

Snapshot Dhamma

Vol. II

- photos and poems by Ajahn Kalyāno



The fairy
Of the ordinary
Cast its spell
Again, so well
That there was light
There was only light
And we could only tell
The funny story
Of touch, sight, sound or smell

The watched pot never boils

Keep watching the pot
Keep watching the pot
Keep watching the pot
Keep watching the pot



Hot headed or not
Watching the pot
It never boiled
Craving was foiled
It remained the same
When there was no flame
And the kettle was a fun hall of mirrors
To silly faces free of craving's terrors



Is it unfolding
Or am I getting slow?

Am I holding on
Or am I letting go?

Or am I held
Does that metal cup weld
Me to the spot
With the promise of tea
Fresh from the pot?

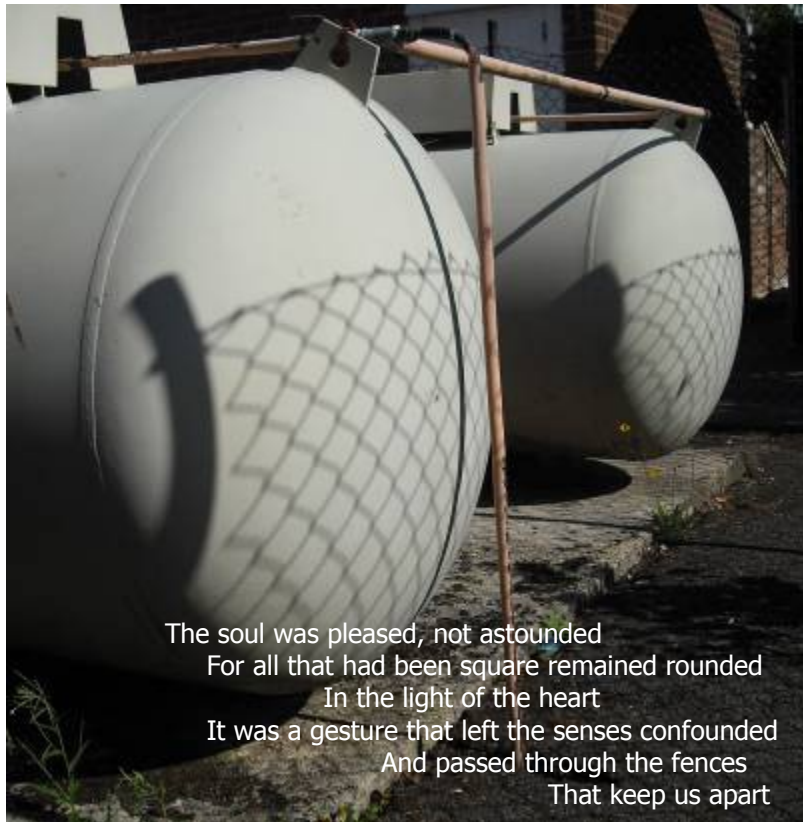
Whatever
What do I care
If I am not even there





He was the perfect plant
Trained to take the particular slant
That unlocks the strong box
And allows the piped silver to flow
Behind the eclipse
Of the cheap old ellipse
Don't you know



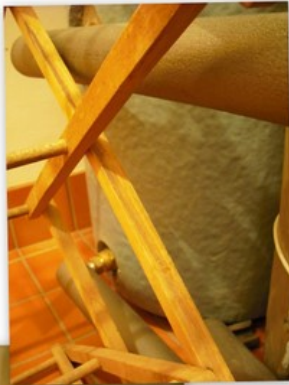


The soul was pleased, not astounded
For all that had been square remained rounded
In the light of the heart
It was a gesture that left the senses confounded
And passed through the fences
That keep us apart

When a line gathers closely
Around a reassuring circle
And the time is ripe
There can emerge
The unifying miracle
Of the pipe

And the flowing may fall still

And the stillness may flow on



Like the tear of the mother who is ready to cry
Like the blood of the warrior who is ready to die
Not just on the field of glory
But even here, in the warmth of home

Even here,
Without a story
So that the heart
May no longer roam,
To be the hero
Of the big fat zero.



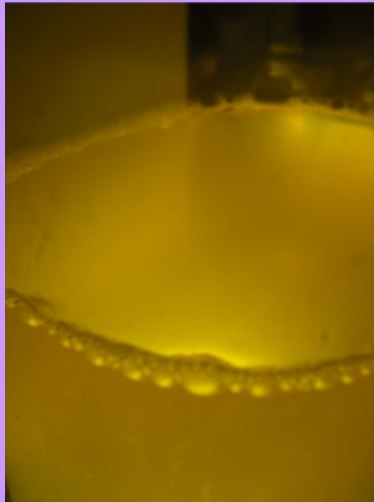
Golden pee

What was that
A ghost or a cat?
When he did see
Shining the light
The bottle of golden pee

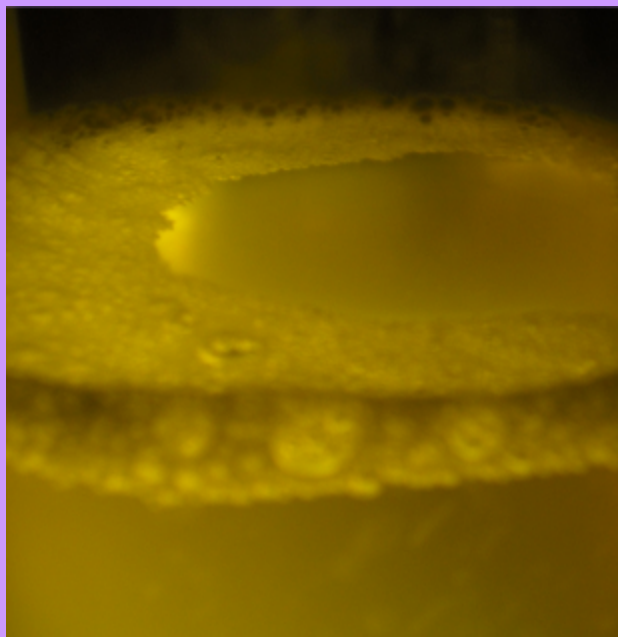


It dispelled the fright

How?



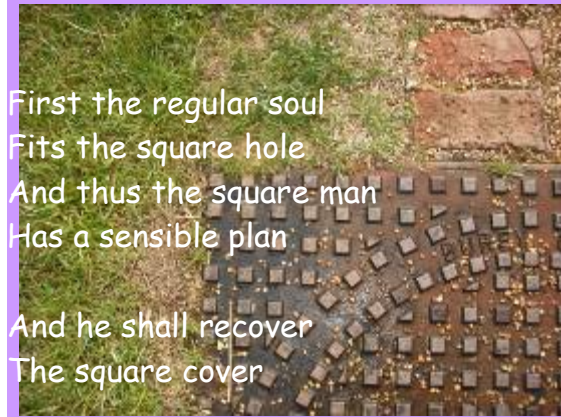
Should he bow?



No.
What ended with pee
And what will end in pooh
Was little old 'me'
And little old 'you'
And it was such a relief
From all the fear and grief.
It had been all that pride
That had taken them for a ride
Now it had nowhere to hide.

First the regular soul
Fits the square hole
And thus the square man
Has a sensible plan

And he shall recover
The square cover



Becoming thus grounded
The man, fully founded
Defines the rounded cover
Of the nature lover
And opens the rounded hole
The entry for the rounded soul

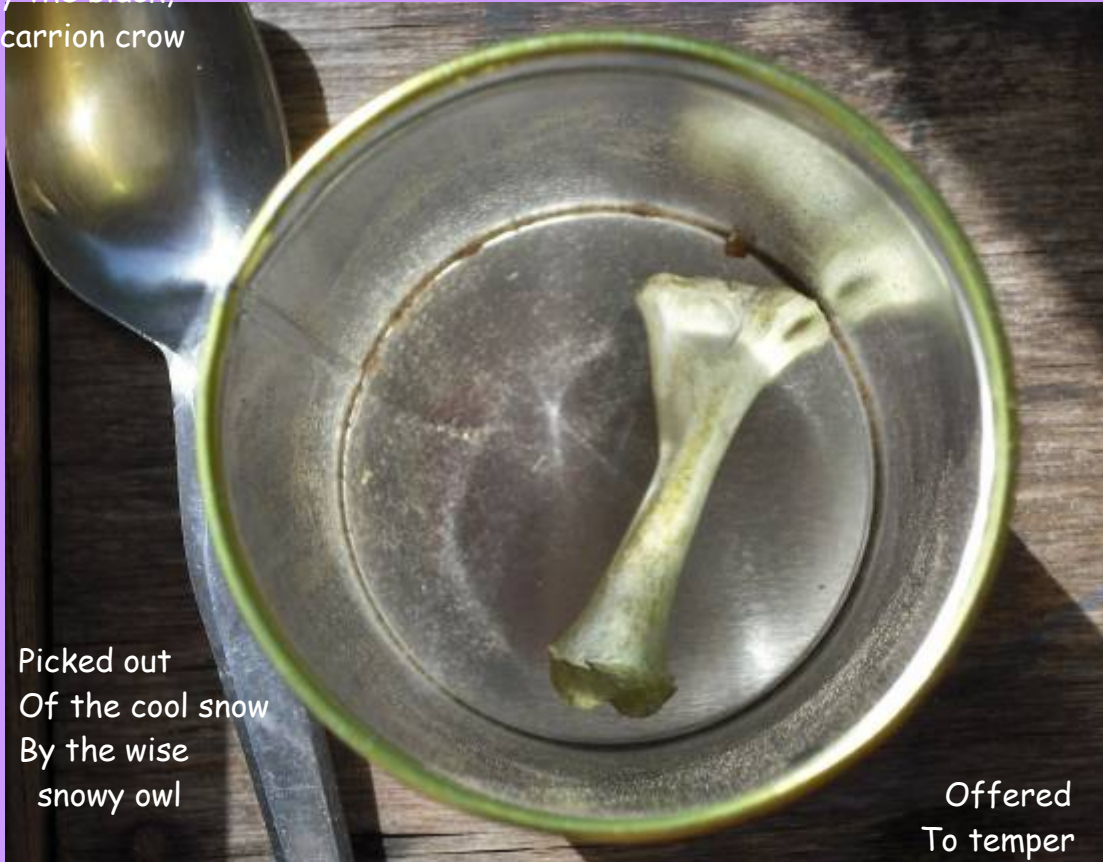
Forever

He thinks

As he sinks.



Picked clean
By the black,
carrion crow



Picked out
Of the cool snow
By the wise
snowy owl

Offered
To temper
The sharp eye
Of the troublesome magpie



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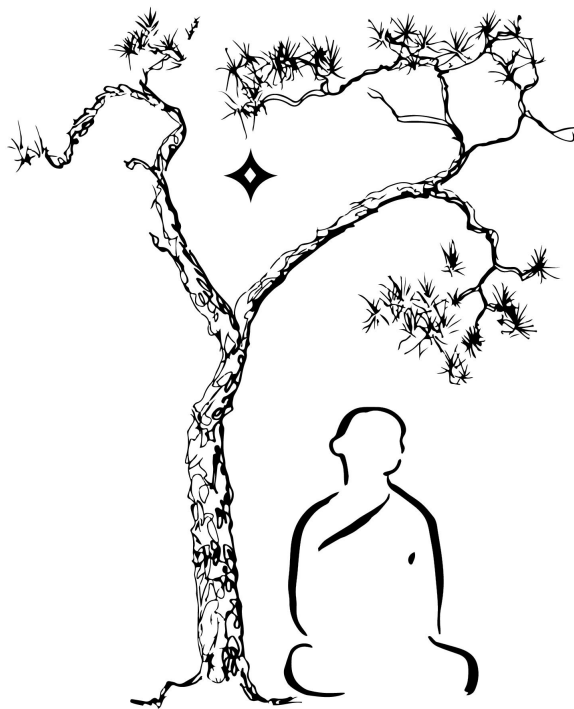
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