



# A Sheaf of Poems 2010 -> Onward

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April, 2010

AN ECOLOGY OF HEART

A sense of belonging,  
A sense of home,  
A knowing of community,  
A gardening of love,  
A life of contemplation,  
A courage to question, and the trust to deeply feel,  
A way of living, both authentic and fulfilling,  
Seamlessly communing with and through each other,  
This is the heart of ecology,  
An ecology of heart.



May 3, 2010, Melbourne

Open Path,  
where everything is fruitful.

*Restricted Path,  
where a particular route is discerned by  
what is not the path. Where more of the universe  
is not-path than is path. Where 'getting it right' is very important.*

When life awakens within itself - wide open in wonder,  
paths open wherever we look.  
Living dharma, life unfolding,  
human engagement with all our faculties thrumming creatively;  
this is nature awakening - a 'natural awakening'.  
It is the inborn path of buddhadharma lived by all sages in all times and places.

Called many names that satisfy the namers,  
    living dharma is to live within the truth,  
        a truth which preceded and gestates all naming.  
This pathless 'path', buddhadharma-in-action, is truly open.  
Taught by many teachers and traditions,  
it is available to all who seek.

Open Path,  
    this living dharma,  
        this world awakening  
            may we realize it!



July 1, 2010 Triple Gem, Wangapeka

ILLUMINED IN THE DARK  
You sit out  
    at night  
    under the stars.  
The milky way  
    winding herself  
    around the  
    bowl of the world  
    like a starry shawl of caring.  
And the river  
    sings in your cells  
And the earth scent  
    floods your brain  
And the near zero air  
    pricks your surfaces  
    into fresh awakesness.  
And the mystery  
    sounds symphonies  
    of reverence and love,  
    weaving messages of meaning,  
This moment  
    this blessed moment,  
    this always available intimacy,  
Illumined in the dark.



July 23, 2010 Dominique's place, Golden Bay

I stand,  
my roots communing in the earth.

I breathe,  
and the movement of my breath  
is the music of forests,  
of kelp beds,  
of grasslands and  
windswept mountain meadows.

I gestate,  
my forms flowing and glowing  
in the growing of your knowing  
And we dance.

The rhythms of our joy  
inviting echoes of presence,  
exuberant intimacies  
rising as waves on this ocean  
of mystery.  
This awe filled impossibility.

Reverence, honouring,  
my love,  
giving, giving, giving,  
surrendering in wonder,  
devastated in beingness,

I know no further blessing.



Oct. 24, 2010, Dharma Centre Kinmount Ont.

Frosted stems and early morning stillness  
Kinmount forest stretching to Siberia  
Creatures hunkering down  
Burrowing in for the coming winter night  
Moose and chipmunk  
Lingering goose

Chickidees in the branches  
This mystery  
A planet circling its star  
Birthings and friendships  
Remembered and treasured.



Feb. 18, 2011

God is all around us,  
    is us - through and through.  
Dharmakaya is all around us,  
    is us - through and through.  
Unbroken wholeness is all around us,  
    is us - through and through.  
Nature is all around us,  
    is us - through and through.

Being this with appreciation is refuge.  
Living this with appreciation is refuge.  
Communing in this with appreciation is refuge.

Born in this.  
Living in this.  
Dying in this.  
Refuge is all around us, is us - through and through.

Oh God - Dharmakaya - Unbroken wholeness - Nature,  
We release in each other, through and through.

Releasing in thusness, I find refuge.  
Every blade of grass, every fly and cricket, every breeze  
and ray of sun and call of owl and cry of child.  
This world, This privilege, This blessing of release.

This is refuge, our beginning, our middle and our end.  
May I and all beings realize refuge.



Feb. 2011

Moving through volumes of sentience.  
Densities of sentience arising as me.



March 5, 2011

SOURCE AND RESOURCE

The world my love,  
is available to you.  
The source is near,  
it's here.

Learn the art,  
it starts with kindness,  
a natural shyness,  
a delicate ephemeral flowering  
of life.

It's what we are  
this art of resting,  
itself a craft that crafts and carries us.

The tendencies to cling are deep;  
to god, to power, to servitude,  
to things, to attitudes, to strength.  
Deceptive, seductive, this swooning  
in the arms of conformity.

It starts with kindness  
and continues with the whetstone of refinement.  
To see and hear, to smell and taste, to touch  
and feel and fruitfully imagine.  
Invited into the banquet,  
the guests are all around,  
a filigree of mystery  
passing the salt, some water?  
a beautiful floral bouquet?  
Open your knowing, this rich sauce, this source,  
again and again, re-source.

The world, my love  
is available to you.  
We resource each other.  
We use resources well,  
this well and wellness, deep and broad.

Resourceful, resourcefulness  
A central skill of living beings.  
Resource management . . .

And again the blessed glimpse, slipping  
sideways from fingers reaching now too hard,  
clutching at emptiness,  
saucings for God.



March 15, 2011 Orgyen

Refuge is not a place.  
It is a continuity,  
a living filigree of activity,  
a way of being and becoming.

Refuge is the natural dancing of everyone,  
- this earthing, falling round a star,  
called into sentience  
and calling into sentience,  
opening into refuge,  
you in me and  
me in thee and  
thee in we and  
we together,  
releasing into this measureless empowerment.  
Softening towards being permeable;  
it's singing through and around.

In this pre-dawn,  
Morporks,  
kilometer-wide-weavings-of-feather-dust,  
huge eyes and vibrant alertness;  
choirs of crickets,  
madrigals of morning joy,  
the waking rooster and  
a sudden light from a house on the hill.

We sing with each other,  
groan with each other.  
We shout and scream

and cry and laugh.  
We converse and whisper.  
We look for mates,  
and together,  
we dawn the world anew,  
our refuging - this moment,  
bringing forth the home of everyone.



April 9, 2011 Dorje Ling, Tasmania

Every view is a view from somewhere.

*(Science imagines a detached view from nowhere in particular.)*

Every knowing is known by someone.

Every (some)one is somewhere.

Every somewhere arises in the knowing of someone.

Every knowing of someone is a viewing of somewhere.

Every view is a viewing by somebody somewhere.

We are matrices of reciprocity and responsiveness.

Our sensing is the reverberation of this mutually morphing responding.

Our perceptions are our experience of these dynamics.

Our concepts, rendered as words, repeated to others,  
gradually extract us, abstract us, from this rich broth of living nourishment.

And so blow the winds of grief and the breezes of joy.

AH . . . this living!



April 11, 2011 Dorje Ling, Tasmania

10:30 AM, DOWN BY THE CREEK

Big black tiger snake

Sitting on a rock

Tarchin was a walking

Got a little shock.

Snake gave him a looking

Tarchin said hello

Tiger shot across the path

And Tarchin headed home.



April 2011, Orgyen

HOMOKLEPTOCRATUS

*(In NZ there is a lot of media attention given to gangs in NZ towns intimidating people by wearing their 'gang patches'.)*

I'm an intellectual property thief  
The lives I have stolen from beggars belief  
Heart and stomach  
I claim them as mine  
Neurons and endocrine, membranes and ribosomes  
All are co-opted as aspects of me  
Arbors and daisies, fungi and fish  
Water and sunlight and galaxy disk  
Most of my genius stolen from them  
All that I added was moving this pen  
I'm an in-tel-lec-tual property thief  
The spread of my escapades boggles the mind  
Myriad talents swept up in my life  
I take them for granted  
no thanks will be chanted  
My family's expanded  
We're what really matters  
A raving hoard of property thieves  
The name on our gang patch is MAN



Too often, who I feel I should be,  
is talking with who you feel you should be.

I have decided to move differently,  
so that who and what I am,  
can co-mingle and intertwine,  
with who and what you are.

Perhaps then, together,  
with everyone else,  
we can allow a space of knowing  
in which fresh shoots of understanding  
can grow.



April 17, 2011 Orgyen

It takes a few moments  
- this dropping in.  
As if your nose was  
diving  
down  
through kelp beds of  
knowing,  
Sinking through layerings of scent.  
Slipping through the noisy ones  
and . . .  
pausing in a space  
of flowers and grasses,  
Your whole body, feeling its  
tendrils into the sentience,  
this almost silent singing  
of life, acappelling bodies into being.

Pausing to take your bearings,  
familiarizing,  
adjusting,  
then . . .  
opening further,

As if the smells of earth and earthworm  
flickerings of fungal conferencing,  
This dense, moist, layer of conversation,  
mysteries so near, yet  
so easily forgotten and neglected,  
were inviting you into a blessing  
both shocking and exhilarating.

We rest,  
drinking in the timbre and tone,  
the hintings and intimatings  
of this languaging of life.

The birds are speaking it!  
the wind and daisy bush  
and the golden leaf, fluttering down.

The smells and sounds of great grandmother earth  
and great grandfather earth  
going about their mysterious doings,  
Touching and bequeathing us all with something  
deep and strange,  
holding us in an embrace of  
welcome and belonging,  
Hovering as the languaging of life seeps deep into our bones  
and then leaps to our lips  
and hands  
and head and heart,  
Finally . . . we begin to speak!



**May 7, 2011 Orgyen Hermitage**

*(Puja is a Pali word that means to honor or revere. There are many forms and traditions of puja. This 'Morning Puja' hints at a daily honoring of the fundamental wholeness of being.)*

MORNING PUJA

Early morning sheen of blue grey greens,  
luminous . . .  
still.

You are sitting,  
broadening into the welcome of day.  
It has rained through the night.  
Wet and warm,  
your body softens and spreads in the slow chant of crickets,  
the unhurried single repetition of a waking thrush,  
the densifying tapestry of feathered voices  
and releasing muscles,  
a deepening sentient spaciousness,  
with no outside or inside.

Waking into day - this embracing of light.  
You, joining with a world  
Curious and ready for where it will take you.

*The ancients were ever fascinated with reflections.  
How this reflected that.  
How everything is a mirroring of mirrorings.*

*And just as each morning we awaken from sleep into a world of sentience  
that is on-going and happening around us,  
so too, with a moment of perception.*

The misty hills,  
the charcoal olivine of silhouetted trees and shrubs, and  
the angular geometry of the post on the verandah, all of this enters your eyes.  
And cascades of cellular function join with an already creative dancing of knowing;  
landscapes of muscle, tendon and bone;  
biomes of organ system function, watersheds of neuronal singings.  
And these misty hills, merge and sing with the ongoing chorus of cell song and arterial  
flow.

It's been raining through the night.  
    Raining through your cells.  
    Raining through your dreams.  
And we stretch and yawn and release and accommodate.  
Feeling our way into the day.  
Growing the dawn of now.  
    All of us.  
    Together,  
    this continuous awakening.

Till there is too much light,  
    Too much detail.  
        And we change our songs,  
        Rich and detailed,  
    Chitterling about this  
Twittering about that.

Morning puja is over.  
This remembering of community,  
a tasting so deeply familiar,  
eclipsed now by hard edge and detail.  
    And we fly our illusions of separateness . . .  
        going to work.



FOR GRANT

There is no mystery more profound than mindfulness/awareness.  
This is the path of living dharma.  
This is spirituality and practical living all rolled into one.  
This is the source of joy and well-being  
    the well-spring of health and happiness  
    the treasure at the heart of everything and everyone.  
There is no greater mystery.



Oct 23, 2011

Dear Friends

There are no tricks, no shortcuts,  
no quick paths for realizing  
a life of awakening.

In some blessed way, we  
gather all the resources of our life;  
gradually learning the art of mingling  
    interest and need,  
    intellectual inquiry and feeling intuition,  
    introverted investigation and extroverted exploration,  
while all the time perfuming everything that we do  
with a curiosity and wonderment;  
a life koan  
    - what is going on?  
    - right now!

How do these perceived parts:  
    sensing and thinking,  
    inner and outer,  
    self and other,  
how do they inter-be and inter-depend, giving  
rise to this dynamic field of now-ness?  
Where does this knowing occur  
    and who is doing it?  
When does this 'now' take place and  
where is this 'when' located?

*These are just ways of hinting at an intangible quality  
of curiosity and thorough-going engagement.*

Gradually,  
as our living ripens, the hard  
flesh becomes soft and sweet and juicy.  
We begin to join calm and ease with a  
maturing of question,  
honed on the wheel of study and thinking.

When I point out the emptiness of tradition and technique,  
and draw attention to the immanence of now,  
people sometimes respond,  
"It's okay for you to say this.  
You've done all that practice,  
all those mantras and sadhanas and years of retreat."

The mistake is,  
they regard my journey as a series of practices and explorations,  
gradually building up or building toward, something.  
This is not the key. It misses the actual living,  
the living of the universe arising as 'this'.

All my life, I have been a blending of what Jung called the four functions: thinking,  
feeling, sensing and intuiting. I have needed my so called outer understandings, to  
intermingle with my so called inner experience. Most of my adult life has been informed  
by a radical sense of now-ness, rather than a trajectory to there-ness.  
What else can I say.



We inter-are as  
ripples of understanding,  
shades of meaning drifting across topographies of mind  
this lazy prairie afternoon,  
zephyrs of intimation riffling the  
endless fields of grain  
revealing shapes and depths;  
light flickering as thought and feeling and  
memory of familiar knowings,  
We inter-are.



Oct 24, 2011

BIRTHDAY GRATITUDES (ON MARY'S 65TH)

Mary

I look for you in this treasury of vastness.  
A rippling of image and understanding,  
Diaphanous, opalescent - mysteries embodied.

Matched with my beingness in so many ways.  
Stitched and sewn and creased and folded,  
Our lives, this world,  
These rainbow feathers and jewel bright eyes.  
A verdant field  
With wild flowers wilding  
Homes for many.

My wordless joy and gratitude flow in our interbendings.  
These scriblings but tracks in the red dust of life.  
Hinting at living beings who walk here in love.



Jan 10/12 Orgyen - mid "Blowing Zen" retreat

'ABIDING WHERE THERE IS NO ABIDING'

*(Namgyal Rinpoché often spoke of "abiding where there is no abiding")*

We grab at knowledge.  
We are bowerbirds of fact.  
Gathering these baubles and dancing in the litter.  
Propped by tinsel,  
Trying our hardest,  
Calling for admiration,  
"Come look at what I know!"

We are a society of collectors,  
not only material objects but  
images and metaphors - pretend understandings.

Given this pattern of gathering and displaying,  
how can we (how could we) move or behave differently with dharma?

Yet true knowledge is well functioning knowing that  
reveals itself in the matrix of intermingled languaging and embodying.  
Since the whole world is a transforming co-creating mystery of suchness,  
any shift subtly permeates all the other shiftings.  
For meaningful knowledge, knowing that facilitates a fullness of balance,  
an ever adjusting mean,  
we should encourage translucency, flexibility, give and responsiveness  
and sense . . . given sufficient time and circumstance,  
the marinating of the whole  
with each shift in the specific.

This is abiding where there is no abiding.  
Neither accepting form, nor rejecting it.  
All forms are perceived matrices of evanescent patterning.  
We soften and include.  
We allow and lightly embrace.

All adventuring experience is suffused with the scent of wonderment;  
perfumed with enquiry and reverence.  
Gradually,  
mysteriously,  
we discover the art of allowing.  
Letting go of any fixed reference and appreciating  
the mutual permeation of small and large, here and there,  
chemical and social, one and many, us and them,  
self and other, doing and being.

In this deep inter-penetrating  
is the birthing ground of a gradually revealed confidence.  
. . . in faith and trust and wonderment . . .  
this abiding where there is no abiding,  
bowerbirds of suchness calling to the universe.  
May the dancing continue in joy.



Jan 19, 2012

*(Marking the occasion of Mike Elliott's moving from Wangapeka to Nelson)*

Dear Michael  
Our lives are interwoven with granite, wind,  
rain-in-the-western-ranges, and the shadows  
of Jones' Ridge telling the seasons of the year.

They are intermingled with the unfolding  
aspirations of parents, children, teachers and friends  
from many countries round the world.

Imbued with dharma  
Blessed in friendship  
Graced in the dignity of honest labor  
and aching muscles  
and satisfactions of jobs well done.

We both treasure our knowing you  
and look forward to visiting you in your Nelson abode.

May your life continue in love and wonderment  
Tarchin and Mary



Jan 29, 2012 Orgyen

Birds and fish swim through their medium,  
but I am a bottom walker,  
stirring the life-tracks of other bottom walkers  
and leaving rhythmic marks  
that scribe a story of my going.

This knowing,  
which is my going,  
also walks upon bottoms,  
slipping down through understandings too ethereal to support,  
till, sinking no further, is stopped by densities too viscous to penetrate.

We call these surfaces truth, and here and now.  
And they become the virtual-walls of my world,  
and declarations of property for others to see.

I enter a wondering about the knowing of fishes and birds,  
I wonder about weightlessness and neutral buoyancy,  
and realms interpenetrating realms.  
And in that breadth of wondering,  
I leap from the bottom  
into a spaciousness both soft and vast.  
Or perhaps I should say the bottom simply drops away  
or transluscentizes into a shimmering gel of interwoven surface/space/knowing

that is strangely familiar and wrapped all around,  
and filled with texture and smell.

*Revelling in surfaces,  
Yearning to swim,  
Our minds discover flight.*



Feb 29, 2012 Orgyen

#### METAPHOR

He was a purveyor of metaphors,  
buying and selling to all and sundry,  
wandering widely, he set up shop,  
in village greens, in conference centres,  
in living rooms and places of time and knowing  
that lacked geographic coordinates.  
He dealt in metaphor of all kinds;  
the cheaply mass produced fads, and popularizations  
and also an extensive range of useful ones,  
for cleaning and removing stains, for unsticking  
and lubricating squeaky hinges, for collating  
and organizing data.  
He had metaphors with hand grips and ergo-metrically  
designed straps and quick releases.  
Some were big, some heavy.  
He had light ones and dark ones and some  
that were both light and heavy, dark and dancing,  
all at once,  
Some allowed you to see all the way to Betelgeuse.

Wherever he went, he was always interested in the old and rare  
but also the new and innovative  
and he carried an uncanny knack of  
sniffing out ones that people packed around with them,  
or had stored away in dusty cupboards  
forgetting they were even there.

His personal collection was extensive and it  
was rumoured that he had some that were  
so refined you could place one of them on the finest balance  
and it's weight was less than the lightest feather.

A collector and dealer, a connoisseur of connoisseurs, who moved with ease through the lives of countless modes of being.

Yet few know where he came from.  
He seemed to just appear,  
and then, with a smile,  
he'd gather all his wares and stuff them into a tiny bag of blackness.  
I say blackness, but actually,  
I couldn't really make it out. It wasn't like anything else in the world.  
It was silky and soft and heavy and encompassing,  
and everything went tumbling into this bag of silence,  
this unseen baggage of belonging and vastness.  
Looking around, he'd grin and then,  
tossing his bundle in the palm of his hand,  
he'd pop it into his pocket, right next to his heart.

Some people said that he lived in a far away place that had no need for metaphor, that his own house was simple and unadorned. It was even thought, by some with wild imaginations, that he lived in the bag of blackness, or the shirt pocket. Of course, there were always gushy mushy types who thought his home must be his heart. To me, he was a purveyor of metaphors, a travelling tinker, a mysterious vagabond, who trod the roads and byways of our lives.  
He once allowed me to carry his bag.  
Truth be said,  
I think he saved my life.



Late April

I rest  
Like water poured in water  
Life in life  
Me in thee.  
This sense of homeness,  
Everything and everyone  
A flowing of being and belonging,  
Like braided rivers of now,  
Macromés of appearance,  
Each in its place of togetherness  
Dancing in this joy of suchness unfolding.  
This universe  
This home  
My refuge.



Aug 17, 2012 Orgyen Hermitage

A CIRCLE OF BLESSING

I pray to the wetlands,  
I pray to the deserts,  
Include me in your embrace.

I pray to the rainforests,  
to the grasslands,  
to the tundra, and the boreal forests,  
Bless our families with health, curiosity, and great compassion.

I pray to the coral reefs,  
to the tidal zones,  
to estuaries, deltas, benthic depths and the great oceanic empty zones,  
be firm in the midst of our extending human madness.

I pray to the volcanic hot zones and the boiling mud pools  
to the icy caps and mountain peaks,  
to rolling hill country,  
rills and rivers, creeks and braided waterways,  
pray care for this adolescent tribe.  
Heal our rambunctious self infatuation,  
our tunnel vision and above all,  
our blinkered pride.

I pray to the living wind and rain,  
to the sun, moon, planets and stars,  
all my cousins near and far,  
pray wrap us in your solicitude.

My eyes are moist,  
this vulnerable striped bareness;  
remembering communion deep and wide;  
sadness? joy? frustration? confusion? awe? reverence?  
We belong with each other.

Feeling your feeling  
Sensing your sensing  
We are woven intimacies, through and through.  
We are alive.

We are blessed.  
We are spacious and luminous.  
We gaze at stars and empty vastness, and feel our fluid bones,  
a great symphonic cry of longing and joy,  
a dancing of solidity, flux and knowing,  
histories revealing, stories concealing,  
I care for you all.  
Each and every part  
and every moment of every part,  
all included, nothing ignored.

We are life,  
praying with life,  
to life,  
for life,  
in all its abundance -

We are a circle of blessing  
We are suchness  
beyond words.



Dec. 2012 Cradle Mountain Tasmania

Laconic crow  
sounding the mists of early morning promise,  
mind flowering on  
rock and gently bubbling stream,  
river in valley,  
ice on hands.  
Stillness and reverence everywhere,  
this mountain cradle  
this timeless bowl of blessing  
this exquisitely arising immeasurable now.



Feb. 9, 2013 Warburton, Vic. Australia

Early morning,  
kookaburras awakening  
in pink clouded sky

Being the immeasurable expanse of ever fresh just-as-it-is-ness,  
we flex and bend,  
Giving ourselves to, and in, and as, this suchness  
this multi-dimensional continuum of birthing and dying.



Feb. 14, 2013 Shoreham Vic. Australia

*(Contemplating the biology of assigned and assumed value.)*

In the full richness of Being,  
all elsewheres loose their value  
and even cherished values loose their value.

In the all embraced, ever creating,  
unpindownable, measureless, unfolding now,  
the yearning for some other,  
    the private titillations of  
    somewhere else;  
of tomorrows and yesterdays,  
the pains and losses and the rising heat of expectation:  
    all of these writhings,  
the dancing juices and structural couplings of  
myriad realms of living community,  
shine like an illumined ball of mist;  
    translucent hereness  
    posing as opaque thereness.

In the full richness of Being,  
money falls apart  
in a way of being in which all that is,  
is freely available in its  
very instance of happening.  
Gratification of elsewhere  
looses its value,  
and we enter while being entered.  
We embrace while being embraced.  
We give ourselves - all of ourselves,  
an ecstatic, flexing, generous, responding;  
    utterly,  
        completely,  
            with no holding back,  
            nothing hoarded for 'just-in-case'

giving ourselves, in and to  
the ever present immediacy of living process  
weaving appearance and magic -  
integrations of everything.

*The wave is surfing on the wave.  
this glorious blessing  
this fathomless mystery.  
What more can be said?*

And . . . ?

Gently  
Care - full - ly  
allowing whatever it takes to taste this fully,  
to feel out the possibilities of this birth,  
this endless beginningless autopoiesis unfolding.  
I am learning anew.  
Praise be to thee!



Feb. 24, 2013 Shoreham early before giving a Chenrezi Wong

DEEP ECOLOGY

Moving through fields of minds of beings  
moving as a being of care-filled minding stillness,  
movement as a play of mystery unfolding . . .  
This flowering here of nowfulness.

Grassy meadows  
rippling with zephyred thought and feeling,  
photons of star parents,  
touchings of brother,  
scentings of sister,  
a buzzing inter-pollination in every direction;  
and we flow  
as one river;  
streams of magic  
forging paths of openness,  
tracks of transient creatureness,  
weavings of life-lines lacing the open sky,  
Birthing an old forest of worlds.



April 27, 2013 Orgyen

#### MAPS AND TERRAIN

As a child, I wanted to be a map maker.  
I gathered pencils and paper and sticks tied  
together with strings to sight along.

And I began to map our street and neighborhood.

At that time, we subscribed to National Geographic magazine  
and I collected the maps and kept them  
flat between thin sheets of plywood  
and I dreamed of travel and adventure.

I drew a grid on a map of the world and a grid on the wall beside my bed  
and I enlarged the world map so that it filled the entire wall and painted  
in all the oceans and major rivers,  
the hot and cold currents;  
sweeping curves of blue and red.

And I lay on my bed for hours,  
dreaming of traveling the world by water;  
Sailing here and canoeing there,  
with short portages to cross the Andes and other inch long gaps.  
For some unknown reason I left the land unpainted - vacant of national boundaries.  
They didn't seem real like the sea and the great rivers.

I moved on from this year of passion, yet later in life  
found myself again collecting maps.  
Maps of the body and maps of vegetation and weather trends.  
Maps of family dynamics and social change,  
of historic swings and eons of geologic and life evolving journeyings.

And I thought that by learning these maps, I would come to know the  
terrain and would be able to find my way, and this obsession deepened  
until one day, walking in unknown land with steep hills  
and tumbling streams and golden autumn leaves and the first hints of winter,  
it dawned on me that I was mapping the land with my body;

*step by step,  
breath by breath,*

*the tilt of the hip and the slide of the shale,  
the smell of flowers and the flush of memory,  
the buzzing of bees and pleasure of energy's song.*

And as I mapped the land,  
the land was mapping me.  
And traces of our lives mingle and flow,  
shaping and being shaped,  
mapping each other in flesh and heartbeat and kidney function,  
in shifting metabolisms and felt sense respondings.

And as we mapped  
a knowing blossomed clear and fine  
that the map *IS* the terrain  
itself  
transforming  
through being  
the map makers that we are.



Sept 28, 2013 Wangapeka

SMILING  
Smiling - all of me smiling,  
the birds and grass and each raindrop journeying  
through the vastness of knowing,  
earth and earthworm,  
chairs and cushions,  
everything smiling, at home in its fullness.

The dancing of our smiling is the substance of the world.  
These open scintillations are the rejoicing of gods and devas,  
the radiant understandings and hypothesizings that  
feed the smiling of everything.  
- smiling, breathing, present, appreciating, offering -  
this joy,  
this clear water of compassion,  
moistening and facilitating the flow of everyone everywhere.

For those in doubt;  
Does the yellow blossoming gorse frown?  
Does the raindrop, living as wet sky, complain?

Does the flowering cherry, displaying her beauty to bees  
and flies and tiny midges, wish she were elsewhere?

This smile of engagement,  
This smile of dancing with dancers - a living world of inter-knowing,  
whirling stillness, moving in its own place.

A smile is the activity of deep samatha,

at home,  
    belonging,  
        recognition,  
            blessing!