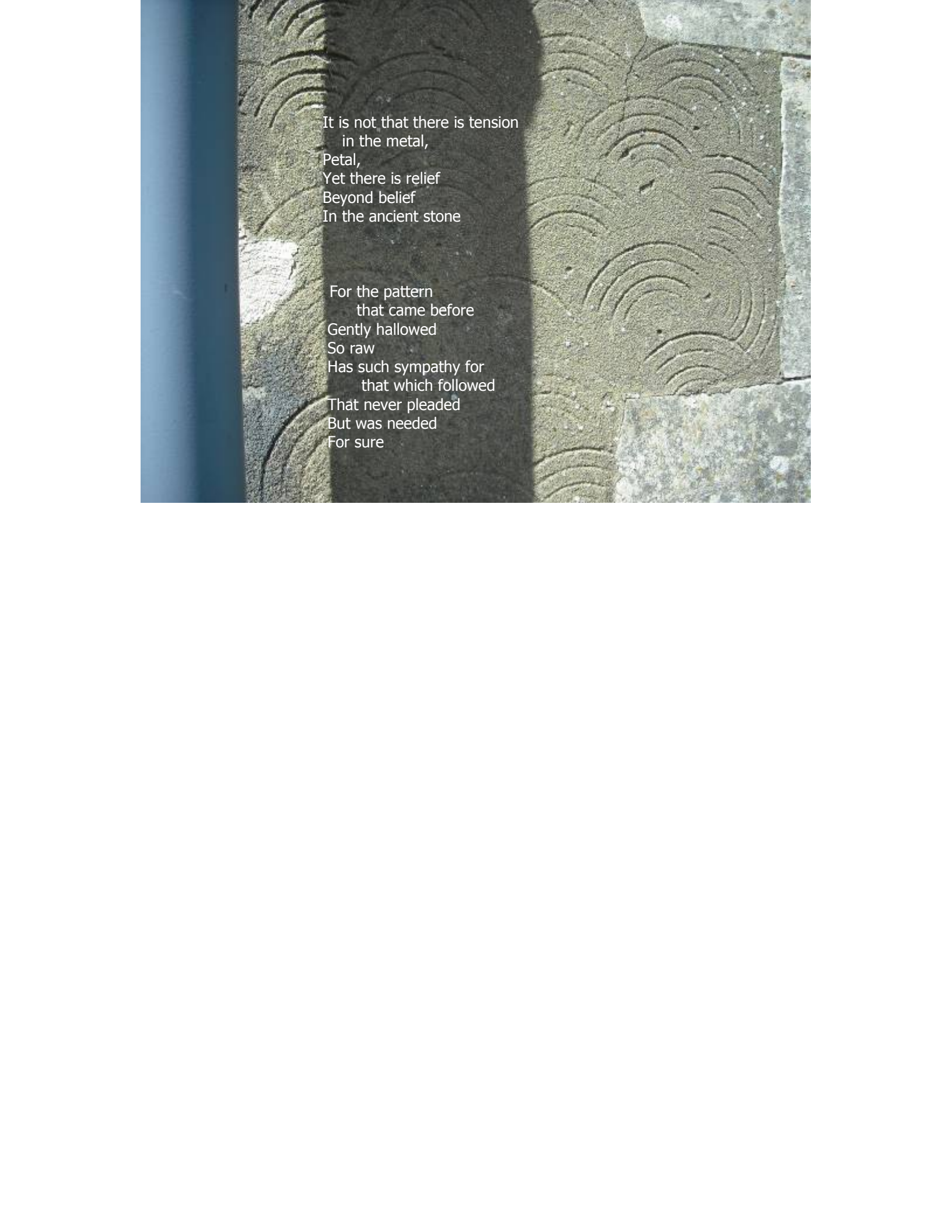


Snapshot Dhamma

Vol. VII

- photos and poems by Ajahn Kalyāno



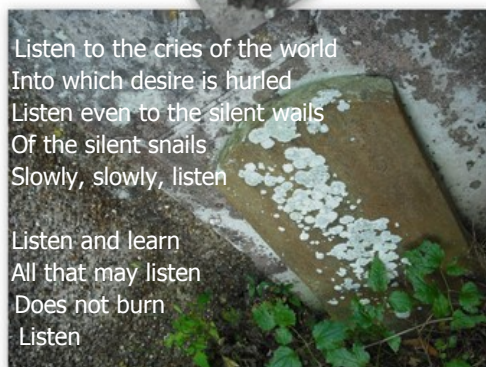
It is not that there is tension
in the metal,
Petal,
Yet there is relief
Beyond belief
In the ancient stone

For the pattern
that came before
Gently hallowed
So raw
Has such sympathy for
that which followed
That never pleaded
But was needed
For sure

Let me love you



Let me love you
Love you to death
Praise you
And raise you
To the skies
Until you are full of shame
Over all the lies
And die beneath a cloud of blame
For being too real
And feeling how you bloody well feel



The rust collector



In the autumn of life
After the wife

After the child
Meek and mild
Trust, trust the rust collector



Trust the keeper of bones
And faded blue tones
Trust the cool
Keeper of the Rule
Which shall remain
Beyond the pain
Unchallenged



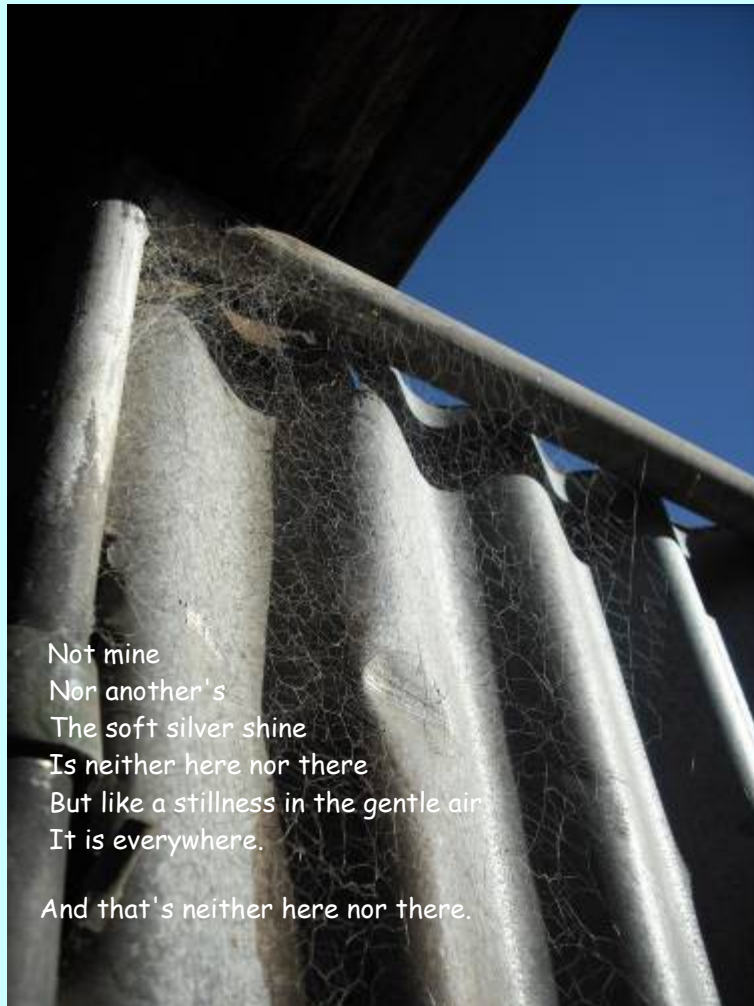
Spiky, not black
Black, not spiky
Are together
Neither black nor spiky



But unfolding
Naturally unfolding

Crikey





Not mine
Nor another's
The soft silver shine
Is neither here nor there
But like a stillness in the gentle air
It is everywhere.

And that's neither here nor there.

The mirror was warped and cracked

Charred, it seemed,
was the very fire of desire



"Nothing can yield
Like an open field
Go there and you
may find yourself,"
he said.





Found
Are the roots in the ground
Now reach high
Into the sky



In the shadow of death

Touching the feeble air
Of the feeble breath
Here I stand
In the shadow of death



Here I stand
In the air
In the air that doesn't
care
Never to land
In the shadow of death



Turning
Turning to Him
With their winged ears, listening,
From within they are glistening.

All together and all the same
They are turning back from whence they came.
The devas of each direction -
North, South, East and West
Have found the end of their quest
At the feet of our dearest Lord.

Humbled beneath his great wisdom sword
They make themselves as nought
Despite their royal robes of the Highest Court.

The Devas are guarded by their crowns.
Beneath their faces are forever free of frowns
As they, in their turn, guard the Lord.

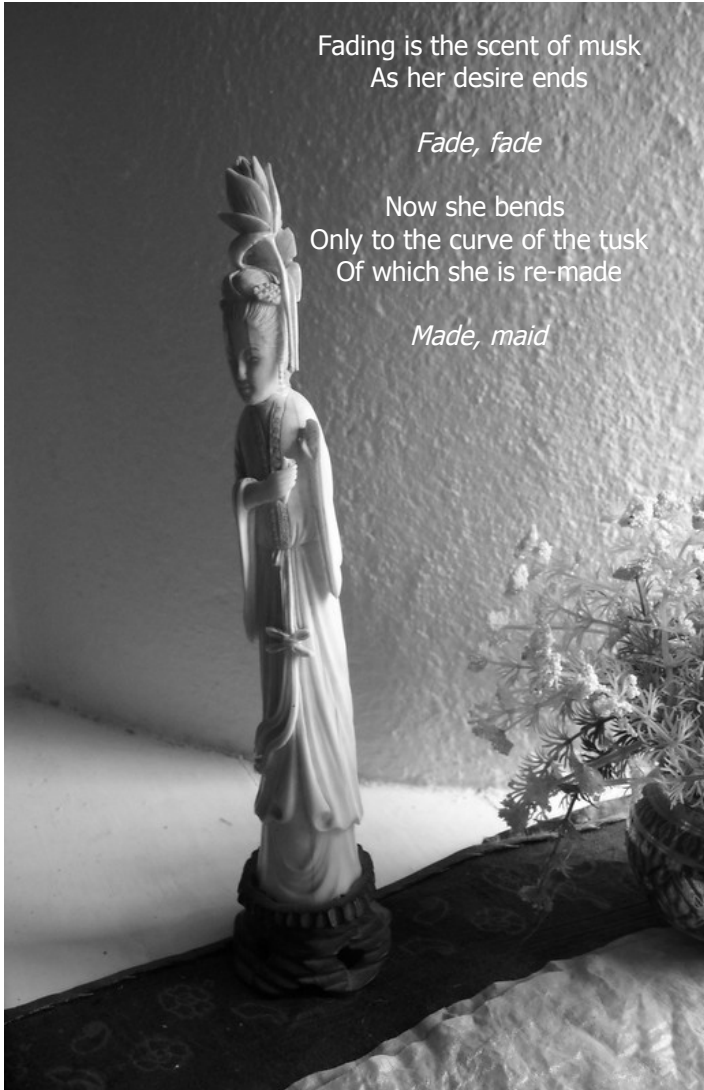
Wishing all things well
Each holds a holy shell,
Gathered by the knowledge of time and tide,
By which they declare His majesty, far and wide.

Fading is the scent of musk
As her desire ends

Fade, fade

Now she bends
Only to the curve of the tusk
Of which she is re-made

Made, maid





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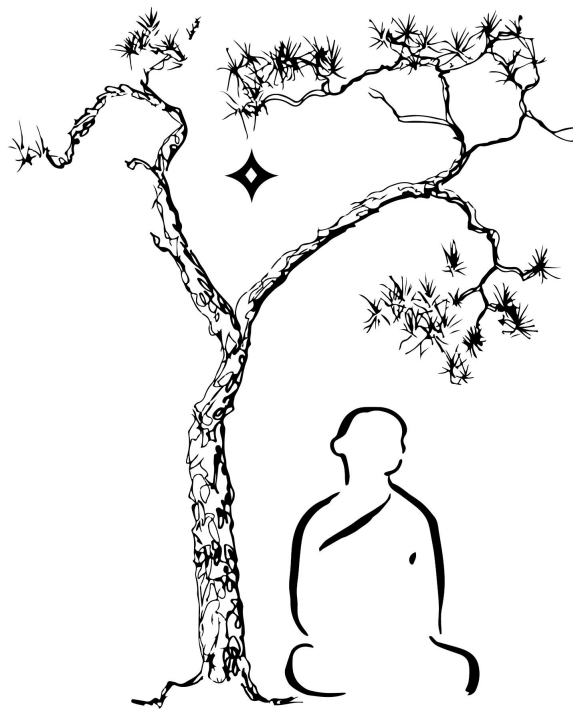
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