

The light of the heart

By Ajahn Kalyāno

Now she has gone

Now she has gone
Love can open wide and bright
Now she has gone
There can be clear sight

Now she has gone
There is nothing I lack
Now she has gone
She can come back

The light of the heart

This is the light of the heart
All of this

The Real Presence comes
In the most real moments
Of this

This is the proof
That there is
Just this

True love

The swirling storm
Where love is first born
The wind of a million whispers
Through discipline, through choice
Finds its pacified million voice
And love begins where love ends

Lets be friends

And where this true love is born
Rides the crystal unicorn
Of the blossoming sand
Of the open hand

Heaven sends
For love that truly gives
Is love that truly lives
Forsworn

A Monk's Christmas in Wales

Ordinary houses, locked
Holding cells
Ordinary spouses, mocked
Ringing bells
It's all ringing bells
Ding, ding, ding
And the dog dribbles, dribbles
Over it's bone
Until, as the worms turns
And we dig, dig, dig
For the dog's bones
For the Pavlov's dog
That never really learns...

As for me I could never really start
I was always late
I had somehow left my heart
On that Council Estate
Where the pigeon pecked at the bacon rind
And times were hard, but kind
Lard, lard, times were hard
Hard but fair
In the broken air...

Cracked with sight
Opened with light...

I had been torn between the kuti and the council flat
Torn between the magic wand
And the cricket bat
I had been torn between
And was now torn apart,
Dying to the wavering heart
And looking on
I sing, sing
Of suffering
Fully awake
For freedom's sake
I sing, sing
Of suffering...

Mr. Ploppy-poo

Mr. Ploppy-poo was so shy
He wouldn't come out of the loo
People thought he would die
Oh, what a to do

Poor Mr. Ploppy-poo

The doctor came
And thought he was insane

So they took him away
That very day

What a stink
Don't you think?

When Mr. Ploppy-poo
Was really just like me or you
It just all happened in such a hurry
He couldn't tell the doctor about that curry
And what was really insane
Was that the doctor hadn't even asked his name

Later, in the Surgery...

"Mr. Colon, please come this way.
Mr. Colon?"
Strange, no Mr. Colon.

"O.K then, Mr. Spleen are you here."
Crumbs, no Mr. Spleen either.

"Mr. Lungs? No?"

"Mr. Buried-Trousers? No?"

"Mmm, there's something funny going on here."

"Ah, you must be Mr. Buried-Trousers? No? Then why are you up to your waist in mud?"

"I am not up to my waist in mud, it's you."

"What do you mean it's me."

"It's you! There's mud in your eye."

It was true and it was only the beginning
Of the great mud slinging
That fateful day through the gloom
In life's great waiting room...

"Well, wouldn't it be clearer if you called yourself Mr. Chest.
In fact wouldn't it be more honest?"

"Well, I think you need help to be honest."

And so, on and on....until..

"Hello, my name is Mr. Ploppy-poo, remember me?
Your looking a little flushed, doctor."
He said.

Then the !@#%^^&* really hit the fan
As only the !@#%^^&* really can
But it was the help that was needed
A great new beginning was seeded
To dispel the gloom
In the universal waiting room.

The heart lands

gently carry me away, Lord
as if I were a sleeping child
for a child I am, your child...

then when I awake in your arms
may I play
out of harms way...

for years my heart had been prone to hate
until I realized I had grown up too late
and that if I had ridden a motorbike when I was five
I would have been twice as alive

if we can grow up while still a child
our minds can be clear
while our hearts can be wild...

I had a little food hidden about my person
it would last the day
there were comments being made about my person
what could I say
what was it about my person that caused such dismay?
and who was this strange person, anyway?

there was, it seemed, a strange smell about this person
of what I could not say
as strange as today
a stranger tomorrow
and no stranger at all to sorrow
let us cut this puppets strings and give it wings to borrow...

remember the goldfish in the fair ground given out in little plastic bags?
put them now in the soul-fish bowl and place it on the table, in the heart window
then at dawn the summer fair may reopen on the pure white cloth of the heart-table
and the heart-piano may fill the morning room with the hymns of the heart spheres
over the dancing of wondrous tears
and we will remember
and everything will not be lost

and there will arise no more sorrow
on the pure white cloth of the heart pillow
and the heart will be free and fly
over the rolling hills of the heart pastures...

bright is the sun over the heart fields
yet the smiles are brighter

under the proof
of the old tin roof
and as big as the sky
is the smile that is kind but a little wry
for it is so silly to be born and die

and between the crude tin shacks
between the slats
between, between, between
lay the most beautiful of all life's facts
seen and unseen
for it is here that the smiles are the brightest
it is here that the hearts are lightest
where there is little too choose
and nothing to lose
in the slightest...

and there are no shadows
only shade in the heart land
and the shade is cool
to those who are kind
as they grow
into those that know...

then the shade is bright
as bright as sight
and cool as shade
to all things made
and if and when there is no more making
then there is only awakening and sight

and at last
by the heart moon, sun and star
the shade is cast
over the heart lands...

the heart sun is warm and kind
kindling the birth of the pure mind
the heart moon is cool and calm
the heart star is wise, beyond harm

and the shade is cast
cast over the heart lands
cool over the moon cast waters
bright over the sun cast air
firm over the star-cast earth

there in the shade
of the peaceful glade
from which we need never part

and here the pain
is welcomed like rain
but never sought
and the heart is never caught
abiding in the peace
of release

and abiding in the heart valley
beneath the sun cast hills
where the star cast waters flow
softly, softly suffering is whispered
as softly as the secrets of life itself
yet a truth deeper and a truth more revered
for this is the truth that wins life
from the clutches of death
as it brightens the air
of the tender breath

then, not defined by the line
but by the light
and by the shade
and shade not of the world but curiously made
light not made but revealed
the breath is seen
and the heart is healed
and opens so wide

and there is nowhere for the suffering to hide
in the heart lands...

Imagine

Imagine that the light of the mind,
 So kind
And the light of the sun,
 Just for fun,
 Are the same.
 Just as a game

 Let us see
What a wonderful world that would be...

 The sun could shine
 So fine
 Everyday
In every possible way

 The past would be healed
 As if uncongealed
 Let us say

And the Truth would be revealed
 Forever signed and sealed
 For us to play

Mud and blood

On the surface the shifting scene
Morphing on the morphine
Beneath the waves
Of the gentle tide that saves
The heart is still
For the restless will
Stands frozen in the face of death

The spirit rests in the breath
In the place between
In the space between
Between between between

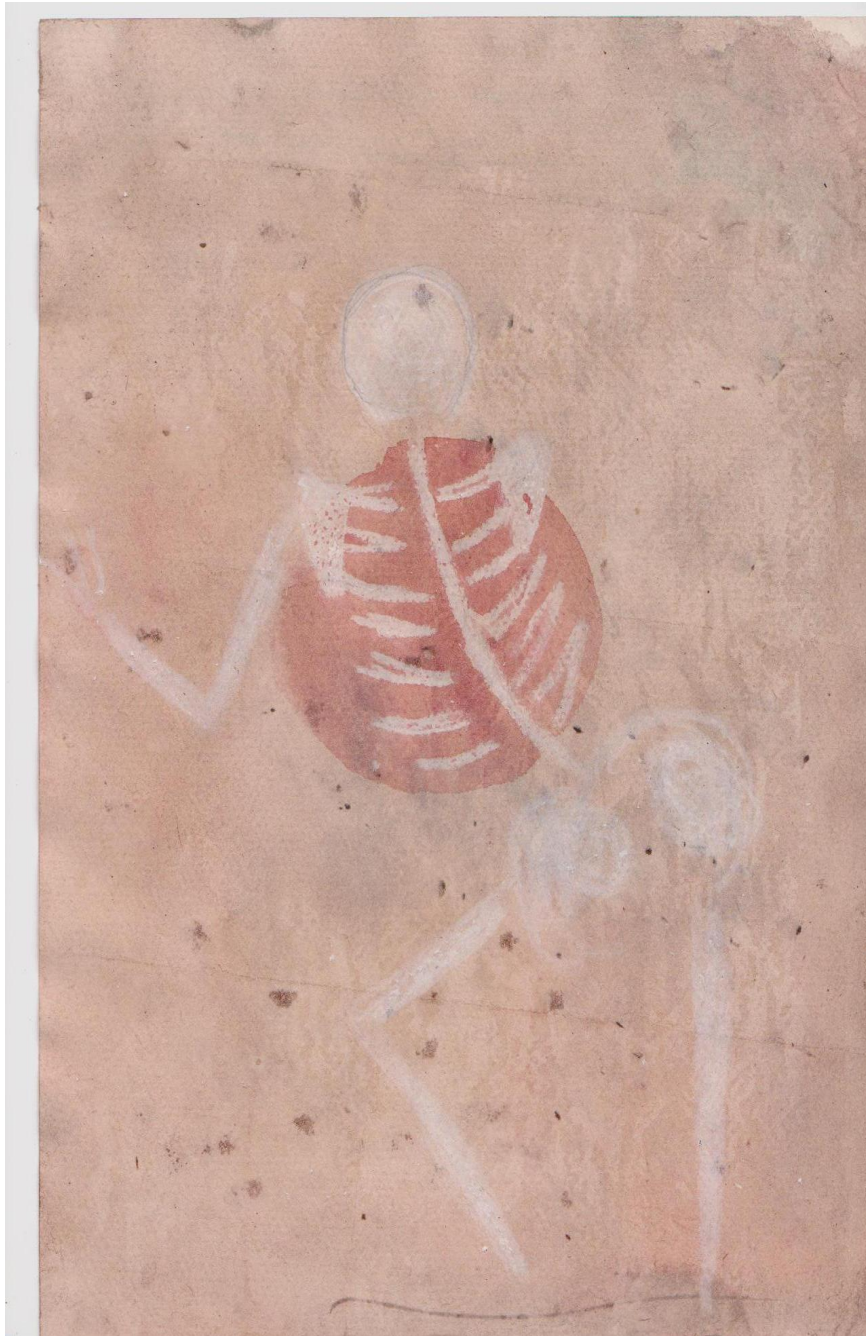
And a little more smoke
Passed through
Before the heart awoke
In you

We are not alone.
Right here in the flesh and bone
The truth grows
And the truth flows.

Here in the mud
With our life's blood
Within the living heart
Until the truth is the blood
They are not apart

And the truth, like a mighty flood,
Leaves behind the sums
And becomes full
Full of daring.

For freedom comes
When we are beyond caring
And yet we take care
Every care



*Ready is the praise
Ready to be sung
In all ways
Right on the tip of the tongue*

*Yet as it remains there poised,
Before the slightest noise
Before the correct thought
Is even sought
There arises,
A host of surprises...*

*It's dark inside, yet touch
a touch aloof
And brings light and sight*

Inside,
where the tongue touches the roof
Of this humble mouth
From the ordinary suburban south
Taste tastes metallic, feeling feels all sticky and drools
As saliva pours and foams in the corners as if in rock pools

Then craving, the entry into time
The time of decay and death
Confined in a dark cave of the pasts
And extending in the tunnels of the futures
Floods in along the tightening sutures
The tasty needle has burst the lovely bubble
The bubble of the present, free of trouble

The heart newly taken within is heavy
As heavy as lead
Already dead
It holds so to form
To keep itself warm
Only the breath
So feeble, whispering death
Can remember space
The space before that saw

Here inside
Here and now
Here inside yet not fully arrived
we can see the push and pull
Still feeling holds the mind
For the presence is not yet full
And holding feels the mind
Spun through the eye into threads that bind

And the particulars of life manifest in the shadows
Like lonely widows

Yet here,
Staying here
The greater taste is of neutral feeling
And the taste of neutral stills the feeling further
Further inside
Sensing only a tension
Just the memory of intention
A little habit
Like a tame rabbit

And to withdraw the heart is not to be apart or to withdraw the eye
The eye that does not cry

For a subtle uplift from below is our secret relief,

Entirely unsung
That induces a slight tingle at the tip of the tongue
like an inner battery
It is a subtle thief
that reduces the passions of flattery

Further inside the organs have their own time, rhythm and rhyme
For there is no longing
or seal of belonging
There never was just because
There wasn't

*But may we still use words, not to flatter
But like time and like matter
To get through?
We may not, we must wait and listen
For the truth to come and glisten*

*And in front of the eye there remains a light
Which has subtle feeling and sight
Yet is open and bright
And free from the hocus-pocus
Of judging or fondling focus*

*Such is knowing
The knowing, inside
The knowing that was lost outside and atremble
That comes within
And coming within may resemble...*



And the call of infinity is there to please
In the light of the mind that sees
It would in fact gently tease
The solid matter with the promise of freedom
If it were not in its turn freed
From the ravages of hatred and greed

And home to the voice, the mouth may speak not of choice
But only in defence of eternity
It does so in words that eternity unable to create alone
Yet its defence may echo right from the very bone
Right to the very bone

Both to and from together
the mind, stilled, cuts the tether
dividing the seer
so very dear
from the grisly scene

I do not lie
There in the mind's eye
I can see inside the body
And there, so obscene

Is the scene
Of death
Not painted in passion's paint
By some contemptuous saint
But simply drawn
Drawn in by the breath
In a new dawn
Of new light
Itself beyond death

The drawing begins at the humble nose
Where the 'One who Knows'
Steps back from the thief
Of covetousness and grief
To find within and just beneath
Without a fright
The humble teeth
Glowing white as white
With the truth

The truth forever young
On the tip of the tongue
Where it stays and plays
Before speech or thought is caught
Or even sought
The thought that seeks to live and die
Through the fleshy eye

I can SEE into the body
I cannot BE the body

I do not lie

Then in the here and now
Of the hawk, not of the contented cow
Here, not there
This is the pure, free air
Not **that**.

Every that
Every mere fact
Is merely the prey
In the final act of the play
The fuel
In the duel
Between night and day
Between darkness and light
Between blindness and sight
Between bondage and freedom's flight

The eye of the hawk
Does not talk

Its wing
Does not sing
Its claws
Do not pause

The prey is frozen by fright
The talons are so sharp
They need not hold so tight

The heavenly harp
Greets the meat
Even as it is lifted off its feet
For heaven was not so far

The feet
Of the meat
Had been stuck in the tar
Of the life that is death
The life in the feeble feeling
Of the feeble breath

But the death
That is not death
But real life
Beyond the strife
Beyond the duality of husband and wife
Of this and that
Dispels the tar in which we had sat
The tar in the heart
Whose craving is apart
From this
This bliss

*How had I got into this mess?
This mess of a body
Perhaps now I could guess...*

*Through some strange malady
By falling, falling sick into this body?
Or wanting to be clever
Through some strange parody
I seem left in such jeopardy
Trapped in the thing over which I have no custody*

*Yet it is possible to let go of the body
In a rapture that turns into a rhapsody
The long-lost melody
Of freedom city*

*All is vanity
Bondage, slavery
Yet there is freedom in the wisdom*

*Both of feeling humility
At this body
And in feeling humiliated*

*Let these two feelings meet
Buried in the earth
Of living meat
Full of mirth...*

*In the feet
Skin on the rocks
Bless their little cotton socks
And wriggle the toe
A little slow
That mocks*

*That mocks the spidery hands
Full of pebbles and rubber bands
While the knees
Knobbly and wobbly
As you please
Are not at ease*

*For the thighs are not wise
And as the elbows hinge
The sentiments cringe
Beneath the shoulders
Hanging like boulders
On the brink
And it's all on the brink
What do you think?*

The jaws pause

*Try not to weaken
It's all under the control
That takes its toll
And is taken*

*For the heart beats
Until it is beaten
And the lofty beacon of the head
Falls dead
Anyway*



and we find our place
our original space
the level of grace
with the sick and the poor
at the humble floor

there the bones can find rest
and the heart can come to rest
here in the bones, as still and white
as the heart that is never apart
cutting the tether
in the highest art
of release

The heavenly messengers

Grandad
had been in the war

He
filled the drawers

With
old bits of brown paper and string

He
shuffled in his slippers, content

Nothing
was ever said.

Aunty
Dorry cooked and cleaned

Prayed
and prayed

She
had angina

And
died at peace to be with Jesus

Nothing
was ever said.

Grandma's
eyes shone the brightest

She
knitted jumpers

Her
joints creaked

Her
picture of Christ on the cross scared me.

But
Grandma's eyes shone the brightest.

Nothing
was ever said.

I
was so happy

I
still love them so

Let's
not say anything...he said.

When
Dad died so much was said

It
all hurt and he was still dead

We
know already

Let's
not say anything...

Nothing
need be said.

Let's
just knit and pray, he said.



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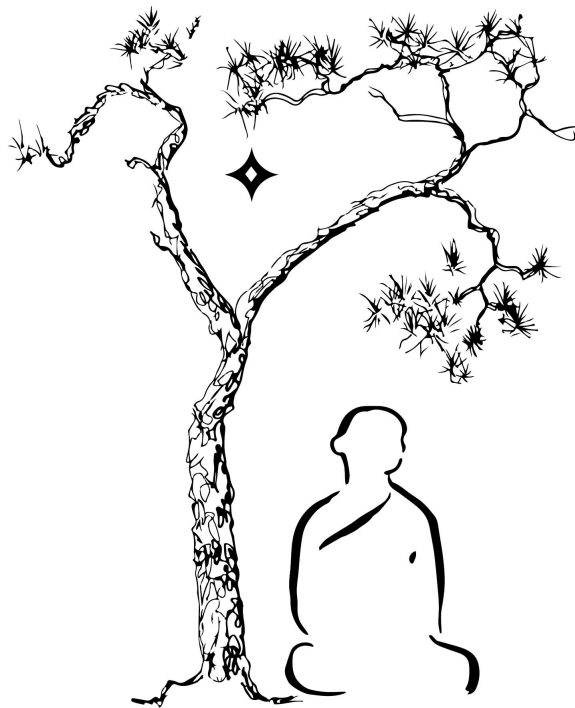
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