

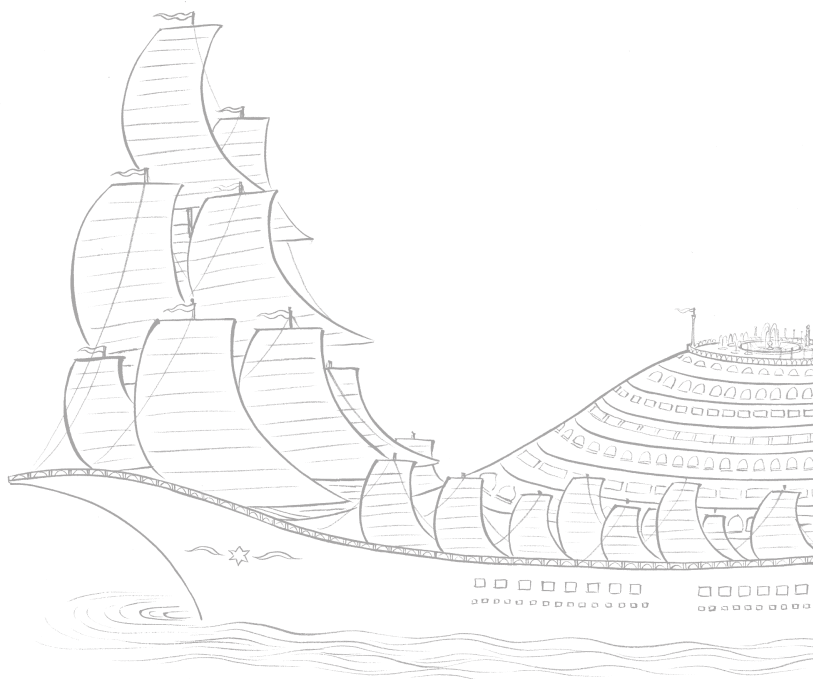


YU HIS'S SCROLLS OF EPIC NOVEL (XII)

# *Pristine*

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*Yu Hsi*



Translator : Jamie Chen



# *Pristine*

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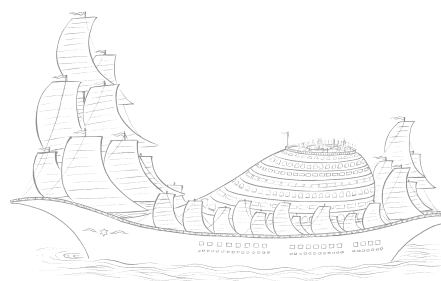
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# Pristine

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## Chapter One:

### As He Makes the Scene

*You are from the South where the heat is; it is about serving, receiving, and achieving.  
You and 我 are ever so inseparable like a body and its shadow...*

Vague, nebulous clouds fashion a “mountain shape” drifting aloft in the sky.  
A buffalo fond of ventriloquy strolls in the vernal Valley of Butterfly.  
A mobile fortress is on the rove in the unbounded azure ocean.  
Alas! The Wheel of Time reverses for three thousand years,  
Witnessing the “I” that still fashion the Flying Buffalo in the Spirit Mountain  
Whilst another “I” dreamt last night that the broken mirror from the olden days  
was made whole again.  
Inside the mirror, that timeworn oil lamp is lit again tonight.  
Vague, nebulous clouds fashion a “shaping mountain” drifting aloft in the sky.

Tonight, the fishing boat went ashore at the quay by the old lighthouse from its  
pelagic trip;  
我 once again sailed back from the incredible voyage.  
I await with expectation and endearment in hometown,  
Wishing that the violent winds of force thirteen on the Beaufort scale will not  
cause huge waves to surge again tonight.  
我 gave me a pair of climbing shoes when we parted long ago;  
We agreed to rendezvous on the day of Vernal Equinox and have an outing  
together.  
Last year, the train with number 2020 ran on the North-link Railway Line,

Fleeting by the east coast facing the Pacific Ocean.

I absorbedly gazed at 你 with smiles and lost in thoughts.

I took the black trench coat with blue strands that 你 handed over and wrapped it around my shoulders.

In the very instant, I felt being totally enfolded by the passionate warmth of 你.

Thirty-one years ago, someone gave 你 a scarf in pure color

In late autumn when frost had started to fall and the white horse entered the reed catkins.

Sixteen years ago, she re-wove the golden brim of it for 你.

It was during the time of Winter Solstice and Little Cold when the Tale of Winds was being enacted.

Eight years ago, you once again embroidered a fire phoenix along the brim of the brocade.

Last night, in the dreams, 你 asked me to knit a curved Milky Way on the scarf as well.

At that very moment, I was struck by the piercing stare of 你.

你 held my little hands and a sort of magical pulse wave just ran through me.

It was as if my whole body were being struck by lightning that it quickly started to transmit heat and quiver.

你 said that my lips are as sweet as the icy springs from melt vernal snow.

你 said that my nose is as magnificently sharp and upright as a pure white icy mountain peak.

A hurricane of affection is transformed into phenomena of love.

That night, I woke up from a sweet dream —

Out of the sudden I noticed that the skin on my wrists still bears the traces of the touch of 你...

With a pair of innocent eyes, I

Witness the pure and fabulous affection you feel dearly for 你.

With a pair of innocent eyes, I

Witness the eternal protection 你 assiduously renders to you.

I had a dream again last night.  
I dreamt that there was a different realm, the space of the third scroll, in his dreamland.  
An injured mantis escaped from his tightly bitten teeth;  
The pain was such that it dashed away immediately.

I saw his feet — as tender as a baby's —  
Were being tightly bitten at by another mantis.  
“Ouch! It is so painful!” he cried out.  
In the dream I had last night,  
I found out that there was an alternative corner, the third corner, in the dreamland of “e” —  
It is a used return ticket left behind by “e”  
When he took the Milky Way train long ago.  
“e” lingers inside the totem of the mysterious ticket,  
Being bashful and hesitant and yet imbued with great elation at the same time.  
You hold in your hand an ancient precious ruby candle.  
Lit as it is, you still cannot find your way out.

This morning, in the garden with azaleas in full bloom, I  
Saw two pairs of butterfly alae inscribed with Sanskrit scripts  
Fly hither to stay on the splendid fingertips of 𑖀𑖡 and remain still.  
By the time we arrived at the Rain Charm Pavilion on Mount Miao-Feng,  
The chilly drizzly weather suddenly cleared up.  
I remember she had once waited for 𑖀𑖡 in the rain.  
And her irradiating sweet smiles  
Had rendered it to blossom with gorgeous rosiness all over the mountains.  
By the minutely yet constantly changing Heavenly Pool,  
Branches of the Indian Almond trees all point southerly.  
You are from the South where the heat is; it is about serving, receiving, and achieving.

You and 君 are inseparable like a body and its shadow.  
When it comes to you on the day of Vernal Equinox, the sprouts of affection and  
the love flowers of enlightenment  
Are flourishing and blossoming generously and freely.

## Chapter Two:

### I Shall Follow

*I am meditating; in the realm of forms, worms awake and wriggle in the earth.*

*I am recalling the past; at zone 53 in the array of the terraces and towers in hometown...*

The sounds of running water babble and gurgle in the rivers.  
The drifting sail carried the roving travelers  
And came to cast anchor at the moonless harbor for the night.  
Two currents of convective clouds collided with each other  
So as to supply the earth with abundant water.  
If the universe is too esoteric to be grasped,  
Why do gods still have a clue somehow?  
You who are mystic, ㄟ who is romantic, and he who is passionate  
Run a chain store together that sells dreams.  
The primitive peach trees are hidden in the secluded forest;  
Shielded by the God of trees and forests, they have never been discovered.  
The wind is howling; how come out of the ever-frozen icy mountain rocks  
Surprisingly grow tens of thousands of blooms of flames today?

Last night, ㄟ came sprightly to my dreams,  
Showing me the way to jocund dreams in the dreamland.  
Since I intended to prim up for the occasion and accompany ㄟ to the theater,  
A group of people agreed to meet at dusk to have a haircut first.  
I was the first one to arrive at the dreamy barber shop.  
The barber wanted his apprentice to start with shampooing me and giving me  
skincare.  
Afterwards, he took me by car to another place for haircutting.  
Fearful of others in the same trade in the region to steal business,  
He drove through a rugged and rough gruesome path.

I came to a small rural town so much like an ancient farming village.  
All of us met there again.  
Oddly, on stage in front of the temple was a mysterious tribal drama.  
There were psychics in action; performing self hypnosis, they imagined themselves  
to be immortals, gods and buddhas.  
We ran in panic inside the labyrinth of the nine indigenous tribes,  
Treading and turning in confusion in the messy and unorganized alleys and lanes of  
the aboriginals.  
Unaware of the lapse of time, we then started to notice the first rays of the  
morning sun light up the firmament.  
All of us had our feet in the blossoming cotton field.  
Afar, the familiar road came into everybody's field of vision...

Your dreamlike smiles seem to be a combination lock that unbars the mirth of ㄟ.   
Your lissome feet tripped it lithely and gracefully,  
Minutely enacting the endless tale of the Vernal Equinox.  
Mathematically, either to add to or to subtract from 37 — the figure of comparative  
inference<sup>1</sup> of the mystic train with number 2020 —  
Or 31 — the figure of negative inference — you will have 8.  
Two stars belonging to the Dipper Mansion<sup>2</sup> of direct inference suddenly appear in  
the Milky Way tonight.  
Multihued vernal colors are lavishing along both riverbanks, offering a feast of  
handsome views as far as the eyes can see.  
Listen! Your soft murmur has called out the vast azure of the sea.  
Behold! The desert rose ㄟ brought back from the incredible waterway  
Is trying to outshine your Star of Bethlehem.  
You desired ㄟ to keep you company in the garden full of azaleas  
To enjoy the view of the exceptional butterflies dancing gracefully with their  
chromatic wings.  
Suddenly “e” approached and produced an enveloped letter from the front of his  
Chinese garment.

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1.A syllogism that consists of proposition, reason and example.

2.One of the twenty eight lunar mansions.

“e” asked ㄣ not to open it until he reached the path juxtaposed with lilies.  
 I had promenaded with ㄣ on the costal shore facing the Atlantic Ocean,  
 Along Shakespeare Bay in New Zealand,  
 Following the crest lines of the ridges on the east coast overlooking the Pacific  
 Ocean,  
 And on the east part of the island of Hokkaido facing the Sea of Okhotsk.  
 ㄣ said I am the fair butterfly that flew hither from the dreamland.  
 Eight years ago, we made a pact to meet up this spring to follow our dreams and  
 have an outing in the verdant nature.  
 I gather there will be a miracle of love tonight...

A sense of being thrilled by sublime beauty; a sense of adoration; a sense of being  
 emotionally moved;  
 A brooding mind; a sentimental heart; a waft of vernal breeze  
 Reddens the peach blossoms all over the branches in hometown.  
 You and I are of the same substance<sup>3</sup> and we never break.  
 Even if tsunami would occur in the sea of dreams  
 And overwhelmingly inundate the mountain peaks slightly strewn with Chinese  
 silver grass,  
 The Barque of Mercy would drift hither and function as a bridge on water.  
 In an instant, the mountaintop is transformed into flat land.  
 You and I are well trained, and we both have a “diamond indestructible body”.  
 You and I will never separate from each other, and we are assimilated into the  
 placid tranquility.  
 “e” and I share the burden for the sake of a great cause.<sup>4</sup>  
 Behold! Gradually the glowing wheel of setting sun disappears from the sky.  
 I am meditating; in the realm of forms,<sup>5</sup> worms awake and wriggle in the earth.  
 I am recalling the past. At zone 53 in the array of the terraces and towers in  
 hometown,  
 Every section has its own sequence of signs and codes.

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3.The first of the ten forms of understanding from a summary of the teaching of the Zen school.

4.The second form of understanding.

5.World of sensuous desires.

She and I attend the assembly and together we consult the repetitions of verses that tally with the mind.<sup>6</sup>

The universe with its myriad of majestic phenomena cannot cause trepidation to you, ㄣ and “e”.

She enjoys foreboding inside the consciousness of the zone of fantasy,

Loving to create a surprising encounter with ㄣ in her dreams.

All the scenes, images and fragments of the past revisited in remembrance

Are devoured by her scroll of mountains capped in snow-white clouds.

Tidal waves ebb and secrete her deep memories,

Taking an impression of her true love so that an instant turns into eternity,

So that it remains eternal and immutable in the world of forms and realm of sentient beings.

And it is then transferred back to the incredible waterway of ㄣ.

He and I share the same knowledge of ultimate truth<sup>7</sup> like lilies in winter releasing brisk autumn.

Look! ㄣ gave me and him a pair of jogging shoes each.

We go jogging side by side along the fields immersed in smoky light and slight drizzle.

Dreams proceed, tracking the trajectory of light.

Forms shift, following the instructions of gods.

It is the tipsy feeling of love in spring

That induces the direct inference of love arising in this season.

It comes from the dreamlike broad and vast kalpa;

They finally reunite and snuggle up to each other today.

ㄣ and I share the understanding of ubiquity.<sup>8</sup>

Before, in the clay-brick hut as well as in the stone house,

We had lit candles together at dusk.

In the night of vernal breeze, we opened the windows to greet the bright full moon.

We enjoyed the view of the lucent dewdrops dancing upon tender new leaves at

Vernal Equinox.

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6.The third form of understanding.

7.The fourth form of understanding.

8.The fifth form of understanding.

Affection is infusing like that piece of sandglass at the corner of the walls.  
 Love is glimmering and advancing like starlight in the Milky Way.  
 He and I are complete  
 And without lack.<sup>9</sup>  
 The Spirit Peak is obscured by clouds,  
 The wetland veiled in haze.  
 Last night, 袞 gave me an sapphire pendant,  
 Telling me that my eyes are as lucid as lake water.  
 You and I share the same gains and losses.<sup>10</sup>  
 If 袞 does not return tonight,  
 You and I will go looking for him together.  
 I had a dream last night;  
 I dreamt that I became invisible behind the black curtain and performed the art of  
 flying in the sky and fleeing underground.  
 袞 said that there is a treasured sword between your eyebrows;  
 袞 said that there is a golden mallet inside one of my sleeves.  
 You and I share the same destiny when it comes to life and death ☺.<sup>11</sup>  
 I gazed, the look in my eyes expressing my reluctance to part.  
 Tonight, I strand myself in a waterway of love,  
 No longer on the drift following the tides of affection.  
 I see a colorific hunting leopard  
 Teasing a virtual butterfly.  
  
 袞 still cannot avert his gaze from me;  
 The lingering look in my eyes is singing the same tune as 袞.<sup>12</sup>  
 A waft of breeze blows the stone mortar, and they compose together a melody of  
 prehistoric chaos.  
 Tonight, the moonlight is embraced by a sea of clouds.  
 I had a sweet dream again at the noon of night.  
 I dreamt that dewy-hearted as I was, I carried inside me antique treasures.  
 Both 袞 and I have attained entry to buddha-truth;<sup>13</sup>

9.The sixth form of understanding.

10.The seventh form of understanding.

11.The eighth form of understanding.

12.The ninth form of understanding.

13.The tenth form of understanding.

He and “e” on the other hand are still pacing to and fro outside the windows of dreamland

Until the sun finally sets and the new moon gradually unveils itself in the sky..

## Chapter Three:

### Slumber in Love

*At seventeen, I am just fond of revealing my navel  
So as to absorb the wholesome energy of sunshine...*

A beauteous butterfly flew hither from the dreamland solely out of curiosity.  
Unintentionally it poked the peach blossom net of love in my dream.  
I wonder how one pays the debt one owed in the dreams when one wakes up.  
Xiao said that I not only had gratuitously intruded the realm of dreams  
But demanded before leaving that Xiao give me some souvenir  
As a proof that I had indeed visited Xiao in his dreams.  
Upon hearing this, I immediately reached into the long front of my Chinese garment.  
To my surprise, there was indeed a roll of scroll inside the front of my garment.  
I studied it further and realized that it is a diary Xiao kept when he was young.  
Xiao expressed the wish to help me fill in the empty space with all the amazing moments  
And spin an exquisite and romantic love story out of it.  
On that day, from the moment when the first rays of the morning sun appear in the sky until the evening glows at dusk gradually disperse,  
Xiao and I were busy opening together the magic door to the six characteristics<sup>14</sup> and the ten metaphysical propositions.  
Exactly 23 kilometers from Bridge 17 on Highway 11  
Is a stop with number 37 on the door, which is the entrance to the dreamland.  
It simultaneously harkens to the innermost heartfelt wishes of me and Xiao.  
Rolling sounds of the sea stir waves that salute the shore now and again.  
The fishing boat afar carries a group of fishermen Xiao had known since he was little,  
For Xiao moved from the west coast to the east sea, bringing with him the mystic moonlight...

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14. Holes and parts, unity and diversity, entirety and its fractions that are found in everything.

At Vernal Equinox, 吳 planned to leave his hometown for the place known as the “different realm”.

Now the Indian Almond trees by the banks of Flower Brook are sprouting new leaves.

We were cruising together on a sailboat with thirteen masts

And sailing it on the azure ocean smoothly

As if it had been steered by clouds and vehicle by the moon.

On that day, from sunset at dusk till the stars were lit in the sky,

Moonlight as bright as jewelry had been shining on us.

On the infinitely jovial and starry bare stage,

Storage of affection and provision of love had already overfilled the barns.

In my world, all maidens love to reveal their navels.

In your world,

One after another ballad is being sung all the time with such enchantment.

In her world,

Virtual scenarios repetitively stimulate the memories of true love.

In his world,

A drop of broken-hearted tear is shed in the three dimensional unenlightened condition to the power of N.

Thereupon, love stories are being enacted one after another in the heart of the moon.

In the world of “e”,

An original force of puerile youth is inscribed between the brows of the bright and clever eyes of “e”.

A ray of morning light fashions the beautiful figure of “e” upon the mirror-like water surface.

We cheer in unison on the sailboat with the erected thirteen masts,

Welcoming the very first and most brilliant ray of dawn this morning.

At seventeen, I am just fond of revealing my navel

So as to absorb the wholesome energy of sunshine.

Poplars and willows by the riverbanks sway in the vernal breeze, helping the giant  
 wood spiders to spin their webs and fix definite territories.  
 The setting sun shines on the path sealed by multihued butterflies that flit about in  
 the air.  
 The land is repetitively trodden upon by explorers that it resembles newly-patched  
 quilts.  
 Your love is transforming magically like cell nucleus;  
 My affection is yeasting in my skin like leaven.  
 She wondered why the sky is so low tonight.  
 We have journeyed through innumerable crags and torrents together in no time.  
 You wondered why the Milky Way is adorned with such resplendent stars tonight.  
 I said that the lake in former days would never have frozen up.  
 ㄟ already foresaw that cold ashes today will blaze up anew.  
 He said that branches shriveled last year will blossom once again this spring.  
 You wondered why moonlight glistens so generously tonight.  
 I saw once again that blue bird carrying a flower in its bill to drop upon your tender  
 and enamored eyes.  
 In her chest, a surging billow of love is rising and falling in her heart.  
 In her peaceful dreamland, in the shrine of her tender heart that is curtained, ㄟ is  
 expected to come back.  
 He loves to embrace the flashing moment and keep it as an eternal memory.  
 Tonight, he will show his most fabulous self on stage.  
 Since the thought of love and tenderness first crossed the mind,  
 Eight thousand years had passed in the dreamland instantly.

“e” is the priestess on Blue Sea — the vessel in the dreamland of ㄟ.  
 “e” enjoys being at the Moonlight Theater in the nightly forests  
 And dancing the passionate Dance of Fire  
 Until peach blossoms in the garden are in full bloom  
 And rosy petals drift in the air.

Butterflies flutter their wings and chase the vernal breeze in glee.  
꠫ earnestly pressed his fingertips between the eyebrows of “e” in placid tranquility  
Before he started voyaging and exploring along the tracks of true love of “e”.  
Behold! The verdant leaf is exhibiting exuberant colors.  
On the drizzly and hazy morning of Vernal Equinox,  
Crystal clear dewdrops hang all over the peach branches along that mountainous  
track...

#### Chapter Four: Mental Phenomena

“Albeit the eighth domain is no longer available for communication,  
We will search for the exit of dreams at the seventh domain,” said ꠫.

A sealed old kiln lies at the secluded corner.  
Butterflies flutter elegantly between blooming pink wood sorrel flowers.  
Amidst the precipitous crags is a relief of a maiden weeping in the moonlight.  
꠫ and I cruise on the dream barque equipped with 111 GB memory space  
Through water curtains hanging over caves, bypassing waterfall windows of light.  
We glide by one mystic door.  
Around it vapor and spray permeate.  
The sound of a few bell chimes is heard from outside the realm.  
Above, ospreys conceal themselves in the depth of the dense clouds.  
꠫ said that we have not drifted to an ultimate illusory realm,  
Telling me not to be panicky, fearful, or awestricken.  
“Albeit the eighth domain is no longer available for communication,  
We will search for the exit of dreams at the seventh domain,” said ꠫.

The mysterious ninth scroll  
Contains a Sutra of the Ocean of Mind—  
In the eyes of e, while he has not the least inkling of the magical incantations of  
affection,

His love for ㄟ is opulent with eternal mutual reliance and trust.  
 You said this is a kind of reciprocal devotion.  
 e said this is a kind of mutual largess, too.  
 Thanks to affection and love,  
 Is the heart no longer lonesome,  
 Nor is life solitary.  
 She said that when she took off from the old homestead,  
 The azaleas all over the mountains had gradually withered.  
 On the thither side of the stream, peach trees already bear copious fruits.  
 Now that a thousand rivers have thawed out, the stream flows purling,  
 Welcoming the fish in the water to swim about blithely.

He said he had forgotten to tell everybody about a story in the dreams he had last  
 night...  
 A water buffalo stepped on a muddy turf,  
 Spattering miry drops onto the trees by the sandy bank.  
 Fluttering butterflies shift themselves into one and many mobile flowers  
 While still flowers turn themselves into meditating butterflies.  
 Dainty butterflies and joyful flowers at the sixth domain  
 Reciprocally manifest the virtual games of logging in and logging out.  
 They repair and engender the formula of love at the dreamy sixth domain,  
 Rendering eternal the everlasting index of true love.  
 Joyful flowers and dainty butterflies are absolute, unmoving.  
 They interchange shapes and forms in the two programs of metamorphosis and  
 rebirth,  
 Reuniting in dreams through a kind of yearning generality.  
 Behold! The thread of a remnant thought of ㄟ forgotten due to excessive longing  
 Wrestles with a factor known as unnamed ignorance in the dreams.  
 All because of a kind of deep expectation—  
 May loneliness never occupy the hearts of her, ㄟ, him, e, you and me.  
 All because of a kind of profound expectation—

May we enliven the cells in our whole bodies at all times.  
I finally realize it.  
I finally awaken.  
In our everlasting and distant time and space,  
We are all waiting in generality for tonight...

The mysterious ninth scroll  
Contains a Sutra of the All-containing Ocean—  
It was I who personally weaved a war totem in the sentient sphere.  
An eternal annihilating battle between affection and discerning, love and reflecting  
unveils.  
All sentient beings in the sentient sphere are sorely wounded.  
e, when little, threw a roundhouse kick with his small feet at sleep,  
Striking seeds of memory into the dreams of 允.  
At a small café, he sips at his coffee.  
Eager to regain his most original self,  
He bolsters a haughty spirit to shed his own shell,  
In the hope that I may see how his true self  
Breaking free from the virtual domain of conversion in the dreams.  
She holds a doll in her arms,  
Standing alone at the far end of the tiny village.  
The look in her lonely eyes is breathtaking,  
Travelling now through the ancient tunnel of original dreams.  
Afar, a bird of prey, with his powerful claws,  
Snatches a lost dancing garment from a clay doll.  
It then dances in the rosy sunset sky on patrol,  
Inquiring about the date when 允 will return from the great voyage.  
The long awaited moment of rendezvous between you and 允 has come.  
The lacking gene of joy has been remedied by true love.  
Happiness from love has filled up the emptiness of loneliness.  
I remember 允 once took a set of Aeolian chimes,

Weaved it into a rose shape and gave it to you.  
At that moment, I saw blazing flames in the ice-covered heaven and earth.  
At “Huting”—the Calling Pavilion—time halts not, no matter how I call out at it.  
At that moment, inestimable fine grains of sand were humming.  
At that moment, innumerable tender loving souls were seething with excitement.  
Spindrifts of love dance lithely and gracefully on top of the billowing surges.  
I once again saw that crimson butterfly on the hill.  
At that moment, it was dancing round the golden mottled bamboos.  
I quietly hid myself behind a thicket of hardy and strong “Buddha’s belly bamboos,”  
Allowing the formulae of dreams to shift in the space of changing forms and  
transforming shadows.  
Look at the stately papal tree.  
Lengthy are the branches and the tree as a whole consists of nine frames.  
Outside the confining pattern, haze, clouds and eagles flutter by.  
Inside the confining pattern, dreams, shadows and forms linger on.  
Outside the confining pattern is the outer heaven.  
A crimson butterfly flaps its wings in a tableau of steamy vapor and misty haze.  
Inside the confining pattern is the inner window within the window.  
Remnants and fragments of remembered dreams again reconstruct themselves into  
a beautiful new transforming domain.  
At that moment, the six of us as an entity boarded the “Azure Ocean,” the never  
receding sailing boat, and took to sea.  
A tiny water globule that flew hither from outside the realm dropped on sky-  
reflecting water, forming one ripple after another.  
It stirred the mirror-like placid sea, rousing successive tempestuous billows.  
At that moment, you said that you had never been fond of fancy Barbie dolls since  
little.  
You would rather be chasing the shooting stars under the starry sky and looking for  
that butterfly with luminous wings.  
At that moment, I saw purple rays of light shooting out from a withered charcoal  
fire.

At that moment, the six of us as one entity boarded a never receding sailing boat,  
and took to sea...

## Chapter Five:

### Discriminating Mental Phenomena

*Behold! 双's strong hands, at "Dou," the beginning of the Wheel of Year of the lunar mansions,  
Hold beautiful "Shen" and "Shang" and tease the sea tides day and night.<sup>15</sup>*

Butterflies flutter graciously above the Flowery Brook.  
Gorgeous flowers drift into rivers and have a jolly ride.  
The hands of 双 gently hold mine,  
And we walk along the ancient cliff sides at the sandy beaches.  
It is that much pondered beautiful dream  
That rubs on the light and shadow of 双 and me at daylight.

In the vernal secret garden,  
Dainty butterflies are chasing our romantic footprints.  
There is no artful talk,  
Only the tender voices of 双 echo in my ears.  
So tranquil are our minds and spirits  
That one can almost perceive the subtle sounds of the void landing.  
There is a kind of umbilical cord of mysterious genes.  
When 双 and I are hand in hand, our fingers clasp tightly together.  
In the drizzle, the stairs become sodden.  
The rain moistens sprouting boughs of Indian almond trees.  
Fresh, tender and translucent are the leaves.  
And on the mulberry trees grow new fruits, too.  
Violet and ruby are they,  
Unsheathing on the day of the Waking of Insects.  
Loving as the Earth is, new sprout and shoots can come here, there and  
everywhere.  
Sentient as we are, images and sceneries fall in love secretly and mature.

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15.Dou, Shen and Shang are three of the twenty-eight lunar mansions.

We promenade to the Flowery Brook,  
Accompanied by the butterflies all over the sky.  
A pair of blue birds sing for us on the top of the coconut tree.  
A mysterious five-clawed golden eagle hovers in the cloudlet-scattered firmament,  
spying on with genuine interest.  
A force-nine gale unleashes blustering storms.  
The setting sun is enveloped in rosy evening clouds.  
Splendid sailing boats brave the waves in thousands of spindrift.  
X has diligently farmed, ploughed, sowed seeds,  
And reaped a Chinese acre of wheat field for me for more than seventeen years.  
Today, I am like a red-maned mettlesome horse,  
Galloping with bright-colored hoofs in the 45°C flaming hot desert  
In order to attend a grand party X throws for me.  
Seventeen as I am, I dress myself in a vest and fatigues,  
Dazzling in the flames of geometric figures.  
Six persons carry six different handbags,  
Playing six different rolls.  
X hurls the shadowy spear to penetrate my virtual shield.  
You chase X's quick-as-lightning wind with your spinning flame wheel.  
He pretends that he is asleep in the dreamland and totally unaware of it.  
X puts on a pair of camouflage patterned wings, transforms himself into a holy eagle,  
Chases the evening glow in the infinite sky strewn with clouds, and dances with them.  
In the broken alms bowl blossoms a pure violet golden lotus,  
Suggesting X to search for the forgotten years in the past.  
The allusions made by e are still concealed at the periphery of dreams.  
With a scarecrow cape she found in the starry night,  
She plays a farmer in the drizzling night and makes her rounds in the fields.  
  
X ignites the genuine flame of life from within.

He raises the armor of spirit, holds the “diamond-blaze” of god,  
 And transforms the dewdrops frozen on the tip of grass since late autumn last year  
 Into extravagant rosiness on the blooming petals this spring.  
 It is a minutely transforming mobile dreamlike party.  
 夔 and I have a secret rendezvous on the hillside covered with azalea in full bloom.  
 On the mysterious Vernal Equinox in the year for more than a decade ago when I  
 was only seventeen,  
 The ruler over the vessel-like world simultaneously manifested birth and death just  
 like this year.  
 Fading red leaves about to fall from the branches and the newborn verdant buds  
 Danced with each other in the easterly by the riverbank of Flowery Brook.  
 Black swans in pairs swam on a thousand rivers.  
 Paired Nymph butterflies and bees gaily winged the air and agreed to meet at  
 “Huting”—the Calling Pavilion.  
 For the very first time, I tasted love in this pair of sweet lips.  
 Ever since then, my wild, innocent and untamed pure heart can never be subdued.  
 Now, the originally tuned love sings along with 夔 at the singing beach.  
 Behold! 夔's strong hands, at “Dou,” the beginning of the Wheel of Year of the  
 lunar mansions,  
 Hold beautiful “Shen” and “Shang” and tease the sea tides day and night.  
 A lone fishing rod is stuck in the soggy sandy beach, totally forgotten and ignored.  
 “Huting”—the Calling Pavilion—awaits the lovers who long ago made the promise  
 to come and visit this place together.  
 In the Waking of Insects this spring,  
 We have met two or three times.  
 I said it is more and more intriguing to gaze upon 夔.  
 夔 said I looked more and more pretty.  
 In a mysterious night,  
 Wind howled much more fiercely.  
 In that mysterious night,  
 夔 extended the wings of love and transformed them into shimmering butterfly

garments

To protect my spirit of mind in shock, fright and fear,  
So that I could fall asleep serenely and sleep a sound sleep throughout the night.  
When I woke up the next morning, 我 told me that the Chinese flowering  
crabapples bloomed last night.  
In the dreams, 我 shifted back to the past more than a decade ago.  
Seventeen as I was, 我 held my hands  
And we strolled round the golden mottled bamboos in the woods.  
I shall never forget this in the sea of memories.  
我 told me that I am an innocent and fair young maiden.  
In the dreams, 我 always responded to my calls.  
The eyes glittered with charm the whole night.  
That night, 我 accompanied me with soft guitar music,  
And I sang for 我 in sweet voices.  
The love and passion of 我 and I came to the close encounters of the third kind.  
Just when it was about to strike my heart, I suddenly woke up with a start,  
Realizing that it was but an ongoing dreamlike vernal party...

## Chapter Six:

### The Power That Discriminates

*This year, the azaleas come into flower rather early.*

*This year, I am slightly troubled by teen love.*

At the Waking of Insects, worms in the earth all start wriggling.  
I have dreams that percolated into the fissure of awakening and slumber.  
X said to me in the dreams,  
“Wait for me throughout the whole winter!”  
I overlooked the azure ocean and firmament,  
And X cast an intense glance at me.

At “Huting”—the Calling Pavilion—the time bygone halts not, no matter how one calls out at it.  
I call incessantly to awake the god in X’s heart.  
In the vernal garden of peach blossoms,  
Rosy raindrops drift in the air before they fall on the ground.  
To sew up the love scar I inexplicably received in a dream in the past,  
It requires X to mend with eternal love now.  
In the interlaced zone of the worlds of sentiment and contemplation,  
X serves two dishes of wild vegetables and a pot of rice porridge.  
My heart is tenderly overflowing with love.  
A piece of leaflet drifts in the light before it is transformed into the phantom shadow of X that dances.  
I, with my watery eyes, intend to tear the virtual embodiment of X.  
X said nevertheless that this is a theatre of reverie.  
I have not come to the wrong studio.  
When the love debt is mended by love, my heart aches not.  
Sewing it up with a drop of sincere tear running through the heart of my spirit

Will suffice to bring back my innocent happiness.

Behold! Fish swim to and fro in a thousand rivers.

Hearken! That peaceful lake of mind is getting impetuous.

The pink oxalises blossom all over the garden at dawn and droop at dusk.

They blossom for the dainty butterflies dancing in the daytime,

And they droop for the dainty butterflies in the dreams at night.

This year, the azaleas come into flower rather early.

This year, I am slightly troubled by teen love.

Now I know not how to make a sensible choice.

Shall I select a piece of scarlet petal about to fall from the tree and pen a love letter to 阿?

Or shall I just pick a verdant newborn bud and send it to 阿 without lettering a word?

Alone, I print my footprints under the moonlit sky strewn with checker-like stars.

I wonder which galaxy 阿 steers the never-receding sailboat towards tonight.

A cloud in the firmament drifts hither and covers the face of the eternal lover.

Somehow the pellucid eyes can no longer see clearly.

The first ray of the morning sun gradually draws the firmament curtain.

The long-legged sunshine kicks right through the sea of red glows.

I see colorful butterflies fluttering in the sea of colorful azaleas.

I see a bunch of small tadpoles dancing in the small ditch.

On the Vernal Equinox on the shore of the East Coast, a flower seems not a flower and fog seems not fog.

Wafts of mist drift in the air, and floating clouds condense into water vapor...

For the past seventeen years, 阿 has diligently farmed a piece of land for me.

This year, 阿 even built a new tile-roofed house for me.

The scents of 阿 permeate through the house.

It is said that there would be a gentle cold-front coming through tonight

And that it would gradually become cooler.

Since the public performance of “The White Horse Enters the Reed Catkins”,  
My heart can no longer escape from the spiritual catching hands of 我.  
That night, the sculling sounds of 我 paddling the barque stirred the shadow of the  
moon.

Moonlight was tinted with the autumn light and attuned to the autumn sounds.  
我和 I mused on the barque of love in a peripatetic manner,  
Resembling an elegantly flickering butterfly that teased a solitary leaflet drifting in  
the air.

It was an extremely dizzying beautiful and resplendent moment.  
With my glittery and enchanting eyes cast I a glance at 我.  
Yet my inner thoughts were revealed inadvertently at the brink of my eyes.  
Behold! The lighthouse illuminates the mysterious number thirteen wharf.  
An osprey strikes with quickness, fierceness and precision,  
Catching a fish within five seconds.

I saw 我 take out a bow kept at the lapel of his Chinese garment.  
He lit the everlasting ancient precious candle at the arrowhead,  
And shot it towards the un-illuminated murky vortex in the darksome night.  
The eyes of 我 saw through the spirit of my mind,  
At which my eternally freezing icy sky melted  
And my eyes were rendered warm and gentle.  
It drizzled slightly at that time  
And distilled crystal dewdrops at the forehead of 我.  
Sea waves teased the rocks on the shore and amused themselves with the spindrift.  
My concealed true love shall conquer all tonight.  
The magical incantations of love unleash for me the passion confined in the air  
dense with wafting mist.  
Tonight, it rushes at will and we are no longer lonesome individuals.

The emotional memories of 我和 I at the pivot of the sea of dreams  
Share common input and output guiding circuits.

我 and I are mutually compatible with joint circulating routes and reciprocal ownership.

I confide all my deepest secrets to 我,

And 我, too, transfers all his deepest secrets to my memories.

That night, both of our tranquil and solitary oceans of hearts were stricken by the seventh grade pulsating waves.

The easterly wafts by, and yet the flowers fall not.

The vernal river purls, and yet the water flows not.

The flowers drift in the air, and yet all of the petals move not.

An instantaneous yearning yesterday brings about the eternal reunion tonight.

It is not a happenstance, but the common promise made by 我 and I in the olden days.

Tonight, 我 tunes the strings for me, and I accompany for myself.

The ratio of the vibrating waves of 我's and my mind spirits

Reaches zero deviation and one hundred percent synchronization.

Behold! At the long deserted ruins in the differentiating realm of the mind sea,

A broken alms bowl is filled with a bright moon...

## Chapter VII:

### Others

*I am the most primal mediator in the heart of ㄣ's everlasting sea of dreams.*

*It has always been I who have given orders in the subconscious in ㄣ's dreams.*

ㄣ tiptoed into my dreams like an actor and arrived at the vernal “Calling Pavilion.” That night, an amusing mythological play was put on stage at the unconcealed theatre.

Behold! The leopard-patterned butterfly wings fluttered in the mighty melody of the wind.

I waded across water in dance steps, the glistening light of waves resembling glittering stars in the Milky Way.

ㄣ loved to copy the flying birds' way of soaring high in the sky, manifesting the gesture of e, the free flowing body.

I stirred the sea waves, which, in the twinkling of an eye, interwove illusions like the crimson evening glow.

It was I who had keyed in a sweet password to the subconscious of the original lover,

So that all the yearnings and longings that drifted across ㄣ's dreams became those for me.

That night, from the clay-made dancer in the closet

Borrowed I a dreamlike dancing costume to wear to the date.

ㄣ extended his wings, which were like the wings of the precious butterfly in the heavenly city, and held me tight.

Forthwith blushed my face scarlet to veil the excited facial expression.

Afar, a pair of Kingfishers flew into the emerald fields at dawn and were lost.

The convective cloud system in the sky last night had already steered elsewhere,

So that the morning sun may emerge again today.

I snuggled up to ㄣ's chest, stayed there the whole night,

And savored the taste of sea just like in a dream.  
A drizzling rain moistened and drifted by my forehead,  
And aroused the nerve endings so that they palpitated.  
I calmed myself down and closed my eyes.  
With my finger tips, I touched ㄣ's glabella where the pearl was hidden,  
And keyed in tender commands to ㄣ's subconscious.  
One kind of eternal love rocked in the waves of particularized discernment.  
One kind of timeless affection boiled in the ocean of mind.  
One scroll of painting on love hidden in dreams that had started nowhere and  
ended nowhere  
Unveiled under the continuous 108 thunderclaps.  
A flag fluttering against the wind was hidden in the garden of dreams.  
In the billowing Nairanjana River<sup>16</sup> were complex lattices  
Written on the dazzling veins of the bo-tree leaves.  
I am the most primal mediator in the heart of the everlasting sea of dreams of ㄣ.  
It has always been I who have given orders in the subconscious in ㄣ's dreams.  
Back then, I was once mischievous and stuck my tongue out at ㄣ.  
Back then, I once blew the vernal breeze across ㄣ's forehead.  
Back then, I once said sweetly and bashfully to ㄣ:  
"We are like a cloth puppet meeting a wood marionette."  
The lens of the down-slanting moonlight chased us from above and caught up with  
our footprints.  
A little spiritual air has leaked from our seas of minds,  
Which intertwined minutely to form companying effect.  
And now, how can I not care about ㄣ ?  
And how can ㄣ not cherish my love?  
Behold! The precipices are hollering facing the vernal winds.  
One after another, the sea tides scan the dynamic conditions of the sentient sky.  
Love is a sword tempered and refined with passion.  
The most original gustatory sense dribbles among one's ten fingers.

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16. An eastern tributary of the sacred river Phalgu in India.

In the windy outdoor staircase, I saw 晓 riding on an old bicycle  
 And searching in the fields blossoming with cerulean flowers for the desolateness  
 of an olden town.  
 Gazing upon the picture of 晓 taken in his youth, which he had left in my arms  
 right before he took leave of his hometown,  
 I set free a story packed with emotion.  
 One night, a white cloud in the sky drifted hither  
 And carried away with it a fabulous scene of moonlight.  
 It is said that 晓, in the verdant forests of anion afar,  
 Has acquired a medical prescription which can cleanse love of mankind.  
 I saw that 晓 was bathed in the soft moonlight.  
 Whip-long rattans cling to the old gnarled banian tree  
 And clamber up the lofty cliff to the summit where the top of the mountain is  
 In order to search for the mysterious golden key that I gave 晓 in the dreams.  
 It is a kind of everlasting promise; it is a kind of unconditional realization.  
 A few tears of love bounce night after night on the indigo pillows in the dreams.  
 A few thoughts of longing search in the dreams for the person one is in love with.  
 There is a forlorn and endless corridor underneath the windy outdoor staircase.  
 A pagoda-shaped pavilion was inlaid among the mountainous rocks.  
 The grass at the ridges has sprinkled verdancy all over the mountains.  
 There are glittering and translucent gullies collecting the tears lovers shed in their  
 dreams.  
 That night, I saw that 晓 walked outdoors and got sodden to the skin.  
 The mysterious Water Dragon stirred up a furious tempest,  
 Turning all of 晓's past memories into mine.  
 That night, I lay by 晓's side  
 And started dreaming even before I fell asleep.  
 I looked for 晓 everywhere in my dreams, only in vain.  
 I came to a thousand-year-old ancient kiln,  
 And saw a thousand-year-old golden toad  
 Looking at its own reflection at the brink of a spiritual, limpid and lucid pond.

I heard a primeval cowry singing a melody of the primal chaos notes,  
While 猧, slumbered by its side, was snoring...  
I reached out to turn on a petite lamp  
And stared reading the logbook 猧 had kept in his youth.  
In the incredible seaway voyage,  
The violent winds of force 13 on the Beaufort scale blew up rough billows and  
carried with them full-flushed waves.  
Behold! That ever forwarding sailing boat hastily steered into a fiord to take  
shelter.  
After having raged from sunset at dusk through the night, the storm finally abated  
at sunrise and the sea was once again calm and tranquil.  
The wings of the wise “Yi-bird”<sup>17</sup> painted on the prow were transformed into arc  
rainbows.  
The look in his eyes softly scanned the tepid water surface,  
Igniting a round torch flame of maples and green maples by the west shore.  
The captain on the ever forwarding sailing boat is playing amazing games in the  
incredible seaway.  
One act after another and one play after another is staged with one climax  
following another, and the curtain never falls...

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17. An aquatic bird mentioned in ancient books.

## Chapter VIII:

### The Others

*The Dream Barque we took has already steered in shore at Fool's Pier.*

*A kind of peerless, profound and subtle power of memory*

*Slips discreetly into the sea of dreams of the sentient beings tonight to conduct self repair.*

You still are the bounty Heaven has bestowed upon 你.

You serve, you receive, and you achieve; you of all people understand the intention of 你.

I am connected with you from three thousand li away in the dream.

In that sea of crimson Azalea bloom,

I see violet flames blazing fiercely.

Above, exuberant airflows are fighting one another.

The winds of force nine on the Beaufort scale blow the thousand-leaf waves to chase a white lotus.

You are aboard the ever forwarding sailing boat; sailing on the crests, you listen to the billows.

Far-reaching is the whiteness in the waves.

There is a barque as white as a snow lotus.

By the visual window in the dreams, I saw a mysterious ancient bell tower.

There is another tower outside the tower which grows a pair of arc wings,

Resembling a beautiful precious butterfly in the heavenly city moving discreetly and minutely.

Reflections of time when the Milky Way flows in reverse can be seen everywhere.

I saw her, a romantic, hold a flickering red candlelight

And walk alone into a dark secluded cave.

She said she had made the eternal promise to 你 in the past; how can she not keep it today?

Behold! That cloth-made dancing costume of a puppet in her palm  
Is being fashioned and germinated in the shadow of the bright and dazzling candle.  
The original power gradually advances to level III out of 100.  
The way she misses 你, thinks about 你 and longs for 你 in her mind is just like the  
way you miss 你, think about 你 and long for 你 in your mind.  
It is like the wide-ranging ocean that encompasses both the inside and the outside  
of the dreams of yours, mine and hers.  
Let 你 stay overnight in a different realm in a different village tonight.  
Have that pulsing wave of light between 你's eyebrows  
Imprinted in a mysterious precious pearl in 你's chignon.  
May the intricate lines on the tips of the fingers of yours, mine and hers  
Lead again to the eternal destination that we share with 你.  
Tonight, it was you who nestled in the arms of 你 first.

I awake my true self under the attentive care of 你.  
Through the communion of hearts between she and 你,  
She came to realize that the real world in which everything the eyes cast upon is  
true.  
He and e are connected with us from eighty-four thousand li away.  
你 carries the moon in the empty ship and never feels that it is heavy.  
e wonders who would understand the heaviness of the burden 你 carries.  
In an instant, hazes above the sea are wafted across the skies of water,  
Immersing and moistening one of e's tender feelings.  
All is bestowed by Heaven.  
We all had once sealed our love pact in the Peach Garden.  
And now, the divine bow granted by Heaven expands not.  
A great splendid mirror reflects thousand kinds of medicinal herbs with miraculous  
effects.  
A solid sentient seed puts forth tens of thousands of beautiful flowers of  
enlightenment.  
A dreamlike attire of spring makes the wings of the precious butterfly in the

heavenly city flutter.

And the fluttering wings of the precious butterfly in the heavenly city stir the  
outspreading stars in the chessboard-like Galaxy.

Subtle and drifting tender feelings are ardently searching for the exit of love.

From now on, love hidden in the dreams need not drift about any longer.

A few claps of thunder echo in the sky out of a sudden.

The Dream Barque we took has already steered in shore at Fool's Pier.

A kind of peerless, profound and subtle power of memory

Slips discreetly into the sea of dreams of the sentient beings tonight to conduct self  
repair.

Behold! The guide at the harbor under the lighthouse

Is leading the ships from afar to steer into the big Pier Number 13.

Visiting businessmen invade and disturb the tranquility in the original town.

The hackers from afar take up free space in the hometown...

When the night falls, my sea of dreams is struck by a dewdrop from outside the  
window.

It is transformed into a flower with three petals and leaves, and it whirls.

When it comes to the radiance of Vairocana hidden in the bright daylight,

Those with a discerning eye claim that they cannot see it at all.

And yet when it comes to the sinking ink seeping into the dark night,

Those in dreams with their eyes still closed

Have already splashed the ink and painted with it in their dreamland.

In the morning twilight, a few stars still linger in the dim Milky Way.

In my dreams, ㄟ and I have gradually mastered the knack of true love.

I sing aloud the melody of the sea to ㄟ.

ㄟ answers me with the song of the southerly.

In the beautiful realm of transformation, ours forms and spirits

Reassemble according with the primal original dreams.

When one studies the phenomena of things, one sees that water contains the  
moon and that flowers bring spring with them.

And now in the dreams, one must realize that the un-sentient beings are even more articulate than the sentient beings.

When one studies the phenomena of things by observing that pair of tender and affectionate eyes in the dreams,

Does one see that they reflect that piece of land in one's heart

In which all the divided fields have already been clandestinely formatted for 双?

From outside the realm, a tiny dewdrop fell upon that small pond in my dreams.  
From the sealed tunnel in the primordial ice sheet, right at the charcoal tower in the fixed territory,

A formless, colorless, blazing invisible arrow was fired and hit the target at the glabella.

Like a roving boatman, I found the destination of my voyage at Fool's Pier in the ancient ferry.

双 weaves a tale of love and a portrayal of affection for me,  
So that my wings of love may glide in the wavy dreamland.

Suddenly, the Aeolian chimes outside the windows tinkle in the wind.

The old mulberry tree bears violet berries.

A golden toad hopped from a lotus leaf into the lotus pond.

双 and I decided to paddle a canoe together tonight.

We came to a zigzagging ravine where the river valley took tortuous courses.

双 tied an ornamental jade at the front of my Chinese garment where the two pieces of cloths met.

In that instant, a thousand rivers and creeks played the melody of the sea.

Moonlight shifted its focus on our lotus boat.

And in the twinkling of an eye, it was transformed into a silvery white dreamlike barque.

We hoisted the ever forwarding sail; sailing in the wind, we defied the surging billows.

After having sailed for a distance of two thousand nautical miles in thirteen consecutive days,

We saw a frigate bird in the incredible seaway.  
Sometimes he perched somewhere between the steep precipices and the cliffs, and  
sometimes he glided and hovered high in the sky.  
He flew in the amazing speed of 111 meters per second and 396 kilometers per hour.  
Sometimes he pompously inflated his bright red-colored throat pouch in the lush  
grassland.  
And sometimes he extended his beautiful wings and danced a humorous dance of  
love...

## Chapter XI:

### The Self

*A pair of newborn ruby Kingfishers dwell in the cave.  
Both of them are making up stories and fancying  
So as to see which one of them cares and which one does not.*

Petals dance in the vernal breeze all over the sky and chase the butterflies.  
In the midst of the thunderclaps, a lightning flashes.  
By the tacit spiritual gully,  
I see my own vivacious eyes.  
Fortuitously, a sharp sword<sup>18</sup> emerged from between the eyebrows  
And severed the branch of a red apricot tree which newly grew out of the fence.  
At the very instant, a pecking sound was heard, and thousands of thunders clapped  
together,  
Echoing the inception of numerating and the extremity of being.  
It is contradicting, it is adjusting, and finally it is becoming.  
It is trying inexorably in every possible way before it is ostensibly achieved.

The dreamy virtual world is transformed into six different kinds of forms and  
colors.  
In spring, e enjoys playing games in the dreamlike sea of flowers.  
I picked up one violet lavender  
And tied it onto a golden mottled bamboo. Like a fishing rod, it swayed and  
Silently fished the setting sun at the east coast facing the Pacific Ocean.  
In the evening sky, a dazzling colorful rainbow emerged from behind the purple  
sunset glow.  
A newborn eaglet extended his wings and tried to tame the wind.  
His mother nevertheless asked him to be a good child, stay within the conferred  
territorial air space and learn first.

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18. Used figuratively, indicating wisdom or discernment.

After a while, he would gain more strength and fly higher.  
 The eaglet lowered his head and looked afar at the thousand spindrifts chasing each other.  
 The newborn eaglet's ambition is reined by his mother's words.  
 He has no choice but learn from the motionless Bodhisattva,  
 Who incubated and fabricated in a serene world  
 An infinitely extending scroll.  
 There is a withered and bare thousand-year-old tree on the precipitous verdant rock face.  
 And there is a beautiful new cave inside the tree trunk.  
 A pair of newborn ruby Kingfishers dwell in the cave.  
 Both of them are making up stories and fancying  
 So as to see which one of them cares and which one cares not.  
 They said longing is nothing but memories one cannot let go.  
 The newborn eaglet has noticed that in each and every new vernal leaf is hidden a cotton leaf-worm.  
 He just wants to weave a beautiful fairy tale today.  
 He would not allow his spirit ravine to be contaminated by the craving for food.  
 He closes his eyes and continues meditating and chasing that dream.  
 That dazzling colorful rainbow in the spiritual evening sky  
 Has already imprinted itself on the beautiful chest of e.

That night, 夔 boarded a moonlit train and left his hometown  
 Merely because he, in his childhood, had found a ticket on a windy outdoor staircase.  
 Similar to the scenario that night, the childhood, full of dreams, is in deep sleep.  
 Memories seem to awake with a start and ferment once again in the sea of dreams.  
 Falling flowers and butterflies dance together in the dreamy crimson and violet.  
 Look at that small pebbled path which cannot keep brilliancy and verdancy.  
 夔 had rambled and strolled often alone inside  
 In order to explore the autumn melodies composed by the falling Chinese parasol leaves when Zephyr soughed,

And to find out why the melodious tunes of the pine trees would not stay.  
Desolate and bleak fallen leaves are collected and put in the scroll by the ferryman  
at Sunset Pier.

In his youth, ㄟ once touched e's eyebrows with the tip of his index finger casually  
one night.

In that instant, he entered immeasurable love genes into e's mysterious sea of  
dreams.

Since then, similar dream scenarios appear in e's dreams night after night.

And e's longing for ㄟ always deepens whenever the season changes.

That night, ㄟ gave e a puppet sewed with silk.

Its shape and form were strikingly vivid and lifelike.

That pair eyes inlaid with purple crystals

Shed a drop of extremely romantic tear of love.

A vernal waft rippled the form of the liquid.

It flowed into the lake of dreams and stirred the moonlight,

Which was transformed into ten dreamy fingers resembling flower-plucking  
fingertips.

They trespassed on e's glabella and thereupon overturned heaven and earth.

The curtain concealing heaven and earth was instantaneously lifted.

Once it had been the corner of the forgotten hometown.

Once it had been the end of the lost world.

Beautiful butterflies that had fluttered graciously in Peach Garden in spring

Became rigidly constrained by a baffling energy in the frosty autumn.

Once, the thoughts of ㄟ stranded on the shore of e's sea of dreams,

For e had glanced through ㄟ's memories in the dreams.

And now, the magical dreamland in the past can only be found by the moonlit  
seashore of love.

That night, ㄟ boarded the moonlit train, leaving the town he grew up in.

The flash memory of dreams drifts like Zephyr in the long corridor in the space  
where nothing exists.

ꠘꠘ left his hometown while young to travel far and wide and explore new territories; the long lapels of his Chinese garment were often damp with tears. Alone, ꠘꠘ had once passed through an ancient empty lonesome picture scroll. After its last public performance last night, the lamps in the old opera house were turned off forever.

Both the embodied spirit and the fashioned form had drifted away with the wind. And the last scene in the play no longer had an ending. The riddle is hidden in the dreams within the original dreams of mankind. Last night, streaks of lightning were accompanied by a reverberating peal of thunder and rainstorm till daybreak in the strange city. The earth put on an air of extremely mysterious desolation solitude. Senses were temporarily submerged and indulged in the strong alternative caffeine. A wisdom sword cannot fight that dull knife. The immense lifeless grassland wilted by frost and snow last autumn Is woken up by mysterious notes of the spring rain. The lake sealed in ice loves to tell the sorrowful story of the withered branches that bear lotus. Eager to speed back home, the fishing boat darted across the waves like an arrow. It streaked instantaneously through the glistening and rippling water surface and cracked the moon.

ꠘꠘ saw that the old fisherman's face was added a few wrinkles by the evening blow. The forlorn Fool's Pier let the crimson evening glow curtain fall tonight even without the arrival of the person it had been waiting for. Last year, e congealed snowflakes to form ice pearls and put them on ꠘꠘ's blazing hot glabella.

I used the ancestors' old bronze mirror to focus on and lit the seed flame of affection.

e warmed up a pot of tea with the most primitive olive spice from the hometown for ꠘꠘ to quench his thirst.

ꠘꠘ said to me that fragrant flowers make beautiful butterflies fly even more elegant and lissome ...

## Episode Ten:

### The Other

*Dreams and reality integrate into each other through the interface card of love.  
Love genie came out of the shell of dreams and lost the eternal memories,  
Simply because he had forgotten to connect with 然 in the past when the shell was sealed off temporarily.  
Tonight, You and 然 finally receive responses from each other anew in the dreams.*

I like games without endings.  
I like stories that one can never guess.  
Even though she loves to play the role of an indifferent and bored clown,  
She often feels lonely and suffers from insomnia in the transforming puppet theatre.  
然 said your heart-lake, as crystal clear as colored glaze, is an azure mirror between water and heaven.  
Resembling the indigo seawater on the incredible waterway,  
It allows 然's never-receding sailboat to navigate freely in the enormous ocean.  
然 said that in that dream in the year of the mysterious number 23 of yours,  
然 had seen your most beautiful face in your dream  
And lit that tender and sweet love flame in your eyes.  
You said you love to dream with the delicate fragrance of your choice on.  
You never know how to play tricks in front of 然.  
You just let 然 return in sail when it blossoms in the south;  
You just let 然 bid the guests farewell when the cranes fly in the north.  
Your footsteps are light, not tramping upon the flowers and leaves in spring.  
Tender is your love in the dreams, time and again.  
A full moon gently meanders through thousand rivers and lakes.

In the dreams, a drop of love tear seeped from the eye and dripped down the cheek.  
Tonight, you said to 然 that there are tears seeping into the ocean of dreams.

You are not ㄟ's doll but ㄟ's true lover.  
That night, you greeted ㄟ and welcomed ㄟ back.  
Love is a kind of pleasure and felicity when the mind and the body are one.  
Affection is the sublimation of sensuality of yours, mine, hers and e's for ㄟ.  
Mutual promises juxtapose the practical redemption of the eternal creditor.  
Dreams flow in all the choices of yearnings in the past,  
And gather in the virtual window on the conception<sup>19</sup> zone to unfold at will.  
Exactly in the original dreams tonight, exactly in the reveries tonight,  
ㄟ completely dissolves the boundaries of self-set formats.  
Your heart no longer drifts aimlessly, and your mind has a safe landing ground.

In the dreams, a drop of love tear seeped from the eye, dripped down the cheek,  
And dropped upon ㄟ's chest; in that instant, thunderous sounds of celestial drums  
were heard.  
Dreams and reality integrate into each other through the interface card of love.  
Love genie came out of the shell of dreams and lost the eternal memories,  
Simply because he had forgotten to connect with ㄟ in the past when the shell was  
sealed off temporarily.  
Tonight, you and ㄟ finally receive responses from each other anew in the dreams.  
You two meet again; the affection is mutual and actual.  
You two had once agreed to build a love castle together.  
You two had once had identical and common dreams and memories.  
Both of you carry the ancient ex-libris of the scroll of land and sea,  
And, in each and one of the dreams, in each and one of the reveries,  
Often take the same unenlightened and lost tracks in the dreams.  
Neither one of you is used to being roving wanderers.  
Both of you have always been on the Big Blue, the never-receding sailboat.  
Both of you are masters of the masters in the world of original hometown where  
peach blossoms thrive in the garden.  
Your bright tears seep onto ㄟ's warm chest,  
Guiding the spirit of ㄟ to enter the passageway of your soul.

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19.The functioning of mind in distinguishing; one of the five cumulations, substances, or aggregates, i. e. the components of an intelligent being.

In that instant, the six organs, six conditions, and six perceptions of yours are all occupied by ㄟ's five aggregates.

A kind of the most olden mysterious sense of taste ferments in the zone of the ocean of mind of yours.

A kind of miracle-like love undulates in your sweet heart.

A romantic, magical and intriguing opera

Is generated and woven in your and ㄟ's most original dream...

ㄟ had drilled a new well for you before he left home.

e loves to draw water with that big bucket using his small hands.

Not being careful, he splashes water onto the lapel of his coat.

Purple butterflies all over the sky fly hither from the north.

And flowers in the south line up on both sides of the streets in full blossom to greet them.

Dragonflies arrive at the lakeside and leisurely circle over it.

Bees are hunting lovers here and there.

A Nephila pilipes has woven a tangling cobweb to trap the passing lovers.

A butterfly separated from the group is teasing the tides; a group of dragonflies are dancing upon the water surface.

The bees are showing their unique technique in order to break through the Nephila pilipes' illusory cobweb of love.

The spider's skin jumped out of its body, and its form overflowed its spirit.

Thoughts are moving latently. Just look at how it said with a pleasant surprise, "Come on! Come on!"

The reason for your intrusion is because of ㄟ's eternal yearning for you.

Weather in spring shifts swiftly; out of the sudden, drizzling rain raids from the east.

Misty is the haze that makes it look like a beautiful dreamlike fairyland.

My mind is stuck momentarily in the super-artistic romantic zone.

I recall ㄟ has given you a notebook that is fond of yarn-spinning.

In it, people, events, time, places and things develop automatically.

Yesterday, you changed into a vernal dress to visit 夔.  
The hem of your skirt, embroidered with red butterflies, swept by  
The romantic path of rosy rain.  
Hot charcoal is burning fiercely.  
In an instant, oriental spring goddess awakes from the hibernation.  
In the twinkling of an eye, the activity rate of the joyous cells of 夔 and you  
increases  
One hundred times and then times N dimensions.  
Since then, the spring does not shift instantaneously for your sake.  
The firmament at dusk flushes pink like blushing cheeks.  
You come across a flourishing patch of four-leaf clovers on the mountain hills.  
Amidst the flowers, your silhouette is fashioned by the evening glow,  
Changing into a shy and amorous face.  
At that moment, 夔 was picking up a flower.  
Billows in the sea were chasing the rocking moonlight.  
Wafts of spring breezes gently cast themselves into the tides,  
And were then embraced by strips of long waves.  
At a small harbor on the east coast,  
Two sails bathed in the light from the lighthouse are passing by each other.  
One of them is sailing in whilst the other is sailing out.

夔 drilled a new well for you before he left home.  
With you, I wish to light that precious candle in which the code of eternal true  
love is concealed  
So as to illuminate our oceans of minds.  
And it will then transform into bright flowers when 夔 returns to his hometown...

## Episode Eleven:

### Inside

汝 is forever the one closest and dearest to me.

We convey to each other with love flames.

It is a kind of tranquil shyness.

Mountains and peaks are covered with deep clouds.

Brooks and lakes are sealed by heavy winter snow.

Tree-transformed buffalos come to bathe in the damp swamp area.

I remember the promises I made to 汝.

I remember that I once had sewed new buttons on his long wind coat.

That night, swirling misty winds swallowed the Milky Way in the nightly sky.

The vernal peach blossom land was submerged by broken crimson tides.

It rains heavily again in the south; in the north, fuzzy are the drifting clouds.

Blossoming Star of Bethlehem flowers have six stamens, six petals and one pistil.

Forty-two buds on the branches are immersed in the spring breeze.

Inside the lattice is substance; still, there is substance outside the lattice of the lattice.

One lattice after another; there is still one inside the lattice of nine.

On that day, the manifest I

Lifted the mysterious seal on the mountains and peaks in front of 汝.

On that day, the inferential I

Told 汝 that I came to fulfill my promise now.

Since the spring has come, the freezing winter is absolutely over.

On that day, the intuitive I

Pulled out the volcanic cork of love concealed in the ocean of primal nature

And spouted dreamlike magnificence that blazed with our passion.

The energy that day came from the 汝's tight embraces.

It is a kind of original force of pure pulsating life.

ㄟ is forever the one closest and dearest to me.  
 We convey to each other with love flames.  
 It is a kind of tranquil shyness.  
 In ㄟ's ear,  
 I gently whispered the hymns of divinities,  
 Transmitted the alternative magic code,  
 And thereupon imprinted the mark of eternal love...

Direct inferences.<sup>20</sup> You are not the intervener of the third kind.  
 I had once in the dreams made a secret agreement with you and ㄟ  
 To put new tiles on top of that old house and give it a new look.  
 At that time, tides in the spring stream outside the window were roaring.  
 Azaleas by the doorway were exuberating like flames.  
 I saw in your eyes the tender romantic totem of genes.  
 I saw in the shape of her body that the earth shook violently, measuring 7.3 on the  
 Richter scale.  
 She still lingered in the visionary violent dream where the visibility was zero.  
 In spring that year, outside the Breeze Pavilion on the East Coast overlooking the  
 Pacific Ocean,  
 Spindrifts, like flowers, arrayed undulating tides by the bellowing shore of the  
 ocean.  
 There was a sailboat with thirteen high masts gently griping into the wharf in the  
 hometown.  
 Comparative inferences.<sup>21</sup> He and e arrived by moonlight to meet with the three  
 of us.  
 He said that he shall not drift idly in all directions like duckweed again.  
 e, who differs from him by 37, wishes to stay in ㄟ's arms tonight  
 Like a vague waning crescent moon lying tenderly upon the river surface.  
 I said this is the oath of true love vowed in the dreams.  
 The appearance of the “duei”<sup>22</sup>-character formula is so joyful and fantastic.  
 The e of the little girl has a kind of eternal longing.

20.Reasoning from the manifest. One of the three “measurings” of a syllogism.

21.Comparison of the known, and inference of the unknown. It is the second form in logic of the three “measurings”.

22.One of the Eight Diagrams (eight combinations of three whole or broken lines formerly used in divination).

The purity of it has always been one hundred percent.  
Never has it been diluted since the beginning of time.

Intuitive inferences. Behold! Among the rocks, the peach blossoms have clustered tightly on the branches.

The rosy misty petals, falling like raindrops, are moist with damp sea air.

Romantic are the pair of his star-plucking eyes

Which count the thoughts that already settled in the past

And set heaven and earth today so that they will no longer be outshone.

From Winter Solstice<sup>23</sup> to Cold Food Day are one hundred and five days.

On Clear and Bright Day,<sup>24</sup> where are the vernal flowers going to thrive?

On the buffalo mountains, all the buffalos are tree-transformed buffalos.

In the moon creeks, all the moons are waning crescent moons.

The five of us ramble in the nightly forest together.

Suddenly a magic luminous charm appears in the sky.

A kind of passion seethes inside me.

I desire so much to sing aloud the Song of the Southerly.

Upon the nightly curtain, the galaxy is resplendent with glittering stars.

We hold each other's hands, embrace each other, jump up and down,

And dance together in the tranquil glow of the silver candles.

Energy develops in the world of the five of us and ㄚㄚ.

The formulae of life genes blend esoterically with each other.

All bear a bit of the common karma hidden in the fulfilled Buddha vow and the resounding voice.

The subtle and compassionate sentiments in the deepest of the everlasting ocean of mind

Guide us to meet our bosom friends, our true love, with whom we share the common karma.

The energy explodes within one-trillionth of a second.

In that instant, the increasing range of the love index,

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23.The 22<sup>nd</sup> solar term.

24.The 5<sup>th</sup> solar term.



Like the infinitesimal, miniscule, unsubstantial nanometer, like kalā,<sup>25</sup>  
Expands immediately to super huge energy, even more enormous than the outer  
space...

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25. A fraction, a minute part.

## Episode Twelve:

### Within the innermost of the innermost

*In the dreams, I was a passenger liner stranded in e's wharf of dreams.*

*In the down-slanting moonlight, some romantic scenarios are conveyed by her virgin eyes.*

The dark curtain is ripped open by the golden meteoric stream.

You dance in elegant steps, effortlessly, full of glee,

And take pleasure in the scenery with ㄟ on the magnificent moonlit coast.

You had planted love in the whole garden in ㄟ's different realm of sentiments.

Blithely, you dip your feet in the lucid waves, amble on the shore, and accompany the spindrift to sing aloud.

Behold! The limpid undulating tides, with the help of the mellow moonlight,

Reflect themselves on your bright and intelligent eyes.

All the sealed boundaries have vanished.

You, ㄟ and I join our realms in the space of minds.

In the dreams on the solemn Spirit Peak,

The never-ending beauty of spring is peerless.

He imitates the taming shepherd boy to play the flute while lying,

Teasing a mountainful of butterflies to flit and flutter about.

e speaks softly like the puff of the gentle spring breeze.

On the tranquil water surface, breeze-ridden ripples form.

In a kind of common world, we

Manifest overall contacts with zero distance.

She scoops some tidewater with her hands

To exchange with a tear of mine which I had shed when I fell in love for the first time and which dropped into the strait of memories.

I saw that her eyes redden because of the awakened bits of reminiscence.

In the past, the three of us in pairs once shared common promises.

For her, things and realms are packed with true longings.  
 It is neither that she herself reprints stories in the dreams,  
 Nor does it come from plagiarizing the love hidden in the dreams.  
 她 once said that we will be together forever.  
 Afar comes a blow of a steam whistle, signaling the return of some boat.  
 Waves ripple in the middle of the Ocean of the Five Heaven Silver Candles.  
 In the due east, a beautiful ray of morning sunshine appears on the horizon.

Last night, from the time when the crimson tides ebbed and flew until eventide,  
 The dormant Milky Way and the planets livened up,  
 Inducing the dark energies to speed up their augment and expansion.  
 The original primitive ray of the mind spirit  
 Was sucked in by the dark mass and could not be released.  
 The nearly immaterial particles of dusts, which can fashion themselves into various  
 shapes and forms, drifted  
 In the boiling soup tureen. The energy  
 Congregated and assembled swiftly before it exploded with a big bang.  
 In an instant, it transformed into the Galactic System and the star spangled  
 checkerboard sky.  
 Pure minds meander through the paths within the paths.  
 The three of us in pairs gaze at each other with heartfelt feelings,  
 And in our common karma conceive a true story in the world of true love.  
 It is neither mysterious prophecy, fantasized virtuality,  
 Nor is it fairytales woven in the realm of the illusory net.  
 We walk hand in hand in the brink of the sky and at the remote corners of the sea.  
 Suddenly, a mountain cloud veils the unbounded gorgeous scenery.  
 We walk abreast, follow the example of the visitor in the Peach Garden who lives  
 the life of a hermit,  
 Promenade by the foot of the spring sun, and admire the hazy willows along the  
 way.

I saw the villagers at the ancient village by the Calling Pavilion in the Buffalo Mountain.  
Sometimes they are drawing water from the creek, sometimes they are digging a well, and sometimes they are praying for rain.  
Sometimes they shut their mouths and hide their tongues, and would not answer me no matter how I inquire of them.  
Nevertheless, they had given me three water buffalos that love to moo.  
Sometimes he opens his mouth and raises his eyebrows; he does all the talking and I am not allowed to raise a single question.  
And yet he had given me a talking rosy stone...

This morning when I woke up, I confided starkly to ~~the~~ the dreams from last night.  
I dreamt that he actually was a caterpillar on a verdant leaflet in spring  
That turned, in a streak of down-slanting moonlight, into a beautiful violet butterfly.  
Then, I had once transformed into a rose in the desert  
And enjoyed myself on the swing oscillating in the wind and in the cradle rocked by the rain.  
And I had once seen e, below the misty waterfall,  
Transform into a water fairy and dance the romantic heaven-worshipping dance.  
By the vaporous dreamy riverbank, in the hazy countryside in spring,  
The two of us share a dose of pure sweet love.  
In the faintly breezing, drizzling, moonless night,  
Among the violets and the lavenders, the two of us quietly  
Imprint the signet of e love hidden in the dreams on the Spirit Peak.  
In the dreams, we had arrived together in the City of Light where the masters gathered.  
Then, tears shimmered in the corner of my eyes; I was profoundly touched and deeply moved.  
Deep inside, a kind of steaming hot, boiling pulsating throbs gushed.  
The figures that solemnly went for a walk in the verdancy slowed down the pace.

I turned and asked that beautiful butterfly:  
“Does your promise that you made to 汝 still count?”

At that time, in the dreams, there were an eagle, a deer  
And a hunter that put on the play of the three of us in pairs.  
The talons of the eagle, the antlers of the deer, and the arrows of the hunter  
Are all subdued by the Water Dance of the water fairy.  
e took off the one and only garment,  
Rolled the talons of the eagle, the antlers of the deer, and the arrows of the hunter  
And wrapped them in the long sleeves with the sleeping bow, the e love hidden in  
the dreams.  
In the dreams, I was a passenger liner stranded in e’s wharf of dreams.  
In the down-slanting moonlight, some romantic scenarios are conveyed by her  
virgin eyes.  
The overdrawn love in the past wishes to be compensated tonight.  
The flourishing lotus leaves forever guard that love tear of hers.  
An illusory phantom star shoots across the Milky Way; in it,  
Her everlasting romantic genes circle round in e’s dreams.  
What was once the City of Light where the masters had gathered  
Is unexpectedly turned into an illusory domain, a maze-like metropolitan.  
A black feather silently drifts down in the dark night.  
Then, in the sky in the dreams, all sounds in the universe turn still, and the tunes  
and rhythms become tranquil.  
All the moments she had spent in the past on waiting in solitude and in doubt are  
worthwhile now.

This morning when I woke up, I confided starkly to 汝 the dreams from last  
night...

## Chapter Thirteen:

### The assurance of that power

*I saw an empty alms bowl carrying a fragrant elephant on the River Seine.  
For a short while, my eyes heard sounds and my ears, weird enough, saw images.*

A jasmine flower floats upon a scorching hot wheel of flame.  
In the pitch-black night, who has lit that bright candle light?  
Vast is the vernal river, endless is the water.  
Whirling are the mountain streams, rippling are the waves.  
汝 is the ocean, and I am 汝's thousand rivers and streams.  
Water in the pond in springtime is frozen into ice crystal in winter,  
Whereas lotuses in summertime wither inevitably in late autumn.  
The setting sun rides on the Wheel of Wind and Fire and hovers overhead.  
Moonlight fits into the intertidal zone in the navel of the Earth,  
Engendering another legendary mythological tale of life.  
At night, far away from home, I dreamt of myself drifting.  
I saw a broken mask discarded carelessly.  
I could not break free from the interface of his space-time continuum inside the mirror.  
汝 held his breath, threw the fishing rod into the sea, and angled to fish at the seaboard.  
On the brink of the sea, you kept the little girl "e" company and together you played hide and seek.

The little girl "e" woke up in the middle of the night and asked her mother if it was daybreak yet.  
Her watery eyes seemed to tell an esoteric tale.  
We are no longer bound by the cordage of emptiness and loneliness.  
In the moonlight, you pushed down inconspicuously an invisible enigmatic wall,

Only to discover a beautiful ocean and the blue firmament behind it.  
 The most fantastic memories in the past always love to linger in the dreams.  
 With the arrival of spring, weaver finches start to build their nests.  
 Young as you are, you crave to play the role of Sea God.  
 A petal drifted hither in the easterly breeze  
 And fluttered into your love net of dreams within dreams.  
 Inside the net, infinite longings intertwine  
 Whereas thunders are drumming constantly outside the realm.  
 Your eyes express an innocent affection dating back to ancient times.  
 You often reiterate the longing for ㄟㄟ whom you cannot forget.  
 It is a kind of real memories and not a virtual illusory fantasy.  
 You had once unveiled the mysterious miracle inside the butterfly collar.  
 And ㄟㄟ had once tied a pellucid pearl on the front piece of your garment.  
 It was you who went into the depth of ㄟㄟ's dreamland and exhibited tenderness  
 everywhere.  
 It was ㄟㄟ who, in the dream within your dreams,  
 Forcefully dominated and controlled the zone of your saṃjñā.<sup>26</sup>  
 The Garden of Dreams is boundless and never-ending.  
 Everywhere are your footsteps.  
 The butterflies pecked at the flowers, and the flowers responded with dances in the  
 air.  
 The dragonflies pecked at the lake, and the lake rippled at the strike of the  
 thunders.  
 The maiden pecked at her nightly dreams, and the dreams reflected her longings.  
 The Pacific Ocean exhibits marina colors of azure and white.  
 The crimson sun rimmed in golden glory rises above the sea horizon.  
 With his hands moist with the fragrance of spring flowers,  
 ㄟㄟ laved his feet in the autumnal "Song of the First Frost".  
 Being silent, he retreated into a lofty wall erected with imagination  
 And discarded all the conundrums in the eye of the twilight amidst the dapped  
 shades in the dreams.

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26. Conception, or discerning; the functioning of mind in distinguishing. It is the third of the five skandhas, the five substances, or aggregates, i.e. the components of an intelligent being, especially a human being.

A few withered lotuses defied the frozen lake and stood triumphantly; ferocious winds swirled in the air.

A few unknown grass stalks under my feet said to me that they were not afraid. The *Nephila pilipes* played the role of a hacker and observed the butterfly player who just went online.

The bees winged their way in the intermittent shadows of spring light.

Dragonflies dared the spindrift of morning rain and skimmed the surface of the love pond.

Water buffalos ran about wildly from dawn till dusk.

Having seen through the myriad forms of the universe and returned from the incredible waterway,

我 observed that the peach blossoms retreat to the completing three parts<sup>27</sup> right after spring.

On a wintry day, a waft of drifting snow outside the window of a café in Paris flew into my coffee cup.

I saw an empty alms bowl carrying a fragrant elephant on the River Seine.

For a short while, my eyes heard sounds and my ears, weird enough, saw images.

The juxtaposition was caused by the strong aroma of caffeine which made me too much captivated in the scene.

Behold! The crimson flowers in springtime unfold in the beautiful arena of the butterflies.

The nine heavens with one color less resemble a thousand vast and boundless rivers and streams.

It is a kind of brilliant radiance, it is a kind of invincible might, and it is a kind of wondrous wisdom; henceforth

The gradually wrinkling skin is transformed to baby-like skin in the twinkling of an eye.

That night, a gigantic precious butterfly in the heavenly city exploded in the net of my dreams.

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27. The Nirvana Sutra applies the three parts to dharmakāya, prajñā and vimokṣa, all three being necessary to complete nirvana.

The core of perception collapsed inwards to the state of extremity.  
The scroll of heart was rolled together to infinitesimal.  
The density of retreat increased to infinity.  
The inner gravitation generated infinitely powerful realms.  
They converged in the 51 attributes of my mind and formed a dark heavenly well.  
None of the senses and forms could escape from that lethal suction,  
Not even a bit of miraculous brightness that appeared at haphazard.  
The ocean of mind forms the enormous mass of the black hole.  
Inside, there are primitive stardust materials  
Which initiate a chain of new formulae that interact and interweave.  
The density of a web of the precious butterfly in the heavenly city is four million  
times greater than that of the original mass  
And one trillion times greater than that of the original subtle response.  
It is the endless fruits of the twelfth power of ten  
That enables the perpendicular light of our minds to transform to curved  
phenomena.  
A boatman who sells super search engines,  
In the nightly dreams at 22 o'clock on the 22nd of February, 2006,  
Attempted to simulate the signals of current in the brain and nervous system,  
And transmitted a kind of esoteric and incredible light spectrum.  
The boatman put on him a shapeless, formless and transparent liquid armor,  
Which turned out to be much of use for him in the illusory zone of the virtual  
realm.  
Now, at 7:16 in the morning on the 26th of February, 2006,  
At the point when the earth's population is about to reach 6.5 billion,  
He, with a camera lens made of extremely mystic elements, tries to  
Seek for that innocent, beautiful love story of his dating back to ancient times.

## Chapter fourteen:

### As the shadow follows the form

*The person in my dream went out of his body to look for the person ㄣ was fond of.  
In the dream, the two of us were pulling the oars in that canoe.*

“e” is a little girl; she dances whenever she is happy.  
He is a little boy; he sings whenever he is happy.  
Petal rain accompanies the spring breeze to enjoy the rich and colorful world.  
Vast are the desolate mountains which conceal ancient passageways; boundless are  
the open fields that hold a memorial ceremony for the crimson rain.  
She plays the role of a theatre assistant and fiddles with the hypocritical puppets.  
You play the role of a supporting puppeteer and turn and swirl the leather-  
silhouette show.  
I play the role of an adroit artiste and sing a poetic masterpiece  
To inaugurate the launch of a never-receding sail asea.

There is an auto navigating system in our genes,  
A formula of longing that is used to search for our lovers in the bygone times.  
ㄣ is the lover that we have reserved in our dreams,  
Like the sky light that shines through the window of clouds and reflects upon the  
ocean,  
Like a silvery full moon, and like a black bat that loves to steal the dim light of  
night and  
Reveals himself inadvertently on the brink of the glittering Milky Way.  
She said that the wind bells under the eaves are a number lock which, when  
unlocked, allows the spring breeze to open the windows and usher in the moon.  
You told me to ruminate upon the past and harken to the fresh and green bamboos  
play the tunes of Gong and Shang<sup>28</sup> which compose compassion.

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28. Two notes of the ancient Chinese five-tone scale, corresponding to 1 and 2 in numbered musical notation.

In the original dreams in the scroll of the sea of intelligence outside the primitive  
 awe-inspiring voices, I saw ㊦  
 Open six kinds of romantic senses and experience six mysterious worlds.  
 He said that a pink canary, with its proficient mouth,  
 Picked up scattered petals to weave memories from the past.  
 ㊦ said that a rainstorm ravaged the moonlit beauty of mountains last night.  
 This morning, a ray of sunlight once again pieced together all the myriad forms of  
 the universe.  
 An imprint of the womb treasury<sup>29</sup> is concealed on the ridge of the Spirit Peak.  
 The Dui<sup>30</sup> formula floats in-between the shifting and differentiating trellis.  
 Young ㊦ pitched a tent under an old banyan tree  
 And swung a basketful of breeze together with the shining full moon.  
 At dusk, fishing boats on the east coast of the Pacific Ocean dazzle against the  
 nightly sky.  
 By the Na-Fong Pavilion near the Bai-Hua Brook, creeping oxalis begin to flourish  
 and the first fireflies arrive.  
 A love tear of hers congealed into a blade of ice,  
 And the mark left by the impetuous cut was unreservedly deep.  
 From then on, one fell into a kind of emotionless tactile sensation.  
 A few chimes of morning bell in the mountain temple drew the sea tides forwards  
 to pay reverence.  
 Behold! The bright firmament is cloudless and crystal clear, manifesting myriads of  
 splendor.  
 Between the two lines of the sparse Chinese parasol trees along the way, a  
 handsome pathway shines forth.  
 Sky lights and shadows of clouds love to linger above.  
 The earth is pure and spiritual just as she is tender and affectionate.  
 A golden toad on the brink of the lotus pond  
 Squatted on an emerald green lotus leaf,  
 Danced in the Grain Rain,<sup>31</sup> and would not let the curtain fall on spring.  
 A gust of wind wrinkled the graceful dance of the butterfly.

29. Garbhadhātu, the universal source from which all things are produced.

30. One of the Eight Diagrams, eight combinations of three whole or broken lines formerly used in divination.

31. The sixth solar term.

A furious downpour varied the croaks of the frogs in moonlight.  
In a night with drizzly and misty rain,  
The person in my dream went out of his body to look for the person 汝 was fond of.  
In the dream, the two of us were pulling the oars in that canoe.  
A kind of mysterious roaming genes drifts in the virtual illusory realm.  
A mysterious paper kite flies gracefully in the network of the sea of net in the universe.  
Spring breeze wrinkles the snowy bright spring lake.  
The skirt hem of sunset falls upon a bend of a mighty lucid river.

Sentient seeds, in the world after “that” of shell and embryo,  
Followed the illusory dazzling lights of the exiles  
And forced an entry so that he drifted in the sea of dreams.  
Love sprouts, in the world before “that” of Rain Water and the Waking of Insects,<sup>32</sup>  
Searched for the hidden Chi of the explorer,  
Turned “e” into absolute energy,  
And generated a kind of esoteric super combat effectiveness.  
Mighty is the river, vast is the sea, and infinite is the ocean.  
The embryo’s outer shell formed by the Creator is full of energy,  
Shaking the nucleus of your microcell.  
She lay on the sail of dreams, transfigured herself into a stalk of gorgeous poppy flower,  
Drifted freely along a mysterious bend of two converging rivers,  
And allowed a school of unknown big fish to swim to and fro at leisure.  
In the dreams, I went through one after another virtual walls,  
Broke through one after another digital, invisible counter time theatres,  
And arrived at the big stage of the deities to play the leading actress in 汝’s play and  
sing for the public.  
Outside the realm, there were boats sealed inside the channel of the “five aggregates”<sup>33</sup>  
and whistled incessantly.  
That night, a few notes were missing in my piano sheet music.  
I searched for them; some of them were already abandoned amidst the wisteria flowers,  
And some transformed into flame-like small red flowers in an instant,

---

32.The second and the third solar terms.

33.The five skandhas.

Flickering forlornly in the obscure darkish gorge.  
 That night, I saw a paper windmill drift hither.  
 In the moonlight, it turned into solar energy empowered silver sail and lifted off  
 soundlessly.  
 That night, I saw the Creator in union with noumenon,<sup>34</sup>  
 Furtively touch the feet and the tail of that spring buffalo.  
 It made me exhilarated and inebriated in rapture,  
 As if bathing in the bubbles of a newly corked champagne.

In the shifting mirror surface of the space-time continuum in the seventh  
 dimension,  
 Billowing waves surge sky-high, undulating and unparallel.  
 The zones of the “five aggregates” are now turbid, blocked and seamless.  
 It is that gigantic boulder from primal chaotic world outside the realm.  
 Winds howl in the north; the rain pours in the south.  
 At nightfall, in the inn by the Maple Arbor near the He-Jing Pavilion,  
 A traveler is anxious about tomorrow’s tickets.  
 He laves his feet and awaits the dream lover every night.  
 After the fallen thunder, rainwater embraces the fallen leaves and roves all over the  
 streets.  
 An artisan tailored a new piece of garment this year  
 So as to replace the faded old lantern from last year.  
 The hoary tree bended over and stretched a new overpass  
 For the sparrows on the branches to play on.  
 Embracing autumnal melodies, the old qin<sup>35</sup> musician  
 Still dreams about the prosperous Spring and Autumn Period<sup>36</sup> today in e’s dreams.  
 I slumber with a pillow in my arms, and fall deeply asleep.

---

34.As opposed to phenomenon.

35.A seven-stringed plucked Chinese ancient instrument.

36.The period during 770-476 B.C. in Chinese history.

## Chapter fifteen:

### Impurity subsides

*Her high nose is the most acute.*

*She is a fair maiden, like a fragrant crimson flower on a branch of dew-draped glamour.*

*She is also the goddess of saṃskāra<sup>37</sup> in the height of summer. It is an encounter of conditional causes.*

The memory circuits of longing in the dreams cannot forget

The interdependent and correlative inherent cause and effect in the everlasting  
scented ocean.<sup>38</sup>

Who has touched the pulse of the lover with the whorls on the index finger?

Who would know if the previous life of crystal and diamond was coal or charcoal?

The sensation-data<sup>39</sup> of memories accumulated in all generations in the sea of  
dreams

Have turned into one transforming magical formula after another.

Every miserable and heroic battle of love

Has been put down in the olden totems on the ancient city walls

And draped by ivies that crept all over the wall surfaces.

Who is directing a true story?

The mysterious genes in the dreams have already been seared

And sealed in the chromosome, which is about to enact medium in the twinkling  
of an eye.

Dreams are exterior movements of the heart in the ocean of mind,<sup>40</sup>

Resembling lakes that never dry up in imagination.

I love to dream the dreams within the dreams and see the body outside the body.

In the crimson sunset glow, my shadow tied up the weeping willows on the brink.

They twined and tangled up with each other. I saw wafts of spring breeze comfort  
the freshly sprung leaves.

---

37.The functioning of mind in its process regarding like and dislike, good and evil, etc. It is the fourth of the five *skandhas*, the five aggregates.

38.The ocean surrounding Sumeru.

39.The six *gūṇas* or objects of sensation of the six organs of sense.

40.The *bhūtataṭhātā* as the store of all mind.

A mysterious light beam appeared between the eyebrows of the lover in daylight,  
Shined directly into the whorls on my ten fingers, and dazzled until sundown.  
The annual rings in the trees delineate the vestiges of where he has been concealing  
the moon.

That night, the lovers had a date at Fool's Wharf.

𐄣 took the sweat mixed blood of my precious Ferghana horse, refined it into  
pearls,

Stringed them together into a necklace, and gave it to the setting sun in the  
firmament.

Sleep. Sometimes he loves to slumber, and sometimes he falls asleep.

He filled the *pattra*<sup>41</sup> with a whole printing plate of spiritual texts

In which were rubbed the dramatic stories

Enacted by you, her, “e”, 𐄣 and me on the stage.

The twin flying beasts carry on their backs, from the incipience to continuance,

One folder and one long scroll which unhurriedly unfold in sequence.

Waking up always occurs after the status of sleep,

And awakening is meditation before falling asleep.

“e” has a kind of supreme, profound and subtle will power,

Unsurpassable by the Creator in union with the noumenon.

It resembles a pond of spring water, unwrinkled by constant easterly breeze,

Appears to be even more tranquil in the whishing sounds,

And snuggles up to 𐄣 in the intertidal zone on the moonlit coast.

𐄣 loves to dwell by the seashore and dreams about himself being a big ocean.

“e” is the shifting, minutely moving, magical bathing pool for all the devas.

Vast and boundless, wavy and overflowing, it encompasses a thousand rivers and  
streams.

𐄣 loves to linger in the incredible great waterway,

Fabricating new tales about the fathomless, marvelous serene sea.

You are the goddess of thunder and rain, protecting the earth and a thousand rivers  
and streams.

---

41. Palm leaves from the *borassus flabelliformis*.

It is a kind of causality, a kind of opportunity, a kind of element.  
It is the aspect of following the wishes, which is to adjust to the entrustment, to approach, and to connect.  
You are the trim bound on the rim of the front piece of the Chinese garment, which came into existence together with 袂.  
It is a kind of conditional causation, a kind of favorable circumstance. From now on, you two will stay together and keep each other company.  
You are the goddess of thunder and rain in the great waterway in the spiritual pivot of the ocean of mind.

袂 rolls and turns round, being supple and nimble and full of tender affection.  
In the incredible waterway, in the exceedingly profound sea bottom,  
There has always been a still water flow, and a minutely shifting abyss.  
Harken to billowing waves to and fro which love to sing songs in the mother tongue of the azure sea.  
All of them are incredible magical stories altogether.  
They are about cause and effect, and dearest you and I.  
Qin-drumming dancers are realizing the full and complete world.  
Subconsciousness and will power. “e” and Snow.  
The ancient wall in the dream sucked in a deeply seared imprint in the night  
In order to save the beautiful footprints left by “e” and Snow.  
It is the vivacity of karma and the clinging power of conditional causation.  
He and she might embrace or hug each other, and they might accept or reject each other. Whichever way, it is candidly revealed.  
Look at the crimson Flames of the Forest that rock nakedly inside the snow-white silvery cups,  
Teasing that unknown little fish for fun.  
2006.4.14 turns out to be 17 in total, a magical letter.  
She opened a bottle of mellow champagne from Paris  
To celebrate my turning-of-age.  
He has the twin flying beasts which carry on their backs the big plate inside that

pattra.

Still, he is incapable of breaking away from the set pattern and tangle of karma.  
Without having eluded the predestined lover, he wants to reach the non-thought sky already.

From now on, the two of them are madly in love, and love waxes and wanes without end.

With swift winds and rumbling thunders, ㄟ arrives with rain like a dragon and nourishes a thousand rivers and streams.

In the mist-shrouded marshlands and virgin rain forests,  
Sometimes he transfigures himself into the shape of clouds, and sometimes into the form of fogs.

Sometimes he drapes the brooks and mountains with dense brumes.

Sometimes he roams blithely in the tranquil brooks.

And sometimes he lopes and leaps over rapid currents and waterfalls.

Outside the realm, seeds of dreams invade the interface card of awakening and sleeping.

I know that ㄟ always remembers my birthday and the expression in my eyes.

After the spring rain, the love sprouts of ㄟ and I grew into seedlings and were transplanted anew.

With the nourishment of love, they burgeoned forth and soon enough they turned into golden standing grains.

I have a pair of fine eyes.

I am a young maiden holding a dark purple banner.

I can open the big sea eyes and the small sea eyes, as beautiful as butterflies.

Most of all, I love to dance on the petals of a flower and in the kernel of a fruit in the primitive *Dharma*-nature.<sup>42</sup>

You have a pair of soft and pretty ears.

You are the goddess of thunder and rain, the super maiden.

You reside on the vessel named Azure Sea and are in charge of the blog of the log.

You ride on the forked purple lightning and lope in the sea of dreams in the night.

---

42. *Dharmatā*, the nature underlying all things.

With captivating voices, you entice the anima of the young lad in the Azure Sea in the nature void<sup>43</sup> to be spirited.

The tactile sensation of your body is as supple, soft and cozy as cotton.

“e” is the maiden priestess, the pure maiden, of the vessel named Azure Sea.

Sometimes she transfigures herself into the vast water in the sea of dance.

Sometimes she transfigures herself into sea waves and rushes to a thousand rivers and streams.

Sometimes she transfigures herself into the vast water in the infinite ocean,

Allowing the vessel named Azure Sea to sail in the mysterious channel.

Sometimes she transfigures herself into a lucid pool and reflects the firmament.

And sometimes she transfigures herself into a deep well and allows 𐑖𐑦 to draw water from it at will.

Her high nose is the most acute.

She is a fair maiden, like a fragrant crimson flower on a branch of dew-draped glamour.

She is also the goddess of *samskāra*<sup>44</sup> in the height of summer. It is an encounter of conditional causes.

Behold! The lotuses that have sprung into blossom above the water surface are fragrant with dew-draped glamour.

A whiff of fragrance often guides her into a state of mind where there is neither thought nor absence of thought.

It has always been non-eternal, solitary, illimitable and slumberous.

She transfigures herself into an amorous white deva-fox,

Embracing the maiden with a dark purple banner who delights in singing and dancing.

He rolls his tongue upwards, promotes the secretion of saliva, and tastes a thousand sorts of delicacies.

He is the twin flying beasts, carrying on his back the airborne maiden with the plate.

He has rubbed the beautiful and drifting dreamland on the scroll of youth by himself,

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43.The immateriality of the nature of all things.

44.The functioning of mind in its process regarding like and dislike, good and evil, etc. It is the fourth of the five *skandhas*, the five aggregates.

Allowing the dragon-like gushing rain to transfigure into a lying thing and move minutely on his pattra.

An Alexandrian laurel in the dream has two forked branches and each one of them has tree forked twigs.

Six Nephila pilipes hanged six cobwebs in the six directions of the east, the south, the west, the north, the above and the below.

They caught the beautiful butterflies transfigured from the lying thing  
And engraved them one by one on his dreams to preserve them through all eternity.  
In the old bookcase packed with longing  
Is hidden his notebook of youth pertaining to vacuity.

The kernel of chaos swallowed heaven and earth and transfigured itself into Snow, the precious butterfly in the heavenly city.

Looking back, he sees that the pair of eyes are moist, and upon a lucent crystal bead

Is reflected a beautiful sweet tale that Snow fabricates night after night.

On its chaotic back are streaks and on its underside on the belly is the color of pure indigo.

It drizzles sometimes on you the super maiden.

Sometimes he and I initiate a love game of mysterious genes.

Sometimes he and the fragrance with dew-draped glamour compose together the subtle index of sensations.

Sometimes he and “e” crank the super search engine in the southerly breeze.

Sometimes he searches for the everlasting lover in the sea of net in the universe.

Sometimes he transfigures himself into the twin flying beasts and carries the beautiful plate maiden.

In the world of goodness, an empty space, a margin of flourishing tenderness of void and fullness, is saved.

To the qui music of the songs “Moonlit Night On the Spring River” and “Journey to the Peach Blossom Land”,

You and I grapple and fight each other on the crest of waves in the crimson rain

obscuring the sky.

In the juxtaposition of illusory shadows, the substantial codes of primary forms are revealed.

𩺰 is the mysterious boatman called young Gu-Nau-Er on the vessel named Azure Sea.

Azure Sea anchored briefly near the valley of wind, located on an island off the shoreline.

In an instant, it turned into a mysterious and gorgeous nautical abode.

Sometimes young Gu-Nau-Er transfigures himself into a worm on a leaf of the spiritual twig.

Sometimes he transfigures himself into an invisible worm and dives like a fish into the mighty river.

And sometimes he transfigures himself into a vessel with the help of which one may cross the rivers.

It is the original primary shape and crude form of the vessel named Azure Sea.

In front of Azure Sea leads a Kun fish,<sup>45</sup>

Above it explores a Yi bird,<sup>46</sup>

And behind it escort thirteen blue whales.

Azure Sea is a precious vessel with thirteen decks.

In the twinkling of an eye, thirty-seven sun-drenched sails are hoisted.

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45. An enormous legendary fish.

46. An aquatic bird mentioned in ancient books.

## Chapter Nineteen:

### The Meditative Center

*We cross the end of the world and see the incredible virgin tidal waves.*

*We lean on the rails on the deck and see the evening crimson glow dye the water and the sky red.*

She the maiden was recollecting the sweet first kiss.

There were remnants of dreams drifting in the mysterious ocean currents.

I saw Maiden Lei arrive from the whirlpool of waves.

It was the movement of atmosphere that stirred the whirling tornados.

It was the inexplicable circulation of vortex that formed water tornados.

I saw that the young lad sometimes strode over the crest of the waves

And sometimes shuttled between the deep and serene zones in the valley of the waves.

Today, ice congealed swiftly above the clouds.

A blazing airstream swirled up along the illusory “eye wall” around the center of the storm.

In an instant, a prodigious rain spattered down from the inky dark vortex of clouds.

Azure Sea sailed in the middle of the unknown abstruse sea.

I saw that a flame frozen in the bottom of abysmal sea

Was releasing a kind of life power pertaining to the nature of water, which is void of form.

Behold! Afar, on the horizon, an azure blue pictographic mountain

And a verdant green mountainous pictograph embrace each other.

The pictographic mountain opened its mouth and spurted out a beam of mysterious blue light.

It broke through the enigmatic ethereal cloud band surrounding the mountainous pictograph.

In the twinkling of an eye, the transfigured blue and the naked green blended with

each other in perfect harmony.

Only a layer of drizzly, misty, vaporous haze was still subliming.

Above, a super blue nose touched an emerald green nose.

Two pairs of nostrils inhaled from and exhaled to each other and imbibed pure yin and pure yang qi.

Below, blue and green embraced each other tightly and blended in unity in the city of Wushan.

There was a body inside the body; it was airtight and seamless between them.

A *deva*-tree in the sky<sup>47</sup> with coiled roots and gnarled branches was two-forked  
And made its triumphant appearance from the deepest and most secluded channel  
of the pictographic mountain and the mountainous pictograph.

Behold! There is valley in the peak of the pictographic mountain, and there is a  
peak in the valley of the mountainous pictograph.

Peaks and valleys interflowed and blended with each other and converged into  
thousands of rivers and lakes.

Along the enigmatic ancient waterway sailed Azure Sea,

Making a search for and an exploration of the mysterious recondite cause of this  
expanse of water.

Tonight, on the deck above, a grown maiden

Was dancing wildly and kissing passionately with her lover; their fates intertwined  
because of the karma that follows desire.

A full moon floated upon the undulating tidal waves,

Counting the pendulum of time fashioned by the swaying surges,

Which lingered in the water for a brief moment before they disappeared.

Azure Sea moved minutely and silently with the lapse of time.

Look at the hideout where the maiden and her lover conceal themselves.

There is a shell inside the shell; and when one takes off the inner garment, there  
are still clothes on.

Indigo, bright emerald and cerulean green water

Was blending and overlapping with the azure blue mass around Azure Sea.

---

47. The tree in each devaloka which produces whatever the devas desire.

A fish fell asleep in the water and was putting up a dream within the dreams.  
And in the dream, it escaped from the mysterious bamboo basket the captain weaved.

You said that I am the fairest mysterious angel in ㄣ's dreams.

She said that I am the eternal lover in the ㄣ's virtual city of transformation.

"Snow" in the kernel of chaos asked me to put on makeup under the moonlight  
And enact once again a remix of the youthful colors and the matching rainbow hues

So as to render my delicate rosy cheeks and facial features even more charming.

A puffin flew hither from the South Pacific Ocean to keep the "Yi" bird company.

A beam of golden glistening light of waves lingered until the romantic moment of moonset.

ㄣ's genuine and exquisite attic is precisely 111 square meters in size.

In the early morning, the French window with glazed windows have already ushered in an orb of morning sun.

Today, the clouds overhead drifted and sculptured the most perfect forms on earth.

The fifty-three friends of virtue on Azure Sea agreed to meet on the open-air thirteenth deck to enjoy the first ray of sunrise.

An expanse of mirror-like water reflected the sunshine and produced gorgeous sceneries in a myriad of colors.

It was the azure blue water and sky that engendered the emerald, green, indigo oceans.

The young captain tied the ropes tight before he hoisted the sails in an instant.

Facing eastern winds, Azure Sea sailed towards the direction of sunrise.

We saw a school of beautiful fish moving.

It seemed that we could hear the group calls of the colony of penguins in the utmost North Pole.

Waves whirled and circled around the masts; winds cruised on the azure blue water surface.

We crossed the end of the world and saw the incredible virgin tidal waves.

We leaned on the rails on the deck and saw the evening crimson glow dye the water  
and the sky red.

Waves circulated on this expanse of tranquil and spiritual water in remembrance of  
the past.

We navigated along the incredible ancient waterway with profuse universal  
*pratyaya*.<sup>48</sup>

We spent three nights and three days in the vast and boundless water world.

Behold! There are fish that fall asleep as soon as the dusk descends.

Behold! There are fish that wake up as soon as the night falls.

Tonight, our Starlit Sky Theatre once again put on

The play in which the merman floated on water and drove shoals of fish.

Azure Sea is the sweet lovely home that we share together.

A constellation of meteors that had lost contact for over three thousand years

Followed our Azure Sea tonight and arrived at the North Pacific Ocean.

We cruised along the ancient glacier waterway from south to north.

Following the oceanic rhythms, we let Azure Sea drift and glide freely on the tidal  
waves.

In the evening sky, an orb of crimson setting sun stopped by my cabin window and  
lingered on “e”’s forehead.

Our young captain, as magnificent as the heaven-sent dragon-like generous rain,  
has surpassed the ancient magical wisdom of navigation long ago.

我 could not bear to let this incredible great waterway disperse in our dreams.

我 could not bear to let this incredible great waterway slumber in our dreams.

Azure Sea sailed across the roaring, seething surges and attracted exquisite songs  
from the sea tides.

The young captain gently called you, her, e, him and me to wake up from our  
dreams.

Behold! At this dusk, the minds of the fifty-three friends of virtue set on the  
serene Grain Full.

A sense of confidence filled with kindness and innocence welled up in your heart.

---

48.Secondary, conditional cause.

Her love is like a kind of ethereal, misty, beautiful, slight haze.

“e” loved to play the role of the young captain’s priestess who drifted with the flow and chased the lucid waves.

Unaware of the ambiance, he suddenly asked the twin flying beasts to play funny games.

“Snow” is a supporter of esotericism, and Duo-Giao is a curious inquirer.

It mizzled and the drizzly rain fell into the water of the marvelous genuine lucid sea.

Today, all of us gathered together and chatted at the music hall on the seventh floor.

Images from the past were being shown repeatedly on the arch-shaped widescreen. The remembrance formula of memories in the sea of mind was playing tricks in the dreams.

A big fish was in the middle of eating a small fish whilst it was suddenly frozen by a stream of drifting ice.

On the bottom layer of the emerald glacier rock was rubbed a kind of brand new evidence.

After three thousand years, it became an ancient totem for the navigators.

That night, I dreamt that our young captain and Azure Sea

Transfigured into a giant blue “Kun” fish and darted to the bottom of the azure sea To explore another dimension, another space in the depth of the water world.

That night, you dreamt that our young captain and Azure Sea

Transfigured into a giant blue roc and soared to the azure blue sky.

In an instant, a kaleidoscope of extraordinary sceneries from the city of transformation bloomed in the firmament void of forms,

Teasing we the fifty-three guests in the cabin so much so that we could not sleep peacefully.

## Chapter Twenty:

### Amidst Dreams

*Berthing. The plate maiden whom he the twin flying beasts carries  
Permeates into the dreams of lovers every night.*

Winds strolled in the cabin corridor with thunder and lightning.  
Rain lingered on the uppermost open-air deck.  
On the surface of the vast expansive water, the sounds of the sonorous waves swirled.  
Water droplets all over the sky fell on the ocean, hopping and raising a rumpus.  
From the expansive sky stroke the sonorous thunders on the banner of great bodhi.  
A lightning was intercepted and gulped down by a mysterious black inky mass.  
Atmospheric circulations formed rainy fronts.  
Tonight, nature demonstrated its thunderous power without warning.  
Bubbles from the surging spindrift floated aloft, facing high winds.  
Glistening water drops congealed on the masts, glittering.  
Giant frothing waves rolled up emerald green water and sky like a scroll.  
On the vast expanse of water drifted Azure Sea,  
Letting the surges by force seven carry it over the sea on roaming.  
The three elements of clouds, rain and water performed a dual concerto for winds and waves.  
We hoisted the sails and caught a full load of winds so as to sail a thousand mails a day.  
On this vast and boundless water scudded Azure Sea.

Today, it was slowly but surely getting warmer on the sea.  
First rays of morning sun unveiled the canopy of the firmament whereupon the field of vision widened gradually.  
We came to an unknown incredible water area where

Mysterious energy gathered in abundance.  
 The glistening light of waves bore a trait of undulating azure blue.  
 The young captain took the helm with urgency.  
 He operated the rudder with an ancient compass engraved on it  
 And steered the boat to the end of the world following the guidance of the “Yi” bird  
 and the puffin.  
 A shoal of Ocean Flish<sup>49</sup> came across a troupe of Silverswimmers<sup>50</sup> on the sea surface.  
 Glittering crystal-like bits glinted in the water, which turned out to be a Rainbow  
 squid.<sup>51</sup>  
 It was displaying its beautiful, flashing, multicolored bioluminescence.  
 Afar, we saw a colony of penguins meditating together.  
 A kind of transparent energizing liquid generated a kind of liquid energy.  
 We discovered that there was a beam of mysterious blue light in the bottom of the  
 abysmal sea.  
 From the incredible waterway, a school of unknown, beautiful fish  
 Swam hither to the mysterious, bright blue periphery and slept comfortably and  
 freely.  
 All the fish were enchanted in their own dreamland and played with gaiety.  
 Suddenly, all fish sleeping deeply in sweet dreams  
 Were draped in beautiful butterfly attires  
 And flew magically with grace in the expanse of the blue lit water.  
 Azure Sea is an un-receding sail for the young lad to build his dreams on.  
 It makes our wishes soar in the Dharma-realm and never sink.  
 It allows our promises to accumulate, fumigate and transform in the incredible  
 waterway.  
 It allows our promises to revisit the past where the nature of water is void of form,  
 and be realized.  
 Yet to be fashioned, Duo-Giao never left margins.  
 Behold! The place with perfect spirituality and plain enlightenment  
 Has engendered a myriad of colors without cause.  
 Plain and clean, “Snow” in the kernel of chaos

---

49.A flying fish with flapping fins that breathes outside of water.

50.Fish-sized neotenous crustaceans.

51.One of the ocean's largest species, with a total length of 25 meter. Ocean flish, silverswimmers and rainbow squid are all hypothesized future species.

Inhaled and exhaled the violet qi wafted hither by the vernal breeze.  
Potentiality and condition. You the goddess of thunder and rain, the super maiden,  
Searched for the abstruse meaning of life on the Waking of Insects.  
Swirling. I the butterfly  
Stretched my dark purple banner-like wings in the beautiful scented ocean.  
They then transfigured into the Milky Way in Indra's net of gems.  
Lodging. She the goddess of saṃskāra in the height of summer  
Searched for the dew-congealed fragrance every night  
And weaved scenes after scenes where lovers played games in the dreams.  
Berthing. The plate maiden whom he the twin flying beasts carried  
Permeated into the dreams of lovers every night  
And stole true love stories that lovers enacted in their dreams.  
Shame.<sup>52</sup> Lei weaved silk floss to make a long gown and then embroidered on the  
lapels of it.  
She loved to dance trippingly on the mirror-like lake surface where water diamonds  
assembled.  
“e” the little girl's Lei is the priestess on Azure Sea.  
The wishes made in the bygone past initiate everlasting longing.  
Primordial dreams. The lad on the azure sea, with vibrating blue that generated  
green, emerald and indigo,  
Observed the infinite land and sea in the incredible waterway.  
Look at the barque and the ravines that travel minutely, and the mountains and the  
waters that move nocturnally in an instant.  
Bearing horns. Gliding smoothly, Azure Sea was chasing the sun.  
Look at the glistening lights of waters that illuminate, creating beautiful causes  
together.  
Look at the myriad of forms and shapes that drift endlessly and infinitely.  
Resembling a mysterious sea abode and a hand-painted barque, Azure Sea  
Shifted minutely on the azure sea surface in green, emerald and indigo.  
Differentiating. The roc transfigured into a “Kun” fish and surfed on the great  
waves.

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52. At not yet being free from mortality.

A merman arrived from the region of waters to visit Azure Sea.  
While departing, he gave each of us a legendary luminous pearl.  
Perceiving truth behind all material things. We hoisted the un-receding solar sails  
And hung the banner of great bodhi to welcome the red-hued sky.  
Look at the ten thousand rays of evening glow that undulate an orb of crimson  
setting sun.  
At that moment, a cool breeze wafted over the rippled water surface.

Maiden Lei strode over the glistening light of waters where water fairies lined up,  
Glided gently upon the mirror-like water surface reflecting the crimson sky,  
And invited you, her and me, on the mirror-like water surface of the golden drum,  
To scout out the matrix abstruse cause of the complex sky canopy of the  
mysterious universe,  
Search for the incalculable constellations of the dazzling and glittery meteors in  
the Milky Way in the Dharma-realm,  
And transmit them into the square cabin window panes of ~~XX~~'s attic of III square  
meters.  
In the first of the three divisions of the night, thoughts that had passed through  
the mind immediately transformed into future fantasies.  
In that instant, all that came into view were true manifest forms of future  
memories.  
Together, the fifty-three people aboard on Azure Sea were reading one magical  
volume of the songs of the sea  
And three scrolls of sutras of the ocean of mind, the ocean of nature and the ocean  
of omniscience.  
In the second division of the night, turbulence suddenly appeared in the fair sky,  
and the fronts made a short visit before they left again.  
A full moon cast amorous glances at us in the Fifth Watch of Silver Candlelight.  
Being at the same place, we made different observations and saw seven different  
kinds of dreamlike blue arise on Azure Sea.  
They were nevertheless caressed by one and the same marvelous spindrift and

transformed into high winds.

In the third division of the night, the mysterious atmosphere congealed into twin spiral water tornados.

Waves of perception rolled in the wondrous limpid sea, initiating the pulsating flows and the magnetic waves in the abysmal sea.

Our captain reversed the sails, and steered the vessel so that it scudded over the giant waves like a fleeting shuttle.

In the twinkling of an eye, it sped away from the dreamlike azure sea of worlds, homebound.

At this moment, all of us have drifted into the subconscious dreamland,

Letting Azure Sea glide in the vast expanse of water,

Letting the sea waves roll up our adventurous journeys like scrolls.

Only Duo-Giao still stayed on the open-air thirteenth deck,

Observing stars all over the sky and interacting with the Milky Way.

“Snow” in the kernel of chaos suddenly uttered, seemingly awakened, that

The ferry made of a thousand lotus petals turned into a barque, which then piled up to form a precious pavilion.

This is a tale in which a bosom friend is looking for a predestined one.

Turning my head this way and that, I saw that the vast expanse of water extended into the distance and stretched beyond the horizon.

Lei keyed in the coordinates of “e” in my ocean of dreams. My heart tarried while I put on my garment.

Look at you who tread along waters and travel incognito. Still, you cannot contain your love for 袂.

Being a mud doll, Duo-Giao

Nevertheless was attired in a dancing costume of a puppet, dancing.

## Chapter Twenty-one:

### Consciousness in Chaos

*It is a kind of primitive sentimental response awakened by the peach blossoms.*

*I conceal love in the core of the profound lake of 茗's heart.*

A gyroscope in the dream swirls eternally in the middle of the vast and boundless sea,

Undaunted to the severe cold in high altitude, bar-headed geese fly over the Himalaya Range.

A shoal of unknown beautiful fish invite each other to exchange the mysterious circuits.

From the incredible waterway, they swim back to the wondrous, limpid brook where it is azure blue, emerald green and lucid.

Last night, “e” came to lodge at my home. In the early morning, sunlight projected upon the nude statue by the window.

“e” said that 茗 gave her a mysterious dancing costume of a mud doll dancer while she was little.

Lithely and gracefully, she danced the heaven-worshipping dance by the ethereal waterfall.

“e” talked to me with sincerity, her eyes bright with glistening light of waves like that of flowing waterfalls.

I saw in “e”'s eyes that a sheet of water flows in the channel and lingers.

A lotus barque hoisted the un-receding sails

And cruised on the rippling, glistening waves in moonlight.

Unhurriedly, “e” said with sweet smiles that

This is a reversed seed of the world manifested by dreams.

In the second division of the night in early summer, stars in the Milky Way were extraordinarily brilliant.

We steered the unrestrained barque and chased the crest of waves, roaming.  
Like a beam of the ethereal moonlight, love glitters gently at the eyebrow center  
And quietly wipes away the silhouette of loneliness and emptiness in the heart.  
The lotus barque berthed at the wharf and arrived at his water house.  
The pearls transformed from the tears shed by the merman could be seen  
everywhere in the households living on water.  
Each one of the pearls bore stains of tears the merman shed while he was  
recollecting the sensation-data<sup>53</sup> in the past.  
He said that with winds blowing, it is rather cool in the water house tonight.  
Households living on water heartily welcomed the bosom friends from Spirit  
Mountain.  
Tonight, drapes of clouds lingered above the haze and would not drift away.  
Behold! The misty vapors have befogged and permeated the water house.  
Spindrift lashed at the water house and dispersed sprays here and there.  
He told me that he dreamt of a fire fox capable of singing.  
It then transfigured to a green bird and came to my dreams to ramble and dance in  
spirit.  
A beautiful fish that ran off from the incredible waterway  
Jumped out of the water and darted into the resplendent Milky Way to chase the  
waves.  
In an instant, the cloud system hovering over the water house drifted to a zone of  
supercell.<sup>54</sup>  
In a short while, heavy rain started to pour down on the water area where the  
households abode.

He said that “e” is an expanse of water, and ㄆ is the warm southerly breeze that  
wafts upon water surface.  
“e” and ㄆ agreed to meet tonight and let the sandglass of time gush.  
Two self portraits of them developed and juxtaposed in the light reflecting on the  
drops of water.  
While little, “e” could amuse ㄆ simply by sticking out her tongue so that ㄆ

53.The six *gunas* or objects of sensation of the six organs of sense.

54.A thunderstorm that is characterized by the presence of a mesocyclone.

smiled and beamed with delight.

Like lovers falling in love for the first time, they lingered in the resplendent tunnel of time.

“e” saved petals of sweet smiles in ㄟ's whorls of fingers with which ㄟ picked up flowers.

That night, flood was accompanied by rising tides, and the circulating cloud system hovered aloft ghostly.

The water house drifted aimlessly with the flow of water like a desolate islet.

That night, gusts of strong winds accompanied by thunders and lightning howled in all directions

As if sailing on Azure Sea in the incredible waterway.

I said that “e” was still very childish; even at such a moment, she remained cheerful and counted the crystal-like droplets on the transparent windows.

After the storm in the previous night, the households living on water returned to their peaceful daily life.

A crimson sun, like a bright red balloon, drifted aloft to the very east of the water house.

We waved him goodbye, and steered the lotus barque to chase the winds and cruise in leisure.

Last night, “e” came to lodge at my home and created with me a palace in the dreams.

In the dreams, we arranged exuberant colors. We were both girls fond of dancing.

We both had the mysterious dancing costume of the mud doll dancer that ㄟ gave us.

And ㄟ often beat the drums for us when we sang and danced.

That spring, the peach blossoms in our garden were in extraordinarily full bloom.

Stars all over the sky hung on the pink canopy.

Verdant new grass sprang in the vernal breeze on the Waking of Insects.

Violet creeping oxalis put forth their blossoms in the vernal rain for a shower.

“e” said that butterflies are goal keepers of nature in springtime.

At nightfall, a dragonfly flew to “e”’s window lattice and tapped on it.  
In that instant, the easterly wind wafted and the peach blossom petals fell like  
crimson rain in the whole garden.  
Each and every petal was suffused with the scents of 允 and me.  
That night, our love swirled like a windmill.  
Like a brimming water vein, it gushed in the heaving surges.  
It was a kind of primitive sentimental response awakened by the peach blossoms.  
I concealed love in the core of the profound lake of 允’s heart.  
The love of “e” was discreetly transferred to 允’s serene eyes on Grain Full.  
Those are the memories that e, 允 and I share together.

“e” is a smart, peculiar and cute little girl.  
And I am an arbitrary, overbearing and bright little girl.  
Pointing at the moon in the Milky Way, 允 said to “e” and me that  
There was an innocent angel who fell amidst the endless emerald mountain peaks.  
Let us see which one of us would find our true self first.  
At this moment, “e” started to grin from ear to ear out of the sudden  
Simply because “e” noticed that a group of fireflies afar  
Intended to mimic a stream of meteors by attempting to climb upward to the  
Milky Way.  
At this moment, the first light of dawn appeared on the horizon.  
In morning twilight, a beautiful butterfly burst in  
The cobwebs set by six *Nephila pilipes*.  
They hung from above, below and left to right in all directions.  
Let us see how the beautiful butterfly, enmeshed in the cobweb, shall extricate  
itself out of it.  
Suddenly, an optical wave projected hither from above.  
Following the channel of spirit, the butterfly instantaneously freed itself out of the  
cobwebs.  
We saw another beautiful blue butterfly  
Meditating in a golden flower.

Suddenly, a weird green mantis appeared  
 And waited for its opportunity with its eyes bright with vigor and eager.  
 From the south winged hither a canary to patrol.  
 It then flew off with the weird mantis dangling in its mouth.  
 The six Nephila pilipes rearranged their network.  
 One net was hung from the east all the way to the west;  
 Four nets were situated in the south, facing the north;  
 And one net was situated in the north, facing the south.  
 It was simply because that today it blew southeast wind before it veered northwest,  
 And that they wanted to catch the butterflies flying hither from the north.  
 The vernal sun moved, following the axis of the cobwebs.  
 After a sunny rain, crystal dew hung all over the cobwebs.  
 The dark cerulean sky was surrounded by creamy clouds.  
 They formed twin spiral clouds of mystic flames, and left margins.

While little, “e” plucked grapes under the grape trellis.  
 Whereas I picked loofah under the loofah trellis while I was little.  
 Back then, “e” once said to me sweetly  
 That we shall exchange our promises when we turn seventeen in the future world.  
 We agreed to meet under the peach blossom tree in spring.  
 I remembered we had spent time on a blue island while we were little.  
 The sea around the islets in the vicinity of the island was covered with beautiful  
 coral reefs and strewn with red-hued sunset glow.  
 The dancing figure of “e”, while little, swirled airborne like waves in the dreamlike  
 waterfall.  
 My glance permeated into ㄣ’s dreamland and never logged out again.  
 Last night, “e” came to lodge at my home; together, we fashioned stories on the  
 Vernal Equinox.<sup>55</sup>  
 “e” and I rested our heads on one indigo stone, and we embarked on dreaming our  
 dreams—

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55.The fourth solar term.

## Chapter Twenty-two:

### Manifestation

*“e” dances the original and primordial plain form in ㄣ’s dreams.*

*“e” has always been all the priestess on the blue island.*

Azure Sea transforms into a still barque

And berths in the harbor of dreams tonight.

Tying the wedding knot. Maiden Len’s e is the most extensive water in the world,

Allowing ㄣ to roam in “e”’s incredible channel and then return.

Dense is the dew. You are the goddess of thunder and rain, the unhurried supper maiden

Thousands of rivers and lakes in which the nature of water is void of form allow ㄣ to transfigure and move minutely.

Fragrant with dew-draped glamour, the mountain maiden turns around, transfigures into the goddess of *samskāra* in the height of summer,

And makes it possible for ㄣ to absorb the aerobic, happy *kāla*<sup>56</sup> in the southerly breeze.

Adorned with vermilion is the bow. The twin flying beasts carry the airborne plate maiden,

Making it possible for ㄣ to take the unknown path from here and amble forward.

He has never forgotten the original hometown, and he loves keeping the memories forever.

My butterfly in the heavenly city with dark purple banner-like wings has a “big sea-eye” and a “small sea-eye”.

Perceiving truth behind all material things. Whatever ㄣ sees is true. Temperate are the three plain clouds on the dag of Vernal Equinox.

Azure Sea the never-receding sail berths in the harbor at midnight when dreams linger

So that ㄣ would not forget his hometown, sojourn elsewhere, or drift about from

one city to another.

☸ answered heaven's calls and sent the dragon-like generous rain, and downloaded my memories in the dreams.

☸ has always been the esoteric cause and the plain form of Azure Sea the unreceding sail.

In the night, it transfigures into a clean and beautiful primordial island.

The mysterious earth crusts move minutely and seal the heart imprint of the blue sea.

In the Pacific Ocean, Azure Sea pulls into shore where the views shift.

On the summit of the island with an elevation of 4,952 meters above sea level, the banner of great bodhi is hoisted.

"Snow" in the kernel of chaos is the mysterious figure that forgets the hometown, Letting "e" inhale and absorb the spiritual aura before the earth was separated from heaven.

Duo-Giao accumulates the seeds and stores the forms; it is a void, clear and snow-white world of goodness.

It was born before the beginning of the butterfly dance, and it transformed after the beginning of the butterfly dance.

In the gorgeous sea of dreams, thousands of colors never fade.

In the gorgeous sea of dreams, love fairies ever fall asleep.

That night on the misty moonlit seashore, you and I

Weaved fascinating and legendary mythological tales for "e".

At that time, water in the big river traveled through the twisting and zigzagging channels.

Plenteous vernal rain seeped into the thousands of rivers and lakes of yours.

Undulating and wavy were they in the bright moonlight.

You watered e's primordial garden with the milk spring mellowed with love from the Moon Palace.

The Nuerhong rice wine,<sup>57</sup> which I had made seventeen years ago with love, was mellow and rich when I unsealed it.

☸ got drunk with it for seven nights and seven days. Afterwards, a tattered

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57. This "Red Daughter" wine evolved from the Shaoxing tradition of burying the earthen wine jar underground when a daughter was born, and digging it up for the wedding banquet when the daughter was to be married.

lingered.

In remembrance of the childhood, “e” seals the rotating disc of tender sentiments with a love code connected to the heart.

The eternal love promises made to ㄟ in the past have to be realized now.

Only love can repay the never-ending and everlasting longings.

A kind of mysterious time radian. A kind of romantic space curve.

The plate maiden rode on the wings of the twin beasts and arrived at ㄟ's dreams.

The hidden genes at the moment of encounter still carried the freshness of past feelings.

At the moment of the unplanned encounter, a ray of morning sunlight shone through the windowpanes of her dreams.

Glittery was the ballet dancing costume that she took off last night;

Glistening was the resplendent and magical outdoor stage last night.

Out of the sudden, the fronts approached and forced her to splash the ink and executed cursive scripts in a moment of haste.

That night on the misty moonlit seashore, you and I

Weaved fascinating and legendary mythological tales for ㄟ.

At that time, the formation of the Chinese character “water” bore the symbol of “yang.”<sup>58</sup>

Like a mirror of water, the rippling lake surface reflected the moonlight.

You the superb maiden sloughed off your spiritual skin.

In an instant, it turned into rose petals, falling gently.

Like a shower of crimson rain, they sprinkled into the depth of my heart.

ㄟ stepped aboard of that untied barque from the sea of dreams.

With tears welling up in my eyes and then running down my cheeks,

I stretched my dark purple banner-like butterfly wings,

Forcing the floating clouds to linger in the east.

Instantaneously, vapors spread all over the sky and misty haze prevailed.

They permeated into the transfigured plain form of Azure Sea.

On the beautiful and clean primordial island,

58. In the Eight Diagrams (eight combinations of three whole or broken lines formerly used in divination), the whole lines and the broken lines symbolize “yin” and “yang”, the two opposing principles in nature. The Chinese character “water”, characterized as a self-explanatory character, bears a whole line in the middle, symbolizing yang.

You and I embraced each other tightly.  
The fronts brought with them wind, thunders and rain.  
Torrential rains fell in thousands of rivers and lakes.  
Brooks and streams were heavily bedewed, glittering here and there.

All of a sudden, he produced a coupon of love  
And a magical love passbook of demand saving deposits.  
Something that he had been pondering for a long time could no longer be kept  
inside.  
He was waiting to tell 阿 in a romantic night.  
Right in that night, he was being heedless and stepped on some moss-covered  
ground.  
Whereupon he took the advantage of the opportunity and fell into 阿's arms.  
Instantly, the memory capsule of love was crashed  
And the feelings sealed since the beginning of time started to pour forth and surge  
in abundance.  
The embrace at that instant made his eyes brim over with warm tears.  
The forgotten memories were awakened tonight.  
He finally found his everlasting, eternal lover.  
He forgot that it was the plate maiden carried by the twin flying beasts.

In the nightly sky, the star-strewn Milky Way resembled a checkerboard.  
The candle lamps juxtaposed in Indra's net.  
A few Confederate rose-like clouds surrounded the orb of full moon.  
She concealed the bow in the lapels of her gown and waited for the gene array of  
love.  
In the boundless sea of dreams, she arrived at the transfer station of affection.  
A kind of esoteric, forbidden and alluring game was being exported.  
In that instant, opal, pink and shiny black  
Were all devoured by the celestial body in the nightly canopy. You and I  
Observed the spurting cloud waves which formed a firewall where the nature of

wind was void of form.

She said that she was sleepless out of longing, and that she bound universal predestined relations out of love.

Under the starry firmament, a lone and proud flame-flower  
Was in full bloom amidst the cliff rocks on the blue island.

I asked you to hold me tight and worry not.

The bow with accumulated electricity turned into purple lightning  
And swept across the summit with an elevation of 4952 meters above sea level on the blue island.

In that instant, the flaming red all over the sky took over the azure blue firmament,  
And passionate love melted in the affectionate blue.

I asked you to hold me tight and worry not.

Tonight, she the goddess of saṃskāra in the height of summer  
Will no longer be differentiated from you and me.

Behold! The clamors in the center of *vijñāna-skandha*<sup>59</sup> have diminished gradually.  
The sea of clouds ceased seething, and the damp haze gradually dispersed, too.  
That firewall where the nature of wind had been void of form  
Gradually receded, and the binding realm was no longer sealed.

Tonight, “e” performed the nymph gymnastic on the icy crystal, mirror-like lake surface,

And showed ㄟ the lithe and graceful dance of the azure mirror between water and heaven.

The moist, slippery surface did not impair the steadiness of e’s footsteps. That night, we accompanied ㄟ on a vernal promenade to the lake.

Together, we were in the drizzle for three hours,

Having forgotten to open the big umbrella in ㄟ’s hands.

“e” danced the original and primordial plain form in ㄟ’s dreams.

“e” had always been the priestess on the blue island.

After a waft of breeze, a shower of petals fell soundlessly.

The waving costume of “e” the Lai Maiden swept across the spiritual firmament,

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59.The fifth of the five aggregates or attributes.

Resembling gushing, multihued and luxuriant ink splashing the sentient sky.  
At that moment, the sea where the mud doll with the magical feather costume had  
been dancing  
Froze out of the sudden a combination of mysterious signs and codes,  
Terminating the commands for dancing, a kind of mysterious behavior.  
Afar, a curtain of upside-down waterfall swirled aloft.  
And a mud doll dancer was stealing e's dancing steps.  
A dazzling, bright-colored butterfly covertly slipped in the realm,  
Visited the palace of original dreams where "e" often longed for,  
And knocked on the seismic zone where e's spiritual plates converged.  
Suddenly, from the round, spiritual, mirror-like lake surface between water and heaven,  
Appeared an ancient, mysterious and everlasting bronze Buddha statue...

## Chapter Twenty-three:

### Inference

*Your thoughts drift from the past to the future before they berth here and now.  
My feelings glance from the left to the right before they stay between the eyebrows.  
Our love crisscross with each other in the longitude and latitude of dreams.  
Look at your dark strains of hair that swept across the blue ocean.*

There is an inseverable umbilical cord between you and me.  
In the early summer, I saw your gentle and content smile.  
Afar, the evening sunset was breathtakingly beautiful.  
We gazed into each other's eyes with affection and there was no distance between you and me.  
The sunset glow was pasted one layer after another on your rectangular windowpanes.  
In the late spring, I came to visit you at your future home for the first time.  
I saw the red cape that I had given you on the day of Great Cold<sup>60</sup>  
Was hung high in that doorless closet.  
A waft of jasmine fragrance from your hair greeted me.  
In the very instant, the mysterious wall clock in your room broke time into two pieces.  
You told me thoughtfully that one of the two pieces belonged to the past memories in the original hometown.  
Back then, we had played hide-and-seek under the peach blossom trees in spring.  
Our encounter had not been rehearsed in advance.  
You told me thoughtfully that the other piece belonged to the city of future dreams.  
We agreed to meet next year and watch the five-colored pond amidst the cloud-strewn mountain peaks.

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60.The twenty-fourth solar term.

By Lake Akan, I gave you a sapphire jade pendant.  
You said that you had a kind of feeling that you had never experienced before.  
At that very moment, the mysterious wall clock pieced time together again.  
Right now at this moment, I see that your eyes  
Conceal the blossoming golden roses.  
And your lips are as perfect as divinely sculptured red crystal.  
In the late spring, rarely seen strong convective clouds formed  
And lingered by your 3+1×2 windowpanes.  
At nightfall, strong winds howled and heavy rain dashed, why you asked me to stay  
for the night.  
That night, our secluded house resembled a sea abode under the vast expanse of  
water.  
I saw in your eyes that 雲 was drifting on the boat and sailed at leisure.  
You told me that it was because 雲 had drawn your attention when he was picking  
up a flower.  
Outdoor temperature sank abruptly to 9.5°C.  
Our passion was full of index of love.  
In the twinkling of an eye, it rose to 109.5°C.  
It rained incessantly all night. Vaporous was the haze outdoor that dampened the  
long sleeves.  
And trickling were the dewdrops in front of the eaves that seemed to weave into  
ornamental braids.  
Suddenly a powerful gust of wind flung a sheet of rain hither  
And shattered the Confederate rose petals projected on the windowpane.  
  
I saw that in your titillating eyes  
Was stored a totem of yamato-e style depicting the god of thunder and rain.  
Behold! 雲 the Azure Sea sailing in the boundless sea  
Will anchor in the dreamlike harbor tonight.  
Look at the pair of endearing eyes.  
They glitter with soft moistness,

Cast amorous glances and exude tenderness.  
Longing is a kind of crystal made of dreams.  
Tear stains could not retain the elements of love and affection overflowing out of tenderness.  
Heavy winds and rain formed curvy patterns on the windowpanes resembling fiber optics.  
That flashing light inside the house made space lose directions temporarily.  
I perceived in your eyes that  
There was void beyond void  
And solitude within solitude.  
I said that you always love 我 deeply.  
You said that it is because of the dreams from the past that had been engraved in the depth of your heart.  
It was 我 who had used love as seal and sealed them with the wax of eternity.  
At that time, you promised wholeheartedly to be the god of thunder and rain for 我.  
Azure Sea sailed leisurely in that vast expanse of ocean,  
Sometimes greeting the favorable winds and sometimes bidding farewell to them.  
That night, you sometimes shed tears out of excitement  
And sometimes could not hold back your happy laughter.  
That secluded little house was amidst howling winds and torrential rains.  
I embraced you tightly, fell in sleep and started to dream...

A single blade of paper was not enough to describe the abundance of true feelings you had for 我.  
When the rain had stopped and the winds died away, the first rays of the morning sun shone through the skylight.  
The petals carried droplets that reflected the fabulous clouds in the sky.  
A little straw of grass was soaking wet as if it had just taken a shower.  
Early in the morning, rays of sunlight gently swept across the bamboo forests and cast dappled shades.

Azure Sea transfigured into an island and became your sea abode.  
 It cast anchor in the midst of the ocean currents.  
 You the superb maiden wished for a beautiful sunset glow this evening.  
 To the golden pond in the secluded house came a golden toad.  
 Loudly and incessantly croaked he early in the morning. You the super maiden  
 asked:  
 “Why haven’t Alexandrian Laurel put forth their blossoms now that it is already  
 late spring?”  
 Twice croaked the golden toad in the pond before he said to you:  
 “In the pond is a shell within which a beautiful mysterious butterfly is hidden.”  
 And he said that the butterfly had already slipped into your dreams last night  
 before it slipped out again.  
 And it had copied the files saving your longing for ㄟ and sent them to the blue  
 island.  
 ㄟ was thus deeply moved and the scale of the movement increased in the center  
 of heart, the epicenter  
 To force thirteen on the wind force scale.

I saw an emerald caterpillar crawl onto a snow-white Southern Magnolia.  
 I saw your sweet smiles imprinted deeply in the spiritual blue sky.  
 Behold! A blue bird perches now on the top of the tree and is singing for the  
 flower fairies.  
 At the sound of this, the caterpillar on the Southern Magnolia gets so frightened  
 that it transfigures to a fish and hopped into the Brook of Hundred Blooms to  
 hide.  
 Afar, the lucid blue ocean is like a transparent and spiritual water mirror today.  
 By the look of your glances, I knew that you invited me again to the silvery sand  
 beaches where we could enjoy the sea breezes  
 And observe the banner of great bodhi on Azure Sea in the incredible waterway.  
 A multicolored paraglider glided hither from the mountain ranges by the coast,  
 flew in the blue firmament,

And was like an un-receding sail drifting far away from Azure Sea.  
Your thoughts drifted from the past to the future before they berthed here and now.  
My feelings glanced from the left to the right before they stayed between the eyebrows.  
Our love crisscrossed with each other in the longitude and latitude of dreams.  
Look at your dark strains of hair that swept across the blue ocean.  
The snow-white spindrifts were the silvery wings of my dark purple banner.  
The sea water was on the ebb whereupon beautiful coral reefs exposed themselves.  
We dived into water like fish and played games. For a brief while, we enjoyed ourselves in the vast sea and forgot what we once had been.  
Amidst the beautiful coral reefs, we found a crystal bottle.  
We came up to the water surface and opened the cork.  
Inside was a love coupon drifted hither from Azure Sea.  
We wondered which one of the fifty-three kalyāṇamitra, friends of virtue, had lost this ex libris...

Love me, be tender to me and care about me. And I shall treat you gently, cherish you and care about you.  
Do not let your hopes fluctuate between fullness and emptiness.  
Do not let me linger with seventy percent hope and thirty percent disappointment.  
Please use the quill pen that you had originally dipped in the ink-stone  
To enkindle that glaring flame  
And seal our affection and love with wax  
So that we can be like fish and water being together in all eternity, although we may not remember each other..  
In an instant, a kind of mysterious reading was transformed to our physical instincts.  
The purified energy lingered in the mutual inference of sweet dreams last night.  
We came up to the water surface and walked joyously hand in hand back to the sand beach.

Damp vapor draped the purified bodies,  
And the senses no longer stayed in the mortal phenomena of life and death.  
We came back to your windowpanes of 3+1×2.  
You invited me to sojourn one more night in your future home.  
I wondered in which water area Azure Sea would be sailing tonight.  
I said that in the distant water and sky, atmospheric circulations and fronts  
occurred again.  
Damp and cold was the nightly air. Surely strong winds would start to howl and  
heavy rain start to fall again.  
In the pelagic ocean afar, Azure Sea in the great waterway carried on its journey...

## Chapter Twenty-four:

### Intuitiveness

*Behold! At the fulfillment of Buddha-vow, e's voices hum in the mouth.*

*I am like a lonesome moon with my shadow reflected upon a piece of bare water.*

*A ray of green light swirls into the evening wheel at dusk.*

*In the instant, it is as if honey has formed in my mouth.*

It is the snow-white moon.

It is the arched bow.

It is a kind of gentle, exquisite touches.

It is a kind of sweet senses.

It is the joyous sonority at the fulfillment of Buddha vow.

It is realizing the ancient promises of the completing three parts.<sup>61</sup>

It is the undulating mountains and the secluded valleys that have patched together the umbilical cord of the earth.

It is the tree in the devaloka that has appeared in a humble room.

It is the freely floating clouds and flowing water on Mount Wu.

It is the resonant voices that call from a corner of the secluded valley

And enkindle the never distinguishing flame of seeds.

It is the peaks of mountain ranges and the ravines of mountain streams.

It is the limbs of the body and the veins of blood.

It flows at great speed, extending into distance.

It is the two limpid ponds that breathe in clouds, puff out mist and obstruct the spiritual rain.

It is the Cave of Reversing Winds at the two apertures that absorbs the essence of the sun and the moon.

Long time ago, in the ancient sea of kalpas,

An uncovered, outdoor theatre

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61.The Nirvana Sutra applies the three parts to dharmakāya, prajñā and vimokṣa, all three being necessary to complete nirvana.

Was constructed at the center of a grand, white lotus  
 With me being within, solitary and tranquil.  
 She appeared in the firmament and chased the brilliant glaring wheel on winds  
 In order pursue the promises made in the past and fulfill the Buddha-vow.  
 In the circular spiritual water mirror, you shed a tear of love, which then  
 transformed into a virgin milk spring.  
 In the circular spiritual water mirror, you shed a tear of love, which then  
 transformed into an unadorned jewel.  
 Seen from afar, it was glittering and translucent; and when observed at close  
 distance, it was yet to be fashioned.  
 A ray of sunlight swept across the clear sky. Potentiality and condition.<sup>62</sup>  
 In an instant, all manifestations in the universe were swirling out of the humble  
 room.  
 Behold! One thought of 如来's was left behind at the turning corner of memories in  
 the sea of dreams.  
 It reflected in your glittering droplet, spiritual and universal.  
 Thus after fifty billion instants, in the scroll of sutras in the ocean of *bbūtatatbatā*,<sup>63</sup>  
 It assumed a half-moon shape and hung in the center of a ganoderma<sup>64</sup> on a tree.  
 From then on, you lingered in the multiple realms of forms and changed a myriad  
 of colorful attires.

"e" with the completing three parts<sup>65</sup> saves love in the dreams.  
 Behold! The wonderful enlightenment in which whatever one sees is true  
 Originates from the pure form of clean and serene tranquility.  
 The spiritual aura of "e" whirled exquisitely in the sea of dreams in the center of  
 the heart like a flying wheel  
 And prayed to attain the spiritual scripts of the placid sea in the vast expanse of  
 the Exquisite and Placid Brook.  
 It stuck out its tongue and gave forth magnificent sounds. Winds and air rubbed  
 against each other to form scorching hot currents.  
 In an instant, an earthquake that measured six on the Richter scale occurred.

62.Favorable circumstances.

63.The all-containing, immaterial nature of dharmakāya.

64.Reishi mushroom.

65.The Nirvana Sutra applies the tree parts to dharmakāya, prajñā and vimokṣa, all three being necessary to complete nirvana.

All things on earth woke up at the bolts of vernal thunder on the dag of Waking of Insects.<sup>66</sup>

Behold! The hoary Sweet Osmanthus tree  
Attracted an old toad with awe-inspiring sounds.  
It supplied it with an exquisite mountain-shaped house  
With six lovely windows.

In my house of the precious butterfly in the heavenly city, ㄟ  
Drilled two round points of profundity and tranquility  
To usher in the breathing vibrations of Heaven and Earth.  
ㄟ said that in the realm of the outer space, there is a spiritual pearl with the power  
of fulfilling Buddha-vow.  
Whoever possesses it will have the long-cherished wishes realized instantly.  
He stuck out his tongue and let out gentle and clear voices.  
Mysterious pulsations transformed into indigo lightning  
And shuttled in and out of ㄟ's heart with fulfilled vow and awe-inspiring voices.  
Tonight, in the center of the firmament, peach blossoms bloomed and a full moon  
hung high.  
The humble room of yours was already confined in the bright full moon.  
She took a bunch of lucky grass and cast them into a pot of lotus pond.  
Dream fairies landed in the banner of great bodhi and swirled.  
Some of them transfigured into spiritual and pure flowers of love  
And the others transfigured into ignorant seeds of un-enlightenment.  
In that instant, lotus flowers in the lotus pond blossomed.  
She chanted the abstruse tones with the intension to stop the affectionate heart  
from engendering love and being tainted by the variegated colors.  
She entered into meditation<sup>67</sup> from the realm of inordinate desires and attained  
the pure and original corpus of truth.<sup>68</sup>

Behold! The lotus flowers love to be in the company of water.

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66.The third solar term.

67.Thought and study for enlightenment in regard to truth.

68.*Dharmakāya*, Buddha as absolute.

Water gathered filthy mud, after which the lotus put forth their flowers  
 And nourished the original and true sense of smell from ㄟ.  
 That ray of virtual and solitary light cast itself in e's sea of dreams.  
 Within it were ten mirror palaces with remembrances for ㄟ everywhere.  
 When "e" was little, ㄟ cultivated e's temperament with cheerful sentiments.  
 "e" clung to ㄟ's round collar like an ornamental braid.  
 Vivid were the memories, and tender was the affection.  
 Tender was the affection, and vivid were the memories.  
 A kind of ethereal air occurred between the movements of inhale and exhale.  
 Tens of thousands of thoughts were looking for a place to stay in the scroll of sutras  
 in the ocean of the bhūtatathatā of love.  
 It was he who reversed winds and fires to form blazing currents  
 And crushed Po-Tso to turn it into moonlight. Like water chasing the clouds, it  
 rushed here and there.  
 Behold! The original, unfired earthen brick was sent into the serpentine kiln of  
 wind and fire to be tempered.  
 It turned into a golden metal alms bowl. And last night, a purple lotus came out of  
 it.

ㄟ said that in the root of the primordial world  
 Were stored the spiritual scripts of the placid sea.  
 You exhaled a round spiritual water mirror □.  
 "e" inhaled .'. the three completing points and stored them in the dreams.  
 She arched her eyebrows and tautened the curves.  
 As bright as discharged arrows were her eyes.  
 He opened his mouth and uttered all his wishes.  
 I searched for a piece of land amongst the nine apertures  
 And berthed in ㄟ's scroll of sutras in the sea.  
 In ㄟ's incredible ocean of memories,  
 You, she, he, e and I were never forgotten.  
 It was shame in the primordial chaos that was tainted with sludge gas.

☞ discharged a mysterious arrow and shot it into the clear and solitary void.  
A fair butterfly with colorful wings carried a beautiful dragonfly  
And danced in the lavender meadow in the warm southern breeze.  
On the Wondrous Summit of the Spiritual Mountain is a giant boulder.  
It manifests your, her, his, e's, and my minds.

It is longings, it is thoughts, it is sentiments, and it is feelings that have turned into  
two wings  
And flown high like colorful butterflies three thousand miles away in the sky out of  
the skies.  
Behold! In the natural aura was a humble room that outshined the space.  
There was an indigo seal that ethereally formed in the scroll of sutras in the ocean  
of mind  
And followed the wandering nature in the primordial dreams.  
A never extinguishing flame of seeds  
Ignites hundreds of billions of everlasting precious candles.  
In her void point were three tints, seven colors and two hues.  
The butterfly bearing horns was submerged in the moonlight  
Before it retreated into the realm of forms where winds and fire chased each other.  
He kissed with his tongue and offered flowers,  
Saying that if one could see through the realm of forms, one could then behold the  
Buddha-nature within oneself.  
Your current was like a beam of limpid water.  
In heaven, it transformed into thunder and rain; and on earth, it transformed into  
thousands of rivers and lakes.  
"e" was like a dewdrop, a piece of water, arriving from outside of the awe-inspiring  
kalpa.  
In the spiritual nightly sky, the priestess that came into shape with thoughts  
Allowed the root, the body, the vessel and the realm to congregate and develop into  
flaming fires.  
And she allowed the forbidden longings and thoughts of passion and love to grow

into winds.

Behold! At the fulfillment of Buddha-vow, e's voices hummed in the mouth.  
I was like a lonesome moon with my shadow reflected upon a piece of bare water.  
A ray of green light swirled into the evening wheel at dusk.  
In that instant, it was as if honey had formed in my mouth  
And congealed on the front of my tongue. Vast and void was the open space.  
Void and tranquil was the night in the middle of the night.  
A kind of mysterious energy was shaking the Earth.  
Filaments of flowers concealed themselves in a golden mirror.  
It was ㄟ who carried me minutely towards the direction of ㄟ's world.  
Behold! The water vapor reached the sky and formed a canopy of mist.  
I found myself in the alternative, fragrant lotus world.<sup>69</sup>  
It was the wondrous ocean in the outer space.  
On the day of the Autumnal Equinox, frosty dewdrops congealed amidst the  
flowers.  
Behold! The windows of the humble room are opaque tonight.  
Thunders and rain, clouds and mists are spreading boundlessly.

—Composed on the day of Grain in Ear,<sup>70</sup>  
2006/06/06

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69.The Pure Land of Vairocana.

70.The ninth solar term.

## Chapter Twenty-five:

### Enlightened

*Grain Rain.*<sup>71</sup> You the superb maiden turn out to be the goddess of thunder and rain.  
Every night, you are the perfect partner in ㄟ's real dreamland.

The ambrosial fragrance is sealed within a rosebud.  
The moist vapor in the eyes blurs the whole sea and stirs up furious surges.  
Yesterday, the shell got carried away and was condensed instantly in that time capsule.  
Withered twigs and romantic crimson leaves change shifts to the sounds of the golden drums on the Autumnal Equinox.  
It is blue and green sculptured by the divine ax of nature; it is the indigo and azure expressed by the dexterous craftsmen.  
It is the longitude and latitude in “the illusory city”<sup>72</sup> and “the place of precious things”<sup>73</sup> where one roams that is unable to be marked in the dreams.  
It is the formula according to which the unenlightened seeds germinate freely after one falls in deep sleep.  
A butterfly landed on a petal to be bathed in fragrance with piety.  
A mysterious illusory eye wall drifted inside the distant swirl door.  
One eye contact with you, and the estranger immediately forgot his lover at hometown.

ㄟ has always been roaming in the incredible waterway.  
Tonight, you knocked on my door and asked if ㄟ was in.  
Inside the bundle of the night was a mysterious beam of moonlight.  
With its help, lovers could entice each other to tell the truth in the season of love.  
Each word they uttered were tender love declaration as soft as breeze.  
The dewdrops carried by the leaves had fallen into the pond because of the ruffling

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71.The sixth solar term.

72.The magic or illusory city in the Lotus Sutra; it typifies temporary or incomplete nirvana, i. e. the imperfect nirvana of *Hīnayāna*.

73.The place of precious things, i.e. the perfect nirvana.

of the winds.

The duckweed in the pond said to it that it was gone.

From now on, I will not drift in the void border any longer.

One day, the dewdrops carried by the leaves will become clouds

And rove freely in the firmament.

There is a new world within the ancient world.

In the night, the starry light in the Milky Way projected itself in the super field of vision.

During that whole night, I had played the violin and you danced.

“e” pressed the button and in the twinkling of an eye transferred one encrypted file containing love formula to ㄟ.

Tonight, ㄟ laid a pill with the magic power of reviving the spirit in her eyes to call forth the enchanting look.

Inside the frame of the mirror on the wall, it was revealed that her soul still lingered in the border of ㄟ's dreams.

I used the shields as smart partitions, preventing your resplendent colorful dancing attire from engendering fire-like flames in the very instant when it came into contact with the element of wind.

I heard that forty-nine million eyes ago, the mysterious North Pole had a fair temperature of 23℃ .

You pointed with your finger and said to me mysteriously,

“Look at this ancient and marvelous grooving machine.

It grooved grooves of different width and depth,

Making possible both light and heavy tunes and tones to be played.

I inherited the family tradition from hundred generations back and roved all over the world as a bard.

Listen! The inherited music is swirling with rare tunes

As if surging out of muddy mire and cracked shell.

The low and deep sounds of the thunder drums

Instantaneously freeze time in the past and time in the future.

Hearken! The manifest in the now all retreat to the mythological ancient musical sounds of *sabhā*.<sup>74</sup>

In the spring night, the sounds of a flute travel across the undulating lake; afar on the mountain summit, the flame flowers are in full bloom like flames, reaching the sky.

Sea tides release the sound waves of the ocean.

Petals of flowers contain the color and tinge of moonlight.

The shifting beaches discreetly rub the footprints of the wanderers.

A drifting lone barque embraces the roseate clouds all over the sky.

Grain Rain. You the superb maiden turn out to be the god of thunder and rain.

Every night, you are the perfect partner in ㄟ's real dreamland.

Tonight, the mild southerly was repeating the pattern from the past.

You transfigured into a purple butterfly and fled at a tilted angle of 45°

Before you landed vertically in ㄟ's dreamlike Peach Garden.

“e” pressed the button, launched an alternative driving formula,

And called forth from the square screen the bright expression in e's eyes as brilliant as the full moon.

It is originated from the primitive, primordial, esoteric calls of *tathāgata*.<sup>75</sup>

When it breezes, all the fresh leaves start to whisper.

“e” often makes ㄟ's heart palpitate with excitement.

Behold! “e” composes love music with Gong, Shang, Jiao, Zhi, Yu.<sup>76</sup>

The notes surround our dreamlike blue island.

Since little, we always have had endless love stories to tell,

From the completing three parts in chaos to the fulfilled Buddha vow and the resounding voice.

The ancient Indra's net within the Sutra of the Ocean of Intelligence

74. That which bears, the earth as bearing, enduring; the place of good and evil; a universe, or great chiliocosm, where all are subject to transmigration and which a Buddha transforms.

75. He who comes as do all other Buddhas.

76. The ancient Chinese five-tone music scale.

Has already swirled in the dreamlike air outlet of the sentient beings  
So as to entice lovers in the world to be engulfed into the Sutra of the Ocean of  
Mind.

Behold! That giant boulder lies transversely on the navel of the fashioning  
mountain.

That night, inside your windowpane,  
You grinned from ear to ear.

A female figure danced in the corner of the transparent glazed widow.  
Damp was the air in your tiny room.

The fronts lingered outside the windows.

Heavy rainfall had continued for seven days and seven nights.

The turbidity of the originally clean water increased gradually.

The lucid round spiritual water mirror gradually turned into a muddy hole.

“e” pressed the button and opened a mysterious passage to another endless  
corridor.

All the meandering and serpentine paths were the trajectories of memories from  
the year when “e” was seventeen.

Invisible waves rolled and roared.

They surged one after another and formed a labyrinth in front of the sailing lad.

He was chasing the dreams, once and again.

Behold! Azure Sea cruised on the blue ice crystals in the dreams.

It was revealing, once and again.

The braid on e’s attire drifted in ~~the~~ e’s ocean of dreams.

In the sea area, winds were exciting the waves.

The water surface was overspread with a dense fog in which the eagle hid its wings  
and the butterflies concealed their whereabouts.

In e’s exquisite and solitary void point, three pale rainbows appeared.

In the center of the ocean of heart in the dreams within the dreams, heaven in the  
midst of water appeared.

The white sails on Azure Blue were hoisted and it transformed into a silver barque.

For an instant, it blocked the golden rays of the morning sun that had turned from blue to crimson.

The minutely moving long waves afar scrolled the roseate clouds of dawn all over the sky.

Wind rose, waves clapped against the shore, and grand was the scenery when the sails passed by in front of one's eyes.

An osprey hovered graciously above the crest of the waves as white as lotus.

The ocean turned into a vast expanse of whiteness.

Thousands of clouds drifted across the firmament

As Azure Sea drifted on the waves.

"e" still awaited at the wharf in the hometown.

Lilies blossomed and lilies withered away;

Peaches fell off the tree and peaches grew again.

In the hometown, the Wondrous Limpid Brook flew swiftly.

Petals of flowers fell in profusion all over the brook like a crimson rain

As a result of the southeast winds last night.

And after that came a downpour from the northwest.

Hot air currents approached, accompanied by low pressure.

Thunderstorms lingered in the thunderstorm area.

Damp smell permeated the air.

The thirty-seven heart strings on Azure Sea were slightly shaken.

I love to embrace a giant energy that grows.

Look at the vast expanse of the ocean.

At the wharf by the shore, Lai ignited the lamp from the past.

e's heartbeat increased, and a tear of love brimmed in her eyes.

Longing and waiting. The raindrops on the outside of the glazed windows

Kepts dropping down foams and bubbles for three thousand years without respite.

## Chapter Twenty-six:

### Transformation

*In the center point of serenity,  
I reside within winds and fire, which give birth to each other,  
And dwell in the realm of forms without being tainted.  
Behold! Outside of the tiny room in the middle of the void point...*

Outside of the cave of the immortals by the blue bridge,  
The dreamlike ferry drifted in the nightly harbor.  
Mists permeated in the moonlight.  
The billows surged and the waves gushed; azure was the sea where the original power spread.  
Infinite was the blue sea.  
The manifold multicolored attires of nature covered both banks of the shore.  
You hid mountains in lakes and rivers  
Whilst “e” concealed the barque in the ravine.  
A whiff of heavenly breeze wafted into the wharf of dreams.  
I started to dream.  
The Buddha of destiny sleeps within the wheel  
So as to search for the one that casts dreams.  
You and I shared the moonlight shed into half of the cabin  
And enjoyed a full load of good time  
While being surrounded by dim clouds and vaporous brume.  
Three moon halos appeared in the void point.  
Misty vapor condensed into drifting clouds.  
Mirages of beautiful palaces and castles formed in the sky.  
It was made possible by the atmospheric refraction of sunlight  
And the reflection of optical waves.  
There were pavilions and towers, people and chariots, mansions and villas.

Magnificent and exuberant were the views,  
Vivid as the sea imprints.

Endeared is one at home where everything that meets the eye is real.  
Estranged is one away from home in the virtual illusory realm.  
On Azure Sea, you and “e” are always connected by dreams.  
That day, 夔 composed the music and I sang.  
Under the sapphire, fair firmament, we danced together.  
Rays of sunshine dyed the colorful clouds in true colors.  
Outside of the cave where the immortals abode by the blue bridge in the great  
waterway,  
In the interface of original dreams, we met, became bosom friends and cherished  
each other.  
You, “e” and I watched 夔 cut and pick spoondrifts and billows.  
The crimson sun and the glaciers put together a mosaic of four seasons with  
colorful realms.  
In an instant, the gate pass to heaven folded and the axis of earth receded.  
Spiritual scripts of the lucid ocean thus appeared upon this vast expanse of water.  
There was a cape along the meandering and twisty shore line.  
At sea where the winds rose, billows surged.  
In the incredible waterway, Azure Sea leaped over the gate pass to heaven and  
scrolled the axis of earth.  
It chased the vast seas and drifted along with the billowing giant waves.  
“Kwen”<sup>77</sup> transfigured into a wing-spreading roc,  
Graciously whisked the crimson sky  
And embraced the tranquil, solitary verdancy.  
A towering torch  
Flamed and shined bright in the dreamy lighthouse constituted by common karma.

Last night, the sea haze condensed into rain; today, a warm southerly breeze called  
forth the sunset glow.

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77. Enormous legendary fish, which could change into a roc.

The glow of the setting sun spread all over the sky; the sea imprint resembled a  
 spiritual, solitary pearl with divine power.  
 Together, we smiled a heartfelt smile and waved to the sunset glow.  
 In the open space in the divine area, she transformed into a human figure, winged  
 aloft,  
 And carried her metaphysical, exquisite Wind and Fire Wheel in the void point.  
 In tranquil stillness, she roamed the mountains and cross the seas to meet us.  
 She told us a tale of goddess of *samskāra*<sup>78</sup> in the height of summer.  
 Instantly, she captured all of our attention.  
 In the beginning, it was white with bright light between her eyebrows.  
 And when she at thirteen seemed to have attained insight, it turned into red.  
 At seventeen, she was careless  
 And revealed a look of deep affection from her bright eyes.  
 At that very instant, it turned into emerald green.  
 Now when she is twenty-three,  
 It is golden bright between her eyebrows.  
 The four colors originated from a void point.  
 It was the metaphysical exquisite Wind and Fire Wheel.

The affectionate look from her eyes was reflected in ㊦'s original dreams.  
 ㊦ told us another magical tale about her.  
 It was her emotions and thoughts that incited winds and roused fires and they  
 squeezed each other.  
 In an instant, they turned into two wings and soared into the sky.  
 In the middle of the night at every full moon,  
 A kind of mysterious and blue energy would be released automatically  
 And emanated flaming brilliancy in the evening sky.  
 Infinite is the transmigration, immense and without end.  
 It resembles the white lotuses that pass by the leaves and stick out of the emerald  
 water surface in summer.  
 Because ㊦'s fingertips touched the place between her eyebrows and left imprint in

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78. The fourth of the five *skandhas*, *samskāra*, the functioning of mind in its processes regarding like and dislike, good and evil, etc.

the past,  
There is the new story of blossoming white lotuses today.  
The fingerprint that ㄟ left between e's eyebrows in the past was swirled  
And appeared as the spiritual scriptures of the lucid ocean tonight.  
At that instant, winds and fires chased each other in the Tai-Qing realm,  
Increasing the handling capacity of dream export for e.  
The branches which the winds had trimmed and the leaves on which the rain had  
splattered last year  
Started with new sprouts this spring again.  
e was like a ferry out of control,  
Bumping into ㄟ's sturdy wharf for comfort.  
I am in the center point of serenity.  
A crimson sun cruises from dawn till dusk.  
All the serene points  
Reside within winds and fire.  
No traveler is estranged.  
ㄟ may splash ink and paint freely on my pure body.  
In the peak of the icy mountains and snowy ranges with an elevation of 4321 meters  
in my dreams,  
ㄟ crossed the borders and stepped onto a rift with magical curve to look afar.  
I am in the serene point. The serene points enwrap the open space and excel in  
the Tai-Qing realm.  
ㄟ took the muddy stone path to the mysterious swamp area  
And saw a primeval peach blossom forest in the drizzling mist.  
It was an uncultivated mysterious virgin forest.  
In the center point of serenity,  
I reside within winds and fire, which give birth to each other,  
And dwell in the realm of forms without being tainted, just like lotuses.  
Behold! Outside of the tiny room in the middle of the void point,  
A canary hid itself in a little space amidst the branches  
And in the twinkling of an eye it devoured a mantis that had not captured any

cicada.

The southerly in early summer wafted day and night.

It breezed from thousands of rivers and lakes to the vast expanse of the ocean,

Gave rise to foams in the ocean and bubbles in the water,

Shifted the shadows in the light and the lightning in the clouds,

And wafted the barque with silver, starlit sails to cruise along the glacier-like fjords.

At the moment when a meteor shower rushed hither head-on, 风 rolled up the long  
lapels with a bow concealed within.

At that instant, I hid my dream of love for e

In the center point of serenity.

The manifest is a kind of purple dreamland which twists and turns the magical and  
resplendent original form.

It is like putting a kind of subtle, pure energy into the original, immature green  
peaches.

The reading of spirit inside energy is saved freely in serenity.

The true sentiments realized in an instant

Bear resemblance to the gold dusts in the sand,

The finest cream in shortcakes,

The pearls in the ocean,

And the breathtaking scenery in the sky.

The in-logged stubborn love is like a core with a broken shell,

Leaking out the remaining, incomplete thoughts from the dreams.

It is a kind of unrefined embryo

That imagined itself being a golden bowl.

Behold! In the room submerged in water,

Transparent, crystal-like dewdrops

Congel in the blue skylight and linger.

风 wafts the air with a cattail leaf.

It is like love words uttered teasingly in my ears.

Mountains and peaks juxtapose each other, tier upon tier.

Channels of waters and springs connect to each other, here and there.  
On the Vernal Equinox,  
I engraved a message of love with resonating sounds on a verdant leaf.  
In the Beginning of Summer,<sup>79</sup> it gained indigo tenacity.  
My message bore the test of the winds and the fires.  
My true, wholehearted love endures  
And is transferred into the center point of serenity in eternity.

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79.The seventh solar term.

## Chapter Twenty-seven:

### Reality

*He embraced me in his arms. The spiritual pearl with the magic power of making wishes come true.*

*I lay down on his chest and weaved beautiful dreams.*

*In the icy snowy sea, Azure Sea had thus*

*Drifted like free fluid for seven days and seven nights.*

An everlasting golden lamp lit up e's room.

A magical female sculpture exhibited her dancing skills in the corner by the window.

The mysterious hunter rode on the wheel of dusk,

Took out his bow of love and fired the honey arrow of affection.

It instantly shot at the empty point of serenity in e's room.

Three pale rainbows gradually appeared in the empty point.

They passed the vast water area, seeped into the vast expanse of ocean,

Drifted on the surface of the blue sea and greeted the warm southerly breeze.

They enticed a peach blossom that had drifted hither from hometown to talk in the dreams.

In the dreams, it said that "I was blazing red.

Before I blossomed, I was first as emerald as jade.

And after having followed the spindrift as white as snow to drift in a long journey,

I turned into a tiny crimson spot amidst tens of thousands of white lotuses,

And floated on the expansive water in azure and indigo."

It was he who transformed Azure Sea and minutely steered it

To this new ancient ferry crossing with the precious butterfly in the heavenly city.

Beautiful, unknown fish swam in the deep blue.

"e" the beautiful maiden dived into the reflecting water and drove them away with a fishing rod.

It is the blue island that Azure Sea has transfigured into,  
The primordial, incredible realm of summit.  
It allows “e” to observe the vernal crimson rain fall in thousands of rivers and lakes,  
And it allows “e” to explore a school of beautiful, unknown fish in the vast expanse  
of water.  
The peach blossom was still talking in the dreams.  
It said in the dreams that as long as the canary meditates seriously and  
wholeheartedly,  
It could enter the non-thinking world  
And find the beautiful butterfly that it longs for.  
A peach blossom fell from the peach blossom tree.  
I caught it gently in my pawns,  
Stopping it from falling on the ground and being tainted by the filthy mud.  
I delivered the crimson peach blossom in my pawns to Azure Sea.  
I played the role of a happy singer  
While the peach blossom enacted a beautiful butterfly.  
I saw “e” in the room in the empty point of serenity on the blue island  
Weaving a net of true affection in order to catch a kind of sweet love.  
I saw that the primeval structure of the room in the empty point of serenity  
Open six doors and windows one after another like a towering tree.  
Every household has a kind of secret pulsation that is connected to the routes of  
light.

Above the room are three skylights.  
One of them is a round, spiritual water mirror,  
Another is the fulfilling resounding voice,  
And the other is the three completing points that touch my heart and soul.  
Outside of the room, a fallen leaf dances in the southeast breeze.  
New sprouts point at the direction of moonlight.  
In the starlit ocean, I could no longer hold back my longings for ㄟ.  
Tonight, I once again logged ㄟ's figure in my dreams so as to meet ㄟ.

At dawn, I saw three rays of sunlight borrow the newly sprouted green bamboo shoots  
 To rub the annual ring of the Earth.  
 Out of the sudden, tens of thousands of rays of morning sunlight appeared in the east,  
 Unveiling the legend of the blue island engendering green, emerald and indigo.  
 In the cozy season of May with Lesser Fullness,<sup>80</sup>  
 Lemna minor in the middle of the lake enacted the scroll of “Malus spectabilis asleep in spring.”  
 Look at the leaves by the lake that disclosed the green miracle,  
 Covering the blue island.  
 At dusk, rosy evening glow was all over the sky.  
 I remembered that in that night when we celebrated my seventeenth birthday,  
 Stars hung all over the vault of the firmament, which resembled a silver sail.  
 我 hoisted the un-receding sail, the banner of great bodhi,  
 And hung it aloft on the main topgallant mast of Azure Sea.  
 It bore resemblance to the mysterious canopy on the top of the tree in the *devaloka*.<sup>81</sup>  
 That night, we sailed in the magnetic North Pole in winter.  
 It was Great Cold<sup>82</sup> and the water that had been splashed out instantly turned into ice.  
 Outside of the window of the cabin, it was all pure and clean spoondrift.  
 我 embraced me in 我的 arms. The spiritual pearl with the magic power of making wishes come true.  
 I lay down on 我的 chest and weaved beautiful dreams.  
 In the icy snowy sea, Azure Sea had thus  
 Drifted like free fluid for seven days and seven nights.  
 On the boat, I did not freeze at all  
 Simply because that 我 embraced my tightly.  
 Outside of the room, a thunderstorm suddenly occurred.  
 It brought me back from the time when I was a seventeen-year-old young lad.

80.The eighth solar term.

81.The tree in each devaloka which produces whatever the devas desire.

82.The twenty-fourth solar term.

The aroma and flavor of that 1500 ml bottle of champagne from the past continued to develop over time.

In the nightly firmament, a dark cloud spread out like a dark curtain,  
Swathed the blue island, and enwrapped the towering thirteen peaks.

The fishing boat returning late hastily sailed in the wharf in the evening mist.  
“e” said that thunderstorm will occur tonight because of the stationary fronts.  
Behold! Murk is the earth, and moonlight has already hidden itself in the clouds.  
That room was built at number thirteen wharf on the blue island.

It was originally an ancient stone raft.

It was the untied boat outside of the awe-inspiring voice kalpa

As meteors fell on number thirteen wharf.

Outside of that room, the thunderstorm was getting stronger

And forming a dashing waterfall.

Vaporous, ethereal mists

Dampened my eyes.

That night, I found shelter from the rain in e’s room.

That night, in the wall made of soil blocks, I found

e’s love letter from childhood that was sealed with wax.

It was full of heartfelt and tender love.

In the love letter, e said that she would come to ㄟ’s dreams and dance in every moonlit night.

In the beginning of every night when the earth was not yet separated from the heaven, she would sing love songs to ㄟ.

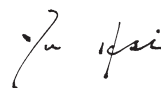
And in the end of every night, she would perform the everlasting love ritual with ㄟ.

“e” is the priestess, Maiden Lei, that protects Azure Sea in the vast expanse of water.

That night, before dawn, the dreamlike front gradually drifted away together with vernal rain.

Majestic were the shadows of thousands of mountain peaks outside of that room.

Enshrouded in the impalpable mist was the moss-covered hoary path.  
My shadow was cast on the corner of the sea,  
And e's figure roved in the remotest corner of the earth in the dreams.  
I assiduously pressed down the pedal of the loom with my foot  
And weaved with reel silk colorful feather attires as fine as those of the flying  
butterflies in the sky.  
I spun a yarn from pure silk threads spun by the cocoons,  
Making it sing wonderful songs, a masterpiece through the ages.  
"e" could not forget all the memories in the dreams.  
The tightly stretched love string holds a true bow of love,  
Eager to  
Shoot the arrow.



Composed by Yu-Shi on the 8<sup>th</sup> of June, 2006

