

The First Sermon



By: Ajahn Kalyāno

Part I

Singing by the fire
Exiled by desire
Telling no lie
Getting by
Pale yellow
Humble and mellow

The monk entered
Sure footed, centred

Senses composed
Yet never closed

Limbs controlled
Glowing like gold

Sitting as still as stone
Balancing bone upon bone

Gathering royal purple
Into a sacred circle
Of friends

His view was heard
Not holding to the word
But delighting in the spirit of his eyes
Noble and wise.

Birth, death and liberation



Born to a shadow
Cast from the first step

Quickly we must learn
Or we will be worn to a shadow
By words of concern
In response to our frights
Demanding our rights
When we have none

Instead let us chant our holy rites
All along, until the last,
If they are wise
As our prize
No shadow will be cast

Nor need we mourn for the shadow
When it passes away
But may greet the light of day.

Taking responsibility



When we are born
Our feet do not even know they are feet
We teach their impassive meat
With the hard, unforgiving street.

They meet the test
With calluses and all the rest
They never complain
For the pain
Is not theirs.
We alone suffer for we give ourselves airs
In our dreams of flight
There in the craving of conceited sight
That fights with the pain
Again and again.

And we never learn
While the passions burn.
For when pain turns to pleasure
In a moment of leisure
We descend from our dreams above
To fall back in love.

Surely the callus isn't that of a bird
Yet our dreams are so absurd
As the toenails of eligible young girls
Turn into exquisite pearls.

So is the heart's rise and fall
As it tries to run free and hits the wall
Until lastly when the feet are to die
We whimper and cry.

Even when they die
The feet will not cry
Not knowing they are feet no more.
Yet even beyond death's door
We may mourn and cry
Until our dreams again find our feet
In another new prison of meat.

If we would only accept our plight
It would be no prison to wisdom's sight
Detached from the fleshly lair
The spirit will be as light as air
Peaceful and tame, no longer wild
Finding the dream of the milder child
The spirit is free
Free just to be.

Perhaps then the foot may speak to the child, so mild
Perhaps then it will ask why
It cannot fly
"Patience my friend", says the child
"The answer lies
Just around the bend.
Feet turn to maggots and maggots to flies
In their own sweet time."

So shed not a tear
Do not fear
Yet take this truth, not just as an idea
But as an unyielding purpose
To find a way out of the circus
Or we will be trampled by our own desire
Burned over and over in its funereal fire...

Humility's discipline

So don't scratch that feeling
However appealing.
You'll only make it worse
Until it becomes a curse.

*Down there excitation, swirling vibration
Down there feeling's memories moving fast
Down there making stories
Voices from the past
Down there desire unwary
So far down, so scary*

*Don't look down
No need
They will rise up to meet us
In their own time to greet us*

*Looking on ahead, awake
Will dispel the bouncy ghosts of habits
Harmless as fluffy little rabbits*

*Then down there will be the body, pure and simple
Imperfect with its pimples
Smiling with its dimples
Chasing goodness to be gained
Loving to be tamed and trained*

Only hollowness gropes
In the twilight of feeling
The shadow that falls
Between hope and touch
That falls so much.

Blind touch that follows desire
Is like smoke after fire
The emotion chocking
And only for lack of response.

Listen to and watch feeling's craving cries
Without getting caught in its lies
(Or you'll buzz black and trapped
Like indoor flies).

The passions are out

Dark and poisonous
But at least they are out
Not hiding in the heart
Like a languorous leopard

The heart is also out
Bright and luminous
The battle can rage in full view of the sage
He will fight to the death
Armed with the softest breath
To win a calm space

Then he will look beyond, through the window
There where truth is growing
Where light permeates shadow
The light of knowing.

However far away it seems
From feeling's turbulent dreams
This knowing is never apart
From the peace of the heart.

If the marks of our kith and kin
Are known as merely hair, nails, teeth and skin
Then with a simple smile and dimples
With sympathy for pimples
It is so easy to cure this human condition.

Without the fire of desire,
Without jostling for position,
All it needs is simple care
Of skin, teeth, nails and hair
Humbly bumbling through
Doing our time in the human zoo.

Forget your humble little toes
And delusion will get up your nose
The devil's mind
Black and unkind
Will make you blind.

Remember your feet
Meet the ground, so sound
The demons cannot arise
And trick you with their lies.

These shifting dreams are much tougher.
They can really make us suffer.

Reality is secure
Until the final cure
Of its natural end, my friend.
When we are mature
We will see that we only borrowed form.
With a life that's warm
And (inconveniently) wet
We have paid our debt
And may move on.

Taking the spirit we gather into reality
(With which we overcome the elements)
Beyond death's stark finality
To find, right in this very place
The everlasting, holy space
Of grace.

For patience is near at hand
No nearer
As quick as sand
Quicker than the tricks of the swiftest palm
Though its whispered prayers pass
Helpless until, in caverns of calm
As still as glass
Hewn within
No further within
Deep as bone
Its echo rings vast.

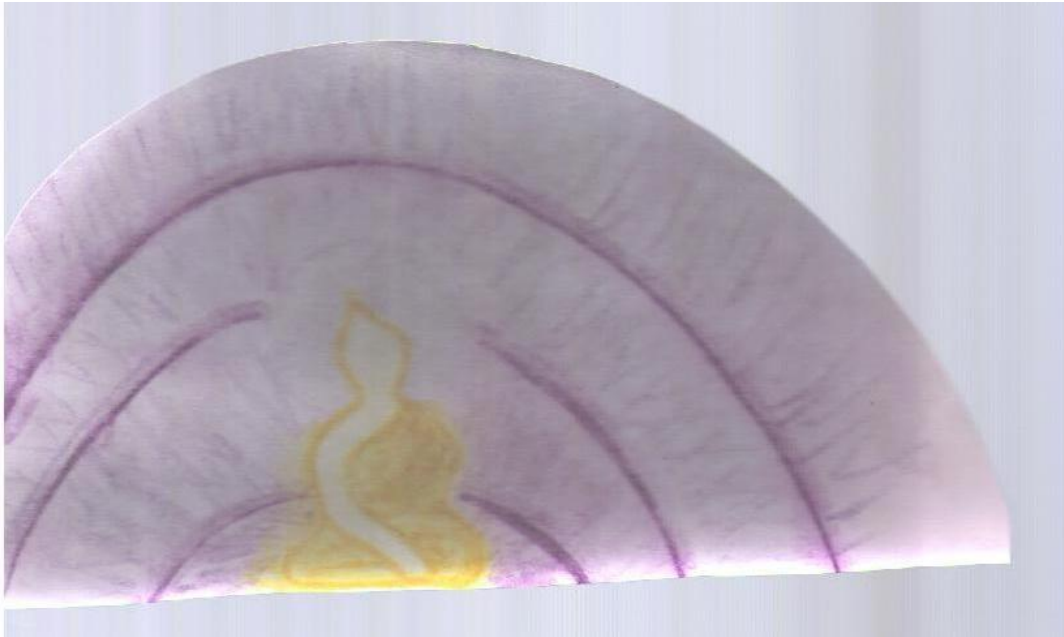


Then light comes full at last
As the final silence
The final word
Where no shadow is cast
Either before or after.

For the eye of the wise
Is as wide and white as the moon
Over the silent sermon that awakens.

In this valley of goodness
The path is the world.
The eyes of the saints, like stars
Shall find the path
Out of the blindest chasm
In a response fuller and sooner
Than the empty spasm.

When their work is finally done
We will be at One.
Knowing will come back home, right here
As our wisest listening ear.



There the heart is waiting, full
Where there is no pain
Ever again.

For we have not risen above ourselves.

Our spirit is then as warm as a baby
Our birth and death together, my dear
In the same moment as crisp and clear
As frost on the temple bell.

The bell that saves us
With its disciplined knell
From the heavy desire
In dozy misplaced trust.

Then we can shed the body's weight
By being straight
And saying,
(Yet who dares)
"Who cares!"
The body is as foul as a rubbish tip
Let's really let rip
And tear ourselves free
Free just to be."

Yet so often it's not so simple
For we have loved every pimple

For so long.

To be lastingly free
We will again have to endure
And gather further the cure
With patience.

So finally let's gently mull over a skull
Over bones upon bones
Empty shells shattered
Nature's hard truths scattered.

Then like pure white sand
Truth will settle on the safe land
Of the far shore
By the Holy law
Of tides of goodness.

We will remember and be remembered
In the everlasting light and peace of kingdoms within
Sacred, secret gardens safe from hatred and greed
Blossoming not in need
Nor withering
For the flower is also the seed.

Then we are not human beings
Trying to be spiritual
But spiritual beings
Trying to be human
Until in the grisly end
Only the gristle and the grist
The pulsing in the wrist
Beat the drum of fear:
'Perhaps a man with a gun
Will come and kill me for fun

Before breakfast.
Perhaps it will happen so quickly
With a sickening thud
It will only be bandaged with blood
And covered with flies and rats
By desperation as blind as bats
And hidden in the cellar.'

But sober as a judge
The angel will not budge
From the remaining sludge
Of this murdered house mouse

For he must wait for its innocence
To rise into his sylvan palms
Then the sacrament will be ready.
An offering to our Dear Lord...

Such suffering seen that day
Such helpless suffering...
But giving up on sights
Yet hearing their alarm
The swirling passions fell calm.

Suddenly and with no little surprise
Like never before
I both saw and felt my eyes
Feeling their lids and lashes
First of all in little flashes
Just like clay.

I could not play
With the image it seemed
It just passively lay
Bathed in the light of the mind
A picture so complete
For the power of imagination
It would have been no mean feat.
But this was not imagined
It was merely present
And strangely pleasant.

So seeing the eye
With no tear to cry
As though crystalline
Light, subtle, fine
Was a rest so sublime
As though beyond time.

The feeling eye
And the eye that saw the eye
Coming together
By nothing clever
But through dispassion
In such a natural fashion
Thought was halted
Dissolved perhaps in fluid slightly salted
Like the warm sea.

For floating in this magic potion

Feeling was also appeased
Like by the warm ocean
By the body that was pleasing
But not itself pleased
Or displeased.

Not displeased even in the face of death
Seen in the presence of the living breath
In this face like a mask of flesh and skin
Covering the skull within.
This face with its little nose
That knows the blessed air
And is without a single care.

For a moment such was sight
When the mind came right.

I could not do it
If I would try
I know, I would, just cry
With the pain
All over again.

Instead I must look out and learn
Until the heart shall again turn...
Until the heart turns away...

Yet it is not from you that it turns,
And not toward another,
Dear sister and brother.
Freedom is right here
Yet the direction is still so clear
A path to follow
Away from all sorrow.

The path of the warrior



*because I hope not,
though not without hope,
I turn away
turn to myself though not to myself
for it is not I that turns
not I yet not another*

*so sorry, I turn
yet I turn without blame
from search to found I turn
on the same ground sea and sky*

*not the same
to the small voice
for wind and tide
transforms the ocean wide
not the same to the voice made small
the inner mouse running along the wall*

*yet I would cry out as a man
as a warrior roar the final roar*

*gold as a lion, gold as honour
gold as the sun behind the storm cloud
gold as the key
the key to the door
our family door
that leads us out
to our awakening
we know, for the door of truth had opened
but now the key was stuck
stuck by the thinking that always sinks
yet shares the truth wide on the tide*

*now we have to bear with the bitter replies
of craving's lies
weighing on the eyes
burying the heart*

*one day the reply will come again
to end the pain
out of the silence, like before
holy law
like the innocent victims of life
for whom violence seems the cruellest strife
justice is slow but deadly fair
the wreaths of the conquerors
in rain that falls like pain
rotten, have not conquered
the tomb of the defender is empty
the womb of his next mother is full and plenty.*

*looking back the hearse was the first family
on the long, long road
we did not carry the dead
but followed their path to fresh pasture
cleared with toil and the death of our people
yet we must surrender it
for this land would bury us all*

*turn we must
yet it is not us that shall turn
the eye that sees death shall turn
yet turning it is no eye that turns
still and brighter
wide as the moon
light returns to light
light without to light within
bone without to bone within
still standing*

*held alert, rock on rock
cairn of the high peak
lifted spirit, tip of cloud
snow white water stopped to turn
to turn as light
white dove with wing unbroken
marked by the ring of beyond
turned perfectly on itself
symbol for the hand
for the working hand
that toiled for us all
toil that won time
time that won wisdom
wisdom of the people
planted first with the ploughs of my brother
oh, my dear brother
yet we must not be buried with the seed
by the grip of greed
but open the fist of the warrior, for good*

*oh world of greed
wisdom calls you to your knees
wisdom calls you to give
we catch the world first in the willing fist of work
and then in the word
word from the work of sitting so still
as the storms of will
histories of greed
are borne for us all
for still we must sit
to still the eye that turns*

*the breeze may turn the sail to harbour
so too the flow of the breath
may turn still
may turn within
and the light of the saviour may shine
taken and given
mine and thine*

His and hers...
Oh yes, her...
When we finally came to part
She finally broke my heart
She said I did not love her
I just loved an idea
She was right, it was clear
But wasn't that down to her?

She had had an affair
I think more than one
I had been faithful
Now my faith was all done.

Yet my fault
Or your fault
Is the worst somersault
It spins off the wire
The most dangerous of desire.
Better was just to accept
That Summer love
Was Winter anger.

Yet in my dream
Memory of nowhere
She was still an idea.

In my dream
Never quite here
Never quite anywhere
I was never quite here
I was never quite anywhere.

In my dream
Always nearly there
Always nearly somewhere
I was always nearly there
I was always nearly somewhere.

In my dream
My waking dream.

First, I can wish I had never loved like that.
I can wish I will never love like that again.
Right there I can wish
Where I can still feel the pain.

Second, I must be bold
Before I get too old
To defeat the dreams...

If I hit them first
All of them the same
Not as a curse
But with their real name
Or names

'Uncertain',
(approaching the final curtain)

'Suffering',
(if I hold on it's a sure thing)

'Not me'
(thankfully)

Then the dreams cannot harm
The heart will be calm
And will awake,
Gradually awake
Like it was growing up...

When I was little I kept having to come back
Just to sitting, standing, walking and lying down.
Like a baby put back to bed over and over.
Sometimes after soap and water.

I used to bounce the ball
Again and again against the wall.

I was frustrated
But didn't know why
I was too tired to find out
I was tired from making more out of it
Tired of my own dreams and dramas.

Greed that hurries up
Hatred that rushes on
On and up it all comes
Like never ending sums
From down below
The rough stuff.

Patience, not slow
And genuinely tough
Must be applied fully
To tame the bully.

When I was small
I wished myself bigger
Now I am bigger
I wish myself small,
Smaller and smaller
Until I disappear.

I will keep coming back
Just to sitting, standing, walking and lying down.
Like putting a baby back to bed over and over.
Sometimes after soap and water.
Until the heart finds its rest from desire
And desire is cast beyond.

And when desire is beyond
and when she is beyond our desire
then desire is beyond
wrapped in light
the light that she unfolds

ended then is the time of ghosts and the ghost of time
that were always the same dreams
the same wind and tide



The triumphal cry

*Dreams, you are no father of man.
The light of fire, bestowing light
Yet consumes its source.
Dream time is no time but borrowed
A debt repaid by darkest sleep.*

*Dreams, you are no son of man
Your broken images break the mirror and the man
The mirror of burning eyes
Lost in hope's vanity and vain hope.
Vanity of dolls, porcelain faces
Fragile smiles, pursued and dragged from dreams
Dropped and smashed.
Then locked away in the bottom drawer
By the guilt of children, made worse.
What was lost and forgotten to be found
Seen like a voodoo curse.
Yet the dream was never the son of man
Nor the son's dream.*

*Even so the dreams gather again
In the family tomb,
In the next womb.
The worse again for wealth
The hope held by the grandchild
Drunk with youth and health.
Fragments of dreams, sparkling jewels of glass
Set in the gilded thrones
Of mere bones.*

*And the rats that pick the bones
Are not the whispers of funereal fire
That was too final for desire
Too real a fire.
The rats do not wear silk slippers
Or regal attire
They are the filthy rats
Of scurry and worry.*

*The only hope is the despair
Of fools gold, fools light
That held in fear's fist, fear of loss
Turns to darkest dust.
For dust is the father of man, ash the son*

*Fire is the toy of ash.
Ash of the air, not the ash of death
It is as light as the breath
As light as the hand that throws sweets to children
Sweets like jewels in their eyes.
Given light not taken
Light that will awaken
For coming to our aid
Are children's eyes that sparkle like lemonade
Young and old
His and hers
The same
And love is real
Beckoning us to kneel...*

Dear Lord you are not up above
Dear Lord you are just love
Dear Lord

Dear spirit you need no longer roam
For our Lord is here at home
Our dearest Lord.

To be with Him at last
Just let go of the future and the past
For He is here and now...

*Here and now
May I bow
Dear Lord.*

*Whether I have a little or a lot
Whether I have or have not
Dear Lord I just don't care
As long as You are there.*

*Whether pleasure or pain
Sun or rain, loss or gain
Dear Lord as long as You are there
Dear Lord I just don't care.*

*Happy or sad
If You are there
May I still be glad
Dear Lord.*

*Then when what is good is done
We are at one, dear Lord.*

*If with our desires we turn away
In our hearts we play
In a world of virtue
Where You are us and we are You
Dear Lord.*

*Dear Lord may my heart
Never again be apart
From Yours
Your grace opens the doors
To release, to peace
Dear Lord.*

*You are the One who Knows
For your heart will never close
If I can see
As you see
I can be free,
Dear Lord
To walk Your talk...*

Part II

The Simplest Sage



Neatly black and leather bound
Conceit can just talk
Lonely, low, testimony of crow
It can't walk.

The walking side of pork
Is not so neat, the filthy putrid body.
Yet there is the enormous wealth here of humility
Ripening in the ageing body of the sage.

He is listening for death.
Death does not come.
Still, death does not come.
Yet while death is expected, within sight of him
It seems feelings cannot frighten him
Life's burdens are lost
Revealed their full, hidden cost.

*This death is my friend
Though I love life so
It is the death of the here and now
Not the death of the future
This death that comes of seeing death.*

*This death is my friend
I cannot share with those
Whose friend is life
They cannot understand
That I am not sad but glad
Because I can see
That that which dies is not me*

Limbs all over the place
As they float through space
Kids don't know how their body works
They only learn when it hurts

Can't we see
The body ain't me?

Can we tell our toes
To each grow as pretty as a rose?

Can't we see
The body ain't me?

There is nothing to gain
From any of the pain
But it can come more and more
Until we are squirming on the floor

Can't we see
The body ain't me?

Do we wipe our pooh on paper to express ourself?
Would that be mental health?

Can't we see
The body ain't me?

Perhaps if I wrote in blood
Whilst floundering in the mud
I could make my point
With every creaky joint

Please, please see
The body ain't me

We must look again and again
Right through the pain
Not in a way that's life denying
But with a wish to be death defying

For then the heart may escape
This body of an ape
Looking on yet un-removed
The truth will be proved
With a bliss
Like a cosmic kiss

When we truly see
The body ain't me

"Don't tell me I shall die"
He had whispered over bones.
But the bones could not lie.
Still with hope he had prayed over bones.
But the bones could not hear his prayer.
Then in silence he had listened over the bones
The bones did not speak
But the silence had broken the spell
All was well
They are not me
He saw with glee
Singing and dancing over bones.

Then do I want it any more
When I see the blood and gore?
Why not?
I'll even keep the humblest snot
Now the heart is calm
There is no harm
But compassion,
Without ration.

*This death, my friend, is also the death
Of the desire that was me.
The little old me
Dies in the open mystery
That peace only implies
Yet in which the heart flies*

This death is my friend

*This death that sees death
Let's picture a little of what it finds
Not one view of death but all kinds:*

Death 1

Sanguine, poised
Stealthy, no noise
Legal,
Lethal,
Universal.
Only toys make it through
With glue.

Death 2

Death dies
From its own lies...
In thinking and speaking
Lying is dying.
And dying is lying
When it says it's the end.

Death 3

With a saving that ends in slaying
Another tragedy is playing
In the operating theatre.
On its first and last night
The curtain opens
On the most gruesome sight
Under the brightest light
And never closes.
For the scene, so obscene, so unclean
Does not smell of roses
And there was no answer
To the question it poses.
Yet, from behind a myriad of masks,
It is only desire that asks.

We will not ask
It is not our task
We will listen to life patiently and taste
Gleaning the meaning.
There can be no haste.
Our watch cannot wind itself forward or back
Yet it will wind itself down
Falling like sand, emptying the mind.
While nature has its say
There is no need for the pain of the mind

*Pain is not my friend, it can go
I don't need it any more.
Death can tell me more
This death of living
This death of giving.*

*It is not that I want an end
From death, my friend
From my friend death.
I did not invite the peace that comes
Nor even talk of death.
It was the bones that told me
Whispering their chalky white light of hope
Until all other hope had gone
Until, doubly, deeply silenced
Thought was as nought
And no longer cramped the heart
This death is my friend, my art
Bigger than thought
And older than the body
Death was before
But will not be after*

This body is like death's young companion
And a stranger to pain
It is just made of the wind and the rain
By earth contained
And warmed
By desire's fire.
Death for the body is so complete
Ashes borne by the greater wind
So much greater
The drops of rain lost in the ocean
The bones buried so deep.

*This death is my friend
I play dead
Sitting so still
Calming the will
That is no longer mine
But just a habit of time.*

Death will never come
It's just a game.
And called by the same name
Birth will not come...

*No big deal
No great appeal
No washing machine
No need to be so clean,
Serene.*

*No sofas, no loafers
No great comfort
No wasted effort
Not all to our taste
No great haste, no waste.*

*No car, not going far
No noise, no toys.*

*No melody, no tragedy, no dancing
No preening, no prancing
No make up, no glamour
No shake up, no clamour.*

*No shows, no envy
No blows, no frenzy.*

*No booze, no hangover
Nothing to lose, no pushover.
No drugs, no thugs
No weapon, not leapt on.*

No gambles, no shambles.

*No shopping, no mad hopping
No hoping, no sad moping.
No comfy bed, not much said
No need, no greed.*

*No guarantees, no lack of ease
No pension, no tension
No clinging, peace.*

*No singing, no party
No TV
Nothing just for me.*

*No supper, no sex
Nothing next
No ego inflation
No masturbation
No farting, no parting*

*No ties, nowhere to tumble
No lies, so humble.*

*No black and white
No fear or flight
No loss and gain
No avoiding pain
No courage lost
No hidden cost.*

*No theft, nothing left
No money but still funny.*

*Not life denying but death defying
For the spirit
Is flying.*

Let the earth provide
For all beings far and wide.
Then let angels, from star spangled skies
Shout out so loud
It drowns all the petty little lies.
Let the gods, so proud
Overcome every jibe
With celestial sherbet
Let them personally bribe,
Every scruffy little Herbert.
Then in the humble truth
That can save the day
There will be little to say.

Little to say on that last visit, he thought...

I had come to see him,
Perhaps for the last time,
I said to myself.
'It's only me,' I said to him as I arrived.

We could talk,
Perhaps for the last time,
I said to myself.
'How are you?' I said.

Then we would have to part,
Perhaps for the last time.
I said to myself.
'I hope you are well,' I said.

Actually, perhaps, deep down, we both knew
that maybe we were meeting for the last time.
I said to myself.

Actually, perhaps, deeper down, we both knew
that every time we had met it was maybe for the last time.
I said to myself.

This is usual.
I said to myself.

To say or do anything different this time
would make it seem as though
we had not realised this all along.
I said to myself.

So I will do or say nothing different from usual.

Perhaps just a knowing look says it all, deep down.
I said to myself as I said, 'goodbye.'

At least it seems it is all I really have to say, anyway.
And this also perhaps for the last time.
Oh, I must say it with all my heart,
I said to myself.

So I keep on trying to reach out.
To share.
I keep reaching out
Only to be pulled out.
I don't want to go
But stay where I am.
I can reach out from here
Not from there.

So I must fight.
Fight for us all.
Fight for all that is here
All that may survive.
For everything there will pass away.

I must just look and know
And just say
Just what I see.
That must be enough, he thought.

Yet on the way home
Damp with sweat

And damp with rain
All of us
Riding on the bus

The warm smells mingle
The permed and the public
Like the feelings,
The private and public
As we are compelled to meet,
Skin to skin, meat to meat
Heart to heart

Facing the embarrassment of bodies
Helped by the honesty of children

To me such precious moments
My desires are not there
But waiting for me
At my destination.

So precious
That I would never willingly arrive
Arrive, perhaps for the last time

Then he knew the truth was on the journey
Not at the destination.

Just as it is the dog, the lowly dog, that catches the stick.
It is the lion, the noble lion, that catches the thrower.
I would be like that noble lion.
I would catch desire.
I would be its master.
Rather than it be mine
He thought.

Following nature's way
Gains the worldly wealth
Of harmony and health

Following the nature of the mind
May lead us to be kind

We can relax and be pleased
With the resultant ease

Then calming the will
We can stop still
And disappear

Without a tear
Without much to say
Going out to play
With the same joy
As with the nursery toy

When will the wanting ever end?
Just around the bend?
So hopes the worried brow.
But it is the cutting edge of now
That is the plough
Dividing the moody wave
With its magnificent prow

The little monk

Next time...
The special little boy
Could taste and smell his own foolish words
Like his own little turds
Steady on
Thought the little boy...
I must warn my mind
With something kind...
Purity does not come by chewing soap...
Just as it won't come by entertaining
the false hope of a little magic...

"Never mind the little wishes
Of potions and genies
Surely the surest good, the lasting cause
Pours from nature's natural laws
Not from personal, little magic
Whose transience is so tragic?"

He spoke strongly yet in haste
For a magical truth he would taste...

The little boy was so special.
They had given him every care.
So much so
He did not know the word 'no'.
One day there was no cake
The little boy said, 'then send no cake.'
His mother sent an empty plate
Out of love, not hate
He would finally have to learn the word, 'no', she thought.
Yet the devas saw the chance they had sought.
They sent on that plate the brightest, most marvellous emptiness.
They knew the special little boy would be ready
to understand the real meaning of 'no cake'.

*Once harvest is through
Autumn is as easy going as an old shoe
Until mature winter light casts its cool shadow
Slanting in through the window
Calm chiaroscuro*

*Then fresh starts, dew drops
Roll off spring green*

*And gather ready in the ground
To refresh the smothering comfort
Of summer...*

Little bird sing while you may
Little bird sing today.

Little bird fly, high in the sky
Little bird don't wonder how or why.

Little bird as your heart sings
Give your spirit wings.

Give your spirit the voice
Of freedom not of worldly choice.

Little bird as your heart flies
Look on the earth with heavenly eyes.

Dearest little bird
Look on at the absurd
And sing a prayer, a higher call
For us all.

Then when your little body dies
To heaven your spirit flies
To sing on as you may
The highest call you may say.

Calling from the vastest cage
Of the longest age
Until, from a place outside the cage
Comes the answer of the sage.

Telling of a truth beyond any song
A truth that will last so very long
A silence of gold
Never young or old
Never born, never to die
Just to fly.



Little bird, let us be,
Here and now, you and me
In the magical glade.
Here and now, under the shade
Of the Bodhi tree.
Here and now, let us bow.
Here, where wondrous light,
Cool yet so bright,
Light that soars,
Light that roars,
Thunders with wisdom,
Heralding his kingdom.
Uprooting the darkness,
Virtue is harnessed,
To take us to freedom.

Saving the world

Beneath the thickest hide
The dark world inside
Ghoul of the wanking fool
Ruts and grunts.
Together it is a glut
That consumes the blameless slut
Of the helpless little world.
While turning not turned
The whole world is no whore.
It will be master.
It seemed there would be disaster.

*In a parallel hell
So obsessed was the king
With his lady-in-waiting
His highness' lowness
Engulfed in darkness.
Yet the monk, his friend
Brought the darkness to an end,
Not too soon,
Lighting a lantern at noon.*

The king offered alms
All in the one bowl
Food for body and soul
Curry and custard
Jelly and mustard
Received with unconditional love
It was ambrosia from up above

*Nothing needed to be said
For even the dead
Were watching the king
In this world obsessed by power...*

The flooding power of crowns floundered and drowned
In its own dictates, letter by letter.
To find falling from power was so much better,
Blessed the mud that thuds,
It wakes us up and washes off with simple suds.
'Clean and clear we need not stop there', said the monk
We can make the mud as light as air
With the breath, as deft as death.
And so they found a way out of the desperate, spiralling stair

Of clinging to helpless huts
To meaningless, spinning gruts,
Gruts?

They saw that the kings and queens
Fighting over things
Were far apart
From the heart
So unhappy

*It had all begun
With ariel desires
Radio thoughts
Overland tyres
Shoulds and oughts
Life on automatic
Fraught with static
In ear station or eye
In touch or tongue
Passions boil or fry,
Such were the demons when they were young.
Goblins and devils
Dark and blind.
Like the selves
We cannot find
In a night of fright.*

Now was it a thought or a feeling
Or ghosts from the past, desperately appealing?
It did not matter to the peaceful dove
Either way the answer was love...

*Fairies and elves
Made of light.
Like ourselves
Is what we find
When kindness
Ends the night.*

Love, a light inside
A stillness, not a ride
A light invisible to the eye
Yet in the eye
A light of the heart
That reaches out as visions of ourselves
Or as visions of playful elves
Both are harmless and happy.

Kids that skid
Pockets full of raisons
Fluffy occasions
Shared,
We're happy.

Grownups too
Fishing in the garbage
The public loo
The gas works do, crappy
Together,
We're happy.

Saved by the cry that never binds
The glorious choruses of 'never mind':

Mum and dad said,
'Do your best'
But the body it seemed
Was not what we'd dreamed
Failing every test.

As hope gently crumbled
The heart was gently humbled.

No longer wild
The milder child.
Said,
'Never mind,
Just be kind.'

Then in a life
As simple as pimples
As smiling as dimples
The mind was free of care
And as light as air.

Then one day
Worried blind
He could not find
His, 'Never mind'.
It's under granny's chair
She hid it there
Afraid he would no longer care
If he found it.
It was a fear unfounded.
He needed his 'never mind'
To be truly kind.

For nothing good will go
As we may wish.
As hard as we may wish
Is as hard as we must let go.

Over and over...

No more sweet orange
Just the bitter rind.
Never mind.
I shall not want.
The holy font
Offers water
As cool and kind
As a devoted daughter
Tamed to be just as sweet.

Again and again...

Never mind
The daily grind
I shall not mind
The busy clock
If we are late
Only greed will hate
We know there is nothing to gain
From haste except the pain.

And again...

Never mind
The henchman stench
Of the wanton wench.
It is not me she wishes to lure
That's for sure.
Whatever she may flaunt
Won't count for much
For we may never touch.

When she has gone my dated grief
Will turn quickly to relief.

Getting old...

By degrees
The rocky old knees
Pack it in.
I can no longer chase

I'll lose the race

Never mind
I'll stay behind
And win peace
The prize
Of the wise.

Nearing the end...

Never mind the dead
Their lives will be read
By the powers that be
Not by you or me.
We need not judge
With our craving or our grudge
And whatever we may have to give
Will be taken just as if they live.
As it is granted...

Seeing the end, also disenchanting...

Never mind seeking pleasure
I would rather desire were to find its leisure.
So that never mind the future or the past
The present moment will be our first and last.
Then from age to age
Will triumph the undying sage.

In the twinkling of an eye
The desirous twinkle in the eye
That spark of delight
Will pass by
But not out of sight

Trapped by greed,
Foreign disease
Of sleep and sleet,
It must be freed...

Crosses woven
Sanctity of rags
Sacrifice is my happy sister.
We shall not look with the eye
Of fear and longing
We shall look fear and longing in the eye
And walk on
With a courage clear and singing

Walk on
For freedom blossoms within.



Coming home

Staying at home
Arriving unannounced
Finding the door open...

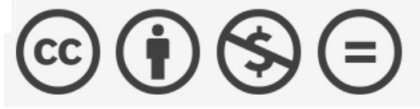
Coming in,
Extra to the ordinary,
Nothing changes...

The cat relaxes
Rolling on its back invitingly...

The books sit on the shelves
It is impossible to tell
That they have lost their meaning...

The living room just waits to need cleaning...

The truth is in the lavatory, gleaming,
Ready to pounce,
Unannounced.



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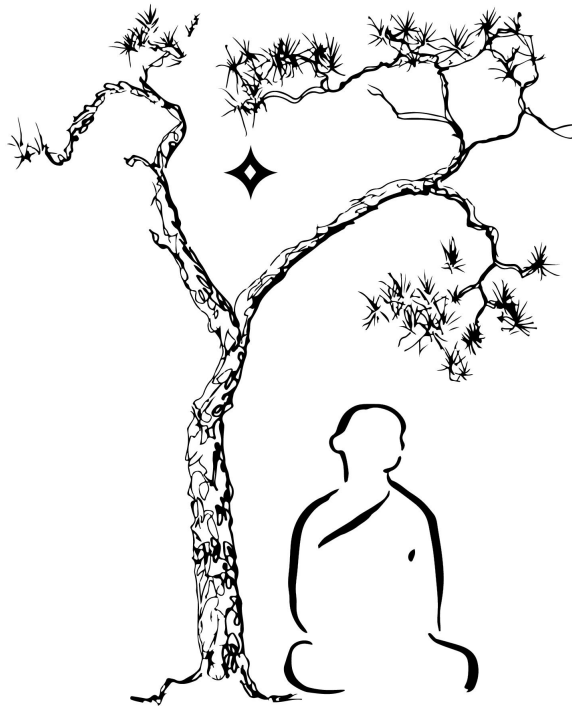
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Lokuttara Vihara, Skiptvet, Norway.
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Lokuttara Vihara

Skiptvet Buddhist Monastery

Norway

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