm

and the shade is cast  
cast over the heart lands  
cool over the moon cast waters  
bright over the sun cast air  
firm over the star-cast earth

there in the shade  
of the peaceful glade  
from which we need never part

and here the pain  
is welcomed like rain  
but never sought  
and the heart is never caught  
abiding in the peace  
of release

and abiding in the heart valley  
beneath the sun cast hills  
where the star cast waters flow  
softly, softly suffering is whispered  
as softly as the secrets of life itself  
yet a truth deeper and a truth more revered  
for this is the truth that wins life  
from the clutches of death  
as it brightens the air  
of the tender breath

then, not defined by the line  
but by the light  
and by the shade  
and shade not of the world but curiously made  
light not made but revealed  
the breath is seen  
and the heart is healed  
and opens so wide

and there is nowhere for the suffering to hide  
in the heart lands...

# Imagine

Imagine that the light of the mind,  
So kind  
And the light of the sun,  
Just for fun,  
Are the same.  
Just as a game

Let us see  
What a wonderful world that would be...

The sun could shine  
So fine  
Everyday  
In every possible way

The past would be healed  
As if uncongealed  
Let us say

And the Truth would be revealed  
Forever signed and sealed  
For us to play

# Mud and blood

On the surface the shifting scene  
Morphing on the morphine  
Beneath the waves  
Of the gentle tide that saves  
The heart is still  
For the restless will  
Stands frozen in the face of death

The spirit rests in the breath  
In the place between  
In the space between  
Between between between

And a little more smoke  
Passed through  
Before the heart awoke  
In you

We are not alone.  
Right here in the flesh and bone  
The truth grows  
And the truth flows.  
Here in the mud  
With our life's blood  
Within the living heart  
Until the truth is the blood  
They are not apart

And the truth, like a mighty flood,  
Leaves behind the sums  
And becomes full  
Full of daring.

For freedom comes  
When we are beyond caring  
And yet we take care  
Every care

Ready is the praise  
Ready to be sung  
In all ways  
Right on the tip of the tongue

Yet as it remains there poised,  
Before the slightest noise  
Before the correct thought  
Is even sought  
There arises,





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.

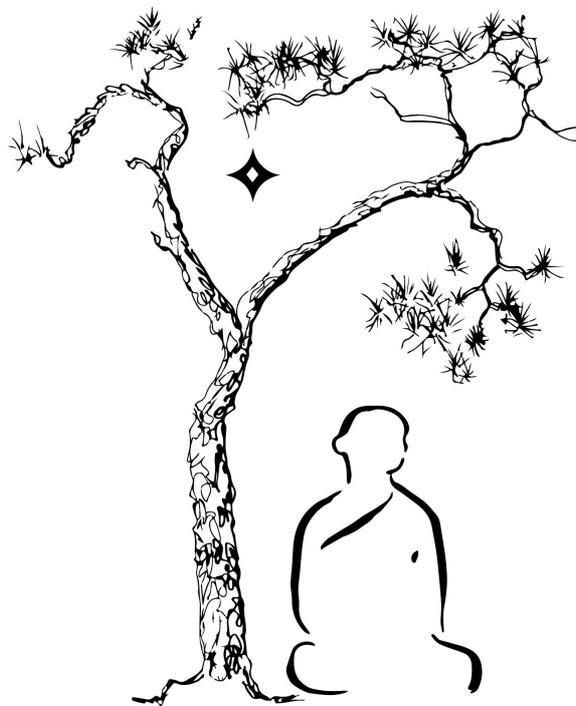
Notices:

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.

Words and photos 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