

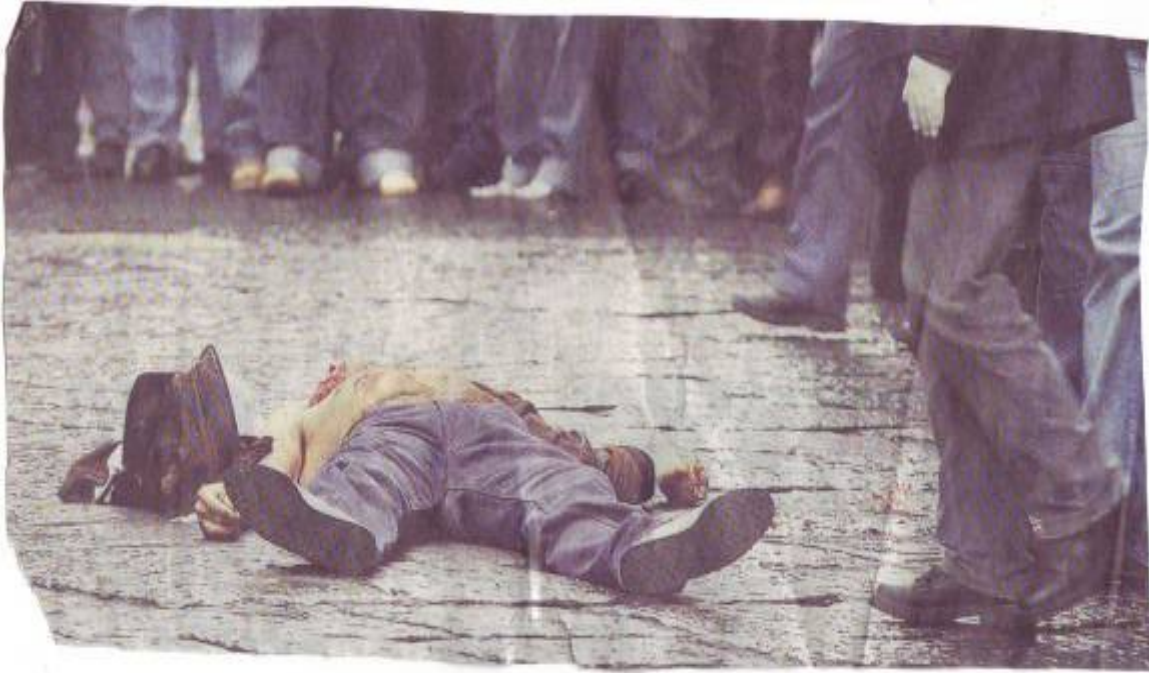
Prismatic Photo Poetry



Ajahn Kalyāno

Denim dead

Strangely the picture was so nearly black and white
Just as the scene could seem merely wrong or right



Hated, the drug thug
Dead in denim
Was wacked there on the tarmac.

More guys
Waited

Their sighs
In their faint grey blues
Asked, 'Will I win or lose?'
To their street-wise shoes

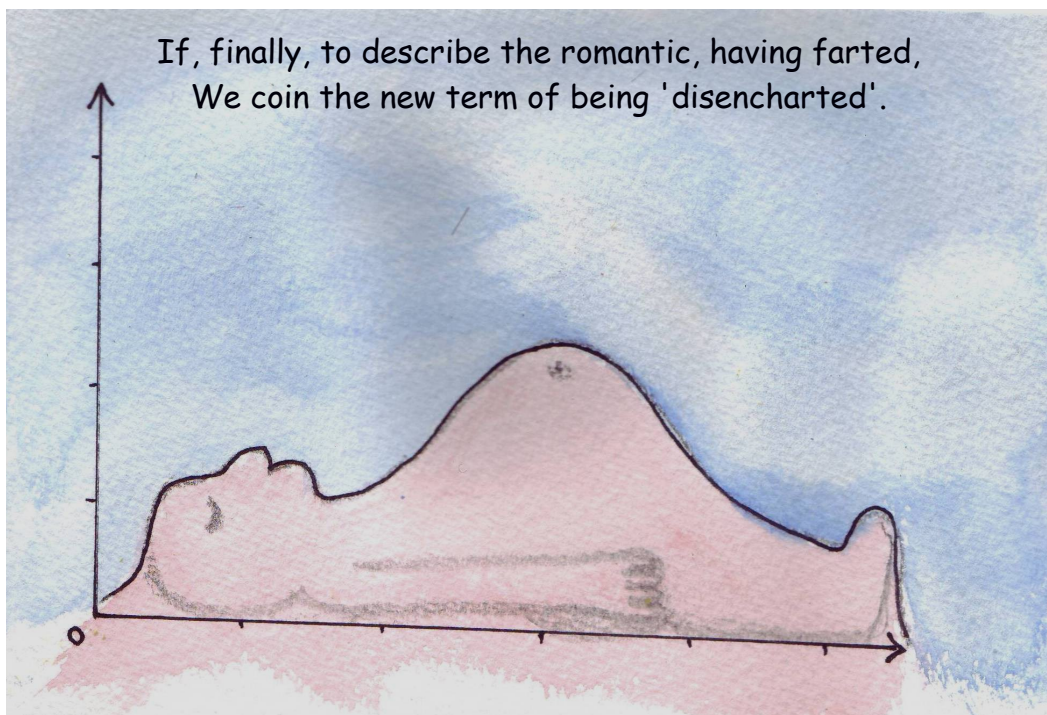
'Win, win' came the cries
In one's and two's
'Lose, lose' came the replies
Of the buzzing flies
And of the tear that still cries

Yes it is, for sure, the most terrible fuss
Yet it is all lies
For it is not us
That is born and dies

Social science

Perhaps its not so easy to find
What it may be that is truly kind
If, through the appliance
Of social science
The average man
Merely discovers
Under his comfy covers
How to be as average as he can
To be comfy and warm
And supported by the norm

If, now we can all be mates
Be positive and accept our fates
We just watch the Greats
On the telly
As we stuff the bottom-less belly.





Sun lounge
Is it a trick or a treat?
Sun lounge
With something to eat
Sun lounge
Comfort for this body, of meat
Of meat?
It's a trap,
Quick, throw the cat off your lap.
Take the light
Akin to that of the sun,
And run, run, run inside
All the way inside,
Away from death
On the subtle path of the breath.

The Chedi

Through rain and sleet
With steel and concrete
With ingenuity and devotion
Holy water (and cups of tea)
As our magic potion

With relics of the sages
Gathered lovingly through the ages

We can lend form to our desire to awake
Strong enough to survive wind or quake

The demons that oppose
We may suppose
Will be both within and without.
The devas that protect
It is our task not to neglect.

And from where they all arise
Here or there, invited or by surprise
From our own minds or perhaps from subtle matter
From great discourse or from idle chatter
Matters not
Our task is just the same
To welcome or to gently tame.

Then with a patience as solid as the stone
We can build a spiritual home.





The Hall

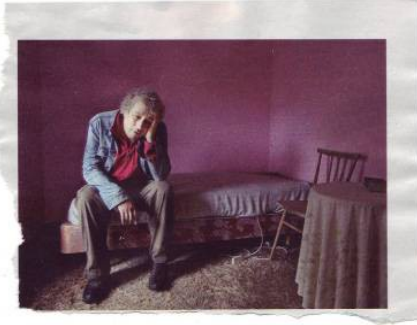
All for the sake of freedom
All for free

Space for everyone
Open space

Time for everyone
Free time

Food for everyone
Body and soul,
Kind

In the open hall
And in the open mind



Turning the pages

Me and you
Seeing through
Both sides, love and rage
Of the glossy page...



She had flaunted
She had hunted
Only to find herself haunted

She never relented



As she tormented
Him, the office robot

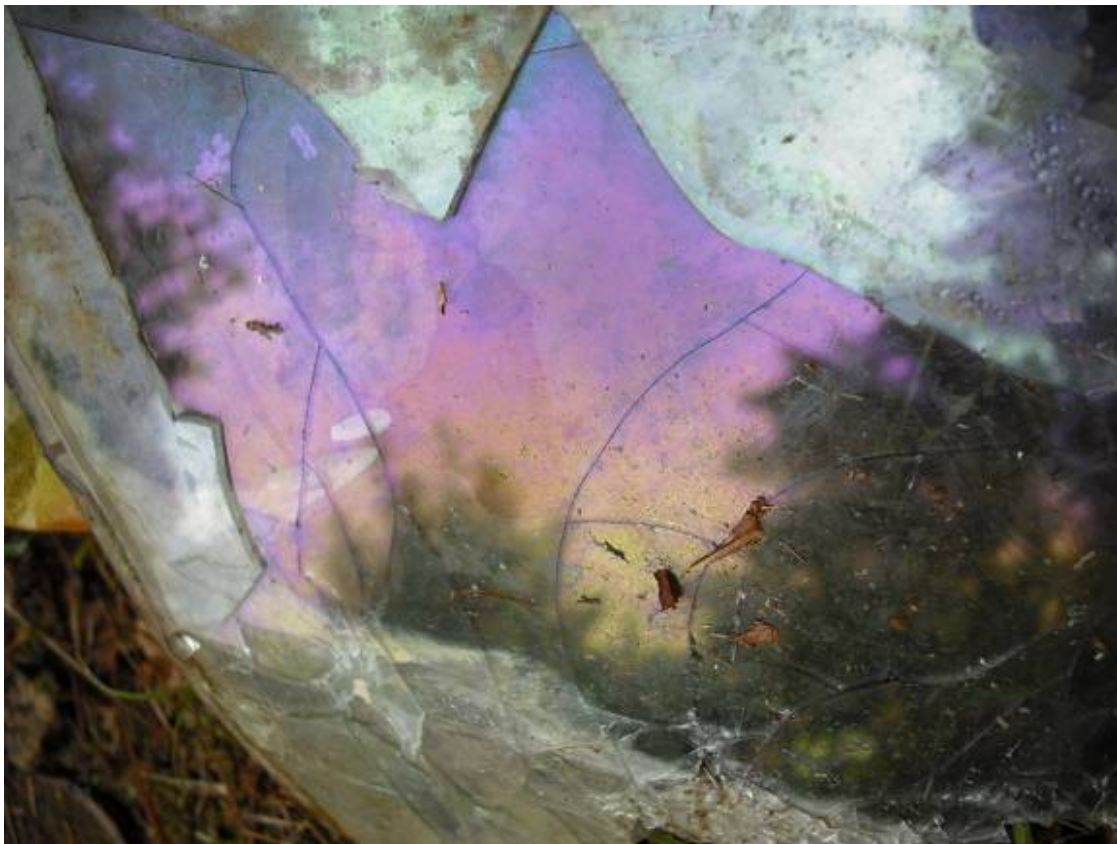
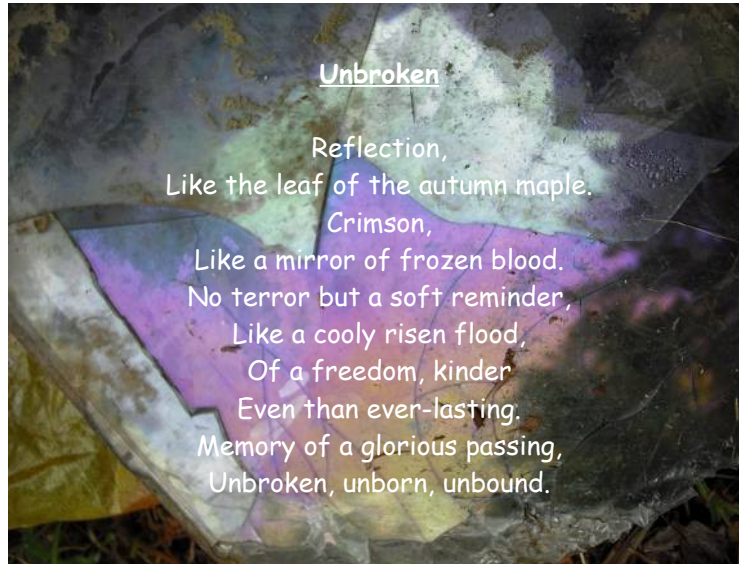
But he had saw through it
Enough to unglue it



He embraced the entire space
And the robot offices
Lost the pointless race.

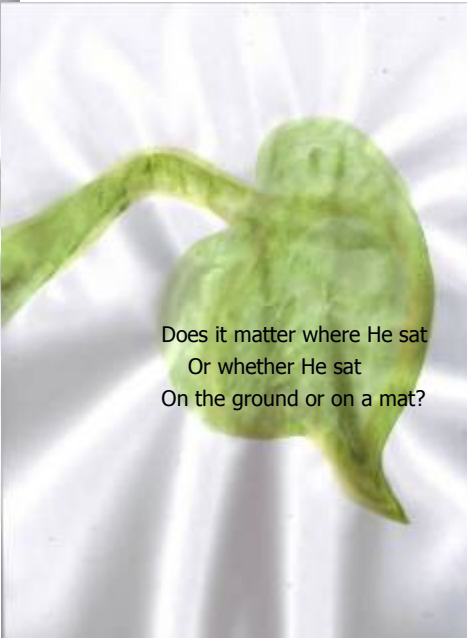
Now she had nobody to chase.



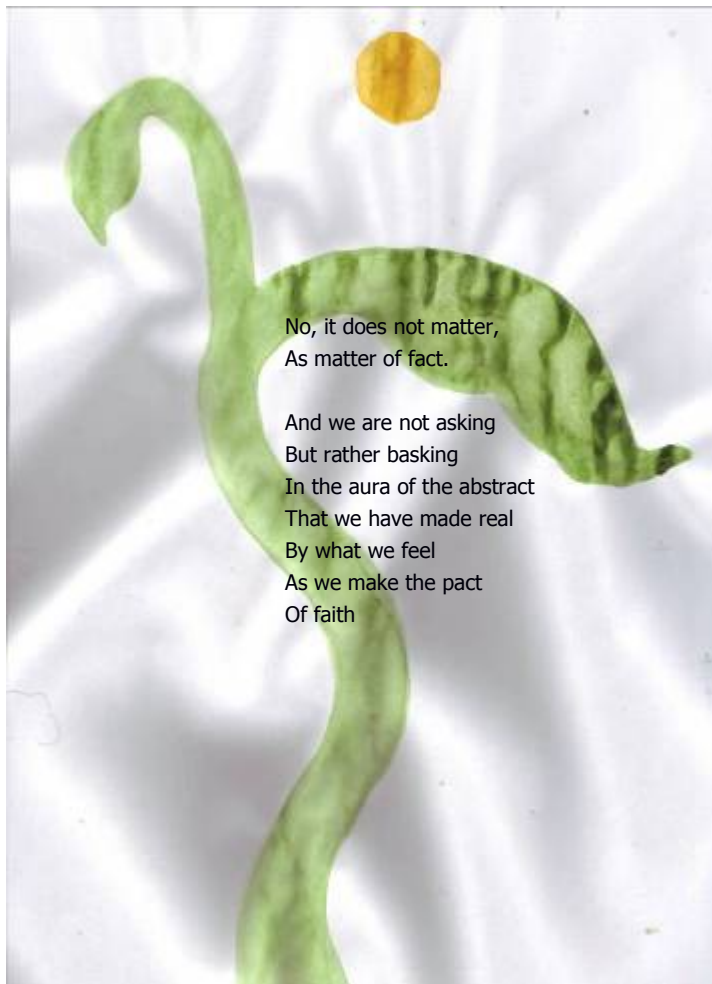




Bodhi tree



Does it matter where He sat
Or whether He sat
On the ground or on a mat?



No, it does not matter,
As matter of fact.

And we are not asking
But rather basking
In the aura of the abstract
That we have made real
By what we feel
As we make the pact
Of faith



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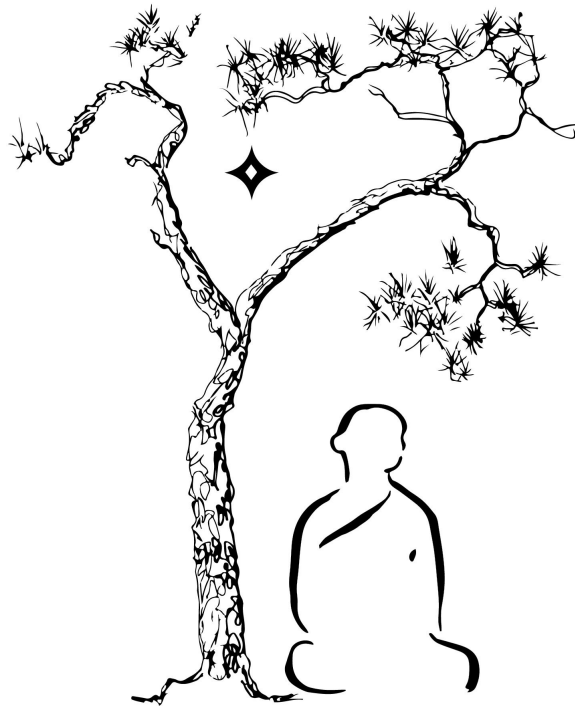
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