

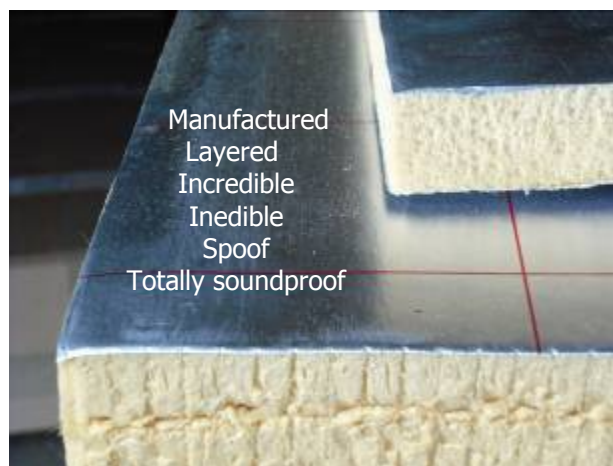
Snapshot Dhamma

Vol. IV

- photos and poems by Ajahn Kalyāno



Petition, petition
Systematic repetition
Very, very
Steel strawberry
Designer sandwich



Manufactured
Layered
Incredible
Inedible
Spoof
Totally soundproof

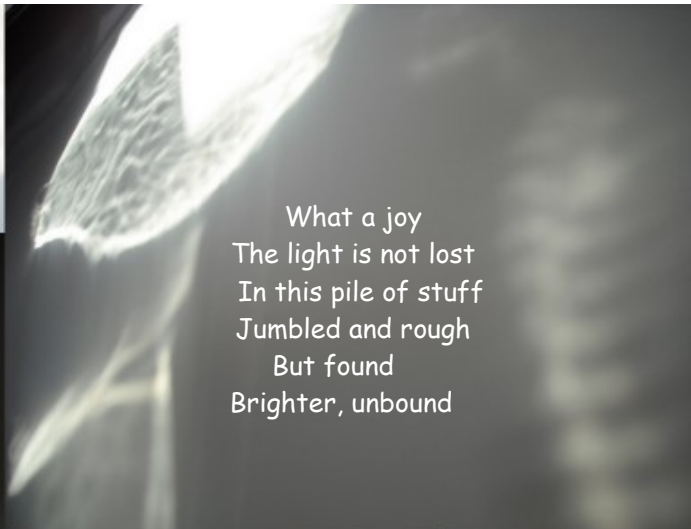
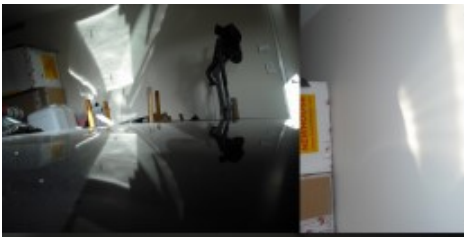


What a load
What a long road
For the sick and the tired
Life is so uncertain
What a burden

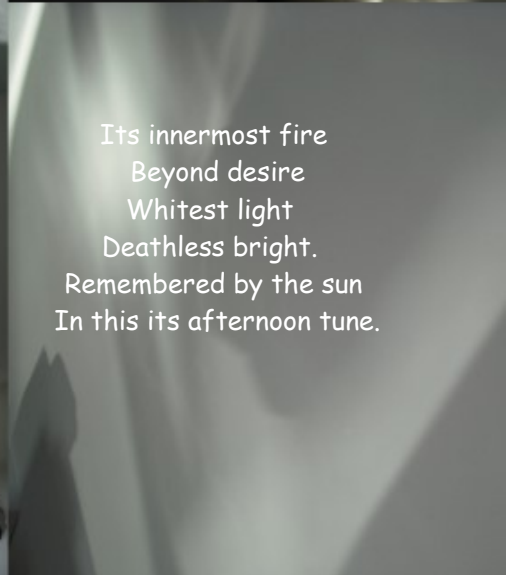
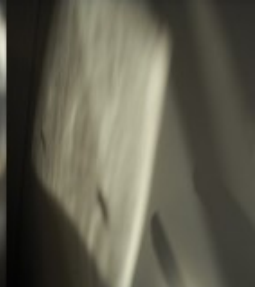
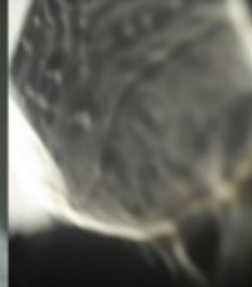
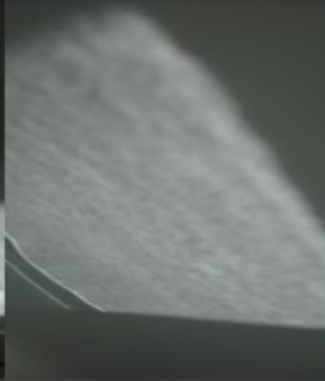
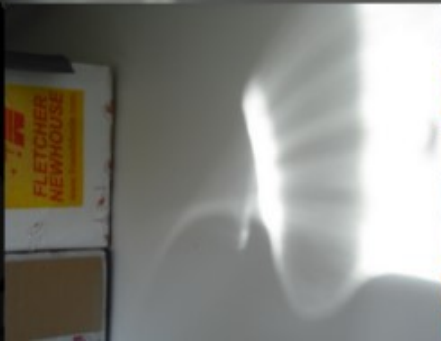
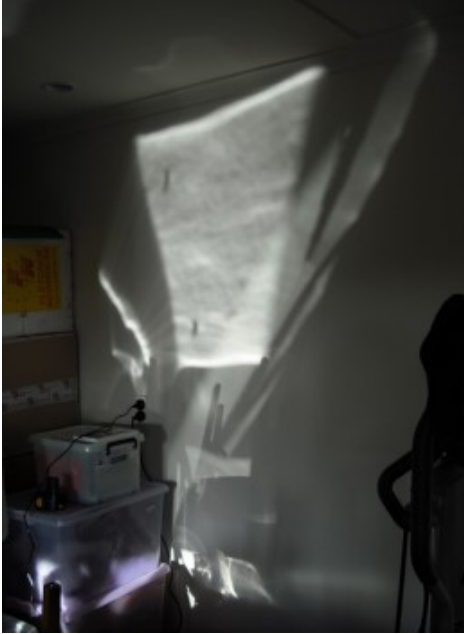
Can we imagine what it all weighs
Life after life?
Heavy, man.
Yet we may raise
It all aloft
In a heart, gentle and soft
What was heavy now light
And blazing bright
Such is the power of letting go




So I was not pestered
By that which festered
But taken in the opposite direction
And calmed, cooled into perfection.



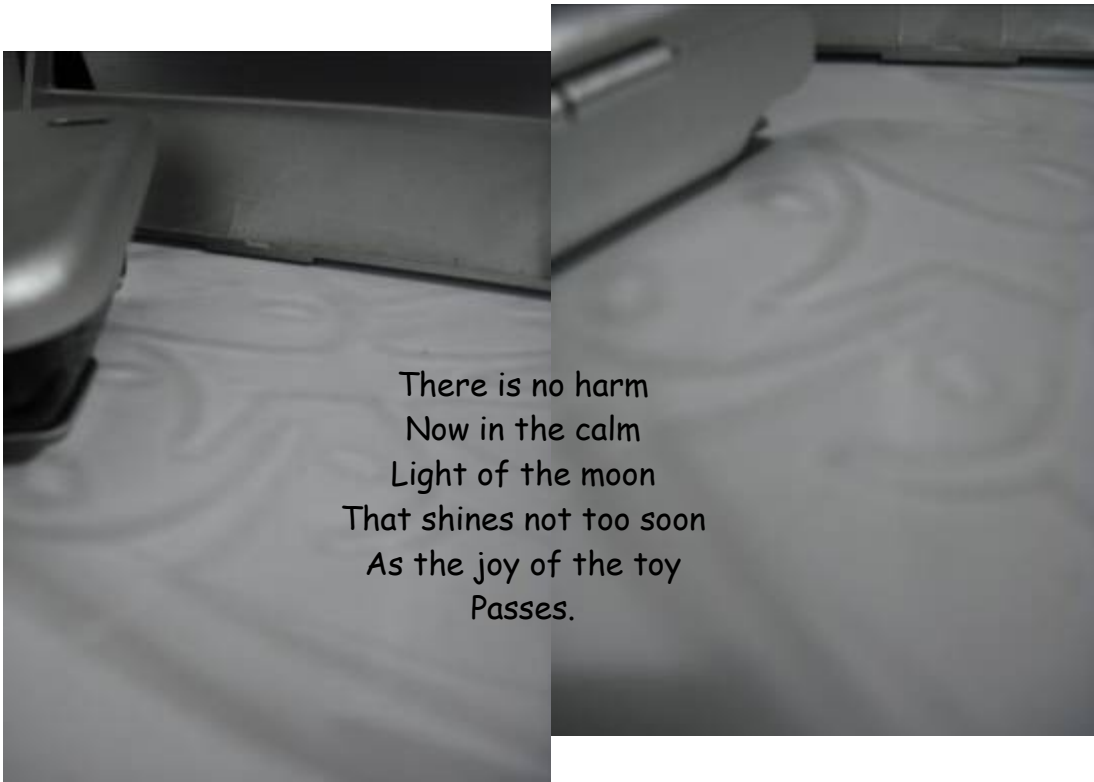
What a joy
The light is not lost
In this pile of stuff
Jumbled and rough
But found
Brighter, unbound



Its innermost fire
Beyond desire
Whitest light
Deathless bright.
Remembered by the sun
In this its afternoon tune.



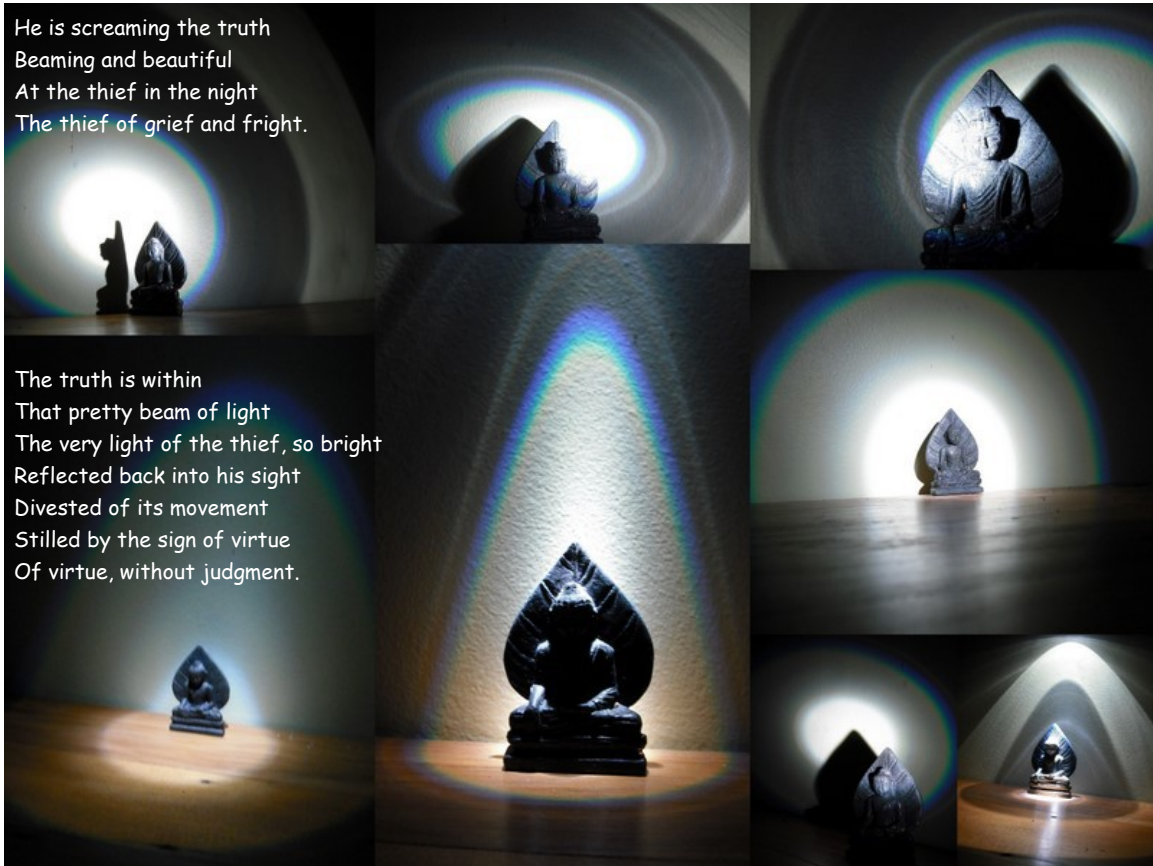
They were so creative
But what happened
to the digital natives?
They are pocket shadows
Cast on the table of fable.



There is no harm
Now in the calm
Light of the moon
That shines not too soon
As the joy of the toy
Passes.

He is screaming the truth
Beaming and beautiful
At the thief in the night
The thief of grief and fright.

The truth is within
That pretty beam of light
The very light of the thief, so bright
Reflected back into his sight
Divested of its movement
Stilled by the sign of virtue
Of virtue, without judgment.



Stars within stars



The star is cast for the show
And cast like a dice
Is the shadow
Cast out so far

So far
The chocolate-box stars
And the stars within the stars
So far
Trapped in their wrappings,
Lost in their trappings
So far
Lost to you and I
To the inner eye
Like the joy of the toy
Is, so far, lost to the big boy

Not with hatred or sorrow
Not for the sake of tomorrow

But for a greater joy

For freedom

The only real freedom

Freedom from desire

Desire, the swirling ball of fire
That we take to be our life
When it is our greatest strife

And do not mourn for the star
It will shine anew, like the sun.
When our work is done
And the heart is at One
It will shine,
Shine to the Child of the Universe



The the dancing forest shadows
may find a seat
Where they and I may finally
meet
To be humbly made
Into peaceful shade
And to come to rest at His feet...

*The wisdom in the eye
Remember, remember
Greets the new passers by...*

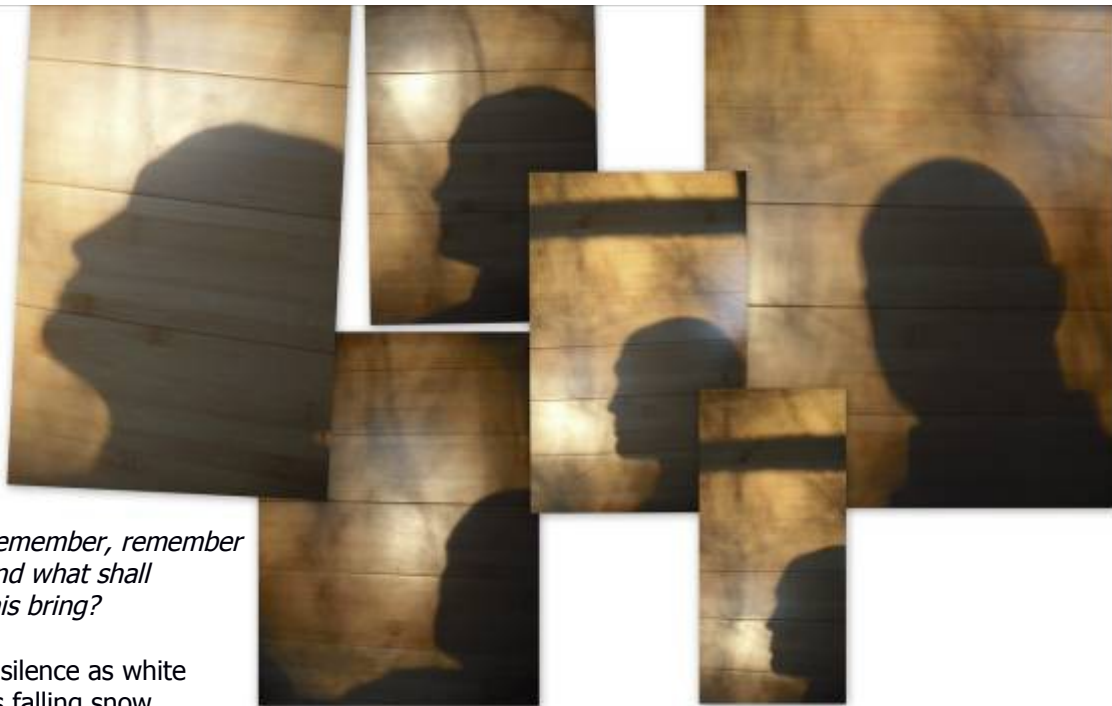
And a falling tone is steadied
On an open string
And a lake welcomes
A bubbling spring
And a velvet mantle is placed
Over a tiger's wing



*Remember, remember
And what shall
this bring?*

A silence as white
As falling snow
And a step as light
As a hamster's toe

*Remember, remember
With nowhere to go*





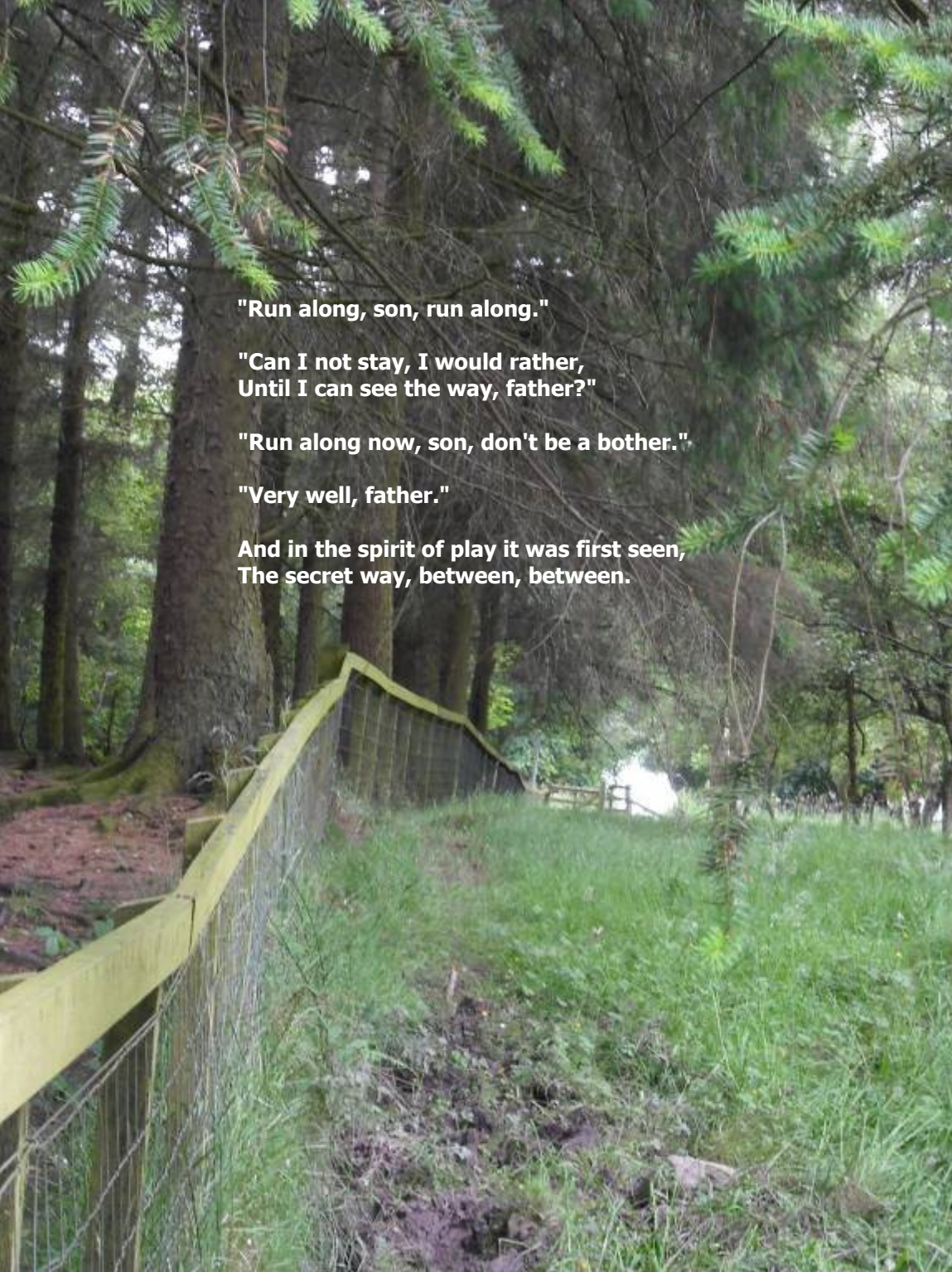
"Run along, son, run along."

**"Can I not stay, I would rather,
Until I can see the way, father?"**

"Run along now, son, don't be a bother."

"Very well, father."

**And in the spirit of play it was first seen,
The secret way, between, between.**

A photograph of a forest path. In the foreground, a wire fence with a wooden top rail runs diagonally from the bottom left towards the center. The path is covered in green grass and some fallen leaves. In the background, there are several tall evergreen trees, likely spruce or fir, with their branches and needles visible. The lighting is soft, suggesting an overcast day or a shaded forest.

"Run along, son, run along."

"Can I not stay, I would rather,
Until I can see the way, father?"

"Run along now, son, don't be a bother."

"Very well, father."

And in the spirit of play it was first seen,
The secret way, between, between.

Between

Between the glint of an eye
And the hint of a sigh

Between the smile
And the desperate plea

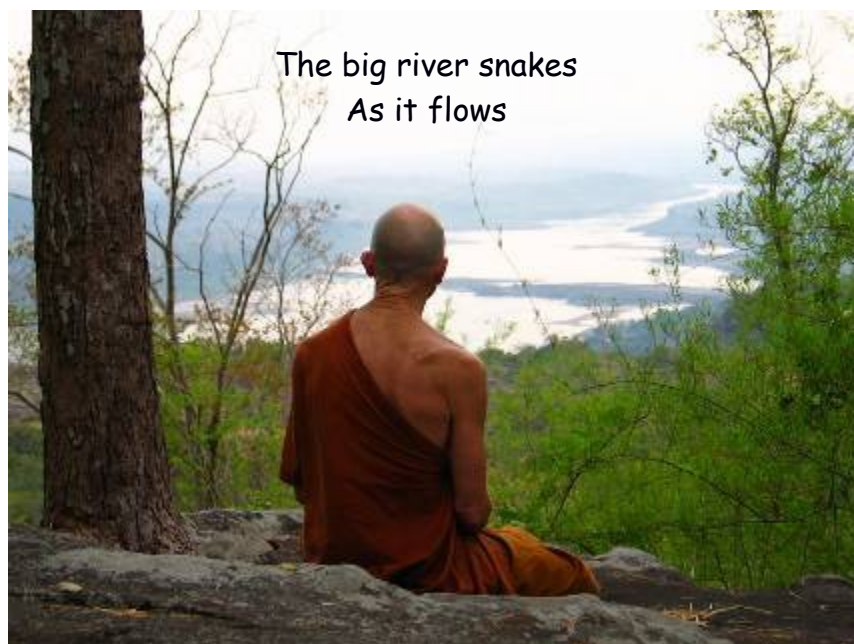
Between the nurturing field
And the freedom of the sea

Between Between Between



In the shade
And not the shadow
Opening the heart window
With wisdom

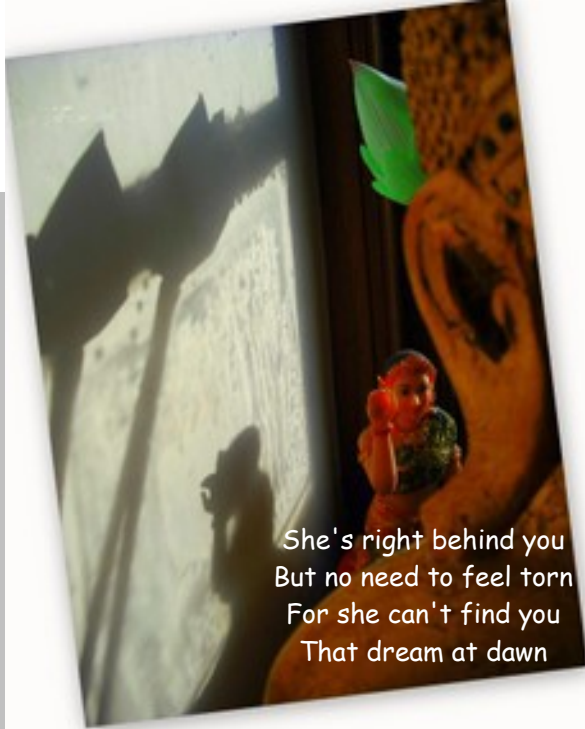




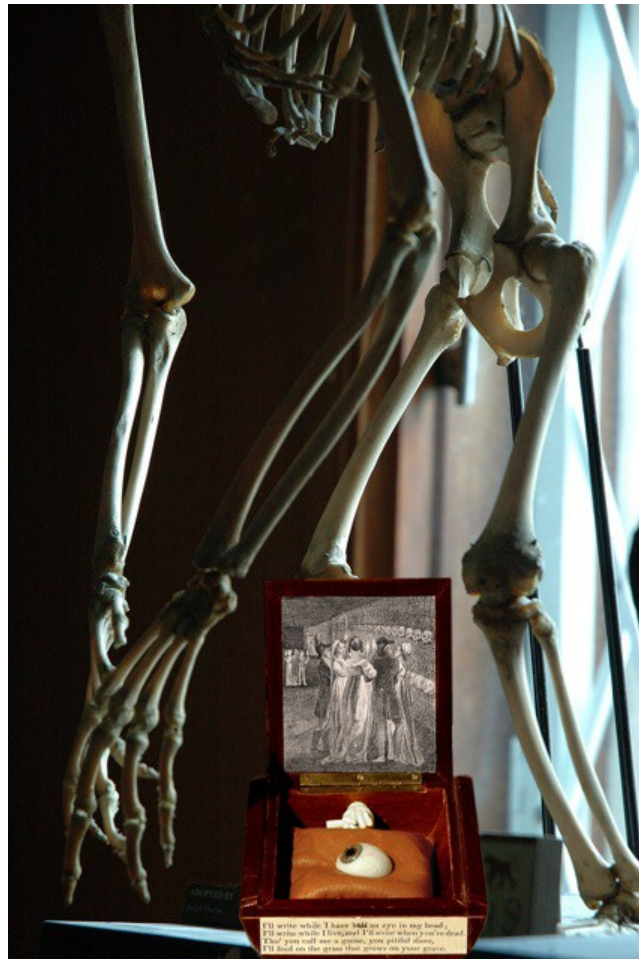
The small snake,
So still,
Knows what it knows



Sitting still
From his head to his toes
The monk calms the will
Until the knowing flows



We must lose our clanky bones
For a new home
But if we are wise
We can take our eyes
Not in a little box
Along with our socks
But into the skies





Coming and going

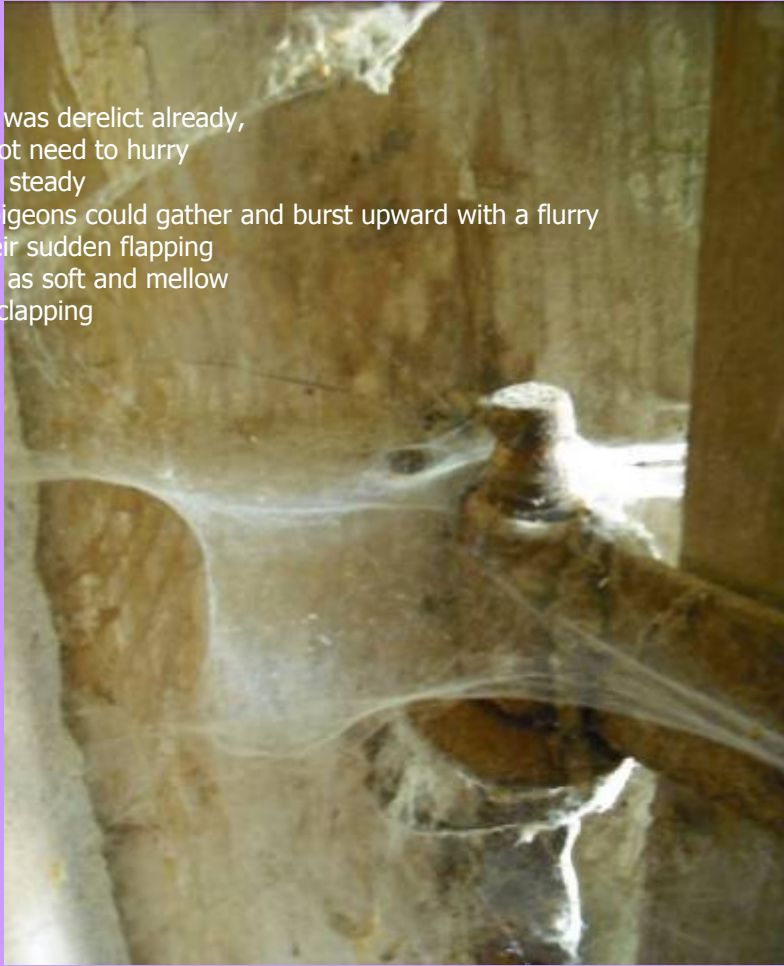




Seeing and knowing



The house was derelict already,
Time did not need to hurry
But remain steady
Then the pigeons could gather and burst upward with a flurry
So that their sudden flapping
May sound as soft and mellow
As distant clapping





Just as it seems
When old dreams,
Flying free from the quiet corners
Of hidden mourners
Call from afar and softly pass

And the grief closer at hand
Falls as quietly as the sand
Of the hour glass

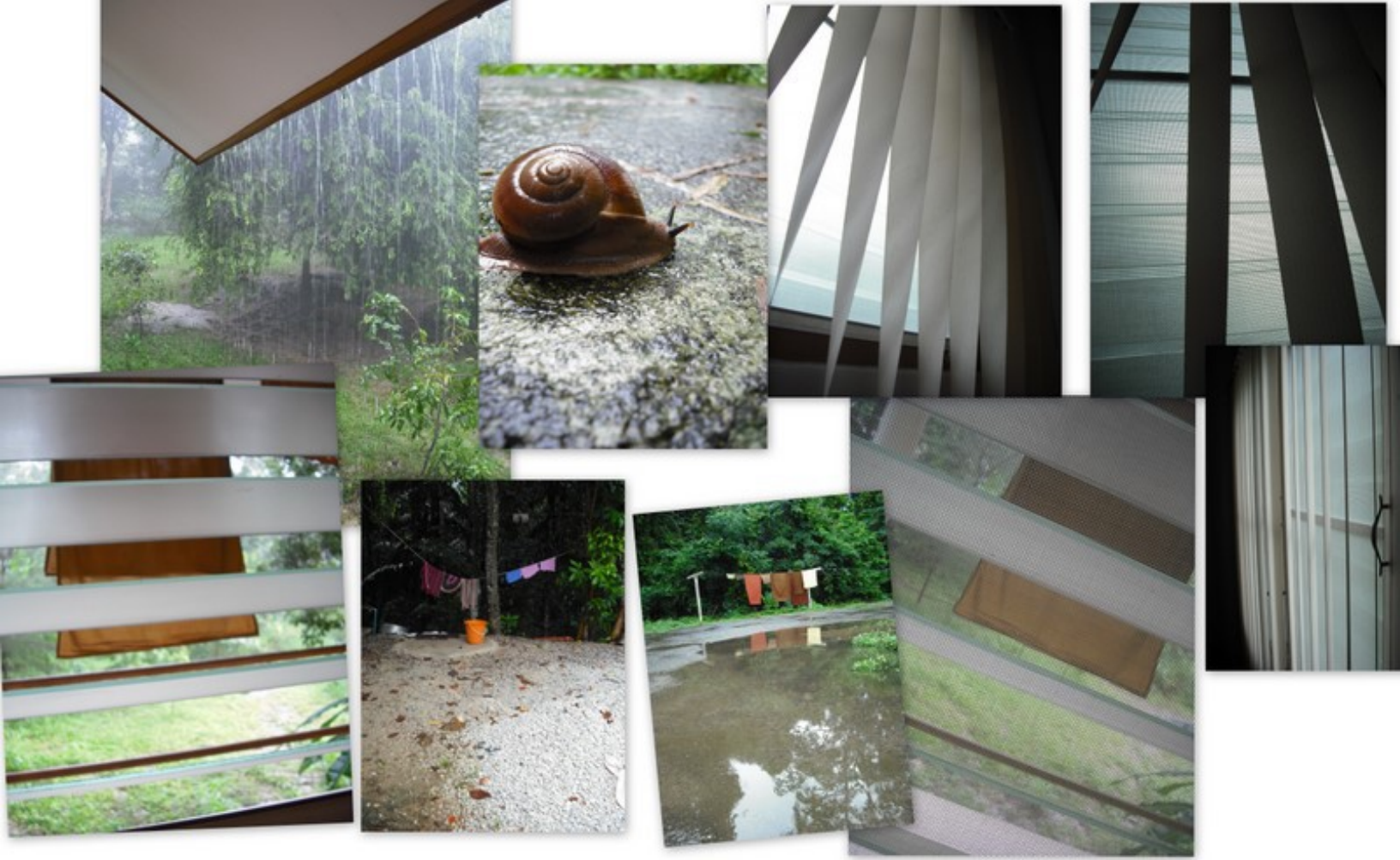
The deepest mourners
That crept into the corners
Never swept
Ever wept
Kept hidden
Forbidden



Could now be allowed
For the heart
no longer cowed
In the face of death



Seeing that face lie
The heart knowing it will not die
The awakened breath
Does not sigh



The tiny lights scatter
As the heavens open
And the water of life
Falls like a faithful wife

Yet the field of light is tame
And remains the same.

The eye is as soft as butter
As all the shutters flutter.
Does it all matter?



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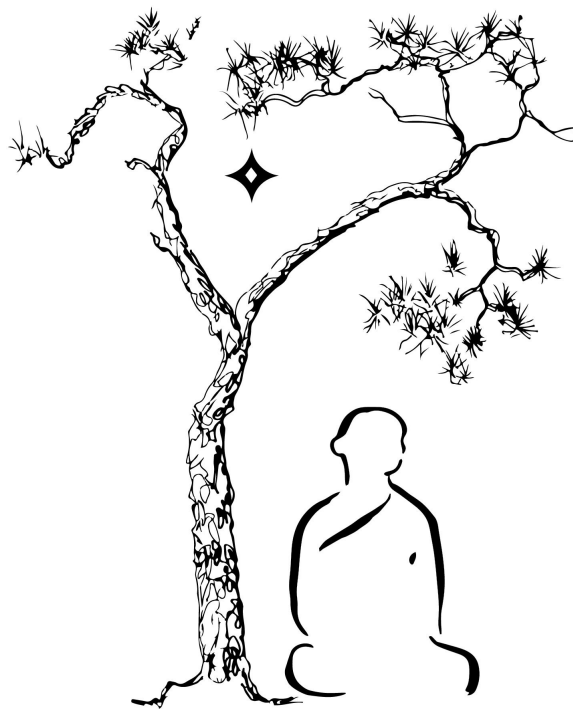
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Published in 2017 by:
Lokuttara Vihara, Skiptvet, Norway.
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Skiptvet Buddhist Monastery
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