

Snapshot Dhamma

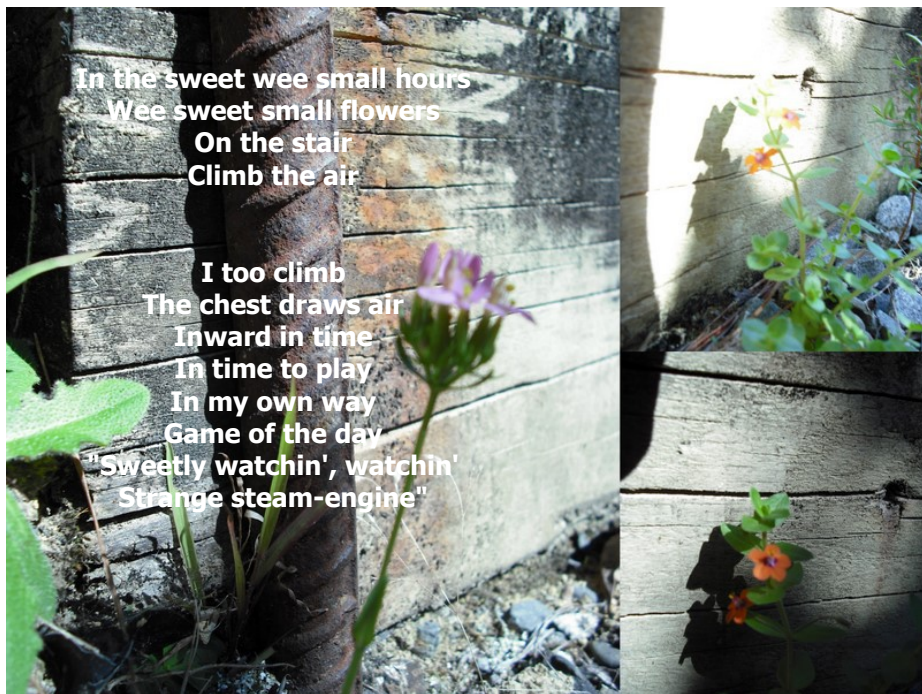
Vol. VI

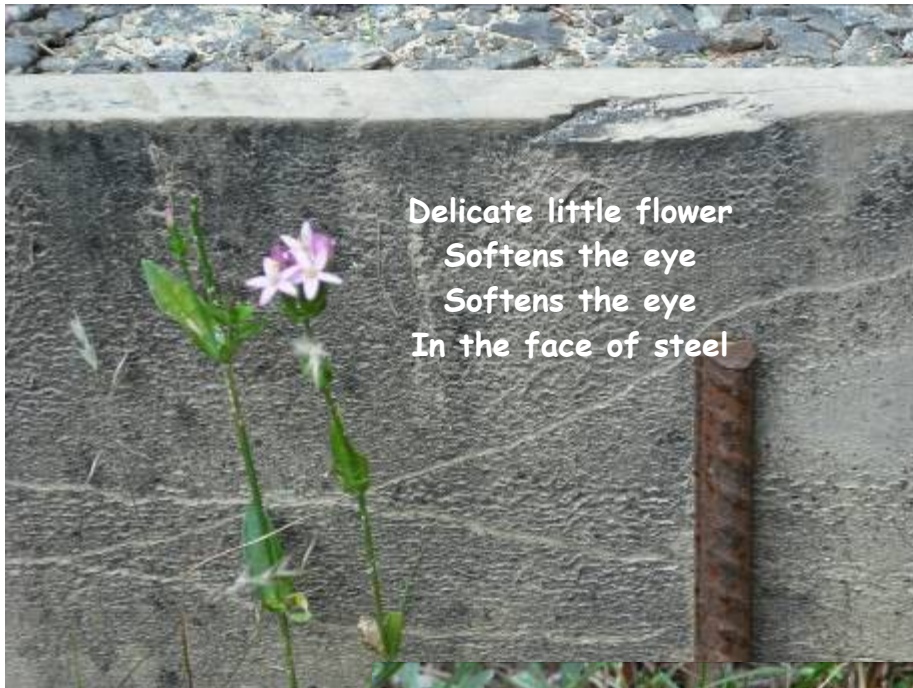
- photos and poems by Ajahn Kalyāno

The Buddha conducts a silent symphony
Of secret tones
With shadow branch bones

A dear requiem of sight
That reveals beloved light
To be caught
Beyond thought





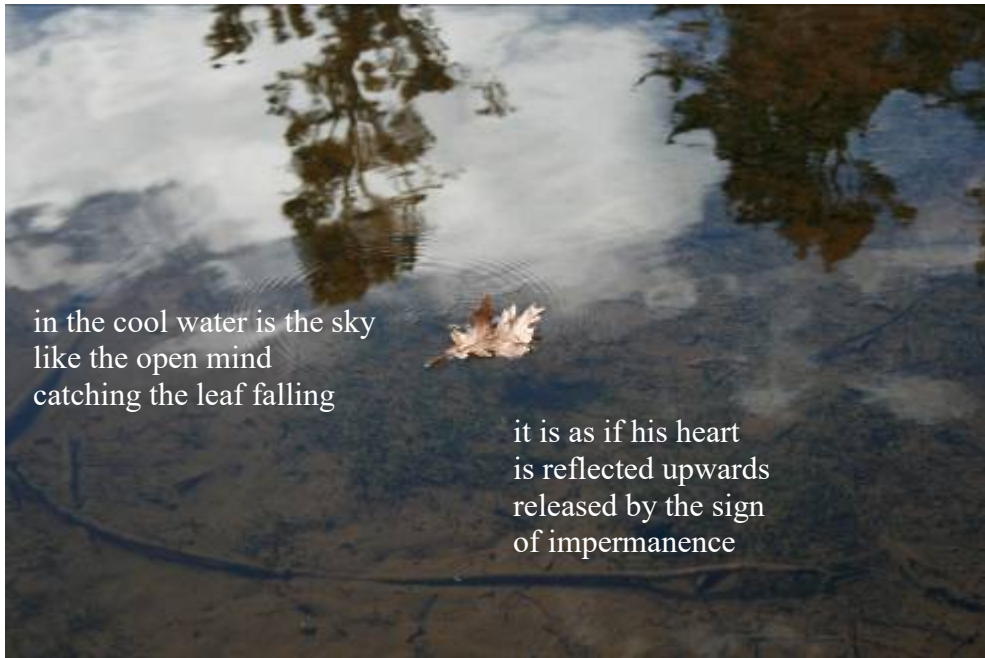


Delicate little flower
Softens the eye
Softens the eye
In the face of steel



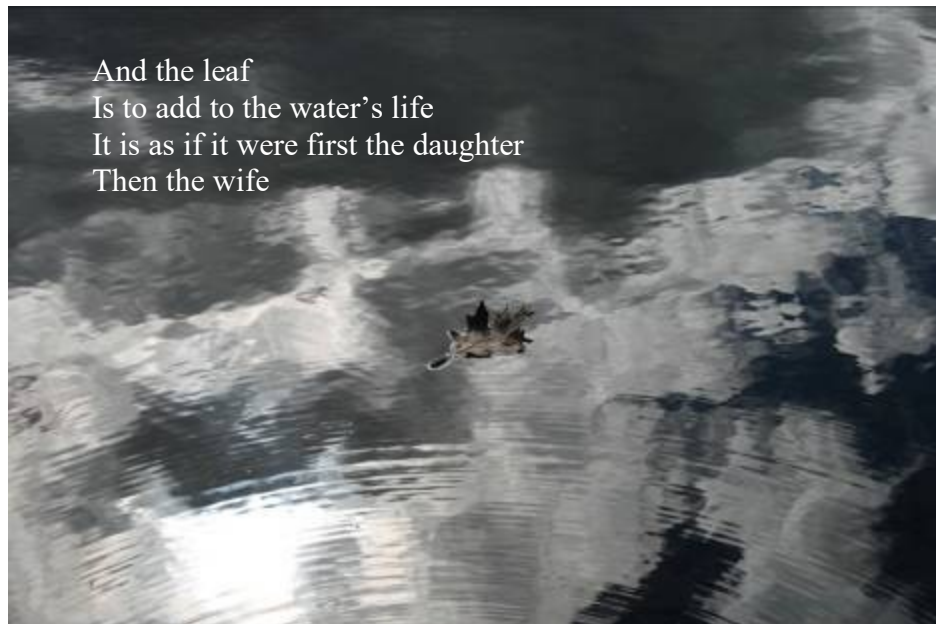
Delicate little flower
Brightens the eye
Brightens the eye
In the face of death

Fallen Leaf



in the cool water is the sky
like the open mind
catching the leaf falling

it is as if his heart
is reflected upwards
released by the sign
of impermanence



And the leaf
Is to add to the water's life
It is as if it were first the daughter
Then the wife

and when the water, the heart and the leaf were One
nothing was ever done
nothing was ever said
nothing was ever alive or dead



He couldn't love her more

The leaves had fallen into the puddle
That was natural
But he couldn't love her any more

He was leaving in a muddle
That was natural
He couldn't love her any more

And he couldn't love her more

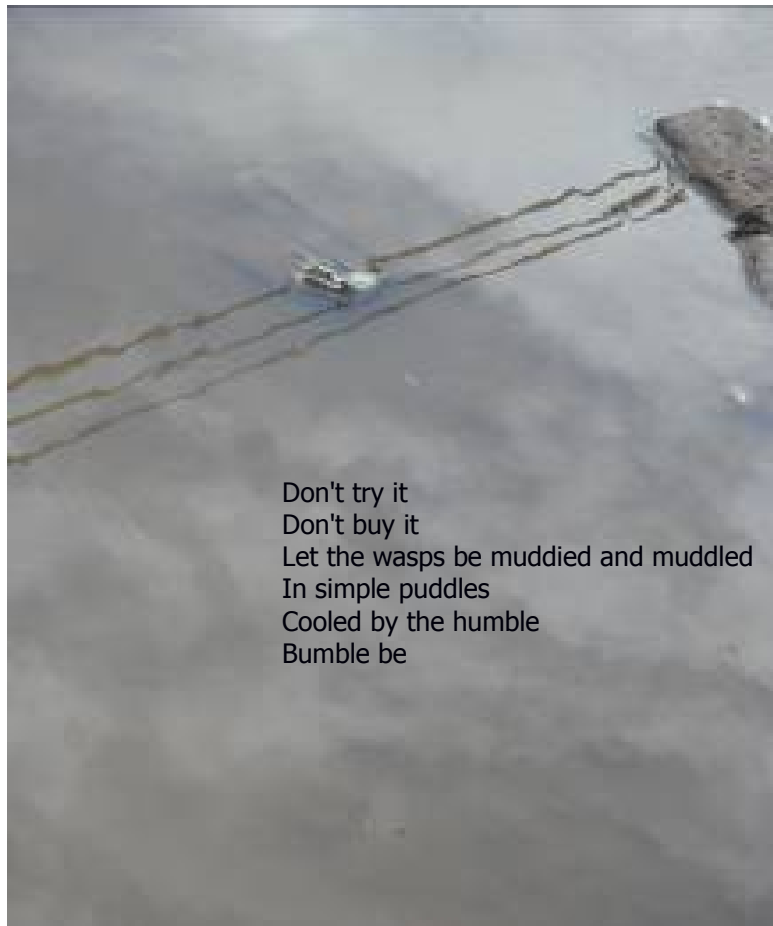




Danger, danger, danger
Wasp wires
To feed the desires
Wasp wires
For hire

Higher and higher
Thicker and quicker
Danger, danger
Wasp wires
For hire

Parasitic
Paralytic
Wasp wires
For hire



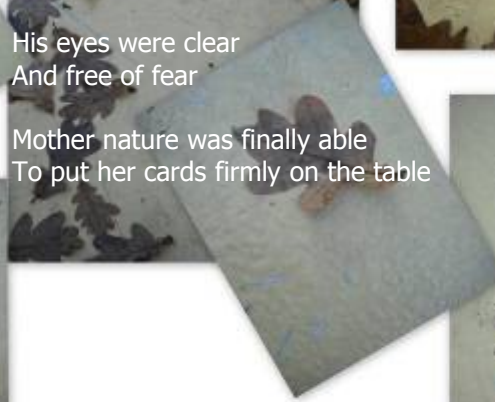
Don't try it
Don't buy it
Let the wasps be muddied and muddled
In simple puddles
Cooled by the humble
Bumble be



His heart was calm
And beyond harm

His eyes were clear
And free of fear

Mother nature was finally able
To put her cards firmly on the table



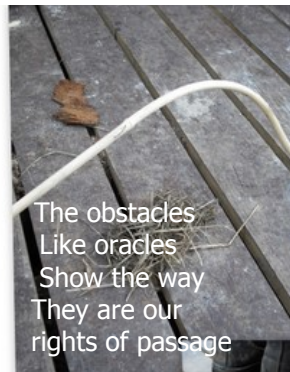


The leaf is swept
Sees the shadow
The tree has not wept
Sees the shadow
Neither has the sweeper

Falling awake is the sleeper
Sees the shadow

And standing not apart
Calm is the heart
That sees the shadow

Passages just vary
Some are easy
Some are scary



If eating is optional
If shelter and medicine is optional
If survival is optional
Then work is optional
Stress is optional
Suffering is optional



It is all optional
If we are willing to die

Willing to living off
Only the free stuff
To be free



Soon they would no longer be apart
The great escape
Was taking shape
In the heart
As wisdom bones

They knew that when wisdom finally cut the tether
They would again be together
This time forever



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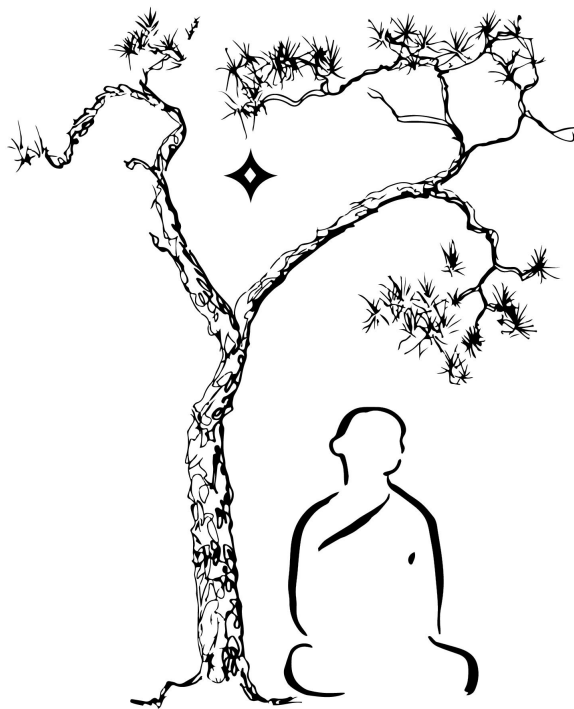
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