

A Sheaf of Poems

2010 – 2019



Tarchin Hearn

A Sheaf of Poems: 2010 – 2019

by Tarchin Hearn

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Other volumes in the “Sheaf of Poems” series are available from Green Dharma Treasury

A Sheaf of Poems: 1981 – 1990

A Sheaf of Poems: 1991 – 2000

A Sheaf of Poems: 2001 – 2009

A Sheaf of Poems: 2010 – 2019

Preface

What I love about poetry is how it lends itself to touching ambiguity and contradiction in so many novel ways. Poetry revels in the art of the hint and the half suggested possibility. These qualities make it eminently suitable for grappling with the complex juice of experience that make up the real worlds of our lives.

*The natural language of dharma,
The utterance of the mystic,
The mutterings of one lost in passion and wonderment;
This is the realm of poetry.*

Some of the poems in these collections arose in the midst of meditation retreats, a kind of 'zen sickness', a compulsion to try to express the almost inexpressible; a subtlety, a delicacy, a hint of possible wonderment placed in a bottle, sent out on the sea of being to be found by a later Tarchin, or someone else with similar inclinations. Some of the poems reflect very personal struggle points in my life, moments of exhilaration and moments of anguish and the constant journeying towards easefulness, honesty and a growing capacity for understanding. Some record places and events that have touched me deeply on our many travels around this globe. Some have poured forth as attempts to communicate to others in ways that would touch them more fully than didactic explanation; whisperings of

barely expressible knowings that might convey a feel for a life of exploration and for the whole living mystery that we are.

Many of these poems were originally recorded in hand written notebooks filled with snippets of meditation and contemplative insight, quotes from books I was reading at the time, ideas for writings, articles, courses and retreats. The poems grew from the context of where I was and what I was doing. In arranging them here I have wrenched them from their notebook homes and their companions of splotches, coffee stains, arrows and later additions, and left them high and dry on this cyber beach of pixels. This loses much of the original context so and I hope they don't come across as a whale stranding. Page after page of poetry might suggest a degree of obsession that, in fact, was quite leisurely and drawn out. Sometimes months or years would go by without anything being written down.

The poems are arranged in a roughly chronological order and, where I can, I have indicated where I was when they emerged. This inevitably sketches out a bit of psycho-biography that some readers may find of interest. There is an obvious transformation of emphasis over the forty year span represented here. Since our lives are the only gift we have to offer, in publishing these poems, I am offering something of my life journey. I hope that some of them will touch your heart.

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An Ecology of Heart

April, 2010, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

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.



Open Path

May 3, 2010, Melbourne, Australia

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
thriving 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 realise it!



Illumined in the Dark

July 1, 2010, Triple Gem, Wangapeka, N.Z.

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 awakeness.
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.



No Further Blessing

July 23, 2010, Dominique's home, Golden Bay, N.Z.

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.



Frosted Stems

Oct. 24, 2010, Dharma Centre of Canada

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



For Rob on his birthday

Nov. 5, 2010

Something mysterious was drawing him,
this ancient astronomer
peering through his fine ground lens,
opening wide a sideways glance
to see the dawn of dancing light.

Something mysterious was drawing him,
this ancient artist
bending over his canvas,
care-fully blending the layers of meaning,
Novas of wonderment.
Nebulae of awe.
Looking night and day,
he glimpsed the heart
and found his way back home.



Refuge, Through and Through

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.



Volumes of Sentience

Feb. 2011

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



Source and Resource

March 5, 2011

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, and 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.



Refuge is Not a Place.

March 15, 2011, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

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.



This Living

April 9, 2011, Dorje Ling, Tasmania, Australia

Science imagines a detached view from nowhere in particular.

But . . .

Every view is a view from somewhere.

Every knowing is known by someone.

Every someone 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.

Perception is 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!



10:30 am, by the Creek

April 11, 2011 Dorje Ling, Tasmania, Australia

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.



Homokleptocratus

April 2011, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

(In NZ there is a lot of media attention given to gangs intimidating people by wearing their 'gang patches', black leather jackets with embroidered gang names and insignia.)

I'm an intellectual property thief.
The lives I have stolen from beggars belief.
Heart and stomach,
I claim them as mine.
Neurones 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.



Moving Differently

April 2011, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

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



It Takes a Few Moments

April 17, 2011, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

It takes a few moments
– this dropping in.

As if . . .
your nose
was diving
down
through kelp beds
of knowing.
Was sinking through layerings of scent.

Slipping through the stinky ones
and . . .
pausing,
in a space of flowers and grasses,

Your whole body, feeling its
 tendrils growing into the sentience,
 this almost silent singing of life,
a capping 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
 this languaging of life.

The birds are speaking it!
 the wind and daisy bush,
 and this 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 emerges
from deep in our bones
and then leaps to heart and head
to hands and lips
and
Finally . . . !

We begin to speak!



Morning Puja

May 7, 2011, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

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

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 it is, with a moment of perception.*

The misty hills,
the charcoal olivine of silhouetted trees and shrubs,
and the angular geometry of a 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 colourful,
 Chittering 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.



Basics of Health

July 21, Golden Bay, N.Z.

Health requires both:
 to love and be loved

to know and be known
to sense and be sensed
to recognise and be recognised
to value and be valued
to appreciate and be appreciated
to eat and be eaten
to give and be given to.



Pith Instruction

Aug 20, 2011 Nelson, N.Z.

The origin or beginning is wholeness.
The origin or beginning is now.
The origin or beginning is here.
The activity is autopoietic, life/mind.



Reflections on Knowing, Mind and Wonderment

Oct 5/11 Simpson Desert Australia, 5:30am

With thanks to Sue and John for taking us there.

I'm sitting on the red earth
gazing into mystery,
camp mat folded under me,
morning coffee steaming by my side.

In front is a young acacia bush.
Its roots are responding to moisture, sand chemistries,

and the lives of subterranean microorganisms.
Each of these particular biochemical respondings
are dancings of communion.
Plant collaborating with living earth.
Earth collaborating with plant.
We could call them forms or ways of knowing.

The sun appears over an immense flat desert plain.
Molecules of chill air,
are responding to increasing streams of photons.
Wind is beginning to stir.
Temperatures rise and photosynthesis in grey green leathery
leaves strengthens in rhythm and tempo.
These changing forms of knowing.
Intelligent respondings.
Patterns of orderly connection and inter-minglement.

The low light illumines tight-ropes of spider web,
tugging at leaves and shaping their movement,
flexing and shimmering in the sea of light and breeze.
A spider hunkers down under a leaf
preparing to wait out another period of heat.

All these movements,
all these respondings,
inter-flowings of living experience.

A Rainbow bee-eater flashes in from the left
and lands on the acacia branch,
feathers reflecting sunlight to my eyes;
cascades of neural conversations
inviting the vastness of my being

to see iridescent colour
and to think;
“Good morning, beauty!”

Me responding to bee-eater
and bee-eater responding to me,
and to acacia which is responding to sun and spider.

Each moment of responding
is a demonstration of knowing.
Knowings within knowings shaping knowing;
an ocean of wondrous collaboration.

Each being and becoming
is a dancing of knowing,
a unique expression,
an immeasurable weaving of unfolding life streams;

This total field of all events and meanings.
This eternal immediacy of local ordinariness;
collaboratively considering the great
primordial question.

How should I live?
How *do* we live?

But wait!

You too, dear reader, are also involved.
Widening the doors of empathy,
with exquisite sensitivity,
look around you and feel:
these writings,
the room,

the garden and sky,
the fly exploring the rim of your cup,
the sounds of people,
friends and family,
all around,
my words dancing patterns in your seeing embrace.

Open into this.
Breathing and appreciating.
A here-and-now translucent presence.
A seeing and being seen.

This interweaving is what and where you are.
It makes you.
It *is* you . . .
 and me,
 and the crickets,
 and the sound of the traffic
 and the whirr of bee-eater's wings.

We are in it together: molecules, cells,
 creatures and landscapes.
We need each other to function.
These dancings of everyone and everything
bringing forth fields of knowing,
 this mind and minding,
an ever changing world of everyday mystery;
 this wonderment . . .
 this blessing
 that we share.



Addendum to Anapanasati Notes

Oct 22, 2011, Shoreham, Australia

Sampling and savoring,
weighing and evaluating,
considering and measuring,
analysing and appreciating,
testing, tasting, teasing and playing,
considering and experimenting,
marrying and joining,
dancing and flowing and leaping and growing,
letting be and celebrating through,
experiencing these embodied formations,
experiencing these mental formations,
experiencing this mind in the process of knowing,
breathing in . . . breathing out.



An Intangible Quality

Oct 23, 2011, Shoreham, Australia

Dear Friends
There are no tricks, no shortcuts,
no quick paths for realising
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 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.

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

Maturing human life,
a blending of four functions.
Jung called them;
thinking, feeling, sensing and intuiting.
Outer understandings intermingling with inner experience,
this is necessary.

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

Oct 23, 2011, Shoreham, Australia

We inter-are as
ripples of understanding,
shades of meaning drifting across topographies of mind
this lazy prairie afternoon,
zephirs 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.



Birthday Gratitudes (on Mary's 65th)

Oct 24, 2011, Shoreham, Australia.

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 inter-bendings.
These scribblings but tracks in the red dust of life.
Hinting at living beings who walk here in love.



For Grant

Nov, 2011, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

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.



The Secret of Teaching – (a note for aspiring teachers)

Dec 22, 2011, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Behind the overt subjects that we teach
 are hidden attitudes and approaches to living,
 and so . . . inevitably,
we end up teaching what we are;
 modelling beingness for those who wish to see.
I call this the “rub-off” principle.

If what we are concerned about
is reputation, admiration, or approval,
we template others into that shape.

If we are concerned about
money, power, and possessions,
we template that on others.

If our concern/involvement is love, inclusivity,
reverence, humility, and compassion
then this is what we impart.

This is true, no matter what public form
or subject of study we 'teach';
be it dharma, mathematics, carpentry or cooking.

Realising this,
the concept of 'teaching', as
a way of conveying particular knowledges,
Slips into the background,
and 'quality of being'
takes up centre stage.

In fact . . . it is the stage,
and the actors,
and the audience,
and the theatre,
and the ecological and cultural world
in which it has developed.

We need to ask, what are my concerns,
my assumptions and questions about the world?
And do I want to imprint them on others?

Through teaching we share an approach to living
revealed in the depth and scope of our inner question,
our flavours of curiosity
and our ways of meeting the unknown.

What is my approach?
What am I actually doing?
What doing am I?
What is my question?

Answers and solutions are ephemeral
always dependent on time and place
here today, gone tomorrow.

But the flavour of my question . . .

Ah!

That, suffuses my approach to everything.
It perfumes perceptions, conceptions and understandings.

Some flavours of questioning can widen us.
They enhance our dignity, grace,
here and now practicality, and sense of expansive presence.
Others can narrow us,
shrinking and tightening and comparing all the time
to see if we conform
or are right.

Something of the teacher rubs off on the student
as simultaneously, something of the student
rubs off on the teacher.

For those of you aspiring to teach,
please . . . contemplate this.



'Abiding Where There Is No Abiding'

Jan 10, 2012, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

- mid "Blowing Zen" retreat

*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 inter-mingled 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 and flexibility,
 and unfettered responsiveness,
And given sufficient time and circumstance,
 sense a 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,
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 is abiding where there is no abiding,
bowerbirds of suchness
calling to the universe.

May the dancing continue in joy.



For Michael

Jan 19, 2012, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

*(Marking the occasion of Mike Elliott's moving from Wangapeka
Retreat Centre to the town of 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 satisfaction 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



Bottom Walking

Jan 29, 2012, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

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,
an interwoven surface/space/knowning
that is strangely familiar
and wrapped all around,
and filled with textures, smells and movement.

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



Metaphor

Feb 29, 2012, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

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 popularisation

but also an extensive range of useful ones
for cleaning and removing stains, for unsticking
and lubricating squeaky hinges, for collating
and organising data. He had metaphors with hand grips
and ergo-metrically designed straps and quick releases.
Some were big. Some were remarkably tiny. He had
light ones and dark ones and a few 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.

He had an uncanny knack of sniffing out
ones that people habitually carried wherever they went
and ones that had been forgotten in dusty cupboards.
His personal collection was extensive and it
was rumoured that he had a some that were
so refined you could place one of them on the finest balance,
and its weight was less than the lightest feather.
A collector and dealer,
he was 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 even 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.



This Sense of Homeness

Late April, 2012

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,
Macramés of appearance,
Each in its place of togetherness
Dancing in this joy of suchness unfolding.
This universe
This home
My refuge.



A Circle of Blessing

Aug 17, 2012, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

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;
How to name it . . .
joy? sadness? frustration? awe?
confusion? reverence? gratitude? love?
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.



Cradle Mountain

Dec. 2012 Tasmania, Australia

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.



Early Morning Kookaburras

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.



Contemplating the Biology of Assigned and Assumed Value

Feb. 14, 2013 Shoreham Vic. Australia

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

In the all embraced, ever-creating,
un-pin-downable, 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,
weavings of 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,
we feel out the possibilities of this birth,
this endless beginningless autopoiesis unfolding.

I am learning anew.
Praise be to thee!



Deep Ecology

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

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.



Maps and Terrain

April 27, 2013, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

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 flowing 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.



Smiling

Sept 28, 2013 Wangapeka Educational Trust, N.Z.

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.

Crinkling the corners of eyes
ephemeral delight
 in recognition,
 this communal belonging,
 everywhere blessing!



Whangapoua

Feb 2, 2014, Great Barrier Island, NZ

Imagine you are sitting on the beach grass of Whangapoua.
On your right, to the east,
 Venus is blazing above the sharp edged hills.
The Pacific Ocean surf is thundering on the outer sand spit
 its rumbling continuum – the heartbeat cadence of
 this morning symphony.

Imagine the cold dew on your toes,
 the warmth of your old comfortable
 sleeping bag wrapped around your middle,
 and the plover's cry and the cattle's mooing and
 the cricket's pulse and the silent moving forms
 of beach rabbits as they gather round in
 the dawning light of their curiosity.

Imagine the mullet in the lagoon,
the starfish and hermit crabs.
And open into the wider ocean,
with whales and coral reefs,
pelagic ocean dwellers and
life in the inky dark depths.

Imagine the people around you, asleep in their
tents; tendrils of love and hope
and fear and waking wonderment.
And the human cities and farms,
your brothers and sisters spanning
this majestically turning planet wide symphony.

Imagine a world of cells and creatures; plants
animals, fungi, protoctists and bacteria;
a dense weaving of life and lives
circumambulating a great parent star.
And feel your breathing
and your singing thoughts and intuitions,
joining with the breathing thoughts and knowings
of all your brothers and sisters.

We sing together well;
oceans of choristers,
mountains of talent,
flat lands of pulsing and coupling,
syncopating and enhancing.

Imagine the weaving of all these lives,
tugging the strings of your chemistry
linkages and couplings – we music together well.

And imagine that you begin to hum
with the base notes of the surf
as a flow of love and well-being wends its way
through the weavings of our lives.

May you all be well.

May your vision of our family-ness
grow in strength and detail.

Now, feel yourself sitting on the warm beach grass of your life,
the surf beat of your heart
writing these words
and thinking these thoughts.

Our joining.

This coupling.
This blessed morning newness
a fresh day,
a celebration of wonderment
blossoms and bees,
honey for everyone.



For Kevin, and Friends of Lynn

June 12, 2014, Alert Bay, Canada

*This morning, the following verses arose in my contemplations and
we send them with a cyber hug for you all.
with love and good wishes in dharma.*

We live in and through each other.
This mystery of knowing.
This privilege of caring.

Our living and dying is tattooed in the the swish of leaves
the ripples in the ocean
and the cry of the currawong.

Contemplating the myriad wondrous moments
in the life of dear Lynn;
reverberations of gratitude flowering in all directions
blessings bestowed
treasures remembered.

Breathing with this.
Settling with this.
Smiling with this.

May all that was good in her life continue to work its magic
in the lives of land and sea and sky,
in creatures big and small.

By the power of these innumerable wholesome actions
may our lives be rich with awakening.

Living thus,
may we abandon all unwholesomeness.

Through the endless storm of birth, illness, old-age and death,
may we support all that was good in Lynn's life
helping all beings to realise love and clear seeing
for the sake of everyone.

SARVA MANGALAM



The Heart of Practice

June 22/14 Morin Heights, Quebec, Canada

This is the heart of practice;

love . . . not push

presence . . . not future

forgiveness . . . not judgement

humbleness . . . not arrogance

gentleness . . . not jumpy, twitchy, start/stop

breathing now . . . not dreaming of elsewhere

smiling now . . . what else is there?

simplicity now . . . not frantic-ness fractionating.

Watching the sun rise

hearing the bird call

feeling the earth turn

tending the garden

one weed, one plant, one leaf at a time

sitting when sitting is good

lying when lying is good

moving when moving is good

flowing with nature

honouring fullness

smelling the flower

savouring the coffee

answering the phone

embracing the healing

this wholeness

this mystery

knowing our roots,

our 'back-up', the triple ground of being
contemplating the great mystery of the (so-called) ordinary
praying for the well-being of everyone.

Such is the heart of practice.



Lakeside in Ontario

July 10, 2014

Sitting on a dock gazing across the waters.
Rhythmic waves flowing to the right.
Different rhythm waves dancing diagonally to the left.
Sparkles moving harmoniously in myriad directions.
I felt I was seeing music!
So beautiful
So rich.
And utterly silent.



Calling Down Blessings

Nov 21, 2014 Dorjeling Retreat Centre, Tasmania

*For T. and A. and all parents who have seen their child or loved
one sinking into loneliness and confusion.*

Launching into space
yearning for freedom
a deep natural movement
wanting to be free.

We inter-are.
Our sharing is the reality of everything.
Losing this, we don't know where to turn
and everything grays
transforming into dust.

And our hearts break,
shattered open
so painful
so ephemeral
and yet sometimes so poignantly beautiful
a life
our lives
our Tim
our son
our cousin, parent, mentor and child,
friendship going forth in love.

May you be well
May we all be well.
May we forgive, and embrace,
with tears of love and grief calling down blessings
for all.



Staying With the Question

Dec 9, 2014, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Early morning stillness.
Quiet fushing of water,
tumbling from the Kaimai,

whispering morning thoughts
with rocks and fallen trees.

Waking birds,
stretchings and flexings of feather and flesh,
blood tumbling through uncountable hearts,
thrumming in the cloud streaked tropic greys
cradling my hut.

I sit, breathing and opening.

A silent Morpork silhouette
knives the luminous space between the trees
and I find myself asking,
What is sound?
I mean, what actually is it?

I sense shimmering adjustments of living flesh.
I distinguish this particular bird voice from that.
But the experience of sound?
What makes a sound a sound
and not a smell?
They are both body/brain/mind/community phenomena.

How is a sound felt and known?
Even so, would an answer to this query
tell us what a sound is?

After eliminating what it is not,
then what is it?
Stay with the question!



For Karma Chimé on her 80th birthday

Jan 28, 2015, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Dear Karma Chimé

Longevity is not all its cracked up to be.

After all we always feel to be freshly who and what we are.

It's amazing, all these trips around the sun.

Traveling as a way of living.

Living in place,

right here,

just as we always are.

Dear friend it's lovely to be able to send you birthday greetings.

May you continue in health and wonderment.

With much love.



Ocean of Love

Feb. 10, 2015, Tuhua, N.Z.

The ocean, the ocean receiveth all rivers.

Ever so lonely

Without you.

Dawn – Opu Bay,

with massive Pohutukawas growing above and around.

If I don't see you seeing me,

then how can I think I see you?

The ocean is difficult to comprehend.

As the tide rises,
the waters flood all bays, in all directions.
Ripples and waves are moving everywhere.
criss-cross bendings of responsiveness
The whole of being shuddering in the intimate touching.

You are the ocean that cradles my life.
The ocean of me delights in your oceaness.
Ocean moving with,
in and through
ocean, singing
the vast mystery – Love

The ocean, the ocean receiveth all rivers
Ever so lonely
Without you.

Look into your eyes, and all I see,
Love is an ocean.
It waits for me.

(with thanks to Sheila Chandra)



Mind and Mindfulness a Fresh Approach

May 18/15 Wangapeka Centre, N.Z.

How to speak about this mystery?
Mind is that which minds.

Do you mind?
Do you care or have concerns?

Please be mindful of the fact that
In other words,
be careful and responsive
with and to this mystery.

To touch something mindfully implies
touching gently and sensitively;
with reverence and caring for the integrity of that
particular 'what' that you are touching:
 a hand,
 a hip,
 a thought,
 a breath of ineffable.

And as you touch,
in turn, you are touched.

With mindfulness
we don't hurt this object when touching it.
We treat this 'otherness' with respect;
 this otherness
 touching their otherness,
 that is you.

Surely this applies to all our senses.
Each child finds his or her way;
 fumbling, stumbling,
 growing into sensitivity,
 clumsy at first,
 then,
 gradually becoming smoother

and more integrated
and sometimes even graceful.

Think of a toddler,
just learning to walk,
sixteen years later,
 an olympic gymnast poised
 on the balance beam,
vibrantly alert and focussing.

Mind-*full*-ness is a fullness of knowing,
and fullness of knowing is discernment
 both detailed and vast,
 and love,
 and passion,
 and detachment
 and surrender
 and reverence
 and so much more.

Mindfulness, care-filled-ness, sensitive, attentive,
respectful, engagement
is nourished in the company of parents,
 then teachers,
 then mentors,
 then lovers and friends.

We copy each other;
imprint on each other;
responding to and with each other.

It matters how we proceed.

Cultivating mindfulness is
to consciously grow;
 maturing in smooth functional integration,
a flowing of bodyhood, languaging
 and integrative experience.

Mindlessness takes us in a different direction;
towards frustration, pain, agitation, fragmentation,
distrust and life sapping suspicion.

Mindfulness arises with inter-dancing.
Body, speech and mind;
the entire field of inter-being/inter-knowing,
 all events and meanings:
 self and other,
 individual and groups;
universes of intelligence
flowering and unfolding.

What mystery!
This body! — physically growing,
an increased capacity for
 delicacy,
 harmony,
 grace,
 flexibility,
 and co-ordination.

What mystery!
This speech! — skilfully intermingling,
 kind,
 uplifting,

supportive,
inspiring,
deep and meaningful,
unending communion.

What mystery!

This mind! — a field of knowing;

blossoming,
attentive,
inclusive,
translucent;

a multi-levelled multi-domained shimmering presence
of acceptance/understanding.

This minding mindful mind is the universe in process.

Experience is not a subjective representation.

It's not a personal re - presentation
of some mysterious otherness.

It is a presentation – always present,
a mutually transforming
interaction of participating events.

It takes two or more to 'language'.

It is not a matter of true or false perception,
as if there was a finite fixed being
or universe
out there,
waiting

to be correctly or incorrectly perceived;
something one could
or should
be mindful of.

Rather,
the unfolding dynamic of your living
is engaging with the dynamic unfolding
of so called 'other', in
a collaborative whirling
 of ever-fresh transformation
which is your knowing now.

So much more than a focussed action,
 a daily discipline,
 a Buddhist meditation
 to practise
 or, to neglect.

Fully flowered,
mindfulness perfumes everything,
 a quality of being
 transforming everything,
 even mundane ordinary living;
This Satipatthana
this setting up of mindfulness,
 an always available, profoundly open
 way of blessing and peace.

Mindfulness is the flavour of healthy knowing in action.

And so, returning to the question . . .
“How to speak about this mystery?”
 this thusness —

Look around you!

This . . . is how we speak!

*Words are like tools
and a good craftsperson
cares for his or her tools
sharpening,
fashioning a new handle,
a particular tool for a particular job.*

Jargon is a blunt chisel.

May these words dance well in our minding.



Post Prostatectomy

Nov. 20, 2015, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Living with plastic tubing
the continual streaming of liquid,
teas and coffees,
juices and cell bursting veggies
appearing as golden nectar
in a bag by my leg.

The river never ceases
this gobsmacking miracle of embodiment.

Next Wednesday the catheter is
scheduled to come out
though the mystery will continue
albeit without the trumpeting of outer plumbing.
At that time we should get the pathology report
which will give some sense of further treatments.
Quite a journey – this living!



Natural Awakening

Dec. 8, 2015, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Natural Awakening is all around.

It is closer than hands and feet.

It is the luminous presence that graces all appearance.

Natural Awakening is freely available.

It cannot be packaged, bought or sold.

It was not invented by individuals or cultures.

It self reveals in the deep passion

– the ever fresh stillness –

of immeasurable love.

Natural Awakening is Mystery transcending.

Radically imminent yet ever ungraspable,

Natural Awakening is the vast expanse of what you are

– the dynamic energy of suchness in action.

Natural Awakening is all of me present with and for all of you.

I/thou – truth embodied

Resting

Resting

Ah!!!!



Early Morning Pith Instruction

Dec. 28, 2015, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

I wake again
from a seeming series of wakings, sleepings, dreamings, beings,
eyes slowly opening to soft dim dawn.
I breathe,
May all beings be well and happy.

The body aches, patchy sensation,
not quite connected thinking and feeling.
The birds begin to sing
and wrapping all around is a blessing beyond words
and I bring my hands together
in gratitude
and then . . .
gets out of bed.

Should I pee?
I have forgotten how my plumbing works!
Out now on verandah,
the sound of liquid cascading
on the walls of old paint bucket.
Yes, I needed to.
It's disconcerting to be an infant in the body of an ancient,
having to renegotiate the basic functions of life.
Everything is new,
yet, at the same time, perfumed with lifetimes of attitude.

The discomfort on the left side of the abdomen
is still announcing its presence,

- a pink, hot, stiffness
- a passing wish of otherwise.

Dressing

boiling water

the smell of coffee in the pot

and sitting down with Dogen

being reminded of sanity.

The sky is overcast and neighbouring sheep are calling.

Roosters join with denizens of forest and thicket

flooding the aural space with cock-a-doos,

solo peeps and insistent chirping.

I remember once, years ago, Namgyal Rinpoché

called Wangchuk and I to his side, and said,

in what at the time, seemed an enigmatic way,

that we should study the Eastern traditions,

master them and then walk on.

And then study the Western traditions,

master them and walk on.

It felt like profound pith instruction

– 'walking on'.

And here I find myself,

nearly 40 years later,

constantly not walking on.

And then catching the moment

and walking,

and feeling the quiet natural joy of it,

remembering

in the bones and marrow of beingness

the freedom of this blessed fresh now.

Writing these words
as if to solidify the moment
as a reminder to me
in times of forgetting.

Walking on is so much easier without baggage.
The baggage of hope and fear,
the baggage of loaded words
like cancer and health and better and worse.
This is a new and often frightening territory for a society of
dedicated shoppers, media watchers and personality polishers.

The stark beautiful thusness
of a living world/community,
– thusness unfolding in newness.
So invisible
And yet so palpably here.

And we walk on
together,
celled ones, leafy ones, leathery ones, feathered ones,
hairy ones, and two-legged bald ones;
all interweaving;
suchness revealing
in blessedness breathing,
this ever fresh dawning.

May all beings be well and happy.



For Bert and Carol

Feb. 28, 2016, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Dear Bert and Carol

It is a strange thing
These numbers
These changing states
These visits to oncologists
This unending delicate tightrope
Poised in the space of not-knowing
Pirouetting magnificently
carefully
impossibly.
And finding love
and sympathy
and gratitude
and wonderment
and blessings beyond my ability to nail with words.
Some days are lousy
Some are great.
This living as a cresting wave of now
Balanced tween the tales of yesterday and the vast
unknowableness of the next hour.

Considering this is actually the permanent condition of life
It is strange that it is strange.

I'm not finding many words coming
in response to your e-mail.
I would rather be there with you both,

just relaxing quietly, appreciating each others company.
So instead, let me share some verses
that come into my mind these days
with more and more frequency.
They seem to encapsulate for me
the entire project of life and living.
Each morning they float into mind.
Each morning I settle more deeply
into fresh implications and deepening experience.
Cradled in the predawn dark,
the breath of the wind.
and the first glimmers of coming day.

In the vast expanse of nature unfolding,
In faith and trust and wonderment
We give ourselves to this 'suchness',
This seamless mystery of birthing and dying.

Spacious, loving,
With feet solid in the earth,
We nurture the hints at blessedness,
The myriad faces and mask of God.

Moving in this flow of compassion and deepening enquiry,
We engage with all beings
In ways that support the integrity, the stability,
And the beauty of the entire community of life.

Mary and I both send our love and warm good wishes.



Response to a Dance

April 19, 2016, Shoreham, Australia

Tara and Pipa
they dance, these two,
light and loving.

Silky woman and love's delight,
intimacies of knowing
swimming in currents of voluminous sentience
dancing our presence continuously,
celebrations of human form,
 and heart,
 and feeling,
 and ancient walls and mountains vast,
flexing, bending, feeding, responding,
yabyumings of everything
and everyone,
the only One,
this all of us.

And the other;
filtering photons,
harvesting starlight,
cosmic connections of colour and feeling,
an interbeing of meaningful nows,
weavings of oneness,
mystery unfolding.

And ecologies of knowing
ripple in our watching bodies,

companions all on the journey of
mandalas crafting
a world of unfolding
gratitude flowing
many thanks,
and they dance.
Please continue in joy!



In the Buddhaland of Surgery

June 26, 2016, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

On receiving news that Sonam Senge is having open heart surgery tomorrow morning.

In the Buddhaland of Surgery
Appears a four chambered Hri
pulsing with music, fiery and joyous.
Radiant and depthless
Ancient and young.

And Bodhisattvas gathering around
retinues of Sangye Menla
wheels of wisdom turning turning
oceans and forests and creatures unfolding.
With scalpels of exquisitely clear seeing,
suturing tools of immeasurable love,
bridging pipes of direct transmission,
and endless choirs of kalyana-mitta,
singing the mystery

strong and clear
attending to this gifted lion - One.

In the Buddhaland of Surgery
Appears a four chambered Hri
pulsing with music, fiery and joyous.

May all be well
May all measure of things be well
May this mandala of Senge continue to flower in beauty and
strength for the sake of everyone!



On Hearing that Kelvin's Mother had Died.

July 6, 2016, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Blessings fall as rain
Moistenings of love
Softening the hard parts
Luminous, open,
What a privilege
This living through
Each other.
Rain permeating earth,
Seeds of wordless reverence,
Flowering everywhere.
Mothers within mothers within mothers.



May We Open Our Wisdom Eyes

July 16, 2016, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

It used to be that the spiritual life was a
spontaneous, unearned, blessings of divine presence.

Then it became something one had to work at,
a commodity paid for with many retreats.

For many today, spirituality involves many re-tweets.

Oh may we open our wisdom eyes
and rediscover the luminous knowing
this dancing presence of everything relating,
this ego humbling ineffable union that we are.



For P. on Her birthday

July 11, 2016, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Seven cycles of ten.
Ten cycles of seven.
Arising as a seventy now.
Seventy perambulations, arm in arm with everyone.
Concepts dancing in space.
Constantly unwrapping this present.

Carefully tugging the ribbons.
Gently picking at tape.
Folding back papers
Exposing presents to the light of us, today.

Winds dancing with clouds
Branches waving enthusiastically
Earth and waters, ancestors and offspring
Seventy entwinings of sun and moon
and friendships and blessed wordlessness,
this present
 happiness
 mangala
 sarva-ing everywhere.

May your life continue in wonderment.



Finding One's Sea Legs

July 19, 2016, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

The knowing that I am
Is the behaviour of the ocean of being,
Which is all there is to know
By the knowing that I am.



Remembering That Precious No-name Being 'Namgyal'

Oct 11/16 Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Guru Buddha Dharmakaya Namó

Gliding through spaces
sacred groves of illumination,
translucent mind embracing.

Consensual drifting
these currents of beingness
bringing forth worlds – not through language
but through love and loving
– togetherness nurturing.

The rhythms of this breathing,
– the music that we are –
warm breath
a lick of salt.
cascading wonderment whispering
. . . whispering . . .

*Everything, Everywhere,
Precious.*



Life's Vast Import

Nov 29, 2016, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

In fear we freeze
In love we flow
The news a breeze
Directed ease
And inter-est,
Pon which we sit
Infuses us with life's vast import.
Flowing all
this love's embrace.



It Begins As A Stirring

March, 2017, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

The heart of mindfulness – love and clear seeing – arises out of the life and living that we are. Everything interconnects. Relationship is the foundation of beingness. We are ancient and this world and universe is our mother. Mindfulness is far more than a meditation technique it is a way of wisdom that flowers naturally from the earth of a healthy world. Cultivating mindfulness we reconnect with the wider life of the planet and realise our true home.

It begins as a stirring,
a breath of wonder,
a moment of intuition,
a quiet knowing of rightness,
an insight you didn't know you always knew.
Everything is interdependent with everything.

Awesome!

We sit with the implications.
We collide with worlds not seeing this.
And through that painful tragic crashing,
A yearning for refuge and a desire
to live meaningfully becomes strong.

Details proliferate:
generosity,
wholesome relating,
patience,

skilled use of energy,
blossomings of caring and enquiry,
inherent inquisitiveness
precise and playful,
And we discover a new way of life and living.

Exploring embodiment,
Exploring en-mindment,
Dancings of knowings, responding
to and with, dancings of knowings,
Glimmerings of understanding,
mind and knowing,
and the inter-being nature of experience.

Dawnings of confidence and capacity
Solid in beingness
Perfumed with loving, wise relating,
A life-long journey
of maturing into humanness,
as we release into the mystery,
striding beyond paths and pathways,
seamless, ineffable, spacious and open,
this body of dharma,
compassion unfolding,
celebrating the everyday
with lightness and wisdom,
a blessed ordinariness,
our primordially true home.



Good Morning in Sao Paulo

July 10, 2017, Sao Paulo, Brazil

Good Morning in Sao Paulo!

Flight path blessing the mind moments,

A different perspective on human conditions,

A cricket from a small island with long white clouds,

peeping aspiringly in the grasses of megalopolis unfolding,

What a picture,

This breathing

This morning.



The Seamlessness of Experience

August 10, 2017, Foz Iquazu, Brazil

We were in Brazil for 5 weeks, exploring dharmas of natural awakening, contemplative science and mahamudra with a large number of people in Sao Paulo, and Botucatu. After three very full weeks of teaching, a smaller group travelled to the Pantanal, one of the great wetlands of the planet. Our journey finished with a visit to Iquazu falls.

There is a wholeness about living.

It's not cracked, not glued together . . .

Feelings, values, perceptions and conceptions,

tumbling and flowing

through each other wherever we look

. . . if we look!

Every experience is experienced by someone.
Every someone is a matrix of looking;
 a unique contribution of knowing,
 a collaboration of domains and dimensions.

To survive we *must* look,
 and not only look
 as if through looking we might see what *is*;
To survive we must look with passion and caring,
 with discernment and playful zest.
Looking as an act of participation,
 and together we bring forth worlds.

There is a seamlessness about experience;
 we make wholes with whatever is at hand.
All of us do this; able and disabled,
 educated and unschooled,
 privileged and exploited.
This dancing: atoms, molecules, cells and communities
 of every conceivable shape and form,
Brings forth everything.

The story of our beingness
 traces patterns of ephemeral progression
 on canvasses of memories;
 the myths of our making,
 a planet awaking as music
 arising in the ears of instruments and voices,
Singing this gloriousness into being.

Feeling our way into the mystery of wetlands,
 the vast roiling of lives and living and geologic process

called the Pantanal.
Cutting the outboard engine.
A sudden silence!

Dusking sky, rose-red incrementing towards deep indigo blue,
and two Crested Screamers (*Chauna torquata*)
silhouetted atop a vine clad bush,

As we feel the rising chorus,
the complex syncopations of millions of frogs,
the simple declarations of settling bird calls,
and the omni-pulsing drone of insect life,
humid warm and all around,
a blessed remembrance.

A re-mergence in the greater family-ness of this living world.
Domains of perception reverberating
in, and as, and through,
domains of perception.
Weavings of oneness,
transformation transforming.

And, as as we do this,
suffering humans, toxic with small vision,
bent with fear and frustration and greed and desire,
hurl threats of armageddon,
tiny minds, casting long shadows,
a tragic assemblage of stardust,
a suicidal story of disintegrating empires
fading into the much older chorus of frog
and bird and wonderstruck primate,
reverencing the setting sun
and the rising moon.



Contemplating the Three Natures

Sept. 20, 2017, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Sitting, contemplating a river of time.

Past, a jumbling tumbling of and apparent self,
interacting with discrete events.

Future a similar cascading.

Present an arrangement of everything;
a remembered present
a remembered future.

Seeming 'self' and discrete events are like frozen 'screen-shots',
plucked from the ever-flowing braidings of
linguaging and emotioning.

Closer looking reveals
fresh configurations of self and events;
translucent and ephemeral,

And so, present seeing is a river of braidings,
braidings of everything,
braidings of all of us;
multiple synapsings,
consensual timings with no single co-ordinating centre.

Looking closely, events break up.

Looking into the looking and the looking breaks up.

To have a world, we need to look.

Parikalpita is God's genius.

A way of co-ordinating a chaos of motion.

Temporary invariants leveraging a universe,

 a bringing forth of thingness,

 ever-fresh generation appearing as the lumpy
topography of now.

Paratantra is the river

It takes everything

 oceans and galaxies of responsiveness,

 to manifest a flow.

A flowing from everything to everything,

 from everywhere to everywhere.

Parinispanna is abiding

Ungraspable fullness, in action

 radiations of relaxed confidence and

 horizonless question,

Reverencing the mystery – being itself laughing –

 this quiet, natural, endless astonishment.

What joy!

What blessing!

Nature, Community, Wonderment, Namó!



Sharing the Merit

Sept. 29, 2017, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

By the power of these wholesome activities
May our lives be rich with awakening.
Living thus, may we abandon all unwholesomeness.
In the very midst of this continuing mystery of birth,
 growth and maturing, periodic illness,
 and inevitable old age and death,
May we help all beings to realise their true (inter-being) nature.



Music and Gardening

1/10 /17 Orgyen

*A reply to an e-mail from R. who wrote about his involvements
with music and gardening.*

Music is what we are.
Music, a weaving of notes and rhythms
 and musicians and instruments
 and hearts and ears,
Music is the art-graced living fabric of existence.
Gardening is the compassion,
 a musician's work of growing the music;
 food for everyone.
 nourishing abundance.
Music and gardening
This dharma of living.
May it continue in joy!



The Roots of Now

Oct. 2, 2017, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Imagine yourself as a living tree.

You as tree of life.

You, me, us, as forest of life.

Below the ground, we cannot see.

Yet, we feel or know,

in some unfathomable manner

our roots

aspects of wisdom – ungraspable suchness,

a collaborative moving,

a beginning less endless holomovement

these roots of everything and everyone.

Above the ground – the realm of light and revelation;

branches, leaves, flowers and fruits;

aspects of compassion growing

from a bottomless rooting,

dark and potent;

this inter-being-nature, that we are.

Swaying in the currents of living,

branches and fruits appear and disappear.

This living is what we work with;

these flowerings of offering,

displayings of sharing,

roots of becoming that nourish

while anchoring firm.

Here we begin,
 this primordial tree of now;
 my current experience,
 this moving moment;
a human tree,
 an adult,
 linguaging,
 bi-pedal,
 primate,
 homo-sapien.

Reaching 'outward',
 branchings of possibility.
Reaching 'inward'
 proliferating roots of ever deepening connection.

We are forever beginning where we are,
 balanced at the mystery point
 growing in all directions
 without going anywhere,
 until our roots appear as branches
 and our branches appear as roots
 darkness revealing light
 and light revealing eternity.

Contemplations, in the early morning;
 braidings of languaging and emotioning,
 cultures and histories,
 patterning of preference and avoidance,
 these riverings of conversation,
 a social tree of countless beings;
 this third order autopoietic

mystery of inter-knowing that I am,
flexing and bending
these winds of a living forest world.

Plunging deeper, the doors of appreciation opening wide,
I find myself rooted, deep in the soil
of a constantly dancing physiology.
More than rooted,
I am seamlessly one with it.

Branches, roots and leaves
of artery and vein,
axons and dendrites,
muscle and bone;
coupling and uncoupling
flowing on currents of homeostasis, autoimmune function,
and a host of second order autopoietic process;
a cellular community of being/becoming.

A tree of communion with roots and branches
ramifying finer and finer;
discovering a world of first order autopoietic function,
primordial living systems
structurally coupling as a
cresting wave of life-in-process now.

And still there is no end,
ephemeral branching roots and rooting branches
touching horizons of yet to be known;
merged in a cosmos of thermodynamics,
gravity, physics, planetary process
and cosmic dancings.

This very ordinary moment, with you.
This very moment, resonating fullness.
Can you see it?
Can we be it?

Would you like some more tea!



I'm Ready

Oct 5, 2017, Devonport, Auckland, N. Z.

Letting go, letting be, resting, effortless, peace.
This holoverse in process, being itself.
This multidimensional co-evolving
of organism and environment.
This conservation of relationship relating.
There is no other place in which to settle.
No 'other' to make peace with, or to settle in.
This universe gently nudging all beingness
Ripples of knowing, responding responsively
All of me present with and for all of you,
And we dance – ineffable.

And now the phone is ringing.
A situation to address
Food to be provided
Shelter and caring cried out for
And the mystery reveals us responding to this,
acting in the midst of peace.

Impossible, irrational, non-sensical
Yet immanent, vivid
and palpable present.

Nothing special
Just living
With synergising reverence
Spontaneous grins
And the blessing of a sense of life worth living.
Curiosity meeting curiosity
love meeting love
I'm ready.



A Day for Remembering Namgyal

Oct. 11, 2017, Queenstown, NZ

From the perspective of the observer,
it seems that I collaborate in bringing forth
the world of my now; my (k)now-ing.
For me, what other knowing could there be?

In the multi-domain, continually reflexive process
of the *dharmadhatu*-in-action,
experience drifts aimlessly
as part of a measureless ocean of occurrence/activity.

The observer who collaborates,
obscures the spontaneous creativity of drifting experience.
The drifting experience,
obscures the collaborating observer.

Transluscensitizing and familiarizing,
gentle and delicate,
these two appear as non-dual.

Resting here,
the subtle teaching of mind practice
is being learned.

Releasing,
arms open wide,
heart warm,
mind clear,
the ordinary – as blessing,
And we learn to live in the world we find,
and come to do this well,
with courage and wide open presence.
Feeding the hungry,
comforting the distressed,
encouraging delicate shoots of goodness
wherever and however we find them.

May all beings be graced with opportunities for
learning these sacred arts of wonderment and love.



Birthday Thoughts for Mary with Love

Oct. 24, 2017, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Opening, opening, opening in all directions,
oceans of appreciation;
deep currents flowing,

these braidings of presence
mysterious nowness
whisperings of light and feeling and moisture and warmth,
ephemeral magic
this dancing,
our knowingness.

We ancient weavers
emerge in the warping and weftings
of star dust and galaxies
plants and animals,
fungi and cells,
neurons connecting
and hands holding flexibly,
thousands of handlings;
gathering gathering
so many years,
firmly and gently
these rainbows of meaning
our dervishing lives.

Through seconds and minutes and hours and days
this beautiful journey
the dance our living
this gift for all beings
touching so many
these layerings of love
shear presence still breathing
shaping each other, in reverence growing
such blessing
this magic

our garden, our sharing,
our home.



Hovering Lightly

Dec. 31, 2017, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Hovering, on the cusp of a new year,
or should I say wobbling;
It feels a bit yin-yang-ish,
a bit black and whitish,
though both black and white mutually embrace
– a radically inclusive, utterly seamless whole.

On one side,
a card game where some bad dudes
seem to hold all the trumps,
Ecosystems and social systems torn apart in a nightmare
of human aided destruction and dissipation so slow
that we don't see it happening
and sometimes
so abruptly fast that we can't believe it actually occurred.

Billions of miraculous people,
locked together in unconscious fascistic marching,
the drum beat of a military/industrial/
commercial/exploitative complex,
a parade of ominous feelings;
willingness to trade the health and wellbeing
of vibrant community for insularity, obsessive control
and the mechanisation of everything;

an unexamined, deeply accepted
sense of fatalistic inevitability.

If this was all there is,
I couldn't call it a "wobble".
It would be a complete collapse.
But this isn't all there is!

In contrast to this world of frightening grey
are uncountable presences of love and courage and
extraordinary demonstrations of patiently persistent
creativity in action.

There continues deep questing and questioning;
exploring and bringing forth
immeasurable expanses:
astro-physical domains
both inconceivably large and unimaginably small,
ecologies of evolving living systems,
interweaving diversities of life and living,
biology and social contracts
rainbow spectrums of embodied knowing,
glimpsings of the blessing of deep time and unfathomable
presence and possibility.

And permeating it all,
a seemingly innate miracle of inquisitiveness and enquiry
both very precise and wondrously playful.

How does it all fit together?

How do we all fit together?

And,

How can we do this well?

Ultimately, I don't think it is a wobble.
It really is a hovering – lightly, translucently,
As we creatures of the universe
survey a multi-billion-year mystery unfolding;
this living that we are,
a blessing of lives, miraculous.



How We Live

Jan. 17, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Begin with this living.
 this unity relating.
No, not a bunch of abstract concepts,
 but these particular cicadas,
 this aural tapestry of pulsing song,
 of wind and trees
 and fuzzy warmth in left ankle
 and this mysterious need to touch you
 so deeply that the universe
 laughs in cascading smiles
 of consummation and delight.

Begin with the unity of experience that
 you are dwelling in.
There are no gaps, no holes.
Sight and sound and smell and taste and touch
 and remembering and feeling and empathising;
 all are swimming through and with, each other,
 a unity of experience happening now.

Is this not how we live?

Seamless, awesome gob-smacked presence,
living unities telling stories of bits and fragments;
thrilling in the vibrancy of
hopes and fears
and worries and wonderings;
this passion in action,
this wholeness containing
all characters and places.

This is how we live!



Aspiration for Eating

Jan. 23, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

This food is an outflowing of the living of countless beings.

May it nurture wisdom and compassion
for the sake of myself and others.

Through eating food that nourishes me,
my embodied presence becomes rich and tasty,
nutriment for others.

May all beings be well and happy.

Bon Appetite!



Blessed Be This All

Feb. 7, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

It's dancing, leaping, turning, balancing, and bending,
Surrendered always,
Flows of smell
Rhythms of texture
Colours of knowing
Patterns of nowing.
Volumes of sentience within volumes of sentience
Sphere-like and spacious
No boundaries, all centred,
Galaxies singing
Worlds within realms
Realms within worlds, these
Dancings of dancings
Musings of musings
Reaching of reachings
cells and mountains,
molecules and stars,
collectives and singularities
 This living,
 This privilege,
Creation all over,
Magnificent, incomprehensible,
and staggeringly beautiful.

And emerging with this ungraspable wholeness,
A particular angle
A focus, a view,

an observer's experience,
Mine, not anyone else's.
Me, not thee.
An ordering of everything seamlessly complete
A uniqueness unlike anything that ever has been
and ever will be.
And I evaluate,
 We evaluate,
And judge, and select,
and restrict, and funnel, and channel,
and
 bring forth each other.
Universes emerging
Talents in process.
Yogis of the natural world.

Trying to understand it,
 I'm pulled to a byway,
 stalled on the verge with
 traffic blurring by in all directions,
 contemplating reasons,
 evaluating everything – grasping for certainty;
Then . . .
 back in the flowing
again and again,
 out of it,
 in it,
 bystander, participant.

And gradually, very gradually,
activity so subtle,

a transient feeling
This wholeness in motion,
 This ocean of responsiveness,
 This branching of immeasurable branchings
 This confidence of specificity
 This exuberance of dancing plasticity.
 This celebration of all of me celebrating with all of you.
 Even cancer cells!
 Experiments in beingness.

Birthings of birthings
Possibility offered
Bridges from now to now
Stories unfolding
Blessed be this
all!



Refuge

March 6, 2018, Wangapeka, N.Z.

I take refuge in wisdom, compassion
 and non-clinging awareness.
I take refuge in the full richness of here.
I take refuge in the ever present immediacy of now.

Dharmadhatu is all-pervading.
It is the thusness of this moment,
 the suchness that we are.
Experiencing this is Mahamudra.
There is no other refuge.



Laying Down Paths of Living

March 12, 2018, Wangapeka N.Z.

I lay down the path of my living
Through living.
Footsteps continuous
Patterning without break.
Ground meeting soul.
I and thee
Laying down paths of living
A living world templating this pathway of me.



Our Story

May 26, 2018, Shoreham, Australia

We were gestated and born in a biology of love.
We were cultured and grown
in an ambiance of hierarchy and control.
We woke up in the parliament of biocracy-in-action.
We matured in the living mystery of love and clear seeing.
We blossomed and bore fruit as wonderment
unbound and blessing everywhere.

The children and grandchildren of our meeting
are gestating and birthing
in a biology of love.

Ahhh !!!

Presence presenting,

This magnificent journey,
Our living,
Our lives,
Our Story.



The Ephemeral Horizon of My Living

July 8, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

The ephemeral horizon of my living
hovers elusively;
an ungraspable cusp
at the border/edge of yet to be.

Within this horizon,
within this autopoiesed metaphoric membrane,
is the playing of an entire world,
the dynamic 'physiology' of my life.

The world of my life/living is described in terms of
beings and things and processes,
all languaged into form
in the oceanic process
of communities communing.

I am we,
and we is I,
and each entity,
in the complex act of its arising,
exists within its own constantly constructing
membranous horizon of distinction making process.

The world of my living includes
horizon-contained-worlds of other being's livings.
This global beingness
 is simultaneously immanent and transcendent;
Immanent in its continual transcendence
Transcendent in it's continual immanence;
 worlds intermeshing worlds without obstruction
 realms inter-gestating realms
 in timeless freedom.

Dharmakaya is a bowing
 a cosmic acknowledgment
 in gratitude,
 wonderment,
 and reverential awe,
Saluting this freshly presenting present.



Dancing Stillness and the Poetry of Science

July 23, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Go outside at night, and reacquaint yourself with where you are – a patch of land on the surface of a revolving sphere of condensed stardust, nestled in the radiance of a star, all of this embedded in the wheel of the galaxy, all of it evolving in the gravitational embrace of many galaxies. This world of experience we are collaboratively bringing forth with others is a profoundly integrated matrix of intimately intermeshing living process. How does this happen? How did it come about that we perceive many interacting individuals? What responsibilities do we have for each other?

Ironically,
it seems I am blinded by light,
yet in the darkness,
I begin to see.

Clear night sky,
the wheel of the galaxy arcing around me,
the horizon
a halo of atmospheric dust and diffused star glow,
and I realise, yet again,
I am embedded in sangha;
moving trees, mountains, hooting owls and river sound,
and ghostly kinaesthetic presence.

Contemplative science begins with reverence and wonder
and a mysterious desire to understand.

It begins as reverence in the temple of the universe.

Embedded in the galaxy.

Embedded in the sun.

Embedded in the planet.

I look out, and in my mind's eye see the vastness of space.

I look in, and through eyes of anatomy,
histology, chemistry, and physics,

I see nearly as far 'in' as I can see 'out'.

And I wonder who I am?

Consciously and imaginatively I cultivate my skills
in extending love for every member
of this evolving community of inter-being,
this symphony of becoming,
this *holoversing* in multi-part harmony.

Breathing with green plants
transforming star dust,
whirling vortices of living systems, communing
through contact and exchange.

I cannot live without you,
 – each and every one of you –
my immediate mothering, fathering,
brothering, sistering sangha.

A family of burgeoning life.

Visualizing living on a sphere.
Rain and apples falling inward.
The entire planet entwined in the sun.
We began as a sphere,
a fertilized egg, buried in our mother.
Can we expand our vision of this journey?

Contemplating universe.
Differing densities,
clumpings of relating.
Some clumps called planets, some called stars,
and some called interstellar space.

Clusterings of clumpings
whirling presences of specified
autocatalytic chemistries;
 linkings, and
linkings of linkings,
Rosaries of reflective process,
Garlands of flowering flowerings.
Richer and richer detail

more and more prolific,
Humming of autopoiesis,
the dawning of responsive awareness
aware-ing itself into existence,
and telling this story.

Contemplating embodiment,
a process self-contemplating,
a universe of inter-responsive densities
of knowing-in-motion.
Gyres of form appearing and disappearing,
flowings of becoming,
this river of living,

These a capelling symphonies:

 jazz combos, folk groups,
 rock bands, and marching drums,
 choral groups, choirs, and orchestras;
interweaving gatherings of gathering;
continuous, – fantastic – extravaganza – improvisation,
linking and adapting,
conserving,
and stretching out on a limb,
 ecstatic in the risk.

Advancing and retreating,
‘finger-dancing’ everywhere
reverberating stories,
songs coalescing
shapings of shapings in form
and knowing
and beyond forms of knowing.

And arising in this dance are concepts:
beginnings, and endings,
and birth and death,
and self, and others,
and matter, and mind,
and health, and illness;
these mysteries, opaque and thing-like,
mist-like appearing,
this torrent of musing music.

Contemplating this contemplation
and feeling
this privilege,
this blessing,
this . . . ??????

*(In Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" the one who actually
finds the Snark is last seen 'disappearing over the horizon' saying,
"It's a boooooooooo !!!!!!!!!")*

Releasing in contemplation
Surrender in all dimensions
The horizon 'disappears us',
as the choir crescendos
It's an AHHHHHHH !!!!!!!

And then,
like Wittgenstein
Falling silent
Into the music.



Edges, Membranes and Mystery

Sept 3, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

A philosophy of contemplative science can easily become a dense entanglement of language and concepts whereas a poetry of contemplative science can invite fresh ways of seeing. In this prose/verse I try to illumine some of my thinking about cognition and knowing. May the timbre of these thoughts quicken the edges and membranes we share.

Buddhists speak of Mirror-like-Wisdom.

Biologists speak of autopoiesis.

Christ said that if he were to remain silent
the very stones would declare his presence.

Sheer existence itself is a form of speaking.
Speaking is relationship;
integrated collaborations,
dynamically interacting participant/components
in the act of producing the very components
that comprise the integrated organisation
producing those components
and so on . . .
endlessly.

Each relatively autonomous living system,
is a dancing of cognition
in the act of making itself,
making a world.

Selfing/knowing appears as an edge,
a border place, a boundary, a membrane,
a space of distinction between this and that.
A distinction with preference.
A distinction with value.
A particular community responding to other.

Membranes that close in on themselves
define interiors and exteriors.
This is a molecular domain,
a form of cognition,
a dancing of dancings of knowing.
Eukaryotic cells have exterior membranes but
their interiors are filled with membrane enclosed spaces.
Each enclosed space is itself a world of collaborative activity.
Worlds interpenetrating worlds without obstruction.
Knowings of knowings, within knowings.

Inside my skin belongs to me. It is very personal and I guard it carefully. Outside my skin is other. It doesn't feel so personal. The entire world of experience that I am, arises as an evolving field of integrated knowings. Each one of us calls this by the same name. We call it "my mind". Strangely, I not only 'have' a mind but I appear 'in' my mind, as too does the entire world. Outside my knowing is unknowable. Yet the unknowable knowings that are you, are appearing in my knowing, and so the outside unknowable is thriving inside my mind. Inner can't exist without outer and outer can't exist without inner. The world exists within me while simultaneously I exist within the world. And so, where does this leave us? inside? outside? both? neither? This is a classic Madhyamika four faced conundrum, a philosopher's maze and a madman's nightmare.

Pause with me for a moment. Feeling the rhythms of your breathing, embrace the full aliveness that you are. We move. We respond to the worlds within and around. We are the respondings of worlds within and around, and this responsiveness is the first sign of our aliveness. We reach out while shifting within, this internal shifting shaping the ways we are reaching out. We are breathing, in a breathing world. Such knowings! Such breathings! Such feelings and formings, seemingly durable things, ephemerally solid in space – this space – this particular space of knowing which is you, reading these words and thinking these thoughts!

We live as edges – living edges –
places of meeting and merging and mingling:
you, me, him, her – each a hedgerow,
a linear wilderness of becomings,
the abandoned ignored places where everything happens.

Caterpillars and nesting birds,
ants and hedgehogs and copulating worms,
We exist as communities of edging,
Places where this and that meet,
Transient parliaments of cognition
Languaging manifest
Lives within lives
All doing it together
Babbling enthusiasms
Baby worlds learning to speak
These beginners
Minding.

The world around us is an ecosystem.
This is common public knowledge.

But the worlds within the enclosure of self
are also ecosystems.
This is rarely recognised or appreciated.

Coming to love the exterior world
is widely praised.
How noble. How glorious. How good!
Coming to love the interior of the world
is hardly thought of.

And yet my beingness is the collective
communion of these cusps.
Distinct becomings in heartfelt consultation
And me, an arising conversation
posing as a monologue,
oblivious.

Such a mystery
This unexpected waking up
We stretch our arms and yawn a great releasing sigh.
Getting out of bed,
we greet the day of the only life we have.
Getting out of the bed of unexamined assumption,
we greet in freshness
This living,
This quiet and natural and unspectacular impossibility.

Saying good morning to Mary
Two fresh universes flowing in and through each other
Gatherings of worlds
These birthings of newness
All of me present, with and for and in and through, all of you.

Hedgerows meeting
Wildernesses greeting
Timeless
Edges on the edge.
edging closer
and ever closer too.



Aspiration – post surgery

Sept. 18, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Mary and I are feeling immensely supported.

This journey of living and learning and sharing;
May it become clear for everyone.
May we soften our grasping.
May we embrace the mystery
of this immediate universe
manifesting all of us.
May we find refuge in heart felt reverence
and functional love.

Thank you everyone – nurses and doctors and technicians and
supporters and friends and companions and students and
teachers – all.

May our lives continue to weave together well
for the sake of everyone.

May blessings abound.



Mandala Offering in a Modern Key

Oct. 6, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Imagine grains of sand
Scattered across crystal clear glass floating in space
With light illumining from above and below and the sides.

Now, imagine placing your finger upon this glass,
And scribing shapes according to
Your current desires and the flowing
Process of sensitivity that is your current awakeness.

Smiling; breathing; present;
Imagine each grain of sand is a human life
And each human life is itself
An immeasurable expanse of relating,
An intimate inter-responding,
A colonial grain of living mystery
A unique collective of 'intentions',
Delicately, sensitively, willingly,
meeting the world.

Imagine fingers of hope and fear,
Fingers of magnanimous aspiration
and everyday ho-humery.
Each feeling its way,
Now pushing determinedly ahead,
Now lingering in its tracks
Initiating and reciprocating,
Exquisite presences, presenting myriad
Patterns in a crystal space of illumination,

Lives evolving through relating,
Shapings of curiosity
Scribing themselves in spaces of knowing,
This space of knowing,
This space of you reading these words.

Imagine each cell of each human;
Imagine braiding rivers of blood and lymph
Mountains and valleys of muscle and bone
Weather systems of breath
Molecular transcribings
Membranes of knowing
The immensities of life and living evolving,
Perfectly compacted
In the form of particular human beings
Busy in the business of being the fullness of their lives.

Imagine each creature of the world
And each creature's vastness.
Imagine each and every living beingness;
Scribings of patterning,
Melodic flowings, and
Kinaesthetic melody,
Dancings of need and collages of dream,
Transient, translucent
Assemblages of reverence and surprise.

Tracings of sentient sand on crystal tables,
Bountiful banquets,
Offered by everyone
To everyone.

Imagine these spacious expanses of knowing
Slipping in and through and with and for each other,
Meeting and mingling
Criss crossing beams of light and lightness,
Mind-scapes of mist and cloud,
Sumi-e paintings of hint and intimation,
Ephemeral horizons of being and becoming
This world of illumination
This pulsating passion:
Humans going about their lives,
Bees in the flowers
Fish shoaling
Spiders spinning
Stars above and soil below
Forests and savannahs
Coral reefs and compost heaps
Seamless life;
Everywhere
These worlds of worlding
Each singing their music,
Collectively, – *the* music
Arising as the juice of your Body of Being.

Participating . . .

Your finger,
These grains,
Such mysteries,
This beauty.

With heart-felt respect, our offering
In confidence, and ever deepening faith and trust

Patterns of sand,
Scattered across crystal clear surfaces, abiding as space
With light illumining everywhere
This love.



Remembering Rinpoche

Oct. 12, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Remembering it is NR's birthday (*in Canada time*)

Reflections of his living,
waves of inter-being,
continuous rippling
the ocean of becoming
in wonderment.



How Old is the Dharmadhatu?

Nov. 30, 2018 (flying to Christchurch, N.Z.)

How old is the dharmadhatu?
What are the rates and rhythms of its weavings?
My writing this is an expression of dharmakaya
the knowing that I am arising
through the immeasurable weavings of knowing
that we are.
The knowing that we are,
this knowing that I am
is an instant in the life of the universe.

Yet the knowing that I am is timeless,
an ineffable expression of the whole.
Ahhh! What blessing!



Jazzing a Riff

Dec. 15, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

We are conceived in a weaving of music
Arabesques of molecular melodies,
Demanding passions,
Excitements and fears,
Heat and breathless gasping
Hints of a new symphony beginning,
This wholeness of living
I/You, Us/Thus
Ahhhhhhh!

The unstruck drum of eternity,
Rhythm entwining
Riffs appearing
Skill sets of preference
Competencies thrilling
Summits trilling
Interflowing patterns
Appearing and disappearing,
And reappearing as motifs,
Tapestries of disposition,
Memory dancing
These newly arising

Eternally gestating
Nows.

Listening, listening
Hearing this here,
And stirring through the marrow and juices of being,
Simple melody intermingling with cosmic melody
Unity inseparable from diversity
And possibilities assembling
Proliferating in every dimension and direction
Brilliance emerging,
Intimate and responsive.

Birth is emerging discernment
A duet of indistinct whole/mother and whole/thee
Jazzing a riff
Like every other, yet totally unique
Our introduction to the band
Our gathering in life-long play
This ocean of primordial contemplation
This musing that we are.



Selah

Dec. 17, 2018, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Selah is a Hebrew word associated with music. It indicates that one should “stop and listen”, or “pause and think about that.”

The field of human beingness;
the sacred and the profane
nirvana and samsara

doing and being
the domain of magic and religion,
the domain of science and distinction
poetics and didactics
I/You and I/It

This continuous rhythmic gentle heart/breathing:
softening, transluscentizing, accepting, surrendering,
opening, releasing, remembering, embracing, engaging.

Stop, pause, look around and reflect,
This is *selah*.



A Living Middle Way

Jan. 8, 2019, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Ah . . . such balancing!

One side, my physical experience,
Rich, present, vibrant and
Multi-dimensionally dynamic.

Another side, my thinking,
Thinking about objects, or thinking about you,
Rich, timeless, no-dimensionally dynamic,
Where minding seems to be the only real thing.

Yet you, all you you-s, organic and inorganic alike,
Are continually shaping my visceral life,
Radiating implications
Continuously adjusting my course,
Chameleon dancer that I am.

Focussing on you, I risk loosing me.
Focussing on me, I risk loosing thee.
Needing each other, we learn our individual togetherness.
And so we feel possibilities in translucency
 Softly, gently, translucizing
 Everything and everyone,
 In love.

And feeling this dancing matrix of I and you
 All of you,
 I-s and You-s
 Eyes and 'U's
 Us/me/thee
Knowings interfused,
Expanding into and through and by means of each other.

Travelling with molecules, cells, organs, and process,
 Baggages of talent,
 Nothing left behind.
Reverberating in reverence,
 Wonderment,
 And wide eyed awe.
A balancing going nowhere,
While being everywhere.
This ever refreshing poised-ness
 Delicate, detailed, exquisitely encompassing
 Yet strangely demanding,
Requiring all of our being and all of our beingness,
All our talents and intelligence,
The total cost of a life.
The price of our total life.

And so we find ourselves
Giving everything.
Opening to include the stars,
And the unknown space between the stars,
And the unknown space between these thoughts.
Love, opening to embrace the universe,
 This universe embracing itself
An unimaginable welcome-ship.

In love,
 So utterly simple
Such balancing,
 Such lightness.

And blessings abound
In the singing of birds
And these three passion-hoppers on this curving leaf.
And the distant phones ringing
Announcing myriad yet to be's
 With Thee.
 This mystery . . .
 This balancing . . .



Living Music

Feb. 2, 2019, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

My sense of beingness is fundamentally
a sense of rhythm and texture and
practiced sequences of rhythm and texture,
sequences with their own rhythms.

Breathing, heart beating,
tightenings and loosenings of muscle and tissue,
familiar use of sense organs
moving towards and backing away from.
And all of these are coloured with
liking and disliking
and further adorned with explanation and theory
and hypotheses referencing older themes,
trailing new responses.

This is the living music of my musing,
the music of listening
and the music of experiment,
and through this musing we link in symphony,
ecosystems in concert.
Cicadas mixing with lawnmower in this hot summer afternoon
and Tarchin contemplating
in the cool of his hut.



We Are In This Together

*Begun March 18, 2019, finished in April, Orgyen Hermitage,
Aongatete, N.Z.*

*I am animate.
I am an animal.
I am born from life and living
And so, dear friend, are you.
Everything we experience reverberates with these truths.*

*I exist as a melodic continuity;
musing music a cappell-ing the universe into being,
weavings of texture, rhythm and timbre
this kinetic and kinaesthetic presence-ing
a multi-realmed, multi-dimensional dancing,
dancings within dancings,
dancing with dancings.*

Beginning with the fullness of what you are;
not what you name, describe or explain,
but what you actually are;
finding yourself
awash on a timeless beach of ever-fresh nowing,
discovering beingness anew.

Feeling the recurring waves,
Rhythmically similar,
yet individually unique;
pushing and pulling,
filling and emptying,
covering and exposing,
tumbling and churning
frothing and fizzing
initiating and responding
revealing and hiding;
Ungraspable revelation,
this domain of gestation,
A birthing room of values.

What, on earth, is happening?
What, in mind, is happening?

Dancings of moon and sand and flowing liquids,
The seamless meeting of wet and dry;
 emotion and detached observation,
 inner and outer,
 self and other,
 knowing, known and knower.
And here, dancing this indescribable omni-process
 involving everything and everyone,
We discover our breathing;
These flowings of flowings within flowings
Branchings and giftings
This tree of life and living
Connections of all of us.
Stardust to stardust, waves of probability proliferating
This breathing of everyone.

How might we call this suchness-in-action?

Looking?
 Being ?
 Softening?
 Dissolving?
Bending?
 Blending?
 Stretching?
 Responding?
Opening?
 Praying?
 Contemplating?
 Meditating?
Worshipping?
 Reverencing?

Perhaps we could call it awareness
or awakening,
or continual transcendence,
or whole-ing,
or primordial healing,
or deepening understanding
Or, do we need to call it anything?

Expanding into the gifting fullness,
living collaborations of sensitive responsiveness,
Volumes of sentience within volumes of sentience,
Oceans of knowing in the tiniest drops,
Creation creating
Always fresh and anew,
spacious, open and unpindownable.
Gratitude sparkling all over.

And what can we do but surrender?
each one of us,
all of us,
new modes of languaging
celebrating this perennial growing,
Freshly wrought today;
this beach, this sand, this salty ocean
cradled in radiance,
gestating the universe
This womb of mystery
ever preparing
in love,
and we see.

We are brothers and sisters;
Conceived and gestated and born and nurtured
 and matured by our mother – Wholeness/Inter-being.
And through our reaching bones and flesh,
 extending and retracting,
 drawn forward in wonder
 and transforming as we go,
 we learn our bodies;
babies, children, adolescents and adults
all of us making and remaking the stories of our journey
life-bards, each one of us
singing the world into being,
our mother tongue sounding forth
in myriad cultural dialects;
through movement and gesture
touch by touch, we know ourselves into the world,
lives of mystery,
journeys of transforming understanding.

We are in this together.
 Together we are born,
 together we learn,
 together we thrive,
 together we suffer,
 together we grieve,
 together we console and,
 together we die.

By we – I mean every manner of us:
humans of myriad shapes, flavours, colours and beliefs,
we mammals, we reptiles; we birds, insects and fish,

we trees and flowers, fungi and bacteria;
brothers and sisters all
we are in this together,
whirling round a life giving star
 flowerings of sunlight
 dancing in sunlight
 knowings of sunlight
 fabrics of radiance – bodies and minds
 woven from a common source
 sons and daughters all, singing our stories
 celebrating this living creation.

Each one of us belong; needed and valued,
Each one of us, and all of us together,
 mysteries of interbeing
 continuously awash on primordial beaches of now
 reaching forth with cautious sensitivity
 and finding ourselves
 finger to finger,
 heart to heart.

Moons of aspiration
Shedding tears for our forgetfulness.

May our communal heart be firm.
May our goodness stay firm.
May our centre – our groundedness – remain firm.
May we remember our whakapapa
 remembrance in the functioning of
 flesh and bone and action;
 not this sect or that group,
 but the great and venerable whakapapa

that joins and heals
This journey of all of us.

And through remembering,
our continuously transforming ever-fresh communion
becomes the womb and mother
of unimaginable futures and future beings
conceived in love,
yet to be born.

May the balms of love and healing and deep understanding,
bless us to our core.



Human Obligations

March 21, 2019, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Not human rights,
But human obligations.
Obligations to all the other
Collaborator beings and species
With whom we live.

We need to feel this,
To know this;
With deep emotion,
Clear intellect
And liberated intuition.



Memory of 1971 – Speeding Through America

April 2, 2019, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

He turned and said.

"Would you like me to teach you the glass bead game?"

And my heart leaped.



This Relating That We Are

May 6, 2019, Shoreham, Australia

Let me relate

the relating that we are.

Not me and you,

but me ~ you relating.

Not self and other,

but self ~ other relating.

Not foetus and womb,

but foetus ~ womb relating.

Not creature and world

but creature ~ world relating

Our cells in their molecular dancing's ongoingness

are inside ~ outside relating

Our organs in their thriving are singing cities

communities of flow and pulse

and temperature and gradients of being.

And so, I ~ we, dissolved throughout the canvases

of skies of breath and tidal presence and whispered touch,

Find ourselves with, in, and through each other,

Beginningless and endless
This relating,
universes of relating,
This relating that we are.



Book Titles

June, 2019, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

Rhythms of Love,
Textures of Delight,
Being Suchness,
This Glorious Blessing



Mangala

Sept. 26, 2019, Sao Paulo, Brazil

As a wholeness,
I don't relate to any other.
Yet, feeling into the primordial wholeness of present living,
I find an ocean of relatings
occurring through many domains and dimensions of being.

Relationship is what I am.
It's what you are.
Universes inter-shaping
these mysteries that are each one of us.
Resting in this praxis.
Learning, as subtle blessing,

enquiry
this speechless wondering,
this unshakable stillness dancing.
Mangala



Bodhi

Oct. 4, 2019, Refugio Paradisio, Brazil

Bodhi's view is all-inclusive.
Bodhi's meditation is love and clear seeing.
Bodhi's action is infectious wonderment.



Undoing the Locks

Oct. 12, 2019, Refugio Paradisio, Brazil

In the streaming of becoming
We bottle things.
We dry them, salt them, pickle them, fence them, contain them,
with metal, glass, wood – anything that comes to hand.
We define them, fixing in categories, opacifying surfaces,
Trying to control a multi-realmed effusion.

Let the river flow.
Let the living live.
Undo the locks.
Soften the containers
Containers as embracers

Volumes of loving
Communities communing
Blessings abounding,
And we sing our praises of goodness

Spheres of sentience
Dancing with stars
In reverence.



My Body of Experience

Nov. 5, 2019, Orgyen Hermitage, Aongatete, N.Z.

From the very first,
I am a we
 appearing from we-ness;
observing my body
 and feeling
the shifting textures of being
 this process of perceiving
that otherness
 that is my body,
and all of this together,
 my body of experience.

Pairing as primordial attunement.

A one, appearing as complementary dyad.
A kinetic/tactile–kinaesthetic dancing
 this affective-kinetic-cognizing-awareness
that we are.

Here is animate animalness in action.
Attunement as the basis
 of empathy,
 of intersubjectivity
 and perhaps
proliferating domains of multi-ism.

Sense-making
 simultaneously making intelligible
whilst creating meaning,
 from the very first.