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| **〔卷 序〕**  **109.5°48+1　外 一 章**  夜空飛行13小時  香港子夜零時到蘇黎世凌晨6：00  霜降第五天台北高速公路上騁望落日  霜降第六天瑞士朝陽還未現  　　六個奔馳的車輪運載21位旅人  我將二十四節氣微調在立冬前夕  未知莫名的情緒　神秘  　主宰人類亙古以來痛苦與歡樂的遊戲  兒時爬繩梯上紅瓦屋頂等待夕日  是怎樣的心境使數十年前的探尋  　來回于瑞士山與湖之間勘過那究竟  聽說以潔淨的因和殊勝的緣  歷經一百劫　方能成就32相80種好的美妙莊嚴  睫毛本欲防塵遮沙卻愛學浪漫  老鷹築巢懸崖是為了雲間好飛行  古老小村莊云何也佇立銀河涯岸上  宇宙剎海承露盤　是誰  　納無量無邊的微生物  　　轉寂寂之輪將蒼生引至虛無那邊  只好等待菩薩心　以真愛將一切有情  　接來果實纍纍豐收的華嚴世界  Grindelwald激流刻劃出深縱峽谷  　是通往上古藍色冰穴的路徑  岸畔　綴滿浪漫的冰川雪景  　夜半有月　落在空山幽谷  一匹白馬奔馳銀色曠野世界  一隻銀鶴擁白天鵝天中旋舞  宇宙　十萬億銀河依隨虛空剎炫  天地一座看不見的沙漏從亙古時空流瀉不止  誰能以一抹月光轉動一個時輪  　　使恆河沙數飛齒定位在一根指尖  老樵夫晨出門收集乾枯的葉與樹皮為柴火  發願今日要使全家人安心  舞台上唱戲的領班今夜要讓情與識當家做主  念念依循過去的習性流行  大自然在露天舞台序演無遮莊嚴的法會  凡夫以肉眼看不見所有出列的物種諸神  一片葉脫落　一隻鳥飛過  　光陰剎那交臂　瞬間失之  地衣隨四季循環更新  天色由陰晴圓缺變幻彩度  寒冷的北風催凋枯枝  和熙春陽再生孕育新綠  煩惱障礙慈悲的通路與悟本不相應  所知障礙智慧靈光和生命實相本不相融  一根竹子編織一只蒸籠  一念燃燒漫天火焰  江上老翁睡著了　順水流  岸畔老叟垂手釣走滿載的黃昏之舟  今夜　迂園燭光如火焰  　　遍處是燈花與星斗  秋山紅紫菊黃列陣在七寶行樹  彩虹般的雲彩覆蓋濃濃藍揉綠的紗幕  日有所所念夜有所念　隨時念  思念伊　憶念伊　觀想伊  伊就會出現在黃昏的落日裡  Jungfraujoch 4158潔白無垢的雪峰  清淨過乳泉如閃亮月光于流動的雲間跳躍  　似純潔目光自動除去雜亂色相  更勝鄰虛世界中的阿迦色  　　所變幻那日與夜奇妙底境域  上山路嶺蒲草蓋的小亭  　　　古村農民閃入其中避雨  他們能從泥土的足跡解讀過客心境  遠方遊子定不下心　紛飛妄念擾亂靈明  施夢人為伊講一個故事  故事是真的　不是假的  　　從前有個小女孩  因追一種幻影  迷路于深谿林區  巧遇隱居的百花亭主  接引至小茅蓬安然寄宿  　　擔憂─  那夜　天下所有的母親  淚珠都閃耀著慈悲  　　與憐憫的無量光輝……  故事是假的　不是真的  原從夢中來  還從夢中去  少女峰斗篷裙裾飄曳下  在兩湖之間逍遙的茵特拉肯  猶如宇宙剎海承露盤向上漩澓的噴泉  若有人欲入此門  　　必先解脫身心所有一切罣礙  一根白色羽毛掉落綠色街道  天寒地凍　凋枯底無明草被冰封透明水面  銀白雪冷的山谷　香婆婆  　依舊穿針引線織造錦裰保佑出外遊子  旅人眼眶熱呼呼淚流感動  主夜神　在夜色裡聲聲呼喚  　　宿醉的流浪者卻從未回應  無明物質吞食了稀稀疏疏的星之火  山崖古洞穴仍潛藏三千年前象形的文字天書  少年頓入三昧中　以一念一時一處  　閱讀自性海中那部無量無邊的智慧大經卷  十枚指螺納藏永恆輪迴的密因  　觀照眉間舒放三世流轉后還鎖碼  一盞鬆濛燭光在客房內閃動  　　遊子回頭驀然撞到那個以前的我  高山終年覆白雪  我來到「威薇」收藏老相機的博物館  遍尋不著過去光陰裡所留下的影跡……  深秋　攝影行者攜帶超望遠的大鏡頭  入森林獵取光影炫爛紅中透紫的霜降天  格林門茲再向上走是莫阿希冰河  涯岸長滿高山薄雪草　雲霧布千山  　　濕氣沁入蒼蒼林間的老根藤  三十年前的諾言在深心底谷中呼喚  無畏懼那連續七日七夜不止的暴風雨  山霧水氣瀰漫天際  別峰　依然是勝智大商主永恆的目的  迂園之歌從夢那畔響起─  一股前所未有的愉悅與澄明契入靈山心底  西岸　棋盤角正焰火般綻放  　　如夕陽斜射的舒光  空中鳥悠遊　水間魚飛梭  山谷有座七色湖泊是諸天的浴池  白天如向日葵　夜晚若罌粟花迷人  活靈靈的微細物質散播光與陰的空氣裡  一雙憂鬱眼神解不開那萬古愁緒  陷入煩惱恐懼的沼澤人每天被妄想玩弄  　是誰愛將情緒打包放入行囊帶走  一顆心含有無量奇妙元素  聽說　赤子的一抹微笑能生萬種麗景  智鷁鳥引一艘弧形古風帆  　　　運駛山湖每個角落  只有晚紅日日逐伊的羽翼飄飛  動盪混亂不安的世界眾生如何免於恐懼  母親提籃裡嬰兒望著天穹微笑  小姊姊飛毛腿用力跑過對街  買一束小花送給剛搬來的班上新同學  Trümmelhach特呂默爾巴赫瀑布  　冰河融成二萬噸的水  聲色迷象　神盾讓貪念栽跟斗  光音誘人　靈矛使上善之心瞬間回頭  葉愛戀西風不捨離枝  幾番風雨后　伴隨顆顆晶露還給泥土  路上險徑懸浮一擔心　虛虛渺渺  　多憂慮那坑坑谷谷  誰能在黑暗天的光明心鏡捲去層層的膜  　　照見自己本來真實的面目  瑞士是湖底故鄉　山的別境  楓紫與菊黃蔚為百分之百霜降的正色  夜之路燈是大地眼睛  伊環顧未歸的旅人　問  　今晚將在哪兒寄宿？  混雜的思緒　夜半有神正夢遊  顛倒的夢想　日中有識精靈在活動  當下　是誰守護這片清淨莊嚴的美麗國土  何種業因　在  清淨念力的徑中徑又徑上設下路柵  家家戶戶積雪屋頂的脊端  正等待一曲上善不古的童謠  音樂盒裡藏有鼓音聲王　欲探  　聖科瓦（Sainte-Croix）路過汝拉山脈  剎那　出現幕幕驚炫美景  宇宙底純淨密音藏存良善的心靈寶庫  　能增益兒童微笑指數  　72+72齒輪演盡天下微妙音聲  轉動時輪　散發神奇因子使百花蕊蕊點頭  一隻珍巧玲瓏的金絲雀  　　在尋找那無盡意的世界  新生小鳥奮力飛過重重迷霧  覓溯山的靈氣  來到頂峰境地    　　　　　　　　　　～寫于瑞士．茵特拉肯／2002.11.13脫稿于薰念堂  **目錄**  卷　序　　109.5°48+1外一章　　　1  ﹝卷　一﹞　這卷軸的人生　　　19  ﹝卷　二﹞　2002龍舟渡過　　　35  ﹝卷　三﹞　書藏空中　　　49  ﹝卷　四﹞　三千荷下小魚的喟歎　　　61  ﹝卷　五﹞　52階古石岩　　　75  ﹝卷　六﹞　化城記　　　89  ﹝卷　七﹞　山紡　　　103  ﹝卷　八﹞　海印七弦琉璃琴　　　117  ﹝卷　九﹞　夢在九次元狂想與月光默劇　　　131  ﹝卷　十﹞　與汝同一呼吸　　　145  ﹝卷十一﹞　太陽火種的傳說　　　155  ﹝卷十二﹞　石頭的故鄉　　　165  +++++1.2200  **卷一　這卷軸的人生**  一盞老路燈傳遞三千旅者故事  午夜夢海一再重複行旅的景點  冷冷的天　旅人抱被入眠  瞬間光陰已被拋向三千里外  　不知何時回航  有夢　夢到漁夫捕魚正逢滿月  不知捨魚還是捨月  淡淡憂慮揮不去  心靈突然失序　微塵細沙  不知不覺沾滿那清清涼涼底月光  小孩玩得忘了時間　忽然驚訝說  ─天怎麼這麼黑了！  想家的孩子不要擔心  明日　天依然會再亮起來  翌晨有個小女孩于森林小徑快樂漫舞獨步  牧童吹口哨如天籟般引那流泉來和絃  海天見著一張張嬰兒笑盈盈的臉  遍野花團簇簇艷麗的大地與上方彩雲共舞  此時　一輪紅日從中勝出  晚霞黃昏菩薩心  有情隨時間恆常流注  逗號，一個接一個無窮無盡止  天風吹落一角雲衣  編織無數清露的美夢  紫電青霜羅漢念　瞬間  　凍結光陰歸零落句點○  無處傾訴的大雨下得家鄉泥土濕答答  內在聲音說了幾百遍伊還是聽不見  藍穹綠地　蒼生有意  高峰上山之路已冰封  但見漫天寂寂濛霧淞  白日良知在雲端踏步  夜裡靈明入夢海浮沈  從昔至今　誰也按不下休止符  一朵絕色雪梅點燃冬季天地為銀色畫展新開幕  山峰握山峰相連  澄潭接澄潭並肩  湖與湖的呼吸自內裡共鳴發聲  暖暖的風從四個入口互相提神  樹連樹星棋布列  枝攀枝交錯纏縛  乾和坤、天與地凝凍時空的挪移  魚共水在遍界雨滴聲中演藝  夢幻結界于化城  葉葉不動　只是古老的遊戲  過去記憶遙寄秋日的海棠  一朵皎潔的蓮─  白色白光照亮一座大山胸膛  一輪冬陽好美！  森林公園內　林樹幢幢是大地的守護神  風箏繫人飄搖搖寄居其間旅遊  月落河中逐水流是主是伴誰依誰從  有位流浪漢過橋還拆橋  街道行人凝望著路燈  　　　　前方霧茫茫謎漾漾  高樓上方貼著鵝黃圓月  　過客指頭卻將心之門一道又一道上鎖  夜深深深　月亮亮亮  遊子無數秘密棲息內在那方空虛的洞穴  　　孤單地自我陶醉  憶起腳下那雙慈母的舊棉鞋  蒼天守護旅人　幸運人子得離世間苦厄  兒時底叮嚀在波濤洶湧的情緒中  　　一幕幕綻現　不再怕黑  一盞永不熄滅的光明火種　就  本源心殿隨月光點亮  紅擁綠的高山和幽谷  白共藍的愉悅與憂鬱  銀色華麗就在美艷的冬季  星空下夜宿　你我他相互依伴做主  一個愛妄想　一位常攀緣  　另一位卻總遨於天外天  突然　旅夢的伊拉下入眠的帘幕  陌生人不小心被捲入夢中神秘的旅程  一過客匆匆忙回到自家門內作客  那雙娥眉月微張108.5°  眼神上方　一道白毫宛轉五山峰  風雲旋轉山巔　雷雨變色晴空  上弦下弦不如初弦妙風光  欲知內裡自我導演的戲  　于夢中編織間錯不受時空定律  步步循追五十三峰往裡走  　　徑越深　景越幽  水聲潺潺　魚兒游隱溪澗  青苔滿布的綠石階上  陽光被三千雲杉所遮　今夜  太平山攝氏歸零成冰霜世界亮晶晶  　點燃炭火燒石頭烤地瓜爍紅焰  夜森林中　大地在高歌  風之箱山正播放豐年祭樂  原鄉底思念揮不去　殊不知  天色微露三分眼增益娥眉光彎彎  　　綺麗誘人卻不迷惑  靈犀躍入感通的櫃斗  心云何找不到心  處云何見不著處  塵卻天天碰上塵  剎只能偶然遇見剎  者麼，那位靈知的君今在哪兒？  雲隨月奔馳群山  霧追日自我消殞  嶽戀海　露天戲院正上演  　　　一齣浪漫星河的歌舞劇  螢火蟲伴微風引來貓頭鷹咕鳴  有位少年乘月色快跑入森林  　為躲開那陣陣斑斕的流星雨  宇宙密因在伊腳下悄悄游移  前生與今世　萬般世相常住夢裡  風來了　稻草人晃晃頭不理不睬  小鳥卻一時驚起─  　　翅忙腳亂翻飛亂竄  海域底魚兒玩水　星空  　月正守夜　古殿內  裊裊薰香將過去影像重新凝聚  一張寫實老照片將愛之火種埋藏冰源  看那抽象畫抽動少年炫披夢想的心絃  一堆炭火燃起壺中滾滾浪濤  妝扮的臉譜　加碼的戲曲又再一次獻藝  三三兩兩坐享其成的化外之民　在  　真實與虛幻中交錯間響  踩動大地　跳著奇怪的舞踏是為迎神  伊　卻以一身潔白衣裳屹立銀色冰天  守候那群白鶴從遙遠他方來赴約  一雙靈耳聆聽悅音與憂聲  伊人三言兩語　遠方客心掛念不止  牽引不知故鄉的夢中人　今在哪裡  寂靜　深山傳來陣陣和悅的鳥鳴  紫　紅　藍　綠　花雨從上方飄落  夢鄉有隻千里馬從過往三千年奔跑來今  　　　偶回神  百千億恆河沙數微塵　就  　　　　　　　妄想之域噴湧入侵  念在狂舞─  靈知契入冥想中遊蕩　卻  　　不小心被捲入識的漩渦  空明　從智者講義發現古老的手抄本  昔日栽種的太陽花正發芽  青春小鳥已長滿了豐羽  過客問旅人：  你是誰？從何方來？  旅人問過客：  云何今日的你找不到原來的我？  滔天風浪掀翻深海域　魚兒露蹤  　白日裡事云何常與夢中境相逢  蝴蝶提花籃四處遊玩  金芒耀耀于貝殼沙灘  牧童向落霞揮手說再見  田埂上油菜花含笑點頭  生活的平台　有情的布施  一灘過一灘  故鄉底掛念如冰封湖中的夕日  精進跨步再跨步卻依然不動如山  雨水　揭開春天神秘面紗  驚蟄　雷聲喚醒大地的微物生靈  春分　牛與牧童互逐踩過黃昏  粉紅色的幻想列車以高速駛入未來  寒風凜冽中　一隻紅鶴  　昂然獨立梳理伊美麗毛羽  卻照見一輪駐足蓮花上的太陽  　　　　　　　　　　　2001.12.25／2001.12.27／2001.12.29  **卷二　2002龍舟渡過**  心之門緊閉胡不開　天天  　　　　還盼伊再來  內裡一股識浪躍出幻海  　恰似潮汐進退總在岸邊徘徊  夜夜從窗口探頭遙望祈請  　卻情怯怯　　26年等待又等待  今日夢中相會只因乘願來  三言兩語訴衷情　感動于瞬間止不住淚流滿面  此宵一別　云何一忘9498天  夢裡何時再相見  意念就怕失落識海中  　那記憶一晃又是26年  是淨是空　是龍吐水是觀想  是情深還是林泉涓涓  2001最後一個黃昏  冬陽扮作月亮到處躲躲藏藏  我選擇空中飛行來跨年  纏綿強光從雲窗透入  　　　輕霧在下方飄渺  海連天　天綻色彩  天連海　海印萬象  遊人祈盼落日慢點下降  時光與速度擺點  一輪紅日坐混沌裡收捲伊底光芒  從鄉下灶腳到鼎泰豐的中央廚房  　搖滾的煙火在倒數歲月  我于天空飛行間跨過一個年→2002  2002左右耳兩座妙高峰  2002龍舟渡過山的谷口  人天一雙眼目　觸目皆真  阿里山小火車自遠方鳴笛  零下6°C北方雪地捎來老友的祝福─  明天后你會將一切病痛踩在腳下　萬事安然  　　以那雙大足踏破見思、塵沙與無明  一襲潔白雲衫飄落靈山右隅晴空  一件黑色風衣遮那大地褲襖‧甘露  小寒　飛雪不融水凝成冰  別峰山腰的蘆薈正綻滿紅色小寶塔花  　幢幢叢立銀色世界  幾片浮雲如念轉轉　一山白霧迷茫如心團團  境風吹過泛漾霧水和冰封的雲空　就此虛凝  夢幻與現實定位蹺蹺板上  　　擺動從古至今不知止  攀緣攬妄想永在意識海中盪秋千  搖搖晃晃　忽高忽低  有時上了妙峰頂　有時腳下濕濘濘  昔日那片新生大地云何今灰濁濁  金絲雀向寂靜那畔吶喊─  　美麗的生命應歸真不再沈淪  伊竟日網山網海卻不知如何網住未來  ++++++++++++2.2300  橘色天穹金色的夕照　晚紅  煥若朝霞萬道的光焰射向天幕　日出  猜猜原始森林露天歌劇院誰是音樂總監  　　　是風是雨　還是天中意樹  演的是老調抑新曲  　是春神在呼喚或秋雨綿綿情未了  光譜圖樹織蓋　遊人又來軋一腳  流浪客一站又一站于夜的港口下錨  大千繞小千　從森森林中走出陽光大道  伊人欲築屋安巢　云何  　　還將千年老樹根藤砍去築門  一陣低嘯　漫山雲霧飄至  剎那　水從十面八方淹渺  島嶼瞬間版圖不見了！  天神從上方俯望　只剩  那被弄濁而濕粘的一大片面紙漂泊載浮  一座大山裡藏著一隻貓頭鷹  幽黑窟窩露出兩顆烏靈靈的水晶‧諦聽  蓬蓬鬆鬆八萬四千髮根連結八萬四千個煩惱  紮紮實實八萬四千毛孔潛藏八萬四千種微妙思念  遠方　客舟尋燈塔靠岸  　　晚歸的旅人追月色寄泊  燭光下　遊子解開虛擬的外衣  一種思鄉夢幻又再度綻艷鏡中  光之門且打開　幽閉空間已獲釋放  那隻舊鞋正在美麗絕塵的古道熠熠發光  香積城的米饅已涼了幾多年  　相同的事卻一年重複好幾百遍  一張口喋喋不休的想念　唸了八萬四千年  這一頓飯猶不知何時與你共享  2002.1.1.0：0：1　南方雪梨大橋  萬朵煙火迎向三千隻鏡頭  我在東海太平洋畔拍下一輪皎潔明月  構圖中還有幾片白雲相追隨  夜天的光陰列車劃過寂靜歲月  清晨山徑孩子三三兩兩笑聲一大片　回顧  都心街道大人三三兩兩心事與愁容相連  瞧　那六面牆有門有窗有人  　　十方虛空有山有海有天地  　　八識種子有我有你還有他  意識海裡隨風漂流的51種情緒　　有  　貪、嗔、痴……也有愛與布施的智慧  無邊無際虛空中　東方有座漫漫香水海  海中一灣島嶼像蕃薯  波浪潮湧的岩畔有座山寺  月光下　妙如一細塵  卻由多如恆河沙數的歌羅分極微密所合成  每逢春秋二分　日落金鼓聲聲鳴起時  小小極微細的歌羅分  　　　即能輕輕卷軸妙高峰  　將虛空置於一漚中  2002新歲次日清晨　北風冷冽中  我親見小鳥在欖仁樹上吃果子  所幸昨朝就將毛蟲兒送到青青翠竹畔  天地循環本不生不滅  覺者的方位卻是多了又加　加了又多  如是兩全其美　猶如小鳥與毛毛蟲  走過千百遍的道  道　卻在眨眼間迷路  流浪野村荒郊問路　路旁老叟笑說：  　從今行腳起還須三千春！  百思不得返鄉之門  恰逢增上緣來相會　邀我  共駕一部大白牛車  　萬里江山剎那可達  正思量─  諸多好友皆出現  方知迷路于瞬間人人都有過此念  善友勤吩咐　人人欲下山  只可攜帶布袋裡的一件棉被  　　剎那　銀瓶炫出火焰  燭光輝映九天  不欲下山的旅客  　一對對眼眸深深望著故鄉列車駛走  小鳥佇立枝尖頂聆聽銀色季節的十方寂靜  樹峰惦記鳥兒爪迹乘風再來延伸葉的構圖  想像與現象交錯　一橫一豎形成兩條叉路  　東南西北中轉來轉去猶在360°內循環  浩瀚宇宙緣因美麗的星空露餡  　　浪漫天地人仍舊隨萬物輪迴  那顆心依樣畫葫蘆　卻  　不知葫蘆裡長得怎麼樣  良知呼喚　在老者行經的路當有三分體貼  靈明告知　人們對師長話語應存三分敬畏  海浪沙灘上湧進湧出　紅日  　　自水平線那端鋪滿海岸  每一相同的方寸地所有人栽瓜種豆隨由伊  天光留影　鬧劇一齣齣  心中有隻老鷹遨翔青冥  　商‧角音律交錯爭鳴  隱憂一重重從內裡浮現  心神飄搖夢的天倉  眼目凝視虛擬的幻象  白色流波追尋不了清淨光  一朵黑色千年靈芝　卻  　引來不可計數的人們攻頂採收  　　　　　　　　　　　　　2001.12.31／2002.1.1／2002.1.2  **卷三　書藏空中**  **⎯⎯百花星辰的古王宮殿**  越野車四方輪于東海岸公路上兜兜轉轉  地面從台東逗逗溜溜到花蓮  樂神動潮浪嚷嚷  清風拂眉音寂寂  星星熱愛銀河裡遊蕩  月邀雲飛舞滿天  那念在意識河面漂泊　排山倒海的壓力釋放一瞬間  菩薩心的智慧光由威音劫外大放送  　　　從日落到日昇  大清早　我以雙手接引晨曦來到海邊  卻見沙灘還留存昨夜不眠的旅人腳印  過去心一瞬間就被飛鳥銜給過去  未來心如朝霞呼喚陽光剎那就已來臨  現在心似兒時夢想長大成為變把戲的魔法  　當下動個念就又消失  高度的智慧航翼隨氣流騰騰升空  千雲疊疊下方流轉  大海伸縮鏡頭獵下一切飛行過客  　藏存深深深底央后還原天中天  眼簾中　客鄉已現在前  蒼茫間我又從天穹劃過一道線  畫裡留白的空間怎可染  紅梅剎那爆滿銀色三千大千世界  有隻白鷺藏躲明月裡遊戲  萬朵靈雲卷軸一片洞天  山外老鷹飛來當過客　幾艘輕航霧中放行  　　光與陰密移潛行  動目搖湛水瞬間失之交臂  錯過─又錯過─  時與空變化自在于剎那  自住剎那　每個剎那都成永恆  日光巡視蒼生面孔  一色寫盡伊臉上的愁容  承受接引內裡三分悲憫心動  夢想飛入漫天塵沙　七分微細無明遮心神  行足沾泥留礙　掛念如揮之不去的背影  識海逆流順流若能轉身  　　　　不退風帆任去來  愛之焰已燃燒三千年  熱之情蒸騰上升隨處示現  境風一陣又一陣無孔不入吹襲  波浪永不息　一濤追一濤擾人清夢  漆夜鋪滿了幽徑  　妄想之域沁入夢懷  千沙之村　王功海岸  海上耕作勤插蚵  地中採收分兩季  兒時郊遊呼朋引伴戲弄潮  純潔的心念常一覺到天明  漁莊少年的友誼在相互掌擊掌  憶　如今日書房那盞昏黃燈光  　　閃亮流過心田　栽種智慧灌溉覺花  如天上辰星於夢中綻現  　忽而極大又極小　遍照剎炫后退卷歸零  驀然我聽見海螺的潮音又響起  追尋　發覺十方都是虛擬的出口  幻象疊疊毫不陌生　現前隨即又失落  山與山不相逢　吐白雲通風傳遞消息  生屬東　覺屬西  智慧之火耀於南　寂靜希音在北方  隨緣赴感的中天　依  　客塵方位移動變化不同  冬季行腳迎日光笑一笑  看那脫落的枯葉隨風飄  兩朵紅雲在彼端游移　空中有鷹書藏字母  示之古代的魔法已化為現今密碼  斜陽拉長階梯長影　五十一階落落分明  意識裡鑲嵌曠古的記憶  夢海顛簸失眠只因彼岸金鼓隱隱約約  　　聲聲繫念不止  寶塔中古佛浮雕迎向月光三千年  山寺鐘鳴　夜夜隨浪花敲岩從昔來今  殿簷紅瓦疊疊巒巒如峰起  天地依四季在黃金翠竹上落款題意  我喜在空山與寂默對話  讓金色陽光遮那雙好眼力  　　淡淡隱藏七分的色覺  聽說　遠方世界中原鄉古字母  　又成為年度最流行的新方言  揮揮衣袖　釋放初綻的紫羅蘭香郁  瞬間　千千萬萬菩薩心從地下宮殿湧出  　共同祈願為那多如恆河沙數的有情  感動一陣鼻酸使記憶回檔  忘懷　眼眸依然濕潤  一條閃動紅色光燄的漫長圍籬　困不住  　　如滾滾江水潺潺欲動的心思  識海中過去景象與未來夢想在拔河  煙包裹著火　事端由伊挑起  霧覆藏著水　今日宮殿伊云何不住  童稚底兩張臉共同窺探一片夜空  星星在銀河對伊拋媚眼  夢裡現相追憶過去  　　潛入化城寶所逍遙遊隨處攀援  未名的概念依曲曲彎弓路徑  　于妄想之域漂泊  魔法怎能寫真　云何任由感官四處渲染  赤子心的遊戲　幻想  　　乘汗血天馬遨翔蝶海花間  一雙襪子擁抱十根腳趾  那對鞋被踩在足下親吻泥濘　卻  換得一身霜雪  波光攪亂樹之倒影　那樹亭亭衝上天  　　枝徑彎彎下方魚兒盪秋千  牧童吹口哨呼朋引伴  入神的思緒離了譜  　　飛向威音世界尋找美麗的音符  夜裡尋夢　那對耳一雙目都蹺班  醒來　彎眉成弓射出兩道天光  　巡視萬象被五顏六色所迷  謎就猜　入園林裡遊戲  云何行腳春城不見花飛  反而雙肩放不下那荷憂的漆桶一擔擔　又  偶爾諦聽天外傳來故鄉雨滴聲  　卻勘不破歸鄉路上伊人沿途忍受猶如霜刃的風寒  妙觸的官能如何解脫視覺纏縛  一雙淨色的眼目如何點燃那盞離垢燈  將萬般景象混雜致淳  　　　　　2002.1.5／2002.1.6／2002.1.7／2002.1.8／2002.1.9  +++++++++++3.2600  **卷四　三千荷下小魚的喟歎**  空服員向旅客道晚安后  　　航班趁夜色遠航　　瞬間  一條紅線拉長大海水平面  上弦月彎弓窺探所有列陣的窗口  頓悟　這條道之路不知迷惑多少英雄好漢  　　是誰將煩惱書寫菩提葉上  　念　在情與智的險降坡進退兩難  航機于深深夜色中悄悄飛行  　黑色封鎖那無邊山色  茫茫下方　艷麗的江河幽幽隱藏  孤獨旅人坐在靠窗位子思緒飛得比光速還快  隆隆音聲劃過雲空─  客與客來自他方各不同  遑遑不安住漂泊任西東  你我他云何不說真心話  　是誰將一方靈明深鎖  高空pm5：30　我按下快門攝　張落日入一剎那  正午12：15兩列窗口　上方50%是藍  　　　　　下方50%是白　皓雲衣角  　　隨光之律動漫舞蒼穹  兩片羽眉環繞一座山峰  三點靈犀沁入夢海尋魚  恰見千荷波動頻頻  十方行雲剎那都貼近了窗  航機穿梭濛濛雲朵玩捉迷藏  指南針就古羅盤上搖曳  數字在衛星定位中自動駕駛  　放下滑輪　pm3：15降落地面  萬種光纖凝成千種麗景迎面而來  從北國飛向南方溫度已悄悄回升  目光透過視覺寫生　印象重重攝存眼之識  　Waiting　　午夜夢迴會再重現  耳繞過舌諦聽那無遮的天籟  旋進旋出　匯成一曲銀色交響的溪阿  誰能在五濁之海自在駕御清淨無染的舟帆  　　于六塵之內還原那方妙湛不動的水天  晴空下　流雲流來又流去  形與象瞬間變異　時如鷹隼騰空  時似天城寶蝶舞動  　還如雪鶴沖霄漢　或漫天紅雨追風  航班在音速中悄悄移行  右有雲如鉤　左是鉤如雲  　中間還有垂釣的老漁翁  飛過前山有別峰　回顧後山又別峰  來到者山當下是處妙高峰  心之念開門迎旭日  妄之想閉扉盼黃昏  額頭下兩彎拱門掩不了人天眼目  車在高速路上飛馳晃過列岸白楊樹  赫日上方凝視昔年底綠今已換穿雪白霜衿  銀色世界白和白重疊  冰同冰相見歡　冷與冷相戀  濤濤大寒無孔不入　浸入銀河圍巾顫抖  冰天車影串樹影卻不見人影  千萬部車凌空飛行  　　數目字一幕幕凍結天竺主站  我看到新生的力量在八萬里外綻現  亮亮亮　前方的天光越來越亮  蒼蒼蒼　回手後方粟粟如滄海  山中夜晚　遊子入芬多精林鄉裡睡著  老人託夢─  四方栽種四棵娑羅雙樹四季榮枯即同時  臥枕一方大青石在一棵菩提樹下  迷與悟可花開並蒂  今欲攬天下必向內裡借一分靈感  若想縱觀三世還須寄七分的靈悟  老人隨后摘片葉子畫一幅達摩寶相  　順手放入河學一葦渡江去  江中有部冰封的擺渡船　任由  　　一群孩童嬉戲那不動之舟  有人踩上厚冰的未名湖與學子習創意  小弓弧在大弓弧內搖搖晃晃  左邊是三角右邊是三角  　　湖中央也三角  忽地　溜冰橇滑得嘎嘎響  　遊子夢中嚇一跳！  天隅海之角　有只千年鸚鵡螺在呼喚  一艘古銀帆航向九天外  看那座水晶琉璃塔旋轉大日色彩  亙古國度流傳中的鳳首箜篌正引吭  紗幕竹簾重疊遮掩  大歇石上浮雕刻著古老的星象圖  端硯十個　毛筆十枝  我的房舍內有大師原鄉畫作  綠色網罟紅色脈動　畫幀裡藏著大師底足跡  藍色幢宇白色寂靜　大師腳印踩我房舍屋頂  點火的暖碗已熱烘烘  　　頂端月光遙指歸鄉路徑  今夜　世紀星空交錯剎炫  歸鄉路徑在指螺的三千大道上出現  食指有個勝箕斗可送走三千堆煩惱  于中尋覓可遇不退風帆　航向  　百億恆河沙數的化城寶所  停泊一站又一站　靠岸  　一站又一站起帆……  這個夢從古釋放至今揮不走那萬縷情愁  智者願以壽者相度一切眾生  猶如一條小魚自信的在浩瀚大海裡游來游去  有棵天中意樹  一朵雲來了　花開下雨  天之樹愉悅  又一朵雲來　開花雨下  天之樹澄明  又來一朵雲　下雨花開  意中天果熟蓮成  遠方傳來一陣天鼓雷音后  　大地還原一片寂靜  夜悄悄張開那無垠雙臂將大地擁入懷  山移近谷　幽玄遍布密意  霧靄沁入不留空隙  河貼近海　顫抖抽泣一陣陣  大地又再次獲得重生的密因  日間愛幻想　夜裡喜作夢  旅人最怕聽到自己心內吶喊  夢中常見千葉蓮華上遍布星河與月輪  幻想卻飛向竹籬外　看那屹立十方的玻璃帷幕  誰能腳踩乾坤　臥藏歲月  　以虹為家以愛為藥  織光與影裁縫斑斕色彩  畫出天地福慧兩輪圓滿具足的○句號  有念乘意之水的浮力隨緣漂流  亙古有顆洪鐘巨石刻畫著問號？遺痕  有粒炭未成晶只好留在逗號，駐足  獅子座的流星雨如無數頓號、  　　夜夜從銀河傾瀉不止  突然　一道閃電劃過演出驚嘆號！  日出后日又落　西方  　一朵鑲金邊繡紅霞的彩雲在甩袖  銀河涯岸有座出風口  　　微微吹入宇宙大山  有天　眉毛不小心被天上月光找到  那時撩天鼻孔再也藏不住東西南北風  一只銀瓶傳出一群蚊蚺嗡嗡吶喊  是誰因昔日滄桑史染紅了眼  古老碉堡今日門不鎖  　洶湧的人們一群群往裡藏  兒時玩伴淘氣的笑聲失落于過去時空走廊  　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.1.10～2002.1.16／2002.1.17  **卷5　階古石岩**  雲鋪滿海　海裡漁舟正忙  雲棋布天　天中巴士飛航  窗外窗　三道七色虹橋鋪成美幻流動的三角秘境  　指螺式銀河系從星之海飄來  萬里雲朵穿過彩虹拱門直奔古老的九如之國  升降起落間　前方是一片蒼茫大草原  江山混混沌沌　指尖的箕斗堆霧覆藏靈明  北方世界常以銀色綻放常寂光  千年暗室五盞燈明最先點燃中間  天地一雙眼隱隱于最亮的太陽  　與最暗的夜色中  天佑的小孩白日四處探險  長大卻學流浪的王子夜夜孤獨  　在月光下作夢  春山的主題是風　雨何來編織細絲  秋郊的要角是雨　風何來牽纏紅葉  夏野遊子常入夢尋歡　卻  　被畫裡的貓頭鷹逗弄  冬景的主人是白雪　在  　銀色覆藏下有群魚在大海眉飛色舞  幽谷中　亙古的天琴  　　七絃突然震動不安  微風吹送妙音流動陣陣誤入凡塵  夜來　冰花般的鑽石灑入遊子夢中  　　串成一手絕美交響的娑婆古韻  捲葉蟲　曲轉葉子覆藏自己  亭主天天扮成擺渡者接引過客  　慈悲心于逆流的水域拋下浮標  別溪魚兒看木棉古道上花開花落  四季流轉而來遷謝又去  春夏秋冬的列車在上下坡時換擋  還須三踩煞車方能順暢  有部古老的智者秘笈可打開睡與夢的紅燈罩  拭去魔幻霧面　那道藍光  　就隨淚珠劃出靈犀的閃亮  太陽空中遊走　老樹記憶晶片在重播  乘蔭納涼已有三千人來過  三千感應流入一方淨瓶  耀眼山腳下舞動綠的節奏  璀璨百花競寫春日畫會為大地換新袍  誰能以殊勝的增上緣調御先天業力原形  　以高智慧底檔案駕馭自己的情緒  少年欲遠遊因興奮竟夜無眠  轉眼　伊的衣袖露在街巷轉角  九條長線劃八個跑道幾多勇士在賽跑  一井分九田一群農夫勤耕作  小房子裡有大房子　荒野中藏寶殿  　三千年有時等於三天  春分般的容顏卻因白色冬季而沈澱  愉悅編織澄明　煩憂牽纏苦惱  主人常隨伴侶  瞬間夢醒　凡所有一切現象歸零  原處靈山寶剎　故友正奉茶  +++++++++++++4.2300  兩行滄桑古木開拓一條時空走廊  有情泛滿山靄　思思念念如波濤疊疊  霧中花正綻放　水央月悄挪移  幻想遨遊虛無間　舞者夢裡旋跳  　　驚艷　看那日月餘光常照阜之顛  旅人一鈕扣四個洞終日密密縫縫  一雙鞋二條線繞過八彎牽繫雙腳運運行行  長嶺覆雪　岡巒烱烱積白千堆  云何無眾生相　是目中無人還是無他的世界  云何無人相　常獨行常獨步或永無知音與伴侶  云何無我相　夜深冥有鶴昂然獨立銀色月光中  陵高棲霞　雲飛沖霄羽落海之角  　　　由下而上攀那古石岩52階  通路有烈焰剎旋　是照明也是燃燒的火浪  　極速方可通過這52階  衝出銀色滑坡道　前方  　　是一片美麗莊嚴寂靜圓明的桃花源  朝天鼻的嗅覺聞得十根指上的魔輪  　正為釋放情緒而蠢蠢欲動  川上有路　紅葉引領入江洋  波光水色翫溪常迴轉  一輪朱砂紅日突破萬重雲霧殊勝綻放  　種種熟悉影像頓時煞住腳步  念　瞬間動潔過去記憶裡  辛巳與壬午交界　大日在大寒中閃耀光芒  亙古寶殿被時間洪流悄悄往下沈落谷底  自心之海點亮一盞明燈即可照見  秋天月光愛隨流水過橋門  　　　　　　卻能無垢又無淨  看那一弧彎彎唇角往上翹　眉毛也笑  　雙眼藏著昔日佛陀拈花的一抹微笑  南山終年霧深鎖　壽者相伴不老松  古老化石刻劃疇昔泛舟螺旋銀河遊蕩的圖騰  杉柏有心不畏寒流　北風送天籟伊愛洗耳聽  憨乎乎孜孜愛玩　只因本性天真  傻楞楞常出神遊　喜得糊裡糊塗  愚鈍鈍憨直直　深藏靈光無人猜透箇中意  呆痴痴　愛參禪打啞謎  懵懂懂　一曲採茶謠唱到雲外山  　　喚出一道艷麗的彩虹　天佑九如  藍晶卷軸天青　高山湖泊映照枝葉分明  金輝折疊綠光　夕照收藏孤鶩毛羽  在森幽的登山口發現一間神秘小木屋  小屋簷頂終年披覆白雪　屋內長滿蒼苔  　牆底角落有只檀木盒  撬開鎖　發現一本老舊的旅人日記  描述三百年前　與  　一隻白狐共舞的故事　還有  一卷原鄉的星象圖  對照下　今夜的北斗七星依然燦亮  　射手座仍舊在三百年前的銀河閃耀  盒中猶存放一粒古蓮子  留書　只因夙昔無緣栽種  　盼未來有情人能為伊播植  過去旅人與今日過客妙遇巧逢  共為一粒種子尋覓流浪  覺花和佛種今正開  清明性天與純淨心地從威音外流來  三顧茅廬為一頑童　如今  　　卻失落于叮叮噹噹的兩片小耳朵  一片旗海只為一個角色飄揚  烈燄正燃燒萬象  兒時原鄉記憶已被妄想的化城湮沒  今日少年如何認清未來世界  呼吸吐納中　有股神秘能量就世間出現  火車誤點的小女孩趕不上演唱會　還說  　是時間在跟伊惡作劇  拍拍老樹肩膀　觸摸老樹衣裳  時輪欲言又止地從歲月路上閃過  淨色根與性空之莖  　拉住老樹夢境一睡三千年  枯樁積雪今欲融  春已露了端倪  悲憫源自古棧閣那條銀色渡河  看　山外山老舊的吊橋  　正搖晃著一道三千年前的原始冰瀑  　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.1.18／2002.1.20／2002.1.21  **卷六　化城記**  古農庄　人民手把鋤犁跳秧歌  　在每個日落黃昏悄悄演出  夢河裡雙魚悠悠自在  　　　云何出現暗礁  行腳光的大道上  感官擺蕩諸相鋪陳的那座危橋  情緒從中竄出　獵走寂靜與般若  前方山之崖高聳險峭如天壁  有一牧童從千步外傳來笑聲  夢之境　剎那  　被無明音域顛覆得天旋地轉  深山有座秘密花園  村外村　有個工藝村  老木匠愛作風車輪與紡車輪  這裡的世界人人愛逗笑  雙片紅雲常微微往上翹  兒童夜夜拿枯枝當舞動星空的指揮棒  青蛙喜在荷葉上遊蕩　高唱  　流浪王子的歌　擁抱春陽雙腳起舞  雙手敲敲兩腳蹬踢踏  頭搖搖身晃晃　靈在四處流竄  者邊牽線又掛鉤  那面鏡裡象轟轟亂響  兩隻赤腳ㄚ長大就不愛真相  天天追尋　與幻艷的鞋子速配后再現象  攀緣云何解脫不了  　罣礙一層又一層是誰織成  念　如波濤翻滾永無靜止  烈火怒燒的大草原　一陣雷雨下  　　　又重新點燃生趣  不知何方田地可栽正因善果  聽說中夜又有流星雨  故友相約昔日橄欖樹下守夜  今晚不再回屋　天外一記閃電  　　　　劃破驚寒的雁陣  夜的火光掃過山中露營伊泛紅的臉龐  有情人含淚緊相隨  夢般的幻影一幕幕　恁是那  　海上飄漚隨風聚散  殊不知伊底憂愁從何處來  在你的一方明鏡上  　是非灑下恆河沙數塵埃  過去記憶又來到昨夢裡出現  是誰編的故事　云何紙摺的公雞會啼  　　壁畫上汗血天馬會飛騰  曙之光投下一道浪漫氣氛  情緒任隨景象擺佈  天地劇院的舞台燈正打亮  有種煩惱張開眼就被染著  　洗了耳卻清不了垢  有種煩惱如恆河沙粒的微細塵埃  　　從四面八方無孔不入  　日夜不停侵襲─  有種煩惱從無始以來依循無明的驚懼  以寂寞和空虛吞食少年的智慧與勇氣  一張凳子四隻腳　一節音譜五線條  伊人坐在椅上猛跺腳  目光流轉牽引手指旋動樂聲飄飄  星光下　千對眼隨燦爛燈輝狂飆  　小提琴伴著歌聲奏鳴  遊唱詩人在敘述那曲遙遠的古老故事  有道神秘光譜沁入一方靈感心海  笑開千般憂愁　忘了那籃無底的煩惱林  但見天外一彎銀鉤網一席天羅星帳光閃閃  　一輪金色圓鼓擂動大地微物之靈  雙雙悲憫眼神呼喚遍藏蒼生內裡的神明  傳說　幽暗谷底有艘木蘭舟  舟上一只大沙漏　依反秩序  　　　將時間往昨日方向流注  歸鄉列車節節往後倒退  寂寞伴徘徊寫在一張張旅人的臉上  思念　光陰正逆流  　　今夜不知怎入眠  冰涼的泉水流沁山谷  鄉村小路還遺留古早綠衣人郵遞的軌迹  遠方　瑞穗公路已化身為金色世界  隴田油菜花綻滿了群峰  一季銀冬早已被金黃收藏入庫  立春清晨有隻先醒的小蟲　在  　一顆新露照見自己的真面目  雨水時節　大地在翻土  聆聽泥中沙子歌唱  聲聲入耳　絲絲扣人心弦  　天晴雨霽　萬里長空淡淡浮白雲  一代人青春歲月　年  每晨6：15東方天空示現七彩寶光  偶是那厚厚雲層遮彩暉  一代人年少情懷23年  北風吹習習衣角　寒冬幻日投射伊臉龐  潔白眼神喚出兩朵澄湛水藍  一代人壯碩有為23年  伸出十根指頭觸摸長滿青苔的古牆垛  心神沁入往昔宮殿　華麗夜宴場場相連  一代人老當耳順23年  枯葉落畫　漫山染成白頭  午夜11：15找個話題繞過五山峰  　有種情緒點燃遍野通紅  沙在沙漏玩你推我擠上上下下的遊戲  我于沙漏外追趕跑跳直跺腳  時間把大人的世界弄顛倒  　　大人又將兒童的世界弄顛倒  光陰迴音谷內有位說書人在唱戲  公園中老園丁將樹梢掛滿琳琅叮噹的風鈴  　只為了捕捉兒時記憶迴路  小孩問大人：  山為什麼不會走路，海中潮水卻天天奔騰？  大地怎都靜悄悄不出聲？  星星為啥夜夜來到屋頂閃動跳躍？……  老樹腐朽長出新靈芝  炫麗火燄洗過森林  春日來臨　處處又覆滿新綠  　古老神展演三世間的英雄傳奇  一群流星來自宇宙神秘底原鄉角落  山外山　流動的冰泉藏有亙古真水  將一根翠玉竹竿節節打通  　　即可接上那株威音世界的傳聲筒  識之情複製影像重疊如凹凸鏡幾何布列  忽而望遠忽而顯微　意之境八重錯落  靈知依智與識流轉當下　忽迷忽悟忽苦忽樂  　狂亂妄想掀翻這座妙湛大海  境風吹意浪　　滾滾波濤  　　洶湧奔入夜的夢中夢  無數銀河系如海上泛起的漚珠  　飄飄忽忽　生生滅滅  如是無邊虛空生在大覺中　猶如滄海一粟  淚千行　一曲悲歌誰伴唱  三顧茅廬移萬朵花入市廛  攪翻一片泥　汩汩成紅  　　歲月推動乾坤巨輪  伊人請神入夢　但  　不知夢中怎送神  一道流星劃過　撞擊那雙靈感有情的眼神  山谷裡　老樹有奇異的夢境─  它見到光陰正交錯  明日藏匿月色星空　待  　　午夜悄悄與大地子民相會  昨日寂寂被夜色星空捲入銀河  那片美好光彩不知何時乘願再來  觸覺是方　感應是圓  看那偌大的房子擁抱滿滿空虛　在  　微物之靈的細毛孔內卻藏存一座浩瀚的虛空  　　　　　　　2002.1.22／2002.1.23／2002.1.24／2002.1.25  +++++++++++5.2600  **卷七　山紡**  **⎯⎯山的稜錘紡線**  淡水的黃昏　紅色欲­∞  夕陽將滄浪海印鋪成一片金黃  天外泛過一艘銀白小帆  　乘載初綻的月光悄悄上岸  夜色扁扁籠罩方地  星光圓圓羅網弧天  遊人還在淒淒涼涼躊躇  冷冷跑馬燈運載過客來回穿梭  一顆藍寶石懸于北極星畔  從銀河涯岸傳來─  　妄想之域聲聲入耳的驚濤怒浪  兩片朵兒受伊攪局  熾烈無情的火焰就內裡燃燒  有情世界感應熱情良知的引導  光之通道控制靈的流量  幽谷有處原始森林  陽光曾經眷顧  　月光也來指路  遊子常在夢中出現徘徊  列車鄉間交會　那邊旅人凝視者邊過客  兩對眼神合攏又分離  古老的織布紡錘就那稜形高山　與  　　波浪流水　金針引線離開又合攏  視覺共聽覺漂泊數字與符號的遊戲內  嗅覺摻味覺流轉薰念和味道的謎樣大海上  觸覺與感覺交錯相融　醞美夢于猜想  色　撐起竹竿掛旗幟  　橫擱竹竿曬衣服  受　一塊千年老木頭挖空成獨木舟出海遊  想　冰封底記憶在春陽下淡淡浮現夢裡  　　一夕紛擾一筆沈曦盡掃  行　朱砂晚霞油綠路樹白練瀑布藍色天幕  　古老那襲長袖至今猶善舞  識　荒野一群草莽正熱鬧拍板跳踢踏  有時慢板暢抒情懷  有時快板伴勁歌  有人搶拍爭領導  有人偷拍成伏兵  台上的指揮卻慢半拍  手拿一枝大毛筆亂揮毫  海風吹怒浪　千疊高  大地云何噤聲無語  高山之湖　動水和泥孕育潔白雪蓮  亭亭玉立三千朵  兒時紫芳苑在頂廓村那頭  棉花瓣瓣身邊落　穿過幽森密境  來到路上國小　童年音聲盤繞耳畔  憶昔　有天夜裡肚子痛  母親雙手來回不停在背上推揉  當下有話欲出口　不知現今  　　從心靈選何種樂音來伴奏  混沌駕御乾坤　古河岸澗  　驟雨之前　天鼓雷音隆隆先響  遠方學童騎單車載一襲暮色回家  老舊三合院左鄰右舍誰想念  流浪的王子云何一去三十年不復返  小村落包山又包海　徑路錯綜繁雜  我從故鄉來看你  　　云何伊還在猶疑  今朝多美好　看那冬陽灑下晨光  　聽北風呼呼吹響林濤  明日之星恆攝藏存平凡的角落  1234567兒童尋開心  7654321遊子逍遙追妙趣  清早　大海吹起海螺  天風舞動浪漫流雲  請嘗試與自己的童心連線　尋回兒時純真  　愉悅之泉即能在澄明底心奔放  雙腳重新踏上漫漫旅途  天空顏色出現綠黃藍白  　　沿路　樹峰枝枝指向南  老者皺紋刻畫著智慧通路  少女愛捲翹睫毛是為美麗有神  如夢似幻　昔景于今又重重亮相  誰能聽懂嬰兒的對話  北極星在夜色中秘密窺探護佑  敬天　討海人愛作客分不清野蠻與文明  敬地　山野樵夫以歌聲伴魚兒溪澗悠哉  敬神　新綠沐浴春日風光裡  　橙黃橘紅愛在秋之季逗趣  有情與無情混混沌沌　合成  　神秘的網中網與鏡中鏡  一鼻孔卷萬軸鑪香  那根舌尖遍嘗百種味道  晨間約好三人沙灘上快樂奔跑  　　卻逢一場雨打亂伊底記憶  夢河從妄想之域流出太古  　　至今不迴轉  　流浪王子來到化城寶所遊蕩  　年恍惚一瞬間　朱顏棲霜白  　不知是否因一夕之夢而轉老  火神眼淚凝成一根蠟燭正燃燒  河水承接雨神的節拍汩汩流來  境風鼓識浪起狂濤  小孩睡夢中孤獨哭泣  岸邊　一葉老舊破帆  　　是先人為伊虛擬的彩卷  航向無垠天地無邊畔的空間  星星在暴風雨夜歛藏  明月何常入夢來指路  造夢人為圓謊  　　失落了真實的語言  時間　化成七道色光在朗朗乾坤行空  山連海的臨界點是天與地最美的角落  有座沙漏顆顆金沙隨光陰往下流露  有只水瓶粒粒漚泡追空氣向上飄升  外方傾盆大雨編織旅人曖昧情靈  古堡裡火焰燃燒執愛的干擾訊號  鄉間小女孩手提竹籃哼著歌  　跟老奶奶上菜園採青蔬  山中有七老　天天相約溪畔談天泡茶  攝影燈光打照超級天蛛網路  銀色新月攀援澗水流波  有群人天天衝動在同一條路上用力跨步  　　從日出到日落　汗水由鹹變酸  偶得意偶尷尬　千般記憶疊疊重重  夜深　求得一方寂靜  　將體會天地密意與萬物有所感應  悄悄舒展眉頭遙望星空點點頭  　即能親見佛陀在銀河裡拈花  我于這岸畔學習那常住燦麗的三分微笑  探照燈投射一椽古瓦屋  內裡有部老裁縫車唧唧嗒嗒……  伴著一部舊風琴交奏和鳴  從隱谷迴旋　由古至今  聲聲韻韻隨風飄沁白雲  流轉于永恆那只甚深微妙的音樂盒中  　　　　　　　2002.1.25／2002.1.26／2002.1.27／2002.1.28  **卷八　海印七弦琉璃琴**  **⎯⎯驚蟄　神秘的微物之靈**  地平線　日出  　炯炯目光透射那座山巔  手指輕輕觸動上弦月銀鉤  為嫩葉寫生以翠玉的綠光  脈波感動發聲回音旋繞天際  伊耳云何未曾聽聞  原鄉土地悄悄控引宇宙六種震動  誰能諦聽第一道曙光而起床  隨伊日照下用功起舞  于最後那道餘光收捲白日旗幟  喚回遊走化城寶所的靈知  　歸向月光下尋夢  夢遊妄想之域那片藍與綠的幻麗  海水澄波隨風泛漚  有位少年方舟內橫起一扁擔  　挑那日與月在肩上  湖中船舫傳來陣陣琵琶聲  岸畔　牧童吹笛相應和  深幽古宅有位隱者按指輕觸七弦琴  天光綻現神奇海印  琉璃遍虛空　粒粒傾瀉入銀河系  汗血寶馬飛躍虛空劃出一道炫麗虹彩  有鶴雲中徘徊  不知從哪來欲往何處去  寂寞乃因愛出了缺口  空虛只為有情被愁緒挪移  　化成片片枯葉離飛后為追逐落花  隨流水奔走　喚伊已不回頭  有幅昔日原鄉圖  　懸空高掛美麗的山水畫中  別峰藏有不速客　神秘洞穴  　孕育那朵亙古寶燭的火種  一道天光射透萬年寒冰引來雪域靈泉  灌溉綠的果園熟透了千粒  但見九朵芙蓉掛在綠水上  一株花對路過的遊客微笑　問  　你怎忍心將伊採回家？  山峰的天中意樹　驚蟄  　　　春雷響滿天  神秘的微物之靈　如  　恆沙星群從地湧現  西方紅日擂鼓　東方紫霞敲鑼  飛馬奔騰春之華嚴的美麗花海  大日日正當中　水生木起  一種熟悉味道原是豐富的果實纍纍  以真愛填補空虛　至情縫合寂寞  飄泊的心需要一艘不退風帆來運載  流浪者應有一盞永不熄滅的燈火指引  炭火燭影閃爍  紅色伴綠色畫出兩度空間  一彈指　燈火落三朵  蒼谷老­瞴@來訪過客遙想  　古早的舊垣籬已換成今之防火牆  車似流水奔馳門前　如山的高樓  　　布列聳立在紅瓦屋後  傳奇城市迷惑三百年前僅存的天階老宅三合院  大海中的孤帆  背上那口混沌布袋內  　　一只水瓶座核心裡有日月乾坤  天風捺不住吹狂濤波波卷軸時光  光陰一陣寒一陣熱折疊歲月  有人日間醉夜裡醒　念念心事直透頂  睡神天天邀伊入夢來共枕  此方人熄燈欲就枕  南方人天色早已明  海波浪濤濤奔向岸邊又捲回  反反覆覆不是智商的高指數  上方最亮的北極星  　　照見人類夜裡的行為與活動  不知不覺　秋底芳洞已露了春  冰點下暖暖被窩裡冬陽叫伊不起床  一座高又高的殿堂　是  　　　蒼生物種各個代表的競技場  是誰架朽木搭橋　以惑牽情纏業  　初出聲即落入凡調  以思惟心獵殺寂靜  植妄想埋伏識海心田  音挾耳追風  　　色引那眼入迷  遠方是誰在敲深波鑼  是否諸神欲遠行？  眸內　螢幕出現熾烈火焰  　混沌誘發迷惑  清明來自最初發心的原點  閃電引燃漫天剎炫的火燄  一輪月悄悄移水央  兩位小女孩因逆風行舟漂入河心  　划不回頭　驚畏  有一少年飛泳追筏  以智與勇降帆駕御而返　上岸  流水聲潺潺……  妙湛心海忽生一漚　隨風虛浮  　　才有光與色隨即現影染污  溪澗游魚攪動水泡沫　幻出幻沒  誰能安住那片浮雲從空生還從空滅  +++++++6.2500  流動的白　泥濘  　黏上彩色羽毛的情  運思從念抽離現象  觀想巡憶　神隱於靈明的心之域  行雲上的飛鷹　靈山曲水宛轉59.5°  好奇的鏡頭四處探索  天地一畫廊盡收眼瞳  空氣裡晨霧濛濛  承露盤的圓周露珠鮮艷欲滴  一陣風一陣雨  淘氣的小孩被上天逗樂了  窗的玻璃格子掃描過昔日影像  猶如一張又一張留存記憶櫝中的老照片  夜色從十面八方洶湧淹來  過去底綠野　今仙已不復見  千年火神在夢海裡燃燒器世間的幻象  　淡淡銀河流浪無垠蒼穹  物換星移的一只燈籠閃紅爍爍  日月流轉一雙動目搖滾湛水  宇宙燦爛星海　如  　　光纖般的蛛絲網點佈滿天  一微塵示現十方剎海  一卷軸旋入八萬四千曲  甜甜圈從外繞　一圈又一圈  赤子之心由冬回春  　內裡吹和風陣陣暖烘烘  前天再前天　秋的波光掩不住白色鋒芒  今天又今天　念的流量流轉又流轉  明日復明日　可愛的夢想在聲聲呼喚  　　　　　　　　2002.1.28／2002.1.30／2002.1.31／2002.2.1  **卷九　夢在九次元狂想與月光默劇**  台上二三人　台下八九萬人  一場夢幻劇為伊舞動半世紀  東風得意地對小草說：  　是我在驚蟄日拉拔你出頭天！  百花回憶去年雨季：  　漫山落英和泥鋪成紅色江河大地……  古亭簷前　雨嘀咕咕串成幕幕水簾  天風調柔扶疏的枝葉搖搖擺擺  沙岸　彈塗魚快樂地蹦蹦跳跳  你卻將時間如豆腐般切割一塊塊廉價出賣  別墅一幢　落地窗外可還留有昨夜月色痕跡？  什麼是問號？煩惱云何莫名無端  焦慮欲點燃那座未爆的火山  　　水乳交融混沌又邋遢  閃電　猶如柴燄劃過冷冷的夜空  少年馳騁虛擬的公路上  　以超極速快感炫耀一雙抖動的手掌  春風百花最愛捉迷藏  無花果喜從殘甕破瓦的砂礫堆中勝出  月昇　旅人依然在千年古城  　　探尋一則寶藏失落的老舊故事  夜間航行　太平洋銀河星空亮晶晶  伊人云何天天同一框框裡弄泥濘  昔日文字美學與語言艷麗逐漸消失  冰冷的數位猶獨立寒涼冬季  誰能控制情緒流量透過九次元的溝通　將  　一幅暖暖山水畫高掛熱血般的仲夏夜空  但見空曠處妙音已無樑可繞  卻在寂靜中　孕育  　那部誘人入顛倒的狂想曲把玩整季春天  勾一輪圓相再拉一條水平線  　　輸入一道最初的日光  猜一猜那是什麼？  一棟古老破舊的宅院　依  　月光巡視石牆上的原鄉壁畫  當下大師在今日前夕裡  敷坐疇昔佛陀的菩提樹座  數片葉隨天女散落  眼眸淚濕　只因沒勘過  悲憫是為了亙古的悟性久埋礦中  至今動金斧也勘不破  感動卻失去了體  相也隨即不見了  剩下底只能發生些微的功用  看那把靈明的劍透過一心控引  　　從鞘中遞出還入……  螺旋式的妙思在妄想的磁浮列車上運算  古早的無盡藏　覆掩  　　漫天冰雪所延八百里的銀色界  我曾對你訴說一個小淘氣的真實故事  那時越野車疾馳得比風還快  天宇下　樓幢千千萬萬匯成無數城市  萬里江山千載河流依然緊貼大地  彎曲流轉向美麗的新世紀  元宵有個燈謎猜一猜─  亙古一間千年暗室未點燈前如何？  　　　　　　　平生大夢誰先覺。  燈正點亮時如何？遍界明明不覆藏。  燈點後如何？一宿覺來空空無大千。  水瓶座寧靜沐浴在銀河  北辰之星指揮萬蕊璀璨的無塵月光曲  老石壁上　松針已移過十二點座標  　那一封明日的說帖猶未揭  是誰將有情的愛與欲強力植入夢田  忽憂忽喜全由愛任意鬧情緒  欲之念　如湍急瀑流  　　是奪是獵還是探險？  孩童幻想學小精靈飄飛水泡上曼舞  浮萍喜孜孜向蜻蜓訴說漂泊的行旅  苦同樂　迷與悟  　　　　　　心念瞬間迴轉八千里  美麗莊嚴的寶相  東風吹紅雨從蒼嶺的綠飄落  善巧方便底妙用  小鳥吱吱妙音停格山峰潑墨般的葉幢  淨白無垢的本體啊！  看那七色彩虹透析成光  　　　疊疊混雜就黑暗  綠毛毛蟲爬翠色的樹  曼麗的蝶于花間散步  春天　日光有腳正中來  向陽的草木先發芽  一片烏雲追東風而來  迎鋒面的花樹先一步受洗禮  ++++++++++++++7a.1300  賓客來訪如歸家  自己房舍住得最安舒　從今  　　不再當被風雨塵沙戲弄的陌生人  蟬鳴相約今晚樹之頂峰看星星  春天青蛙叫喚著人們　莫讓  　秋日愁緒逗留在愉悅澄明的花之季  一座大山隱于視覺角落  悶雷吐吐紅舌  風婆婆全身濕透衣  蜻蜓腳趾觸摸那妙善莊嚴底荷葉  　　　　　　　輕輕晃動  蝴蝶愛看溪澗游魚在心中傻笑  春日使蟄伏大地創造不可思議底情境  天上皓輪圓明不動掛長空  水中月隨流飄送任西東　無橋不通  夢裡月擾忽忽卻善長自我  感動透支那對明眸　遍布魚尾紋  葉子翩翩　蛺蝶飄飄  有株千年老松彎遒九弓  隨風撥絃　微妙音聲傳送遙遠他方  鄉村的花與草正上演著春之戀  時序明入立春2002.2.3  北方遍一切處凝霧淞　白茫茫  漫天雲海開一口藍窗  夜浮出銀幕  白日停格昨兒空間  古農村家家戶戶以朱砂墨染紅龜粿上供春神  故人觸景　千般思緒隨蕩漾心神排山倒海……  曲曲旋轉的徑路  兩畔　列布半月弧形的老茹苳  枝羽葉翼交織蔚為天幢傘蓋  大地手指輕觸北極星按下希聲的靜音鍵  夜之蒼穹悄悄為上天公演一齣默劇  寧靜的湖面　群星已點亮千枝蠟燭  我親見魔法的綠葉上凝露  盡是故鄉人流浪的淚珠  出外遊子欲返家  　　如今卻迷了方向……  有雙孤獨的腳踩碎漫山枯葉  誰能從時間的走廊繞過  就觸境的心念剎那迴轉入靈山之巔  　　不再使形為心製造更多鎖鏈困住清明  看那冷冷銀鉤  　掛在合歡山上空　映照白色積雪  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.2.3／2002.2.5／2002.2.6  **卷十　與汝同一呼吸**  母與子　心連心永相憶  一座瓶子大的劇院  十萬人共演一齣多媒體戲劇  衝浪少年在等待下一波激流  遊子隔萬重山見不到昔日滄桑  雪融化為愛的水聲琤琤  月流露的情如花語喃喃  智慧匝道移控情緒的流量  朵朵大焰蕊奔遠成小火焰  　飛入視覺之外看不見的幽深  夜街的雨疏疏落落  天中有輕航飛過  醉客顛簸分不清路燈與車燈  空空洞洞的時光隧道  我在裡　你在外  殊不知那個他在何方  海王子沙灘擁浪狂奔腳下  巡山少年搭空中流籠送猴子上山  城市小孩日日背夕曛暖身還不自知  看那鍋山藥與芋頭、地瓜伴紅蘿蔔已熟透  一個。句號落中間  三千年往事自記憶迴旋  六個，逗號就周邊輪轉  枕上　夢未歇  　　情感永無止盡的過荷  春日花朵猶如夏日底瀲灩泡沫  老人面頰滿布風霜刻鏤的皺痕  那雙炯炯目光凝視遠方出神  愛鄉愛土　一陣鋒面影響  由陰轉雨  一朵寒牡丹于冰天下綻放  透光花瓣在寂靜的冬晨喃喃自語  列車從月台奔馳而過  夜之旅人　就昏黃燈光等待下一班次靠站  過客不小心掉落一卷舊照片  　　　彷彿兒時原鄉的景象  觸景　昔日伊底身影在最初記憶浮現……  感官隨擺動搖曳生風　如蝶  　　振薄羽飛向天際  點水蜻蜓般的腳尖輕輕挪移  舌上捲能生津　眼微開三分目  耳聞內裡與夕日呼應的金鼓聲  合掌背離塵沙護持一寸寧靜心靈  敷座　是為了安住  　不使心猿如萬馬狂奔  抱天恩誰能無悔  太古寶剎密藏深邃山林  夜半鐘聲盤旋蓮花般的穹宇  　　　靈泉隱入洞中獨白  化成如鑽的光芒輝耀行空  黃昏　落日鋪紅  　成一條遙望無際的金色長廊  花　瓣瓣落  　　老農古厝的簷角  一部戲曲在身形聲色霎時變臉演出  一對情侶剪影被一棵大樹葉蔭覆藏美夢守歲  　　　時間　自寂靜中  　從愛的精靈脫手出走  諦聽　是誰鬧春神  　是風是雨抑是杏花在遊戲  大地本一身潔白衣裳  現換披一條七色彩帶  花葩千萬　朵朵祈願  今春有來頭  東風甩袖　指揮陣陣飄香音符傳送地球村  只要校準頻率全世界都可聽聞  夢　在數字裡嬉戲  慧之光鏡于識海獵影  前鋒勇士擁有超速快感燃燒熱力  掌旗人不自禁一陣哆嗦  　將竿撐得比腰還直  向上的天梯猶印著古老腳印  流浪者獨步不因寂寞而後悔  有隻夜鶯唙唙咕咕　問個不休  　　火神云何在湖裡沐浴  　　水神云何在艷麗的炭火中洗禮  　　……  誰能以本真解讀繁複的思路  跨越時空來到未來剖析伊心之欲的結構  留言最初發心所點燃的三把火　今在哪裡？  ++++++++++++++7b.1400  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.2.7／2002.2.10  **卷十一　太陽火種的傳說**  **⎯⎯花間秘境的古獅城**  我夢到原始的古老國度：  動物與人民和平生活在如幻的桃花源  有的彼此好奇　有的互相探索  有的互相輕觸卻總是彼此無傷  眾多的獅子在遊戲　我也是其中之一  老樹鬚髯垂綸十丈  崖間瀑布吐水百尺  洗根滌塵換得一身好清境  茶園主人說　昨夜小格頭起霧  霧封漫延數十里  伸手　一雙眼遮那十指  嶺山萬朵黃菊搖曳千百彩蝶翻飛  漫野白蘆隨風波動  　　數百沙鷺引頸仰望  2001依古曆　時逢除夕  北宜櫻花幢幢移紅疊疊鑲入綠紗山袖  車行在海拔的高峰原  蘭陽平地列陣眼簾  弧形沙岸漁舟正賦歸  　銀帆宛轉三千片  蒼翠群山　蔚藍湛海  越野車蘇花公路上輕快飛駛  白雲天空中巧移蓮步  車窗玻璃浮光海印  　　後照鏡裡掠影森羅  沿路　迤邐的槭葉殷紅透光  清水斷崖隧道聽不見鳥鳴  昏黃燈光猶如馳向世外的金色長廊  旋出拱門　兩岸老松  　株株向內彎弓成庇蔭清涼的傘蓋  歸心追逐于幻象  夢在意識之洋流轉  雲霄蒼鷹俯視海中魚兒遊戲  遠方傳來濃稠鄉音  　遙控遊子黏黏不能忘情的思念  幻想潛入美麗的原鄉世界  天地脈動與我共鳴  鳥語伴花香舞來春風  時序2002正月初一靈辰一分  繞佛七匝　　忽聞  　　　水聲潺潺說個不停  但見遍界剎海香光莊嚴無與倫比  雨滴有聲　落葉無語  鸚鵡螺藏身隱密  伊人足下凝香唯因昔日踩春泥  　一世情懷只為圓奇妙一夢  口口聲聲　無所求卻無所不求  無相　猶如橘色閃電  　剎那一亮卻被光明撞見  聽說隨順他人即是給自己善巧方便  小孩愛過大年  大人卻常憶念三千年前那個好年  一棵欖仁舊幹先春忽冒出千朵芽兒  大地正月初一近午11：27傳來6.2級的震動  　虛驚中　歡呼天下太平  微雨　老樹凍結千顆露珠  一陣風吹過　瞬間全送給了泥土  蝴蝶扮成花與葉停格枝頭  溪湛波澄隨流不染垢  長河濤濤牽引念念相尋昨非  色與聲　影與響  業的魔力沁入夢中擾亂靈明心田  　　片羽燭光朵朵爭紅  枝莖分杈五枒　長了一三五七九片  誰能品嘗嫩苗初發的風姿  　　　　在立春的季節裡  虛擬的動畫　天地的歌聲  　移開迷惑的視窗  有條林蔭小徑直通花間秘境  太陽火種說：  待桑椹成熟時，別記裡的紅嘴黑鵯就會回來！  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.農曆正月初一日  **卷十二　石頭的故鄉**  油菜花田　澄黃金碧  鄉間小徑紅紫藍綠兩畔並締  溪涓水清透晶晶引來群山映倒影  峰崚連成一線天　飛雲如白馬奔馳  礦不破　金不驚  百花在春日裡經行  雲不散　月不露  千億星子銀河水央潛伏  智者的心隱于界外別境  愛作夢的小孩在浮雲間塗滿彩色虹影  聽說　石頭的故鄉有石獸  天女常大方妙舞散花圖  楊柳輕輕吟哦  　　不甘寂寞只因空虛  盼望春風卻迷惑五彩塵踪  有象有形有光有色  　有股引力隨時千呼萬喚  有念觸入　瞬間掀翻識海  湛湛波瀾剎那化成萬駿奔騰  自古尋尋覓覓三千大千  　　即非所願還須隨緣  流浪塵區　從  　前生今生來生即已入夢還須隨順  酌古金剛寶輪藏身貝葉靈文  法雲寶月被捲入一朵青蓮蕊  真性的寂光明鏡在翹首等待  　祈盼那朗朗的晴空  有情入于定中　智者叫伊不應  　　象網玄珠呼之即出  妄想自虛擬的幻覺由紅轉艷  月影就五雲貝多裡流轉剎炫  石鏡怎能磨出栴檀香  　那張藤蘿籬外滿目是青山  誰將張張老照片一一除影  是否因沈重的無明任千匹寶馬也拉不動  夜之街景　只餘孤燈照明  旅人微小身影　猶如  　旋嵐席捲滾滾塵區裡的一粒沙  夕暮海灘　孤霞的火燄正燃燒  晨曦初旭將諸山環成一座屏風  　　卻擋不住老鷹任意逍遙的領空  日光下　昨夜一場雨積成一方小塘  水天清淨無染  一條石子路長滿了青苔  古道日久無人踩  夢裡一滴雨聲從界外來耳畔  曼妙音符追風参見白雲上方諸神  老牛隱躲山崖后　白鷺鷥牆角探頭  牧童猶坐蒼松下與松子落演朦朧  小孩畫的妖怪特別可愛  大人承受的魔咒最難解脫  牡丹欲開敷　內裡與外界的力量正相互拉拔  畫一圓相為寶座  　十方腳步聲在四面遊走  桑園夜宴　千燈搖燭影  人來人去　諸般豪語繫留不住赤子真情  扶梯移動闌干把夢的影像折疊  故人相憶將思念打包重複收藏  童子臥騎大白牛  落日照在畫大旗的肚皮上  天地萬物愛寫生  　　最高境界者得分  悟之初　猶如雪鶴嚮往金色池塘  原鄉的家山還在夢裡沈睡  心潮朵朵如紅焰正燃燒  是誰虧欠自己良知讓塵沙瀰漫遮蔽光明  祈求底福字還是天空奔放的風箏  內裡一盞明燈永不熄  花是紅　蕊是黃　燄是紫  千江山聲旋入耳聞  萬里晴空有雁陣掠過  小女孩踏踩林樹婆娑的枝影  　　　　　隨葉蔓輕舞擺袖  彷彿　春已來到  　微風悄悄吹笙  葉心上的淚　搖搖晃晃  旭日光輪初出一口吮盡  待回神　甘露已在九霄雲外返魂  +++++++++++++8a.1600  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.2.14／2002.2.15 | **Preface**  **109.5° 48 + 1 The Outer Chapter**  A night flight, 13 hours;  Departing from Hong Kong at midnight, reaching Zurich at 6.00 a.m.  Observing the sunset from the freeway in Taipei on the fifth day of Frost Descends;  Switzerland, on the sixth day of Frost Descends; pre-dawn,  six speeding wheels carrying 21 travelers.  On the eve of the Birth of Winter, I arrange the 24 solar terms,  An unknown, unnamed spirit mysteriously  moving man through his eternal game of joy and sorrow.  In childhood, climbing up a rope ladder to a red-tiled roof, waiting on the sunrise.  That same spirit of discovery from decades ago  is here amongst the Swiss mountains and lakes.  It’s said that only after the requisite pure and excellent causes and conditions  Are cultivated over a hundred aeons can the 32 primary and 80 subsidiary marks of a Great Man be brought to perfection.  In addition to its primary purpose of shielding the eye from dust and sand, the eyelash also serves as an adornment.  The eagle builds its nest on the side of a cliff to facilitate flight amongst the clouds.  These ancient villages; why where they established on the margins of the Milky Way?  The universe holds up a dew pan Who is it?  collecting innumerable microorganisms?  a silently turning wheel conveying common folk to that yonder emptiness.  All we can do is wait for the heart-mind of the bodhisattva to lovingly convey all sentient beings  to the bountiful Flower-adornment realm.  From Grindelwald a deep gorge  leads to an ancient blue ice-cave.  Bordered by embroidered glaciers,  late at night the moon descends into the mountain void.  A lone white horse gallops through the silvery realm;  A silver crane with a white swan circles above.  The universe innumerable galaxies spinning in space;  The world with its invisible hourglass, ever flowing.  Who can take a beam of moonlight and set in motion the wheel of time  setting its gears—more numerous than the grains of sands in the Ganges—onto a fingertip?  Vowing today to bring peace to the entire family,  Tonight’s choreographer puts emotion and consciousness in charge,  Each thought following the habitual flow.  The glorious pageant of nature played out on the open-air stage,  Yet the limited vision of the worldling perceives not all these epiphanies.  A leaf falls a bird flies over,  right there then gone.  Earth, ever renewed in the flow of the seasons;  The phases of the moon modulate the hue of the night sky.  A chilling north wind presses the withered branches;  Life renewed under the balmy spring sun.  Defilements and obstacles lead to compassion, but are not in harmony with original awakening;  Whatever obstructs the light of wisdom is out of tune with the true appearance of life.  A single stalk of bamboo woven into a steamer;  A blaze of fire fills the sky.  An old man asleep next to the river going with the flow;  Near the bank, an old man in a boat, hands by his side, fishing in the twilight.  Tonight blazing candlelight in a circuitous garden,  lamps and stars throughout.  The autumn mountain, reddish-purple, yellow chrysanthemums arrayed on rows of seven-jeweled trees.  Rainbow-like clouds covering a screen of deep blue-green.  Thinking of him recollecting him visualizing him,  He appears in the setting sun.  Jungfraujoch, a pristine peak at 4,158 meters;  milky-white, wavering in the moonlit clouds;  like pure vision expelling distorted perceptions.  Those extraordinary precincts of day and night  produced by those subtle-form beings of the liminal world.  A thatch-roofed pavilion at the summit,  where farmers from the ancient village take shelter from the rain.  From the footprints left in the mud they can make out the state of mind of passers-by:  “That one off in the distance; his mind is unsettled his thoughts are fluttering about.”  The bestower of dreams tells him a story;  A true story not a myth.  There was once a little girl.  While chasing an illusion  She got lost in a wooded valley,  Where she happened upon the hermit who lived in the Baihua Pavilion.  He led her to a grass hut where she could safely pass the night;  yet she was worried—  That night the tears of all the mothers in the world  sparkled with compassion;  gleamed with unbounded commiseration . . .  It’s not a true story just a myth;  Born of a dream,  Returning to the dream.  The fringes of the Jungfrau  Lazily flutter down to Interlaken,  Like a cosmic fountain streaming upwards.  Those who wish to enter  must first shed all obstructions of body and mind.  A white feather falls onto a green path;  Cold weather, frozen ground withered grass of ignorance sealed inside the ice.  A mountain valley, cold and silvery white Grandma Incense,  as always, weaves embroidered blessings for the Wanderer;  Touched, the Traveler sheds warm tears.  The God of Night repeatedly calls out in the darkness;  but the habitually drunken Vagrant has never responded.  Ignorant of material form, one devours the sparse twinkling stars;  A Cliffside cave with a cryptic image of an elephant from three millennia ago;  A boy spontaneously enters into *samadhi* single thought, single moment, single place,  Reading that scripture of unlimited wisdom ensconced within his self-nature.  Ten fingers with whirling webs containing the mysterious cause of endless rebirth,  a light proceeds from between the eyebrows, illuminates the triple world, then returns.  A faint candlelight flitters in the guest room,  where the Wanderer suddenly turns around and collides with his former self.  This high mountain, snowbound throughout the year;  I visit the old camera museum in Veyvey,  Finding no trace of the past. . .  Mid-autumn a traveling photographer with zoom lens  Enters the forest in search of the dazzling deep red of Frost Descends.  Proceeding upwards to a glacier;  Bounded by grassy meadows a thousand peaks shrouded in mist and fog,  watering the vines in the dense forest.  A promise from three decades ago reverberates in the heart and throughout the valley.  No fear of that tempest which continued for seven days and nights,  Fog filling the horizon.  Biefeng as always the eternal goal of the great caravan leader of supreme knowledge;  The song of Yuyuan arises from that side of the dream—  A novel joy and brightness fully enters the soul,  On the west bank flames rise up from the corners of a chessboard,  like the oblique light of the setting sun.  Birds leisurely roaming the skies fish sauntering in the water;  In the mountain valley a seven-colored lake serves as the bathhouse of the gods.  By day a sunflower at night a mesmerizing poppy flower;  Lively, subtle objects emitting light and shadow in space;  A melancholy expression, unable to break through the ancient gloom;  Wallowing in the mire of defilements and fear, ever fooled by erroneous notions.  Who is so fond of packaging these moods and carrying them around?  The mind contains innumerable amazing elements;  It’s said that the smile of a newborn baby gives birth to ten thousand wonderful sights.  A wise *yi* bird guides an ancient arched ship;  throughout the mountains, lakes, and seas,  Wings following the red glow of the setting sun.  Immersed in such agitating turmoil, how can anyone be free of fear?  Carried by its mother in a basket, an infant smiles at the vault of heaven;  The agile little girl sprints across the street  To buy a flower for her new classmate.  Trümmelhach waterfall;  melting glacier producing 20,000 tons of water.  Deluding sights and sounds a spiritual shield blocks covetous thoughts;  Enticing sounds and sights a spiritual spear instantly brings one of good heart.  Fond of the west wind, the leaf holds onto the branch;  Following several storms it follows the glittering dew into the mud.  A perilous path, indistinct, anxious  about the chasms.  Who can roll away all the dark veils obscuring the mirror-bright mind,  to illuminate the original face?  Switzerland, the homeland of lakes and mountains;  Purple maples and yellow chrysanthemums, the true appearance of Frost Descends.  Streetlights, the eyes of the earth;  Still on the road, the Traveler looks around and asks:  “Where shall we spend the night?”  Muddled mood spirit sleepwalking at midnight;  Twisted dreams roaming spirit by day.  Presently who is watching over this lovely and majestic nation?  What forces of karma pertain,  Power of the pure mind, to put up such railings?  Ridges of snow-covered roofs,  Waiting for some inspiring nursery rhyme.  Inside the music box, the tympanic music king eager to search  the road to Sainte-Croix, passing through the Jura Mountains.  Instantly one dazzling sight after another;  At the bottom of the universe is the treasure-chest of the spirit holding the mysterious sound of purity;  capable of bringing abundant smiles to children’s faces;  72 + 72 gears playing out the subtle sound of all things.  Turning the wheel of time magically making the flowers nod.  A marvelous canary  searching for that realm of endless meaning.  A newborn chick exuberantly flying past the beguiling fog,  Tracing the spirit of the mountain,  Arriving at the summit.  —Written in Interlaken on November 13, 2002;  Completed in the Hall of Fragrant Recitation  **Table of Contents**  Preface: 109.5° 48 + 1 The Outer Chapter  Book 1 The Scroll of Life  Book 2 2002 Dragon Boat Crossing Over  Book 3 Book in the Sky  Book 4 Sigh of the Minnow under 3,000 Lotus Flowers  Book 5 Ancient Stone Stairway  Book 6 Record of the Phantom City  Book 7 Mountain Weave  Book 8 Seven-stringed Lapis Lazuli *Qin* of the Sea  Book 9 Dreaming in a Nine-dimensional Illusion and a Moonlight Pantomime  Book 10 Same Breath as You  Book 11 Legend of the Fire Seed of the Sun  Book 12 Hometown of the Rock  **Book 1 The Scroll of Life**  An old streetlamp transmitting the story of 3,000 travelers;  Midnight, scenic spots repeatedly appear in the sea of dreams.  Frigid night the visitor embraces the quilt and falls asleep.  Instantly, in some distant place,  not knowing when I’ve returned;  Dreaming dreaming of a fisherman fishing under the full moon;  Wondering whether to discard the fish or to relinquish the moon.  Nagging worries linger on;  Sudden loss of mind’s equilibrium dust and find sand;  Unwittingly soaking in the cool moonlight.  Lost in play, forgetting the time, a child suddenly exclaims:  “It’s already dark!”  Homesick child, don’t worry;  Tomorrow the daylight will come as usual.  The next morning, a little girl happily skips along the narrow forest path.  Imitating the sounds of nature, the shepherd boy whistles in tune with the spring.  In the sea-sky there appears the broad face of a smiling baby,  Dancing with the colorful clouds and flower-adorned earth.  Just then the red sun rises up.  The rosy clouds of dusk, the bodhisattva mind;  Sentient beings continually flowing into  A comma, one after another, endlessly.  The wind blows off a corner of the cloud,  Weaving innumerable dreams of pure dew.  Purple lightning, blue frost, the thoughts of an *arhat* instantly  freezing time, returning to zero, putting down a period.  Relentless rain leaves that native place soggy wet;  An inner voice repeats hundreds of times, but he still doesn’t hear.  Blue dome, green earth the common folk have a plan.  The road to the summit is frozen over;  Yet, seeing the sky filled with silent mist and rime,  They intuitively know how to stride high in the clouds by day,  To dream of the undulating sea by night.  From days of old up to now who knows how to press the pause button?  A single lovely snow-plum blossom lights up the winter, opening the curtain on a silvery display.  Peaks gripping peaks,  Ponds shoulder to shoulder;  Breathing lakes, an inner resonance.  A warm breeze, entering from four directions, invigorate one another.  Trees arrayed like stars,  Branches interweaving.  Male and female, heaven and earth; movement in frozen space-time.  Fish and water perform, accompanied by ubiquitous raindrops;  A dream delimited within a conjured city.  The leaves don’t move just an ancient game.  A distant memory of a Chinese flowering crab apple tree in autumn;  A bright and clean lotus flower—  A white light illuminates the breast of the mountain;  The beauty of the winter sun!  In the forest park the swaying trees are the guardian angels of the land;  A kite harnessed by a person, floating in its allotted range.  The moon in the river following the flow. Who is the host, who is the guest? Who leads, who follows?  A drifter crosses the bridge and then dismantles it;  Passers-by gaze at the streetlamp;  ahead in the boundless, mysterious mist.  A light-yellow moon fixed on the top of a tall building;  passers-by place lock upon lock on the door of the heart.  Night; deep, deep, deep moon; bright, bright, bright.  The Traveler; countless secret sojourns in that empty cave;  alone, intoxicated with self-complacency;  Remembering his dear mother’s cotton-padded shoes.  The blue sky shelters the Traveler fortunate is he who leaves behind the tribulation of the world.  An exhortation from childhood appears amidst surging emotion,  repeatedly bursting forth fear not the dark.  An eternal bright flame, seed-like just  That original palace of the heart, illuminated by the moon.  Towering mountains and deep valleys, red embracing green;  Joy and sorrow, alternating white and blue.  Silvery beauty in the dazzling winter;  Lodging under the stars you, I, him, relying on one another;  One a dreamer one a social climber,  one always roaming in the outer heavens.  Suddenly the dreamer pulls down the sleep blinds;  A stranger accidentally drawn into a mysterious dream.  A passer-by hurries home to be a guest;  That eyebrow moon slightly open at 108.5°,  Countenance on high a tuft of white hair circling round five peaks.  Wind and fog gyrating round a mountain peak thunderstorm giving way to a bright sky.  The beauty of the eighth day of the moon surpasses that of the first and last quarters.  Wishing to know this self-directed play,  in a dream woven outside of the laws of time and space,  He sets off, seeking out 53 peaks;  as the path deepens the views become more profound.  The purl of running water fish roving and hiding in the mountain stream;  Diorite steps covered with moss;  Sun blocked by 3,000 dragon cypress trees tonight  Taiping Mountain, below zero, forming a glittering world of ice and frost;  lighting up a charcoal fire, heating rocks, roasting yams on glistening red flames.  Night in the forest nature singing out in a resounding voice;  A mountain, the box of the wing, turning out the music of the Harvest Festival.  Thoughts of home, can’t dispel completely unknown;  The sky reveals three eyes with long curved eyebrows;  gorgeous yet not beguiling.  Tacitly entering the cabinet of response;  How is it that the mind can’t find the mind?  That a sense sphere can’t see itself?  That dust accumulates daily?  That a field can only fortuitously see a field?  So then, where is that monarch of the spirit at present?  Following the moon, the clouds soar up the mountain;  Pursuing the sun, the fog disperses itself.  Mountain attached to sea in an open-air theater a show is underway;  a song and dance drama on the romantic Milky Way.  The fireflies and light breeze elicit the call of the owl.  A certain youth following the moonlight strides into the forest;  seeking shelter from a bright meteor shower.  The secret of the universe silently under his feet;  Past life and present all manner of worldly appearances dwell in a dream.  Wind blows the scarecrow nods without noticing.  A little bird, startled—  flies up helter-skelter.  Fish frolicking in the sea starry night;  the moon on night watch in the ancient temple.  Curling upwards, incense reassembles past impressions;  A realistic photograph caches the flame of love into primeval ice.  See that abstract painting tugging on the heartstrings of that dazzling dream of early youth.  Heated by the charcoal fire, waves billow forth inside the pot.  Painted faces a value-added drama put on once again;  Beyond the pale of civilization, in twos and threes idlers enjoying the fruits of others’ labors;  echoing on the threshold between fact and fantasy.  Stepping on the earth leaping out a peculiar dance to usher in the gods.  There a silvery tower of ice in a pure white skirt;  Keeping watch over that flock of white cranes from afar.  A pair of astute ears listens to sounds of joy and sorrow;  With just a few words thoughts of far off home endlessly well up,  Guiding that person in a dream, not knowing home where he presently is.  Silence delightful birdsong reverberating in the mountain fastness;  Purple red blue green flowers shower down from above.  A land of dreams where a winged steed has been galloping on for 3,000 years;  by chance coming to one’s senses.  Countless motes of dust come  pouring into the realm of deluded thought;  Madly dancing thoughts—  Aware of their appearance in meditation yet  in a lapse of caution, swept into the vortex of consciousness.  Empty and bright learning from the handwritten text of the masters of old,  That the sunflower planted long ago is now sprouting;  That the chick has already grown abundant feathers.  The Visitor asks the Traveler:  “Who are you? Where are you from?”  The Traveler replies:  “How is it that the present you hasn’t found the original me?”  Towering waves churn the deep sea fish reveal their tracks;  How is it that the affairs of the day reappear in the dreams of the night?  A butterfly, flower basket in hand, touring all about;  A golden awn glimmering on a beach of seashell sand.  The Shepherd Boy waves goodbye to the last glow of the sun;  On the raised pathway between the fields smiling rape flowers nod,  The plateau of life sentient beings’ gift;  Beach after beach,  Homesickness like a sunset sealed in ice,  Stridently striding, striding; yet remaining as still as a mountain.  Rainwater unveiling the mystery of spring;  Waking of Insects thunderclaps waking the subtle spirit of the earth;  Vernal Equinox the ox and the Shepherd boy following one another in the twilight.  An imaginary pink train speeds into the future;  In an icy wind a red flamingo,  boldly preens its lovely feathers;  While observing the sun settled on top of a lotus.  —December 25, 27, 29, 2001  **Book 2 2002 Dragon Boat Crossing Over**  The door of the mind tightly shut, not opening daily;  still hoping that she will return.  A wave of consciousness comes leaping out of the sea of illusion;  just like the tide advancing and retreating on the coast.  Night after night, gazing out the window into the distance, praying;  yet anxious 26 years and still waiting.  Today meeting in a dream, by virtue of a wish;  A few words are enough to express heartfelt emotion moved to tears in a moment.  Tonight is different somehow forgetting about those 9,498 days.  Meeting again in a dream;  Worried, lest the memory disappear into the sea of consciousness;  instantly, 26 years in the past.  It’s pure, it’s empty it’s a water-spewing dragon, it’s a vision;  Is it deep sentiment, or a sluggish spring in the forest?  The last twilight of 2001;  The winter sun masquerading as the moon, concealing itself all about.  I choose to celebrate the new year in mid-flight;  Lingering glare pours in through the cloud window;  mist floating below.  Sea joins sky sky bursting into color;  Sky joins sea sea printed with all visible phenomena.  The Wanderer entreats the setting sun to slow down;  The pendulum of time and speed;  The red orb of the sun resting in chaos, rolling up its light;  Prepared at the Country Kitchen and the Dingtaifeng,  the vibrating meal does the countdown;  High in the sky, I enter 2002.  2002, left and right ears, seated between wondrous peaks;  2002, dragon boat crossing the mouth of the valley.  Eyes of men and gods attention drawn to all that is real;  Whistle of the Alishan train off in distance;  Six degrees Celsius below zero; the northern snow, a blessing from an old friend—  After tomorrow, you will crush your ailments underfoot all things going well;  using that pair of big feet to crush false views, defilements, and ignorance.  A spotlessly white cloud drifts through the clear sky near the mountain of the spirit;  A black windbreaker covers the winter pants of the land‧dew-like rain.  Lesser Cold when snow flakes don’t melt to form ice.  On Biefeng aloe blooms with tiny red pagoda flowers,  crowdedly dancing in its silvery world.  Several clouds turning like thoughts mist on the mountain, whirling like the mind.  The wind blows the cloud bearing moisture and ice then condensing in space.  Illusion and reality fixed on a seesaw;  alternating places throughout time without end.  Illusions forever swinging in the sea of consciousness,  Back and forth high and low.  At times ascending a peak at times stuck in the mire;  How did yesterday’s fresh world become so dusty and turbid?  A canary calls out towards that silent shore—  a beautiful life is one that returns to truth, eschewing depravity;  All day, he nets the mountain, nets the sea; not knowing how to net the future.  Orange vault of heaven, golden glow of the setting sun evening red;  A brilliant radiance of 10,000 beams pierces the sky sunrise.  Guess who is the musical director of this open-air opera house in a primeval forest.  it’s the wind, the rain it’s the wish-fulfilling tree in the sky,  Performing a hackneyed old tune, or something new.  It’s the God of Spring calling out, or the continuous affection of the falling rain.  Trees woven into a color spectrum the Wanderer again steps in;  The Vagrant repeatedly drops anchor in the night port.  Major chiliocosm winds round minor chiliocosm leaving the dense forest to enter upon the sunny thoroughfare.  She wants to build house, a safe nest Why  chop up the roots and vines of an ancient tree to make a door?  A low shout mist covers the mountain.  Suddenly water comes pouring down from all directions;  Instantly inundating the entire island!  The gods look down from above all that remains  Is a huge soggy tissue floating about.  An owl ensconced on a large mountain;  It’s nest in a dark cave with two dark crystals, listening.  84,000 disheveled hair roots linked with 84,000 defilements;  84,000 stout pores hiding 84,000 subtle thoughts.  In the distance a boat from afar searches for a lighthouse, approaches shore;  the Traveler, returning late, chasing the moon, dropping anchor.  In the Candlelight the Wanderer opens his virtual overcoat;  A reverie of home again bursts forth;  Opening the door of light setting free the confined space.  That old pair of shoes now glistens on the lovely dustless path.  The fragrant rice dumplings have been cool for several years;  the same issues reoccur hundreds of times a year.  Endless reminiscing recited over 84,000 years;  It’s as if I’ve shared this meal with you before.  The first second of 2002 Sydney Bridge;  Massive fireworks greeted by 3,000 lenses.  On the boundary of the East China Sea and the Pacific Ocean I photograph the bright and clear moon,  Flanked by several white clouds,  Silently marking the passage of time in the night sky.  Early morning mountain path; child lets out several hearty laughs looking back;  An adult on a downtown street, anxious and stressed.  See that six-sided wall with door, window, and person;  the space of the ten directions with mountain, sea, heaven, and earth;  the seeds of the store-consciousness with me, you, and him.  51 types of emotion floating in the sea of consciousness, blown by the wind with  greed, hatred, delusion . . . as well as generosity, love, and wisdom.  Amidst boundless space the deep Fragrant Sea in the east;  Within the Sea an island like a sweet potato.  On the wave-swept shore there is a monastery on a hill;  Under the moonlight exquisite as a mote of dust;  Composed of atomic particles as many as the grains of sand in the Ganges.  On each Spring and Autumn Equinox as the sound of a golden drum accompanies the setting sun  Infinitesimal atomic particles  lightly roll up the wondrous peak  placing emptiness in the foam.  Early morning on the second day of 2002 a chilling north wind.  I see a small bird eating the fruit on the Indian Olive tree.  Luckily, yesterday morning the tiny caterpillars moved next to the verdant bamboos.  Heaven and earth looping, neither born nor destroyed.  The way of the awakened one is to augment the augmented,  Thereby bringing both sides to completion like the small bird and the caterpillars.  Having traversed a hundred thousand paths;  Path losing the way in an instant.  Wandering through remote villages, asking for directions an old man on the side of the road laughs and says:  “Starting from here, you’ll still need 3,000 springs!”  A hundred thoughts, none reaching the way home.  Just then meeting the dominant condition inviting me  To get into his big white-ox cart;  crossing 10,000 rivers and mountains in a moment, arriving at  Right consideration—  A good many good friends appear;  Discovering that everyone knows what it’s like to suddenly get lost.  A good friend exhorts then everyone descends the mountain,  Taking only a blanket in a cloth bag;  instantly dazzling flames rise from a silver bottle,  Candlelight illuminating the nine heavens.  Those who don’t want to leave the mountain  yearningly watch the hometown train passing by.  A small bird perches on the end of a branch and listens to the silence of the ten directions in the silver season;  The treetop is concerned that the bird is perched on a flimsy leave.  Imagination and reality intersecting a horizontal and a vertical form two crossroads;  turning east, south, west, and north, looping 360°.  A vast universe, conditions, causes; revealing the secret of the starry night;  romantic heaven and earth; humanity still revolving in *samsara*.  Following the beaten path yet  knowing not where the path leads.  Conscience calls out be thoughtful in three ways where old folks cross the street.  Clear mind reminds three ways to revere ones teachers.  Waves advancing and retreating on the surf a red sun,  level with the water, filling the coast.  In each identical field of the heart, some plant gourds, others beans, depending on it;  Daytime photo farcical chapters;  An eagle circles in the mind;  *shang* and *jiao* musical modes contending.  A secret worry appears before the eyes;  A celestial warehouse of the mind, wavering and dreaming.  Eyes gazing on illusion;  White flowing waves find not the pure light.  An ancient black ganoderma blossom,  calling innumerable people to climb the summit of recovery.  —December 31, 2001; January 1, 2, 2002  **Book 3 Book in the Sky**  —Palace of the ancient kings with stars and flowers  Four wheels of the off-road vehicle, rumbling down the East Coast Highway,  Stretching from Taidong to Hualian;  Happy spirit nudges the waves and shouts;  Light breeze silently strokes the eyebrows;  Stars fervently floating in the Milky Way;  Moon invites cloud to dance in the sky.  That thought drifting on the river of consciousness tremendous pressure instantly released;  Bodhisattva wisdom widely broadcast outside of time and space as we know it;  from sunset to sunrise.  Early in the morning with two hands I receive the first rays of sunlight on the coast.  Noticing the footprints of the sleepless Traveler left behind in the sand.  Mind of the past instantly taken up by a flying bird and given to the past;  Mind of the future, like rosy dawn calling out to the sunshine, immanent;  Mind of the present, like that childhood dream of becoming a sorcerer;  as soon as it arises, the thought disappears.  Perfect wisdom rises on the slipstream;  A thousand clouds stacked up, churning below.  Zoom lens of the sea shooting all the passing visitors;  stored away deep, deep, deep; then returning them to heaven.  Within the eyes the destination is right ahead;  I again draw a line on the boundless vault of heaven;  How could the remaining empty space become defiled?  Instantly, the red plum bursts forth a silvery trichiliocosm.  An egret hides inside the bright moon, playing a game.  10,000 nimble clouds roll up into a hole in the sky;  Above the mountain an eagle flies over as a guest granted free passage by the mist;  light and shadow furtively shift.  A quick glance at the bluish water and the opportunity is lost;  Again and again.  Time and space freely transforming;  Dwelling in the moment each moment becomes eternity.  The sunlight, making an inspection tour of everyone’s face,  Instantly notices the worried look on her face;  Responding with three parts commiseration,  Illusory thoughts filling the sky seven parts obscured by ignorance.  Stuck in the mire anxieties like a shadow that never leaves.  Going with and against the current in the sea of consciousness, turning around,  a full sail propels back and forth.  The flame of love has been burning for 3,000 years;  Warm affection rising like steam, manifesting here and there;  The wind of the sense objects misses no opportunities to blow in.  Waves unceasing one after another disturbing one’s sweet dream;  The path spread with darkness,  soaked in erroneous thoughts.  Innumerable villages the Wanggong Coast;  Oyster-farming poles inserted in the sand;  Two seasons a year.  Childhood excursions, frolicking on the surf;  Innocent mind ever expecting the dawn;  Fishing village buddies joining palms.  Memory like the pale yellow light in the study;  brightly flowing into the heart planting the flower of wisdom.  Like stars blooming forth in a dream;  now large, now small lighting up space, then disappearing.  Suddenly, I again hear the tidal sound of the conch;  Seeking it out I discover that the ten directions are the virtual starting point;  Heaps of illusions, completely familiar appearing and disappearing.  Mountains not meeting emitting white messenger clouds;  Birth belongs to the east awakening belongs to the west;  The flame of wisdom is in the south the rare sound of silence is in the north.  Middle, responsive to conditions dependent;  adventitious defilements moving, transforming.  Walking in winter, greeting the sun with a smile;  See that withered leaf blowing in the wind.  Two red clouds roving in the distance in the sky an eagle book with letters,  Showing how an ancient sorcery has been transformed into a contemporary secret code.  The declining sun elongates the long shadow of the stairway 51 steps clearly dropping.  A memory inlaid in the mind from time immemorial;  Tossing sleepless in the sea of dreams, all because of the faint sound of that golden drum on the opposite shore;  ceaselessly pulling in the mind.  Buddha relief on an ancient stupa, bathed in the moonlight of 3,000 years.  The monastery bell rings out night after night, like the waves pounding the rocky coastline.  Eaves on the temple piled with red tiles rising up like a mountain peak.  Heaven and earth following the four seasons, inscribing memories on the gold-green bamboo.  I’m fond of silent conversation on the empty mountain;  Let the golden sunlight block the power of vision;  slightly concealing seven parts of the visual faculty.  It’s said that the original written language is found in a distant world;  the source of the speech fashions which come into vogue each year.  Waving sleeves send forth the scent of blooming violets;  Instantly bodhisattva minds by the millions spring forth from the subterranean palace,  together making a vow for the benefit of all sentient beings.  Affected, nose aches, memory recedes;  Forgotten eyes moist all the same.  A long bamboo hedge with glimmering red flame can’t pacify  this mood, ebullient as surging red water.  In the sea of consciousness, past scenes in a tug of war with future dreams.  A smoking package blazes up she makes a scene;  Fog concealing water why doesn’t she remain in the palace today?  Faces of two children sneaking a peek at the night sky;  Stars in the Milky Way make eyes at her.  Elements of a dream recollect the past;  stealing into a phantom city, roaming and clambering at will.  Nameless notion follows a serpentine path;  drifting in the realm of fantasy.  How can sorcery be realistically depicted? How is it that the sense faculties go about embellishing everything?  The game of a newborn baby illusion  riding a Ferghana horse through the flowers in a sea of butterflies.  A pair of socks forever hugging ten toes;  That pair of shoes on the feet, kissing the mud yet  Obtaining a mass of frost and snow.  The glistening light of the waves throws the inverted image of a tree into disarray that tree standing tall in the sky.  below its gnarly branches fish play on a swing.  The Shepherd Boy whistles out to his friends;  Spellbound beyond measure;  flying towards the Realm of the Awe-inspiring Sound in search of that lovely sound.  Searching for a dream in the night a truant pair of eyes and ears;  Waking up eyebrows turn into a bow which shoots off two beams of celestial light;  discovering that all phenomena are wrapped in deluding colors.  A riddle; just guess enter the game in the forest;  How is it that traveling in the city of spring no flying flowers are seen?  It’s because you can’t put down that bucket of paint your carry on a shoulder pole yet  On occasion one hears the sound of the rain falling in one’s distant native place.  yet unable to fathom how she remains on the way home, enduring the biting cold.  How can the senses, so fond of contact, become unbound?  How can the eyes of pure vision light the stainless lamp?  Purify all the muddled perceptions.  —January 5–9, 2002  **Book 4 Sigh of the Minnow under 3,000 Lotus Flowers**  The flight attendant bids the passengers goodnight,  plane flies through the darkness instantly  A red line extends on the surface of the sea;  The drawn bow of the new moon peeks in through all the windows.  Realizing that this route has bewildered countless heroes;  who is it that wrote the book of defilements on the *bodhi* leaf?  thinking on the slippery slope of emotion and reason; advance and retreat both perilous.  The plane quietly flies on through the deep blackness,  blackness sealing off the boundless mountain vista.  Vast expanse below dazzling rivers concealed in darkness.  The solo Traveler sitting in a window seat, thoughts moving faster than the speed of light.  A rumbling sound pieces the clouds—  Passengers from different places,  Anxiously drifting east and west;  You, I, him; why don’t we speak our true minds?  Who is it that locked away this spiritual intelligence?  Sky high at 5.30 p.m. I release the shutter capturing the sunset in a moment.  Noon, 12.15, double-paned window above, half blue  below, half white white-hemmed clouds;  following the rhythm of the light, dancing in the firmament.  Two feathered eyebrows circle a mountain peak;  Understanding all three, entering the sea of dreams in search of fish.  Happening across a thousand wavering lotus flowers;  Wandering clouds instantly press up against the window;  Plane-shuttle playing hide-and-seek in the misty clouds;  Wavering compass needle;  Figures on a satellite positioner; auto-navigation;  landing gear drops touching down at 3.15 p.m.  Every type of optical fiber formed into a thousand sights meet the eye;  Already noticing the warmer temperature here in the south.  Eyes making a visual sketch impressions repeatedly stored in visual consciousness.  Waiting midnight dream reappears.  Ears surpass tongue and closely listen to the unobstructed sounds of nature;  Now entering, now leaving flowing into a stream of silvery sound;  Who is able to pilot that immaculate sailboat through the sea of the five turbidities;  amidst the six-fold dust, returning to that wondrously unmoving water-sky?  Under a clear sky vagrant clouds roam in and roam out;  Form and appearance instantly transformed soaring up like hawks and falcons;  At times appearing like a butterfly fluttering through a celestial city;  at times like a snow crane soaring through the heavens at times like a red rain trailing the wind.  Plane quietly moving within the speed of sound;  On the right, a hook-like cloud on the left, a cloud-like hook;  in the center, an old fisherman.  Flying past, Biefeng up ahead looking back, also Biefeng;  Arriving at the mountain in the here and now, a wonderful high summit.  Thoughts of the true mind open the door and welcome the sunrise;  Thoughts of delusion close the door and hope for dusk.  Those two arches below the forehead can’t occlude the divine eye.  Speeding down the highway lined with white poplars;  Under a grand sun, last year’s green lapel traded for snowy-white.  A silvery world, white on white;  Ice and ice happily meet cold in love with cold;  Billowing cold unrelenting infiltrating the Milky Way’s wavering scarf.  Snowscape; vehicle’s shadow strings together shadows of trees, not a soul in sight.  Countless vehicles zip about;  figures one after another freeze up India’s main station.  I notice the power of regeneration bursting forth in this distant place.  Bright, bright, bright approaching daylight;  Green, green, green a sea of paddy fields stretching out behind.  In the mountains at night the Wanderer enters a fragrant forest to sleep;  An old man appears in a dream—  Planting four twin sal trees in the four directions, simultaneously flowering and withering in the four seasons;  Lying under a *bodhi* tree with a big green rock as a pillow;  Delusion and enlightenment like two blossoms on one stem.  Penetrating all things under the sun requires one part inner inspiration;  Perceiving the triple world requires seven parts spiritual wisdom.  The old man picks a leaf and draws an image of Bodhidharma;  gracefully placing it in the river, learning what is meant by “crossing the river on a single reed.”  In the river an ice-bound ferry allowing  a group of children to play with that unmoving boat.  Someone steps onto the ice of an unnamed lake to practice originality with a student.  A small arc swaying inside a big arc;  Three corners on the left, three corners on the right;  and three corners in the middle of the lake.  Abruptly the sound of a sled on ice;  startling the dreaming Wanderer!  Where sky and sea meet a thousand-year-old nautilus calls out;  As an ancient silver sailing ship sails towards the heavens.  See that crystal glazed pagoda gyrating in the colorful sunlight;  As a harp circulating in an ancient state sounds.  Alternating layers of gauze and bamboo, concealing  A map of the constellations embossed on a huge sleeping boulder.  Ten inkstones ten brushes;  Original works of a great master hand in my study.  Green netting, red pulsation the master’s footprints framed on the wall.  Blue roof, white silence the master’s footprints treading on the roof.  The fire bowl is already hot as an oven;  high above, the moonlight points out the way home.  tonight dazzling star formation of the century.  The path home appears in the 3,000 swirls adorning the fingertips.  On the index finger, a dipper capable of removing 3,000 defilements;  Searching therein for that non-reversible sail heading towards  phantom cities as numerous as the grains of sands in the Ganges.  Dropping anchor in one harbor after another approaching shore  setting sail again and again . . .  This dream, from long ago up to now, unable to sweep away that anxiety of a thousand threads;  The seer dedicates his life to benefitting all sentient beings;  Just like a minnow confidently swimming here and there in the vast sea.  There exists in paradise a wish-fulfilling tree;  Every time a cloud comes flowers bloom and it rains;  The trees of paradise rejoice.  When a cloud comes again flowers bloom and it rains;  The trees of paradise clearly understand.  When a cloud comes again it rains and flowers bloom;  In the paradise of the mind, fruit ripens, a lotus grows.  Following a round of distant thunder,  heaven and earth return to silence.  In the quiet of night, open those boundless arms and embrace the earth;  Mountain shifting into valley serenely pervading secret meaning.  Brume permeating without remaining in the interstice;  River pressing close to sea trembling, sobbing.  The land once again obtains the mysterious seed of regeneration;  Keen on fantasizing by day fond of dreaming by night.  What the Traveler fears most is hearing that inner shout;  Often dreaming of the moon and Milky Way on a thousand-petaled lotus.  Fantasizing about flying beyond that bamboo hedge seeing that towering curtain of the ten directions.  Who is able to tread on heaven and earth concealing time;  with a rainbow as his family, love as his medicine;  Weaving light and shadow into multiple hues;  Drawing a two-wheeled full stop replete with the merit and wisdom of heaven and earth?  There is a thought which rides on the buoyancy of intention, floating about in accordance with conditions.  In ancient times there was a mighty stone bell engraved with a question mark; now it’s lost.  There is a piece of charcoal, not yet become crystal, obliged to remain inside a comma, encamped.  Leo meteor shower like countless caesuras;  night after night pouring down from the Milky Way.  Suddenly a bolt of lightning lays down an exclamation point!  Sun rises, then sets in the west;  a colorful cloud with gilt edging and red embroidery ruffles its sleeves.  On the margins of the Milky Way is a wind gap,  gently blowing on the great mountains throughout the cosmos.  One day in a moment of carelessness, the eyebrows were found by the moonlight;  Then the raised nostrils were no longer able to contain the wind; east, west, south, north.  A silver vase emitting the buzz of a swarm of mosquitos;  Whose eyes are died red by the vicissitudes of the past?  Forts of old, doors that no longer lock;  turbulent people, group by group, collected therein.  The mischievous laughter of childhood playmates vanishes in the corridors of time.  —January 10, 16, 17, 2002  **Book 5 Ancient Stone Stairway**  Clouds cover the water fishing boat busy at sea;  Clouds arrayed like chess pieces air bus flies on.  Outside the window a three-level seven-color rainbow lays out a triangular mobile illusion.  a galaxy formed like a fingerprint comes wafting over from the sea of stars.  Giant clouds pass through the arch of the rainbow, making their way to an ancient land of nine felicities.  Turbulence up ahead a vast grassland;  Landscape in chaos finger-tip dipper piles up the fog, occludes spiritual intelligence.  The northern regions continually give off a silvery silent light;  Thousand year dark room, first illuminated by five lamps;  Between heaven and earth, a pair of indistinct eyes in the bright sun;  in the dark night;  A heaven-blessed child exploring all over in the daylight.  Grown up, however, he takes after the Scion Drifter, lonesome night after night;  dreaming in the moonlight.  Wind is the theme of Spring Mountain rain; why does it come and weave fine silk?  Rain plays the leading role in the autumn outskirts wind; why does it entangle the red leaves?  Summer wilds, the Wanderer often dreams of searching for happiness yet  teased by the owl in the picture.  The white snow is the master of winter down  below the silvery cover, a school of fish in a great sea is overjoyed.  In a deep and remote valley an ancient *qin*;  seven strings suddenly vibrate.  A gentle breeze blows over a wondrous sound, accidentally entering the mundane world;  Night comes diamonds like ice-flowers sprinkled into the Wanderer’s dream;  stringing up a Saha rhyme, lovely as a symphony.  Bamboo leaf roller rolls up a leave and ensconces itself therein.  The master of the pavilion daily plays the part of the ferryman receiving visitors;  the mind of compassion throws a buoy into the treacherous current.  In another steam fish see the ancient path with silk cotton trees, flowers blooming and dropping.  Four seasons revolve, coming and going;  Spring, summer, fall, winter; a vehicle ascending and descending, changing gears;  Still it’s necessary to hit the brakes three times to stay in control.  There is a secret book by an ancient sage for interpreting dreams;  To sweep away beguiling illusions a blue beam of light;  a flash of understanding drawn out by tears.  Traveling in the sunny sky the memory chip of the old tree is now being rebroadcast;  3,000 people have already come to enjoy the cool;  3,000 responses enter into a clean bottle.  At the foot of the dazzling mountain, a rhythmic dancing green;  Resplendent white flowers compete to deck out the land in fresh garments.  Who is able to use excellent dominant conditions to master the forms wrought by karmic forces?  To use wisdom to master one’s emotions?  A youth keen on traveling afar, sleepless with excitement;  Instantly her sleeves appear on a street corner;  Nine long lines delineating eight lanes occupied by heroic runners;  One well for nine fields; a group of farmers working hard.  A large room inside a small room a palace hidden in the wilderness;  sometimes 3,000 years is the same as three days.  A facial expression like the Vernal Equinox, settling into the winter whiteness;  Happily weaving clarity trouble and worry, entangling tribulation.  The master always follows his companion;  Instantly waking from the dream all phenomena return to zero;  In the pagoda on the mountain of the spirit an old friend offers up tea.  The two ancient trees of vicissitude open up the corridor of space and time;  Sentient beings suffused with mountain mist thoughts and notions, wave upon wave.  Flower blooms within the fog moon silently wavering in the middle of the pool.  Imaginary journey through the void dancer leaping in a dream;  Stunning see the abundant light of the sun and moon ever illuminating the top of the hill.  The Traveler; one button with four holes; sewing tight seams all day long;  One pair of shoes with two lines, making eight turns; feet turning together.  Long summit covered with snow thousands of snow mounds amassed on the hills.  Who has not the notion “sentient being”? The supercilious one, or the one who dwells in the realm of nonduality?  Who has not the notion “person”? The one with neither companion nor confidant, or the peerless one who fares as lonely as a rhinoceros?  Who has not the notion “self”? In the darkness of night there is a crane, upright and independent in the silvery moonlight.  Twilight glow dwelling high on the hill flying clouds collide, feathers fall into a corner of the sea;  from bottom to top, climb those 52 ancient stone steps.  Along the way a roaring flame it’s illumination, it’s a flaming wave;  these 52 steps can be traversed only when moving at top speed.  Approaching the slippery silver ramp up ahead  a perfectly splendid peach grove.  Upraised nose smells the magic wheels on ten fingers;  venting emotion, looking for trouble.  Pathway on the river leading red leaves towards the sea;  Glistening waves cavorting with stream, constantly circumgyrating.  Cinnabar orb of the sun triumphantly breaches the thousand-fold fog;  all sorts of familiar images stop me dead in my tracks;  Remembering instantly clearing away old memories.  2001 turns into 2002 huge sun, glittering sunlight in Great Cold;  The ancient temple washed to the valley floor by the silent torrent of time.  Lighting a bright lamp in the sea of the mind so as to see forms;  Autumn moonlight fond of following flowing water through the portal;  neither defiled nor pure.  See that curving corner of the lips rising up eyebrows laughing;  two eyes taking in erstwhile Buddha holding up a flower and smiling.  South Mountain, fogbound throughout the year the notion “life span” trails not the old pine.  A fossil engraved with a representation of an ancient boat spiraling through the Milky Way;  Cypress and fir fear not the cold north wind conveys the sound of nature which she reverently listens to.  Foolish indeed, never weary of play only because of that ingenuous original nature;  Silly and daft, always lost in thought happy to be confused;  Dull yet honest and straightforward deeply imbued with a brightness of spirit unknown to all;  Muddleheaded singing a tea-picking song all the way to the mountain beyond the clouds;  calling out to a dazzling rainbow blessed with the nine felicities.  Aquamarine scroll, azure tree branches distinctly reflected in a high-mountain lake;  Golden splendor folded up in green light glimmering twilight collecting the feathers of a lone duck.  At the shady trailhead there is a mysterious hut;  Eaves draped in snow year round interior always filled with moss;  in one corner is a sandalwood box.  Pry it open to discover the diary of some previous traveler  Describing events three centuries past and  the story of a dancing white fox and  A scroll depicting the constellations of his native place.  Taking a close look today’s Big Dipper is as brilliant as it was back then;  Sagittarius is still glittering in the Milky Way just before.  Also inside the box is an ancient lotus seed with  A message: “I had no opportunity to plant this seed;  Perhaps someone in the future will be good enough to do it for me.”  Through a stroke of serendipity, that traveler of old has met up with the Visitor of today;  both seekers in search of a seed.  The buddha-seed opens, the flower of awakening blooms;  The clear and bright original nature and the pure mind flow in from the Realm of Awe-inspiring Sound.  Three humble visits to the thatched cottage of an urchin presently  pair of little ears lost in the jingle.  A sea of banners, all waving for a single role character;  A raging fire incinerates all phenomena.  Childhood memories have already been buried under a phantom city;  How can the youth of today clearly understand the world of tomorrow?  Practicing deep breathing a mysterious power appears.  Train arrives late; little girls can’t make it to the concert as though  time is playing a practical joke on her.  Patting the tree’s shoulders stroking its bark;  The clock wants to speak, but stops, merely flashing across the road of time.  Sensory ability and the stalk of empty nature;  extending the old tree’s sleep to 3,000 years.  Weathered post covered in snow; presently ready to thaw;  Clues of spring already visible;  Pity the one who has crossed the river by that ancient plank road.  See that old suspension bridge beyond the mountains;  presently swaying with an icefall 3,000 years past.  —January 18, 20, 21, 2002  **Book 6 Record of the Phantom City**  Ancient village farmers dancing with hoes and plows;  every day a silent performance by the setting sun.  A pair of fish freely saunter in the river of dreams;  why the submerged reef?  Walking along a broad path with footlights;  Senses stirred by each sense object on the perilous bridge of perception.  Emotional reaction scurries out hunting tranquility and wisdom.  Up ahead a mountain with celestial towering crags;  A shepherd boy sends over a laugh from a thousand steps away;  Realm of dream suddenly  overthrown by the register of ignorance, sky and earth spinning round.  Deep in the mountains, a secret flower garden;  Village beyond the village a craft village;  An old carpenter fond of making wind wheels and spinning wheels.  All the people of this world are fond of smiling.  A pair of red clouds always slowly floating upwards;  Night after night a child takes up a dry branch and directs the dancing stars.  A frog fond of loitering on a lotus leaf singing with gusto;  song of the Scion Drifter embracing the spring sun; two feet begin to dance.  Pair of hands knocking; two feet step, kick, tread;  Head waves, body sways mind scurries all about.  On this side, pulling strings and hanging hooks;  On that side, a cacophonous image in a mirror.  Two bare feet, ah, so nice; then growing up, no longer satisfied with their natural condition;  Daily searching for fancy shoes, again and again.  Distracted by the material world, whence liberation?  obstructed at every turn; who is the fabricator?  Memory ever in motion, like a tumbling wave.  Anger-scorched prairie thundershower falls;  rekindling the joy of life.  Wondering which field is good for planting good seeds which bear good fruit;  It’s said that there was another meteor shower in the middle of the night.  Arranging with an old friend to spend the night watching over an olive tree of old.  Tonight no returning home a bolt of lightning beyond the sky;  streaking past a startled flock of geese in a V-formation.  Night firelight sweeps past the red-faced one camping in the mountains;  A teary-eyed lover closely follows;  Dreamlike illusions one after another just like  bubbles on the sea, assembled and scattered by the wind.  Thoroughly unclear as to the source of her sorrow;  In your bright mirror;  strife kicks up motes of dust as numerous as the grains of sands in the Ganges.  Memories of the past again appeared in last night’s dream.  Who is it who is weaving this story? How is it that the origami rooster crows?  that the Ferghana horse in the mural gallops?  Light of daybreak throws down a romantic ambience;  Mood moving, manipulated by appearances.  The theatrical stage between heaven and earth presently lights up;  With one type of defilement, the mind is immediately beguiled by whatever it contacts;  cleaning the ears, but the dirt remains.  Another type of defilement is as numerous as the grains of sand in the Ganges;  approaching from all directions, they get in by every opening;  constantly making inroads, day and night—  Yet another type of defilement preys on the fear born of innate ignorance;  Using loneliness and inanity to devour the wisdom and courage of youth.  A single stool with four legs a single musical staff with five lines.  She sits on a chair and vigorously stamps her feet;  Drifting gaze, drawing fingers back, joyful sound flutters up;  Under the starlight a thousand pairs of eyes follow the whirlwind of dazzling lamplight.  violin accompanies vocals;  Itinerant poet relates a story from some distant time and place.  A mysterious optical spectrum permeates an inspired mind;  A laugh revealing a thousand types of sorrow forgetting that bottomless blue forest of defilements.  Yet seeing beyond the sky a net with silver hooks and a shimmering canopy of stars;  a golden drum sounding the spirit of the tiny things of the earth.  Pitiful expressions in pairs call out to the deities amongst the people.  It’s said that at the bottom of a shadowy valley there is a magnolia boat;  Fitted with a huge hourglass following and disregarding order;  so that time moves backwards.  The train back home, each car going backwards;  A reticent companion paces up and down, writing page after page on the Traveler’s face;  Yearning time flowing backwards;  tonight not knowing how to fall asleep.  Freezing spring water flows into the mountain valley;  On the small roads in the village the mail is still delivered by a postman in green.  In the distance the Ruisui Highway has already transformed into a realm of gold.  Fields overflowing with rape flowers;  The silvery winter now stored away in a golden repository.  Early morning in the Birth of Spring; an early-rising little insect on  a drop of dew observing it’s true face.  Rainy season softening the ground;  Listening to the song of the sand mixed in the soil;  Each sound enters the ears playing on the heart strings;  sky clears, rain ceases buoyant white clouds float through the endless firmament.  A generation of youths, 23 years;  Every morning at 6.15 a seven-colored light appears in the eastern sky;  The chance effect of a thick layer of clouds in front of the rising sun.  A generation of young adults, mood of 23 years;  North wind gently waving the clothes winter sun dog illuminates her face;  Pure white expression calling forth two clear-blue drops.  A generation of middle agers, 23 years;  Stretching out ten fingertips to touch the old moss-covered pier;  Mood flows into a palace of yesteryear sumptuous banquets in succession.  A generation of old folks, supposing hearing is well, 23 years;  Withered leaves drop into a painting entire mountain colored by white heads.  11.15 in the evening, seeking a topic of discussion, passing by five peaks;  a type of mood which lights up bloodshot eyes.  The sand in the hourglass playfully yanks us up and down;  Outside the hourglass, I beat a hasty retreat;  Time inverts the world of adults;  and adults invert the world of children.  In the valley of the echo of time a storyteller sings;  In the park an old gardener drapes the trees with jade bells;  all for the sake of recapturing childhood memories.  A child asks an adult:  “How come the ocean tides race back and forth day after day, but the mountain can’t even walk?  “Why doesn’t the earth make any noise?  “How come every night the stars come and gambol on the roof?”  Rotting trees often grow glossy ganoderma.  After a forest fire;  Next spring fresh greenery springs up all over;  the ancient gods depict the exploits of legendary heroes of old.  A meteor shower arrives from some mysterious primeval corner of the universe.  On a mountain beyond the mountains a cold spring flows with the primordial water of truth.  After sectioning off successive nodes of blue-jade bamboo,  it’s possible to attach the megaphone of the Realm of the Awe-inspiring Sound.  Emotion reproduces images in multiple layers, rather like a concave and convex lens.  Now viewing at a distance, now up close the objects of awareness arrayed on their eight levels.  Wisdom and emotion roll on in the present now confused, now aware; now sad, now happy;  chaotic thoughts and deluded notions turn the pristine sea topsy-turvy.  The wind of sense objects blows up waves in the mind surging billows;  rolling headlong into tonight’s dream.  Innumerable galaxies, like bubbles floating on the sea;  drifting hither and thither arising and ceasing.  Just so, the plenum void is born in the great awakening just like a grain of corn in the vast sea.  Tears in a thousand rows who accompanies this sad tune?  Three humble visits to the thatched cottage, moving 10,000 flowers to the market.  Stirring the mud gurgling into red;  time sets in motion the great wheel of heaven and earth.  She entreats the gods to enter her dreams yet;  she doesn’t know how to send them off.  A shooting star passes by an old tree has a strange dream—  It witnessed the intersecting of light and shadow;  Next day hiding the moonlight in the starry sky waiting;  silent midnight meeting with the denizens of the land;  Last night quietly drawn into the Milky Way by the dim light of the moon and stars;  Wondering when that exquisite splendor will return;  Sense of touch is the locality response is the completion.  See that big house embracing the plenum void in  the spirit of small things, where vast emptiness exists in a single pore.  —January 22–25, 2001  **Book 7 Mountain Weave**  —Stitching up the edges  Dusk at Danshui red desire ∞  Setting sun spreads the azure sea into a sheet of gold.  Beyond the sky a small silvery-white boat drifts past,  silently conveying the newborn moonlight ashore.  Sheets of moonlight shroud the land;  Round net formed of starlight arcs through the firmament.  Traveler yet wandering in desolate dithers;  A marquee shuttles visitors back and forth.  A sapphire hangs from the North Star,  Sent from the margins of the Milky Way—  in the realm of vain imagining, crashing waves of anger and billows of fear enter the ears.  Upsetting their plans,  Fierce fire burns within.  In the world of sentient beings, an enthusiastic response for wise guidance;  A channel of light controlling the mind’s flow.  In a deep and secluded valley there is a primeval forest;  Once looked after by the sunlight;  the moonlight also came to point out the way.  The Wanderer often appears in a dream, pacing back and forth.  Train carriages meeting in the countryside that’s where the Traveler gazes upon the visitors;  Two pairs of eyes converge and diverge.  An ancient spindle joins together steep mountains with  waves of flowing water golden needle drawing the thread in and away.  Senses of sight and hearing, drifting numbers and symbols in a game;  Senses of smell and taste, enigmas in a great sea of shifting smells and tastes;  Sense of touch intermingles with feeling fermenting lovely dreams proceeding to supposition.  Form raise up a bamboo pole and hang a banner;  add a horizontal pole for drying the laundry.  Feeling hollow out an ancient tree to make a sea-faring canoe.  Perception an ice-bound memory in the spring sun dimly appearing in a dream;  sunset confused, daylight swept clean.  Conditioning cinnabar sunset, glossy green trees along the road, cascading waterfall, blue sky;  that ancient long sleeve continuing in the present like a fine dance.  Consciousness thick underbrush in the wilds, boisterously clapping, jumping, kicking, leaping.  At times, a sentimental lento;  At times, a vigorous allegro;  Some vying to take the lead;  Some waiting in ambush.  On the stage the conductor indicates a slow tempo;  Brandishing a writing brush.  Sea wind blows up a wave of anger stacked a thousand fold.  Why is the earth so reticent?  High-mountain lake spotlessly white snow lotuses reared in mud and water;  A slim and graceful 3,000.  During childhood, at the Zifang Garden in Dingkuo Village;  Cotton buds falling beside me passing through the mysterious dark forest;  Arriving at the elementary school along the way sounds of childhood encircle my ears.  Recalling one night having a stomach ache;  Mother continuously rubbing my back.  Presently wanting to say something not knowing  how to select a suitable musical accompaniment.  Confusedly sailing through the universe to the bank of an ancient river;  heavy shower anticipated by the beating of the celestial drum.  Off in the distance school children ride bikes, taking the evening shadows back home.  An old three-section house, neighbors on either side; who misses it?  How is it that the Scion Drifter hasn’t returned for 30 years?  A small village nestled between the mountains and the coast a maze of streets.  I’ve come from my native place to see you;  why does she still hesitate?  Today a lovely morning see those beams of light sprinkled down by the winter sun;  hear the north wind blowing on the trees and waves.  Tomorrow’s stars eternally stored in an ordinary corner;  1234567 a child’s joke;  7654321 the Wanderer leisurely searching for something wonderful.  Early morning sea blows up a conch;  Wind sets dancing the romantic clouds.  Please try to connect with your childlike innocence recoup the sincerity and purity of childhood;  then the spring of joy will flow freely in the pure mind.  Pair of feet once again treading on a slow path;  Sky exhibiting hues of green, yellow, blue, white;  along the way all the tree branches point south.  An elder, his wrinkled face a roadmap of wisdom.  An adolescent girl fond of rolling her eyelashes, trying to look pretty.  Like a dream, a fantasy past and present repeatedly putting on a pose;  Who can understand the speech of an infant?  In the night sky the North Star snoops around, bestowing blessings.  Respect heaven seafarers fond of being guests, not distinguishing between cultured and uncultured;  Respect the earth woodsman on a mountain stream singing to the fish;  Respect the gods elegance of fresh vegetation, bathing in the spring sun.  reddish-orange love entertaining in autumn.  Sentient and insentient mixed together compounded;  mysteriously, a mirror within a mirror inside a net within a net.  Into a single nostril enters the smell of 10,000 stoves;  A single tongue tastes a hundred different flavors.  Three people plan to go out together to enjoy an early-morning run on the beach;  but their memory was muddled by a thundershower.  The river of dreams flows out of antiquity from the region of false imaginings;  up to now never returning;  the Scion Drifter arrives at a northern city;  years passing in a blur peach blossom perched on white frost;  wondering whether age has been brought on by a certain dream.  Tears of the Fire God congeal into a burning candle;  River gurgling on to the rhythm of the Rain God.  Wind of sense objects stirs consciousness into a raging billow.  Child weeping in a dream.  On the shore a dilapidated sail;  a virtual colored scroll the ancestor’s have left for you.  Sailing towards the boundless space between heaven and earth;  Stars hidden away on a stormy night;  How is it that the moon always enters into a dream to point out the way?  The dreamer, patching up a lie;  loses truthful speech.  Time transforms into a seven-fold light streaming in the bright space between heaven and earth;  The juncture of mountain and sea is the loveliest spot between heaven and earth.  There is an hourglass in which golden sand flows downward along with time;  There is a water bottle in which air bubbles float upward in search of air.  Outside, a torrential rainfall weaves an ambiguous sentiment for the Traveler.  In a castle a flame sends out an interference signal of attachment.  In a village a little girl carries a bamboo basket and hums a song;  following her grandmother to the garden to pick vegetables.  In the mountains there are seven old men daily meeting by the creek to chat and drink tea.  Photographic light illuminating a huge network of spider webs.  Silvery light of the new moon rippling out on the surface of the stream.  A crowd of people daily compelled to rush about on the same street;  From sunrise to sunset sweat goes from salty to sour.  At times succeeding, at times failing a thousand types of memories stacked high;  Late at night getting a bit of peace and quiet;  intuiting some kind of connection between all creation and the mysterious intention of heaven and earth.  Silently raising eyebrows, looking into the distance, nodding;  personally seeing the Buddha in the Milky Way, holding up a flower.  Standing on this shore, I emulate that subtle smile, so immutable and splendid.  Search light illuminates an old tile-roofed house,  With an old sewing machine chirping away inside. . .  Accompanying the tired strains of an old organ;  Whirling out of a hidden valley of old as of today;  Elegant sounds rising on the wind, permeating a white cloud;  Flowing into that eternal music box, so subtle and profound.  January 25–28, 2002  **Book 8 Seven-stringed Lapis Lazuli *Qin* of the Sea**  —Waking of Insects The mysterious spirit of small things  Horizon sunrise  resplendent gaze transmitted to that mountain top.  Finger lightly plucks the silvery hook of the new moon;  Using the green light of blue jade to sketch a tender leaf.  A pulsing echo reverberates on the horizon;  Why has she never heard it?  The land of the native place quietly controls the six types of earthquakes in the universe;  Who is able to wake up by the sound of the first ray of daylight?  To vigorously dance in its light?  To roll up the flag of daylight at the end of the day?  To call back the erstwhile gnosis of the phantom city?  inclining towards the moonlight in search of a dream.  The land of sleepwalking and vain imagining, that lovely blue and green illusion.  Sea water, clear waves following wind blowing up foam.  A certain youth has an arc fitted with a horizontal shoulder pole;  he uses it to carry the sun and moon.  The sound of a *pipa* rises up from a boat on a lake;  On the shore the Shepherd Boy plays his flute in harmony.  In a serene old house a hermit gently plucks a seven-stringed *qin*.  Daylight reveals a mystical ocean-seal;  Lapis Lazuli permeating throughout space pouring into the galaxy.  A Ferghana horse gallops through space, painting a dazzling banner.  A crane meanders inside a cloud;  Wondering where it’s come from and where it’s going;  Silent; for sake of love it leaves through a gap.  Space; moved by pity for sentient beings;  turning into leaf upon withered leaf, dropping and then pursuing the fallen flowers;  Following the flow, rushing about calling out to them, but they don’t look back.  There is an old map of that native place;  it’s suspended in midair in a gorgeous landscape painting.  At Biefeng there is an uninvited guest a mysterious cave;  containing that eternal seed-like flame.  A single beam of daylight penetrates through 10,000 years of ice and ushers in the spring of the spirit,  Irrigating the green orchard filled with a thousand fruits.  Yet, seeing a nine-petaled hibiscus suspended above the crystal clear water;  A flower smiles at the Traveler asking:  “How can you stand by and watch her pick that flower and take it away?”  A wish-fulfilling tree suspended in space above a mountain peak Waking of Insects  spring thunder fills the air.  The mysterious spirit of little things like  innumerable stars springing up from the earth.  In the west the red sun beats a drum in the east a purple light strikes a gong;  Flying horse gallops through a lovely sea of flowers in spring.  Powerful sun, right in the center water is born, trees rise;  A familiar taste turns out to be a bumper crop of fruit.  Filling space with loving kindness genuine affection stitching up silence.  A wandering mind requires a non-reversing sailboat to get it back on course;  The Vagrant needs to be guided by an eternal lamp flame.  Charcoal fire, glistening image of a candle.  Red with green depicting two-dimensional space.  In the snap of a finger a lamp drops three blossoms.  Old house in a green valley coming from afar to see the Visitor;  former bamboo fence transformed into the firewall of today.  Vehicle speeding like flowing water in front of the door buildings tall as a mountain;  rising up behind the house with the red-tile roof.  A phantom city looming over a 300-year-old three-section house.  A lone sail in the great sea;  Conveying that sack of primordial chaos containing  a water-bottle stand with a sun-moon heaven-earth emblem in the center.  An irrepressible celestial wind blows up a raging sea, waves rolling up time.  Now hot, now cold, folding up the months and years.  There is a person who is drunk by day, sober at night each thought another worry.  Every night the God of Sleep invites her to enter a dream and share a pillow.  When the people here are getting ready for bed;  The people in the south are getting ready to get up.  Waves and billows pounding the shore and rolling up;  Over and over again, not a high IQ.  Above the supremely bright North Star;  illuminating the nighttime activities of human beings.  Unknowingly from the fragrant cave of autumn emerges spring;  Under the ice the warm blanket, the winter’s sun, tells her to not get up.  A palace, taller than tall is  the arena representing all types of people.  Who has put up this bridge of rotting wood? bewildering sentiment, entangling action;  making a sound and immediately falling into the same old tune.  Using the reflective mind to hunt and kill silence.  Vain imaginings lie in ambush in the field of the mind.  Sound forces the ear to follow the latest trend;  form leads the eyes into confusion.  Who is that off in the distance striking a reverberating gong?  Could it be the gods preparing for a distant journey?  Within the eye a fiercely burning fire appears;  chaos giving rise to confusion.  Clarity is to be found in the initial movement of the mind;  Lightning ignites a conflagration.  Full moon silently coursing in the middle of the water;  Two little girls in a boat, brought to the middle of the river by an adverse wind;  unable to paddle to shore frightened.  A youth quickly swims out to their rescue;  Using wisdom and courage, he drops the sail and brings the boat safely to shore;  The gurgling sound of flowing water . . .  A bubble suddenly appears on the marvelous sea of the mind drifting about in the wind;  only when there is light and form do the defilements appear.  Fish in a stream, stirring up foam magically appearing and disappearing;  Who can settle that wandering cloud, born of emptiness and returning to emptiness.  Circulating white muddy  applying the feeling of a colored feather.  Contemplating stepping back from thought;  Observing perceptions, inspecting memories spirit concealed in a region of the bright mind.  Eagle flying above moving clouds spirit mountain, meandering water, 59.5°.  Curious scene; searching all about,  Heaven and earth, a gallery conscripting the eyes.  In the air, morning fog and mist;  On the periphery of a dew collector, a glittering drop of dew ready to fall.  A gust of wind, a shower of rain;  A mischievous child teased by Heaven.  A window pane swept clean of images past;  Like so many old photographs stored away in a cupboard.  Moonlight comes flooding in from all directions;  Green fields past now the immortal sage is no longer seen.  In the sea of dream, the ancient God of Fire incinerates all the illusory impressions of the natural world;  pale Milky Way roaming in the boundless vault of heaven.  Things change, stars move, like the glittering red flame of a lantern;  Sun and moon circulating, a pair of eyes moving, rolling, clear water.  Universe, resplendent sea of stars like  a web of optical fibers spread in the sky.  A single mote of dust reveals all the realms of the ten directions;  A single scroll rolled up 84,000 times;  A doughnut coiling from without circling, circling;  A newborn baby, from winter returning to spring;  inside, a genial wind blows warm.  The day before the day before glistening light of autumn waves unable to cover up the white awns.  Today and today a store of memories flowing, flowing.  Tomorrow and tomorrows a lovely dream calls out.  —January 28, 30, 31, 2002; February 1, 2002  **Book 9 Dreaming in a Nine-dimensional Illusion and a Moonlight Pantomime**  On stage, two or three people offstage, eighty or ninety thousand;  Her dream play, half-century run.  The East Wind smugly says to the short grass:  “I’m the one who pulled you up during the Waking of Insects!”  The White Flower recollects last year’s rainy season:  “Fallen flower petals covering the mountain, rivers red with silt . . .”  From the eaves of the old pavilion murmuring rain drops join into water curtains;  Luxuriant and well-spaced branches swayed by a gentle wind.  Sandy shore mudskippers happily frolic about;  For you, time is like bean curd; you slice it up and sell it at bargain prices.  Villa with a banner can a vestige of last night’s moonlight remain in the French doors?  What is a question mark? In what sense are the defilements ineffable and groundless?  Anxiety ready to set off that dormant volcano;  harmonious chaos, strolling along.  Lightning just like an ember streaking through the cold cold night.  Youths speeding along an imaginary highway;  with top speed showing off a pair of trembling palms.  Spring wind and white flowers love to play hide-and-seek;  Figs fond of bursting forth from the riprap pile of broken urns and tile shards.  Moon ascends the Traveler remains in the ancient city;  searching for a treasure chest of lost tales of old.  Night flight Milky Way of glimmering stars over the Pacific.  Why does she daily muck around in the mire in the same way?  The literary beauty and elegant language of yesterday is disappearing;  Slowly being supplanted by the chilling winter of digital writing.  Who is able to master the flow of emotions, pass through nine dimensions of communication then  hang a genial landscape painting in the hot-blooded midsummer sky?  Yet perceiving that that wonderful sound in a vast and boundless place has no place to circle.  Yet within silence gestating;  that beguiling rhapsody takes the playful spring,  Hooks a circle onto it, and pulls it with a horizontal rope  into the first beam of light.  Guess what it is?  An old dilapidated house with a courtyard next to  a mural on a moonlit stone wall in that native-place.  The present master, on the eve of today,  Set out a seat for the previous buddha under the *bodhi* tree.  Leaves dropped by celestial maidens;  Eyes moist with tears having never seen before.  Compassion is for the sake of primordial wisdom long enclosed inside a mineral deposit;  At present, even a golden hatchet can’t split it apart.  Moved, but the essence is lost;  Signs now also disappear;  What remains has only a few functions.  See that bright sword, directing the mind.  leaving and entering its scabbard . . .  Spiraling wonderful thoughts reckoning in the magnetic levitation train of vain imaginings  Ancient inexhaustible treasure buried  snow and ice filling the sky, a silvery world extending 800 *li*.  I once told you a true story about an urchin.  At that time the off-road vehicle was speeding faster than the wind;  Under the sky millions of banners converge into countless cities.  Vast mountains, ancient rivers still nestle up to the earth;  Winding their way to a beautiful new century.  Guess the Lantern Festival riddle—  Why has no lamp ever been lit in the room of eternal darkness?  who is the first to wake from the lifelong dream?  What’s it like when the lamp is lit? Omnipresent brightness is not obscured.  What’s it like after the lamp is lit? Yisujue arrives at the emptiness of emptiness beyond the chiliocosm.  A water bottle sitting quietly, bathing in the Milky Way.  Polaris directs a resplendent moonlight serenade of 10,000 flower buds;  On an old cliff pine needles already moved past 12 coordinates;  that story of tomorrow as though unsaid.  Who has planted the craving and desire of sentient beings into the field of dreams?  Now happy, now sad; all the work of wanton craving.  Thought of desire rushing on like a tall waterfall;  is it poaching, or merely adventuring?  Child fantasizes about learning how to dance on a water bubble like a pixie;  Duckweed excitedly tells the dragonflies about its peregrinations.  Suffering equal to happiness confusion goes with awakening;  in the wink of an eye, mind returns 8,000 *li*.  Precious marks of beauty and dignity;  Eastern wind blows red rain down off the green summit;  An ingenious skillful means.  Chirping of birds, wonderful sound; freeze-frame peak, leaf banner like a splash-ink painting;  Pure white unsullied essence.  See that seven-colored rainbow forming light by dialysis;  all stacked together in disarray, making darkness.  A green caterpillar climbs the green tree;  A graceful butterfly strolls amongst the flowers.  Spring sunlight approaching on foot;  The plants and trees facing the sun are the first to bud.  A dark cloud sails in on the eastern wind;  The vegetation facing the frontal surface is the first to be baptized.  Guests visit like returning home;  Living in one’s own house is most comfortable from today onwards,  no longer a stranger harassed by the wind, rain, and dust.  The cicadas agree to meet on top of the tree tonight to watch the stars;  The spring frogs call out to men Don’t yield;  sulking autumn sun lingers in the joyous and bright flower season.  A great mountain hides in the corner of the eye.  Dull thunder sticks out its red tongue;  Grandmother wind soaked to the bone.  A dragonfly’s toe touches that wonderfully august lotus leaf;  gently swaying.  Butterfly fond of smirking while watching the fish in the stream;  By virtue of the spring sun the slumbering earth creates an inconceivable situation.  A white wheel, full and bright, hangs motionlessly in the vast sky;  Moon in water, following the current east and west there is no bridge it doesn’t pass.  Moon in a dream, restless; yet good at manifesting the true self;  Moved towards a pair of bright eyes spreading crows feet.  Leaves elegantly dancing blackleg tortoise shells fluttering about.  There is a thousand-year-old pine entwined by a curving *Largerstoemia subcostata*.  Strings plucked by the wind their subtle sound is conveyed far and wide;  Flowers and grass in a rural village presently performing spring love.  Tomorrow is the Birth of Spring, February 3, 2002;  North shrouded in rime vast expanse of white.  Sea of clouds filling the sky, a blue door opens;  Silvery screen floats up in the night.  Daytime freeze frame, yesterday’s space;  Old farming village, every family preparing red tortoise cakes to offer to the God of Spring.  When a person contacts an object the mind is tossed about by a thousand reactions, strong enough to topple mountains and overturn seas. . .  Circuitous path;  Two sides lined with half-moon butterbur.  Leaves and branches of leatherleaf interweaving into a heavenly canopy;  The finger of nature lightly nudges the North Star, making wonderful music in a silent key.  Dark firmament performing a pantomime for heaven;  Tranquil surface of a lake a bevy of stars has already lit up a thousand candles.  I personally saw dew forming on a magical green leaf;  Turned out to be the roaming tears of my hometown fellows.  The Wanderer wants to return home,  but he can’t remember the way back. . .  A pair of lonely feet tramples on the dry leaves covering the mountain.  Who can circumvent the passage of time?  At the moment of contact, returning to the summit of the mountain of the spirit;  so that form no longer binds the heart.  See that frigid silver hook  hung on the top of Hehuan Mountain reflecting the white snow.  —February 3, 5, 6, 2002  **Book 10 Same Breath as You**  Mother and child heart to heart, perpetually linked;  A theater the size of a bottle;  100,000 people putting on a multi-media performance.  Young surfer waiting for the next big wave;  Separated by 10,000 mountains, the Wanderer sees not the vicissitudes of former days.  Melting snow, the lovely gurgling sound of water;  Moon reveals a sentiment like the murmuring of flowers.  Wisdom, a bypass for circumventing the flow of emotion;  Big flower buds speeding by, turning into small flames;  flying into a the invisible depths beyond perception.  Sparse rain falling on a dark street;  Light plane flying through the sky.  The Drunken Guest staggering along, street lights and car lights all the same;  The vacuous tunnel of time;  Me inside you outside;  No idea where he might be.  Prince of the Sea, beach embracing the dashing feet of the waves;  The Ranger riding in an airborne cage, escorting a monkey up the mountain.  Child in the city, daily warm ups, back to the setting sun, still not knowing himself.  See that pot full of yams, taros, sweet potatoes, and radishes, already cooked.  A period . falling through space;  Bygones, 3,000 years past, whirling memories.  Six commas , revolving on the periphery.  On the pillow a sleepless dream;  affections, unceasing burden.  Spring flower buds, like billowing foam in summer;  Old man, cheeks engraved with wrinkles by wind and frost.  A bright and shining pair of eyes gazing into the distance, spellbound;  Beloved village, beloved land weather front moves in;  Overcast sky turns to rain.  Winter peony blooming under an icy sky;  Translucent flower petals murmuring in the silence of a winter morning.  Train speeds past the platform;  The Traveler at night waiting in the faint lamplight for the next train to pull in.  The Visitor accidentally drops an old photograph;  seems to be a childhood snapshot from his native place;  Touching off a vision of his silhouette in his earliest memory. . .  Wavering sense faculties stir up a breeze like a butterfly  flapping its flimsy wings, flying towards the horizon.  Toes gently moving like a dragonfly touching the water;  Curling the tongue stimulates the production of saliva eyes one-third open.  Ears hearing the sound of a golden drum echoing between the ear and the setting sun;  An *anjali* turns the heart away from the defilements, bringing a moment of peace.  Arranging a seat for settling down;  stopping the monkey mind from running madly about.  Embracing the grace of heaven; who is without regret?  An ancient temple ensconced deep in the mountains;  Midnight; the sound of a beating drum spirals around the lotus temple;  spirit spring enters into a hole and a soliloquy,  Turning into a diamond-like brilliant light and coursing through space.  Dusk setting sun spreading red;  transforming into a boundless golden corridor.  Flower dropping petal by petal;  corner eave of an old farmhouse.  A drama of sound and form suddenly unfolds; the face changing technique of Sichuan opera;  Silhouetted lovers in the shade of a great tree; staying up late on New Year’s Eve for a lovely dream;  time itself in silence;  breaking free from the fairy of love and running off.  Listening who is disturbing the God of Spring?  is it the wind; the rain; or is it the playful apricot blossoms?  The great earth, originally a body draped in white;  Now changing into a seven-colored jump suit.  Flowers by the millions each making a prayer;  This spring has a motive force.  The east wind swings its sleeves directing the floating fragrant notes, transmitting them throughout the planetary village;  Reaching the ears of all who tune in.  Dream frolicking amongst numerals.  Bright mirror of wisdom, hunting images in the sea of consciousness;  Fearless vanguard, endowed with quick wit and burning zeal.  Flag bearer in the grip of fear;  pole must be held straighter than straight.  High ladder, as though printing an old footprint;  The Vagrant goes alone, regretting not the silence.  Nightingale cooing unending questions;  why does the God of Fire bathe in the lake?  why is the God of Water baptized in a blazing charcoal fire?  . . .  Who can use innate truth to understand the crowded train of thought?  To transcend time and space so as to arrive at the future? To dissect the structure of desire?  To leave a message with the three fires lit by that original vow? Where is it now?  —February 7, 10, 2002  **Book 11 Legend of the Fire Seed of the Sun**  —Ancient lion city in the mystical realm of flowers  I dreamed of an ancient nation,  A dreamlike Arcadia where people and animals lived in harmony.  Some where curious about one another some observed each other;  Some tickled each other, but nobody harmed another.  A pride of lions sported about and I was one of them.  An old tree, beard hanging low to the ground,  A tall waterfall leaping off the edge of a cliff,  Cleansing the sense faculties, washing away the dust, creating purity throughout.  The master of the tea plantation says that last night Xiaogetou was blanketed  By fog extending for many miles,  So dense that you couldn’t see your hands in front of your face.  On the summit, 10,000 yellow chrysanthemums waving to 100,000 colorful butterflies fluttering about;  Fields flooded with white reeds wavering in the wind;  hundreds of egrets with gazes upturned.  2001 lunar calendar New Year’s Eve;  Taipei and Yilan, cherry blossoms dancing about, red bundles hemming the mountains’ green sleeves.  Driving through the source of high altitude peaks;  Lanyang Plain, eyes in array;  Curving beach, fishing boats returning;  3,000 silver sails turning.  Verdant hills deep azure sea;  Off-road vehicle zips along the Suhua Highway;  White clouds in the sky, mincing steps of beauty.  Window glass with floating image of the sea;  then a myriad of forms sweeps into the lens.  Along the road meandering maple leaves, dark red, translucent.  Clear water precipice; tunnels bereft of birdsong.  Twilight streetlights, a golden corridor heading beyond the world.  Soon going through an archway flanked by old pines;  arching inwards to form a canopy providing refreshing shade.  Nostalgic for home, pursuing an illusion;  Dreaming of drifting in the ocean of consciousness.  Airborne goshawk peers down at the fish frolicking in the sea.  A distinctive local accent comes in from far away;  the remote control Wanderer, ever ruffled by sticky emotion;  Imagining stealing into that lovely native place.  I resonate with the pulse of heaven and earth.  Birdsong accompanies fragrance of flowers dancing in the spring wind.  Lunar New Year’s Day, just before sunrise.  Circumambulating the Buddha seven times suddenly hearing  the continual sound of flowing water;  Then seeing a vast expanse of land and sea—fragrant, bright, august, peerless.  Speaking raindrops mute falling leaves;  The nautilus concealed in its shell.  Deep fragrance below his feet, all because of formerly treading on the spring mud;  a lifetime of feelings, all just a marvelous dream.  口口 sound, sound nothing sought, nothing not sought.  Signlessness just like an orange bolt of lightning;  flashing forth only to be apprehended by the light.  It’s said that conforming to others is actually an expedient means.  Children enjoy the New Year,  But adults often reminisce about the good old days 3,000 years past.  In the early spring a thousand shoots suddenly appear on the old branches of an Indian olive tree.  New Year’s Day, a 6.2 earthquake at 11.27 a.m.  false alarm shouts of glee, the world is at peace.  Drizzle old tree frozen, thousand drops of dew;  A gust of wind in the twinkling of an eye, giving it all to the soil.  Butterfly disguised as a flower, perched with leaves on the end of a branch;  Deep stream, limpid wave, following the current unsullied.  Long wave-filled river carrying thoughts of past mistakes;  Form and voice image and sound.  Magic power of karma infuses the heart, disturbing its clarity, all in a dream;  candles vying to be the reddest.  Branches and stems, five shoots growing 13,579 pieces;  Who is capable of tasting the charm on those tender shoots  in the Birth of Spring?  Virtual animation the song of heaven and earth  closes the window of confusion.  There is a wooded path leading directly to a secret realm amongst the flowers.  The fire seed of the sun said:  “Wait for the mulberries to ripen, for the black bulbul in the *Expository Notes on the Awakening of Faith* is bound to return!  —Lunar New Year’s Day, 2002  **Book 12 Hometown of the Rock**  Flowering rape fields limpid yellow, deep gold;  Village footpath flanked by red, purple, blue, and green.  Glimmering creek water drawing out an inverted image of the mountains;  Peaks and ridges strung on the horizon clouds speeding past like galloping white horses.  Minerals unbroken gold unstartled;  100 flowers strolling in the spring sun.  Clouds undispersed moon unrevealed;  Billions of stars crouching at the center of the Milky Way.  Mind of the sage hidden away beyond the world;  A child fond of dreaming paints a colorful rainbow on the floating clouds.  It’s said that in the hometown of the rock there are rock animals;  Heavenly maidens regularly perform a wonderful dance and release a shower of flowers.  The willows softly recite poetry;  unwilling to remain out of the limelight, all because of emptiness.  Wishing for spring, yet bewildered by the traces of five-colored dust;  Image, shape, light, form;  an attraction ever calling out.  A thought contacts, enters instantly overturning the sea of consciousness;  Limpid waves forthwith turning into 10,000 galloping steeds.  From time immemorial seeking that great trichiliocosm;  Not just by wishing, but also by according with conditions.  Wandering in the region of dust from  past, present, and future lives; all appear as though a dream, yet a dream to be conformed to.  Pouring over ancient and precious palm-leaf scriptures;  Dharma cloud and jewel moon enveloped in the bud of a blue lotus.  The silent and bright mirror of truth waits for you to raise your head and look;  longing for that bright clear sky.  Sentient beings enter into *samadhi* the sage tells them that’s not it;  the profound gem on the net of appearances exhorts them to come out.  Vain imaginings, illusions turning red bright;  Moon shadow, brightly spinning inside a five-cloud palm-leaf scripture.  How can a stone mirror produce sandalwood incense?  vision filled by that green hill beyond the wisteria hedge.  Who is removing the images from each of these old photos?  Is it due to extreme ignorance that even a thousand thoroughbred horses can’t pull it?  Street scene at night solitary streetlight;  The Traveler’s tiny silhouette just like  a whirling mass of dust engulfing a grain of sand.  Beach at sunset solitary flame burns;  First rays of the rising sun linking the mountains into a shield;  yet unable to infringe upon the eagle’s territorial air space.  Under the daylight last night the rainwater formed into a pool,  Water and sky spotlessly clear.  A gravel road covered with moss;  An ancient way long untraversed.  In a dream the sound of a raindrop from abroad meets the ear;  Graceful notes tracing the wind, coming to visit all the gods above the clouds.  Old ox hides behind a precipice white egret on the corner of a wall crane’s its neck;  Shepherd Boy, as though dozing off beneath a pine tree;  An especially adorable monster painted by a child.  Adults have the greatest difficulty getting over a demonic curse.  Peony ready to bloom inner and outer forces drawing on one another;  Painting a circle as a throne;  sound of footsteps in the ten directions walking on four sides.  Evening banquet in a mulberry field a thousand wavering lamps and candles;  People coming, people going sumptuous words bind not an innocent babe.  Stairway with a moving rail folds up the image of a dream;  Memories of an old friend, packed up and put into storage.  Child lying prostrate on a big white ox;  Setting sun shining on his belly painted with a big flag.  All things draw on nature;  he who attains the highest state makes the mark.  Initial awakening just like a snow crane yearning for a golden pool;  The original native place is still deep asleep in a dream.  Surging emotion, burning like a red flame;  Who is indebted to his own conscience, allowing the defilements to obscure that bright light?  Those who would pray for happiness ought to see that ebullient kite up in the sky.  A brightly burning eternal flame within;  The flower is red the stamens are yellow the flame is purple.  The sound of a thousand nations enters the ear;  A formation of geese sweeps across the boundless clear sky.  A little girl steps on the dancing shadows cast down by branches;  swinging sleeves moving in rhythm with the leaves and vines.  Seeming as though spring has arrived;  gentle breeze softly playing the mouth organ.  Teardrop on the center of a leaf vacillating;  Nimbus surrounding the rising sun, taking it all in;  Waiting to come back to my senses the ambrosia is already resuscitated beyond the farthest limits of the sky.  —February 14–15, 2002 |
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