

## The Emergent Buddha

*with the emergence of truth  
there emerges true life  
and nature finds its highest expression...*



if nature drips and drops  
into the still mind  
and stops  
there on the proverbial page  
of the purest sage  
the truth shall seep in



and further in  
to the heart and mind





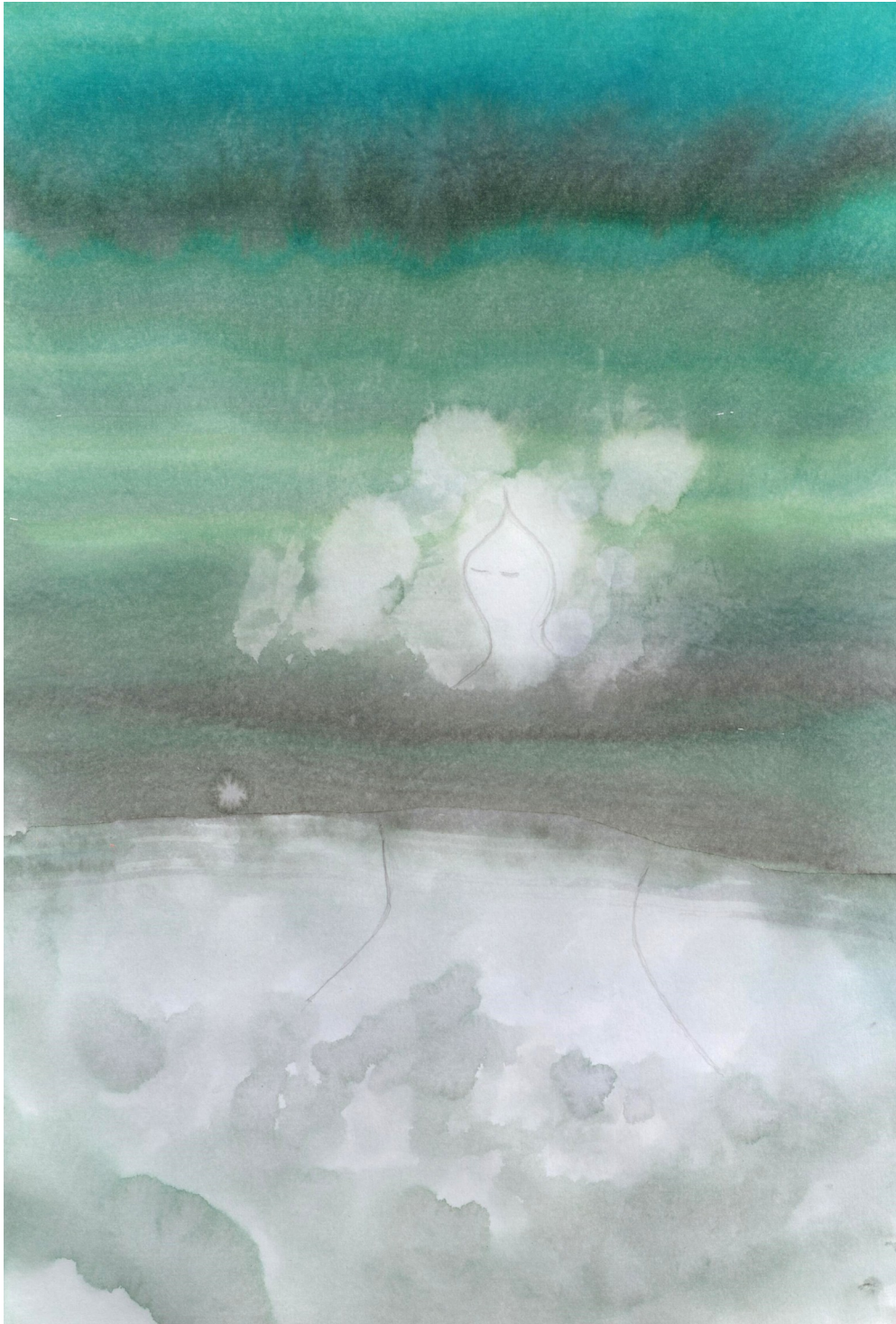
nature  
cool and fertile  
the matter  
that does really matter  
shall speak to the innocent mind  
whispering death  
in every breath



and what the sage will see and hear  
bright, white and clear  
will simply  
be freedom  
my dear







From the empty cloud in the earth came:  
the reclining air

we shall find our final rest  
and all shall be well  
when all levels of existence  
run strictly parallel  
remembered in the reclining air

when only the sacred line of the Lord  
shall join the levels  
the name and the form  
in the virtual, virtuous vertical  
of the upright mind  
curving through the clouds



for nothing will form  
within this dimension  
formed through the transformation  
of time into space  
and itself beyond time  
in the ordinary sky

where mind and body  
mental and material  
truly meet in truth  
there in the breath  
that knows both life and death  
they create a spark  
a mind  
between the two poles  
and between between  
as pure and as free as can be

sowing a seed of purest space  
of wisdom and freedom  
from which our true need  
like a sacred weed  
grows higher than greed  
winning the race  
to the sky  
and winning the heart of Grace  
and when such floating hope  
meets death beneath  
with a touch as light as air  
the horizontal line of goodness will form  
in a cool feeling as true as the sea  
the inner, inner  
river, river, river



and here will be the eternal ground  
of earth knowing earth



of sky knowing sky



without the need to be