

# Snapshot Dhamma

Vol. IX

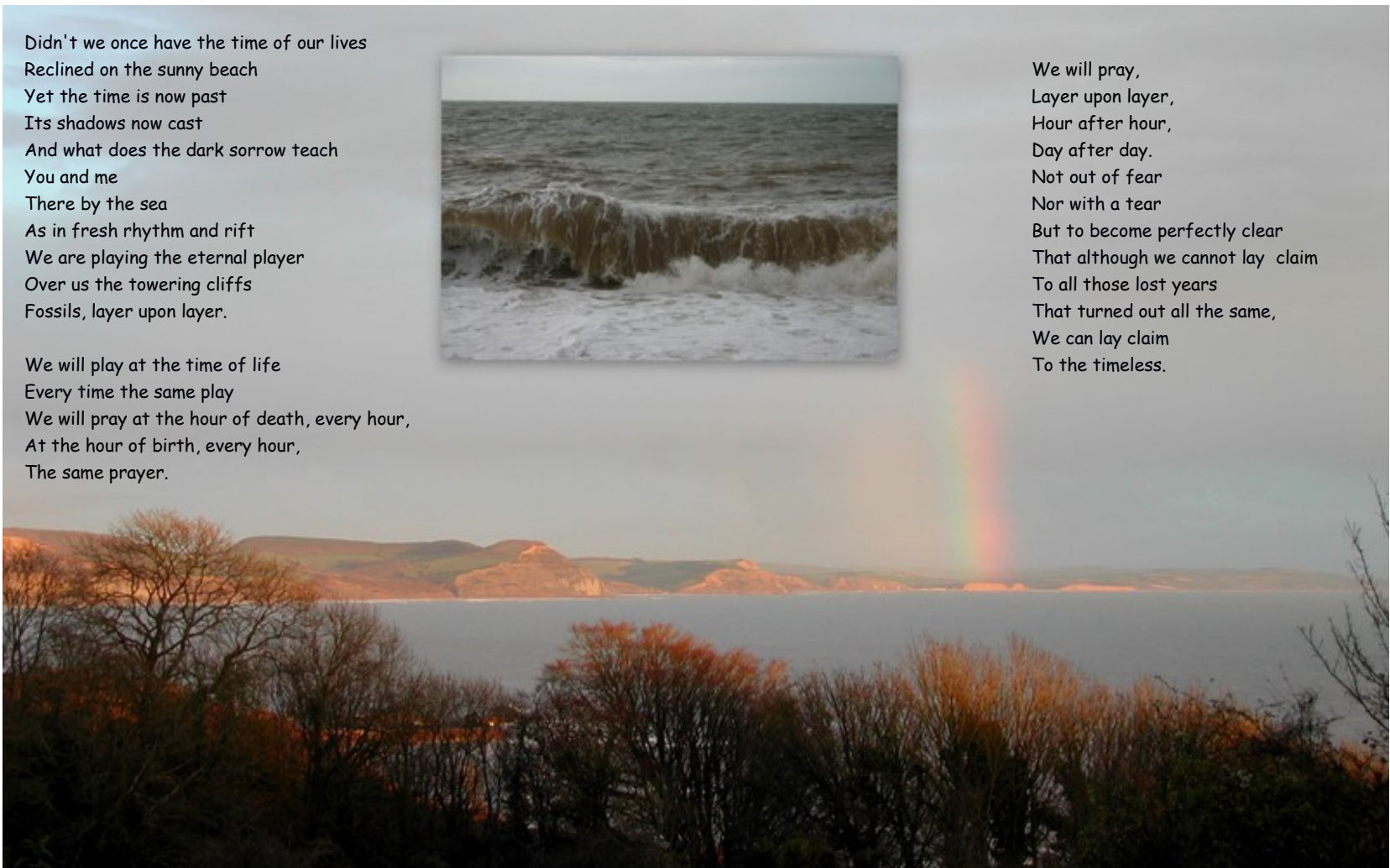
- photos and poems by Ajahn Kalyāno

Didn't we once have the time of our lives  
Reclined on the sunny beach  
Yet the time is now past  
Its shadows now cast  
And what does the dark sorrow teach  
You and me  
There by the sea  
As in fresh rhythm and rift  
We are playing the eternal player  
Over us the towering cliffs  
Fossils, layer upon layer.

We will play at the time of life  
Every time the same play  
We will pray at the hour of death, every hour,  
At the hour of birth, every hour,  
The same prayer.



We will pray,  
Layer upon layer,  
Hour after hour,  
Day after day.  
Not out of fear  
Nor with a tear  
But to become perfectly clear  
That although we cannot lay claim  
To all those lost years  
That turned out all the same,  
We can lay claim  
To the timeless.

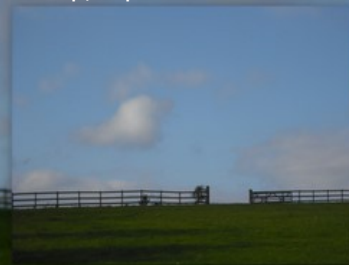


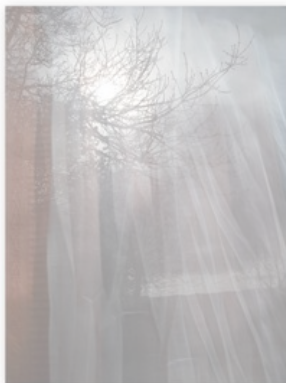


There goes the shadow train  
Finding its way  
Along the shadow track

Carrying the shadow pain  
Out of the way  
Click, clack, click, clack

The shadow pain  
Of the sunny day  
That comes  
Before the rain  
Tip, tap

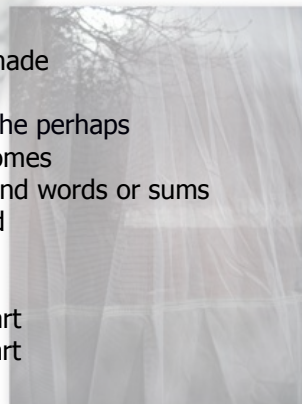




Perhaps truth can be contained  
In the sunny day  
Or in the day it rained  
Or in the book  
Where we can all look

Perhaps it can be put in a cage  
Beautifully made  
By the professional sage  
And kept in the shadow, not in the shade

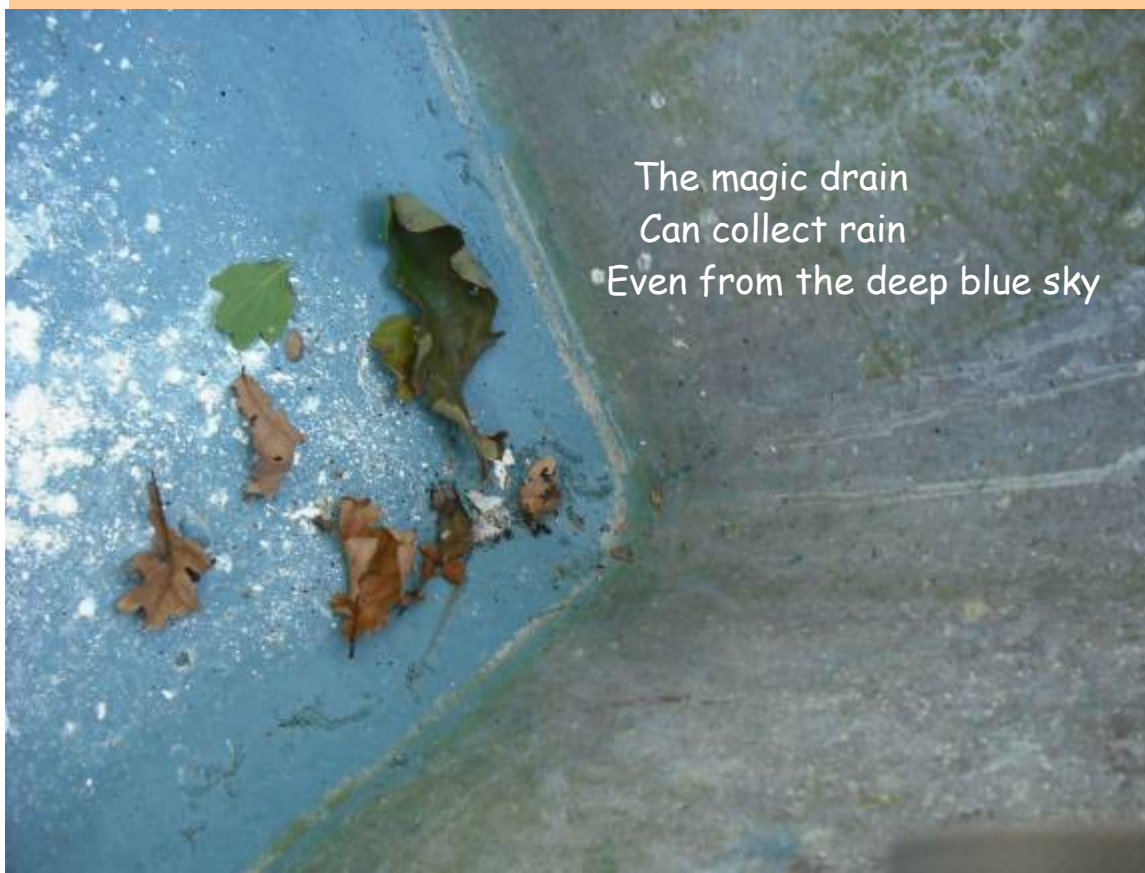
But the collapse of the perhaps  
The freedom that comes  
From the truth beyond words or sums  
Cannot be contained  
Tricked or stained  
Sold or even told  
For it was never apart  
From the purest heart  
In the first place  
Fish face.







If with no surprise  
The rain shall rise  
Like tears that learn to fly



The magic drain  
Can collect rain  
Even from the deep blue sky

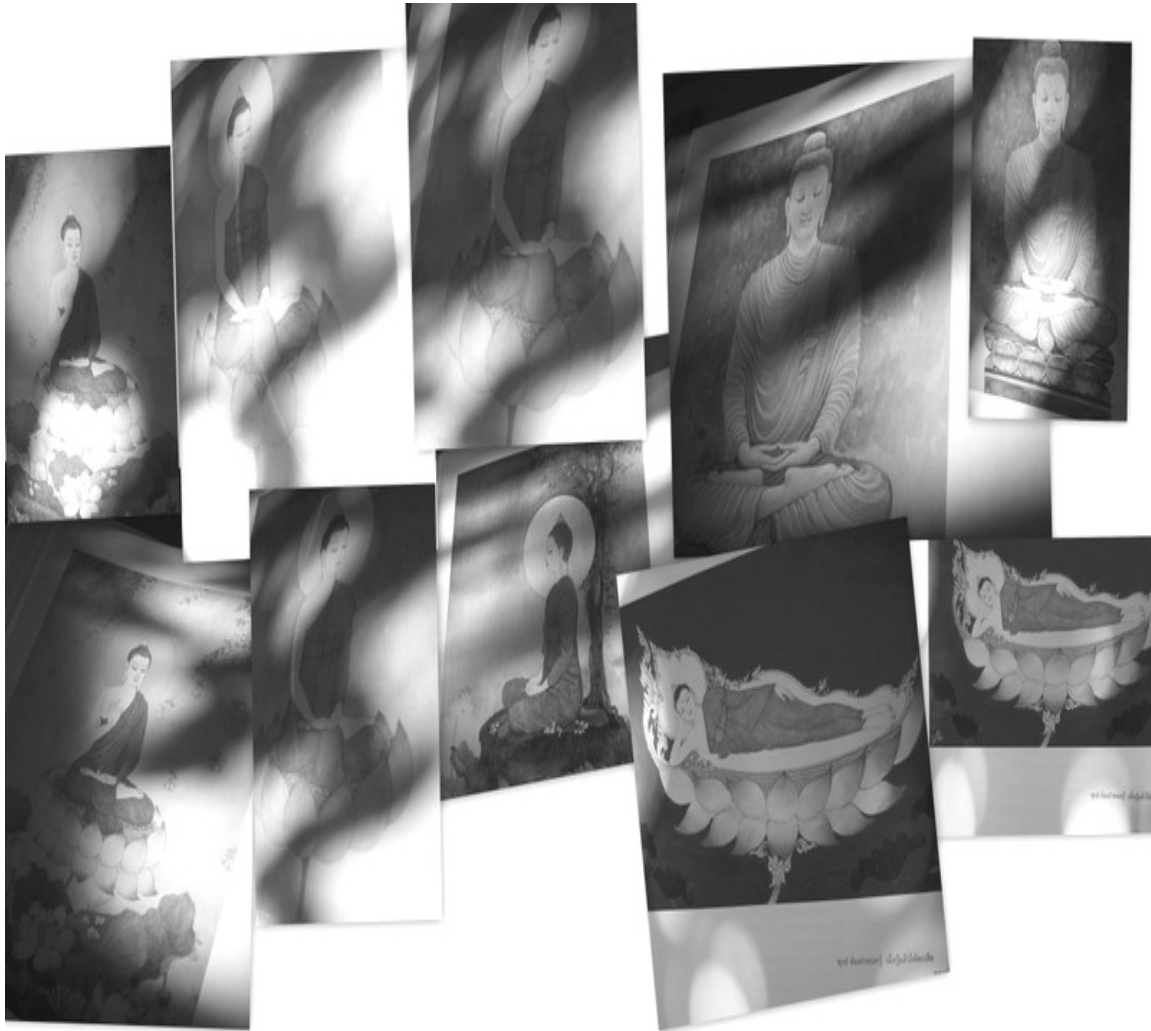


Sinking in circles and cycles  
The Impressionists  
Deconstruct those terrible lists  
Providing harmless exercise  
For the cursed mental cyclists





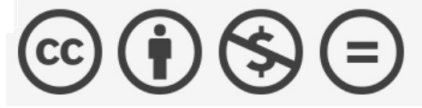
the red, white and blue  
of our old flag,  
of me and you  
will fall apart  
one day  
in such a way  
that it will no longer  
obstruct the heart



Taking a long winter look  
At the pictures in the book  
It was though something had cleared.  
It was as if an extra dimension had appeared.

Cast by simple shadows it was not weird  
Yet in this direction  
There was a suggestion  
That if the shadows were dispelled  
The pictures held  
To the light of the heart  
That I would no longer see  
From a place apart,  
The picture truly living in me  
And I, living to be art.





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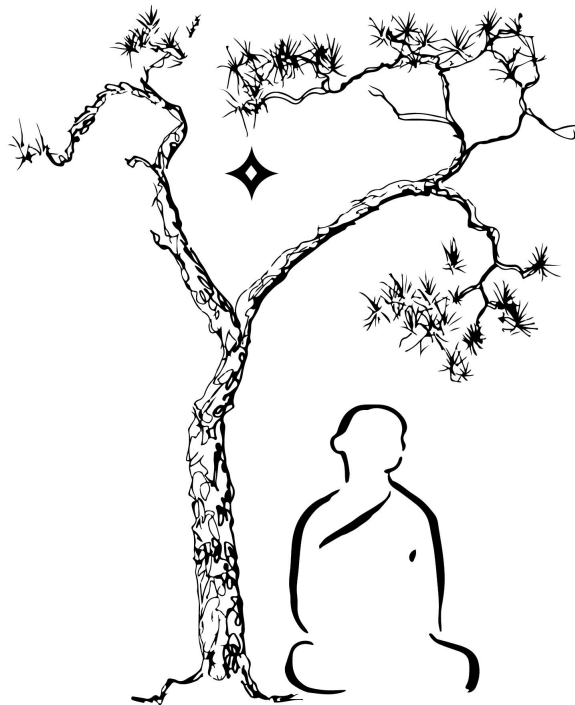
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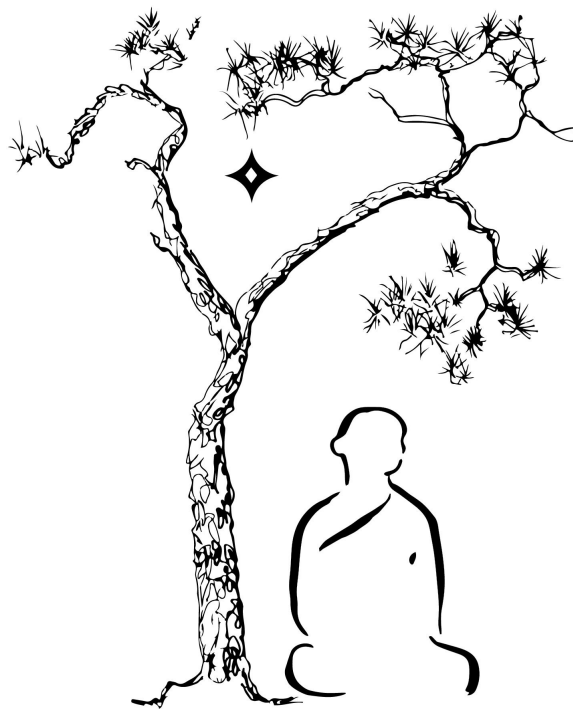
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