



# A Sheaf of Poems

1991 - 2000

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Wangapeka July 12/91

DAWN AT WANGAPEKA

Sitting, spacious,  
I hear the chaffinch calling.  
The two toned bell bird  
    lifts the valley,  
Green greys of swirling morning mists  
    etched within the cobalt, rose touched, moment.

A gentle tug,  
    the room forms.  
The sounds of cell pumps,  
    juices flow on tympanis of brain.  
Pigeons fly,  
    wings flapping madly,  
And car horns hoot in New York grid-lock.

Sitting, spacious,  
I hear the chaffinch calling.  
Realms, within realms, within realms.



Pulau Sipadan - Sabah Aug. 29/91

Phosphorus spark and glow  
    in warm lap of dusk past wavelets,  
Coral mountain and reef quiet,  
    colour still, and  
    clicking crunches fill the submarine space.  
She floats in - smooth, graceful,  
    a million years of rhythms, fruitful, strange and purposive.

The glistening sand and lumbering tracks  
to green beach brush, as the full moon rises,  
and humans with torches are reminded of mystery.

The stars laid a turtle egg upon  
the beach tonight.

The universal moment gathers as me,  
a beach creating turtle,  
a coral reef laying turtle eggs,  
A mind of mystery carrying  
the world upon its back.

Tonight in solemn silence  
We midwives, with coral bones and  
stardust eyes and salty blood,  
Playing the mystery of transformation  
on the moon bathed beach of now.

Large, sliding, double paddle wheel track,  
from the sand of wheeze and groan,  
And gasp and swish of grains, arching through the air,  
and bindus of possibility launched anew.  
A track leading straight like a rail-way,  
Straight to the edge, then vanish . . .  
relief - the ocean - home  
Swimming freely toward the horizon.



Pacific Ocean airspace Sept. 13/91

He walked upon the water,  
Crystal blues running deep,  
shot with turquoise bright.  
Topographies of sharp extreme.

Rock pushing through crystal surface,  
Blue giving birth to granules dancing fine.  
40,000 feet!  
Flying from Honolulu to Seattle.  
Engine huge and steady, hanging from light sleek wing.

Vast spaces and cloudscapes,  
Like snow fields of Labrador,  
flowing themselves

together and apart  
for audiences unseen.

He walked upon the water,  
graceful,  
Mysteries fanning out behind,  
an infinite foaming wake.  
A crystal jewel,  
Bloodstream knowing sea stream,  
The moments pulsing,  
the lightness sparkling.  
Nowhere - Everywhere  
Spacious.



Sept/91

Canyons in the clouds  
Atmospheric pillow lava of white grey cream whip,  
stirred and flowing.  
The sky looks like an iris,  
aqueous crystal  
Planet blinking to see.



Toronto Oct 25/91

Toronto it's called  
Suburbia - Maple, Richmond Hill  
Ocean sound  
Waves of rustling  
Breathing gently  
Punctuated by crackling leaves and mouldering sweet rot.  
Warm sun touching  
Background droning  
Still in the bowl-like sea.

The leaves are resting on the ground.  
The trees are resting in their space.  
The air and bird chirp, hopping bugs,  
swish of feet, resting in purpose.

Poem is resting, and dancing thought smooth  
Looking directly, the sphere is clear

Happy right through  
You, me, us, it,  
    Now . . .  
        Speechless.



Wangapeka (Summer Program) Jan 20/92

Sitting here  
Breathing up grandfather.  
Nut-brown oak-like  
Wrinkled-wise  
Broadpath hedge and clippers fine,  
A lineage,  
Pathing in all directions.  
Woolworth's wood and customers  
1940s cars  
Wars and Kings and Queens  
    Sitting here  
    Do you see?  
    Just here  
We breathe each other through and through.



Wangapeka Jan 30/92

Brown clay cup  
Sparkling tea  
Earth of China braiding drops of music fluttering silver-like.  
Steam swirling up in the afternoon sun  
Wondrous  
Still.



Wangapeka Jan 30/92

*gave an exercise of contemplating the fountain of earth*

Curling up  
The earth stream, bright and clear,  
Platelets flashing in cloud dappled moonlight,  
Surging, spiraling,  
Braidings of suns long spent,  
Jewels making magic

Weavings within weavings,  
Old ancient magic  
In the fresh cool night air.

Rising, pausing, spreading  
Veins of gold and silver,  
Leaf-like, stalk-like,  
Soft and trembling in the play of shifting light.  
A carpet woven deep and thorough,  
Colours melding, music pulsing  
Moving the creature creaturing  
The feeling forth to know.

I sit in solid daylight  
My bum upon the earth,  
Contemplating fountains in the sky.  
The rise and play, drawing me onward,  
Drawing me into a picture that I painted,  
Mother painted,  
Brother painted,  
You the reader painted.  
Reaching out to weave me in  
Earth jewels looking through the eyes of God,  
Lazulite bones  
Serpentine hands,  
Looking to feeling, to answering, the delicate unformed question,  
What does it mean to die?

I pace the pathway  
Forward and back.  
Loving, breathing,  
Life moving upon life.  
Dust of Sahara,  
Dust of fires from India,  
Flecks of stone formed Mastodon,  
Body of my father  
His mother, and further too.

Who is walking on this path?  
The thought blossoms spacious and clear.  
The Buddha and millions seeking to know,  
The earth is walking on the earth,  
The first step,

Creature crawling from the sea,  
The shopkeeper, the farmer too,  
Untold becomings,  
Beings who found this way  
Shaping this route, of earth  
    dreaming itself awake.

Lightness of ankle bones  
Letting go  
Breath gone  
Trembling  
Fracturing into a time-space filigree.  
Flowing moisture  
Tears of blessed recognition  
Awesome,  
Quaking.

The sun is high, and  
Mind manifests many planes and out of planes.  
Ex-plane-a-tions,  
Thin trickling accompaniment to this heart depth symphony,  
Yet they too perfect the moment.

Sitting here  
The heart is softening.  
Easeful noting,  
Earth writing lines upon transformed trees.  
Brother atom in the ink embraces sister on the page,  
A family playing the parts of one.  
Weavings of strands,  
Bubbles in the air,  
Loving the knowing the loving, everywhere.



**Fox Glacier Feb. 13 - 18/92**

*Climbing with Max and friends on the Fox Glacier under  
Mount Tasman and Mount Cook*

Fiery Crown,  
Ice cloaked peaks,  
Blue depths and heart spreading vastness,  
Full, vital, translucently present.  
Mysterious swirling clouds

with fog-white doors opening to scenes of further worlds.  
Wind playing freely, as crampons grip the ice, and sun burns the skin.  
Thus enters again the beginning time,  
The realm of devas.  
Primordial, raw, elemental, pure,  
Mind bathed in reverence,  
    Vajrasattva,  
        Devas,  
    I salute you with joy!



Wangapeka April/92

Standing  
Cup in hand  
Warm and moist  
Barley malt and dandelion,  
    brown on tongue.

Feet bones spreading on Rimu floor  
Spreading into earth  
Rooting into life  
    of woodcutter and carpenter  
And flowing water born from buddha stream.

Sun reflecting off the wall  
Full - the breath of it all,  
Touching in an endless moment  
Deepening still.



Wangapeka July/92

*during the first Karunakarma training*

Spring is here,  
The white throated Tuis,  
    blueblack feathers gleaming in their drunken noisy flight.  
    They flock the green yellow brush flowers  
        on silver dollar gum.  
    Playing, dancing, falling through the sky. How joyful.  
They only come to eat.

The wild pigs root up the roadside  
    rolling the turf  
    grunting and squealing with their bulldozer noses,  
They only come to eat.

The hunters whistling their dogs  
    brazenly killing pigs beside "No Hunting" signs,  
They only come to eat.

The sparrows and chaffinches bounce  
    on my front door lawn,  
They only come to eat.

People magically wander into the mainhall  
    as fresh bread emerges from the oven,  
They only come to eat.

The rabbits lazy loping, browsing on the grass,  
    look up and return to their munching,  
They only come to eat.

The spring is vibrating everywhere  
    as all creatures stir in search of food,  
Eating the Universe eating itself.

E, MA, HO  
Come, come, come to the banquet!  
    We only come to eat.



Wangapeka July/92

*contemplating neural nets and interbeing*

A human life but 65 years  
A doorway  
How short, transient, tragic.

A human life but 65 years  
A 65 year doorway into totality.

Stay here! the flesh and blindness cries.  
Pass through! the great escapist goes.

Rest here, balanced on the threshold of  
manifest improbability,  
Dweller in fullness.

The continuum weaving  
plaits fabulous pictures  
Short, transient, tragic!

Oh wanderer  
Welcome home!

Don't close the door.



Wangapeka Sept. 18 - Dec. 18/92

Spacious stillness, manifesting beautiful dharmas.  
Offerings flowing multi-dimensional in time.  
Flowing in this single moment,  
Bodhisattva creating beauty for the sake of all.  
Beauty, bodhisattva - ing,  
Drinking sake, in the wonderful one door  
Now.



Eating chocolate brownies,  
Drinking cups of tea,  
Watching blades of grass move in the sun.  
Not shiver in the wind mind you  
But move and grow.  
Reaching,  
Extending,  
Pushing,  
The lawn is dancing.  
Universal shaping  
Choreographer supreme,  
Not a corner is bereft of your hand.  
O Wondrous Awareness  
O lucid open play!



The ancients said, look at that body.  
Foul, corrupt, full of filth.  
A bag of faeces, urine and blood,  
    of vomit, gasses, fats and oils.  
And so they did, those monks of old,  
And came to release all lustful selfish clinging  
    to this walking breathing corpse.

Today the teachers say, look at that body.  
And looking in, I find the out,  
Miraculous voyagings of star-dust atoms,  
Water cycles, chemical cycles,  
    symbiotic dancings of plants and animals,  
    molecules, cells and organs.

My breath is the breath of the rainforest.  
My excretions the banquet of others.  
My muscles and tissues, blood and bone,  
    are the temporary arrangement of carrots, fish and herbs,  
    on the way to being worms, insects, birds and trees.  
How vast and wondrous!

And so they do, those mystic-scientists of today  
And come to release all selfish clinging  
    to a separated 'me'  
And take a few more steps on the way to home  
    we never left.



All being is a dance of many.  
We are planes of being,  
Symbiotic sharings of many,  
Realms interbeing  
Sharing the same time space atoms.

All dancing manys are knowings.  
The pushing and the pulling,  
The forcing of form,  
Many mutual informings,  
Realms of interpenetrating conversations  
    informating intimately,

Symbiotic fields of knowing,  
Like a multidimensional weaving of Aurora Borealis,  
Pulsing, crackling, veils of light and colour  
    dancing rhythmically to unheard music,  
Knowers, within knowers, knowing knowers,  
Or do they try to close their eyes?

The Wangapeka Valley is a crisscross field of knowing.  
Each part the size of the universe,  
Each parting forming something elsing,  
Birding, lawning, fooding, writing,  
Mother visions clear,  
Raining, sunning, gravitating,  
Eating, eroding, meeting, discovering,  
Bursting freshly free . . . . .

OH JOY!

Hearing is knowing.  
Seeing is knowing.  
Feeling is knowing.  
Comparing is knowing.  
Remembering is knowing.  
Imagining is knowing.  
Reflecting is knowing.  
Worrying is knowing.  
Hoping is knowing.  
Pushing is knowing.  
Pulling is knowing.  
Eating is knowing.  
Digesting is knowing.  
Raining is knowing.  
Rivering is knowing.  
Mountaining is knowing.  
Oceaning is knowing.

Strange to see but all this knowing  
    draws a needed knower  
And so,  
Creative beings,  
    we make one! A terrifying fiction!  
A singularity knowing everything else.  
A me! Alive and intelligent

renders all the rest as object.  
While plural knowing is all around,  
a fusion of awesome complexity,  
a seeming con-fusion,  
Resting, nowfully, here.



Open the doors,  
Open wide the doors  
Oh daffodill!

Pull up the shutters  
Open all the windows  
Open your mind  
Open your brains.

Breathe with it deeply.  
Currents of transformation playing  
gently the boundless ocean vastness.

Open the doors  
Open wide the doors  
Oh daffodill!



Wangapeka stargroup course Jan 6/93

The place where  
shadows end,  
The time where  
stories part,

Mind transformations,  
jingling silver bells,  
Sound touching sound  
As the crescent earth  
leaps above the moon's horizon  
and webs of becoming whisper  
secrets down the avenues.

I am 'ah'  
I dwell everywhere and nowhere.

The ocean of appearance gives  
    ephemeral form to my presence.  
Mind play in a dance of becoming yet to be,  
Spacings of illusory moments, now and gone.

Is there a place  
    in the four walled holding pattern of the sky,  
Where doors emerge  
    and captive birds let fly?  
Or perhaps it's a time  
    when the windows open, and the  
    breath of starlight gloams the earth  
Revealing tapestries, rolling in fluid  
    rocks of reaching crystal.

Rest a while and breathe with me  
    come merge and let God dance.  
With clarity we lend our seed.  
    The mysteries of merging,  
A universe pregnant with our child,  
    pregnant with meaning,  
    a child called meaning.  
Oh so precious in a world of no-becoming.

Birthing continuous,  
    meaningful to behold  
Come . . . . .  
    hold without grasping.  
Gently present  
    So wondrous  
    Complete  
Come walk a while my friend.



*Wangapeka July/93*

*ending of 6 weeks of courses 2 weeks healing; 2 weeks womb; 2 weeks dream  
and archetype*

What is this who  
    which where's the why?  
How is this when  
    who what's the where?

When is this anyway  
and how?  
A cosmos turning firm-a-menting  
Building city palaces of mind.

Smoothly sliding  
textures stretch and fine drawn outness  
Wraps upon itself  
in questing touchfulness.

St. Lawrence flowing so,  
The salted streamings flowing, branching  
showing source.  
A glistening wonderment.  
Pupil of the dawn  
Bright well of earth drawn light,

Delicating balancewise, as  
Tendrils reach,  
reaching tenderly  
Meeting moments  
thrilling fullness  
Here.

Which what is this  
who wears the why?  
Chequered fabric,  
Gorse graced mountain,  
Steady sitting  
heartful presence,  
mystery thus-ness,  
Wombing with us all.



#### THOUGHTS ON DREAMING

Could it be that  
there's only one 'Dreaming'?  
Perhaps the idea of a dream  
is misleading.  
We lie down to sleep  
and let go of five sensing  
Five sensing like blinkers, like

halts and harness,  
They keep us on track.  
Make us think there's a track!

Mind field is boundless,  
          Vast neural networking  
Humming the dreaming we are.

Dreams are not linear . . . they are not stories  
These dreams occur out of 'Dreaming'  
          A wakeful construct.  
          An infant's worlding.

Dreaming loops in multiple  
          time space loopings  
As knowing emerges,  
these grace touched  
          moments,  
                  a holoversal dancing.

There is a rhythm of knowing,  
          a rhythm of habit.  
Each touch of the foot  
          a leap from the dance floor  
          a moment illumined,  
A brief glimpse of Dreaming.

Each 'part' of the dream is a  
          'wormhole' to other parts.  
Each 'part' of dreaming  
          obscures other 'parts'.

Most confusingly,

Each 'part' of the dream obscures  
          The Great Dreaming  
The Dreaming without meaningful  
          beginning or end.

The Dreaming - the dance of neural net weaving.  
          A charged play of inter-becoming  
          emitting sparks of knowing  
          which blind us to the light.

Blind men and an elephant,  
You know the story!

To put it simply . . .

Perhaps we don't have dreams,  
but we enter the dance of neural associative networking.  
When we dream we enter the pattern of our whole self  
But seeing only parts, we rarely glimpse the wholeness.  
Day and night, this continuous dreaming,

Bringing loving enquiry into the Dreaming  
Being the Dreaming knowing itself  
in a loving way . . .  
ah - so!



Wangapeka sometime in 1995

JOURNEY OF NOW

Being is a lonely place,  
A lump surrounded all by space,  
It crawls upon its knees for grace  
And cries aloud to walk a pace towards another being.

Little being seeks greater Being,  
A solitary trek to know  
Co-operates with other beings  
Fashioning a stronger car  
To cross the deserts who we are  
And come back home where safe and meaning-full we rest.

This wandering on in solitude,  
Our voices echoing from the rocks,  
Attempts to bridge the fathomless space  
That separates us all from grace  
Are seen as normal and as sane,  
Despite the fact they give us pain.  
The blindfolds wrapped around our eyes  
Confuse our hearing of the cries.  
We stumble on, yearning for grace,  
While blindly building bridges into space.

And in the building knowing flowers,  
    lifts the heart, bestows a power  
To temporarily rip right off  
    the blindfolds, we have learned to love.  
And being sees itself anew,  
A family drama  
    drenched in grace,  
A jewel-like city  
    all of space,  
An interbeing born from search  
    awakens from the lump-like  
    sleep of separated being things.

It breaths deep breaths of vast relief  
To find itself with new belief,  
    A joyous dance,  
    A wonderful party.  
Co-operation rules the day from  
    micro to the macro play,  
Filigree webs of harmony  
Mother, father, sister, brother,  
    atoms all in this palace place  
    revealing looms of time and space  
Join hearts together praising grace  
And drunken now, intoxicated with vaster knowing,  
We fail to notice blindfolds  
    even still are present here.

In the beginning were lumps lost in space  
    desperately crying out for grace.  
Now there are tapestries of being,  
Net workings of flashing parts that  
    mesmerize and lull the heart  
    to think we have at last arrived.

And now a vaster universe reveals a  
    jewel encrusted desert here to  
    deal us yet another challenge.

Oh invisible interbeing, of wondrous  
    giving heart ..... Wake up!  
You cannot rest.  
Look deeper still

And every interbeing thing dissolves and  
    vanishes from thought  
Into the mystery awesome vast.

Space and time,  
    all concepts fade,  
Hair stands on end and  
    tears flow freely  
As interbeing itself betrays our childlike trust,  
    and fades to where words fail to paint  
    a picture in the boundless space  
    touching all with fathomless grace  
    and hinting at a new and terrifying place of constant  
    interbecoming.

Feeling the stories,  
    Running from far away places,  
    Dreaming . . . Oh the vastness of the dreaming!

Familiar moments,  
Sitting around fires that flicker shadows  
    on evanescent caves of living rock,  
Fires of wood, of coal, of oil, of uranium,  
    the stories are still the same.

Looking into the darkness  
    beyond the dancing light play,  
We strain to see,  
    compelled to know,  
What is the fundamental stuff?

What cultures rose and fell. Wars were  
    fought to see which view supreme,  
Yet rarely seeing lightly hidden truth that  
    in seeking "THE" fundamental  
    we are all of us living the same age old story.

Join me for a moment, if you can,  
    and let your imagination venture forth  
    into a strange and hugely disturbing territory.

Can you imagine a world with nothing as fundamental?  
    No primary building blocks.  
    No safe haven of reliability.

Can you soften into an endless moment,  
so staggering,  
yet so familiar?  
Habit relates everything to 'our body'.  
We created a story to understand  
the universe  
and then . . .  
were eaten, by the monster story of our own making.

Perhaps our task is to be storytellers,  
Not custodians of the ancient lore,  
but creators of future lore.  
The stories we tell is the world  
our children will see,  
A non-linear time-share universe.

Spurting and jumping and oozing and flowing  
and thoroughly drenched within,  
Stretching and binding and reaching and grinding,  
Buzzing of rivers lingering in the cochlea,  
Tongue reaches wildly for tastes yet unknown,  
Photons from Betelgeuse ripple memories from childhood  
as the salt oceans flow, and flow, and flow.

Vast multi-dimensional inter-becoming  
gives a collage of images  
in a chaos of rightly touching.  
Mind, in a stunning leap of creative exuberance,  
conceives itself in form from the  
foaming ocean,  
and,  
like a bubble floating above the ferment,  
feels itself to be good.

Images linking and memory fastening, a  
filigree piece of wire and gemstone. Hardened in  
the forge of other people's views - we craft a self:  
- a platform,  
- a launching gantry,  
- a bridge abutment,  
- a battering ram,  
- a carriage,

A fulcrum against which the lever can move, a cosmos of matter,  
Though what does it matter? a patter, a splatter,  
a crack and a groan.

I wake.  
Spontaneously sprung from the foaming of see.  
My history's fresh as I bake it each morning.  
Mourning the death of a life barely lived,  
constantly reaching and where is it going  
this nectar of knowing,  
this potion of caring?

Mobious strips turning slowly in space,  
The stories loop backwards  
Radiating wonderment to all ears that hear.  
Love from the heart,  
heart filled with grace,  
this is my face.  
Finished.



FOR ERICA AND JOHN

Looking with greatly merciful eyes  
I calm the heart  
Threads of becoming weaving a texture  
of us beyond all beginning and end.  
I breathe at Wangapeka  
Please pause and breathe with me a while  
Our breaths breathing with all life  
Coming, going, easefully present.



**Wangapeka July /95**

*I had the opportunity to retreat for a number of months while Mary was in Auckland publishing Natural Awakening. It was a very fruitful time. The next eleven pages of poems emerged during that period.*

Spacious nowing  
Sparkling play of soft moments,  
Easeful mystery  
No clinging freshness

Timeless nowing  
Knowing, spacious.



Wangapeka July 6/95

*Moses was a cat I found on the road and brought back to Wangapeka*

We met in death upon the road of sunshine strong and  
summer full with mirage-like promises.

Your brother dead and sister dying and you  
me-ewing in death's sure path,  
abandoned to your fate.

I put you and sister in the car  
In Nelson your only other relative passed on  
and you entered the family of Wangapeka  
without ever asking,  
without any choice.

Foundling of the path, we called you Moses,  
Oh teacher in disguise.  
You came in fear and trauma and shock  
and demonstrated the beauty of love and deepening trust.  
First conquering your fears and then opening  
the hearts of beings from all over the world  
in a wonderfully effortless way.  
So many hardships in your life yet you showed  
patience, affection and a natural rhythm of independence.

Moses - old friend - today we buried your body,  
returning it to its mother elements  
While a spark - essence of your heart  
with help, leapt into the sky  
manifesting Chenrezis to bless us all  
And then like a shooting star,  
vanishing into Amitabha's heart  
I'm sure in Devachen you will awaken through faith!

Farewell old friend  
Even in death you continue to  
demonstrate Dharma.

Death and clinging,  
Love and caring,

Never come,  
Never parted,  
Everywhere present,  
Pristine,  
Miraculous,  
Oh wonder of wonders in a black furry coat!

May all beings enjoy health and happiness  
Blessings to all.



July /95

Looking -  
the knowing fills itself  
contentedly.



ETHICS

My finger is pointing and my mouth is saying 'ethics'  
My finger is pointing, "Look at him " and "Look at her"  
My finger is pointing and my mind feels very righteous.  
My finger is pointing, over here and over there.

My finger is pointing but it seems to be quite maddened  
It runs around in circles in a tanglement of parts.  
My finger is pointing, it fascinates to watch it,  
My finger is pointing and it's pointing to my heart.

My heart it seems is aching it wants so much to care  
Replaced by pointy finger that scratches here and there.  
It's time to take that finger and join it to a hand,  
To reach out with some goodness and help where helping can.  
It's time to see that ethics is not the finger part.  
It's time to see that ethics rises only in the heart.



### Pith Instruction for Tarchin

*do preliminaries of Refuge - Bodhisattva Vow - Vajrasattva - Interbeing  
and then:*

Simply sit in the moment.  
Let the knowing rest in itself.  
Seeing rests in seeing.  
Hearing rests in hearing.  
Touching rests in touching.  
Smelling rests in smelling.  
Tasting rests in tasting.  
Thinking rests in thinking.

Appreciate the quality of this state.  
Breathing in - bathing in beauty  
Breathing out - bathing in beauty.  
    This is Gladdening.  
    This is Wonkur.

Closely check moments of falling from this unity and  
allow even that knowing to rest in itself.



### MORE PITH INSTRUCTION

Oh slow wits  
Here is a message from more wits  
To remind you of what you already know.

When the practice becomes vague  
When direction is shrouded by fog,  
Breathe with awareness of death  
Each breath could be your last.

Act with awareness of death.  
Can you die now with no regrets?

When the practice becomes vague  
And direction enshrouded by the fog (of dullness),  
Remember you are already here, the whole universe present.  
Open your heart to this fact.

Let each moment of here be an offering to the Buddha nature of all beings.  
Let each arising of now - the fruits of the practice of already here - become the offering of practice to your teachers, who are all beings.

When the practice becomes vague  
And the direction enshrouded by fog,  
Let each breath be the expression of loving-kindness.  
Let each object of perception be radiant with compassion.

Death, Now, Love.  
May I live each moment fully with bright non-clinging awareness.



Wangapeka July/95

MOSES TEACHING

When we die we're gone.  
Truly, each moment is completely unattached to its neighbour.  
    Oh the suffering of wanting.  
    Oh the suffering of fearing loss.  
How free to live with no attachment.  
    To live without concern for tomorrow.  
    To wander like a lunatic.  
Full of love and totally detached.  
    Oh may I cut off this root blindness.

Yesterday, the body of Moses released  
    hormones of hunger,  
    juices of fear,  
    electrical fields of *vedana*, and  
Today, is just worm-meat and memories.  
In truth, Moses was only memories.  
    Pictures in our minds with often  
    little to do with that creature.

I too will be stiff and unmoving like Moses.  
Possibly someone will wonder where I've gone  
    leaving all my possessions and hangups behind.  
Strangers could strip me naked  
    extract my fillings and I wouldn't care.  
I will give it all away then.  
Why not give it all away today  
    and cease fearing to lose it.

Behold the lilies of the field  
You grasping farce of a yogi!



Rinpoche gathered us to his heart.  
He gave us courage to explore further than we might have explored on our own.  
He taught the basic Dharma of Life in so many metaphors and traditions  
that he and the process, was sometimes seen as dilettantism.  
He never allowed us to settle in any one tradition where we might have 'awakened' but  
also may have been trapped in the paradigm of that tradition.  
He constantly fed us, encouraged us, and threw us out. Stumbling,  
having to find our own way.  
He scattered us like rice grains all over the world and we had to survive.  
Some fell back on old social trends.  
Some reviewed what they'd learned again and again, gradually finding the  
essence distillation - not to impress others but purely to survive.  
And Lo! some found that the way to survive was to let go into the truth of Dharma  
and many plants of different types sprang from the seeds.

The farmer walks on - scattering seeds. This is a teaching for a new world. The  
Sakyamuni Buddha said his dispensation would end. This is not a revelation discovered  
and then shared, but a collective birth pain; conceived, gestated, birthed and nurtured  
by, with, through and for, Dorje Sempa, the creative intelligence of the universe,  
unfolding wondrously.



I rarely saw my teacher sit cross-legged in meditation  
He often flopped in a chair  
But most often he lounged on a couch or  
simply lay flat on the bed.

He talked of being interested in all of life  
yet I saw him lying around. Was this laziness?  
He was instantly clear, alert and lucid, with anything that arose.  
Now I'm beginning to see,  
Not two.

I saw a man lying on a bed.  
Perhaps the bed was manifesting under a man  
A forest of trees flowering into a wooden bed.  
A lotus supporting the eyes of discernment.



When I was young,  
I used to spontaneously burst into tears of sadness for the world.  
Now, when I look deeply, in silence, at anything  
    and see the awesome writhing of interbeingness that is that thing,  
    inseparable from mind in which it arises,  
    tears and sobbing burst out.  
Everything is so delicate and fragile.  
So sentient.  
Who are you my love?  
Who am I?

Looking at my hands,  
    seeing rivers running to the sea.  
Sea salt tears run from my eyes. Snot pours from my nose,  
    moistening,  
    lubricating the hard, dry,  
    and crusty.

I weep tears of purification.  
Too mysterious.  
Too awesome to contain.  
And in between, sessions of profound stillness.

Twenty-five years of Buddhism. I feel just on the verge of understanding.



I am sitting in this room.  
All is the arising of knowing.  
Appreciating the various dimensions of dharma presentation,  
Allowing the knowing to rest in itself,  
When necessary - gently reminding - "not two".  
Resting as thus-ness.



Death came to Wangapeka last night.  
Death came disguised as Chenrezi.  
Millions of wonderful snowflakes,  
Silently floating through the still night air,  
    Then crack!

The trees began to shatter.  
    Branches falling  
    Crack another  
    And another,  
And in the magical sparkle of dawn light,  
A fairyland of destruction.  
The magnolia by the hut snapped off.  
The beeches bent to the ground.  
Gums were not designed for this.

Death the culler came to Wangapeka last night  
And made me ponder what would happen if  
The average temperature dropped 2 or 3 degrees.  
Oh fragile tapestry of life.  
Endless transformations of forms,  
Trying hard to remain the same . . .  
What a senseless task!



*Yesterday evening, contemplating lovingkindness*

Oscillating between seeing Chenrezi and being filled with joy for the love and beauty of this living world. Then seeing children sorting rubbish heaps in Delhi and Mexico city - death in Yugoslavia - and bursting into tears. Then again, Chenrezi, smiling on thousands of families and children and mothers giving birth. I smile and thrill with joy. Then visions of sickness, starvation, meanness, and cruelty. Back and forth. Back and forth.

As I recall this now, I'm beginning to crack up.  
How can I help?!!!  
Must come to this place - the wilderness - the dark night  
Weeping and crying out, yet feeling no despair.  
This feels like purification.  
Entering an unknowing beyond anything imagined.  
Does something come out of this?  
It seems all I've got is Chenrezi.  
It seems all I am is Chenrezi.  
This is the world crying itself awake.  
The pain in my body is your pain.  
The fear in my guts is your terror.  
The ache in my heart is your longing.  
How can I forget you?!!!  
Yet I do,  
    again and

again and  
again.

My problems, my worries, my hopes, my plans and projects.

God - from this moment  
I place myself in your care.

Tarchin . . .

Let your heart embrace all being.

Gaté - go with God.

- go with Love.

Set down your burden.

Rest by the lake,

The cooling waters of the heart

And there, the Lotus-born arises,

Oh!

Blessed

blessed

blessed.



Aug/95

There's so much crying in me

An ocean of tears whose waves lap upon the shores of every  
country in the world.

My chest and throat are quivering.

The eyes are hot and swollen.

And strangely, I wouldn't have it any other way.

I am the crying of every child.

I am the crying of every broken heart.

I am the rain of tears, the flood of nectar  
softly letting go.

I am a billion years of agony slowly releasing

My silence knows no boundaries.

My screams echo through millennia

I cry my tears and sit beside the spring of forgiveness.

While through and through,  
the stillness of a smile.



LATER

Sitting very easeful

Bliss

Then hearing the screaming again

The cry becoming male, and then my own voice.

Many visions simultaneously.

Middle East, camels and sheikhs,

African slaves and women giving birth.

Wangapeka mountains become waves and then the ocean

I yell, sob, cry,

Shaking and convulsing, too big.

Like childhood, the head wibbles,

the scream of bardo

Crying for all the pain, all the suffering lifetimes.

It's overwhelming to realise the extent of delusion

To see is awesome

The phrase arises,

    "I am all that is."

        Buddha

        Lifetimes

    Then bowing to Chenrezi

        Refuge.



VISION

A stack of clouds

    became a huge whirlwind

        gracing the horizon.

Inside was Vajra Sattva,

    majestic,

        still; in single form.

He started laughing

    so hard,

    so uproariously,

    that

He fell off his throne.

Tumbling through the sky,  
    he became a garuda.  
        There is nowhere in mind  
            for mind to fall!



ANEW

*Unknowable dancing vastness, conceiving spontaneous present that isn't a moment.*

Capricious Chance and Steady Causality,  
Two sides of time, the coin of becoming,  
Bursting fresh the universe  
With a brand new me appreciating,  
Playing music in the boundless hall  
With notes a-noting.

Walking down the path,  
    seeing for the very first time.  
Continuously born anew.  
    Never repeating  
    Never repeating!  
Echoes of infinite difference,  
    of exquisite subtlety.

Open your eyes and disappear,  
    the seeing you is different from then.  
Walking forth in the morning light,  
    A new,  
        A new,  
            A new!

Tuis tumbling through the sky  
Singing with the pure wonder of it all.

All perception is a blur.  
Everything moves, movings within movings.  
No matter how fast our glimpse  
    the moment still smears itself across the retina,  
Pretending to be discrete moments through photon limitations.

We live in a blur,  
    moving senses passing changing messages  
    to a never resting brain.

Discrimination is averaging,  
probabilities calculating.  
We 'see' with our hopes and memories,  
frozen encounters  
sculpted deftly  
to support our stories.

'AH' but wait.  
Perhaps we are not 'seeing',  
That is, - seeing something waiting to be seen.

Perhaps the world is birthing  
never before beholden.  
The seer - the seen, the knower - the known,  
Mutually shaping infinite cause  
makes causality meaningless,  
and so everything is both mother and child  
and mysterious choice is the father.

Infinite, spacious, awesome creation,  
Self and dollars, and addresses and business,  
all seem so tiny,  
so blind to the fullness.

Joy and gratitude pours from my heart.

Sarva Mangalam, Sarva Mangalam, Sarva Mangalam



Artful spider that I am  
Waiting in the golden web to catch my dinner now.  
I spin connections all around  
The twig, the step, the gutter strong,  
Then thread to thread  
A brilliant maker of connections  
that I am.

And gradually the sky grows dim  
the threads to cloth and fabric strong,  
my mind arranged around me fast  
Like laundry hanging out to dry.

The web grows thick, a ball of yarn and I  
in centre, yarning still, entangle  
all the spacious things  
And trap myself within my yarning story.

Where am I going?  
I push forward . . .  
trying to cut through the threads that I have made.  
What pushes me onward? . . . forgetting  
all that 'pushes' is a concept in my mind.  
Why is there anything anyway?  
And all these queries - just plays of becoming  
in an ocean of whatness.

To question is to fix a place  
from whence to measure everything else  
So what is question arising from space?  
A blissful dancing here,  
pure grace.



Dordogne France /96

Ancient forbears throwing images of beauty  
30,000 years to my heart,  
and joy bounces back to them.  
Tourists babbling  
grasping for fragments of tourguide talk.  
So many languages, clothes and customs.  
Do they realise we are all visiting the house of our grand parents?  
All these people are my cousins.  
How could I forget them?  
Sangha of plums  
green, yellow, burgundy and red.  
The dining lawn awash with german, french, english, italian, vietnamese and more,  
a bubbling brook,  
a thread of becoming  
weaving a fabric of wonder in the stillness of now.  
Breathing in - smiling present  
Breathing out - I am home  
Breathing in - the knowing rests in itself  
Breathing out - Ah!!!!  
Thank-you Thich.



Canada April/97

Death rides silently by my side  
Arising and passing  
Fluidity playing  
A bright jewel of this-ness.

Death my companion  
Disguised as new life  
Newness bright child  
Enclosing a skull of snow white bone,  
    Just here  
    Just this.

All striving reveals now  
The dance that's been given.  
Light play of mystery,  
Not one or many.  
    Something softens,  
    A pliable minding.  
Reveling in creation  
Reveling in destruction,  
    Making is breaking and  
    Breaking is making,  
I offer myself to the world.



Riverlodge, Alberta /97 - during a bout of sciatica.

Walking down the drive,  
Sun shining through the frosted leaves,  
Mice scurrying through the brown grass forests,  
Ice fans gently coating the puddles,  
And I limp.

Swollen foot pressuring on shoe and shaping disturbance  
Up the leg to back and shoulder  
The whole body shaping itself anew.

So subtle the viewing,  
The preference for other.

It creeps unnoticed into the world  
And crafts a place that's pain and problem filled.  
A yearning to get better.

Embarrassed by sickness,  
    seeds of shame and fear  
    and dread and failure,  
        as if  
life had stopped . . . temporarily placed on hold  
    in this mandala of wrongness.  
A mandala of wrongness surrounded by a brilliant crystal  
    palace of early Autumn light.

A shift . . . so subtle.  
    Now, just this.  
    Walking this way.  
    Being this mind.  
Present miracle manifesting in just this way.  
Everything resting wonderfully in itself.

Perhaps the whole idea of healing is tainted.  
A yearning to get to some place other.  
A leaving of this now.  
A shutting of our eyes.  
    How simple.  
    How beautiful.  
    How easy to forget.  
Especially when others are eagerly trying to 'help'.



Riverlodge /97

FOR MARY ON HER BIRTHDAY

Dying  
Dying  
Birthing  
Dying  
Howing  
Whying  
Being  
Home

What is loving

Softly present  
Probing gently  
Wake to one

Mary is the sky come bluey  
Jewel-like in the dancing many  
Birthing  
Birthing  
Dying Birthing  
Pine leaf  
Star dust  
Wonder  
HO



Hobart Tasmania March 10/98

A WAKE FOR ALL THE NON-IRISH; AND FOR THE IRISH TOO

O Father, O Father  
Where are you now?

Ashes spread by the winds  
from a hilltop in Ontario  
O Father, O Father  
Where are you now?

Your spirit is everywhere  
It is part of my knowing  
flavouring each moment  
both truth and lie.  
The children of your breath,  
carbon dioxide born from your every cell,  
rustle in the swish of gum leaves  
the wave sounds of pine forest  
the silent cool of shady oak.

Your body, O Father, is  
become my Mother,  
Womb of now,  
Womb of thusness,  
Feeding my knowing with  
riches I never knew you had  
when I was young.

O Father-Mother  
Where are you now?

I breathe you every moment  
My eyes are filled with your light.  
My ears reverberate with your song.

My bones - your bones  
My flesh - your flesh  
My skin - your skin

And permeating all,  
the essential oil,  
the essence most perfect,  
the colour tinting the whole of being with a Holy uniqueness  
making no separation,

miraculous knowing  
    arising  
        in this  
            from this  
                with this.

O Father, O Father,  
Why do you talk to yourself?  
I hear your call  
Awake! Awake!  
Awake with love.  
Awake with clarity.  
A wake celebrating the unbeginning and unending,  
Cremating the illusions  
    and sharing the ashes as wealth.



Christchurch NZ April 1/98

Let us sit quietly together  
to sink deep into the mystery of now.  
Let us touch the ocean,  
the ocean of becoming.  
Birthing and Dying,  
Joy and Grief,  
The rainbowed stories of our lives.



## NO GOING BACK

Refugees, displaced persons, stateless beings.  
Victims of cultural prejudice - never ending,  
Can't go back - there's no going back.

Learning to live together - feeling the wounds,  
the agony, the frozen despair of non-belonging.  
Not revenge but tolerance.  
Not bigotry but appreciation.

Abused childhood, hurt feelings, family agonies  
exploding in a million cutting fragments - never ending  
spiral into righteousness - feelings of hard-done-by-ness  
won't go back - there's no way back.

Learning to live together - feeling the wounds.  
Victim thinks that only she is bleeding.  
Victim knows that only he is hurting.

And yet we're all in the same boat - this vessel of earth,  
This vessel of knowing,  
This notion of caring.  
We are all here together,  
Our togetherness is the boat.

Our non-tolerance, close-mindedness, arrogance and dulled  
stupidity are different shapes of leaks.  
Our love and widening appreciation are the  
soundness of the ship itself.

Great Mystery looks within its cells  
and sees the growing good.



Wangapeka April/98

SACRED WALKING: *a love poem to the earth*

Come my friend  
My dear dear friend  
Come walk with me a while.

My foot, my sole  
Gently touching your shoulder.  
Your quivering bird sounds penetrating my being.

A coolness of breath through nose and mouth  
Opening - yes inviting forth my heart  
To kiss the world a new with laughter  
    breaking forth all over,  
Cascades of shimmering joy and meaning.

Come dear friend  
Let us hold each other gently.  
You in me and I in thee  
And let the paths of life walk through.

Brother sun and sister river sound,  
Mother, father,  
We are the pathways reaching up  
To bless all tender feet  
    so tentative,  
    so wanting deep to know their tread secure.

Walking this path creating.  
Pathing this  
    a walkway.  
Creation  
    dancing all over,

Come my blessed,  
Breath with me the mystery of stillness  
Walking through the glades of light and shade  
We offer beauty  
Pouring forth continuous,  
Nourishing the world.



**Wangapeka April/98**

*Proposal for LovingKindness 2000, a one year retreat at Wangapeka. There will be courses. There will be lots of wonderful activity. But in addition, there will be a core of beings offering a year of their lives to cultivate the presence of love and beauty and responsive awakensness in and for the world.*

Come pause with us dear friends.  
Sit by the river.  
Watch the sun rise and set,  
the texture of days flowing through,  
again, and again, and again.

Rest at ease and know the seasons of your being,  
the heart beat of this earth.  
A time to slow and a pause,  
to nurture love and life so deep,  
to let the rush and madness gradually seep away  
returning naturally to the sea  
on the sound of rivers,  
the breath of wind,  
and the flow of wholesome time.

The Tui calls, the Bellbird too,  
Calls us into beauty,  
serene awakeness present here.  
A year of cultivating grace  
Honouring our forebears,  
Harvesting the fruit of hopeful hearts.  
A gifting through,  
breath, by breath, by breath,  
Gifting through to children yet to come.



*Wangapeka May/98* written for the Mana newsletter  
DRIP AND OCEAN

Oh meditators . . . are you sure you are meditating?  
Have you become the great ocean  
Receiving all the rivers  
the tributaries of being?  
Or do you see yourself as a drip  
trying, oh so hard, to get somewhere,  
to be somewhere,  
to become something?

Actually . . .  
The nature of drip is not different from ocean.  
Most drips, unbeknownst to themselves are oceans,  
vast worlds teeming with microscopic life.

Drips are on the run,  
    guests who never remain,  
    never feeling quite at home,  
    isolated in their whirling separation,  
    gazing at faces in the concave surfaces of shimmering silver,  
    lives in a bubble  
        unable to break out.

Oceans are hosts  
    welcoming all who drop in.  
    Vast loving,  
    open twenty-four hours per day.  
    This . . . in all its wonder  
    and beautiful complexity . . .  
    just as it is!  
    nothing less,  
    and nothing more.

It seems so difficult being a drip!  
A trickle running tentatively.  
One single hand can block its way.  
Problems looming all around  
And yet...  
    Imagine a single hand trying to  
    stop the flow of the Amazon  
    as it enters the sea.

Too often our meditation  
    becomes something to practice.  
A further distancing of ourselves  
    from the true nature of being.  
In the name of mindfulness we split ourselves  
    and become the 'watcher'  
    watching something else,  
    oh so perilously close to the critic!  
We think we are practicing awareness when closer to truth,  
    awareness is what we are.

I wonder if Life feels it needs to practise living?  
Though aspiring to awakening  
    and the cultivation of compassion,  
    how did we get so far off the track?

Pause with me a moment.  
Imagine you are holding in your hands a beautiful bowl  
filled with lustral waters,  
a nectar of knowing, a potion of caring.  
Imagine the nectar is yourself, and  
there you are . . . resting in the bowl,  
being mindful of your breathing.

What a strange existence!  
You in the bowl.  
Your breathing somewhere else  
. . . not you . . .  
but being watched 'by' you.

Have you been there?

Now . . .  
gently, sensitively,  
with a tremendous richness of awareness,  
raise the bowl above your head.  
Actually do it with your hands and  
let your body teach you.

Now . . .  
tilting the bowl . . .  
Pour yourself back into yourself.

Ahhhhh!!!!

Stay with it for a moment. Can you feel the difference?  
Nectar cascading down  
moistening every cell  
aliveness, immediacy,  
breathing and knowing  
intimately mingled  
in this ocean of Mystery.

We are all leaky vessels,  
cracked bowls, leaking all over the world,  
leaving a trail of puddles behind us  
more and more scattered,  
more and more diffused,  
until we begin to feel a bit empty and dried up.

Some mindless chatter runs out here.  
Some planning next year dribbles out there.  
Bits of envy, criticism, anger, confusion.  
It's running away in all directions.

Can you pause and gather yourself back into the bowl.  
The bowl is our remembering, our sati, our mindfulness.  
It does little good collecting dust on the shrine.  
It's a tool . . .

    a bailing tin  
    to save an airborne ship.  
    Not to empty the vessel but  
    to pour the ocean into it,  
    to sink it,  
    to shipwreck this drip  
    into the origin of all Being.

Have courage.  
Bail for your life  
    buckets of ocean,  
    ballast to sink you to the depths of life fully lived.  
Use it,  
use it,  
and use it again.

Scoop yourself up. Bring back each escaped part.  
Use your hands, or a squeegee, or a mop;  
anything that will help you to remember the work  
    and then . . .  
    pour yourself back into yourself  
    and continue in richness.

In time you will know that you can do this  
    and will know it to be good.  
At that time,  
    gathering all that you are,  
    one fluid whole,  
    pour yourself back into the world!

The drip returns to the sea.  
The sea becomes Great Seeing  
Compassion working wonderfully  
A natural presence gifting itself

A rich dance of knowing,  
Your offering to the world.



Full Moon in Cape Range National Park WA Sept 6/98

Sitting in the dunes by the ocean.  
Water so clear.  
This entire ocean of clarity.



Te Moata Retreat Centre Nov 21/98

Knowing  
    breezes through my being  
Seeking shadowy loam  
    to dust with spacious light.  
Raindrops falling.  
Perfect nectar bindus,  
    falling to the centre  
    - not falling downwards.  
An ocean of brightness  
    knowing all over.

Mist swirls across the valley  
    thoughts making stories,  
    a landscape of bones.

I see you-me.  
Seeing in the knowing  
Zinging of my being,  
    playing in the breezes.  
Oh mystery, so dear.

I call your name.  
    It's Anne. It's Mary  
    It's John. It's Jack.  
    It's Tui and Silver Eye.  
    It's Beauty and This-ness

Oh dance with me  
A hundred times over,

away, away  
a whirling of vision  
assemblage of senses,  
A small boy touching a blade of grass  
so delicately,  
While a cricket sings and the universe celebrates.

Cricket me visioning the softness of innocence  
Knowing bends backwards  
Can you hear?  
Do you see?



### Te Moata Retreat Centre Nov./98

*We had been shopping in Tauranga and at the check-out counter I was asked if I was doing 'shop until you drop'. I guess it was some sort of local gimmick, like 'fly-buys'. A few days later I was giving a retreat at the beautiful Coromandel centre of Te Moata. This poem merged these two experiences.*

*People are so afraid of the unfamiliar; to feel and experience in new and different ways. Sometimes they think they are going mad but could this not be a very precious birthing place of something wondrous new? With experience one might learn to live on this edge of not-knowing, to enter into it again and again, to deeply value this place where habit loses its way and the familiar vanishes into great mystery.*

Swimming down  
Swimming down  
Down  
Down  
to the place of madness  
to the muddy reed roots channeling clay to sky  
Or is it sky to clay.  
Or does it matter?

Swimming down  
The mystery descending  
world melting into vast possibility  
As eye sight blurs and  
tendons soften  
loosening the bones.  
A kind of lucid madness  
Are you with me?

Talking stones

the voices of all beings  
crying their confusion

A moment crystal clear.

Swimming down

The darkness giving way  
as fins sprout feathers and turn to wings.

Flying in the space of time,

caporting in the breath of vastness  
with one toe on the bottom,  
Have you been there?

Looking in all directions

seeing surface dance.

The store clerk asked,

"Are you doing 'shop until you drop'?"  
Fashion and gee-gaws and automobiles  
and endless isles of merchandise.

Will we shop until we drop?

Do you see this!

Do you feel this!

Come, take my hand

and plunge into the depth of present mystery.

A million galaxies

burning the awestruck neurons  
of ancestors swimming beyond their depth.

Bursting through the surface,

Bursting through the superficial,

gasping for breath,  
swimming with the breath,  
or, perhaps it's  
gasping in awe,  
mind taking flight,

as tears flood the world  
and laughter rocks me to the ground.



Loveseed  
I give this to you.  
Breaking forth,  
    the petals lifting up the world.  
Floating on a breath of  
    spacious knowing  
The fabric undulating vastly,  
Galaxies playing the spacetime blue.

Love's seed  
I give this to you.  
This life a playing mystery of oneness.  
A question ripening large in all directions.  
A kingfisher flashing low above the evening light  
    to grasp its supper  
    gulping deep upon a trembling branch.

Love's need  
I give this to you.  
Pouring forth into the jelly-mould of now.  
A reaching in,  
    a fractal shaping mirror play,  
An unknown dance  
    complete before begun.

I call you loveseed  
Pour forth and give your blessings.  
The fact of knowing  
    spacious clear.  
The fact of loving,  
    always here.

Twigs of straw  
    a raft upon the water  
    a pattern blowing through the empty sky.



Hastings Dec 5/98

I would like to speak of stillness  
But my mouth betrays me.

I would like to speak of  
But my mouth betrays.  
I would like to speak  
But my mouth . . .  
I would like to  
But my . . .  
I would like  
But  
I would  
I do

doing

is

now

. . .



Wangapeka Jan 27/99 6:40am

Rushing river stream to meet the sea  
Cleaving cool air in the morning stillness  
Golden cloak sliding cross the varied green of pine  
Bird call punctuating presence through the crystal space  
Knowing this-ness seated on a ledge  
A Mystery of now.  
A bindu of thus-ness  
Rabbits chewing on the broom.



Feb/99

Did you know, my friend,  
That every breath you take changes the world?  
Have you realised  
That every step you take transforms myriad lives?



March 25/99

*In memoury of Chorpel Dolma, who died last night in Ontario*

A plucky lady  
Impish smile  
Touching many life threads  
Launching many ships

Grappling with this flesh  
                  in these times  
Mystery we knew as Chorpel  
Fare thee well  
                  for the benefit of all beings.



June/99

Pain and Bliss  
Theories miss  
The point of this.  
A world emerges  
Now, and now,  
The knowing - so incom  
                  prehensible.

The constant reaching,  
Pro . . . jects flashing forth in all directions  
The webs of lies  
                  lie heavy on the ground  
And fertilise the  
                  hopeful shoots of  
                  promise . . . ed release.

Continuously weaving  
                  she crafts the tapestries  
                  of this.  
Maya is her name in bliss.  
Yama is his name in this.  
For and back - back and forth  
Yammering these words under the moon.



CLEAR LIGHT

Not a light  
                  but a lightness.  
Not a place to come from or to go to  
                  but the womb of all textures.  
Not a this or a that  
                  but beauty manifesting.

Not here or there  
    but thus-ness personifying.  
Try to grasp it  
    and the grasping heavys, obscuring lightness.  
Try to reason it  
    Why? Where? How? . . . and the reasoning densifies.  
Letting go and letting be  
    completely relaxing within  
        the lightness/knowing is apparent all over.



Auckland July 15/99

A CUBIC METRE OF AIR

I look into the air and see right through it. I move my body and feel invisible pressures, waftings of liquid presence, pressing round with no gaps or spaces. Looking opens to knowing this mystery; in the room, in the door locks, between the carpet tufts, around my tongue, wrapping each object so intimately that no violence of movement can cause a total vacuum.

Playfully I isolate a cubic metre of space and begin to sift the invisible contents with sieves of in place knowing. Dust, moulds, tiny seeds, spores, bits of hair and flakes of skin; pollen grains of many species, globs of soot, perfume, diesel fuel exhaust, microorganisms grazing the three dimensional field; tiny insects, great birds of prey in this micro vastness, and all of these beings, complex weavings in themselves, are leaking chemicals and absorbing others.

There is a cacophony of chemical conversations, a silent deafening clinking of countless bottles all carrying messages, to land eventually on new and unexpected shores. "Goods for sale." "Accommodation wanted." "Flatmate looking for companion." "Employment offered" and "employment wanted"; a vast metropolis floating in the matrix, trusting in the universe to further all their stories.

Around these fluid becomings are molecules of gas, translucent to photons streaming from the solar being's great unfathomable heart. Nitrogen, carbon dioxide, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon monoxide, ammonia, methane and so forth. They are jiggling and flowing, vibrating to the dance of changing temperature, always on the move from here to there; linking into forms and disappearing from space. Entering the space and bursting free from opaque forms. This cubic metre is a bouillabaisse, an ether soup, a ferment of beingness, rich and flavourful to tongues designed to taste these worlds.

Breathing in, a sucking swirling of beings; logs, flotsam and jettison, the whole avian universe rolling round the nostril hairs, heating, transforming, descending into a new

time and place of constant changing activity. Gaseous universe plunging into the ocean.  
My blood is filled with beings. Conversations everywhere, orgies of potlaching, gifts  
given and received, a never ending party with guests coming and going.

How rarely we imagine the richness of activity that is needed for anything, even to be  
bored or doing nothing!



Devonport, Auckland July 15/99

*Absolute zero is 0 degrees Kelvin which is the equivalent of -273 degrees C. At this  
temperature all molecular activity stops.*

FOR ALL MEDITATORS SEEKING REST

Absolute zero is the place of rest.  
Meditating she tried to find  
    the best,  
    the quest,  
    the goal of peace,  
A place of stillness,  
The place of death.

Life is moving.  
Rest is abstraction,  
    a relative concept that hides the  
Ceaseless, restless dancing.

Nothing moves  
    and nothing is still.  
Yet repetitive cycling is stillness,  
And novel spiraling is movement.

Day - night, sleeping - waking,  
Birthing - dying,  
We need in English a new word  
    to highlight the moving, stilling, being.

A year went by of  
    dedicated practice,  
And all she found was constant action,  
From atom through to  
    galactic whirl,  
    a joyous registering, knowing fine,  
    so fine.

She found the river tumbling vast  
and threw herself into the torrent,  
gone from sight  
the birth of light  
A bubbling joy of running free.

The bubbling burst its banks  
and flooded  
Streams are joining  
Ground and water sogged, and  
shining, wetlands of becoming  
To feed the migrant flocks of  
feathered beauty, being now.

And still the flow to sea she goes  
streams within streams  
flashing in the light of dawning grace,  
The glistening of knowing vast and wide  
Like hands and arms embracing from the heart.  
Holding the vision.  
Holding the sky!



March 6/00

May our explorations serve to deepen awareness  
Ripen the fruits of wisdom and water the flowers of compassion  
That we may bring health and joy to all beings.



To say, I love you is too late.  
The lover and the loved no longer are.  
To say that I love you is a fantasy.  
The one I loved appears not in my eyes of now.  
To say I love you feeds illusion.  
The lovers close their senses  
to savour inner feelings.  
One does not, can not love another.  
Rather love is a probing activity  
a constant opening - testing new hypotheses, new perceptions,  
a living, transforming, appreciating, wakefulness . . .  
Not day old bread!



Wangapeka April 24/00

NATURAL AWAKENING

Peeing in a field.

So natural.

So ordinary.

Stream of crystal cascading,  
arcing through space  
curving with the mystery of gravity  
splatting against a flowering weed  
and spraying fountain-like radiant orbs,  
raining down in all directions.

Cells of plants shifting in response to salts and temperature.

Tiny insects, flattened, life terminated by a blob of liquid as vast as the sky.

Soil creatures responding to sugars and acidities,

A world of countless beings transforming,

Bending the face of the universe

Responding to a shower of pee.

Thirsty roots, happy in the rain of blessing.

Bursting cell walls, crushed legs and antennae,  
writhing in the great eco-disaster.

The satisfaction of emptied bladder.

Soaking in the sun and thinking happy thoughts.

Life flows on

transformation endlessly.

No stops,

No stepping out to ponder skilful action.

Our stepping out is itself an action.

Breathing in, the world transforms.

Breathing out, the world transforms.

Drinking in, the world transforms.

Peeing out, the world transforms.

The first step of natural awakening is to bring peace to the frantic reactivity in body, emotion, and intellect; to encourage the balm of ease and clarity to thoroughly moisten the entire arising now.

The second step: Resting in the place of no where else to rest, the thinking begins to look deeply into all perceived assumptions; to translucensify all opacity.

The third step is to learn to rest in this in a wider and wider range of circumstances all the time discovering an ever greater depth and profundity of question.

The fourth step is to interact with each and every being from this place of boundless wonder, interaction, interbecoming.

The fifth step is to realise that the first four have been effortlessly arising all the time.

The sixth step is innate humour, joy, clarity, presence; nothing more to 'practice', resting in the fullness of nowness being itself.



Wangapeka June 14/00

*Written in the hermitage of Triple Gem on a sunny morning by that semblance of a yogi known as Tarchin on the occasion of thinking about the dharma practitioner living in the heart of Namgyal on the mountain of Deva Chen, known as Wangapeka.*

She who's aspiration is strong,  
    whose determination spans the space of time,  
May your realisation increase.

She who is bodhicitta manifesting,  
    whose heart so yearns to heal the world,  
May blessings rain continuously on you and all you meet.

She who tries so hard for skilful means  
    for the sake of others,  
May the bliss of non-striving blossom from within.

May the sun of warmth and clarity  
    be with you always.  
May the moon of compassionate presence  
    grace your every moment.

May the Clouds of Dharma gather around you  
    and rain down, thoroughly soaking the garden of your heart.

May all that is good flower beautifully,  
    showing the path of liberation to all beings.

Sarva Mangalam      Sarva Mangalam      Sarva mangalam



Wangapeka 17/06/00

Stand on your head my friend.  
Stand on your head.  
Are the rose morning clouds  
    still above the earth?  
Are the losses of your life  
    still the absolute they seemed to be?

Stand on your head  
    then lie on your side.

Feel the marvel of a vertical horizon and the fact  
    that the trees and the mountains don't slide off.  
Stand on your feet my friend.  
See the familiar click into place and  
    wonder that you call this real.

Loosen your views my friend  
    many new ways of experiencing old things.  
Meeting the old and seeing it fresh.  
Stand on your head my friend.  
Stand on your head.  
I'm standing on my head too.



Wangapeka Sept./00

The path of awakening is all around you.  
    It is the life you are living.  
    It is the place where you are.  
    It is the mind that is experiencing.

Just pause and allow the looking to deepen.  
    Do you have sufficient love to see?  
        That's a big question!

Feel the fullness of being;  
    within and around.  
    It's everyone,  
A living tapestry of infinite depth and dimension.

When the heart is flowering . . .  
When curiosity is working its wondrous mystery in the very fabric of your body . . .  
When interest and question are probing, caressing, fathoming;  
    teasing out with endless appreciation the richness of 'other' . . .  
When the doorways of your senses are wide open, allowing lightness;  
    the joy of discovery . . .

Then . . .  
We experience wherever we are to be a treasure  
    that bursts the prison walls of self absorption  
And turns on a flood of joy, cascading out  
    to water the wholesome seeds of others.



Wangapeka Dec. 24/00

1080 DELUGE

*Written in response to the announcement that the local council has hired a private contractor to drop 1080 all over the land to kill the possums that might be carrying TB which could be a threat to the dairy and meat industries.*

They say we must poison the land.  
We must eradicate the possum  
    so that the chemo-petroleum-agri business can make money,  
    money for billionaire shareholders in Texas, Tokyo and Toronto.

They say we don't care for the land if we won't agree to drop 1080,  
    death to dogs and cats, birds, insects and small children,  
    should they eat it.

They say that we are irresponsible if we won't drop 1080 on our  
    water catchment area, polluting our life giving source  
    of drink for us and the garden.

They say that we don't care for the livelihood of the dairy farmers  
    who are mortgaged to the hilt and need to process the  
    resources of thousands of acres and thousands of creatures  
    to skim a slim living off a river of global corporate profit.

They say we must abandon our commitment of love for all beings  
    in order to adjust to the realities of the modern economic world.

They say we must acquiesce to poisoning countless unknown beings,  
micro organisms in the soil, insects, birds and others,  
- an 'unfortunate few deaths'  
surely a small price to pay to ensure profits  
for the dairy and meat industries.

They say we must broadcast 1080 as an act of responsible land management.  
But is it an act of love?  
Is it a way of living with our neighbors,  
the community of all beings that is Wangapeka?

They say we must drop 1080 on our land,  
on our water,  
on our bodies,  
on our friends,  
on our principles,  
on our integrity.

They say we must poison the land  
and the land, speaking with my tongue, moving my fingers on the keyboard,  
  
cries out

"NO"