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A Drifting Boat

An Anthology of Chinese Zen Poetry

Edited by Jerome P. Seaton & Dennis Maloney

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Translated by Tony Barnstone, Richard B. Clark, James M. Cryer, Sam Hamill, Paul Hansen, Chris Laughrun, Joseph Lisowski, Chou Ping, James H. Sanford, Jerome P. Seaton, Arthur Tobias, and Jan W. Walls

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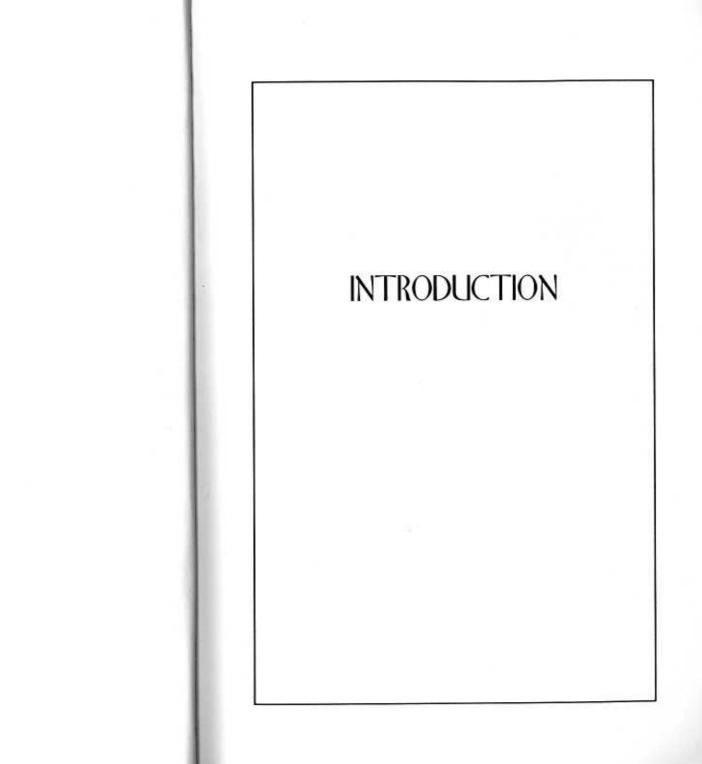
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A DRIFTING BOAT



Scholar translators of holy Sanskrit texts, ragged mountain wildmen, nuns and monks, retired civil servants, scholar-officials of the Emperor of China, residents of humble mountain monasteries, Buddhist prelates whose prestige and moral force often made them rivals in secular power to those officials themselves: poets of every century from the sixth to the twentieth are to be found here, clarifying in bright and vibrant poetic lines the transmission of a single ideal. At the same time they demonstrate clearly the multiplicity of manners, the diversity of techniques, and the creative freedom of the human spirit that is the truest embodiment of Ch'an, a brand of Buddhist practice that, born in China, evolved to spread and thrive in East Asia for over fifteen hundred years. A lively and often humorous Way to, and from, spiritual salvation, and a Way of living peacefully and forcefully in the everyday world, better known in the West by its Japanese pronunciation as Zen, it remains full of life in the twentieth century West, continuing to grow and change, and boding well to become as important a feature of the world culture of the tomorrows of the twenty-first century as it has been of a thousand years of Asian vesterdays.

The poetry in this anthology is presented in as close to chronological order as modern scholarship allows. Thus it may offer a little insight into the nature of the evolution of the Ch'an sect, originally a sect fairly narrowly devoted to the path of enlightenment through deep mind meditation, into that living entity that Zen is today. The spiritual passion that supports myriad pathways, both monastic and lay, in the present world, can already be seen in the earliest poetry. The expansion of the Ch'an vision begins in the T'ang Dynasty, maybe not just coincidentally also known as both the Golden Age of Ch'an and the Golden Age of Chinese poetry. It can be seen in works as various as the rough colloquial harangues of the legendary mountain monk Han Shan and the refined meditations of the T'ang scholar-official and renowned painter-poet Wang Wei. Between them these two, with the help of the great monk-poets Chiao-jan, Ling-yi, Kuan Hsiu, and the nine monks of the Sung, and of lay poets like Li Po, Po Chu-yi, Lin Ho-ching and Su Shih, began the confluence of the religious verse of early Ch'an into the great stream with traditional Chinese poetry. There, in addition to deepening the stream bed, this great coming together invigorated Ch'an itself, permitting its interaction with the almost incredible communicative power of the Chinese written language and its great ensemble of poetic techniques and devices. The Ch'an, a school that had learned from Taoism a healthy distrust for words, found a new source of power in the classic poetic language, precisely because that language had been formed on the principle of " no ideas but in things. "

The coexistence from T'ang on of both a monastic and a lay tradition of Ch'an poetry served to keep both sets of poets (often friends) on their toes, stretching to match and to complement each other's accomplishments. The rough shock-poetry of Han Shan and Shih Te, a poetry that mocks pretension and hypocrisy, that slaps the face of the lazy meditator or the foolish follower of convention, runs side by side for a thousand years with an ever developing lay tradition that emphasizes attention and tranquility, self-knowledge and compassionate action in the world. Both remind us of the beauty and the evanescence of life in the world. They remind us also of the ultimate triviality of most of what drags so many humans into the pit of suffering. Both admit and accept weakness while they quietly suggest the possibility of a spiritual strength that awaits only the inward turning eye.

Living Buddhism today includes institutions that differ very little in constitution and function from the sects and churches of the other great spiritual and religious traditions of the modern world. In Zen, Buddhism also possesses an ecumenical school that is not a school, a community of monastic and lay participants in an eclectic and even an experimental practice that remains open to influences from outside its recognized boundaries. This group, one that includes an increasing number of Western poets and artists, follows the oldest pathways of Ch'an, making its goal as much the exploration of the means of salvation as it is the liberation of all sentient beings. The exploration of means is after all a means itself.

Though Zen has long been identified in the West with its historically most persistent and peculiar traits, particularly with sitting meditation, (*tso ch'an* or *zazen*) and the koan method, it has in fact been precisely its liveliness, its zest for life, its eclecticism, its spiritual utilitarianism that has always marked Zen as Zen from its earliest manifestation in China. Though it is strongly influenced by the no nonsense naturalism of Chinese Taoism, Ch'an is quintescentially Mahayana in its concern for salvation. It is the Buddha's big cart, big enough to haul every single sentient being off to that release from suffering called nirvana. In its most native form, Zen shows little drive for bigger temples, little drive for stricter doctrinal lines or "greater" institutional organization: the edifice complex that plagues Christianity is replaced in Ch'an with a good humored, freespirited drive to find more Ways to load on pilgrims of the Way, to find more places for sentient beings to "sit," or to stand or lie down if they must, on the Way to release from illusion. Finally, maybe, it is just this free spirit, this humane consciousness alive in the world that is the true embodiment, the emblem, the being, the making, of Zen.

If Ch'an is, as many claim, not a religion – because it has few institutional and doctrinal structures and strictures – it may not be wrong to say that poetry, in China and in Japan, has been the re-ligion, the binder together, of Ch'an. It is the poetry, with its shared goal of communication of the Way, that ties the monastic community to the lay community, that ties the so many pasts to so many new presents, striving to make a sangha of the whole of human culture in the world.

The poetry in this anthology is the poetry of humans, not divine beings or even of divines. A few of the poets are known to history as Zen Masters, all are clearly seekers of release for themselves and for others. For all them the poems are, as maybe poems should always be, purified expressions of a consciousness that any, having seen, will be led toward. It appears, nonetheless – and the paradox is a hallmark of Zen – also very much a poetry of the human condition, a poetry by and for everyone. There is sorrow as well as joy. There is desire as well as acceptance.

The purity, a purity beyond the reach of pride, of the religious insight of the monk-translator Hui Yuan and the nun Miao Yin is stunning. The Hsin Hsin Ming (Verses on the Faith-Mind) of Sengtsan, a treatise in verse that was a seminal force in the creation of Ch'an as we know it, shows clearly the role of specifically poetic sensitivity in the creation of the Zen world view. It is also perhaps the closest of the poems presented here to what would be properly called religious poetry in the West. The joy, the sorrow, the laughter and the rough camaraderie for the road that Han Shan and so many of his incarnations show us in the plainest of plain words is, as Gary Snyder has said, as refreshing as a cool drink of water for the dusty traveler. The keen eyes of Chiao Jan and Po Chu-i invite the reader to see. The open heart of Wang An-shih, controversial social reformer of the Sung Dynasty, may challenge the modern democrat to discover the source of compassion. The irony of Yuan Mei shines a clear light through the illusions of self-importance that may block the path to self-knowledge and release. The self-mockery of Ching-an is the emblem of a humility so deep and yet so lightly put that it invites the reader to see and maybe to lightly mock his or her own spiritual pretensions. All these and more are presented in language that never fails to engage and to delight. The American translators responsible for bringing these voices to life again here are briefly introduced at the end of the anthology. If they had not heard the music of Ch'an, individually and together, these poems would still be available only to the Chinese reader.

It is not wrong to say that Ch'an poetry contains no metaphor: it is the song of phenomena. The mountain is the mountain; the river is the river. A rock in Han Shan, a rock in Yuan Mei, is a rock in the world. Bite it at your peril. Sit in its shade when the sun shines hot on the mountain top. Yet, in a properly paradoxial Way, all Zen poetry, each and all Zen poems taken together, become a single metaphor. Nature, remade real (for your convenience the cart takes another shape) in the words of the poem, encompassed in the purified consciousness, is metaphor for our natures, which are not separate. The moon that shines from all waters is one moon. So many bright moons as the clouds clear away: a single light. Set your boat adrift here, in the midst of it.

– J. P. Seaton

PRE-T'ANG 4th to 7th Century

∼ Hui Yung (332-44)

Translating Sutras

We go on unwinding the woof from the web of their meaning: words of the Sutras day by day leap forth. Head on we've chased the miracle of Dharma: here are no mere scholars.

Moon Sitting

High mountain cascades froth. This wild temple owns few lamps. Sit facing the glitter of the moon: out of season heart of ice.

JPS

∼ Miao Yin (n 376-380)

Wind and Water

a steady wind scours the autumn moon from a stagnant pool, from the crystal spring every place pure now... just as it is. why, then, does karma yet coil and bind?

JPS

∼ Hui K'O (4th-5th Century)

No me: Dharmas all empty.

Death, Life, small difference. Heart of mystery's transformation: know, and see.

The Truth cries out where the arrow strikes the target.

JPS

The Absolute

selfless dharmas are all empty life and death about alike the transformed heart knows it all at a glance truth is in the middle of things.

JHS

~ Seng Ts'an (a 606)

Verses on the Faith-Mind

The Great Way is not difficult for those who have no preferences. When love and hate are both absent everything becomes clear and undisguised. Make the smallest distinction, however, and heaven and earth are set infinitely apart. If you wish to see the truth then hold no opinions for or against anything. To set up what you like against what you dislike is the disease of the mind. When the deep meaning of things is not understood the mind's essential peace is disturbed to no avail.

The Way is perfect like vast space where nothing is lacking and nothing is in excess. Indeed, it is due to our choosing to accept or reject that we do not see the true nature of things. Live neither in the entanglements of outer things, nor in inner feelings of emptiness. Be serene in the oneness of things and such erroneous views will disappear by themselves. When you try to stop activity to achieve passivity your very effort fills you with activity. As long as you remain in one extreme or the other you will never know Oneness.

Those who do not live in the single Way fail in both activity and passivity, assertion and denial. To deny the reality of things is to miss their reality; to assert the emptiness of things is to miss their reality. The more you talk and think about it, the further astray you wander from the truth. Stop talking and thinking, and there is nothing you will not be able to know. To return to the root is to find the meaning, but to pursue appearances is to miss the source. At the moment of inner enlightenment there is a going beyond appearance and emptiness. The changes that appear to occur in the empty world we call real only because of our ignorance. Do not search for the truth; only cease to cherish opinions.

Do not remain in the dualistic state; avoid such pursuits carefully. If there is even a trace of this and that, of right and wrong, the Mind-essence will be lost in confusion. Although all dualities come from the One, do not be attached even to this One. When the mind exists undisturbed in the Way, nothing in the world can offend, and when a thing can no longer offend, it ceases to exist in the old way.

When no discriminating thoughts arise, the old mind ceases to exist. When thought objects vanish, the thinking-subject vanishes, as when the mind vanishes, objects vanish. Things are objects because of the subject [mind]; the mind [subject] is such because of things [objects]. Understand the relativity of these two and the basic reality: the unity of emptiness. In this Emptiness the two are indistinguishable and each contains in itself the whole world. If you do not discriminate between coarse and fine you will not be tempted to prejudice and opinion. To live in the Great Way is neither easy nor difficult, but those with limited views are fearful and irresolute: the faster they hurry, the slower they go, and clinging [attachment] cannot be limited; even to be attached to the idea of enlightenment is to go astray. Just let things be in their own way, and there will be neither coming nor going.

Obey the nature of things [your own nature] and you will walk freely and undisturbed. When thought is in bondage the truth is hidden, for everything is murky and unclear, and the burdensome practice of judging brings annoyance and weariness. What benefit can be derived from distinctions and separations?

If you wish to move in the One Way do not dislike even the world of senses and ideas. Indeed, to accept them fully is identical with true Enlightenment. The wise man strives to no goals but the foolish man fetters himself. There is one Dharma, not many; distinctions arise from the clinging needs of the ignorant; to seek Mind with the [discriminating] mind is the greatest of all mistakes.

Rest and unrest derive from illusion; with enlightenment there is no liking and disliking. All dualities come from ignorant inference. They are like dreams or flowers in air: foolish to try to grasp them. Gain and loss, right and wrong: such thoughts must finally be abolished at once. If the eye never sleeps, all dreams will naturally cease. If the mind makes no discriminations, the ten thousand things are as they are, of single essence. To understand the mystery of this One-essence is to be released from all entanglements. When all things are seen equally the timeless Self-essence is reached. No comparisons or analogies are possible in this causeless, relationless state.

Consider movement stationary and the stationary in motion, both movement and rest disappear. When such dualities cease to exist Oneness itself cannot exist. To this ultimate finality no law or description applies.

For the unified mnd in accord with the Way all self-centered striving ceases. Doubts and irresolutions vanish and life in true faith is possible. With a single stroke we are freed from bondage; nothing clings to us and we hold to nothing. All is empty, clear, self-illuminating with no exertion of the mind's power. Here thought, feeling, knowledge, and imagination are of no value. In this world of Suchness there is neither self nor other-than-self.

To come directly into harmony with this reality just simply say when doubt arises, 'Not two.' In this 'not two' nothing is separate, nothing is excluded. No matter when or where, enlightenment means entering this truth. And this truth is beyond extension or diminution in time or space; in it a single thought is ten thousand years.

Emptiness here, Emptiness there, but the infinite universe stands always before your eyes. Infinitely large and infinitely small: no difference, for definitions have vanished and no boundaries are seen. So too with Being and non-Being. Don't waste time in doubts and arguments that have nothing to do with this.

One thing, all things: move among and intermingle, without distinction. To live in this realization is to be without anxiety about non-perfection. To live in this faith is the road to non-duality, Because the non-dual is one with the trusting mind.

words!

The Way is beyond language for in it there is no yesterday

no tomorrow no today.

RBC

T'ang 618-905

∼ Han Shan (Legendary, c. 730)

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Divination showed my place among these bunched cliffs where faint trails cut off the traces of men and women what's beyond the yard white clouds embracing hidden rocks living here still after how many years over and over I've seen spring and winter change get the word to families with bells and cauldrons empty fame has no value

Everyone who reads my poems must protect the purity of their heart's heart cut down your craving continue your days modestly coax the crooked and the bent then you'll be upright drive out and chase away your evil karma return home and follow your true nature on that day you'll get the Buddhabody as swiftly as Lu-ling runs

Looking for a place to settle out Cold Mountain will do it fine wind among thick pines the closer you listen the better the sound under them a man his hair turning white mumbling mumbling Taoist texts he's been here ten years unable to return completely forgotten the way by which he came My heart is like the autumn moon perfectly bright in the deep green pool nothing can compare with it you tell me how it can be explained

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Wanting to go to the eastern cliff setting out now after how many years yesterday I used the vines to pull myself up but halfway there wind and mist made the going tough the narrow path grabbed at my clothes the moss so slippery I couldn't proceed so I stopped right here beneath this cinnamon tree used a cloud as a pillow and went to sleep

Sitting alone in peace before these cliffs the full moon is heaven's beacon the ten thousand things are all reflections the moon originally has no light wide open the spirit of itself is pure hold fast to the void realize its subtle mystery look at the moon like this this moon that is the heart's pivot I like my home being well hidden a dwelling place cut off from the world's noise and dust trampling the grass has made three paths looking up at the clouds makes neighbors in the four directions there are birds to help with the sound of the singing but there isn't anyone to ask about the words of the Dharma today among these withered trees how many years make one spring

People ask the way to Cold Mountain Cold Mountain the road doesn't go through by summer the ice still hasn't melted sunrise is a blur beyond the fog imitating me how can you get here if your heart was like mine you'd return to the very center

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I live beneath a green cliff the weeds I don't mow flourish in the yard new vines hang down all twisted together old rocks rise up straight in precipitous slopes monkeys pick the mountain fruit egrets catch the pond fish with one or two of the immortals' books beneath the trees I mumble reading aloud

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When the year passes it's exchanged for a year of worries but when spring arrives the colors of things are fresh and new mountain flowers laugh in green water cliff trees dance in bluegreen mist the bees and butterflies express their joy the birds and fish are even more lovable my desire for a friend to wander with still unsatisfied I struggled all night but could not sleep

Your essays are pretty good your body is big and strong but birth provides you with a limited body and death makes you a nameless ghost it's been like this since antiquity what good will come of your present striving if you could come here among the white clouds I'd teach you the purple mushroom song

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If you're always silent and say nothing what stories will the younger generation have to tell if you hide yourself away in the thickest woods how will your wisdom's light shine through a bag of bones is not a sturdy vessel the wind and frost do their work soon enough plow a stone field with a clay ox and the harvest day will never come In the green creek spring water is clear at Cold Mountain the moon's corona is white silence your understanding and the spirit of itself is enlightened view all things as the Void and this world is even more still

My resting place is in the deep woods now but I was born a farmer growing up simple and honest speaking plainly without flattery what nourished me wasn't studying for jade badges of office but believing that a man of virtue would then get the pearl how can we be like those floating beauties wild ducks drifting on the waves as far as the eye can see

(a) (a) (b)

19 RCK

Clouds and mountains all tangled together up to the blue sky a rough road and deep woods without any travellers far away the lone moon a bright glistening white nearby a flock of birds sobbing like children one old man sitting alone perched in these green mountains a small shack the retired life letting my hair grow white pleased with the years gone by happy with today mindless this life is like water flowing east

In my house there is a cave in the cave there's nothing at all pure emptiness really wonderful glorious and splendid bright as the sun

. . .

vegetarian fare nourishes this old body cotton and hides cover this illusory form let a thousand saints appear before me I have the Dharmakaya for my very own

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Despite the obstacles I pursued the great monk the misty mountains a million layers high he pointed to the road back home one round moon lantern of the sky

Ahead the green creek sparkles as it flows toward the cliff a huge rock with a good edge for sitting my heart is like a lone cloud with nothing to depend on so far away from the world's affairs

what need is there to search for anything

When this generation sees Han-shan they all say I'm a crazy man unworthy of a second look this body wrapped only in cotton and hides they don't understand what I say I don't speak their kind of jabber I want to tell all of you passing by you can come up and face Cold Mountain

Me I'm happy with the everyday way like the mist and vines in these rockstrewn ravines this wilderness is so free and vast my old friends the white clouds drift idly off there is a road but it doesn't reach the world mindless who can be disturbed by thoughts at night I sit alone on a stone bed while the round moon climbs the face of Cold Mountain

Amidst a thousand clouds and ten thousand streams there lives one ex-scholar me by day wandering these green mountains at night coming home to sleep beneath a cliff suddenly spring and fall have already passed by and no dust has piled up to disturb this stillness such happiness what do I depend on here it's as tranquil as autumn river water

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I see people chanting a sutra who depend on its words for their ability to speak their mouths move but their hearts do not their hearts and mouths oppose each other yet the heart's true nature is without conflict so don't get all tangled up in the words learn to know your own bodily self don't look for something else to take its place then you'll become the boss of your mouth knowing full well there's no inside or out

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◆ Shih TC (Legendary, c. 730)

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Since I came to this T'ien T'ai temple how many Winters and Springs have passed the mountains and the waters are unchanged the man's grown older how many other men will watch those mountains stand

see the moon's bright blaze of light a shining lamp, above the world full glistening and hanging in vast void that brilliant jewel, its brightness, through the mist

some people say it waxes, wanes their's may but mine remains as steady as the Mani Pearl this light knows neither day or night

101223

sermons there are, must be a million too many to read in a hurry if you want a friend just come to T'ien T'ai mountain sit deep among the crags we'll talk about the Principles and chat about dark Mysteries if you don't come to my mountain your view will be blocked by the others

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if you want to catch a rat you don't need a fancy cat it you want to learn the Principles don't study fine bound books the True Pearl's in a hemp sack the Buddha nature rests in huts many grasp the sack but few open it.

100010201

I laugh at myself, old man, with no strength left inclined to piney peaks, in love with lonely paths oh well, I've wandered down the years to now free in the flow; and floated home the same a drifting boat.

not going, not coming rooted, deep and still not reaching out, not reaching in just resting, at the center a single jewel, the flawless crystal drop in the blaze of its brilliance the way beyond

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a long way off, I see men in the dirt enjoying whatever it is that they find in the dirt when I look at them there in the dirt my heart wells full of sadness

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why sympathize with men like these? I can remember the taste of that dirt.

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cloudy mountains, fold on fold, how many thousands of them? shady valley road runs deep, all trace of man is gone green torrents, pure clear flow, no place more full of beauty and time, and time, birds sing my own heart's harmony.

if you want to be happy there's no other way than the hermit's flowers in the grove, endless brocade every single season's colors new just sit beside the chasm turn your head, as the moon rolls by yet though I ought to be at joyous ease I can't stop thinking of the others.

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far, far, the mountain path is steep thousands of feet up, the pass is dangerous and narrow on the stone bridge the moss and lichen green from time to time, a sliver of cloud flying cascades hang like skeins of silk image of the moon from the deep pool shining once more to the top of Flowering Peak there waiting, still the coming of the solitary crane

Idle, I visited the high monks green mountain, white clouds next door crying children on the other side a boisterous crowd the Five-Peaks touch the Milky Way the cobalt sky is clear as water true, they pointed my way home pool of lamplight beneath the moon.

444 R

JHS, JPS

∼ P'ei Ti & Wang Wei (700-76)

Meng Wall Cove

Below the ancient city's wall lies My thatched hut. In time I'll climb Those old walls in disrepair Where others now merely pass by.

By this new home near the old city wall Ancient trees fringe weeping willows. Here anyone can begin again, but first The heart must be empty of sorrow.

Hua-tzu Hill

A dappled sunset, and the pine wind rises. Turning to home, I notice the grass thin, spare, Above, clouds patch like footprints The dazzling mountain, dampening our robes.

Birds ride the currents endlessly Against the autumn-splashed mountain. Up and down Hua-tzu Hill they soar – What sadness my heart bears!

Deer Park

Morning and night I see cold mountain Then to be alone, an unattended guest. Not knowing the way of pine groves, I only follow the tracks of deer and doe.

On the empty mountain no one is seen. There's only the sound of voices. Light enters dazzling the deep grove And again the moss is brilliant green.

Magnolia Enclosure

Bright green mists at sunset, Birds chirp wildly against the swift stream. Its green current runs deep Then dark a long, long time.

Autumn mountains compress the bursting light. Flying birds press close to one another. Bright clouds, blue flashing bright – The evening mist stops nowhere.

Lakeside Pavilion

From the window a rippling of waves, The solitary moon drifts back and forth. From the gorge shoot gibbons' cries. The wind carries them to where I sit.

A light barge for the welcome guests Comes from far up the lake. Before the windows, they toast with wine. Everywhere hibiscus begin to open.

South Hillock

A lone boat moors leeward. At South Hillock, lake waters lap the bank. The sun sets behind Mount Yen Tzu. Clear ripples against the immense watery main.

A light boat sails to South Hillock. From North Hillock, there's a panic of water. At shore, a man looks toward home So distant, so far, he can hardly remember.

Lake Yi

Such immense emptiness, the lake's without limit. Dazzling blue water and sky alike. Anchor the boat with one long whistle. From every direction, good winds blow.

Flute music sounds from beyond the shore. Sunset accompanies my honored guest. On the lake, I turn my head To green mountains, white curling clouds.

Rill of the House of Luans

The river's voice with whispers to the distant shore Along a path to South Ferry Ducks floating, sea gulls flying across. Time and again they drift close to men.

A gust suddenly rises in the autumn rain. The shallow stream breaks against the rocks. Waves ripple, dashing into each other. A white heron shrieks then dives.

White Rock Rapids

Standing on the rocks, gazing at the water below, Watching the play of ripples is endless pleasure. At sunset, it's cold on the river. Clouds drift by, ordinary, without color.

White Rock Rapids are clear but shallow. Green rushes bunch rustling nearby. Houses stretch east and west of the water. Women wash gauze under a bright moon.

North Hillock

On North Hillock of South Mountain A thatched cottage overlooks Lake Yi. Everyone leaves to gather firewood. A flat boat drifts from the rushes.

At North Hillock, north of the lake, Brilliant trees are reflected; a red railing Winds along the south river's edge Bright like fire against the green grove.

Bamboo Grove

I come humbly to the bamboo grove Each day hoping to embrace the Way. Going and coming, there are only mountain birds. In the profound dark, there is no one.

Alone I sit within the dark bamboo Strumming my lute, whistling along In the deep grove no one knows The bright moon, how we shine together.

Hsin-yi Village

On a green knoll covered with spring grass, The princely lord loiters alone. Among the Hsin-yi flowers The red hibiscus vibrate.

From the end of its branch, the hibiscus flowers. From the mountain's depth, red stems push. Along a mountain stream, a vacant cabin stands Amidst the hibiscus endless bloom and fall.

Lacquer-Tree Garden

Love of leisure is as natural as morning sun. I accept the fruits born of my past. Today, I amble through the lacquer-tree garden And return to the joy Chuang Tzu felt.

The ancient sage was no proud official. He avoided the warp and weave of the world And held only a trifling position, casually regarded, Like an old woman sauntering among twigs of trees.

JL

~ Li PO (701-762)

Zazen on the Mountain

The birds have vanished down the sky. Now the last cloud drains away.

We sit together, the mountain and me, until only the mountain remains.

Old Dust

We live our lives as wanderers until, dead, we finally come home.

One quick trip between heaven and earth, then the dust of ten thousand generations.

The Moon-Rabbit mixes elixirs for nothing. The Tree of Long Life is kindling.

Dead, our white bones lie silent when pine trees lean toward spring.

Remembering, I sigh; looking ahead, I sigh once more: This life is mist. What fame? What glory?

I Make My Home in the Mountains

You ask why I live alone in the mountain forest,

and I smile and am silent until even my soul grows quiet:

it lives in the other world, one that no one owns.

The peach trees blossom. The water continues to flow.

SH

∼ Ling Yi (d 762)

Riverbank Epiphany

these evenings the hills are green again the streams in the woods clear again. I know nothing about taming oxen or of deep grottos, endlessly wide.

above a rustic bank, mists begin to gather calm waters, but no moon above a solitary boat might lose its way. just listen to the rushing autumn springs.

Keepsake for the Old Man of Chung-chou

a lifetime of no place to rest thousands of miles, overwhelmed and alone lost my way among the sweet grasses tear-streaked after the flow of spring currents.

how many seasons of innkeeper's meals? how many nights in brookside hamlets? I long for the pains lovers know; in the empty hills gibbons sing down a setting sun.

JHS

Letter to a wandering husband: Go Home.

Tear drop frozen to its heart the letter will come

to tell you of the woman waiting in the willow garden.

Feelings, knowing they're hard to guard as chastity, alone.

Again, here, and there the sun's first rays of Spring.

JPS

∼ TU FU (712-770)

Visiting the Monastery at Lung-men

I explored the grounds with monks this evening, and now the night has passed.

Heavy silence rises all around us while late moonlight spills through the forest.

The mountain rises almost into heaven. Sleeping in the clouds is cold.

A single stroke of the early prayer-bell awakens one, but does it also waken the soul?

SH

14

∼ Chiao Jan (730?-799?)

Inscribed on the Wall of the Hut by the Lake

If you want to be a mountain dweller . . . no need to trek to India to find one. I've got a thousand peaks to pick from, right here in the lake. Fragrant grasses, white clouds, to hold me here. What holds you there, world-dweller?

To be Shown to the Monks at a Certain Temple

Not yet to the shore of non-doing, it's silly to be sad you're not moored yet... Eastmount's white clouds say to keep on moving, even it it's evening, even if it's Fall.

At Gusu

The ancient terrace now invisible: Autumn grasses wither, there where once the King of Wu stood proud and strong. A thousand years of moonlight on the grass: how many times did he gaze down upon it? Now the moon will rise again, but he will not. A world of men have gazed, will gaze, upon great Gusu Mountain. Here dwells a placid spirit. Deer herd to blur men's footprints. Here too Hsi-tzu's fair simplicity, seductive lips brought an Empire crashing down: now, that all is change is clear: at Cold Peak, a little heap of dirt.

Metaphor

My Tao: at the root, there's no me... yet I don't despise worldly men. Just now I've been into the city... so I know I really mean that.

Human Life

Human life, a hundred years? I've passed a half of them. The talents I was born with can't be changed. I angled for big turtles in the Eastern Sea but the turtles wouldn't bite. I sat with the stones at South Mountain till they were way past ripe.

Goodbyes

I've heard that even "men of feeling" hate the feeling of parting. Frosty sky drips a chill on the cold city wall. The long night spreads like water overflowing. There's the sound of the watch-horn, too. The Zen man's heart is empty, yes, of all but this.

Cold Night, I Heard the Sounding of the Watch, and Wrote This Letter to a Friend

Leaning on my pillow, 1 heard the watch-drum, cold. Cold that changes, cold that stays. One night, a thousand, ten thousand soundings. How many did you hear there?

Gazing at T'ien-chu and Ling-yin Temples

On the mountain, East and West, a temple . . . In the river, sunrise and sunset, the flow. A heart for home, but no way to get there . . . A road through the pines and the blue-green mist.

Sending Off a Friend Amidst the Cries of Gibbons

You go ten thousand miles beyond those Western Mountains . . . Three gibbons' cries, a chasm full of moonlight . . . How long's this road been here? How many travelers have wet their sleeves beside it? A broken wall divides the drooping shadows. Rushing rapids sing a bitter song. In the cold, after we part, it will be all the more wounding to hear.

Gazing at the Moon from South Tower

Moon tonight, and everyone's moon-gazing, but I'm alone, and in love with this tower. Threads of cloud are shattered in the stream: trailing willow is the picture of late Fall. As it brightens, you can see a thousand peaks. Far off, the veins of ridges flow. Mountain passes . . . will I ever climb again? I stand alone, and let the border sadness rise.

∼ Chang Chi (768-830)

Lament

We carved our names in a courtyard near the river when you were youngest of all our guests.

But you will never see bright spring again, nor the beautiful apricot blossoms

that flutter silently past the open temple door.

SH

JPS

∼ Han Yu (768-824)

Mountain Rocks

Ragged mountain rocks efface the path. Twilight comes to the temple and bats hover. Outside the hall I sit on steps and gaze at torrential new rain. Banana leaves are wide, the cape jasmine is fat. A monk tells me the ancient Buddhist frescos are good and holds a torch to show me, but I can barely see. I lie quiet in night so deep even insects are silent. From behind a rise the clear moon enters my door. In the dawn I am alone and lose myself, wandering up and down in mountain mist. Then colors dazzle me: mountain red, green stream, and a pine so big, ten people linking hands can't encircle it. Bare feet on slick rock as I wade upstream. Water sounds shhhh, shhhh. Wind inflates my shirt. A life like this is the best. Why put your teeth on the bit and let people rein you in? O friends, my party of gentlemen,

how can we grow old without returning here?

TB & CP

∼ Liu Tsung-yuan (773-89)

River Snow

A thousand mountains. Flying birds vanish. Ten thousand paths. Human traces erased. One boat, bamboo hat, bark cape – an old man. Alone with his hook. Cold river. Snow.

TB & CP

→ WU PCN (Chia Tao, 779-841)

After Finishing a Poem

Those two lines cost me three years: I chant them once, and get two more, of tears. Friend, if you don't like them . . . I'll go home, and lie down, in the ancient mountain autumn.

Overnight at a Mountain Temple

Flock of peaks hunched up and colored cold. Path forks here, toward the temple. A falling star flares behind bare trees, and the moon breasts the current of the clouds. To the very top, few men come; one tall pine won't hold a flock of cranes. One monk here, at eighty, has never heard tell of the "world" down below.

Quatrain

At the bottom of the ocean: moon, bright moon, round as the wheel of the sky. Just get a single hand full of this glory . . . and you could buy a thousand miles of Spring.

JPS

A Letter Sent

The family's living up Brocade Creek, while I've struggled off to this distant sea. Of ten letters sent, maybe one gets through, and when it does it says another year's gone by.

Parting with the Monk Ho-lan

Wild monk, come to make a parting with me. We sit a while on the sand beside the welling source . . . A far way you'll go on an empty alms bowl, deep among mountains, treading fallen flowers. Masterless Ch'an, our own understanding . . . When you've got it, there's no place for it but a poem. This parting's nothing fated: orphan clouds just never settle down.

The Swordsman

Ten long years I've honed this sword: frost white blade as yet untried. Today, like any other gentleman, it's looking for injustice.

Extempore

Midnight, heart

startled,

I rise, to take the path to Long Cascade: grove's trees swallowed in white dew, a dipper of stars, in the clear dark sky.

JPS

∞ Po Chu-i (772-846)

Staying at Bamboo Lodge

an evening sitting under the eaves of the pines at night sleeping in Bamboo Lodge the sky so clear you'd say it was drugs meditation so deep, thought I'd gone home to the hills but Clever can't beat Stupid and Quick won't match Quiet Untoiling-ness! (you just can't pave the Way) that's it! the Gate of Mystery!

Autumn's Cold

here's my snowy crown time's tinted decrepitude there's the frost in the courtyard autumn's glittery breath now I'm sick and just watching my wife pick cure-alls then I'm frozen waiting for the maid to comb my hair without the body what use fame? worldly things I've put aside tranquilly I delve my heart determined now to learn from Empty Boats!

Above the Pond

mountain monks over their chess game sit over a board where bamboo shadows plainly show and though through sunset's glare no bamboo can be seen sometimes I hear a sound like chess men falling

Pondside

I've finished the pavillion on the pond's west bank cleared out the trees across to the east and this no one understands... but I just wanted a place to wait on the moon

11

knife in hand I chop the thick bamboo for the less the bamboo the more the wind and this no one comprehends... but all I want is to make waves on the pond

May: The Pond's Full

May and the pond's full of water wandering turtles, dancing fish I love it so much I've started a house there despite the tribal disparities of men and fish for what makes both happy, makes both one fact is, I've become a disciple and transcendentally together we pass the days they, given up on the Vast Oceans have taken charge of cattails and the duckweed I, quit from the Blue Sky Bureaucracy am pleased to crawl amongst the bean rows but though we're of a kind we're not River Dragon types and when cloud and rain come it's just us pond critters here!

Crane

though everyone possesses some skill all creatures at heart lack constancy some say you're a dancer... best stick to standing on fences Lute

my lute set aside on the little table lazily I meditate on cherishing feelings the reason I don't bother to strum and pluck? there's a breeze over the strings and it plays itself

JMC

∼ T'ung-shan Liang Chich (807-869)

Green Mountains father white clouds: white clouds are the children of mountains. White clouds hang around all day. Mostly the mountain doesn't mind.

JPS

∞ 68

→ Hsuch-feng Yi Ts'un (821-906)

Ten thousand miles without one blade of grass. Far, far, colors lost in smoke and haze. Kalpas so long... What's the use of shaving your head and leaving home?

JPS

∼ Shen Ying (1. 360-874)

Old Monk

Sun shines back from West Mount's snows:

old monk's gate's not open yet.

Water pitcher's frozen to the pillar's plinth: banked night fire almost lost in the stove's ashes.

His boy is sick, gone home. Cold fawn nuzzles at his door.

Temple bell, and knowing grows nearer: bird from the branch will drop in to share of the mendicant's meal.

JPS

∼ Chih Liang (c. 850)

Singing of Cloud Mountain

Ι.

People may talk about a ladder to heaven. Ten million rungs, and each an illusion . . . Better the old man sitting, on the cliff Breeze clear, moon bright, and his heart, the same.

11.

Cloud Mountain's top and the white clouds, level. Climb to the top and then you'll know just how low the world is. Strange herbs, rare blossoms people wouldn't recognize, and a spring that runs down in nine separate streams.

JPS

∼ Liang Yi (c. 850)

Answering Lu Ye

I heard wind and waterfall in a dream: I have nothing else to send you. The wheel outside the door is just the moon. Those objects hanging from the eaves, just Autumn clouds.

JPS

→ HSiU MU (Late 9th Century)

Longing for an Old Garden

I remember a garden I used to visit; just thinking about it leaves me heartsick. I sit alone in the weeds along the bank as the river flows away into a long spring day.

JHS

→ HUâi SU (Late 9th Century)

Written on Mr. Chang's Painting of the Drunken Monk

Everybody sends him wine He's no need to beg or barter.

Trailing his days away beneath the pines propped against the winepot

The Master of the Brush when he seeks True Accomplishment drinks himself mad for starters,

and threatens to paint himself into the picture.

JPS

∼ Ching YUN (Late 9th Century)

Painting a Pine

This time I think I got it: one pine real as the real.

Think about it: search in memory, is it real, or not?

Guess I'll have to go back up the mountain... South past Stonebridge, the third one on the right...

JPS

∼ Kuan Hsiu (832-912)

Moonlit Night

as I wander aimlessly under a frozen moon a flute pours its beauty from a nearby tower. then morning breezes begin to rise and gust – the river already a carpet of scattered white blossoms.

JHS

Letter to the Wild Monk

Other than the birds, who loves you? Lordly peaks, your neighbors. White head cold pillowed on a stone. Grey robe ragged but not soiled. Chestnuts pile up on your path. Monkeys circle where you sit. If you ever set up another Zendo, I swear I'll be the one who sweeps the floors.

Moored on Fall River

Banks like Lake Tung-t'ing, but the hills too steep.

Boat floats the clear stream, but the cold climbs in my berth.

White moon rides a high wind, and I can't sleep.

Among the withered reeds the fisherman's a nightmare.

Spending the Night in a Little Village

Hard traveling, and then a little village, for the night: a year of plenty, chickens, dogs, it's raucous as a market town. Come out to meet the stranger in the dusk: whole families, laughing, happy: beneath the moon, seining up fish from the pool.

To an Old Monk on Mount T'ien T'ai

Living alone where none other dwells, shrine among the pines where mountain tints encroach, old man's been ninety years a monk: heart beyond the clouds a lifetime long. White hair hangs down, his head's unshaven: clear black pupils smile deep mysteries. He can still point to the orphan moon for me alone, relaxes his discipline, this moment.

Thinking of the Old Mountains Toward the End of Autumn

Used to live north of Square Hut ... Nobody knew my name. Up through the clouds to harvest my grain, climbing like an ant into the tree to pick the oranges. Saw a tiger wander by that lonesome village Anyone could grow white haired living a life like that.

JPS

→ TZU Lan (c. 890)

Snow

dense, soundless, falling through azure emptiness swirling clouds sing and dance in the soft breeze. as the recluse hums a line in praise of hidden places vagrant flakes drift in and stain his inkstone black.

JHS

∞ YUN Piao (9th-10th Century)

Cold Food Festival Day

The Day of Cold Food, sadly looking on the Spring outside the city wall: no place in the wild fields that doesn't somehow wound my spirit. The Broad Plain's already scarred with grave mounds: now we'll add a few, and half of them were mourners here, last year.

JPS

· 80 €

- Chih Hsuan (n. 874-889)

In Praise of Flowers

blossoms opened and turned the forest red then fell and left ten-thousand empty branches only one remnant flower lingers on crimson sun, hanging in the wind.

JHS

∞ Yin Luan (9th-10th Century)

Lute

2

its seven strings call forth strange, deep thoughts swirling waters and evergreen winds wait beneath my fingers I need a listener to draw out these subtle currents

1 would teach,

1

but who will listen?

Meeting an Old Man

on the road I met an old man both our heads white as snow. we walked one mile, then two taking four rests, then five.

JHS

→ Shu Shan K'uang-jen (9th-10th Century)

My road's beyond blue emptiness . . . There's no place the white clouds can't go. Here, there's a trunkless tree: the wind gives all of its yellow leaves back.

∼ Hsu Hsuan

Lung-men Village, Autumn

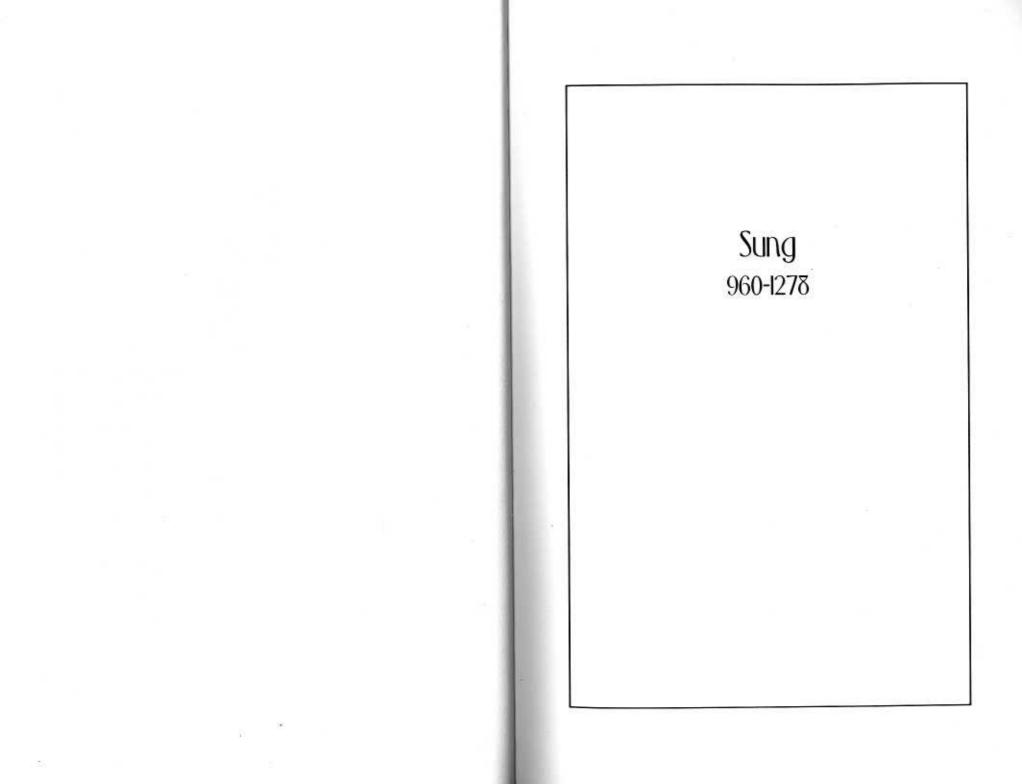
Refusing worldly worries, I stroll among village strollers.

Pine winds sing, the evening village smells of grass, autumn in the air.

A lone bird roams down the sky. Clouds roll across the river.

You want to know my name? - a hill, a tree. An empty drifting boat.

SH



∼ Lin Ho-ching (965-1026)

Mountain Valley Temple

Just getting Into the Zen Grove, I'm still less inclined to leave. Massed peaks and deep gorges Circle a lofty cliff.

Tower and terrace Pierce into the cold Past cloud and vegetation. Bell and chime Rap clearly Along creeks and rock, Lifting tea-trays, A boy takes them to clean. Leaning on his staff, The old monk relaxes.

A solitary chamber – I read inscriptions here, Nearly make a title out, Brush the dappled moss.

Self-Portrait at a Little Hermitage

Bamboo and trees Wind round my hut: Pure, deep, hinting at more.

Idle cranes Prolong their watergazing. Lazy bees sip flowers. Hungover, I can't open a book, Go hoeing In spring shade.

And sympathize With the old-time painters, Drawing woodcutters And fishermen.

Monastery on Hsiu-ch'i

Down below By the district town Mountain cliffs Reveal A monastery gate.

Across the Huai delta An occasional bell tolling. One path enters The root of a cloud. Bamboos so old The wind drones through. Pool so pure, Its ancient source Appears.

A lofty monk Dusts the sutra stand: Tea and talk Till dark.

► 91 €

Living as a Recluse on the Lake

Lakewater Comes into the yard. Mountains Wind round my hut. A recluse Should avoid the world.

Normally shut, The unused door's turned blue with moss. Guests arrive, Frightening white birds to flight. Selling herbs, I almost hate to price them, Love watering the garden According to nature.

And how about India Road Through the woods, Still reaching deep autumn In a distant, Blue dream?

On the Lake Returning Late

Lying back, Bulwark for a pillow, Homebound thoughts so pure I mistake the view ahead For Immortals Island.

Through the bridge span Autumn has tinted trees and water. Evening just clearing, Temples lean Into cloudy peaks. Avoiding me on sight,

Kingfishers Make a wet takeoff. Scent of red lotus Wafts in welcome.

I gradually near A vague clearing. Through the woods chickens and dogs Distantly squabble. Spring Day on West Lake

My talent Won't compare With Tu Mu-chih's But writing poems Out on the lake Is worth a try.

In spring mist A monastery drum Sounds the forenoon meal. In evening light Restaurant flags Crown buildings and terraces. Thickly drifting, Mingled scents Perfume the cliffs. In wet flight Two kingfishers Brush the ripples.

A good thing People weave Grass hats and raincoats, Board boats, Become fishermen. A Recluse on Orphan Mountain (Written on a Wall)

Until deep into mountain and river The gibbons and birds are few. This lifetime 1 still might move: Above the creek past India Village. Log for a bridge, I'll build a little hut.

∼ Chih YUan (fl. late 10th century)

Sent to Retired Scholar Lin Ho-ching

Reflecting In the lake, Mountain tints fade. How can dust From the world oppress? Far, far, Color of mist and wave. Green, green, Shade of cloud and tree.

Overgrown with moss, the rocky path's precarious. Deep past Peach Spring A dog barks. There a sage-king Follows his idle mind. When flowers bloom He even toasts them alone. When they fall, Chants poetry alone.

In the empty courtyard Precious grasses grow. Under dim trees Immortal birds call. For three years I haven't seen you Humble regret Fills my empty heart. Finally When the Autumn Moon's bright, I'll ride my inspiration, Make a casual visit.

→ HSI ChOU (IL late 10th century)

Theme on the Officials' Rest Pavillion, Wu-Tang Prefecture

This prefectural pavillion Is called Officials' Retreat; here Leisure itself commissions, sir, The heart.

Roll up the screen You know a guest has come; Birds stay the night, A dangling lamp shows where. Tea mist strikes a boulder, Cut off. Go stones echo, Flower deep.

Since to meet waits the luck Of a south-bound sail, I'll seize the autumn, Mail off These mumbles.

Sending Off Ssu Tuan to Return East

In distant thoughts Springs and rock take life: You are shutting down Business among people.

Packing clothes While trees in town Drop leaves, you seek temples In the far coastal range: Sail's reflection Confuses freezing geese; chant Of sútras drowns Dusk tide.

Before We even plan Another visit, frosts Will nip My hair.

∼ Pao T'an (11 late 10th century)

Old Monk

Down his temples Tumbles snowy hair. No talk for visitors.

Patched robe Hugged tight, sitting Ends the day. How few springs Does a floating life Know? To board a gangway Evokes dreams of Yūeh; To grip his staff Recalls Ch'in rambles.

Midnight, The frozen halls shut.

A chime sounds: He hears it Everywhere.

Written at Candidate Hsu's Villa on the Ti River

The distant Ferry road blurs; A traveler's heart I can't let go.

Half the sky, Mountains far and near; Icy day, a river East and west. Waves On the slough shrink Fishing nets; in driven sand Lines of geese Dip low.

Frosty wind Raises deep night, Missing only A gibbon's howl.

→ Wen Chao (fL late 10th century)

Hidden Garden

Deep in spring When it rains, Just a distant bridge Reaches the village.

Fragrant orchids? No one's picked them yet; Fallen flowers? Butterflies Know first. Thick grass seals An unused path; open woods Reveal a low hedge.

Since I left The hoeing's long-neglected. I'm old myself, Hate being away so long.

Sedge-Crown Courtyard

Invisibly trailing, Sedge clumps and spreads: Sharp chill, sudden Rain clears.

Spent autumn Idles strangers' stroll. Dusk Jumbles chirping crickets. Straggling Up mossy steps nearby, sedge-clumps Level, link bamboo paths Far-off.

Back and forth Tracks from hiking sticks And clawprint of crane Naturally crisscross.

→ Heng Chao (IL late 10th century)

Mid-Autumn Moon

Twilight rain Crosses vast space. River sky Just grey-green.

Treelines

Miss lingering shadows. Piling water Retains different light. Everywhere Hidden insects call. Roosting birds Startle to sudden flight,

As if the eternal evening Were utterly impartial Overlooking me, murmur A pure passage.

PH

~ Chien Chang (fl. late 10th century)

Written on Master Heng Chao's Wall

A Zen path The autumn moss grows over; Icy windows bear streaks Of rain.

The true mind Mysteriously integrates Itself, but who appreciates Good poems? Dew chills; Cricket noises muffle. A light wind fans Shadows of foliage.

As if intent, All day in the window White clouds.

Sending Off a Monk to Wu-t'ai Mountain

Mount Wu-t'ai Crosscuts the Milky Way; Alcedine rock freezes Toward azure darkness.

Drifted snows don't hold Defiling heat; tall fir Block shooting stars. You see Rock appear out the eaves When clouds recede, hear Border bugles blow In sitting meditation.

The night you arrive To dwell in Zen, Rinse your jug alone In waterfall foam.

PH

→ Wei Feng (fL late 10th century)

Sent to Academician Ch'en at the Institute for the Illumination of Literature

Deep autumn Beyond the wilds, This stranger climbs a terrace Facing the capitol.

My long-distance letter Wasn't sealed and sent When, by wing of wild geese, Another arrived from you. Frozen earth stunts Border trees; the pure heavens Break up sickly clouds.

Over limitless distance Your heart watches; at ease In the South Palace, your letter Brilliant as brocade.

Grieving for Zen Master Chien Chang

A frosty bell Anxiously overrides the waterclock; Grieving together, Dense sorrow dawns.

Guests from the coast Exchange his enlightened poems; Monks from these woods Describe his bearing while ill. The cleansing spring Floats a fallen leaf; On rock concentrations Chirping crickets assemble.

Turning, I view Cloud Gate Mountain: Dwindling Sun descends The distant peak.

PH

→ Hui Ch'UNG (fl. late 10th century)

Visiting Yang Yun-shih's Villa on the Huai River

The place is close, We got there in a hurry And, hand in hand, turned Toward the wilderness pavillion.

The river dividing Breaks the hill's contour; Spring's coming quickgreens Burned-over fields. We looked around so long, The fishermen reeled in their lines, Talked so much, the cranes All took off.

Don't fret it's late For the walk back; A bright Moon's climbing Islands ahead.

∼ YU Chao (late 10th century)

Offered to Gentlemen-in-Attendance Chien at the Library of Assembled Sages

Spiritual cultivation Implies relinquishing office; Your pure name crowns The Library of Assembled Sages.

Excellently traveled In the prefecture of letters, You laugh and chat, front-ranked On the carriage of imperial service. Court morning you drop Crane-feather Taoist robes, Though in the sleeping place Maps of mountains hang.

When this river monk Is free for a solitary call, Then we'll talk Of woods, Of springs. Staying at the Residence of Academician Ting Chu Yen and Hsi Chou Didn't Arrive

At our private meeting You didn't appear. Forlorn, I look Toward your noble feelings.

I've sat so long The poetic source is silent, Talked so much, The rippling well stilled. Touching Icy trees, the Moon Goes out. Crickets chirp Ignoring the cold lamp.

Empty, I listen. A temple West of the canal, The night bell Rings out Strict purity.

~ ₩ei Ye (d. 1019)

On an Autumn Night I Write My Feelings Out

Nearly midnight I sit in the woods alone; Leaves fall everywhere Brush my worn robe.

Lunar shadows slowly shift; Cricket rythms tense. Dew glimmers surface; Cranes sound aloft. The Four Seasons rush old age; Autumn especially affects me. Ten-thousand aims Twist the mind Night really wears.

Alone,

I trust The pure wind Knows what I think: Mostly sighing In the courtyard bamboo, It helps the melancholy.

2

Writing the Events of a Winter Day

This year the first month, The days aren't warm; When cold hits the village What do people do?

Idly Hearing a woodpecker – Is a monk at the door Begging? Crossed with snow, The pine tint deepens; Carrying ice, A creek crashes harsh.

I chant a poem And turn to silent sitting: Too lazy to answer The kid's question. Farewell to Taoist Scholar Hsu on his Way to the Imperial Palace

To receive The Emperor's summons Alters everyday relationships, Yet taking no official post How could you entangle Your essence?

I know your nature Is empty as a gourd, And suspect that zither Is heavier than you are. Resting, Think of nearby clouds; Walking, wait For flocks of cranes.

Up in the woods To bid farewell, I slowly realize The simple world.

Delight at a Call by Principal Graduate 'Big' Sun

Tao the same, We forget 'honored' and 'humble', And when you're around, You often visit this rustic lane.

In person We just use nicknames; Our poem titles don't note Official positions. In our crazy chants There isn't any malice, And sitting quietly Leaves a good feeling.

I'll hate it When you're back at your office; The garden and house Might be hard To stay around.

1

White Chrysanthemums

Thick fog? Lots of frost? Like there isn't any. A brilliant light Lights courtyard steps.

Why wait more For fireflies or snow? Beside a patch of chrysanthemums It's fine to read At night.

Ode to Myself at Forty

Though the idle mind Remains unmoved, I realize my memory Is imperceptibly failing.

Shrinking from go, It's hard to amuse guests; When lute-playing comes up, I call for my kid. Too lazy to work? The farm tools believe it. A scattered person? My Taoist robes know.

In times ahead How will I use Brush and inkstone? In the shade, Revising old poems.

Late Autumn Cherishing Thoughts of Master Jun

Wind's pure, Moon white: The season of red trees. No cure For walls of mountain Between me and Master Jun.

I still love The deep night, The creek racing past the steps Into White Lotus Pond.

Writing the Events of a Summer Day

Normally I hate going out The more so in a steaming swelter.

Disinclined To slip a short smock on, How can I drag long skirts around? The pine wind scoffs At the present of a fan. And a stone wall's better Than imperial ice.

Only this poverty And nothing to do, Constant melancholy Not easy to better. Farewell to the Reverend Wu Yung Returning to the Chung-t'iao Mountains

Lofty and far A temple in the Chung-t'iao Range. Exploring it in autumn You forget the sheer, Steep road.

Overlooking a river. Sandal tracks appear. Entering the clouds, A staff's shadow vanishes. From the Gallery of Statues You can spot trees in Ch'in. See Shun's capitol From a library window.

The spot on the wall Where I wrote a poem, Take an idle glance there, I think you'll start pacing Back and forth. Farewell to the Reverend Huai Ku Going Roaming around Hangchou

Just the day The leaves fall, You remember a sky That bends toward the river.

Gibbons Sneak across The roads you travel. Seagulls Glide astern Into the boat. Loaded With books of poems, Your sleeves are heavy. Bowl and bag Dangling at the end, The staff you shoulder Slants.

Let's set a date for a temple on West Lake. We'll look into joining The White Lotus Order.

PH

14

∞ Wang An-shih (102H036)

Selections from Twenty Poems in the Style of Han Shan and Shih Te

1.

If I were an ox or a horse I'd rejoice over grass and beans. If, on the other hand, I were a woman, I'd be pleased at the sight of men. But as long as I can be true to myself I'll always settle for being me. If taste and distaste keep you upset, Surely you are being deceived: Gentlemen, with your heads in the stars, Don't confuse what you have with what you are!

11.

1 have read a million books Seeking to learn all there is to know, But the wise always seem to keep it to themselves, And who would listen to the other fools! How wonderful, to be one of the Idle Way, Who leaps clear of each restraining clause, Who knows that "Truth" lies deep inside the self And never can come from someplace else. III.

Puppets are gadgets and nothing more, None of their kind has roots to tend. I have been behind their stage And seen with my own eyes. Then I discovered the audience, All their excitement completely controlled, Fooled by the puppets the livelong day, Tricked into tossing their wealth away.

IV.

Luck is hard to find when you're down and out, And easy to lose once you've got it. Pleasure is what we need after pain, But pleasure, then, gives birth to greed. I know neither pleasure nor pain, I am neither enlightened nor dim. I am not attached to Future, Past, or Now, Nor do I try to transcend them.

n 123 n

Allegory

Nothing in the universe can be figured out. Leaves drop, while pine branches scoff at age. Still, a blossoming peach makes me feel like a sage – Here we are, without a doubt, still having doubts!

Miscellaneous Poem

Clouds appear free of care And carefree drift away. But the carefree mind is not to be "found" – To find it, first stop looking around.

On the River

North of the River, autumn's wet umbra clears halfway,

But evening clouds, full of rain, still remain.

In a tangle of green mountains the Way seems to disappear,

Then, all of a sudden, a thousand other sails, now there, now here.

JWW

Hui-chu Temple, Mount K'un

Mountaintops emerge and then vanish, lakes and rivers ebb and flood.

Trees and gardens almost float, temples and towers swarm across the hill.

A hundred miles of fishing boats, a thousand hidden homes.

Visitors seldom come. Bittersweet, sitting zazen with the monks.

SH

∼ Pao-chuch Tsu-hsin (1025-110)

Ninety fragrant days of Spring the wandering bee delves the flowers. When all of that fragrance is safe in the hive, where do the petals fall?

JPS

™ 126 €.

∞ 127 €

∼ SU TUNG-D'O su shin. 1037-1100

Presented to Liu Ching-wen

Lotus withered, no more umbrellas to the rain A single branch, chrysanthemum stands against the frost The good sights of the year: remember those and now too: citrons yellow, tangerines still green.

A Harmony to Ching Hui-shu's Rhymes

Bells and drums from the south bank of the river. Home? Startled, I wake from the dream. Clouds drift: so also this world. One moon: this is my mind's light. Rain comes as if from an overturned tub. Poems too, like water spilling. The two rivers compete to see me off; In the treetops the slanting line of a bridge.

T'ien-ho Temple

Green tiles, red railings from a long way off this temple's a delight. Take the time to take it in, then you won't need to look back, turning your head a hundred times. River's low: rocks jut. Towers hide in whirling mist. Don't roar, don't rail against it. The sound would just fade in that distance.

Song to the tune nan ko tzu

rapt in wine against the mountain rains dressed I dozed in evening brightness and woke to hear the watch drum striking dawn in dreams I was a butterfly my joyful body light

I grow old, my talents are used up but still I plot toward the return to find a field and take a cottage where I can laugh at heroes and pick my way among the muddy puddles on a lake side path

To the tune of huan chi sha

"I wandered along the Ch'i-shui to Clear Spring Monastery. The monastery faces Orchid Creek, and the creek flows to the West."

below the hill the lily shoots are yet to break the surface of the stream the sandy path among the pines is dry though cuckoos cry, in mournful rain who says that youth will never come again before the gate the waters still run West don't let your few white hairs make you mimic Po's yellow cock too early crying,

morning.

Drinking with Liu Tzu-yu at Gold Mountain Temple

(I got very drunk, and lay down on Pao Chueh's meditation platform. Towards midnight I rallied and wrote this on his wall:)

Bad wine is like bad men, their assault as fierce as swords and arrows. Limply ascend the meditation platform and overcome it by not struggling. The old poet gets his second wind, the Zen master's speech pure and gentle. I'm drunk, almost senseless aware only of red and green swirls. When I sober, the moon sinks in the river, the sound of the wind changed. Only one altar lamp the two heroes both out of sight.

CL

Reversible Verse

(Poem read forward)

Inscription For Gold Mountain Temple (1)

Tides follow hidden waves. The snow mountain tilts. Distant fishing boats are hooking the moonlight. Bridge facing the temple gate. The pine path is narrow. Doorsill by the fountain's eye where stone ripples transparently.

Far, far green trees – the river sky is dawning. Cloudy, cloudy scarlet afterglow. The sea is sun bright. Viewing the distance: four horizons of clouds joining the water. Blue peaks are a thousand dots. A few weightless gulls. (Poem read in reverse)

Inscription For Gold Mountain Temple (II)

Gulls are weightless, a few dots. A thousand peaks are blue. Water joins the clouds' edges in four distant views. Bright day. Sea glows with scarlet clouds on clouds. Dawning sky and river trees are green, and far, far.

Transparent ripples from the stone eye: fountain by the doorsill. A narrow path and pine gate where the temple faces the bridge. A bright moon hooks boats. Fishing waters are distant. A tilted mountain is a snow wave, secretly following tides.

TB & CP

→ Shou Ch'uan (late 11th century)

Returning Alone

under a declining sun, as cicadas cry I return alone to the temple in the woods whose rough pine doors are never pulled shut the slivered moon edging along beside me.

grassy forms crystallize amidst mist-shrouded forces the scent of blossoms saturates the air with pungent mystery.

now and then I hear dogs barking, once again press my way between green creepers.

JHS

∞ Ts'an Liao Tzu (Tao Chien, c. 1077)

Summer Night

A pine fragrance Fresh from meditation Raise the curtain Receive evening's cool Exquisite, nestled in green bamboo, The moon Wordless Crossing the eastern wall.

Morning Awakening

Dark crane trills daybreak Temple bell stirs the hillside Clear moon slips into the maple grove Shadows sully my robe. The Little Hut

One hut holds it all So where's the sense in great and small? Precious it is, hermit! An empty vault without a speck of dust.

Hut Mountain

Tall pines squeeze the road Sunset bright Breeze hugs the leaves Locusts' long, faint drone Encouraging travelers to linger a while Outside the mountains there is nothing so pure.

Autumn Night on the River

Rain obscures the green river Evening not yet calm At the well, phoenix-leaves stir up autumn's music Rooftops cut the sigh of midnight breezes The moonlight, there, in floating cloud shallow places bright.

Seventeenth Night of the Eighth Month, Written in a Dream

Midnight Fall River No one around Green lotus lifts from the dew in fresh flower. River gods and water sprites come together to drink. One handful and 1 forget My birth My life My spirit

On the Huai River

I.

Reed tips face the dawn shivering in the autumn wind At P'u-k'ou the winter tide has not yet come Sunrise on the sandy bank pocked with narrow caves Pale frogs and dark crabs creep without end.

П.

Tonight on the sandy hill the moon rises late Fireflies swarm like rain around my boat Pity their brilliance, though it is boundless Does it match one inch of the moon's glow?

111.

Sky broad, dark clouds bow and embrace the trees Sand frozen, terns and egrets want human kindness A small boat anchored . . . whose house is that? With tall bamboo and far off flowers . . . It seems like Spring.

CL

My family lives on Orphan Peak, all year long, the gate half shut. I sigh that my body has aged, but I'll hand on my Way to my children

JPS

x

∞ K'o Chen (11th-12th century?)

Night in Mid-Autumn

Swift waters; soft, quiet like gently rustling locusts I sit in an empty pavilion alone but for the jagged peaks the coupled ranges gone white with snow moonlight has captured the black night

JHS

- Shei-an Liao Yen (11th Century)

All that fall's none other than all that is, not dirt . . . Mountains, rivers, the great broad earth . . . or in the dew, is manifest: Body of the Buddha.

JPS

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∼ Tao K'ai (d 🛤)

End of the Road

here I am, seventy-six a life's worth of karma just about gone. alive, I don't lust for Heaven; dead, I won't worry about Hell. I'll loose my grip and lie down beyond the world given in to fate, freely, without constraint.

JHS

Yuan 1280-1341

N

∼ Ta Kuci (13th Century)

Lone Monk

Under the pines, dark essence dwells. One monk sits, or lies down, alone. When he's hungry, he'll find fallen fruit, thirsty, tip the gourd.

JPS

∼ Po-tzu Ting (13th-14th century?)

Inscription for a Painting

the withered tree stands tall, craggy like an old monk.

windblown, rain-bedraggled: simpleminded

spring comes; autumn goes, soundless, invisible; its solitary branches reach up, unbent by the world.

Watching the Flowers

some prefer peach blossoms— swollen, lush; others the handsome plum-flower, gorged with sap. my heart too is concentrated on nothing else.

is this allowed?

and by whom?

JHS

∼ Liao Hsing (a. 1317)

Exhorting Others

a pair of white birds soars into the sky they never miss the moments of change. on every side green hills encircle azure waters straight is the Way, beyond this orb.

Self-Exhortation

I see these hills, hear the streams – and all grief fades amidst coiled mountains, I cross endless flooded brooks am lost among steep crags and raging torrents. timeless and unchanging, each and every twist and turn.

JHS

∼ Ma Chih-yuan (1260-1325)

Evening Bells Near a Temple

Under the thin smoke of winter, the old temple is quiet.

After sundown, all the visitors are gone.

On the west wind, three, four chimes of the evening bell.

How can the old monk concentrate on zazen?

✤ Chang Yang-hao (d. c. 1340)

T'ung Pass

Masses of mountain peaks, waves as if in a rage -

the road to T'ung Pass winds among mountains and rivers.

Looking west to the capital, my heart sinks.

Where the thousand armies of Ch'in and Han once passed,

I grieve: ten thousand palaces ground into dust for nothing.

Dynasties rise, people suffer, dynasties fall, people die.

SH

∼ Ch'ing Kung (d. 1352)

End of the Road

the green hills don't ask for bodies and bones and once you're dead, who needs a grave anyway? no "flames of Nirvana" for me my only issue a few sticks of unlit tinder.

Mountain Dwelling

things of the past are already long gone and things to be, distant beyond imagining. The Tao is just this moment, these words: plum blossoms fallen; gardenia just opening.

Ming 1368–1644

JHS

∼ Tài An (d 1403)

Calling out to Buddha

calling out to Amida is calling your own heart the heart is Buddha no place else. look to the forests, the pools, the ponds let day and night sing Dharma's song.

JHS

→ 153 ↔

∞ Miao Hui (15th Century)

Trained Flowers: Wild Grasses

when the mouth smiles, the heart had better smile too. where Buddha-nature flourishes, can dreams be less than rich?

garden flowers and wild grasses are just the same. others speak out;

not me.

JHS

∼ Tao Yuan (11 1404-1425)

Early Plums

ten thousand cold, colorless trees only their south-facing buds have started to open trailing faint perfume above the half-thawed current shadows: closing above my rustic hut.

JHS

∼ Han Shan Te-ch'ing (1546-1623)

Mountain Living: Twenty Poems

Ι.

down beneath the pines a few thatched huts before my eyes everywhere blue mountains and where the sun and moon restless rise and fall this old white cloud idly comes and goes

11.

when plum petals among the snows first spring free from the ends of night a dark fragrance flies to the cold lantern where I sit alone and suddenly storms my nostrils wide

III.

through a few splinters of white cloud motionless the Buddha wheel bright moon comes flying to accompany me in my mountain stillness and I smile up at it above the dirty suffering world

IV.

it only took a single flake to freeze my mind in the snowy night a few clangs to smash my dreams among the frosted bells and the stove's night fire fragrance too is melted away yet at my window the moon climbs a solitary peak

V.

through a face full of clear frostiness raw cold bites through a head overstuffed with white hair a gale whistles and over the world from flowers of emptiness shadows fall but from my eyes the spells of darkness have completely melted

VI.

in the sh sh murmur of the spring I hear moon clear the primal Buddha pulse come from the West with motionless tongue eternally speak how can 1 be sad again? how strange

VII.

in the dark valley the orchid scent is overwhelming and at midnight the moon's form so gracefully sways by like a sudden flick of the stag tail whisk reasonless it smashes my meditation

VIII.

in its Buddha flash I'd forgot all reason quieted in contemplation when an orphan brilliance glared on my meditation, startling me and I saw off through the void lightning strike but it wasn't the same as that firefly beneath my eyes

IX.

clouds scatter the length of the sky rain passes over the snow melts in the chill valley as Spring is born and though I feel my body's like the rushing water I know my mind's not as clear as the ice

Χ.

I'm so rotted out

I should pity these weak bones but look! my consciousness is reborn my mind strengthens day and night my back is like an iron rod constant and pervasive is my meditation like an evening's frost

XI.

in the empty valley all filth is wiped away but this bit of lazy cloud stays on for company I have the pine branches' twitching stag tail whisks which is almost enough deer to make a herd

XII.

words an enchanted film across the eyes ch'an floating dust on the mind yet all ins and outs become one with one twirl of the lotus and the chilocosm whole in my body

XIII.

a quiet night but the bell toll will not stop and on my stone bed dreams and thoughts alike seem unreal opening my eyes I don't know where I am until the pine wind sounds fill my ears

XIV.

like some pure clarity distilled out of a jeweled mirror the Spring waters fill the many lakes reflect up into my eyes here on Mt. Lu and the moon above my forehead becomes a bright pearl

XV.

six on the lotus clock? the stick's too short and on the incense piece where's the century mark? day and night are truly constant and stop nowhere to know immortality in the morning hold in your hand the womb of the flower to be

XVI.

though a slice of cloud seals the valley mouth a thousand peaks scratch open its emptiness and in the middle are a few thatched huts where hidden deep is this white haired mountain man

XVII.

what a pity the blue mountains go on forever this old white hair is petrified of the time to come and plans to burn himself out amongst the inns down in the dust anyway who ever heard of a lazy transcendental?

XVIII.

on the mountainside mournfully sipping the night rain to the pine sounds throat choking on clear frost gone to beg food this Buddha's priest is a tired bird until the moth brow crescent moon arises new made up

XIX.

the world shines like a watery moon my body and mind glisten like porcelain though I see the ice melt the torrents descend I will not know the flowers of Spring

XX. outside my door blue mountains bouquet before the window yellow leaves rustle I sit in meditation without the least word and look back to see my illusions completely gone

JMC

∼ Ta Hsiang (d. 1636)

Poet's Zen

no hiding the pain I feel as twilight darkens incense from India may not be ritual enough. every day, after chanting the Heart three times, I give in, again, to the seductions of poet's Zen.

JHS

Ch'ing 1644-1908 & Republican Era 1911-present

∼ Shih Shu (c. 1703)

the human body is a little universe its chill tears, so much windblown sleet beneath our skins, mountains bulge, brooks flow, within our chests lurk lost cities, hidden tribes.

wisdom quarters itself in our tiny hearts. liver and gall peer out, scrutinize a thousand miles. follow the path back to its source, or else be a house vacant save for swallows in the eaves.

as flowing waters disappear into the mist we lose all track of their passage. every heart is its own Buddha; to become a saint, do nothing.

. . . .

enlightenment: the world is a mote of dust, you can look right through heaven's round mirror slip past all form, all shape and sit side by side with nothing, save Tao.

JHS

~ Yuan Mei (1716-1798)

Rolling up the Curtain

Rolled up the curtain on the window, North, wind blows, Spring's colors, cold. One monk, one sprig of cloud, together at Green Mountain's peak. Monk's Place

Monk's place I lean the painted rail.

Eyes play gazing on the plain.

A little rain beyond a thousand miles.

An evening's sun reds half the village.

Breeze cool, a sense of flowers gathering.

The hall is small the Buddha's incense mild.

There, where, last night we played at chess . . .

On mossy step a fallen man lies still. Late Gazing (Looking for an Omen as the Sun Goes)

I

Window's dark, roll back the curtain's waves: what's to be done about sunsets? Climb up and stand, in some high place, lusting, for a little more last light.

11

From a thousand houses' cook fires' fumes, the Changes weave a single roll of silk. Whose house, the fire still unlit, so late? Old crow knows whose, and why.

III

Golden tiles crowd, row on row: men call this place the Filial Tombs. Across that vastness, let eyes wander: grand pagoda: one wind-flickering flame.

By Accident

Here, I've seen every temple, asking naught, as the Buddha knows.

But the moon came

as if to rendezvous, and the clouds went off without goodbyes.

without goodbyes. In the inns a decent bite to eat was hard to come by,

But in my carriage poems came easy.

Going back the baggage will be heavier: Two or three seedlings of pine. Late, Walking Alone to a Temple in the Mountain's Cleft

Four sides green peaks Though the eaves drip rain, Look hard, but can't make out I turn, and ask the monk

wind, make a wall.

in the hall, there's sunlight.

the way I came.

how he got here to greet me.

Temple of the Bamboo Grove

Late, passed the Temple of the Bamboo Grove. In slanting sun, the corners of the walls sunk deep in shade. Windy lamp, the red unsteady. Misty willows, green, held deep and still. Monks few, stone chimes are often silent: trees many, sunlight, and shade too. Ears catch a hint of Buddhist chanting: my horse's bells have a pure clear tone.

Just Done

A month alone behind closed doors forgotten books, remembered, clear again. Poems come, like water to the pool Welling,

up and out, from perfect silence.

Gone Again to Gaze on the Cascade

A whole life without speaking,

"a thunderous silence"

that was Wei-ma's Way. And here is a place where no monk can preach. I understand now what T'ao Ch'ien, enlightened, said, he couldn't say. It's so clear, here, this water

my teacher.

P'u-t'o Temple

A temple, hidden, treasured

Pines, bamboo

such a subtle flavor: The ancient Buddha sits there, wordless The welling source speaks for him.

in the mountain's cleft

Mornings Arise

Mornings arise to find ten thousand kinds of pleasures.

Evenings sleep: the single mantra (now, the heart) is nothingness

No knowing in this world which, of these ten thousand things, is me.

Motto

When I meet a monk When I see a Buddha If I bow to a Buddha But I honor a monk:

1 do bow politely. 1 don't. the Buddha won't know,

he's apparently here now.

Just Done

Possessed of but a dwelling place the heart may rest in quiet. The flavor of disirelessness lasts longest. So a boy runs off to snatch at floating willow silks: If he didn't capture them how could he let them go?

Mad Words

To learn to be without desire you must desire that. Better to do as you please: sing idleness. Floating clouds, and water idly running – Where's their source? In all the vastness of the sea and sky, you'll never find it.

Nearing Hao-pa

(I saw in the mist a little village of a few tilled roofs and joyfully admired it.)

There's a stream, and there's bamboo, there's mulberry and hemp. Mist-hid, clouded hamlet, a mild, tranquil place. Just a few tilled acres. Just a few tilled acres. Just a few tilled roofs. How many lives would I have to live, to get that simple. Laughing at Myself for Lazing Around at West Lake (having started the year with poems planning to go to T'ien-t'ai with Liu Chih-ping)

It takes a lot of bamboo strips to make a little sail, it only took a few to make these sandals. But to get from sailing on West Lake to walking up T'ien T'ai mountain . . . You could say that in my thousand mile trek to find a Zen Master

I stopped off first down in the country, to gab with my good old friends.

JPS

→ HSU KU (19th Century)

Poem of Thanks

while my body's at home, my heart takes a little trip right or wrong, good or bad, who can tell? the only valuable thing in life is enlightenment a tree full of blossoms: a sliver of sunset clouds.

JHS

∼ Ch'an Ch'eng (19th centurv?)

Before My Eyes

The fragrance comes in at the window: a light breeze, sun not yet setting. Awake, after I slept through the midday session: Spring, a pair of swallows drop in take a sip from the flower.

JPS

∼ Ching An (1841-1921)

Night Sitting

The hermit doesn't sleep at night: in love with the blue of the vacant moon. The cool of the breeze that rustles the trees rustles him too.

Written on the Painting "Cold River Snow"

Dropped a hook, east of Plankbridge. Now snow weighs down his straw rain gear. It's freezing. The River's so cold the water's stopped running: fish nibble the shadows of plum blossoms.

Returning Clouds

Misty trees hide in crinkled hills' blue green. The man of the Way's stayed long at this cottage in the bamboo grove. White clouds too know the flavor of this mountain life; they haven't waited for the Vesper Bell to come on home again.

Over King Yu Mountain With a Friend

Sun sets, bell sounds, the mist. Headwind on the road: the going hard. Evening sun at Cold Mountain. Horses tread men's shadows.

On a Painting

A pine or two, three or four bamboo, the hut on the cliff is quiet. Only the clouds come to visit.

Moored at Maple Bridge

Frost white across the river waters reaching toward the sky. All I'd hoped for's lost in Autumn's darkening. I cannot sleep, a man adrift, a thousand miles alone, among the reed flowers; but the moonlight fills the boat.

Crossing the Yang-chia Bridge Once More

The face reflected in the stream's lost half its youthful color. Spring wind is as it was before, so too, the thousand willow boughs. Crows perch to punctuate the lines of slanting sunset. It's hard to write as I pass this place once more.

At Hu-k'ou, Mourning for Kao Po-tzu

Though he was young, Kao was the crown of Su-chou and Hu-k'ou. It was only to see if he was still here that I came today to this place . . . found a chaos of mountains no word this evening sun this loneliness.

Laughing at Myself

Cold cliff withered tree this knobby pated monk . . . thinks there's nothing better than a poem. Laughs at himself for striving so to write in the dust of the world, and scolds old Ts'ang K'o for inventing writing, and leading so many astray.

JPS

∞ Po Ching (Su Man-shu, 1884-1918)

The sea, the sky where dragons were, I go to war. Blood in a bowl is water, black, mysterious, and earth, yellow.

Hair wild, song long and steady, as you gaze out on the ocean's vastness.

Yi Shui, The River of Changes, sighing soughing, when the ancient Ch'ing K'o set out toward a hero's death:

Now, then, one sky, one moon, all white, an emptiness as pure as frost.

Written at White Cloud Ch'an Hall Beside West Lake

Where white clouds are deep Thunder Peak lies hidden. A few chill-plums, a sprinkle of red rain. After the fast oh so slowly the mud in my mind settled out. The image in the pool before the hut: fallen from that far off bell.

Passing Pine Bank, I Was Moved

Orphan lamp drew out a dream, a memory a moonlit and shadowy confusion then wind, and rain. From the next door hut the midnight bell. When I came again, you'd gone. All that crossing of rivers, that plucking hibiscus, for whom?

Passing Rushfields

Where the willow shade is deep the water chestnut flourishes. Endless, silver sands where the tide's retreated. Thatched booths with wine flags flapping: know, there's a market near. A whole mountain of red leaves: a girl child carries kindling.

Passing the Birthplace of Cheng Ch'eng-kung Last Loyal Defender of the Ming

A passer-by points far off, and says, "That's Lord Cheng's Rock." White sand, green pines, beside the setting sun As far as you can see how many sons of China left? Monk's robe, and tears bow down before the memorial stone.

To Mei-wen in Kuangchou

Just now: heart flagged to hear the neighbor's girl so sweetly singing, and I thought what's that "Southern Poet" up to now? So I wrote a couple of lines just to ask news of you.

Here the flowers fall like rain: so much sadness in all this chaos.

Having Hope, or Holding On

In this life, to become a Buddha How could I hope . . . Hermit dreams are undependable and my desires unconquered. Many thanks, my friend for all your kind inquiries, but I suspect my fate's to be just a poet-monk.

From Japan

Spring rain on the pagoda roof, and the shakuhachi's sound. Will I ever see the Chekiang tidal bore again? Grass sandals, broken bowl, and no one knows . . . Treading on the cherry blossoms I will trudge across yet one more bridge.

Headed East, Goodbye to an Elder Brother

Rivertown's a picture run from our overturned cups. Together just a moment, this time: how many times harder to part? From here the lone boat, the night, bright moon. Parting the clouds, who'll gaze out upon the tower.

JPS

~ HSU YUN (1840-1958)

Sound of the Wind in the Pines an Afternoon and Night on Mount Lu

I.

Courtyard-covering white dew Moistens hidden orchids. Leaves fade; a few flowers Half retain their scent. The cold Moon hangs alone; Nothing happening with people. Pine wind blows right through: Night waves cold.

II.

Swell after swell of pinewind Comb like waves at sea: Beat after beat of heavenly music Strummed on cloudy strings. Midnight, Tao folk Purify their hearing And rise alone to burn incense: Moon full Just overhead.

III.

Zen heart peaceful and still Inside white clouds. Autumn floods and spring mountains Aren't the same yet. It's just the pine wind Whistles another tune. Deep night white moon, Drizzling already.

IV.

The mountain is empty; flute still. Thought uninvolved. A pine wind circling the cabin Calls right through the ear. Here's a monk with a talking habit; Midnight, the eternal teaching Preaching 'No Birth.'

Written for the Zen Man Te-jun at the Great Assembly at Fo-yen

Days long ago do you remember Making circuits of the Buddha halls? How could we know the age of Earth, The Boundless steppes of Heaven? Chariots of wind I have ridden And caught tigers on cloud-sprung feet. Undersea I snared a dragon, Moonlight streaming through the window.

Outside of time, flowers of wonder bloom, Stamens touching space. At sky's edge moon trees Breathe laurel perfume. Again I walk the pure, cool, earth; Form-taking life thrives in the web, Upholding the Dharma-king.

At a Thatched Hut on the Flower Peak of Mount T'ien-t'ai Sitting with Dharma Master Jung Ching During a Long Rain

Hard rain, our gathered firewood scant; Lamp frozen, glimmers not at night. In the cave, wind blows stones and mud. Moss engravings weatherstrip rickety door.

Brooks in torrent untiring; People's words more and more rare. Where schemes calm heart? Sitting in the lotus, Wrapped in robes of Zen.

Feelings on Remembering the Day I First Produced the Mind

Drawn some sixty years ago by karma I turned life upside down And climbed straight on to lofty summits. Between my eyes a hanging sword, The Triple World is pure. Empty-handed, I hold a hoe, clearing a galaxy.

As the 'Ocean of Knowing-mind' dries up, Pearls shine forth by themselves; Space smashed to dust, a moon hangs independent. I threw my net through Heaven, Caught the dragon and the phoenix; Alone I walk through the cosmos, Connecting the past and its people.

PH

The Translators

TONY BARNSTONE has published many translations of Chinese poetry in literary magazines and is the co-author of Laughing Lost in the Mountains, Selected Poems of Wang Wei (Wesleyan University Press). His most recent book, Out of the Howling Storm, also from Wesleyan, is an anthology of contemporary Chinese poetry.

RICHARD B. CLARK, translator of the Hsin hsin ming, or verses on the faith-mind, by Seng Tsan, is resident teacher at the Living Dharma Center in Amherst, Massachusetts.

JAMES M. CRYER, winner of a translator's grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, is the author of *Plum Blossoms*, the complete poems of China's greatest woman poet, Li Ch'ing-chao, and translator of the poems of Li Po in *Bright Moon/Perching Bird* (Wesleyan University Press). He is presently completing a book of translations by Po Chu-yi.

SAM HAMILL's translations from Chinese include Banished Immortal: Visions of Li T'ai-po, Facing the Snow: Visions of Tu Fu, The Art of Writing (by Lu Chi)< Endless River, and Midnight Flute. He has also published two dozen other books including translations from Japanese, ancient Greek, Latin, and Estonian, and ten volumes of original poetry and essays. He is Founding Editor at Copper Canyon Press.

PAUL HANSEN, also an NEA grant winner, makes his living as a painter and printmaker. Hansen's poems have appeared in numerous literary magazines. Among his books are *The Nine Monks* and *Lin Hejing: Recluse-Poet from Orphan Mountain* from Brooding Heron Press and *Before Ten Thousand Parks* from Copper Canyon Press.

CHRIS LAUGHRUN is presently studying Chinese at the University of California, Berkeley.

JOSEPH LISOWSKI is presently Professor of English at the University of the Virgin Islands. His poems and translations have appeared in numerous magazines, including Negative Capability and The Literary Review. A selection of the poems of Wang Wei, The Brushwood Gate,

was published in 1984 by Black Buzzard Press.

CHOU PING, who is presented here as co-translator with Tony Barnstone, is a contemporary Chinese poet who writes mainly in English. His poetry has appeared in many literary magazines, and a large selection is featured in the anthology Out of the Howling Storm.

JAMES H. SANFORD is the author of Zen-Man Ikkyu and editor of the acclaimed volume of essays on Buddhist esthetics Flowing Traces (Princeton University Press). His recently co-authored (with J. P. Seaton) translation of the complete poems of Shih Te, with harmony poems by Ch'u Shih and Shih Shu, Shadowed Pines and Twisted Boulders, will be published by Broken Moon Press. He teaches Asian religions at the University of North Carolina.

JEROME P. SEATON, professor of Chinese at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, has authored and co-authored several books of Chinese poetry in translation, including Wine of Endless Life (White Pine Press), Bright Moon/Perching Bird (Wesleyan University Press) and Love and Time (Copper Canyon Press). He is an advisory editor of The Literary Review.

ARTHUR TOBIAS is the translator of the poems of Han-shan in White Pine Press' The View from Cold Mountain.

JAN W. WALLS is presently completing a book of translations of the poetry of Wang An-shih. His translations have previously appeared in *Sunflower Splendor* and *The Literary Review*. He is the director of the David Lam Centre for International Communications of Simon Fraser University in Vancouver.

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