


Snapshot Dhamma

Vol. V

- photos and poems by Ajahn Kalyāno

A photograph of a single white feather lying on a dark, wet wooden surface. The feather is covered in numerous small, clear water droplets that catch the light. The background consists of vertical wooden planks, some of which are also wet and reflective. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

Wet weather
Fallen feather
Chance, hand of ethereal sand
May gently gather
The jewel drops,
Catching the light
That glistens so white
That the fool stops

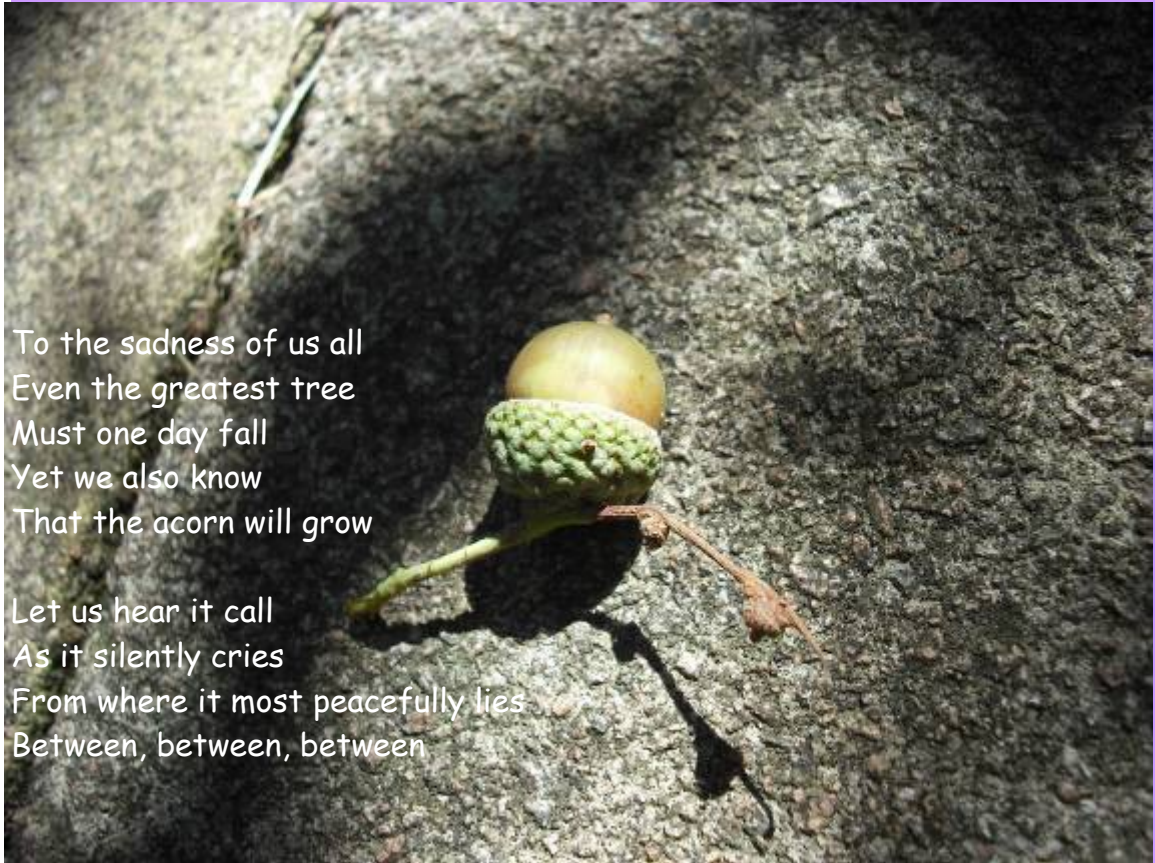
Stops to listen for a while
And a smile
In his flip-flops

Perhaps the snail
was too slow
But its shell
was left behind
Behind and below
To so beautifully
remind

Honor

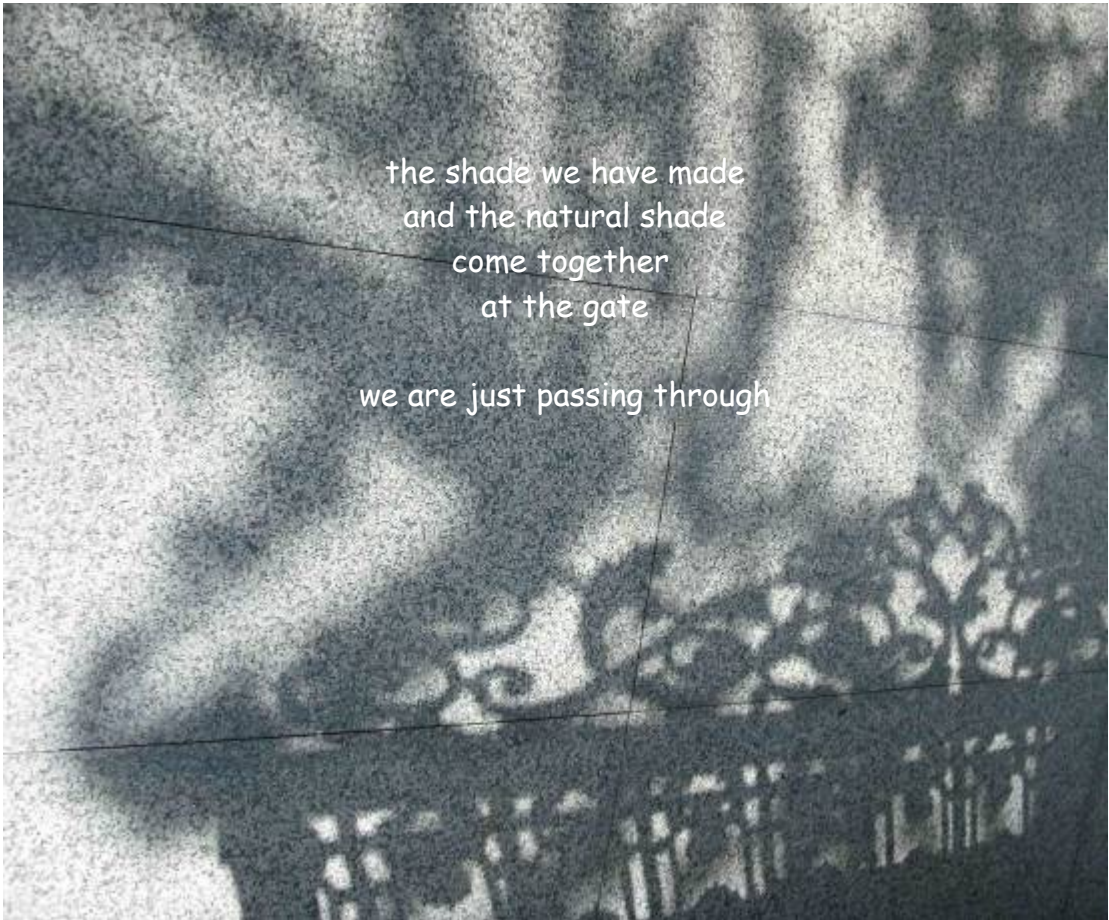
To open slowly
From the very center






To the sadness of us all
Even the greatest tree
Must one day fall
Yet we also know
That the acorn will grow

Let us hear it call
As it silently cries
From where it most peacefully lies
Between, between, between

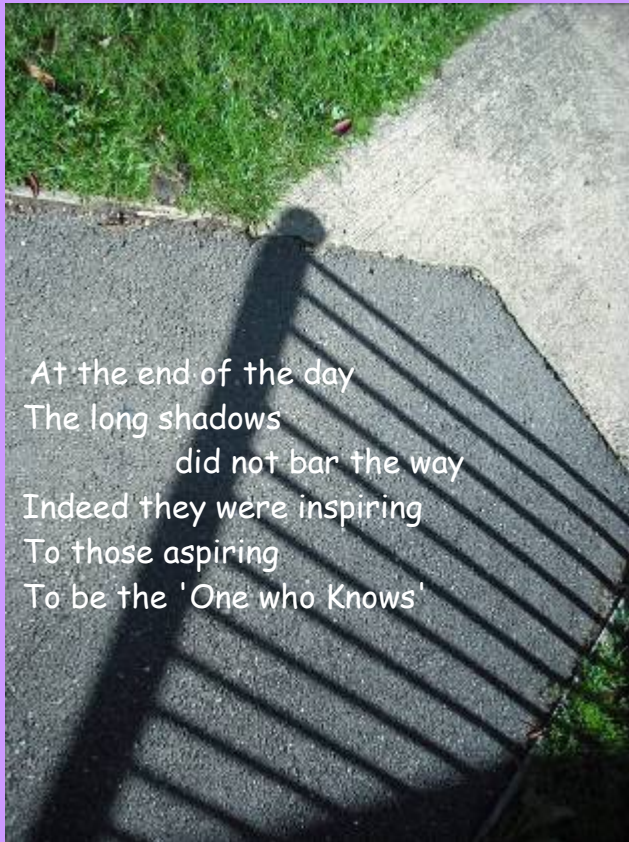
A black and white photograph of a textured wall, possibly concrete or stone. The wall is covered in shadows. In the lower half, there are distinct, dark shadows of a metal fence with vertical bars and decorative scrollwork. Above the fence, there are softer, more diffused shadows that appear to be from trees or bushes. The overall lighting is dramatic, with strong contrasts between light and shadow.

the shade we have made
and the natural shade
come together
at the gate

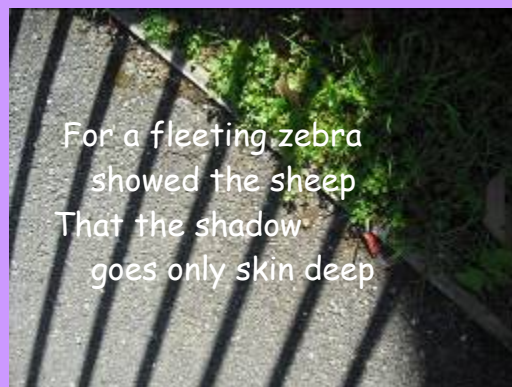
we are just passing through



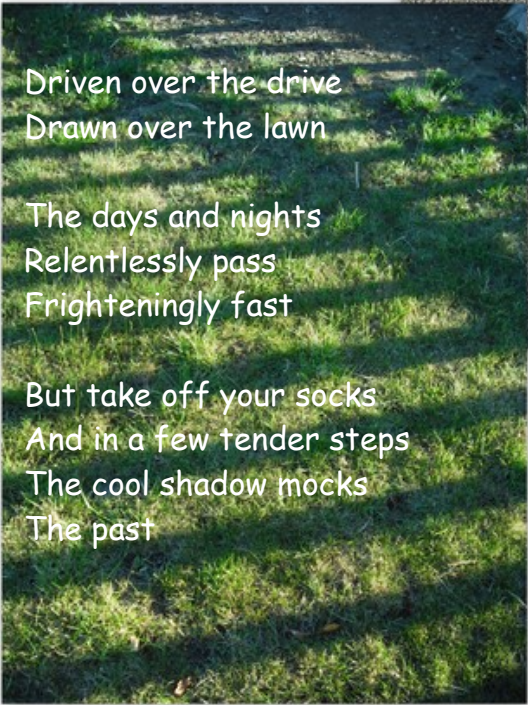
Before the day that is right
Has to surrender, with its flag so white
To the black of night
At the end of the day
The miracle occurs
And the softest grey
Silently purrs
Between, between, between



At the end of the day
The long shadows
 did not bar the way
Indeed they were inspiring
To those aspiring
To be the 'One who Knows'



For a fleeting zebra
 showed the sheep
That the shadow
 goes only skin deep



Driven over the drive
Drawn over the lawn

The days and nights
Relentlessly pass
Frighteningly fast

But take off your socks
And in a few tender steps
The cool shadow mocks
The past





Autumn leaves
Wishing to last
Past the shadows, softly cast
Are almost furnished
With copper, softly burnished
But never quite
The parallel beseeching
Only reaching
As far as the inner light

But the beauty of trying
Is the beauty of dying
into that light
Which is itself beyond time
Won for us by the alchemy of angels, sublime

Worth nothing,
It was the prize of the wise,
The magic ring

For the heart opened, opened
With a clang not a cling

As he did not cling
To the magic ring

And opening, opening
Was the angel's wing.

And in life there was death,
Right there in the living breath,
And that death was everlasting life,
And beyond all strife
Yet at One,
And always just begun

And let the magic sing,
Just for fun.

It sang not to sing
It rang not to ring
The magic ring
Of suffering.



The secret agent was on the run,
Just for fun.

It was getting late

And it seemed that this was the only gate

Leading out of this alley, this fate

Yet looking now at the fence

There was an escape

Right now, not in some time hence

Taking its shape

There was a sign

Green, alive, benign

Of the light of love

From up above, divine



And the
special

agent was
special no
more
Finding his
feet firmly
planted on
the floor



And the
special
agent was
an agent
no more
But
opening
the
Dharma
door

Found his
reflective
voice
And the
miracle of
free
choice

Against the grain





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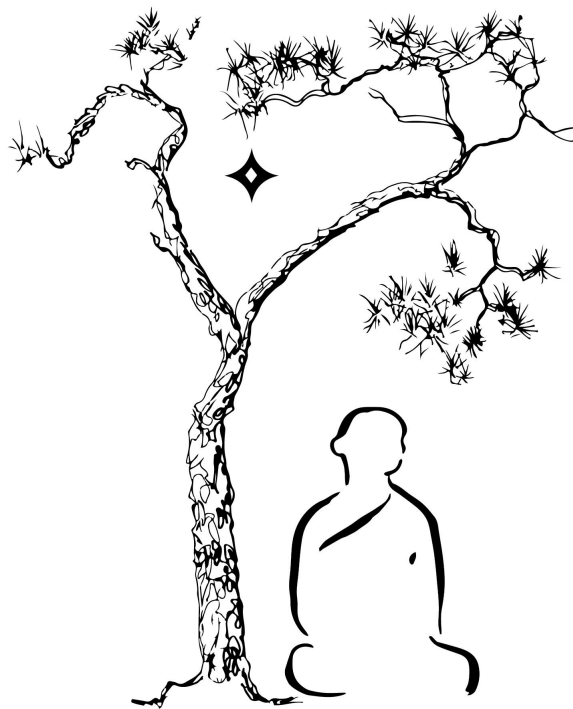
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