



A Sheaf of Poems

2001 - 2010

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Auckland, March/01

In response to a young man dropping out of an urban retreat.

Hey my friend . . .

What are you doing that's meaningful with your life?

Are you birthing beautiful thoughts into the world?

Hey my friend . . .

Are you awake?

Is the fire of passion lighting your way,

burning the demons of doubt and complacency?

Hey my friend . . .

When did you last stand under the stars;

the first tinge of dawn reminding of ever fresh mystery?

Or do you roll out of bed and go to work

with repetitive sleepiness dulling your life,

like a chronic anesthetic?

Hey my friend . . .

Where are your companions on the path?

Or have you taken to hanging out

at the bar of ego conformity?

Hey my friend . . .

Who and what do you love?

What are you growing in your garden?

Don't think, "I don't have time for this."

Ah!

My Friend . . .

Wake Up!



Myanmar, Jan 4/02

So many fine words have been spoken and written about the teaching. Unfortunately, along with the words have also been many seeds of sectarianism, divisiveness and misunderstanding. I have read in some texts about how only Theravada is the true teaching. I have read in others of how the awakening realized by Theravada is not as vast and as profound as Mahayana. Oh, may I and all beings never be separated from the spacious openness and clear cognizance of present reality. May we never be seduced by the fog of empty misleading concepts.

I remember with gratitude and feel the presence of all my myriad teachers.

Some point north.

Some point south.

Some point inward.

And some point out.

Some point to skilful controlling.

Some point to letting go.

Some point to mindfulness.

Some point to service.

Some point to self.

And some point to others.

Some point to the mind of clear discrimination.

And some point to the heart of vast empathy.

Actually,

all of them are pointing the same way.

Can you see?

All are pointing passionately and directly into the heart of now.

The vast space of present knowing.

The joy and peace of not a hint of somewhere else to be.

The adventure of continuous creation, growing itself into newness.

Great Gurus

of many threads and lineages

With tears of blessed relief, the bliss/joy of remembering,

I bow to you all with gratitude

and sing your praises through the texture of each day.



Tasmania, Feb/02

Kookaburras

Cackling throat to throat

In the morning joy



April 19/02,

WHAT I HAVE TO OFFER

Each experience is a knowing.

Each knowing is a bringing forth of a world.

This space of knowing is called Dharmakaya.

This clarity of knowing is called Sambhogakaya

This unimpeded dancing of knowing is called Nirmanakaya.

This present arising thus-ness; knowing in all its magnificence, is called Svabhavakaya.

This freedom is the very nature of all beings.

The play of this understanding is what I have to offer.

Sarva mangalam

Sarva mangalam

Sarva mangalam



April 29/02,

PRAYER BEFORE EATING

We delight in the knowing

That this food we eat

Nourishes all beings.



I bow down in devotion to all my teachers.

Teachers of the past, teachers of the present, and teachers of the future.

Especially I honour those who show the great mystery of the ordinary!

Wondrous! Wondering! Wonderful!



Oct 22/02

FOR LEANDER

Breathing in the earth supports me
and I smile.
Breathing out sharing deeply
and I know the struggles to flower.
Resting in the root of being,
we meet the world.
Blossoming the heart of metta,
we move in confidence and faith.
Finding the path all around, I know that; 'this is it'.
How amazing that we are alive!!!



I take refuge in the spacious openness of all phenomena.
There is no other Buddha.
I take refuge in the creativity, the dynamic energy, the clarity of all phenomena.
There is no other Dharma
I take refuge in the boundless, uninterrupted responsiveness of all phenomena.
There is no other Sangha.

I take refuge in naturally present, ever fresh awareness,
the heart essence of being,
the wondrous completeness of this present moment
— just as it is —
I take refuge in knowing that this is the original face of all beings.



Wangapeka March/03

Wisdom is ever fresh awareness.
Compassion is activity arising with deep understanding.
Non-clinging awareness is the spontaneity of being in tune with
everything and every situation.

For the sake of all beings,
wisdom, compassion, non-clinging awareness.



Wangapeka March/03

Spacious in every direction and dimension,
 This is the essence of refuge.
Spontaneous ever fresh awareness,
 This is the nature of refuge.
Interdependent manifestation, uninterrupted and unimpeded,
 This is the expression of refuge.
Unshakable knowing that essence, nature and expression are
 faces of the same ungraspable mystery,
 this is the foundation of refuge.
Understanding this,
 love and clear-seeing suffusing all,
 — just as it is —
 I and all beings take refuge.



Flowering Peace For All Beings March/03

written as part of a course description for a retreat in Wales

The trouble with peace
 is we think it's a piece,
 a bonbon, a goody, a fragment of life.

We see it as extra,
 a fine high ideal,
 a piece of the world,
 a place with no threat.

True peace is no piece,
 it's the hallmark of whole,
 a dancing in is-ness, spacious and clear,
 compassionate, responsive, alive to each other,

Come join us this week,
 give a piece of your life
 to re-contact the whole
 for the peace of the world.



Wangapeka March 15/03

on hearing that Vishvananda died yesterday morning in Hobart of a heart attack

Vish!

You old scoundrel!

You said you would join us at Wangapeka for retreat.

No-one thought you would come this way,

Sending a wave of, "wake-up everyone!" that rolled across the Tasman,

Lifting folk over here who didn't know they'd known you.

It's been a pleasure my friend!

Spacious, Clear, Unimpeded,

Lovingkindness and Great Devotion

manifesting as a rough old cuss such as you.

How Marvellous!

In all our lifetimes may we never be separated from our lama;

- Ever-fresh, Spontaneously Present, Wakefulness -

May we use to the full all the teachings he/she/it gives us.

May we realize the bodhisattva levels and manifest the good qualities of the path.

May all beings here and now realize the natural state of mahamudra

Go well Vish!

SAMAYA!!!

KARMAPA KHYENO KARMAPA KHYENO KARMAPA KHYENO



April 1/03

FOR LAMA MARK WEBBER (TENPA LEKSHE)

E MA

Beginningless, endless friendship,

Dynamic energy, universal creativity

known in the world as Tenpa Lekshe,

May your body, speech, mind and activity,

flower abundantly

for the good of all beings.

May you enjoy excellent health radiating a field of support for all beings.

May your speech always be blessed with Manjusri's eloquence.

May your bodhi mandala - a field of unfolding - endlessly expand
in infinite unimaginable directions
for the happiness of all.
May you continue to turn the wheel of Dharma,
inspiring beings to realise
their own unique jewel-like nature.
May you continue to be a blessing,
an ever increasing field of merit
for the benefit of worlds.

These words flowered easily from the heart of, ocean-like ever-fresh awareness, Yeshé
Jamtso, on a misty morning by Rotoiti Lake, NZ.
May they serve as an inspiration to all who are ready to be inspired.
SARVA MANGALAM



Wangapeka May/03
during a 3 month retreat

Refuge is vast
yet intimately near,
utterly dependable
yet refreshingly new,
transcendent
yet continuously manifest,
ungraspable
yet utterly knowable.
Refuge is exactly what you are.



Triple ground is the diverse manifesting of your own mind.
Mind is the real ground.
Just as there are no bird tracks in the sky,
There is no inherent nature in this.
This ground is truly groundless.
When everything is realized as mind
How could there be distractions?
Mind can not be distracted from mind
so . . .
just rest in this.



Queenstown Dharma Centre June 1/03

SELF OR OTHERS - SEPARATE OR NOT-SEPARATE

Don't set up non-separation against duality.

Don't set up union against plurality.

Don't set up oneness against unique diversity.

These polarities are the expression of a conscious world.

Don't set up wholesome against unwholesome.

Don't set up totality against partiality.

Simply be the embracing of whatever is manifesting.



Guatemala Oct/03

on hearing of Namgyal Rinpoché's dying

Hearing the news of Rinpoché's passing,

Feeling the blessing of the Namgyals flowing all around.

Serene, spacious, unimpeded.

Beginningless endless

Mystery unfolding.

Remembering sitting by your feet last August,

sipping tea and watching frogs in the mirror-like pond.

Nothing to say - Only gratitude.

From the heart,

Sarva mangalam.



Panjachel, Guatemala 24/10/03

sent out by e-mail to friends who had been touched by Namgyal Rinpoché

Dear Friends

During these days I find my mind spreading out to embrace an extraordinary number of beings who have shared in the mandala of our Venerable Rinpoché. I would like to greet you all individually, to express how much I value your unique contribution to the world. However, space and time are limiting in this task, so this e-mail will have to indicate what my mind has already done.

I offer to each of you a white silk scarf, billowing with the blessings of our wondrous lama, a scarf of pure aspiration, a scarf of strong determination, a scarf of warm friendship. I offer to each of you a great deep hug, hearts touching hearts, breathing together in this profound mystery, loss that is no loss, grief which is also a beautiful opening, a shattering moment that throws open the doors of appreciation and loosens the strings of memory. I offer to each of you all that I am and all that I seem to have, knowing that every atom of my being has been touched by the beginningless endless dharma we have come to refer to as Namgyal Rinpoché. I know that every atom of your being has been equally touched.

Rinpoché, I am resting, easeful, spacious and alert, just outside your house here in Guatemala. The sun is streaming through the forest canopy. The butterflies are flitting back and forth with the songs of the birds and the rustle of the wind in the trees. I see your form in my mind's eye and feel your presence dancing in the very bones of my being; dancing as Dorje Sempa, dancing as Vajrayogini, dancing as Guru Rinpoché; dancing the song of awakening - the symphony of everfresh awareness and spontaneous compassion. Your activities reverberate in the lives of countless beings; beings of the past, beings of the present and beings yet to come. You point out the wondrousness of this multidimensional universe and call all beings to awaken through the power of love. My gratitude for all that you are is beyond measure. May the warm blessing of the Namgyals continue to travel on, in innumerable forms and circumstances, appearing wherever there is need, constantly exploring and finding new ways to open the hearts of beings to the vast mystery of the universe that we already are. Rinpoché, tears of gratitude are flooding from my eyes, a stream of crystal thank-yous; moisture from the sea, hydrogen and oxygen from the distant stars. May the mysteries that we are, continue to mingle and meet, again and again, throughout innumerable different lives!

The night after hearing the news of Rinpoché's death, I lay wide awake, having only tiny moments of sleep. The mind was clear and quite serene and the words of *Dudjom Rinpoché* played again and again through my mind with ever deepening understanding. They link us all: Rinpoché, myself and you. In a nutshell they express the essence of what I am learning from our blessed lama. I would like to share them with you here.

Since pure awareness of now-ness is the real Buddha,
In openness and contentment I find the Lama in my heart.
When we realize this unending natural mind is the very nature of the Lama,
Then there is no need for attached grasping,
or weeping prayers, or artificial complaints.
By simply relaxing in this uncontrived, open and natural state,
We obtain the blessing of spontaneous self-liberation of whatever arises.

May this joyous and creative, practice and teaching of dharma,
this Namgyal Heart/Mind, continue to flower
in myriad forms and expressions
for the benefit of all beings.

with love and warm greetings
Tarchin



Cook Islands Jan 6/04

Going for refuge is 'longing'.
Being refuge is 'belonging'.

Everything mirroring, echoing and creatively responding.

Everything at every level of being

mirroring, echoing and creatively responding.

This mysterious temple of knowing.

This paramecium, this bacteria, this person, this family, this forest, this butterfly,
each a temple of uniqueness,
mutually longing for
and belonging with/in
every other temple of longing and belonging.

Ocean currents of temple-ing,

flowing in a sensual warmth of lucid freshness and never ending consummation.



Wangapeka May 05/04

PRAYER TO THE BODY MANDALA OF PRAJNAPARAMITA TARA

Prajnaparamita Tara is also known as Orange Tara. Representing the perfection of wisdom, she has four arms and is depicted as sitting in meditation.

NAMO ARYA PRAJNAPARAMITA TARA

Spacious, easeful, timeless, wakeful, creative, responsiveness,

Oh Tara, your presence is the dance of everything everywhere.

Your body is the sacred bodhi mandala.

Your womb is the Tathagatagarbha, the beginningless endless gestation of thusness.

Your vajra posture demonstrates the unmoving resplendence of Dharmakaya.

Your four arms symbolise mastery of the Four Foundations of Mindfulness, the Four

Brahma Vihara, the Four Great Efforts, the Four Bodhisattva Vows, the Four

Blisses, the Four Voids and the Four Empowerments.

With myriad skilful means in liberating self and others from suffering, you hold the
 nine spoked vajra of compassion in your outstretched right hand.
 Your outstretched left hand holds a vast array of teachings on the perfection of
 wisdom, the profound experiential understanding of spacious openness (*sunyata*)
 that is every moment and situation.
 Your two hands rest in meditation showing you never depart from the bliss of union,
 the samadhi of unshakable equipoise in the presence of whatever is arising.
 Your breasts nourish the child of ever present bodhicitta
 both in relative and absolute expression.
 Your ornaments and beauty proclaim the Six Transcendental Perfections.
 Your flowing garments are the bliss of piti.
 Your infinite aura is the ecstatic confidence of mahasukha.
 Pure from the beginning, you embody the creative play of the immeasurable
 mystery of being, the unbroken wholeness of totality
 dancing forth in infinite weavings of becoming.
 Arya Tara, mother of all Buddhas, the very essence, nature and expression of
 liberation, I take my refuge in you.
May these words serve as an inspiration to beings walking the path of Arya Tara.



Mana Retreat, Coromandel August/04

on remembering when I was last with Namgyal Rinpoché, a year earlier, in Kinmount

Thinking of my lama.
 Those days of summer 2003
 You graced the world with profound pith.
 The ultimate perfection resting,
 just as it is.
 You poured out your treasure vase,
 a cornucopia of jewels, myriad
 eclectic ways of fathoming dharma
 through the means of body, speech, and mind.
 Great traditions of empowerment you scattered
 far and wide, sowing seeds in the
 living earth of being's minds.
 You opened your worldly treasury:
 weavings and jewels and perfumes and music
 and food and telescopes, using these
 wonders to feed the marvelling minds
 of flowering bodhicitta.

You continuously pointed to material,
to embodiment, and showed the way of
love through celebrating the detail.

Sitting now in New Zealand, a remembrance of
all of us with you,
The Great Empowerment of Mahamaya.

Sun streaming in the windows,
Row on row of red robes,
Moist eyes,
Blessed Recognition,
This poem has no end.

A golden dandelion flower bloomed in our midst gradually becoming seed,
And the summer winds of Kinmount
gently blew through the hall and
the entire seed head floated
out and up and over,
Catching thermals and crosswinds and down drafts,
Drifting on jet stream
and planting flowers of
laughing golden radiance.
Not lineage but multiage,
A vast blessing for the world

In all the realms of experience
may I never be separate from my lama.
May I use with joy and abandon
all the teaching he gives me.
May the bodhisattva stages flourish
at every level of being.
May Love and Clear Seeing -
the wondrous blessing of the Victorious Ones,
Flower everywhere for everyone.



Breathing is warm and moist and intimate.

It permeates with abandonment, our membranes and organs,
our lips and nostrils and lungs,
totally opening in confidence,
meeting the world, meeting with other.

We breathe in a state of unthinking vulnerability.

Breath by breath, hour by hour,
day and night continuously
through every season of being,
we draw the unknown other deep into the sensitive tissues of our interior.

Breathing is the whisper of blessed communion.

a languaging of ecstasy
this living, this loving,
these ancient rhythms mingling
the deep heart pulse of all belonging.



Wangapeka July 31/05

Have you ever gulped and swallowed and tightened in your belly with misty eyes and a growing vacuum of nothing paving a road to nowhere?

Have you ever wakened in the morning knowing that this will be the last time listening to the silent thrums and whirls and noisy pressures of your inner space meeting the wind and river and the pattern of rain, knowing the strange mystery of soon to depart?

If you have then you have known the courage to be alive.
But did you really know it?

Have you ever quickened - senses rising to meet the who-knows-what, heart beat and breath surging smoothly and powerfully crescendoing in a flood of cell tingling expectation?

Have you counted the days, the hours, the minutes and suddenly realised that you've been holding your breath for ages - if not years?

If you have then you have known the intoxication of dreams.
But did you really know them?

Have you ever blended on the palette of your life, the tones of grief and the hues of joy, lubricated with sparkling pure tears and moisture gleaned from glistening eyes, carefully, skilfully, patiently, preparing this unique pigment to paint the flower of this particular burst of human aliveness?

Have you ever breathed in the ocean of suchness, completely released into the parting-joining mystery of thushness?

Have you ever known the pristine unspeakably perfect perfection of this, where you stand, just as it is?

Have you ever? Please, have you ever?

Have you

Have

Ha

!

'pop'

(silence)



Orgyen Hermitage Oct 26/05

FOR DEREK

Dharma is easeful resting.

Dharma is moving in heartfull confidence.

Dharma is utter interbeingness.

Dharma is a pathless land -
it is also a landless path.

Dharma is walking - completely in step - savouring
the vast mystery becoming.

Dharma is remembering the blessing of mindful breathing
when conflict and disharmony abound.

Dharma is not rushing - don't worry, death is always on time,
- you won't be late!

Dharma is letting go
falling into love

a flowering of presence
into presence.

Dharma, my friend
is thus.
AHHHH !



Avalokitesvaro looked down from on high at the full mandala of experience,
looked up from below,
looked out in all directions,
looked in from all sides,
looked back from the future
looked forward from the past
looked in a way that transluscentises past, present and future,
looked thoroughly,
penetratingly,
inquisitively,
lovingly . . .
and
'saw'.



Orgyen Jan. 14/06

Winds are blowing down from the Kaimai range.
Whirling, swirling, gusting, blusting
Raising grit and micro tornadoes; thrashing the punga fronds
white noising through the pines;
needles floating in the sky.

Meadow of golden grasses,
of daisy, clover, ragwort and freshly sprouting gorse;
countless botanical beings, all rippling and waving.
Earth pranas chasing and racing.
A joyful weaving and dancing, flowing with photons from hot summer sun.
A mother thrush hops and runs, hunkered close to the ground,
her babies peeping in the nest.
A hedgehog the size of my fist
snuffles through the stubble looking for worms.

Everywhere, are biomorphologies of bone, flesh and cellulose;
 an infinitude of syncopations,
rhythms and beatings,
 weavings of knowing,
 coy peaking planes of becoming,
 heating and warming and quickening and spreading,
this sitting in the morning light,
 fingers tapping a keyboard,
 sharing these swirlings with
 the swirlings that are you.



Wangapeka June 13/06

Written as part of a longer e-mail article called "What Does It Mean To Pray"

PRAYER

It's one of those mornings. Five-thirty a.m. and luminous.
The light is rose-ing, salmon grey-pink, silhouetting the peaks;
a celestial water colour washing the canvas of my mind,
transforming a chill metal-blue dawn into a visual symphony of saturated colour.
The air is dense. Everything is so extraordinarily still.
It seems, that by simply opening a space of caring,
I can feel pin-prick crystals emerging one by one; billions of them;
a gloaming of frost falling silently into our world,
clothing the blades of grass, the bracken fronds and marble leaves.

Bellbirds, tuis, blackbirds, grey warblers and south island tomtits are waking; one bird,
and then the next; a squeak, a twitter, a stretch of silence, a peep, another silence,
then a raucous gabbling; arpeggios of liquid clinks and bloonks, until avian breakfast
chatter is bouncing up and down our little valley. Everyone's talking!
Light, colour, stillness, exuberance, fluid breath, and feet planted in the earth;
it seems the whole world is blessed.

Resting midst this pristine wonder; thinking of you; thinking of me,
sharing this holiness, savouring the luminosity.
Surely the knowing of such a moment, this absolute ordinariness, this perfection of
everything — just as it is — surely this is the very heart of prayer.

A single beech leaf.
blushed gold, pastelling incrementally to a viridian hint of summer long gone,
flittering, tumbling,
pausing in a moment of perfect levitation
then changing pace and direction

zigging and zagging,
falling down the staircase of the sky
and thwapping ever so delicately into a waiting puddle.

Imagine the limpid surface; intimately, effortlessly echoing a golden leaf spiraling ever
bigger and clearer;
details of veins and ragged edges,
turning in space.
Does the puddle have any kind of aqueous expectation?
A tiny, almost imperceptible kiss,
pressing the surface tension, liquid drum skin stretching earthward,
receiving, gathering,
then springing outward — a flawless catch and rebound.
Concentric rings of mirror-like crystal,
a rippling world, observed by fantail and the
sparkling of my neurons in breath-holding recognition of something miraculous.
Surely this too is a kind of prayer?

After breakfast,
sitting on the porch of Triple Gem . . . a bowl of becoming,
petals of knowing opening and closing within and around.
River sound swooshes and hums with the light,
pine auras of blinding whiteness,
individual needles
— some neurotransmitter has turned up the magnification!
Then, suddenly; as if from nowhere,
— a harrier! . . . two harriers!
(Everything has become slow motion.)
Hovering, gliding, sliding on the dense thickness of frosted air,
rising in the waves of warming light
while visions of far away friends
and yogis in meditation
and earthworms wrapped in their dark warm beds
and micro-organisms in the stream
and each separate leaf and needle,
all of us, and all of this,
together
weaving
an elegant tapestry of beauty and meaning.
Surely this is prayer in action.

A middle size fly is buzzing in the sunlight
exploring the wall of my hut,

seeking whatever flies seek on pristine wintery mornings.
His eyes are so big!
Where did he spend his night?
Something feels immense and perfect,
life thrumming as the earth turns
and illumination races down the face of Jones's ridge;
a waking of newness
a heart glow of breath-catching gratitude
a perfect eternal moment
a life worth living
Surely knowing this is the blessing of prayer.

May all beings be well.
May all beings be happy.
Sarva Mangalam



Triple Gem, Wangapeka Oct/06
FLAX TALK

It begins with a simple swish beat
 swis - swiz - swish - swiz
 adding a flutter, a rustle, a stroking.

Who is there?
 Invisible feather
 rhythmically brushing my cells,
 teasing forth alertness,
 suspicions,
 speculations and
 question.

I'm sure I hear words,
 whispered conversations.

It usually happens in moments of quiet and stillness.

 Inside? Outside?

 Ah!

It's the flax talking!

What a strange idea,
 yet imagine a different situation,
 It's the vocal chords talking!

I settle and rest in a wondrous wondering and open my
cells to the feather touch whispering
flax leaves rubbing,
intimating the shifting moods
of the whole valley:
the world, the sky and oceans and
reachings of tiny fern heads,
toad stools and bracken fronds,
the solar system, this arm of galaxy,
Tuis breathing in their sleep and rabbits
foraging in the grass.

Can you hear it?
In the intimacy of now-ing
My whole body gently thrills in the embrace of all
messages of here-ness,
whispered through flax leaves,
Singing with the vastness
Counterpoint melody to river and stars.



Triple Gem March 18/06

THE SPACE BETWEEN THE NOTES OF A BELLBIRD'S SONG

I wish
I could describe for you
the space
between the notes
of the bellbird's song.

The soft round explosion,
the radiating glow,
like the texture of the last moments of a long easeful, colour-filled, out breath;
sound revealing the shapes of mountains and valleys
and pine trees in the mist.
The silver-eyes filling in the gaps.

I wish I could describe for you
the feeling
of wishing.

A huge openness,
a gentle quivering fullness,
a leaning into nowhere,
a sense of something extraordinary,
a reaching to connect,
a mystery that already is.

The single notes
sculpt the space,
Or
is it space
inviting forth the notes?

Trillions and trillions of synaptic flowers,
a meadow of knowing,
a forest of caring,
The vastness of mind
birthing the poignant moment
between the notes.

Olive green feathers,
light in the eye,
describing for you
this space
of wonderment.



Navaho Monument National Park USA Sept 12/06
TRAVELLING WATER

Sitting in full moonlight
settling into the
silent *honkyoku* of here.

It's very different from Wangapeka.
No river harmonic.
Signs are all around
but not a drop is to be found.

· A honkyoku, meaning original piece, is a traditional meditative melody played on a Japanese shakuhachi flute.

I sit,
 flowing,
 and in the flow
 the thought occurs;
'sound is a signature of travelling water.'

Settled in the sand,
 cricket chirp, delicate trembly ongoingness,
 cat yeowl, hormones surging with the tides of moon,
 micro clicks, and hummings
 of blood,
 and juices,
 in human, grass,
 insect, reptile and sleeping bird.

Hummings of pumpings of
 landscapes of heart muscle.
Liquids swirling, molecules escaping,
 falling to earth
 lifting to the sky
 a planetary symphony in silent stillness.

This desert is awash with the sound of water.
Muffled pounding of aorta,
 imperceptible bell-like ping
 of individual molecules jiggling out from sand,
 emerging from rock.

In Zen - the boatman hermit sits,
 deep in samadhi on the flow of his stream.

Now, Tarchin - contemplating desert dust,
 moon-rock reflecting star light
 illuminating a living planet,
 deepening into the life spring
of sun juice
 flowing in the veins of a world,
 harmonizing with the flowing of worlds.



Nevada Sept/06

REPORT #367-00M45 FROM BIO-PROBE EARTH

Humans

They are humming with busyness

And so they call themselves hum-ans.

They live in huge mounds called cities,

A complex society with rigid divisions of labour.

They avoid the sun and the dangerous exposure of open space by building tunnels of belief and expectation to wherever they need to go for fuel.

They rarely depart from their habit of habit.

They are amazingly self-contained and gob-smackingly ignorant as most of them, never venturing outside, believe that their dark dank tunnels are the whole world, or at least all that is important.

I'll continue studying and send another report when I have more data.



Boise Idaho Sept. 24/06

True Patriot

For the last month we have been travelling through a place, called by some, 'Turtle Island', exploring some of the great watersheds, canyons and deserts of this vast and beautiful part of our living world. We have simultaneously been in America for four weeks - a country at war with everything. War on terror, war on drugs, war on cancer, war on fat and all of these wars forming a bigger unconscious assault on sanity, empathy, true community and clear deep questioning. Friends living lives of low grade depression - a sense that things can only get worse. Virtually no media news that doesn't directly concern the corporate economy of these rapidly Disuniting States of America. Is the rest of the world of any relevance? There seems to be very little public concern for the non-american world. There seems even less concern for the non-human world. All environmental and ecological agendas seem to have been eclipsed by a corporate war machine running completely out of control. Immorality in elected officials. Gun murders and military recruitment in schools. A culture seemingly addicted to polishing the superficial while cherishing the belief that this way of life, the freedom to instantly and endlessly consume, is the envy of everyone else in the world. Growing levels of obesity and diabetes. A shocking number of beggars and homeless people in a country that prides itself as the world's only super power. A widespread level of ignorance about the rest of the world both geographically and socially that is truly astonishing.

We were camping in the desert, far from the acres of flags that were flying in every town. We met with Navaho people who were wonderfully sane in their ordinariness. Actually, throughout our entire journey, we met many gems of sanity that glistened brightly, polished by a flow of inner tears for the sadness of it all; tears that continuously watered the seeds of deepening empathy, compassion and connectedness with all life. We have now been in Boise for two days, enough time to wash the dust out of our packs and meet with friends who have invited us here to say something about real community. The situation is almost too painful to talk about.

It's four am. Walking contemplatively in these leafy suburbs. This particular road has no streetlights. Warm, still, clear sky, with crystal stars and choirs of crickets and singing frogs proclaiming the wonder of life ongoing. Off to my left is a glow, a column of light rising up from a rooftop. What could that be? Curiosity directs my legs and around the corner I see an American flag on a makeshift pole tied to a residential chimney. A spotlight is illumining the flag, solitary in the quiet night sky. Two pickup trucks and a car are parked in the drive. There is a surreal feel to the moment. I think I must be in a movie set. I think of all this patriotic madness and the rivers of suffering flowing out from it. How obsessed with the fantasy of heroic war and long-suffering righteousness. Then the thought occurs perhaps the family living in that house has lost a son or daughter, killed in the growing tragedy of Iraq today. I am touched with emotion, a sadness that overwhelms any sense of angry critique. Poor America! Poor human beings, drowning in disconnected fantasy. What will it take to wake you up? I breathe and feel my feet upon the earth and as I walked back to my house the following words poured fourth.

Hand to my heart
I salute the flag.

Not a synthetic residue of petrochemical fabric.
Not the red, white and blue of toxic dye,
flushed from factory into rivers and
the streaming lives of water beings.

I am a patriot.
but . . .
I am also a matriot.

Glowing with the pride of uniqueness,
hand to heart
I salute the flag as it rises sunward each spring
And salute the flag as it descends earthward in the evening of autumn.
My flagpoles are the branches and stems of every tree and flower.

My devotion to abundant life knows no bounds.
My life is the seeing of the sacred - the one true sacrifice.
My flag comprises all the leaves, the fabric of knowing.
It's colours are the diversity of being.
Child of matri-patri union,
in the flow of sight cleansing tears,
I stand shoulder to shoulder with all citizens of love.
Hand to my heart.
touching your heart,
the heart of whales, and herons, and mountains, and forests,
and yeasts, and fungi, and tulips of every kind.

We who eternally die,
transforming brilliantly
in all directions everywhere,

We . . .
this impossible knowing
- awakens personifying,

We salute thee
Life, Love, and Vast Creativity Unfolding.

This is my country
and my aliveness is its true defense.



Yellowknife Oct 20/06

This poem describes a day's outing in a truck belonging to the Major Drilling Group.

We were winging down the road
bright red, diesel V8 flaring, Major
pride, hunters in the mist.

Full noon and the sun
low to horizon, glowing behind
the blue grey pearl of
deepening chill.

Pure white, the silent
flakes,
suspended,
drifting
in time
hints of colder stillness to come,
and suddenly!
a hundred snowbirds arrowing
here, then there, veering,
diving, shooting, gliding,
vanished into silent aspen
and dark boreal pine.

Mass of powerful shaggy patience;
buffalo grazing dry grasses on the verge.
We slow and stop.
Nephew, sister, DNA linkages, in-laws
and partners, Stones, Jenkins and Hearn,
bound as one in this moment of
wonder, linking with curved
horns and great shaggy coat,
a bulldozer of being, slowly
moving his head side to side, everything
slow, a rhythm of centuries
making a momentary music
with us, speedy voyeurs
in a red body, predators of
many levels.

Warm cab, flying cross the
frost heave, family herds of buffalo,
(the babies remind me of yaks,)
flock after flock of flashing snowbirds,
and the great Mackenzie, half kilometer
wide, heading for the arctic
many days steady flowing to the north.

Crossing this great river, draining
the land, feeding the land.
Flowing over this flat frozen place of
no fences, large herds, clouds and mosquitoes, universes of tiny

flowers, and mosses, and lichens,
and stick-like trees, and rounded rock, and
cleansing vastness.

Eating pistachios, drinking
water from BC, riding
a double cabbed Ford pick-up, stoked
with fuel from Arabia, senses
responding,
weaving a knowing
of all of this with the warp and weft
of uncountable other knowings.

Nameless pond, forgotten
bullrush. German cyclist with
three huskies photographing a
rotting buffalo corpse, crossing Canada
raising money for cancer.

Lives flowing through lives,
a wonderful day,
We each had our wonderful day.
A hundred billion, billion wonderful
days, worlds of musing music
winging down our separate roads,
braids of a river
 endlessly questing,
 - hunters in the mist.



Yellowknife Oct 23/06

SINGING ICE

with thanks to Woody for suggesting we go, once more, down to the lake

Early morning
Still dark.
Feet scrunching bits of snow, dried twigs and leaves,
Padding over glacier-scraped rock
down to the lake to hear the ice singing.

Strange, wonderful, haunting, never suspected.
Standing,
Our bodies becoming ears, hearing
with fingers and toes and hearts,
The whole world attending to this indescribable, transient
delicate, choral crying,
A seasonal symphony in frozen, horizontal, pianissimo.

Imagine thousands of crystal crickets, each individual,
yet pulsing collectively.
Blend this with tiny spring frogs peeping madly singing their worlds into being.
Add a percussion section of tinkling, punctuated groans and snaps,
and muted thunder rolls
accented with light swishings and draggings
Each voice clothed by space and stillness.

binkeling and bunkeling
slithering and spronging
clicking and picking
roaring and groaning . . .

Above us, a great curtain of blue-green shimmer,
A luminous river flowing continuously,
curving,
rippling,
arcing the sky from horizon to horizon.
Pulsation from the north,
a bursting slow motion explosion of purplish green, tinged with red at the edges
rushes, as if to catch up to the dancing radiance.
A hint of heaven,
moving in perfect union with the singing of lake and ice,
the muffled drum chant of approaching winter.
And around and through
this undulating curtain of fire,
thousands and thousands of stars are singing
a silent background chorus of inconceivable vastness;
wrapped around us,
and through us,
our frosting breaths tumbling to the earth.

We are all grinning madly in the dark.
Rattling wildly in this chorus of autumn freeze,
alternations of disbelief, exuberant upwellings, and wide open wonderment,
graced by yet another never imagined petal of beauty,
- this living world. Ahh!
Could we delay the plane for an hour?

A few moments more,
A glorious blessing to receive,
goodbyes to Kate and Dawson to Pontoon Lake and northern lights
to jays and crows and unseen bears and chattering squirrels,
to rock, water, sky and silent cranberried woods.
Bundling into the stuffy noise of truck cab
and racing to the airport
- to another world,
too busy to listen.



Winnipeg Oct 30/06

triggered by staying with Brian and Lorraine and playing with young boys, Thomas and William

Young, I was often driven by fear,
Dreams of black outline hells,
annihilation, torture, abandonment;
a dark lattice of shapeless
gut twisting
low grade
terror.

Survival strategies of bravado and bluster,
and angry striking,
and withdrawal and hiding,
conceit and deceit,
and exaggeration.

A prisoner with fantasies of being a hero,
trapped in the endless labyrinth
of isolation, and yearning,
and rootless distrust
and gales of feeling

and tsunamis of emotion,
- alternating storms and sunshine
blasting through the landscapes of my body.

One day, it seems, I accidentally discovered the power of embodiment
and ran and kicked and skated, and skied and exhilarated
and all the time faking and faking,
hiding a rot in my core; an unworthiness, a bleakness
that occasionally burst out in moments of explosive madness.
And all the time trying to understand,
to explain,
to rationalize the spinning web of the world
into something graspable,
and safe.

Remembering the standing waves in the rapids of this river of human life unfolding,
the famous ones,
the ones that everyone who rafts this
wild untamed torrent always has to pass.

The hormones of puberty
girls, boys
and intimacy
and social norms
and military mindsets
and money and power
and responsibility
and needing to smash everything while
terrified to burn any bridges

And through all this . . .
Grace . . .
and Amazement . . .
Awe . . .
and Revelation.

God speaking through the church organ.
Blinding light refracting the universe of
an ice storm bringing the normal world to a halt.
Meadows, like grass oceans rolling out to eternity.
Crows talking on a wire

Smells of worms in the spring after rain.
Crabs and urchins and tiny darting fish in the rippling
 shadows of a barnacle encrusted wharf.
The smell of sea and the cry of soaring gulls.

It seems that much of my childhood was
a cataclysm of prolonged birth,
 Ambivalence.

Why is it that some beings are pierced
by the conundrum of existence from their very beginning
while others seem to roll along
in a blanket of cushioning baby fat
as if, while journeying to the vestibule, they pause for a rest
and somehow don't resume their journey for thirty years, or till the stirrings of death?

Twenty years old
and spying a raft, Namgyal, big enough to float me off the shoals of
family, culture, obligations, conventions,
demands, compulsions, obsessions and on . . .
 the list is vast;

Respite-care while the pain of the raw places settled
and I grappled with a framework
and thrilled with the possibility of mastering the world.

Ah
the conceit!
the arrogance!
The feeling of being a hero
Climbing out of samsara
Treading on the heads and shoulders of anyone who would serve the purpose.

Ah
the naivety!
the blessing of compassion which was deeply intertwined with longing for love.
Mad with confusion but endowed with the ability to feel, to be moved, to empathise
even though mixed up with cocktails of conflicting aspirations.

And
the miraculous growing,
the shaping of understanding
and capacity for is-ness

How can there be a more authentic demonstration of bodhicitta in action?
This unique unfolding quest.

A strengthening confidence.

A settling into the ground.

A life journeying of deepening richness,

the door opening to letting be in the innate juicy
intimacy of vast interbeingness.

A resting with less and less compulsion to do
and more richness of doing.

*These words an attempt to glimpse the real journey,
a sense that to a degree they describe the journey of everyone.*

To be born

to emerge

to stand upon the earth

to let go into the earthing . . .

This groundless, indescribable, living mystery.

This measureless carpet of becoming that rolls out before us,
step by blessed step.

This braided river, widening and widening
in myriad dimensions

until

it knows itself to be
the sea.

Reflecting further on this schooling in living:

It could be useful to regard the central curriculum
as one of navigation and survival:

Tubes, tunnels, forests, deserts, canyons, mountains, oceans, and boundlessness.

Flowings, and pulsings, and snuggings and stretchings

Expanses, and volumes, and shrinkings and stasis,
networks and networkings ...

We self-organise and flower through each and all of these;

— sensible and metaphoric —

along with all the objects and happenings that one finds in each of these realms.

We concentrate on one main theme at a time,
sometimes for months or years on end,
exploring and surviving and then being thrown into the next.

Occasionally juggling three or four together
How do they fit?
How does it function?
And later,
pausing at a vista,

We recognise that we have been familiarizing ourselves with
the instruments of an autopoietic orchestra of creation,
this co-operative self-building universe of knowing.
And the music of musing births ephemeral modes of appreciation
the singing, - a chorus of wonderment awakening.

And oh ...
how many become becalmed in a back eddy
- a particular landscape of safety or paralysis
a descending amnesia
a forgetting of all
a fragmenting of energies,
broken concentration
reluctance to engage
- as if engagement were an option.
We've all been there.
It's part of the quest.
In summary then,
What is maturing?
Perhaps these words could help.

A deepening confidence of process.
A trusting in all.
A freedom to be joined,
to engage,
to surrender,
jazzing with the music of the moment,
nudging a program of beauty creating
that ultimately exceeds any need
to describe itself in words.

Silence
Joy
Peace
Authentic presence

Dragons cavorting in the waves
Geese and Garudas painting universes with
the tracks they leave in the sky.



Calgary Nov 6/06

SAMSARA IN CALGARY

This morning in the quiet of 4am the following words emerged.

Each day he rises in a box
Descends the stairs
Undoes the lock
And eats the crisp
Dropped in a bowl
And drinks his coffee, newsprint fresh.

He drives his metal chariot forth
His mind in gear
Fuel tank brimming
And meets the fifty storied mirror¹ of
his own collective making.

He rises into the sky upright
With seventeen others dressed in grey
And sits down in his contoured chair
The mountains gleaming in the west
And buys and sells and wheels and deals
And figures dance within long lists
While emptiness eats out his core.

At four he walks with fellow twins
The mountains swallowed in the dark

¹ The downtown core of Calgary has huge skyscrapers, mostly banks and oil companies, which are clad in reflective glass.

To enter in and then descend
To find his car

— not who we are —

And drive in ant lines
stop and go

Ascends the stairs

Undoes the locks

Continuing in his box.

In Gaza heartless rockets fall,
Far away, sweatshops leaking blood,
Tears of heartache,
Working children,
The unheard plunk as the last
Spotted Owl hits the ground,
— none of this disturbs his sleep.
— or does it?!



Victoria B.C. Dec/06

MY MOTHER

written 17 days before she died on Christmas morning

Her hands
Lying on the white sheet.
Bony, shrunken flesh
A skeletal form.
Skin soft like velvet or
the surface of a young rose petal moments
after the last drops of night dew have evaporated.
So warm, pouring out heat like a star going nova.
So fragile, blotchy and veined.
A recording of a hundred billion touchings.
Tools of such knowledge.
Drawing, and building,
and grasping, and healing,
and loving, and defending,
and holding, and steadying,
and guiding, and enquiring,

and picking, and scratching,
and pleasuring, and offering,
and comforting.

Washing clothes and dishes and houses;
preparing tens of thousands of meals;
popping in thermometers and putting on bandages;
driving cars and counting money;

Holding pens and pencils and books and musical instruments and hammers and
screwdrivers and saws and secateurs.

Eighty-four years of constant handling,
servants of knowing
— an inconceivably vast journey of becoming
now resting on a clean white sheet.

Amazing these hands
leading into thin arms
and even thinner bony body.

This flower of the universe entering the last chapter of visible existence.

All our lives we hold back something.
And now in the last supper of our days
We begin to loosen, and prepare to give everything,
to flow, to bend,
to let go into this streaming of mystery.

Mum, I gaze on you — the you in my mind —
and merge with myriad tributaries of contemplation.
Your soft, hot, bony, pain filled body.
Your suchness — immeasurable weaving of planet unfolding
and histories of people,
curiosity manifest in human form.

Determination to endure.

I feel your suchness as part of my own streaming isness
Together with everyone
let's release into all that is beauty and vast,
this creative, flowing, loving of all that is.



New Zealand Jan/07

read by Stephen Hearn at Mum's memorial in early Jan 07

Dear friends, both new and old

As I write this, I can see the waters of the Pacific and I know that these same waters are lapping on the shores of James Bay. A few days before Sybil died, she had some moments of lucidity during which she said, amongst other things, "I'm finding all this so interesting!" Around that time I found myself pondering the question of what and who this person really is, this person Kate, Steve and I called our mother. The contemplation led into writing the following piece which I offer as tribute and thanks to everyone who has touched and has been touched by her life. My prayer is that all that was good and beautiful in her life, continue to flower in the lives of generations yet to come and all that was difficult, find ease and release in the great letting go.

QUESTIONING THE SYBIL

What is mother? Mother is the matrix that births each and all.

What is my mum?

A bubbling, feisty, controlling, discerning, questioning, effusion of
spacing and timing beyond imagining.

Oceans and sky and gulls soaring in the wind.

Golden autumn leaves and salmon fighting up rivers.

Pollen and spores and seeds of possibility,

driving, drifting,

riding the currents of fluids and

gas, of wind and water

and substances yet to be named.

Flowers bonded to a nearby star.

Leaves turning with the light.

Transformations in chloroplast, and nucleus and mitochondria.

Hormones singing with choirs of other hormones

A symphony of muscle and nerves and organs,

The universal opera of intertwining lives and loves, and tragedies and stupidities, and

acts of heroism and breath stopping glimpses of blessedness,

This is my mum - a unique expression of all these weaving

threads of numberless living beings.

Who is my mum?

She is a particular flowing pattern of being and feeling,

Mother of Francis, Steve and Kate,
Former wife of John,
Daughter of Crafer and Smith,
Sister of Victor and Bella, and Joan and others.
Her form is a moko of so many characters and faces,
the caregiver, the nurse, the muse, the showoff, the technician, the artist and
medical expert, the manipulator, the lover of music, the nature mystic, thinker,
collector, and controller.

Again,
Who is this being?
My mum?
Opinionated, critical, pushy, gossip,
A lusting for freedom
A painful needing for intimacy
A fear of commitment
A distrust of letting go
A survivor and product of alcohol and
Poverty, and war and politicians and class systems,
A fighter constantly climbing, striving,
Huge energy to survive and cut through whatever is seen to stand in her way.

She is a confidant and mentor to many,
An inspiration.
Her body is tattooed inside and out with the marks
and stories of her manyfold journeyings,
A Smith, a Hearn, a Margaret, a queen, a failure, a powerhouse,
a mother, a Sybil, witch and seer,
She is simultaneously all of this and more,
This who,
who is my mother.

When is my mum?

She spans many ages, countless stories, histories fanning out
as they fade in the creative mixing of time long past.
Her life is pulsing in the fullness of the lives of countless beings living now.
It bubbles and bursts,
Buds breaking open,
Flowerings of possibilities,
The continuous braided river of time,
Weaving out into the faint future,

The song of Sybil fading, more and more evanescent, into the universe musing,
Musing on a music resounding.

How is my mum?

How came she to be?

She is due to causes and conditions, the existence of the universe,
the history of galaxies, of star birth and death and the proliferation of elements, the
entire, incomprehensible periodic table of becoming.

She is due to planet formation, to cell lineages and linkages.

To make my mum from scratch,
you first of all would have to make a universe.

You take DNA patterns and mutually co-operative endeavours of unimaginable
numbers of responsive, self-replicating, self-repairing beings.

Mix them with social interactions, reproductive strategies,
feeding methods and defence mechanisms.

Fold them with beliefs, and hopes
and a sprinkling of anxiety and concern
for what others think.

Bake slowly in the fires of life's unique trials and tribulations.

Constantly break out of the pan and allow the process to set (momentarily)
into this recognisable form of Sybil.

Then . . .

Invite a multitude of beings to partake.

This is how to do a Sybil, my mother,
my mum.

Where is my mum?

She lives in my knowing,

Woven from the threads of my own what, who, when and how.

She is in the knowing, the being, the matrix of constantly creative intelligence called
Kate and Steve and Woody and Lori and Dawson and Carolyn and Tarchin and
Mary and Connie and Joan and Bella and Vic and Sheila and Helen and Don and Bill
and John and Margaret - this list is endless.

She lives, has lived and will live in the minds of gulls and raccoons and cats and
cedars and flowing rivers and estuaries and Caribbean beaches,

She lives in the myriad animals and plants that have woven with and through her being,
changed forever through these particular intimacies.

She has lived in the vividness of her own knowing,
a convocation of knowings of every shape and colour,
each giving their all to this seamless cloak,

A translucent garment of many colours.

a unique wondrous gift, this vastness of emotion and feeling and understanding
that is my mum.

Why is my mum?!

Ah!

My thinking comes to a complete stop.

And when it resumes, it finds only platitudes slipping through fingers
grasping at the moon of certainty.

Why?

Because God makes it so.

Because the Buddha makes it so.

Because the universe makes it so.

Because this final mystery of why,

The 'Y'

The eternal forking of the road,

Diversity as oneness.

Oneness as diversity.

Why my mum?

Yes . . .

That is my mum,

- a great why-ing embodied!

Why-ing with emotion, with feeling, with all her intellect and faculties.

A glorious attempting to make sense of it all,

This what-ing

This who-ing

This how-ing

This where-ing

This when-ing

This why-ing

This beautiful, irritating,

ultimately-not-holding-anything-back-flowing,

This unfolding heart-mind

This mystery . . .

My mum.



Wangapeka June/07

TRACKING, OUR TRUE NATURE

Observing wildlife, one must

learn to be very still and patient;
to become part of the foliage,
to disappear in a hide.

To observe the untamed, unfamiliar wilderness of
our own unexplored body/mind,
we need the same kind of stealth.

We need to hunker down close to the ground
of being. A novice watcher/researcher
often becomes so still their muscles can ache
in frozenness
and their minds can ache
with expectation
but . . .

If this passion for contemplative enquiry becomes life long,
we eventually learn to relax, at ease,
disappearing in the fabric of spontaneously existing interbecoming.

This is the union of 'samatha' and 'vipassana'.

Vibrantly awake; together
they reveal something marvellous!

(Samatha is a Pali word often translated as calm abiding. Vipassana is often translated as insight but really has the sense of looking, investigating, discerning or enquiring, deeply.)



Melbourne, Oct 24/07

responding to a letter of request

The finest preparation
for the coming intense period in Starship hospital
is simplicity itself.

One thing at a time.

One breath at a time.

One love at a time.

One blessing at a time.

One spasm of fear at a time
One release in laughter at a time.
One falling into sadness at a time.
One struck dumb with wonderment at a time.
Dear L. and C.
This huge life journey.
Extraordinary!



Jan/08

reading essays by Maturana

Mind is a subject centred process.

Abiding in the great process,
Structures facilitating organization,
Structures manifesting distinction,
Distinction flowering as structure.

All arises in the process of observer
Process changing observations.
Observation shaping process.
Structure determines organism dynamic
Organism dynamic is plasticity of structure.

Structures couple and mutually shape
Mutual shaping, seen by an observer, is structure.
Structural dynamic is the living act of distinction making.
Distinction making is mind.

Mind is a subject centred process



Wangapeka Feb/08

I close my eyes
Enter the undulating currents of feeling
Silver pings of rain on sleeping leaves
Echoes of immensity
Hovering in the endlessness.



In the sepia tones of half moon light
Lingering on the threshold.
Blessedness.
Home.



Waikani, Feb 19/08

A GREY MOMENT CONTEMPLATING HWA YEN AND
WHAT I AM DOING WITH MY LIFE.

Seeking principles
seeking patterns
seeing patterns, excitements, AHHs!

Sharpening senses,
sharpening focus,
freeing,
liberated in larger understanding.

Deepening sense of competence,
possibilities of moving the world in ways that enhance.
Wanting to share.
Finding metaphors to illustrate the intangible discoveries.

Attention and value shifting from initial fact,
to principle,
to illustration,
to metaphor.

Communicating metaphor.
Listener experiencing metaphor as their initial fact,
then . . .

Losing the plot
starting a religion
lost in samsara
yearning for release
seeking principles
seeking patterns

how many rounds
how much erosion
finally death
how exhausting!



Wangapeka March 10/08

written after a very beautiful forest walk

I come from my mother
and mother I be
forest and sky and thee



Wangapeka March 30/08

FLOWERS OF GRATITUDE

Thinking of my mentors and teachers
Flowers of gratitude bloom.
Through the grace of your wisdom and compassion
May I rest as the ocean of thusness.
Your knowing deeply imprints my continuum.
May my life become soil for the growth of many wondrous beings.
GURO BUDDHA DHARMAKAYA NAMO



Wangapeka April 7/08

on returning from an astronomy outing

INNOCENT LAMENT

Two car loads of people
filled with precision optics and grand aspiration
journeying forth to glimpse
the mystery.

One mystery;
four legs and delicate feeling paws and two
glistening button eyes
moist snout twitching

thousand quills fanning - investigating
the star lit plane of stones
in search of yummys and adventure.

Headlights and crescending roar
tam tam tam
 zig ... ah good
Tam Tam Tam
 zag ... NO-OH!
TAM TAM TAM
 Thump-thump!
silence,
 diminishment
another sadness.

And reflection on expensive instruments for seeing
 and good intentions
 and cars and roads and creatures
 and blindness and killing and death.

Heggie, I carry you with me
 grieving in this lucent morning stillness.
Together may we all,
all of us,
we uncountable billions of trillions of sentient wondering
may we find ways of flowering true love,
deep reverence
and care filled gentle walking
 this impossible
 fragile mystery
 this path
 this suchness
 just as it is.



May 9/08 Wangapeka
Early morning, mild,
raining lightly,
sitting easefully,
hot drink warming.

In my head, a living planet,
steadily turning,
vast, spacious, sentient, beautiful.
Seeing infinite living beings,
each with an equally magnificent planet,
revolving in their heads,
each perceiving
myriad beings.

Then, in my throat,
the whole planet turning.
Resting into this timeless dervish gyre,
feeling the whirling planet in the throats of sentient beings
of every shape and form, wherever I look,
infinite net-workings of communication.

In my heart,
an even larger turning planet.
Marvelling at cloudscapes and oceans
and weather systems and tectonic activity
and species expanding and contracting,
living in and through
each other.

Within the heart of each individual living appearance is
an equally vast magnificent turning planet
and within this heart mystery
is inconceivable communion and deep
feeling/recognition of the
awesome profundity of fellow journeyers.

Now,
in my abdomen
and the abdomen in every being,
a shocking, continuous,
explosion of renewal and creativity,
a living world,
an ever-fresh birthing.
Sitting in my hut,
the rain falling,
the sound of Mary making tea in the kitchen,

vision joins sensation,
I am on this very same planet,
embedded in a flowing
with or as
its being-ness.

The planets are turning in head, throat, chest and belly.
My seeing
and communicating
and intuiting wholeness
and fecund creativity,
are the seeing
and communicating
and heart knowing
and life/death transforming
of this almost too much to glimpse mystery.
This glorious life becoming,
Gaia, God, Dakini, Guru, Mother,
— suchness beyond names —
I give myself to you.

Oh wonderment.
Oh being of the great moving . . . Ahhh !



Christchurch May/08

while contemplating refuge on South Shore Beach

In faith and trust and wonderment, we give ourselves to this suchness;
 this seamless mystery of living and dying.
Spacious, loving, with feet solid in the earth, we nurture the hints at blessedness;
 the myriad faces and masks of god.
Moving in this flow of compassion and deepening enquiry;
 we engage with all beings in ways that tend to support the integrity,
 stability and beauty of the entire biotic community.



Orgyen June 7/08

Begin with your own life.
Begin with your own life.
In the very centre.
This deep well of luminosity
 beyond any darkness or light.
This immensity of being
 beyond any hoping or fear.
Striding cross the abyss.
One side plunges daily crucifixion
One side falling for ever.
This life
This impossible melding
This mystery
Our beginning
Our opening
Our flower.



Edmonton Aug/08

Oceanic traffic
Ambulance fish
Marinating in urban nowness
Letting be, this
Soup of sensitivity.



Strolling with Basho
People wear earmuffs
Machine drone and clamour
Still, the cricket
Sounds the dusk
Bowling this grass blade
 delicate musing
Singing the moist earth
And distant cousin stars.



ODE TO A GREY SQUIRREL

Little stuffed furball
Stealing nuts from Africa
High wire gymnast
Who needs Beijing?!



Zephyr, Ontario Sept, 11/08

DAWN IN ZEPHYR

Like waking from a dream
A searching feeling, expanding
 along the borderlines and interstitial avenues of worlds,
Re-looking, smelling, listening, tasting, touching, re-searching
The continuity of creativity
Agast in an ocean of exuberancy.
Re-aquainting
 this time, this space,
Each moment a rosary of stasies.
Re-aquainting
 moments opening into fathomless worlds of ungraspable interbecoming.

This morning
 this glorious breath catching
 dancing of light and bird chorus and
 warm seatedness and smooth mind.



Sun 13/08

SUNDAY DAWN BLESSING IN ZEPHYR

Humid morning stillness
Air scrubbed clean by rain
Ragweed flooded meadows
And an ocean swell of crickets and poplar leaves.

Gazing cross the textured fieldness,

Softening the looking
 -so soft and spread out,
And wondrously
 the blond waving grasses resolve
 into ears and long bouncing legs and
 luxurious horizontal tail.

Coyote being
 high stepping in the wet grass and wildflowers
Sniffing out the morning news,
Checking the terrain,
Curious, sensitive meandering -
 these fields of yet another day
Blessed
 this jewel like Zephyr morning thus-ness.



Ottawa Sept/08

You are the soil of my being.
I am the soil of your being.
We are the ground support of each other.



Dharma Centre Kinmount Oct/08

FOR TRYG

walking down the path
 walking down the path
 We've done this before
 walking down the path
We're doing this again
 walking down the path
 walking down the path
 Glorious!



Orgyen Hermitage Jan 18/09

Living dharma is never something alternative.
It's not a life style. It's not a fringe movement. It's not way of dropping out.

Living dharma is not a social critique, a flea on the back of a lumbering cultural giant
crying caution and prophesy while intimating itself as an only truth.
Living dharma is not a protest movement, a cult, or religion. It's not a system of
psychotherapy. It's not a teaching, or a path, or a method of saving the world.
Living dharma is not a school of philosophy and it will never
be found in the phone directory.
To google it, will only lead one to pixels of reminiscence, stale letters and discarded
diaries; sprinklings of silica dust hinting at paths no longer walked.
Living dharma is living mystery.
It is perennially present.
Its availability is the source of true democracy.
Its teachers and its students are life itself suffusing each and every moment.
Its method is autopoietic awakensness.
Its appearance is interpenetrating community.
Its expression is inherently compassionate.
Its substance is ungraspable.
Its realisation is clear and functional.
Its agenda is creative and trackless.

My writing of these words is its body.
Your reading these words is its joy.
Everywhere present yet so rare to realise.
Hey friends, the silvereyes are waking in the bush of their wondrous knowing.
The cicadas have just turned on all around my hut and now - in the field
of your own inner hermitage.
Smells of decay and the humming of the stream,
The potatoes are coming into flower.
Let be in confidence.
This suchfulness is continuously it.



Orgyen Jan. 29/09

What does it mean to relax and to observe? True relaxation is deepening in non-abidingness; is real-isation of sunyata; is coming home. Liberating observation is relaxing in the play of myriad things; is vivid detail; is alive presence. Both of these, together in all their fullness, is something precious.

For thousands of years
I've been looking for home
While looking, obscuring being home in the looking.

Looking as plotting, as planning as booking,
in hotels and planes,
in courses and teachings,
in meetings and business.

I'm constantly booking with
visions of homing while all the time
looking and rare-rily seeing. I buy the
T shirt, take the picture, and jot a
few words in a diary of memory,
vivid then gone in an op-shop of discards.

We are constantly looking through
leavings of others, raking the
tables through sweaters and trousers,
old shoes and records and chipped mugs
and calendars, looking for nowness
for healing for home.

I'm worn out with looking
I do have a booking with looking and
seeing it's we that is looking, the
looking is we-ing, this we-ing of union,
a dancing of com-uni-ty.

For billions of years we've been looking and booking
these visions of homing. This wondering dearly
a wondering looking and booking a ticket
the train has arrived. It is now.



Dorjeling Retreat, Tasmania Feb 25/09

For the sake of all beings,
Profound ease
Clear discernment
And a great breadth of love.



Orgyen March/09

Sitting on the earth.
Moisture seeping into cloth
Smells of plants and creatures deeply penetrating
Birds and crickets singing,
Leaves rustling and grasses bending
Muscles tired from digging and hauling
A field of knowing
A meadow of caring,
The Dharma Farmer rests
 at ease
 complete.



Orgyen March 18/09

I think we modern humans are mostly skithering on surfaces.
Sparkling colours and jingly jangly sounds.
Pushing hard - a strong wake marks our track.
 More sparkle,
 more jingle jangle
bubbling the lives of other tourists;
 travellers crazed and hungry, all
 recording images in a manic grab at meaning.

I yearn for depth,
for muted mystery and the deep voice of time.
To open the stop cocks of my fibre-class runabout and
let the sea-ing, the seeing of the whole living world,
moisten my centuries dark dry places,
soaking in the liquidity of life and
sinking like a seed,
full of faith,
falling into the fertile loam of here.

I feel a need to garden but
the stirring is deeper still.
To be a garden, to be a home,
to let the skithering skither - a decorative activity,

to open all the doors,
all the windows, all the knot holes, all the letter slots,
to open in transparency
in wonderment
in delight and reverence,
solid, timeless,
roots feeling their way multidimensionally,
deepening into the soil of fullness.



Melbourne, May 10/09

RENEWAL

Written in the early morning, before driving up to Kinglake where bush fire destroyed everything, 2 months ago.

Loss.
Torn to shreds.
Returned to stunned not-knowing
Resting in it.
Gently,
the stirring of breath,
a moving of newness assembling
while in this forest of desolation, green shoots push out from charcoaled columns.

Eyes, ears, nose, touch,
tasting in this waiting,
egg shaped, in this hidden nest of now,
surrendered in the mystery unfolding.

Hard shell
hiding,
protecting,
blocking out and cradling in
a tiny flame of life,
a pained heart of poignancy.

And the planet turns.
Swimming through stars and space,
the Pleiades move northward.

Birds and roos; echidna returning,
ferns and flowers on blackened floor
as this egg shell, tentatively, hesitantly, achingly, heaves and cracks,
and a newness;
delicate,
innocent,
stripped bare,
quivering in the midst of movement miraculous,
trembles in the sun drenched dew.



Wangapeka July 17/09

PLAYFUL PLEASURE

Mellifluous melody of modern mystic
a molding of melding of multitudes mingling
myriad moments merging through meeting
mmmmm !!!!



Wangapeka Aug. 19/09

A rose one day, looking to the sky
said vastness, what should I do?
And the sky embracing rose
said rise and so she rose,
A flowering of the sky of mind.
A minding of the sky of flower
Arise oh flowering rose
and be the rising rose
you already are.



Reverencing the great mystery of education
I flex and bend and move in the flow of your unfolding wisdom.
May all beings realise the blessing of profound aliveness
and dance their lives in the flowering of wonderment and love.



Orgyen Dec. 2009

Opening the doors of seeing, listening, smelling, touching and tasting.

Rooted deeply in the earth,

Softening,

Loving,

Overflowing with wonderment,

In such a garden, where can there be difficulties?