

Ajahn Kalyāno

The Plough of the Mortal God



Introduction – Purpose in life

If we identify with the transcendent there is no point to life, no life even. There would be no way to make a mark on the eternal.

If we identify with the impermanent worldly conditions there is life, impermanent life. Again everything we achieve will in the long term come to nothing.

It is only if we find the middle way, the point of intersection between the timeless and time that we have a life, a purpose. We can be the vehicle for the transcendent, a unique point of contact for the eternal in the world. Truth can evolve through this fertile, light touch on life. A truth that can be the perfect vehicle of life just as life can be the expression of truth. This is the touch of Dhamma.

In the material, natural world truth is cause. The mind that is bound, that is part of nature, the automatic mind, merely executes action based on perception. In the free mind of Dhamma perception or truth is consequence. In the free mind perception or truth is what is arrived at, it is the culmination of the free mind. The truth we are seeking is a truth that is eternally created not a truth that is the eternal creator. This is the turn around. This is the escape from being paralysed by truth. Instead we are empowered for we see that we are the vehicle for an eternal knowing, of Dhamma, no other.

Plough of the Mortal God

unceasing are the tides of man

as time shall shift
the wise heart shall lift
and fall

innocence surfs

the wave ebbs and rolls

and

as waves of time crash on the shore
past meets present, the bell tolls
and he that knows finds a course, a thread
through the living and the dead

for those lost in the mist return
half-formed, half-found
in sight and sound

'are you really there?' you ask, 'how so?'

the reply is soft and slow,

*"you too are an apparition
before
on the nearest shore*

*touch tells more
and you breath the mist
of your ancestral tor”*



brought to earth
dressed in light

cast a shadow
find perspective



taken horizontal
settle at home
part of the furniture
vertical remembered



upright sun
enthroned within

truth of arrival
overcomes origin

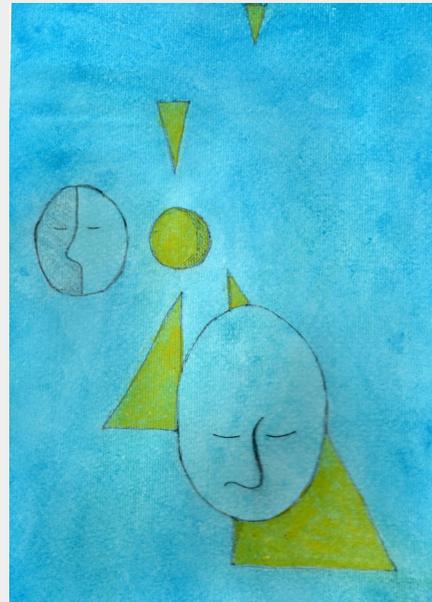
ego spell broken
pride overcome
we ask our questions
of the world

sunbeams fall

in his mind
sunbeams fall



falling apart
a coming together



here arrive
and ever return
eternal creation
making of Mortal God...

oh, Mortal God
to thee atone
with weeping sod
and chandelier bone
conjured from afar
a crystal prism to a star

to speak sky beneath holy ground

relics of sages
blood-light river of ages

for history shall turn and churn
plough of revolving, evolving God
within the body
the humble sod
and beneath humble feet
all worlds shall emphatically meet

sowing seed
word of Mortal God
and eyes

harvest to still heart
love-wise

*The little town is sleeping now...
thoughts float in the air
feelings are underground
the dream-dew settles*

*Mr. Foibles stirs
there was a glimmer of light
over Skiptvet forest*

*Seen were the rocks, the moss, the lichen
the wooden houses
the ice and snow
the tractor, the people, the plough,
the barn, the farm, the cows, the horses
the elk, the hunter, the wolf,
the deer, the sky, the clouds
the lake, the trees, the fields.*

*Heard were the birds,
the silence, the voices, the car,
the school bus.*

*Tasted was the salmon, the carrots and potatoes,
the gravy, the coffee.*

*Touched was the earth, the air,
the friend, the foe, the pen, the shovel,
the hammer, the spanner, the brush, the floor.*

Smelt was the air.

All conjured together into this day...

and there was no divide in the mind

the felt-thought

the dream imagined
the spirit left, unimagined

the hope remembered
and the longed for memory
between them tied the knot

and forward into the past
back into the future

the memory shall be the spirit returned

there was no divide in the mind

in a spell
dreams are the dead
dead is the dream
dream-dead
dead-dream
ghosts half alive in dreams

thought is child of the ghost
and father to the feeling

feeling vibration gathers
pain and pleasure, yes and no, arise
a pain acknowledged merely the alarm,
caution in the organism below

*there was time and place in the mind
and particulars
and within these the universals*

the equations were written
and there was the unwritten equation

the imagined was alive in a spell

there was no divide in the mind

in the open mind,
where relations are free and fluid,
dreams were brought to life
or allowed to pass

past talked to present
and present to past

words cast their spell over the heart
and the mind was alive in the book

and in the enchanted memory

there was no divide in the mind

spirit spoke
thought echoed
feeling in its own way heard,
touched, tasted

the vision
flight of the spirit-thought
sky-mind

there was no divide in the mind

there was no self, no being, only knowing in the mind
and truth was the real light

***there was no divide in the mind
until the present voice
found its true source...
the peaceful One who Knows***

then truth was the voice of freedom

“I can fly,”
replied the fantasy.

*There was a pause, the fantasy, impatient,
showed its claws.*

“I shall feed the birds,”
thought Mr. Foibles

“Such is the air,”
said the bird.

“Such is the water,”
said the fish.

“Such is the mind,”
said Mr. Foibles.

“You are my blind-spots,”
he told the anger and the greed.

“Let me see,”
he said.

*Then, Mr. Foibles rose to his full height,
his feet firmly planted
and spoke as never before:*

“You are my children,”
he told the feelings.

“But you are sleepy,”
he told the dream.

“You are my ancestors,”
he told the visions.

“You are not dead,”
he told the spirit and the spell.

“You shall be my legacy,”
he told the thoughts.

And the present that listened to the past
was filled with love
and grief
the past that heard the love and grief
understood
and the present that heard this understanding
finally let go

*And
meanwhile...*

*seen by the unseen
was the water of Mørk lake
heard by the silence
was the breeze and the heron
touched by the untouched
found by the future*

and there was peace forever more...

What will not be missed
Parcelled away
Strange things
In brown paper and strings
Clumsy confined
Below

In between
And between between
The symbolic corpse
Of crystals and crushed velvet

Above
The corpse of symbols
Read by butterflies
Flutter over the grave
And heart behind the sunshine



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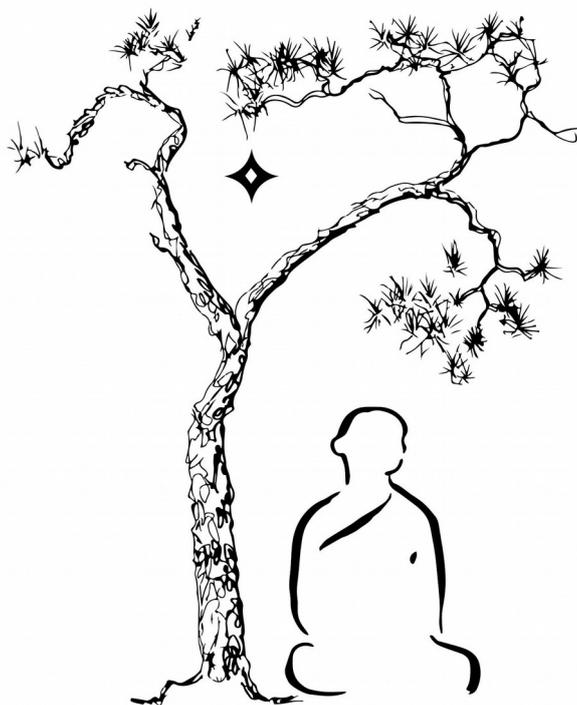
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