

Snapshot Dhamma

Vol. III

- photos and poems by Ajahn Kalyāno

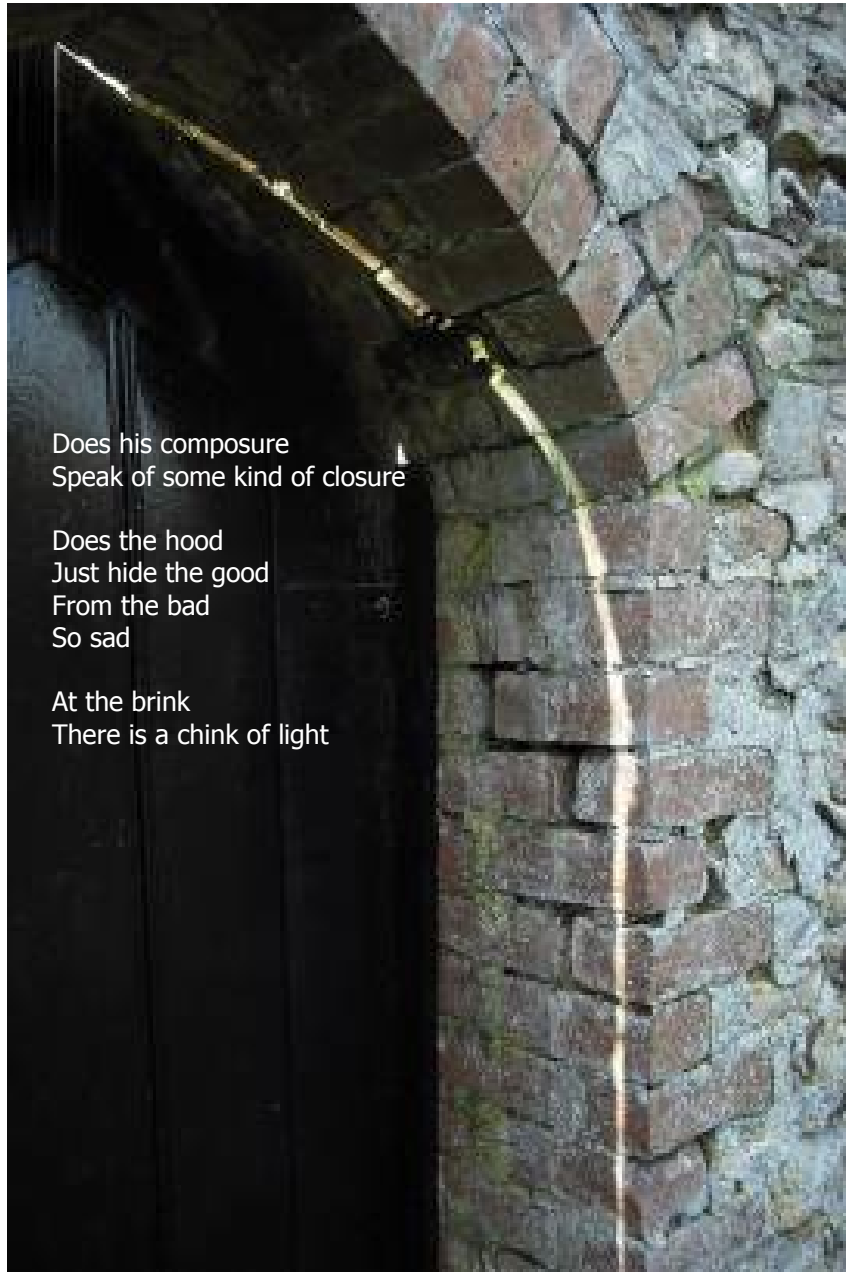


The Death Rearranger
Came to calm the Wanton Stranger
He came, composed and coordinated,
To find the Stranger a little surprised but not fascinated.



Twice seemed enough
A gentle double bluff

The Stranger felt Strange and found some self-perspective
It would have been so dangerous had he become reflective



Does his composure
Speak of some kind of closure

Does the hood
Just hide the good
From the bad
So sad

At the brink
There is a chink of light

Is his restraint
The act of the saint



Perhaps it is no act
But the loveliest fact
His eyes as if bathed in the sacred font
If he simply does not want



And the heart opens
As within it ripens
Until it may sing
In playful titters and humble tatters
That the most important thing
Is that nothing really matters



Such is the seeming paradox
Of the highest of laws
That may stop all the clocks
And opens all the locks
To all the doors

Before

There was something about it
This brand new toilet...

Before it had all begun
And he was forced to run
Before the humble clown
Had sat there
with its trousers down
Before, before, before

There was a light
As white as white
As bright as bright
Oh, so bright did it shine
Yet it was not me or mine
Oh, so bright did it shine
Without grief

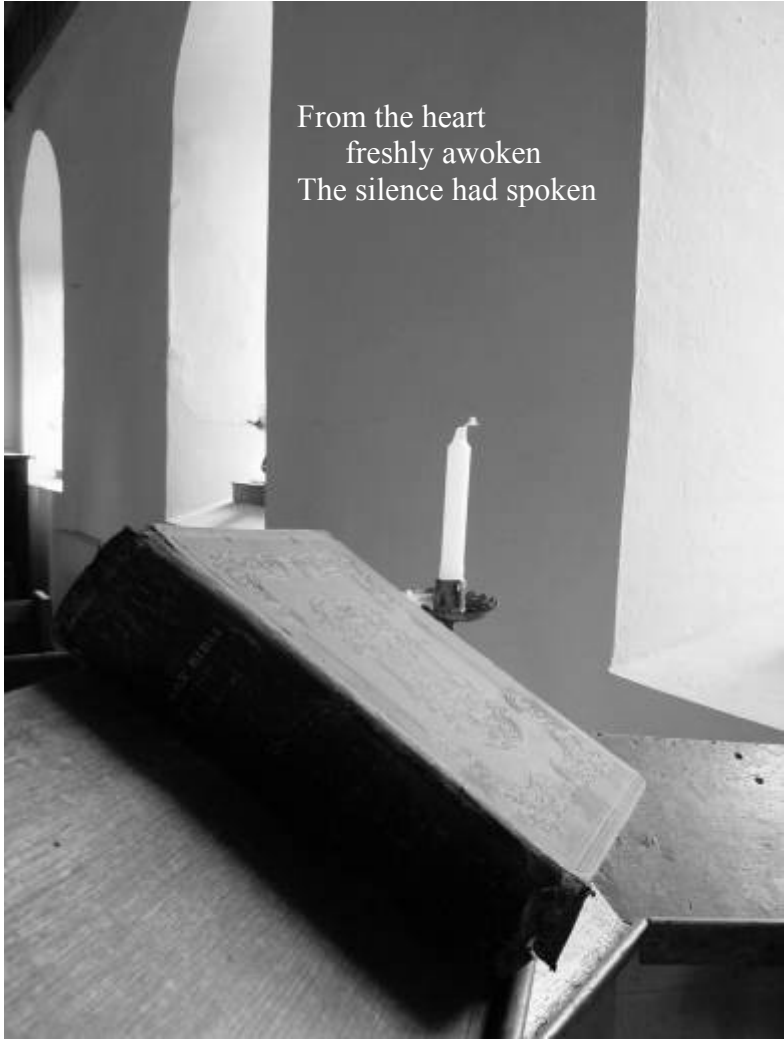
Oh, so bright did it shine
With relief

And this promise that came before
Could, perhaps, be the promise for ever more

Yes, there was something about it
This brand new toilet...

I will make it shine
Not for its sake but for mine
This brand new toilet...

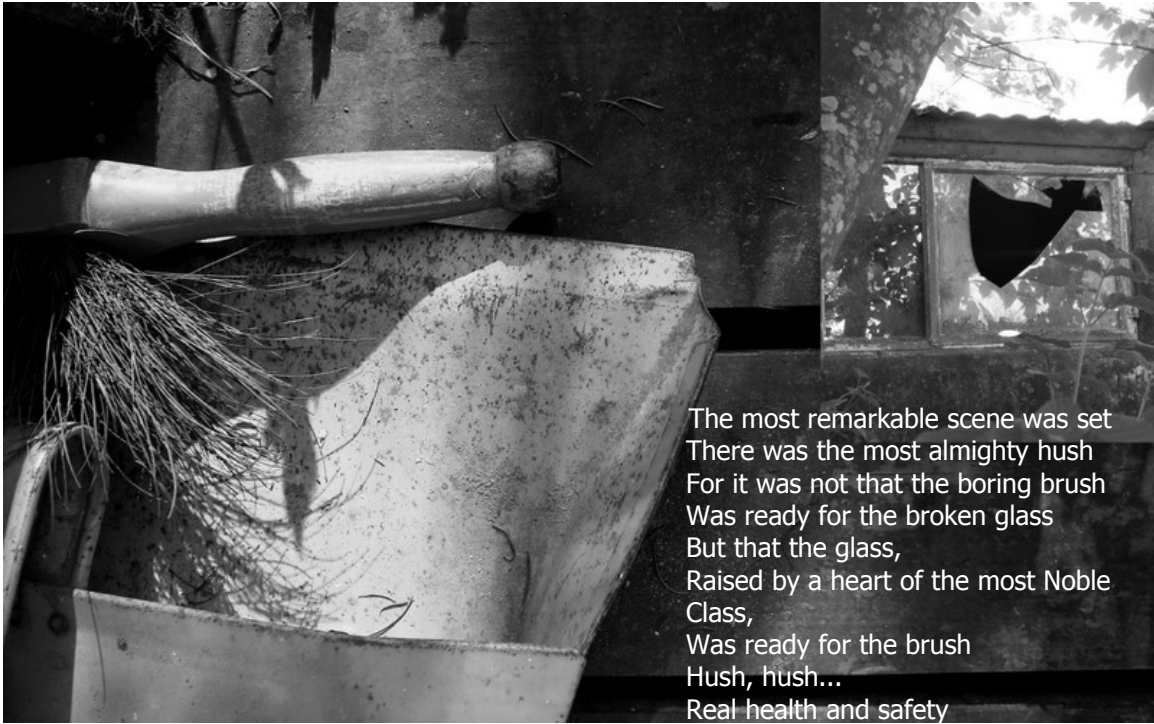




From the heart
freshly awoken
The silence had spoken

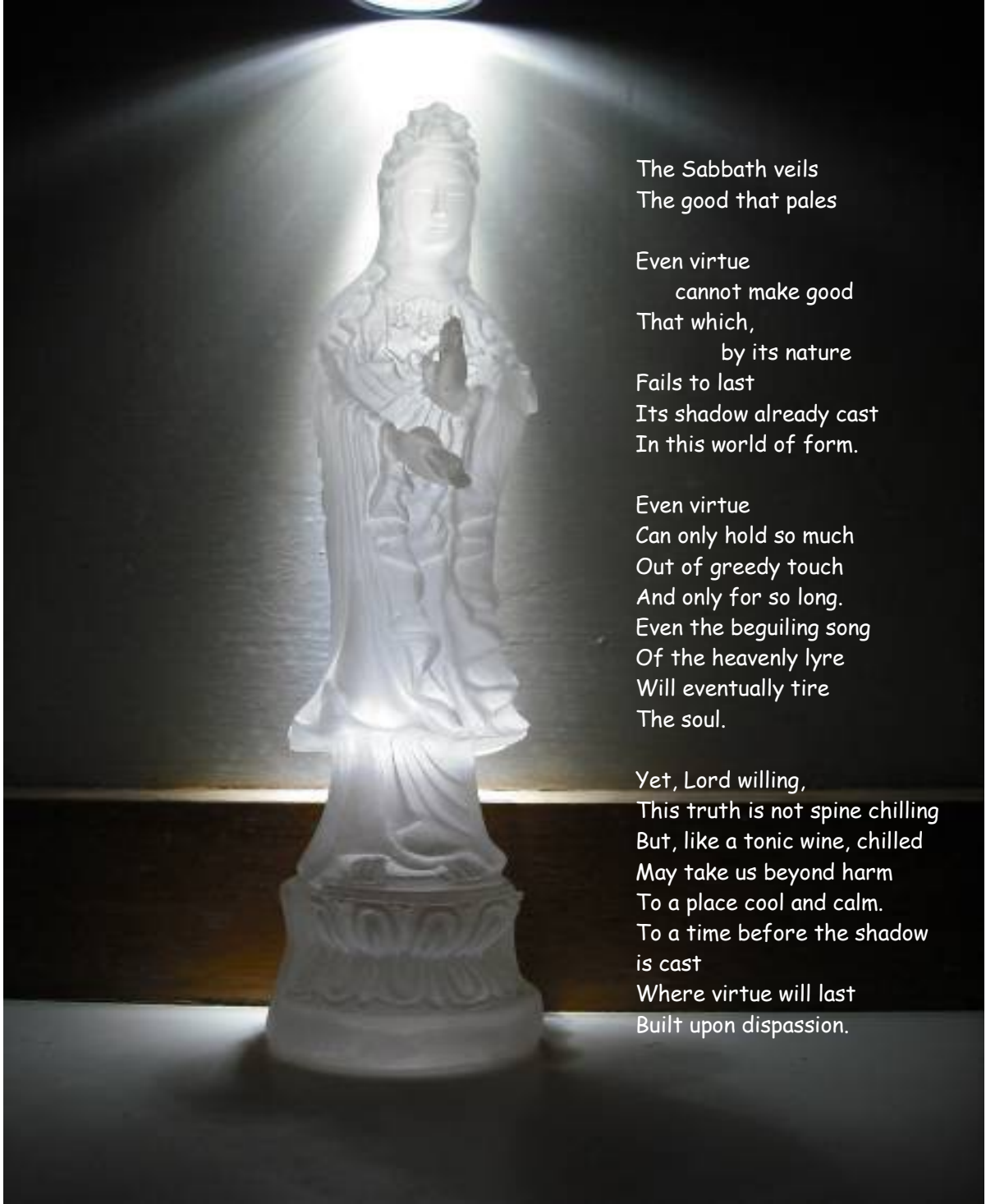


The truth glistened
The silence had listened



The most remarkable scene was set
There was the most almighty hush
For it was not that the boring brush
Was ready for the broken glass
But that the glass,
Raised by a heart of the most Noble
Class,
Was ready for the brush
Hush, hush...
Real health and safety

The Sabbath veils



The Sabbath veils
The good that pales

Even virtue
 cannot make good
That which,
 by its nature
Fails to last
Its shadow already cast
In this world of form.

Even virtue
Can only hold so much
Out of greedy touch
And only for so long.
Even the beguiling song
Of the heavenly lyre
Will eventually tire
The soul.

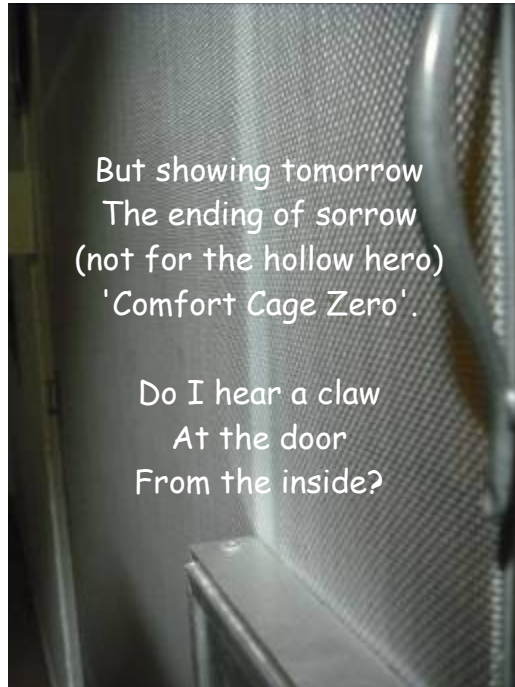
Yet, Lord willing,
This truth is not spine chilling
But, like a tonic wine, chilled
May take us beyond harm
To a place cool and calm.
To a time before the shadow
is cast
Where virtue will last
Built upon dispassion.

A place where virtue is not following memory's fashion,
But a fashion whose new desires would change
The ageless pages
For a brand new range.





Showing tonight
For our delight,
On the big
bug screen,
'Comfort Zone 15.'



But showing tomorrow
The ending of sorrow
(not for the hollow hero)
'Comfort Cage Zero'.

Do I hear a claw
At the door
From the inside?



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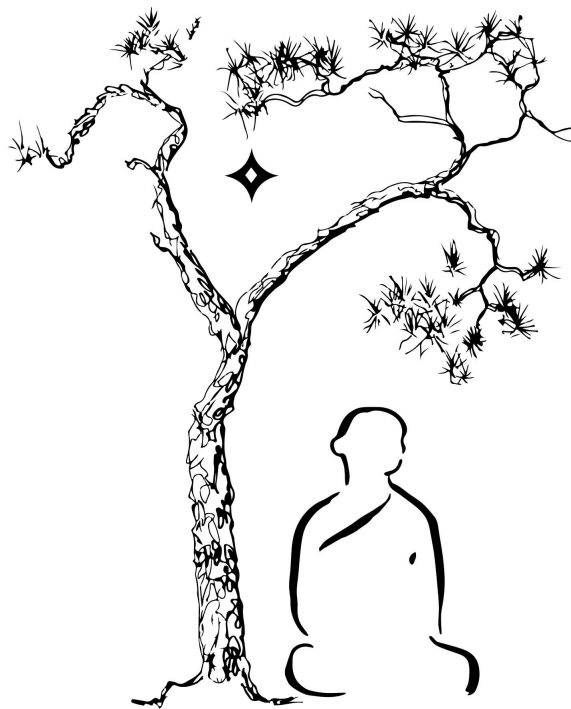
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