|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **南方詩鈔‧楔子**  **天地頁　赤子心**  工藝神匠：「儼然未散靈山會　郁乎方濃趙州茶」，請君破題─  栽松樵翁：「聽覺」與「嗅覺」打成一片！處處都是好所在。  神：儼然未散靈山會，郁乎方濃趙州茶……昔日故友在哪裏！  樵：紅色舞動無象限夢幻序列，匯流入透明的晶片。  神：華嚴之歌怎麼唱！  樵：從驚蟄到春分，諦聽千山百草含露喜洋洋。  神：普賢今在何方行願！  樵：聽說北極的冰原正在快速融化，萬年前的空氣將破冰而出。  神：文殊云何指向南！  樵：追風神鷹遨遊於虛空中，沒有陌生的國度。  神：古羅盤！  樵：煙水茫茫，不離當下一雙腳足所感受到那冷冽的風寒。  神：善財童子五十三參！  樵：菩薩心在大寒冰晶裡，練就一身化雪神功。  神：微微一曲怎能踏破111個城市的風情！  樵：有鶴在月下築巢做千年夢，施夢人在雪屋生炭，一時懡㦬。  神：指揮棒一撇捧住萬朵音符，劃過有情人的眉心！  樵：一根思念的鼻毛，沾滿海墨穿鑿無情的殘夢。  神：尋聲，流轉過千舌的和聲；聞中，寂寂岩壁縫隙滲出嘯嘯的吼音。善財童子從今後「返聽不我聞」？  樵：我者山裡頭，有位歌舞場中客，今日隨月光追一片浮雲拂袖去了！  神：老調譜新音，當下善財童子現在於前！  樵：三千年前的古銅鐘又出土重新發聲，響響渾厚，迫人心神。  神：藍色的星球需要怎樣的故事，方能接通現代人返回最初的原鄉徑中徑？  樵：舊櫥櫃裡有一卷古老的卷軸，今夜不知被誰偷走！演若達多狂性若歇，即可親見兩鏡相寫，冒出無數個頭來。  栽松樵翁：華嚴之歌怎麼唱！  工藝神匠：儼然未散靈山會。  　　　　　君不聞天長地久，餘音嬝繞。  樵：文殊云何指向南！  神：郁乎方濃趙州茶。  　　君不見波濤洶湧，曹溪水溢滿天。  樵：靈山！  神：天地頁，磨鏡退入于大光明藏。  樵：趙州茶味！是苦，如甘。  神：赤子心，性天真常伴主夜神出巡……  樵：是嘛！聽說沒有人照顧的孩子，到了黃昏就想哭。  神：天地頁，赤子心！  　　　　～工藝神匠栽松樵翁／闢于台北．新原人藝術中心2003.1.15  【註：「華嚴」是內在最深沈美麗永恆的理想莊嚴境界；「文殊」代表高度智慧的真實功夫。「指南」：指向實現理想的生活境地，必須通過藍色星球（即娑婆世界）上的生命歷練。  「善財童子五十三參」，乃將古老社會的生活型態，切割成五十三種智慧方程式，並在這五十三種生活型態中，真正得到見識與增長而不受囿限，一一跳脫突破，深趣其義地展現出完美和諧的生命風姿。】  +++++++++++8b.900  **目錄**  楔　子　　　天地頁　赤子心　　　1  ﹝卷十三﹞　曹溪口的夢幻航班　　　13  ﹝卷十四﹞　古獅城的九龍珠與蟾蜍口　　　31  ﹝卷十五﹞　春分清露的眼譯　　　47  ﹝卷十六﹞　返家　　　61  ﹝卷十七﹞　跳出仙桃的企鵝　　　77  ﹝卷十八﹞　牧童的雨中耕作紀事　　　91  ﹝卷十九﹞　沒邊的∴藍圖　　　105  ﹝卷二十﹞　七號公園13棵樹間12個月亮與5隻飛鳥　　　121  ﹝卷二十一﹞一念般若力　　　135  ﹝卷二十二﹞旅人晨曦　　　151  跋　　　關於南方　　　167  **卷十三　曹溪口的夢幻航班**  **─沙子都在歡呼歌唱**  天青　海藍　水綠　雲白  　皆因有光　愛染色彩  座艙外　山在移河倒流  　　小孩嬉戲　大人waiting  客心衝入雲端又出霄漢  夢幻的航機于識海逆溯漂泊  有舟來到曹溪口  溪中朵朵白蓮爭出頭  有客納峯河于方寸  嶺野花樹綻放神奇風光  賓中的主人今巧相逢  古厝內紙燈籠點亮千盞  　走馬燈迎春風度元宵  主人的貴賓卻離去杳無影  織女引金針縫袖口  先民的工藝永傳薪  陽光下大江波光串珠簾  晚紅映照瀑布成赤練  瓦屋一場春雨后滿園白菜溢清芬  涯岸　大樹垂綸千尺  　　攪得一泓池水餘波蕩漾  原始神秘的符號追閃電乍現虛空  有位少女將完美記憶收藏思念之隅  　　意因情而震盪心絃  千朵百合飄浮諸天浴池的森羅海面  　　情因愛而受困金色籠樓  有影牽形不放　無眠纏夢不醒  　法界怎圓明  方方塊塊　三角林立  成雙成對雷鳴電奔瞬間遷謝  圓圓格格　直徑伴弧形  接引周邊360°禽飛獸走日月運行  何方來一彎渠有水有魚  　　相呼應　一花徑有蜻蜓有粉蝶  不逞新　老樹有花有果實  不炫奇　白菜有葉有種子  鏡面浮塵　八萬四千沙芥  　　　從過去時空飄來歷歷綿密  鏡裡現相　流失的浮標  　由蘊藏於未來的妄想之域顯影  念念騰躍轉生　擾人清眠  珊瑚是海底光明的露柱  水晶是陽光的掌上明珠  瓊崖海棠敘演一夏清涼  彩顏杜鵑競鋪燦爛虹橋迎大地春回  最初一念現前本明了  　不是分別與攀緣　愚者難分辨  兒時用膠粘蟬　今日用情怎種智  一雙人天眼目照見前塵  不能離垢　云能求清淨  天風柔柔攬松入眠  白雲輕輕抱月親密  夜車急急乘昏黃的街燈奔馳  家中老父在高高紫柏上掛念平安二字  雨水伴春牛踩得大地泥濘好播種  旅人循一條運煤的舊鐵道  　　踽踽獨行　從日出到日落  枯荷有隻白鷺策杖倚夕陽  黃昏的雲空彷彿昨日底行雲  物之華　崖嶺依然有鷹翔翔瀑布銀湍  夜光中暮山彷彿昨日的霞暮  天之寶　海角如昔有帆悠悠泛過明月  葉　翡翠似的綠  花　硃砂般的紅  天地歌聲在讚歎嬰兒的純潔  娑婆松籟歡頌著少年的情真  微，觸的火焰由內裡燃燒海印湧出一股清涼  遠，舌尖原初的感動來自真覺的呼應  幽，柔軟心境緣因愛所釋放的靈明  深，最初一道波奮起萬千浪相隨  風吹浮沙丘　水凝迹成痕  邋遢的人扮成混沌  　夢疊的幻影覆藏美好心情  是誰揭露欲望的傷口今又蓋又纏  縱耳目迎聲色將正思惟束之高閣  　　以妄想的紗袖遮那明利雙眸  蝙蝠張開黑色膜翼趁暗夜出巡  貓頭鷹的兩盞神燈諦視充滿神秘之幽漆  悲憫底心本源於上方的感應  湛葉的意無繫牽清露  冰雕雪舞隨日出而幻旋滅  驚蟄　雷震聲聲喚百草從地湧出  綠的網脈泛微波　浪浪相生  紅的花軸迎春風　濤濤相送  遊子旅程的印履中  是否步步曾向內裡那位自己預先知會  千年老榕盤成樹屋有猿來安住  渾然如天工　原是宇宙密因在運行  大地滾滾黃沙卻是造化愛逗弄紅塵  千萬隻金錢鼠四處奔竄  人的兩隻腳繁忙不得了  個個俱生以來有張人生彩劵  　　經年累日玩著數字的把戲  大大小小上人下人　誰也放不下捨不了  是凡是聖皆躲不過42字母的約法  幻化的舞台有年　終究返源夢的原點  一張床一顆枕一條被一個人在作夢  　　夢到千萬人應供  一雙眼一對耳一張口  口說給千萬人聽話  一雙手一對足一團夢想  想掌握千萬顆心遍及四海五大洲  一顆心一片意一種八識剎炫  　　流轉輪迴于千秋萬世  布施　布施　又布施  云何布施　為誰布施  寒冷與悲苦在寂寞的風雪路上  　　　　　　　　　誰來喚醒  夜天流星爍碧波  一時驚起　油然悲憫  　　淚流風吹如飛瀑  聽說　遠方嚴冬酷寒  　九千萬隻帝王蝶一夜全凍成標本  色聲於剎那間旋入心海  湛水瞬目飄鼓搖滾漚珠  一襲長衫著數十寒暑漂泊煙水百城  時因和風輕泣　時為感動號哭  返鄉的路還有八萬四千里　如今  　旅行標的猶未攀頂高峰之至極  傳言黑龍江外有個北極村  　　座Ｎ53°27´  　逢夏至日北極光會泛麗炫藍  遊子依然無悔的奮勇往前去……  春天融雪潺潺流過金色大地  我聽見所有一切沙子都在歡呼歌唱  有人在路邊池塘的荷花舟上  點一盞螢火，送給夜歸的人  　　　　只因初春依舊寒冷  我見到一張童稚的臉  一顆赤子心一雙炯炯靈動的眼眸  　　輕輕往上翹三分的微笑嘴角  天天邂逅松鼠于大日的午后  天與地親親密密滿分  紅寶石在昏黃燈光下閃耀  有人以銀瓶盛水接引月亮  　　　　夜　悄悄佈滿天邊  　萬物的白日活動一瞬間收市  山谷夜鶯在歌鳴  老松愛邀東風對談  閃電劃亮一道天弓　卷軸光與  　　　　　　　　　　　　陰  幽漆大山中夜遊的人認錯人  化不開晨霧　過客尋不著出路  海濤伴林籟合唱天地真言  歡樂總在老農村豐收的季節裡  釋放2002　0220　2002數字陣列  止與觀　定與慧  　　　智和識　情和性  圓滿攜知足共舞  我等十八人于戲劇院聆賞來自波蘭  　演出威爾第的「遊唱詩人」  2002年02月20日20時02分  千年一見  幸運指數迎向黎明前的吉普賽人  　正圍著光明的火燄快樂歌唱  憂傷向外繞個圈離去了  悲心朝內轉個圓合覺來  草木為大地著墨寫生  雲光因天空渲染色彩  船師駕渡輪航行此岸彼岸  識海鏡面浮現凹凸放大與縮影的鏡頭  曲崎旅途中　里程碑一站又一站標示  梅花樹下穀糧倉頂有隻公雞咕咕啼  　幻化城市‧夢想寶所  極速感應于八萬四千毛孔奔騰  紅光的豔苗竄燒　光明與黑暗在淡溶  手中的火把風吹搖影……  眼光不如耳力靈巧  　手指比向天涯　眉毛卻駐足海角  炙烈熱沙在腳底燒烤　快步  　　方能衝破這憂鬱的藍　夢幻的綠  伊人雙手揮動百張口於舊歌劇院奏鳴交響  歌聲入雲霄　古老的傳說一幕幕演繹  眼前指揮棒穿空劃舞  　　　一路向前不突兀  掌中還有一只古羅盤方向依舊指向南  我看到漫天的紅燄大聲高呼  伊張開心靈的眼　觸覺  　　　如晨露滴滴清涼  伊人沈睡卻被天鼓驚醒  定不下心　只因悲憫的琴絃振動不已  菩提座上有種力量‧不動明王  迷惑　只因常寂光的心鏡被覆藏  叢生的無明草由一把智慧火于瞬間燃燼  昨日太陽下山今日天未曙  　若不受惑，應常守一分靈知  風沙滾滾遮路不通行  寒暑變易四季本天真  三人行有師能度一切苦厄  大悲底一言一語即能解脫蒼生千憂萬慮  唱到終曲依然隨日昇日落  　　　　　　伊究竟有何收穫？  若人欲了知○  零　是返源亦是混沌  始覺向前　本覺落後  　　　　　2002.2.17／2002.2.19雨水／2002.2.20／2002.2.21  ++++++++++++++9.2300  **卷十四　古獅城的九龍珠與蟾蜍口**  高高豎立兩隻大拇指　又轉為揮手  今日有人於古都古寺迎佛指真身舍利  　　指紋裡螺旋瞬間燃紅麗燄  　雲天彎成九弓射出萬朵箭花如雨  有頭犀牛在曠野中頂禮  　　　　　祈禱人類不再玩野蠻遊戲  上方有耳目照見蒼生的光與色  大地蘊靈氣感應有情的智與識  元宵花鼓蜂炮舞落櫻  點亮高空焰火升天燈  誰能敞懷擁抱天地無量的無盡藏  　而捨得人工巧思所構造的夢湖  少女的一只竹籃盛兩顆仙桃　是  　　93歲的白石老人賀辰三千年  漫天星斗翹望北極星  多如恆河沙數的心為一個字母凝神  是誰　以雙手推動宇宙輪迴  　　將自己困在轉盤的軸心裡剎炫  流動的冰川有冰依然凝固  大海波濤洶湧  　　　湛水深處不動如如  耳朵共音聲互追逐  　諦聽十方天鼓靜音希聲  時光密移，人漸耄  內裡的那顆赤子心依舊  　追尋兒時夢裡的真趣  春風清清拂吻眼簾  　　　　寂寂捎來宇宙密語　預知  大地驚蟄日會有六種震動，微微  我夢見一群獅子安住古獅城  城內城外上演著天女散花的故事  有面舊牆垛刻著一女體  童子說　那是離了魂的倩女  垣腳老樹對童子微笑，只因伊嘴角往上翹  清晨　路樹垂望路人行色匆匆  　悄悄晃動…滴下幾滴甘露  　　　遊子卻混然濕透了眼  公雞獨自在屋頂咕啼  現代人已聽不見這呼喚　無人早起  　欲歇息的夜鶯卻道：  到處都是夜遊的人與晚歸的神……  公園的涼椅說：  昨夜，我自遊子背脊感受到一顆良善而寂寞的心。  列車上的長椅說：  我從那男子的腳尖觸覺孤獨與無聊的指數。  列車站的板椅說：  我由他的眼神洞見到忍耐的極限度。  一隻蟬朗朗乾坤伊不遨遊  卻在一片透明的玻璃窗衝撞、尋覓、徘徊  我將十根指頭按觸大地的肚皮  　體會萬物於驚蟄時躍躍欲出的喜悅  湖的小舟，有隻天鵝正注視一位父親餵育嬰兒  無垠天地相框中　光陰速寫一幅接一幅  　殊不知每人每日每時每刻都為自己畫像  母大蟲在魔幻森林裡鑽進鑽出  有隻紅竹蜓於幽深的野塘點水  巴掌大的蝴蝶雙雙踮滑溜的青苔石漩澓  　　　　　　翻山越嶺　無畏霧攏雲封  一陣雨下，流泉聲鳴鳴  　　　　讚歎天地多情  好友豪情萬丈誇海口  生日有部金戈鐵馬騁自紐西蘭永恆的祝福  十萬里雲空飛行朝暮間  　只為求得元宵夢團圓  斷斷…續續記憶…組成夢中方程式……  　　　　　流浪者的故事一再重演  纖細雨絲如流金梳洗過翠色山峰  　　　挑動遊子不安的心絃  情的光與能　隨你我他  　所織的色蘊區宇相互傳遞交流‧生生不息  愛的熱與量　就心意識感應  　化現想蘊塵區，釋放987654321分的真  搖搖晃晃渡繩橋　兩崖間臥萬丈深谷  　　滔天吶喊席捲尋聲的耳根  　瀲灩巨浪瞞過炫麗的眼目  有光走過　山色一片碧綠  　陰影來時　溪澗融成湛藍  鬱悶緊咬牙關化不開情天的糾纏  憂愁深鎖眉頭解脫不了煩惱燄的紅色核心  　　　　　夜夢殘留失落的影像  青枕上淚珠兒如流星劃閃底光痕  濕透的棉被自己蓋自己摺  小女孩有夢─  夢到古老九龍珠因大地六種震動  　　　　　　　　　落入蟾蜍口  一片歡呼中　有人點亮火炬  　　　夜空　綻現  千萬朵向上向善的光明蕊香  　純良之民的祈願天燈正釋放  小女孩追五隻蝴蝶  　　　迤邐至百合花徑  但見百草從地湧出　驚艷連連  那端傳來低頻鼾聲伴木屐鏘鏘  　織成一種不協調的奏鳴曲  小女孩有股莫名的躁鬱在夢裡悄聲啜泣  身旁母親那顆心隱隱作痛……  　　一陣海霧隨風上岸  鮮腥留於漁人鼻嶺  遊子四處打零工　過客十方露宿  　親人在故里誰照顧　怎咐囑  有朵雲駐足山巔汲水氣  霧在承露盤外漂浮  流浪者為追尋昔日情人來到三千年后  　　地點是古老又嶄新的娑羅雙樹林  　只因有伊留下的印記  是誰強力將不實的夢境植入識海  當下現行的影像  　　是否即為過去的因　未來的果  山摟著大樹的腰  雲抱住大山的足  霧攔掩宇宙天光  雨遮蔽旅人行腳  虛空任由風十面遊盪  　　　隨那閃電搜巡八方  彩虹藏身三千里外  星星遺落昨夜的銀河央  新月潛蹤明日雨后的荷塘  天地瞬間旋歸混沌  乾坤剎那返源盤古  山依然摟著樹的腰  樹護念頑皮又充滿野性的小草  電扶梯黏手　上上下下一回又一回  升降梯留足　勘過一雙再一雙  旋轉門迎東風來相會　送西風去思念  虛擬的妄想封印宇宙真相  　　意念，從識海湧起  迷幻的夜天  　　　千燈點燃古老的神咒一盞連一盞  是誰最初發現埋藏海底的萬年龍殿  椅子　階梯　紅磚瓦　五蒼松  　　綠河流　芙蓉花，還有一道石屏籬  牆外　貓頭鷹在桂竹林裡雀躍  萬般麗景一一浮現  　神秘夜透由春分的晚紅釋出  工畫師手繪的草圖終成形  　但不知如何輸入意與力  今日妙思來到明日夢的窗口探頭  誰能跨過鏡中現象找回真實底自己  　　　象形落入萬仞瓊崖怎旅泊  念翻攪　路迢迢  何不獨坐屋脊看大雁飛空多逍遙  昨夜夢中有路崎嶇　卻見  　　一群遊人無視路不平  是否不古的金絲雀叫聲已失真  昔日的棧道荒蕪  開發小島的千年古植物‧安蕨  　　　　　　於今重新曝光  藤蘿搭編繩橋懸盪年老神秘的谷澗  一塊柳安木化石來自億載前飛泉潤青苔  　幻想花絮飄入蝶舞的夢裡  敲冰煮春茶  　　　將記憶縷縷薰存風古原鄉  拾得一幅春牛畫像─  　　那芒神輕握柳鞭閒立牛後  　幾多農人揮汗如雨，和泥勤耕翠玉寶田。  揭開前日山中德者送來的一粒仙桃果  敲看內裡　發現三隻儼若驕傲企鵝的種子三顆  殊勝又神奇……  +++++++++++10.1800  　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.2.23／2002.2.27／2002.2.28  **卷十五　春分清露的眼譯**  聽說世界的末日鐘已臨  午夜11：53餘七格　又  　　不知何人將喚醒世人的天鼓雷音喊停  鞋底還留有故鄉泥土的芬芳  如今腳程已遠走他鄉十萬八千里  痛苦只因心魔有夠嗆  　別境的五心難安止  悲憫底愛　使天蠍陷入先梵天咒的幻網  寬容的心　一只水瓶座注滿了未來夢想  有方神秘的陵谷　夜半  　　四隻貓頭鷹分立東南西北向外窺伺  中央池塘大靛石尖一隻青蛙跳著月之舞  老松枝畔黑蜘蛛正編織  　　　　　一幅太極乾坤八卦玄機圖  突然金鷹飛來一爪鉤破！  揮別妙高峰走入幽森的南方別境  心裡一逕咀嚼願力洶湧澎湃的曼妙音符  光明路上我見到污，尋找潔淨寸地藏  　　垢隨順清白的方向逆流……  一路走來　鞋如何對腳仁慈？  　本求恍然大悟卻反添迷霧  原初識心愛逗意浪  　　　　不知不覺種情因  如今　生生世世長相思念  少年的竹簍採滿純真年代  分移花　次次元元流轉天音  根如水‧塵如沙  　　而識如泥─  智，是傳說中的摩尼清珠  何方那塊秘密的園林寶地  　剛剛才打掃　現在正打掃  未來還須再打掃  　　只因心靈訪客永不間歇  根，是本來面目  　春分杜鵑開滿山坡迎妙色  塵，是宇宙萬象  今夜二○○二年正月十六明月至圓至大  綠蒂說：不知是誰把月亮的直徑加長！  識，既愛攀緣又喜分別  夢裡世界，你變成另個我  　　　我卻轉身為局外的過客。  +++++++++++++10.2300  無塵，蓮花不生  　有情不下種  看那擎天老樹入雲霄  　盤根交錯織古藤蘿  　　　　遍野黃葉積疊丘  　一枚新芽獨擁無邊春色  無識，如空心之交蘆  水與沙永分離，落花如何和春泥  　　四季逐空白……  誰能弄清楚某年某月某天  　在世界的某角落發生了某事件  猶如迂園十方三世一切盡歸莫名  無根，一片天幾抹雲懸空不知誰在意中  今日西方傳語好消息  ─埋藏地底五百年的古蓮蓬又開花  童子上山採藥迷途趕不及回家晚點名  無智，泥不沈垢不離  　溪中路滑只因頑石長滿了青苔  若是時間的齒輪拼湊零散不成河  斷斷續續的光與陰怎在浪峰遊戲？  根是琉璃寶鏡的浮光面  潛意識裡有段不可思議神秘的記憶力  　云何那麼貼近又陌生  塵是在霜夜下失落的42字母　與  　　　　　　原始踢毽子的童玩  一粒橙黃仙桃果內含三種子  紐西蘭來的摯友聲聲說是好兆頭  識如靈感的映像滑雪濺起的冰花  古老蒸氣火車緩緩駛進淳美的鄉村舊站  載走風塵僕僕的純真男孩  　　有部紅跑車如彩帶劃過春的綠郊野  誰能將根與識分離─  　　　　讓主伴都落入塵區  令記憶回溯過去原初的妙觸  用鼻孔呼吸純粹自由自在底空氣  溪流潺潺為伊洗去腳尖的沙粒  河畔枝葉微調清風吹送輕安  天空出現玄妙的景象  　　潔白雲筏猶似不退風帆  　航向那海洋似的藍天  傳說　西方淨域  　　距此岸娑婆有九兆億公里路  　生和滅於剎那間交替千百萬次元  威音外有條禪河任魚蝦嬉戲澡浴  天幕內皮偶正演著古月拜影的大戲  萬里無雲已許久　太陽的紅心熠熠  　雲淡風清變不成魔幻漆漆的黑桃K13  遠來大師誇張表情寫下自信樂章換得滿堂彩  驚蟄　二幢翠綠錦羅帳賺我三部光明紫玉冊  聽聞草嶺古道間野水牛現跡  這端以晶圓馴獸的立體動畫無線傳輸  湍急溪流泛舟，掌舵者  　　撐竿運載五六人揮別一群客！  夢迴記憶中　虛擬的桃花源牽動  　昔日觸目典藏留影的真實圖像  一對孔雀藍寶石搖晃如火種般飛逝的流星  兩顆貓眼綠晶珠爍閃幻想迷離不安的心神  意識深海中有股偏執的念在妄動  夢裡美麗的世界一絲極微細的惑因正攀緣  　意如潮水，擁波衝濤上岸……  行者在急促經行　只因渴望求得一方安寧  　　　曾經刻意修身卻遇到空行母  陳年往事　今金籠呼喚銀鳥  太陽底下有這般人  　　永遠在追尋昔日失落的古城  　　卻被現代野蠻人的利齒咬疼  傳言相逢前就已熟識  夜夜夢中被一曲妙音動著心絃  大日下牧童倒頭睡大覺  上方移來一幢雲庇蔭  亙古　東方西方一團團火球  　　　　　於日出日落自我陶醉  嘻嘻哈哈！巧克力伴番茄  　　運載一車車通往青春底捷運站  送給少年一雙特別的登山鞋  早春曦光拉起大地藍與綠的布幕  水藍大洋為衝浪少年接風  棕綠林野中芬多精滌埃  　替巡山員洗去昨夢裡的前塵  三個小兒在落葉堆中嬉戲  天下一片雲　地上一朵蘭  一陣雨后，兩種心情譜成一道靈明  古劇院內觀眾醞釀不玩了  台上演員還在不停愛說笑  夜間　神秘火種閃露奇異光芒  　　　　　　　從伊眼底透出  曇花仰望天上繁星笑一笑就落蒂了  睡蓮卻迎接明日乘願再來  夢想與現實的距離有多遠？  少年於浪峰上推舟又多高？  我聽得蟄伏地底的生命正抽萌……  白駒躍千峯騰空萬里無人能追踪  新生的種子在泥中滾浪搖翻  一朵花叫醒內裡那位愛玩苔的睡童  成熟的梅果粒粒相寫微妙微肖  幾聲雷響　閃電巡弋九天  　　瞬間黑雲吞食白雲　將  　宇宙神話駛向混沌的開端  春神煞住耳門！不讓風雨打聽清明的消息。  山之巔　有位過客吵翻天  海之角　初離家的流浪者  　走不出自己身上那片衣襟角落  學無語卻失去八百功德  　愛三緘其口又言如來不可說  靜與止剎那變易，通路被情緒封閉  流動的恆定　萬年冰岩  　　　　刻鑿光與陰走過的軌迹。  春分的露珠最靈明  雨水季　湖畔一群天鵝飆舞  公園裡有個小小孩對媽媽說：  　　我的兩腳今年長大了四公分！  　然后一手指空，問：  　　那片雲要飛去哪兒？  縱然上千柱香　又怎麼領悟  誰　能將兒童底眼神譯成曼妙的音符  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.3.1／2002.3.6  **卷十六　返家**  　　　　　　─熟記最初符號的雪白羊群  比量　愛的方程式在夢幻與真實間  　　探索純情的百分比  頑心尚勇  火燄熱情狂掃野蠻雨林的處女地  非量　噤語不尋聲  　天空有朵雲凝成字母　自在遊魚  時間在夢域以曲速運行  離明就墨扮裝糊塗收攏那片情網  蝶盡一切所能照顧花  葉用畢生潛力百般呵護露珠  目和心競相攝影  　印象與映相殘留意識與眼識  沙子在雨水季裡歡呼  光與陰疊入感官的遊戲  百鳥相邀春分裡創造新曲勁歌  念之劫　剎那通過經驗的觸感  識海起黑風　萬聲繫念平波濤  山崖下遺廢墟  　腳跡步步印在來時人的道之路  別峰上古殿四廓築七匝的防火墻  晶翠秧苗鋪滿大地劇場  金黃稻穀遍灑荒蕪的舞台  古老大煙已不再吞雲吐霧  有位80歲老婆婆追憶少女昔時  　　入畫大師的那一幀青春偶像圖  一場春雨喚醒沈睡的綠色巨人  轉眼─滿目青山  晨霧連接雲海，日從翠峰登眺  　樹之影株株列陣大地  澳洲有座大歇石亙古吸納月之華  攀攀爬爬彎彎曲曲的列車  　　卷軸群群有情人的行旅足跡  夕陽盈盈　眼眶紅紅  　只因自己的故事炫過頭  使日記末扉留下了兩頁空白  紛飛大雪　潔白羊群  野狼尋聲浪　波波向外流轉  天佑  　　熟記最初符號即能就路返家　卻  碰上小村落葉堆滿山麓無人掃，迷踪  路邊過客問陌生人：  　昨日的流浪者今去向何方？  涯岸遊子諦聽青蛙嘓鳴追隨旅人徑路  那畔　亭主依然扮演津口擺渡的船夫  冬季大雁遠道來作客，春又飛回  　　　　　白色憂鬱不見了……  園林響起一陣浪漫笛音　絕色透明  　　冰之舞影化成流動的綠玉欲滴  公園內秋千小童們列隊爭飛高  北海道的冰岩留有時間游過的痕迹  兒時爬紫藤蘿搖搖擺擺  長大后　捨得‧不捨得  　　　　理想與夢想　恍恍惚惚  夜裡淌淚汪汪　只因  　童年記憶中有夢從老榕樹上掉落  心魔滅去99%的自己后  有餘的1%真實自我  ─突破重圍，親見無上正等正覺  山嶺峰嶽巖　萌動  　超新星出生神秘底黑洞  海江水河洋　孕育  　澄湖濁泥應供芙蕖盛開  少時登門入室　不知情意寄何方？  雙色線條披肩上只因海風陣陣叫寒  冬季老樹枯葉離席　捲生機退藏于密  待驚蟄雷聲動　喚  　千柱苞萬瓣芽甦醒滿園翠色  趕蜂迎蝶入園林裡遊戲  踏青登山鞋橫渡濕濘濺起千堆春泥  九連環Ｓ形上坡道  　一部越野下坡自行車輕鬆止滑  喝醉的夜歸人敲打車窗當叩應  冥想心靈依隨神秘的識浪感光  天行腳　日日從日出到日落  　人于睡眠中靈明應無所住  　　　云何入夢裡千萬個你  　在十方乍現剎生，隨即返滅。  夜夜　是誰啓動混沌的密碼  　將醒覺封印夜宵裡睡大覺  那部無字的天書在抽離感官能量后  還敘演一齣通往化城的虛擬故事  旭初　日打開天光將伊從睡夢中解碼  醒來，依然又落入─  　　　另場無知無垠的夢中夢之境  從宇宙變現的一切相  　　　天地所藏的無盡藏  　自經驗與領悟之中  由１到○……  +++++++++++11.2400  五歲女娃玩直排輪超越顛峰  萬匹白馬奔向蘆花林卻蹦出一匹黑馬  春隨日的光樹之影來散步  圓紅夕照在瞬間躲開我的目光潛行大海  老牛車　青碗豆  鄉間原野油菜花田正茂  古溪畔　蘚苔石  山崖瀑布一方流泉映月來  大榕樹　小木屋  微雨下簷沾露滴入夢海聲聲  老童有點傻有點呆　與  　　至高無上的風格不搭調  少年追情緒波動熱愛表演假象  光音天的生命源起娑婆數十億年前  　　一只古瓶裝滿了老神話……  我在一粒微塵中撞見一片晴空  捧一束玫瑰送給宇宙遊子圓那情人夢  陽光自東海拔昇為大地加溫  葉綠素摻薰衣草香燃點熱情的氛氳  　　　相見，即是回憶的始端  大雨后山岩時瀑奔流于風雲剎那現象  夜景是光的手與腳所舞弄的花叢  千萬顆流星徜銀河高速路上飛馳  　自我創造的假面在月光下顯影  誰能讓手中的羅盤掌握當下方位  　　　　使桃花在春光裡綴滿天  輾轉的平行線上有交道無遮柵  旅人在多重軌迹走過后，原封不動退還  　　　　　　　　只多了眉批。  春日　日日畫下一幅美麗的山河圖‧變  明月　月月繫住千江水徧布溪川江海‧寂  大漠裡有座孤獨的農庄  茅草鋪蓋屋頂芬郁　竹籬編寫窗簷凝露  枓栱的雕樑巧藝奪天工　　通往  　古厝的淺閣　濕漉漉碧油油的苔蘚‧滑  原始的火種融蝕北極冰川  過客立黃昏裡，品嚐晚紅原初思念的味道  　　　藉此素描返鄉的地圖  凜冽風雪轉眼降伏春日腳下  谷口流籠千年來重複無數次  幾度，水鏡中  　　輝映出一條綠色網路  蒼勁的山峰離銀河最遠  柔情的水與圓溜溜的月最近  二十重矩陣蓮花方台漩澓自一座香水海  恆河沙數底平行長弓無盡交錯列布  光陰齒輪如魔術師夢幻般施展創意  　　　　　　于瞬間變化天地彩衣  陌生人似曾相識……  時光倒流再回憶，依然一場懡㦬  昔日故友今所彈的皆是弦外之音  當代現象與古老傳說　合演  　　　一齣是非顛倒的夢幻劇  沈淪如魚鷹掠食何魚  以煩惱的火焰掠奪功德林園  　使漫天荒草隨狂風搖擺！  聽說　宇宙最初原色是一片醍醐乳白  夜天啓動複合式的頻率  熾熱底能量恆不滅　流向古銀河那端  內裡一點靈犀永無減　叱吒風雲  捲入星海探索施夢者的由來　感應無不周  矩陣燭光如太陽火羽遍照的縮影　緣生  　　　　　　寶藏無盡  指尖有五座斗五個箕　如是  　乾坤搖晃；福慧相伴─  有形的現象　水煙飛天捲狂風長河掀翻千尺浪  無形的能量　小徑竹影掃不完行人流動的足迹  春天湖上野鴨列隊遊歷  間歇性的噴泉從地底湧出  森林裡千翠彎枝成弓  　風拉萬絃，演出一場炫麗的晚紅大合奏  山坡上群蝶偽裝一片黃色馬櫻丹  白鶴獨立一隻腳練功撐到大雨還不動  酣眠的木棉被早臨的曙光叫醒  　　　　　　　綻放  一　籃　籃　的　紅  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.3.7／2002.3.9／2002.3.10  ++++++++++++12.a900  **卷十七　跳出仙桃的企鵝**  **─第四個我的感光故事**  ○與１攪糊乳白的識海經卷  　湧起滔天波瀾  　　　眾生心從此晃動不安  一株萬年銀杏不挑剔風雲與泥土  卻　被一對睫毛遮眼的目光  　點燃火燄燒遍漫天紅霞  入眠　不覺念起─  　奇夢伴伊在萬年冰原尋火種  張開夢中眼　看見鄉間兒童正開心戲風箏  青山綠水喜在春日施展魔術  　　將貪玩的小孩捲入朵朵花苞  柔柔的光，穿透廣大靈感的神經  　　　與肉體的真身相互感應。  三分執著加七分煩憂　紈袴浪子  　黑色不敢走，藍色過不了自己  只愛在綠色堆中探密  　　　紅色裡玩最high的遊戲  捨得蒼茫山海間卻不捨布袋內小天地  　　是業　是報  雨的節拍追那風的指揮手  　　　　　　　　傾瀉灑灑落落……  第一個我在百年古厝找到一只老皮箱  解開三重鎖后　發現一本辛酸的舊日記  暈黃幽棲于塵沙覆蓋下留有半疊花影  第二個我突然覺醒　若有所悟  　　昨日底天已不是今日的天  　今天的日也非昨天底日  　　不知是誰偷走昨底天換來今的日  第三個我獨自走在深山小徑  　被晚霞紅光驅趕風也似的向前推行  閃亮的火照耀著明日色彩  憶念一遍又一遍從遠古重複湧來  　是否　還有第四個我？  有天夜色在睡眠中　不知不覺  　來到未來的世界裡　卻  　　一不小心撞到童年的自己  +++++++++++++12a.1400  本覺旅人　從乾坤大夢中  　撬開日與月感光的竅門  東邊頂峰境地　巡山少年正對大山說故事  西方深深海底　衝浪少年駕洪濤與海共舞  宇宙從日出到日落  　　　所有一切景相都被大日恆攝藏存  啟動靈明的知見  　　宓宓推開心府的門閂  好風就能徐徐吹進　轉動大用流行的輪  智慧化成一道冷泉穿梭煩惱炙燄  無有恐懼  清明山中踏春　過客絡繹不絕  老神木日以繼夜揚落葉打掃地面足跡  無有疑惑  一座古部落發現三千年前的原生林  紅檜巨木是祖先們保密百年的聖靈  色與心，如何通過心靈渾沌區域  　─求得平衡自在  轉換底樞紐存于體相用三點密藏中  過渡的空間在於毀滅與創造  宇宙生生不息的三種力量交錯輪迴  　離色‧離心‧離念  　即能尋回匿藏識海那顆爍燦寶石  少女衣袖染著淚珠  以悲智願行四輪傳動　跋山涉水  紫氣不移寸步  卻生生世世漂泊史跡的長河  是誰在溪上搭虹橋　探勘  　　　　野性洋溢的雨林春景  火之祭的慶典裡  原生住民以歌聲唱出朝禮生命的熱情  一片嫩葉輕輕舌捲一口露水后  　從雕花的霧玻璃看到  　　那群藏著絕世秘密的晃動影子  無花果樹經年結果是為應供美麗犀鳥  　　　　與一切森林動物的資糧傳奇  老松伸展青幢傘蓋遮擁山峰  古樹年輪載錄著昔日氣候的故事  今是誰將植物激素轉成動物的能源  童年捧木桶貯宿夜的落雨已不復見  簷下滴滴雨聲都隨雲空白白流失……  舊櫃屜中還留著少小旅行的票根  記憶　自最初的一站又一站被喚醒  日光越過翠色葉脈紫色藤蔓  　　將串串葡萄浴洗得顆顆晶瑩欲透  旋繞過竿架，一窩蜂井然有序鬧烘烘  春塘青蛙鼓腮幫吹唱美麗的憧憬  田園粉蝶愛向野花拈香逗趣成群結隊  有隻碧綠蟬王嘶鳴傳遍整座山巔  深谷吊橋由這端通彼端　嵐煙霧茫間  　　　有猴在上方玩霹靂的舞步  　風吹搖縴索　景與象日光下伴幻影  若有人依循鷹之眼掠過峰岩海峽  描繪雲與山的空間挪移  　　寫下光和陰的真實日記  傳五天銀燭輝映十方  　令千尺浪花卷軸漫天星斗  有船從銀色的水面滑過  有光就樹峰頂上行走  遊子在森林落單　過客城中呼朋引伴  純真如兒童些微承諾就將快樂寫臉上  偉人的雙手捧一輪大日  　第二食指尖繫住一圓明月  那七重七行的菩提樹蔭大道  　　陽光爍亮祖母綠的波浪  來來往往的客鄉卻閃著藍調底惆悵  遠方的汽笛　聲聲催旅人  好夢如煙散去尋不回  猶似長大的番薯不知我是誰  　雖身上衣終日佈滿濛濛的紫花紫氣  天中下弦月愛逗趣跳入河裡學釣魚  我按指，琴鍵迸發陣陣微芒  　音符印月光弄藝  一顆螺旋式流星寂寂奔隕那無垠黑洞  　　煞不住熊熊烈焰劃向無涯的銀河  原鄉蒼鷹在嶺空懸浮  　笛音　山裡谷環繞  是誰複製百千萬恆河沙數的自己入娑婆  如今　已不知那位純真本然的大我流行何方？  先天智慧被捲進三點密藏躲迷藏  後天知識愛在悟的那端遊戲  虛擬的感官流不出真實底淚珠兒  有情交會的眼神剎那化為無盡永恆  　　　兒時失落的寶所隱入妄想之域的極地  誰能以念力移動識海浮標　猶如晨曦  　初釋第一道靈光呼喚百鳥迎風嚶鳴  一本日記埋藏365天  　　天天重重複複歲歲蹉蹉跎陀  窗外春雨滴滴答答好幾月  夜風吹燈籠　光影扭捏步步搖紅  自春分后太陽就早出晚歸  蒼翠的嶺山更嬌媚  雨林金絲織羅網懸明珠一掛又一掛  遊子離家披圍巾揹行囊閒盪紅磚路上  故鄉的巢今後無人留守  旅人日中照燭‧還迷  　誰能過河不濕……  落日悄悄滑入流浪者的那雙足履  靈活的線條于一念交錯間失卻光采  夜之精靈，騎著紅蜻蜓  　　　祈願一個又一個─  超現實的基因在性天裡沸騰  　夢想不空成就一筐又一筐  今日仙桃的果核已破殼  企鵝般的種子從中跳出  到此方知　世界之外還有世界  　宇宙之外還有宇宙，  但見一片白雲就空中飛過  　　　　　　　浪迹湛藍底山頭  澄明寂靜印象的大海　一道彩虹拂袖  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.3.13／2002.3.15  +++++++++++++++12b.1300  **卷十八　牧童的雨中耕作紀事**  似剎塵的心念　亙古數不清  　攬不住也觸不應  如是　天中月跳入水裡  一輪接一輪又一輪  一口吸不盡千江水  有艘古帆自東海日出方向飄來  太平洋萬朵浪花吐霧后　被  　　收入造福觀音的淨瓶中  天上白雲隨柳枝的方向放行  　　　　　遍照剎炫于虛空  山裡有個牧童天生力大無窮  　　不知是否從威音劫外乘願來  盼在春分趁雨天耕作　早早牧得  　　好牛一頭！  浪漫浮光掠過柳青倒映的枝影  牧童忖度測量你、我、他  　　　　　　心、意、識的等距  　如何導引妙思出竅門  遇水築橋，橫渡……  數朵雲衣移來栽紫竹  　潤澤那綠蕊百千節  半月池塘水滿  　　青蛙圍圈在對唱  窗外　春風化雨呼啦啦  屋裡一團爐火暖烘烘  牧童騎牛入市廛  　回音　杳杳鄉關路迢迢  幾番踟躕，未留神  　　　將夢幻的乾坤打破  　　忽從萬象裡出走  銀色夜羽就蒼穹流瀉  　溪水潺潺　月光洗牛頭  牧童一覺安穩眠中任蹉跎  滅情　春分牽牛笑呵─呵  澄澄青天　風拂去夕陽紗袖的輕塵  漫山紅色風信子正等待黎明前綻顏  純淨念力螺旋般乘好風向上漩澓  蟄藏潛意識的欲望悄悄伏娑婆哭泣  春風拂送謎氤　山裡谷起霧惑濛濛  　　　異鄉人云何尋不著歸家的路  海隅一艘三角風帆愛戀天涯落霞  北極星從古代的銀河  　　　偷窺當今世界人總十方攀緣  雨露給了答案　赤裸裸的自我  在純真邊緣徘徊　云何  　兩隻顛倒是非手慣抱那對眼中垢  悲啼原不知前因與後果，  閒情眉目掃瞄過知心眼神  美麗臉譜泛漾琉璃般虹彩  魚兒因善忘永無煩惱。  天地挪移上方精采的大銀幕  　　只剩一盞旋轉不停的跑馬燈  念念落謝的種子卷軸萬縷相思  　三千年后再觸舊境─  　　　　瞬間　潮湧萬般心情  　何以童年的幻覺常在夢中演出  點亮智慧的燈，即能照見十三重門  　　突破虛擬夢中網的幻相  古杉幢幢　千頃綠波飄蕩  蠻荒世界的英雄來到新絲路尋舊蹟  海底彩色珊瑚伴艷麗的蝶魚玩遊戲  牧童敞亮的笛音在峽谷迴盪  虛空　是面大到無邊的天鼓  　　只有夢中舉槌方能敲響  一堵瓦礫堆積的牆垣隨清風點唱  　　　　　　　　　從無間歇  炭火上羅宋湯好霸氣　喝一口香七日  野村　一叢竹二行樹三園菜四畝稻  商心沐意洗念滌識后  天天來張自畫像　看  　今日　昨日與明日是否一樣？  掘地覓天，靈山尋寶  　　　庶幾數十年躊躇至今沒著落……  夢裡一人獨泛扁舟卻不小心被捲入漩渦  　　舟身忽化成白鶴載我上飛  　但見千峰水藍藍  　　有株芙蓉木于危崖裂石開花  流雲疊疊　奔入硃砂般的晚紅夕濤  　如剎海經卷離垢不滅的亙古寶燭  種子火焰永牽繫內裡那盞最亮的明燈  現性　清明山中野百合全方位綻放！  撐篙划過桃花夾道的香水河  孤寂的鼻子卻被一條無線的絲  　　　　纏繫于對岸幾株桃樹  要做萬象的主人，今且連一輪圓也畫不成  夢裡開車飛馳高速路不用張眼  好睡好眠的雙耳沒遮覆藏　卻  　　　　聽不到外方正十面擊破  小孩將夢幻三色冰淇淋加入濃濃巧克力  行者綑一束束無明草丟進發燄的火熔爐  見色欲擬真　留情卻造假  妄想從識海浮出　欲浪逐境風  　水淹漫長蘆葦的塘坳……  冷冷海灘　有人衝浪有人駕風帆  狂野浪花打在少年臉上  　　濕潤的眉毛下眼眸底  　天外影像如簾一幕幕攝入  花鋪設海宴　古木連成長天  幽情在山谷吐霧　樹靈之塔矗立老棧閣  　　浮雲重重遮無盡  魔宮依然有眼可窺天  遊客伴松立只為拍下美好記憶  上方飛來一輪明月探入溪底聽流泉歌唱  有艘野帆孤寂地泛過藍水之濱  獨峰頂上　夜半空中有片三色雲  　　　　駐足宣說無上的大明咒  清晨日出　時序已春分  耕鋤錯入花徑  行腳天下卻走不出園林  天一片地一片　愛心一片有情一片  　醒來　所有葉子都不見！  高山雲崩路封　蒼松小徑不放行  野村越行越幽　荒草漸深漸蔓延  遊子遍尋不著兒時母親縫入的衣裡明珠  過客佇落鷹谷中等不到昔日相約的情人  炫麗北極光依然夢園飄動  魅幻夜森林正演著神奇的故事  少年本懷一番好心情穿雙好鞋登山去  殊不知是誰偷偷改寫劇本結尾  　　　　　使伊不小心在夢海觸礁  碧雲空　松與柏橋接天之峰  神秘的重重影像現于光陰迴廊■■■  ■■■■　在未來時空中發現  　　過往三千年前的秘密　日日藏在  　　　　太陽欲下山時留駐的最後一抹晚紅  幽谷裡有人泣訴─  　　云何忘記昨日夢想？  沙塵暴像頭蠻霸的豹子漫天席捲  　　　　　　　　追趕十方旅人  懸浮微粒遮蓋萬象  灰色的天外迎魔宮  聽說三月二十二日是世界睡眠日  　□□□□□□□  潛意識裡的那頭怪獸在寶絲羅網中  　　　　　從事顛覆與滲透的漏因  眼眸掠渡過去、現在與未來  　　　　三世間折疊的影響  今路過的門遇到昔日陌生人  亭主的視窗流覽萬仞巘巔  寒冰底火山透由靈光而發燄  上廬山喫茶去　必有霧相伴  不用再浮報解脫還受那端失序的情緒  憂鬱　只因擔心古佛者股靈氣一去不洄流  　何以愛將炫麗景色曝光后再求封閉，  但見河邊童子舀水相潑  　雲浪拍天　大日高眠  遠遊的燕子尋不著歸路  夜天流星雨舞動人們的夢囈  夜鶯牽引天風唱好山歌　迎樹峰頂  　　　今夜將有客來棲宿  老紫藤愛盤纏錯結　攀緣又攀緣  童子騎單車穿梭卻不小心被絆倒  唉唷的叫！  恰碰上休止的符號─  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.3.23／2002.3.24  **卷十九　沒邊的∴藍圖**  **─啾啾底啼是籬邊的燕**  春分　靈靈的山飄裊濃濃的霧  　　　紫電閃爍震撼整座峽谷  大雲吹口哨　隔岸滿園降落英  苑裡斑斕桃花潑墨成仙人  編一枝竹帚　掃去眉毛上的微塵  記憶不如回憶浪漫  　使妙緒御情緒出遊  鼻子忽被蝸牛伸展的觸角撞著  七巧板九連環是古老的童玩  混沌的未名湖央藏有無邊智慧  現代小女孩愛追那氣球跑  乾坤不朽的布袋釋放先天的力量  一只空殼指環在尋找神秘的手指  一對丹頂鶴踏逐雪地的落日躚舞  魔咒循識海波濤亂竄突破大海封印的水平面  野馬奔入兒時的秘密花園跴踐驚走  　　　　小小鳥兒不再高歌  宿命從過去一路寫真到未來  未來　將有恆河沙數頻道  　　　　　　　于數位的網中戲弄風潮  小村落漁舟已不再出海　昔日  　　最初發心那一念早鎖在幽深的古殿  埋藏漫漫的荒漠度年三千  一雙醉眼搖晃銀河星子閃閃爍爍  今夕何時　碧岩涯岸  　長出一株別出新裁的美艷花朵  　　　吸引幻海那頭狂野的怪獸  口吐出絲絲語鍊伴蜜箭牽絆纏縛  舞牙弄爪　使陰霾顛覆晴空  　　讓悲與喜失去純真原色  一條無盡漫漫長路　夢中人無標的狂奔  　黃昏彩衣漸褪　夜幕下垂  母親耐心哄著啼泣小兒入睡  月　登上樹峰的瞭望台  　　黑暗誕生了光明  夜裡編造的故事怎通靈  叢林熾烈的火光掠燒一株紅玫瑰  萬物在地底無聲吶喊  天鼓從宇宙那端希音呼喚  空中的雲腳快速移飛  千里外雷聲陣陣追趕  凜冽風霜磨皺母親的臉　悸動  頑童永不寂寞  ++++++++++++++13.2300  歲月蠟封足跡  夢想又創新招數  天織藍幕　地築綠籠  山外苦楝樹開花了，  　　葡萄架下遊子睡著了  一瓣靈明意識乘花香之翼神遊故鄉月色  觸境　激起相憶的誘因  　感動底淚珠在閉目的眼眸中流轉  感官經驗于虛擬的境像掀起燎原赤火  心為形為象為聲為色所役使  　幻覺霎時撲朔迷離  晶纏智　圓裹慧  　雙雙丟入老鍋裡炒！  美麗宇宙瞬間成遺世廢墟  指引風帆的古燈塔不再發亮  海底沈船已長滿了珊瑚  過時的歌舞早被時光凝固  心之路劃開左右兩邊  　　　　　　　如來↓↓↓↓↓  　　　　　　　如去↑↑↑↑↑  兩種軌道，一念奔向過去  　　　一念返飛未來  　有時西北雨伴東南風  　　有時朗朗晴空舞光羽  若能於境於相於事於物就位轉身  潔白雪地就會降落漫天硃砂紅雨  ++++++++++++++++13.2500  一座地球村含容數十億人口  娑婆每個窩裡都點一盞燭  十方三世的推銷員以愛語訴說美的故事  數十億對耳朵由柔軟清淨的音符攝受  本覺如晶鑽永恆在內裡發光  始覺似翡翠亮麗照見有情人  且看那一片荒漠的曠野　不知何時  　　　悄悄綻放一朵絕色芙蓉  沙灘上　海螺隨浪花進進出出  原鄉消息從深深深的海央競相傳遞  知音靈明常住眼神上方  遊戲感應繫念「如是我聞」的入口處  我對一朵花微笑，花報我一襲馨郁  　　昨夜夢中遍尋不著伊  　今朝卻在雨后濛濛的霧裡相遇  呼吸數息的鼻子契入冷冷底悟  慈悲心瞬間照亮迷路失憶的遊子  東風吹動百花倩影綽約  晨曦與晚霞四下塗鴉抹色  　如夢般永恆的記憶自間歇循環  現代人追過去事覓求定位  過去神為未來夢訴說傳奇  通往天心的秘密竅門本無所不在  長春藤編織的圍籬怎攔得住東風載走花香  少年入深山學野樵  一肩挑起兩桶水　步上竹樓梯  　　左右兩顆水裡月嘎嘎搖  一曲娑婆古韻變奏調絆住伊的雙腳  守候黎明　有鷹于群山之巔盤翔  湛藍晴空飄飛的雲預知暴風雨將臨  任由無題的莫48名次心疼  菩薩目光充滿悲憫  遍野山櫻花瓣瓣落在湍急河流  　　　若相憶，剎那即成永恆  冥想封閉了妄想之域  三昧將妙思禁足化城寶所  圓形裡有個方  　框中探出六條線無盡延長  月澗溪激起千尺浪　流逝  　大地昨夜已成貼滿金箔的畫面  ∴三點的外廓有四面八方  三千顆星子躲在朦朧的一輪月后  ○有個圈分裡與外  誠明的先天之城遇沙塵暴  五位來自南方的男孩  一個愛看日出　一個愛逐落日  　另個愛乘風帆出海  還有荒謬的兩位藏匿在芳草萋萋的下弦月之舟  別境之鄉　有座鬱鬱森森的般若林逢土石流  神秘的古棧道激竄狂飆火燄  　　　千山橫臥大海中漂泊  幽黑池塘在夜裡閃過魔幻的概念  露珠于黎明前躺湛葉上過渡  山之英　紙窗掀閤間彩繪雲海  水之靈　今日欲踩煞云何又失靈  樹之神　從藍天銀幕喚出一弧虹  花之明　口中說復古卻天天換流行的衣裳  主在外客在裡，你我他三足鼎立  三三兩兩腳步追憶沙灘從日落到日出  ─只因足趾被夜色黏住。  有情顯外　愛心由衷  感性　理性　悟性劃成三份  浪花和白雪愛在純色裡糾葛  漫天花粉約柳絮相伴南風學魚游  作夢人在野　夢中人居內  　化城現相重重永無止盡  靈犀點燃地底核心的秘密炭蕊  妄想之翼巡航探得欲念網中現出無明塊狀  無意識從潛意識浮影連成沒邊的∴藍圖  兩片掌凝合十道靈光柔柔觸入琉璃妙音世界  罔象一念化成三千種妄想  　十面埋伏襲擊六根門頭  夢的流星剎那間巡迴宇宙八萬四千匝  　　　遍灑十方三世微密的種子燈燄  犀利的鷹爪偷走赤子心  　啾啾底啼是籬邊的燕  水痕痕映疊疊山　卷舒一年又一年  古厝收藏昔日記憶  　　孤月在霜夜裡叫寒  承露盤中積雨香  野村童子聚沙成塔築伊千遍也不倦  少年桃林下打造美麗底境界  　　　　　夢裡夜渡─  被清晨的笛音喚醒  　生與滅，雨絲凝結於蛛網  浪擁雲愛攀天  　　直至永恆不朽……  千萬朵嫩芽迎空綻  萬億片綠葉布列搖  　搬來一張板凳踮腳看  春天的青鳥在群山樹頂召開高峰會  　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.3.25／2002.3.26／2002.3.27  **卷二十　七號公園13棵樹間12個月亮與5隻鳥**  **─畫家與風笛師的十方夢軸**  微風的袖口輕拂過桃林  　　朵兒瞬間嫣紅了  東風觸入寶樹足跟  南風攀岩向上漩澓  漫山西北雨從空飄降  天中意樹化成天秤座  　秤不動那一片片柔柔鬆鬆濛濛  是雲　是霧　是閃電　是雷鳴  　　翻轉時輪　扭動乾坤  混混沌沌　靈犀遁隱空明  花落蓮成　朝雨猶滴答答下  　晚風依舊習習  白雲包裹紅日退藏于密  金鼓繫捲春風匿蹤星河  淚珠‧還零　通透  如燕‧滑翔　清靈  　　　無夢入眠  神明棲居寂寂天外境　上方孤磬  　再一次喚醒滿園桃樹娉婷　綻放光明  一根蠟燭點燃幽谷裡方丈的玄想  　　幻象　磁浮迷茫微明的夜天  月　捎來新指令─  地底有顆奇異的種子即將誕生今朝  海心封存億年前的山脈  識之浪潛伏霧非霧花非花的靈感  熊熊炭火被澆冷水后凝成冰  　　　　一點紅霞虛擬透明  白稜稜的峰高高並立　駝駝相連  冰山的雪水化為一道過乳泉  　迎那溪與月共譜一段旖旎永恆的戀曲  原始雨林不見蒼石只遍布長鬚的水衣  涯岸千層岩將歲月折疊片片石頁往裡藏  七彩虹橋相映弓形的飛瀑  一條五濁鋪就的爛泥路  　　幾千萬雙腳爭踩過四十八道門  是誘惑還是迷惑  　　　演戲或者遊戲  云何個個又推又碾又磨  昨晚　高雄舊站午夜開出最後一班火車  　　　運載一群巡舊的人捨不得  殊不知雲浪騰騰只因上天愛玩大風吹  大地春回　無邊無際的花信正挱摩炫耀  無明的夢海掀起漫天沙塵暴  　　遮蔽靈明的知見與妙思  般若的能見度歸零  　瞬間　八萬四千雜草叢生  剎那化成遍地葛藤纏縛內裡不動尊  孤寂伴淒涼　野百合被蠻橫地包圍  　　　　　　　　　　永夜無眠  　　　一種記憶念念不忘漸成痴…  今夜屋頂看流星去  　　一種印記悄悄失憶轉呆愚…  　赤裸裸穹宇一片正色  富貴家的老媼天天數自己臉上的皺紋  山居的香婆婆日日讚誦那常紅發燄的真諦  夜色封閉了森林，飛禽來日間遊戲  傲慢風雨使大地太沈重  泡沫底瀲灩于夏季雷雨的午后  　　　依然如流星般炫閃  游移的蟲子弓身從者葉攀泊那葉  穿花的蝴蝶由射干撲向山茶  展翅浮遊的大鳥在空中凝神駐足  　　　自此峰俯衝彼峰  河邊　一位水彩畫家寫生山水  橋頭有位風笛師在學鳥弄笛音  夜來獨獨甚好眠　不思量  云何又在夢裡與伊相約重逢  童子說兩片唇可以不張口，  一對耳怎擋得住外來的聲音  蚊蚋被阻隔在窗那畔  ─沙子卻從縫中飛去也─  是誰盜走老人回憶將疇昔之夢卷軸藏匿  夜央夢幻的貓頭鷹  　　　　喜與妄想的黑蝙蝠競技  是誰縱容欲念那野馬任荒山裡四處舞蹄  少年愛探索自我的認同  　但可否聽見自己喃喃心靈的傾訴  誰能依循螺旋徑路逆返核心  　　每個小女孩都是父母心中的小公主  琉璃般深海裡亙古的生物‧鱟在想  珊瑚羅列的叢林‧小丑魚也在想……  好奇的旅人在古老冰川鑽冰脈獵魚  小孩用木瓢舀水是為了給小魚解渴  　　夢裡　我見到漫山落葉追風  十方出沒　文采滿天  好想對著空呼喊：  　讓色還原于色　使空還原為空！  霎時　有念落在銀河星海  　　有念來到不動的妙湛王國  　　　　界外風送一滴雨聲  溪中流水飄沁陣陣檀香　岸畔  　有位白眉醉翁微張三分目　贏得半宵夢  傳聞海角有鄉　疑是世外桃源  　山外有別境應景　是踏春的好地方  點一盞毫芒心燈遍照宇宙剎海  拈一朵無垢小花遮眼力　約束萬象  天光隨水鏡流轉曲曲探問幽谷  　一輪紅日移來綠色窗口喚醒白日精靈  捏不成　觀念落在圓形邊緣的角落  撥不開　概念的指南通過三點密藏化成遍地魔咒  已成呆　枕畔記憶畫不出原初城鄉  自徘徊　相思的手稿依然留存那夢般景象  華麗雪地絕色桃花　白配白最挑剔  搖籃裡嬰兒瞧見天外天  錦衣包裹下人人們視不著人外有人  無明惑因　夢之幻影懸浮虛空中已三千歲  　從一切種智飄渺出的漚珠映照現象  永存於當下剎那間  遮　誰將原始綺麗的雨林如豆腐格分成方塊群島  照　在幽谷拾得一根黑色毛羽卻忘失手上的火把  寂　重重樓閣門門開客來客去還復來  緣因　農曆十五月最圓  七號公園棵樹間出現　12個月亮  　　　　　5隻飛鳥  　　悅意騰空翔翔  天中意樹  　　─一點靈犀相牽。  了因　一籃愛心在永無止盡的夢境遊園  月桂樹朵朵卷軸重重心事  來到回音谷諦聽自己心聲  　原鄉母親思念界外遊子  正因　折門開‧失去一片混沌天  大河波濤如鎏金堆雪  　　　攝門開‧納入十方清淨地  兒童不知今日明天是何時辰？  假　毘琉璃竹在風中漫天炫轉  大鵬激動騰入茫茫霧嵐……  　卻抱不住那圓徐徐欲降的晚紅  空　春雨愛上了綠屏風  　　半山崖的岩樹果掉落草堆裡  渺瀰海濤拍岸換得一雙鞋濕漉漉  中　田野依四季的耕種手冊成長  春夏秋冬于妙峰頂上密移運轉  　　　　　　　　雲外孤月一輪  生　憂心那無明沙塵暴顛覆靈明的見與思  滅　從老圖書閣的篋海中翻尋古風箏的圖譜  　那是失落三千年的神秘火浣衣與碧玉笛骨  日如常寂光  　天光在凱旋門前揭開序幕  去年一場西北雨染醉了滿山楓葉濃情  月相彎彎如金弓  　　眼眸裡留存著跨世紀的殘影  如今葛藤纏足路不通  星河徧布金沙成妙用  深谷幽幽不見天  十方的聲浪，一波波淹過耳朵……  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.3.28／2002.3.30  ++++++++++++++14.2800  **卷二十一　一念般若力**  旅店黃昏　落日移床兩方  客來拼湊三三五五片夢  滴溜溜的眼神閃亮冷冷清光  遊子夜未眠，虛無于青枕上盤旋  神秘的緣被夜天纏牽  日子從來至今  　　　　─滑落了一千五百天  悸動，依然駐足茫茫的心殿…  紫玉書葉裡深隱無盡藏  光明冊貝中載有微妙流音  日寫陰　夜抱陽  夢顛倒點倒夢  幻境重重複製  界外聞聲捲入雙朵兒　從口染色勝出  內裡交錯如風　來無影去無  現相於外似雨　雨后天青會綻放虹霓  夕照下鄉野爐灶正炊煙  有隻臭蟲飛到富貴人家門前釋放臭氣  遊子回神見自己走過的腳步  　　不知印泥　印水　還是印空  蟲子循光拍打玻璃　只因瞇著眼看不見上方  三隻鷹空中翔舞　繞過曲曲九彎又出現岔路  有塊方寸地折疊上億人  　解脫粘絆牽縛的線索，  　　于互動交錯緣會喀擦的剎那間  生命的作用力猶如播下底種子在等待奇蹟  提一念般若力，瞬間  　妄盡返源。  今夜山頂星星特別多  　悄悄露了明日世界的言語  子時　海岸夜色炫出神秘月光  　　柔柔點出未來世紀的符號  寂靜山林　只有空谷傳來流泉潺潺回音  　　是遍行宇宙星空的密碼  枯竹圍籬　老藤爬篷  綠葉縫幕　有朵紅花做主人  伊通觀剎海銀河舉步入十玄門  早天在與我對話  上方流雲畫一圓相又漆一風帆  太平洋東海岸雨霧與海　織就  　　　　　宏明山的水天鑑湛  飛鳥以震動羽翼調幅懸力  　俯衝或盤空自在  孤獨旅人陷入思鄉的夢惑  　　反反覆覆一年又一年  一把火點燃毀滅的力量  　將未來夢想浴禮過去記憶的重生  八功德淨水也洗不清業與識的頑垢  夕曛的天幕一群雨燕如剪  　競相裁去涯角片片落霞與彩羽  漚珠從海中飛出隨風向上，旋即飄降  　　　不小心被新生的芽尖劃破  閃電拂過視覺的影像  　眼眸記憶存檔妄想的空間  一絲未燼紅炭觸動漫天無明火苗  心追隨境　而今落在煩惱那邊  連環的大逆轉　迅雷天際隆隆作響  　閃電霎時按下快門拍攝宇宙萬象！  大雨綿綿多日伴枝杈芽朵密密縫構春景  五色鳥穿梭雨幕罅隙躲入蕉葉的蒲扇團  老神木一季裡拔高了三寸三，有位  白髮蒼蒼的銀婆婆願依千年老榕渡生涯  兒時記憶彷彿萌動　思念原鄉情方濃  杯中茶香漸遠去　炭裡霞燄猶熠熠  夜天的眼神寂寂  是賓是主？依然恍恍惚惚……  千年待客仍未歸  　返家路上哪來的伴相隨  日日踱方步自徘徊  不是老婆心切　只怕夢中有所欠缺  　　　　空相憶成過去  當時靈山有緣會  　不知今日身寄何方  信手繪一幅溪山無盡圖  　選座別境蓋一幢涼亭‧等  越過磁浮的色空軌道  ─遇見寤與寐的夢影  是誰在虛擬的化城留情  一株不知名的樹開滿黃花朵朵  嫩鬚鑲金粉的蕊頂有五點硃砂封印  微雨悄悄給泥土慰撫  孤磬三聲喚出幽靜的空靈  春風不揚塵　日日皆見清明  木魚輕輕敲落心的鎖鏈  漁港的客船夜出航　朝返泊  　　　　　天天捨筏下岸  流泉從古澗湧出　山風自石縫滲入  新謝的落花躺水間玩耍  後生的芽苗向雲空逗炫  　翻翻翻　顛倒見  十方三世一切有情人都有相同的夢  　飛飛飛　隨風飄沒方向  樹梢有隻白頭翁不知今夜誰來做東  　亂亂亂　無明草增長漫天掩  過客與旅人月下重逢  曾是失散的兄弟今卻道不相識  　舞舞舞　指尖的月亮在翩躚  紅花俯望綠葉問路  藍天捧著碧水供應諸神沐浴  雪白的心地無邊無際  不知何時　南方飛來一隻蝶  北方闌入一魔蛾  　　東方游來一隻青蛙  　　西方契入蟬聲曳緒  蝴蝶化予美夢  魔蛾施演仙梵天咒  蛙鳴鼓動孤獨的勇氣，在寂靜之鄉漫步  蟬嘶陣陣啓開空明的樞紐  　玩弄那超極速的顛峯節奏  月光下　一隻五濁的大蜘蛛正在夜天織網  　　由乾坤至八卦搖晃著八萬四千情絲  　　　感應那羈泊異鄉的遊子  倏地　一顆流星衝破空濛  　　　　　大地六種震動  雪白的心地依舊無邊無際雪白  遮　如雷貫耳的掌聲擊人性靈之海  　滾滾欲浪挑逗內裡不動尊  照　原屬於山屬於海屬於藍天屬於白雲  　　是清泉伴神木　是峽谷守飛鷹  寂　三世微風不停在呼吸間交融  　　十方雨滴和泣露互為靈犀相通  妙高峰的古苔階滑不溜咚　欲上行  　　　　　先立足最初發心的腳步  跡　別峰園林春景正清明  　待秋分不再會客　預約旅行明兒請早  本　造福觀音愉悅笑開了東海濤濤麗波  　手中楊柳化成三道彩虹剎炫宇宙  南方的娑婆舞婆娑　有人以現象預卜未來  心，總想著自己手中雕刻刀在木頭上起起落落  　　煩忙不知止…思量無暫歇……  　因欲不空成就  意，最在意他人注意的眼神  　祈盼銀河星群記錄我相在世間頁頁的史迹  識裡流動的，是你前生的願今生的報  雲玩弄天與地在一方圓內下雨  　風從界外來到乾坤八方框中巡弋  用個我字寫圓一個我；卻失去另個我  兒時的故鄉景象在夢裡閃爍  　　　　幻覺飄過虛擬的眼眸  用個你字描廓一個現在的你；  卻發現還有另個你  　　　　　于化城寶所的心殿駐足  小孩說：「在昨夜的夢中  　　我變成一隻青鳥飛上枝頭！」  依他起念，念念想著他  他就會駕金鼓到儼然未散的靈山雪峰相見  正法眼掃瞄過識海，十種念力  　　　接引流浪的王子返回真實究竟之鄉  遊子乘生涯巴士勘過一站又一站  候車站旅人總愛看腕上時間接二連三…  老父見我近日肚腹圈圍較小　叮嚀要吃飽  少時的緣因密碼1972　10　683  酡紅鮮嫩葉片片記憶的增益數字  1974　7　24　63306亮麗清明枝幢幢  日陽‧食衣住行一磚一瓦一沙一礫  　由一雙腳一雙手撮合留情  看那敷紫抹艷的杜鵑佇一對搽臙紅蜻蜓  夜陰‧打開一扇門轉換時空  發覺現今世紀是古老宇宙的另個開端  只因清淨圓明的寶鏡受塵沙纏粘成土壁  　　遇八風震動　片片崩落……  瓦解的泥廧返源大地  冰銷的雪原還諸流水  靈知日日像蝸牛　步步慢慢向上爬  誠明夜夜如北海的鰲魚　深深海底潛行  情人手縫的窗帘繫捲美麗夢境  少年嘴中菜根還咀嚼就開始想念下次的重逢  矛與盾化成一對戀人，在月光下對唱  孤獨與寂寞  　─于古代的銀河宮殿裡識鏡  □□□□□□□□□□□□□  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.3.31／2002.4.8／2002.4.9  **卷二十二　旅人晨曦**  **─智慧原型的徽光**  動靜間　濛濛水氣凝新露  進退中　滾滾波濤伴思潮  落地窗外，鳳凰木  　　搖動艷朵朱紅與碧月青葱  　春風吹襬萬岫蒼翠  衝浪少年迎落日向前奔濤  　　晚紅羽尾輕劃過大海水面  　夢幻的景象從靈心出軌  愛的首輪緣會月光下與情重逢  　被顆顆漚珠歷歷收藏后同歸寂滅  條條柳綠垂絲綸搖搖晃晃  　　竹竿在前　竹竿又後  一位少年在急流泛舟  　岸畔那端村民通宵桴鼓  春來了！鄉下的孩童並肩接踵名遠足  小小小的小蟲匿影　隨柳絮翻飛  大大大的大鯨魚現踪　東海飆泳  紀錄2002.3.31大地又發生6.8級震幅  　是花蓮外海的地牛轉了半個身  我在松山候機室waiting  瞬間驚訝的表情停格所有旅人的臉  突然　一聲小孩純真的哭叫  　　喚醒一切過客于霎時回神  感官遇觸媒即時熱血燃燒遍野  見追色稱流行　殊不知海洋的老標竿  　　　　那句點是落在亙古十方燈塔  耳隨聲愛渲染　天鼓響起  　　大地噤語……  諦聽孤磬臨空不掛角  　就上方放行，霞海流波朵朵紅雲  妙思駕意馬馳騁虛擬的靈空逐東風  天不羅地不網　一身潔淨本自在  　　　　云何四處逢源反成罣礙  昔日少年今迷路甜蜜的大雪山  天空智鷁之鳥緊踩伊的影子，  　　　　　　　　　猶追不回  黃昏大雁摶地高飛　拉開夜的簾幕  　　　　　按下星光快門─  　　宇宙瞬間化做一團混沌  女媧娘娘掀開天地砂鍋  　將夜色煮成一顆顆夢的扁食  　　　送給流浪異鄉的遊子們  ++++++++++++15.2500  納風亭布袋裡正上演一場乾坤大戲  冬季帝王蝶敵不了連番酷雪  點水蜻蜓將旅人睡夢時光撞得支離破碎  五色鳥輕敲著木魚來應供  黛粧苦旦的伊　運來一箱箱裝滿憂傷的貨櫃  欲扮丑角還須向兒時借點幽默的記憶  拍拍胸數數兒：１２３４囡囝驚到無代誌。  老樹雨林中等待已滿三千春  王子頭枕著粗碩的根藤睡著了，夢  　緣枝與葉攀爬景象又回到三千年前  昔日編織的秋千隨風飄來盪去  隔岸那座老石牆伴雨聲整夜啜泣  野村木屐蹀蹀踩著踢躂的舞步  公路上一雙越野球鞋追逐馬拉松  山岩石棘間氣墊鞋正步步往上跋旋  都會裡偽裝面具下的十根腳趾，  　披戴著烏黑雪亮的流金泛波光  有張口抽動策馬鞭影，句句叫伊心疼  兩卷耳朵乘音聲隨意兜風，從不知返聞  五根手指捺不住那挑動的七絃琴  一雙天足踩入華麗的五濁泥濘  口裡虛銜的山與水，推倒厚土垣一道道  嘴角向下彎，綑綁漫天愁緒  眉毛繫縛五座須彌山于空中獨盤桓  欲望被放逐至化城邊境  　　隨波又湧上無明海岸畔  眼眸在秋波中以反向來回踱步  鼻子因春天裡嗅百花而過敏  有種愛有種情有種夢　在推動地球運行  　遮天遮地　遮住過去記憶  遮那日遮那月　遮住未來幻想  遮乾遮坤　遮住當下那念靈明  痴人在漆桶裡賣混沌，  　卻不小心掉入五月天的蓮花池─  別了昨天的神話　又與明日的傳說相會  　是誰將過去虛擬的記憶晶片就位還原  立一面鏡子　即可照見自己  　　　　　　　　　那張天天善變的臉  春分　橄欖樹峰眾鳥已在宣說無上大明神咒  別境的遊戲園林裡　知了嘶悅繫風鐸  　　舞玲瓏　舊階石道滿青苔  　碧岩前飄來一朵小白花  舊棧閣古吊橋迤迤又迢迢  　錯過白雲列車的器世間主在此下榻  曲徑不規則的大歇石有六缺口  擺著六張石椅給小鳥踮腳弈棋  愚夫不將沙粒當飯煮  　倉廪穀未舂　今夜只好餓肚皮  過客不以攀緣為自性  心地莊園滿疇無明草猶未除  如是你我他三位主人應云何安住  綻放的野百合褶裙六瓣合成一張口  　　向外訴說宇宙妙音卻無人聽從  青蛙瞅著乾涸的坳池喚農人休耕在今宵  原住民踏歌祈雨舞將片片誠心獻給壬午  蒲團上疊坐芭蕉扇  　少年行者在一旁的石頭參禪  　　　　識海起風波……  紅艷的飛霞靈籤隨閃電支支釋出  意馬乘巨濤獵魚龍  夜夜將新鮮話頭寄存防潮的衣櫃  浪峰層層堆白雪  妄想自寂靜的裂縫滲出  　　　在浪漫的赤子心湖簽名  洗月空明掀水霧  靈犀，依循夢想的足跡沁入  　　　　　在寫實的真性情海蓋印  冬枝枯葉蕭索　春再來  智慧原型的徽光微微不安……  一根扁擔挑兩個布袋  一寸光一寸陰　千尺藍萬碼綠  有條蛛絲，洩露了時間的痕跡  方丈內  　　包羅了山與海‧風和雨  　乾與坤‧天和地  　　　是場美麗的擔負。  莊嚴的心長驅晚天裡直入春分  山崖峽谷　清澈溪流水彎彎  森林陽光若雨絲斑駁灑落  水塘複製天上月一輪又一輪  旅人汲朝曦，將昨夜夢痕款款拭去  童真的稚子為何滿臉憂鬱，  　只因有隻小螞蟻向伊借葉渡河  茫茫天蠶受伊眼神牽動  　繭網包裹千纏萬惑  真理與美在方外方握手  霓裳欲攬繽紛的冰魄  　　　細細剝絲慢抽繭　又繫又綁  　編織多層網幕的「紗籠中人」  □　□　□　□　□　□　□  看那漫山林峰接連滿天星斗  兩棵擎天銀杏吊掛一口銅鐘  　　老紫藤爬上古樹屋  漆黑大地是誰劃破夜的氣象  霧淞隨日出而上演水之舞  剎那‧剎那的念  　　化成道道無形的牆隨緣赴感  　　　　　　　　　淡出　淡入  曠野的上方　藍天落水央  樹梢結滿了朱果  　　天光喚鳥兒快來吃早餐  日照下　嫩葉布瑩明光纖  幾度風雨后，轉身  　　成蒼翠堅韌的湛葉  昨秋曾躺在沙沙底落紅  今夕跨過幻覺的想像　將  意與識夾心的夢分裂為千蝶騰空……  初夏　湛葉一再翻新  　有股熱浪湧入性靈之海  沙岸曲捲浪濤驅趕  　　魚兒啊　不要上岸  潮音微微隨風吹  　　　　四處散落　纏粘般若  　引來海上賞鯨人一波波！  過意不去的，是兒時那顆童稚底心靈  有人總愛搬那張鋪滿葛藤的椅座在外方尋煩惱  聽說　秋分觀想金鼓  就能凍結者剎那的現相  　　繫住內裡一絲永恆的憶念─  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　　2002.4.9／2002.4.10  〈跋〉  **關於南方─**  **話說《華嚴‧文殊指南圖》**  ‧文／愚溪  夢幻與抒情流動的「南方」，是個美麗莊嚴的世界。這萬紫千紅的有情世間，就如陶淵明筆下浪漫的桃花源，鍾情於山林毓秀，徜徉在麗水清波，有花有月有樓台……空中見鳥跡，水內觀魚蹤，山間明月，海上清風，遍界明明不覆藏。  這形而上、風情萬變的寶所，本是當下居住藍色星球上人們所企盼的理想國度，因為真正深湛美麗的莊嚴世界並非孤獨寂寞，而必是繁華、創意且變化豐富的。逆旅遊子如織的「娑婆」（梵語sahā，意譯為「忍土」），座居古老宇宙觀中須彌山四天下南面之閻浮提，這位在南方星空下的生命型態，迥異於清淨無憂的西方極樂世界；意指的正是：雖紛雜重複、卻機趣蓬勃的一個時空之點藍色星球。  行旅萬華莊嚴的藍色時空，需具備美善的智慧，方能在「南方」象徵著堪忍與繁複的生活領域中，縱橫自在，怡然豐收；而於浩瀚無垠、奧妙未知的潛能世界裡，活潑創新，生生不息！……通過有情生命智慧的豐富型態，展現萬般感悟之美的「華嚴」風姿。  無論過去、未來、現在，人類內在恆存一美好理想家園的憧憬，通過般若之智的洗練，方能體現悟入的生命實相美學。履踐此一完美和諧的生活藝術，人們於內相融互參，勇於承擔使命而不受囿限，透過智慧的深航與感悟，妙契於任何領域中隨緣安住，即為「文殊指南圖」的真諦；以通達生活智慧的實證功夫，如是真實不虛地，來呈顯發露生命寬廣美善的究竟之地，趣入萬象森羅、遷流不息的無邊創意世界，得到真正的見識與增長，且一一躍昇突破，開啓生活美麗莊嚴的微妙真趣。  「華嚴」傳唱了亙古以來性靈最深沈永恆的理想生活方式；「文殊指南圖」猶如一只宇宙不滅、恆指向真理的古羅盤一切都指向藍色星球上多重善變、繁繁複複的活動態式，而引領人們不論於何種國度、何種生活型態中，都能安住喜悅，滿足而不倦怠；這實踐智慧的作用力就在「南方」，唯在娑婆無窮變化流動的世界中，才得以大用流行！  恆河岸畔古村落，澄明愉悅的生活韻味，流傳于「南方」展演高度智慧的生命風采─儼然未散靈山會，郁乎方濃趙州茶。  　　　　　　　　　　　　　　寫于二○○二‧十二‧二十五〈花嚴之歌〉公演前  ++++++++++++16.2250 | **Poem of the South‧Prologue**  **Page of Heaven and Earth Mind of a Newborn Baby**  Craftsman of Uncanny Ability: “Before the solemn assembly on Vulture Peak adjourns, Zhaozhou tea, of strong fragrance.” Will the gentleman please explain this.  Old Woodcutter cum Pine Tree Planter: Bring hearing and taste into a harmonious whole! Then everything will be smooth sailing.  Craftsman: “Before the solemn assembly on Vulture Peak adjourns, Zhaozhou tea, of strong fragrance.” Where is that old friend?  Woodcutter: Red dance, non-quadrant dream sequence, converging into a transparent chip.  Craftsman: How do you sing the Flower-adornment song?  Woodcutter: From the Waking of Insects to the Vernal Equinox, listen to the 1,000 mountains and the 100 grasses, bearing dew and beaming with joy.  Craftsman: Where is Samantabhadra now practicing his vows?  Woodcutter: It’s said that the ice fields around the North Pole are rapidly melting, but 10,000 years ago the air trapped inside that ice broke out.  Craftsman: Why does Manjusri point south?  Woodcutter: Following the wind and roaming through space, there is nowhere the condor has never been.  Craftsman: An ancient compass!  Woodcutter: The boundless mist never departs from that chill which is now below the feet.  Craftsman: The youth Sudhana visited 53 teachers!  Woodcutter: The mind of the bodhisattva is frozen inside a huge ice crystal that can only be melted through the heat of practice.  Craftsman: How can a single subtle song topple the 111 cities?  Woodcutter: There is a crane that nests under the moon and dreams a thousand dreams; the foolish person who lights a fire in an igloo is bound for regret.  Craftsman: The conductor swings his baton, laying down 10,000 notes, depicting his lover’s eyebrows.  Woodcutter: A single nasal hair of thought, soaked in a sea of ink depicts a senseless, far-fetched nightmare.  Craftsman: Seeking the sound, flowing past the harmony of a thousand voices; in hearing, the silent cracks in a palisades give off a deep howl. From then on, does Sudhana “listen without hearing the self”?  Woodcutter: In the mountains there is a theater; one of its patrons presently follows the moonlight in search of a cloud with flowing sleeves!  Craftsman: Old tune, new sound; Sudhana is now in front!  Woodcutter: A 3,000-year-old copper bell was unearthed; its sound was pure and deep; it touched men’s spirits.  Craftsman: What sort of story is capable of bringing today’s residents of the blue planet back to the path which returns to the native place?  Woodcutter: In an old cupboard there is an ancient scroll, but tonight it was stolen by someone! If Yajnadatta could but restrain his impetuous nature, then he could look into two mirrors and see himself with innumerable heads.  Woodcutter: How does one sing the Flower-adornment Song?  Craftsman: Before the solemn assembly on Vulture Peak adjourns, the gentleman has not heard the lingering eternal sound, gracefully coiling.  Woodcutter: Why does Manjusri point south?  Craftsman: Zhaozhou tea, of strong fragrance. The gentleman has not seen the surging waves; the water of the Caoxi River fills the heavens.  Woodcutter: Vulture Peak!  Craftsman: Page of heaven and earth; polish the mirror and place it in the great treasury of light.  Woodcutter: Chaozhou tea! Is it bitter, or is it sweet?  Craftsman: The newborn baby has a pure and innocent nature; it often accompanies the God of Night on his tour of inspection. . .  Woodcutter: That’s right! It’s said that if a child is not being looked after, then at dusk he begins to cry.  Craftsman: Page of heaven and earth; the mind of a newborn baby!  —Xinyuanren Art Center; January 15, 2003  Note: “Flower-adornment” is a reference to the ideal state of being, which is characterized by depth, nobility, and beauty. “Manjusri” represents wisdom. “Pointing south” refers to the ideal mode of life, which can only be attained by diligent practice in the world. “Sudhana’s 53 visits” refers to a spiritual aspirant in the Flower-adornment Sutra who visits 53 teachers, each representing a different mode of wisdom current in ancient India. He imbibed their teachings, but didn’t become limited by any of them.  **Table of Contents**  Poem of the South‧Prologue  Page of Heaven and Earth Mind of a Newborn Baby  Book 13 Imaginary Journey at the Mouth of the Caoxi River  Book 14 The Nine-dragon Pearl and the Mouth of the Toad in the City of the Ancient Lion  Book 15 Eye Translation of the Pure Dew of the Vernal Equinox  Book 16 Returning Home  Book 17 Penguin Jumps Out Of a Peach  Book 18 Record of the Shepherd Boy Tilling in the Rain  Book 19 Sunken ∴ Blueprint  Book 20 Five Birds and 12 Moons in between 13 Trees in Park Number Seven  Book 21 The Power of a Single Wise Thought  Book 22 The Traveler’s Awakening  Postscript Concerning the South  **Book 13 Imaginary Journey at the Mouth of the Caoxi River**  **—Paean of the Sand**  Sky azure sea blue water green cloud white  by virtue of their brightness dying to be dyed.  Outside the cabin mountains shifting, rivers flowing backwards;  children playing adults waiting.  Passenger’s mind dives into the clouds, emerging high in the firmament;  An imaginary conveyance drifting upstream in the sea of consciousness.  A boat arrives at the mouth of the Caoxi River,  Spread with white lotus flowers vying for sunlight.  A passenger receives the rivers and tapered peaks into his heart,  Wild hills and flowering trees spreading out a marvelous scene.  Amongst the guests, the host happens upon  An old house, inside a paper lantern with a thousand flames;  a revolving circle of paper horses ushering in the first full moon of spring.  Passengers disappear without a trace;  Seamstress pulls a golden needle, stitching a cuff;  Ancestral arts handed down over endless generations.  Glistening light on waves stringing together beaded curtains;  A waterfall dyed red by the pulsating rays of the setting sun.  After a spring rain, courtyard of a tile-roofed house filled with the delicate fragrance of fresh cabbage;  Bank huge tree draped with a long silk ribbon;  stirring up a ripple in the pool.  A primordial mysterious symbol appears in space, trailing a bolt of lightning;  A young girl places a memory into a cherished corner of her heart;  heartstrings resonating with affection.  Thousand lilies floating on the boundless sea, the bathhouse of the gods;  desire storing seeds in a golden cage.  Shadow pulling out forms, not letting go sleepless, bound dream, not waking;  how can the Dharma realm be completely comprehended?  All over filling a triangle;  Thunder and lightning in pairs, instantly disappearing.  Circles and squares diameter accompanying curve;  Drawing in birds and beasts on the periphery, 360°, sun and moon in motion.  Whence this canal full of water and fish?  mutual response a flower path with dragonflies and butterflies.  Don’t show off the new an old tree with flowers and fruit;  Don’t flaunt the unusual cabbage has both leaves and seeds.  Dusty mirror 84,000 granules;  floating in from past space-time, distinct.  Phenomena in a lens a drifting buoy;  developed in a place rich with vain imaginings of the future.  Curvetting thoughts reborn disturbing sleep.  Coral is the bright bare pillar of the sea;  Crystal is the pearl in the palm of the sunlight.  A flowering crab apple tree on a jade cliff displays the coolness of summer;  Colorful rhododendrons vying to lay down resplendent arches to welcome the spring.  First thought manifests original understanding;  neither discriminating nor clamoring unrecognized by the foolish.  Childhood, using sticky paper to catch cicadas today using sentiment; how can wisdom grow?  Observing the past with the eyes of men and gods;  If you can’t get out of the mire how can you get cleaned up?  Gentle breeze, sleeping beneath a pine tree;  White clouds affectionately embracing the moon.  Night train rushes past streetlights at dusk;  The man of the house hangs the words “well-being” on a towering purple Cyprus.  Ground softened by spring rain and cow’s hooves; good for planting;  The Traveler follows railroad tracks formerly used for shipping coal;  walking all alone from sunrise to sunset.  Amidst withered lotuses an egret with a cane leans on the setting sun;  Clouds at dusk resembling those of yesterday.  Flower of materiality precipitous peaks as before, eagles soaring over a silvery waterfall.  Mount Mu in the glow of night, rather like yesterday’s evening glow.  Jewel of heaven promontory like that bright moon of old, lazily sailing past.  Leaf green like an emerald  Flower red like cinnabar  Heaven and earth sing in praise of the baby’s simpleheartedness;  Sound of the Saha pine extols the genuine ardor of early youth.  Tiny flame of contact, burning from within, sea releases its refreshing coolness;  Far, initial sensation on the tip of the tongue originates in true enlightenment;  Hidden, the gnosis set free by a supple mind imbued with affection;  Deep, the first wave which sets off millions of additional waves.  Blowing wind heaps up a sand dune condensation leaves its mark.  The sloppy person plays the role of chaos;  phantoms heaped up in a dream, concealing a lovely mood.  Who reveals the injurious nature of desire, so binding and obstructive?  Giving free rein to ear and eye amongst sound and sight, right intention is put on the shelf;  as though covering the eyes with the sleeve of erroneous conceptions.  A bat spreads its black wings, hunting by night;  An owl’s two magic lamps pierce through the veil of darkness.  Compassion originates in a response from above.  An idea of a glossy leaf binds not the fresh dew;  Ice sculpture and dancing snow magically disappear in the rising sun.  Waking of Insects peals of thunder summon the hundred grasses.  Network of green spreading out wave born of wave;  Red rachis greeting the spring wind billow sending off billow.  The Wanderer’s journey;  Is it that each step is directed towards that anticipated inner place of self-knowledge?  Thousand-year-old banyan tree inhabited by apes;  Nature’s tree house the original mysterious factor of the universe now in motion.  Rolling yellow sand, producing affection, teasing out the red dust of the world.  Millions of money-mice scurrying in all directions;  A person’s two feet, busy beyond belief.  Each in possession of the innate lottery ticket of life;  youth exhausted by so many games.  Old and young, powerful and weak none able to let go.  Worldling and saint alike, all bound by the contract of 42 letters.  Years spent on that stage of illusion ultimately returning to the starting point of the dream.  A bed, pillow, blanket, and a person dreaming;  dreaming of a million arhats.  A pair of eyes, a pair of ears, and one mouth;  Mouth speaks, million people obey.  A pair of hands, a pair of feet, and a set of dreams;  Eager to command a million hearts and minds throughout the four oceans and five continents.  One mind, one idea, one field with eight types of consciousness;  revolving in samsara, a thousand autumns, ten thousand lives.  Give give give again;  How to give? Who to give to?  Chill and sorrow on a silent snow-swept street  Who wakes up?  Night sky meteors, glittering blue waves;  Startled spontaneous compassion;  tears flow, wind blows like a flying waterfall.  It’s said that during a severe winter in a distant place  90 million monarch butterflies were frozen into specimens overnight.  Form and sound instantly swirl into the sea of the heart;  In the wink of an eye, clear water spins out bubbles.  A long gown worn for decades, drifting smoke and water, 100 cities;  At times moved to tears by a genial breeze at times moved to wailing.  The road back home, still 84,000 *li* to go up to now  the destination is like the summit of a virgin peak.  Rumor has it that outside of Heilongjiang there is a North Pole village  located at N53°27´  on the Summer Solstice the northern lights produce a lovely blue glow;  As is his wont, the Wanderer dashed off to have a look. . .  Spring, snowmelt noisily flows over the golden land;  I hear each and every grain cheering and singing.  On the side of the road is a lotus boat in a pond  With a person lighting a fluorescent light, for those returning at night;  all because early spring is always cold.  I see a child’s face;  The heart of a newborn baby, a pair of bright and clever eyes;  gently looking up with a half-smile.  Every day a chance meeting with a squirrel in the hot afternoon sun;  Heaven and earth, perfectly intimate.  Ruby glittering in the light of dusk;  Someone uses a silver vase to scoop water and receive the moon;  night silently spreading through the firmament;  countless activities of the day instantly put away.  In a mountain valley the nightingale sings;  An old pine fond of chatting with the east wind.  Bolt of lightning draws out a celestial bow rolling up light and  dark.  On the great dark mountain a nighttime traveler mistakes someone for someone else;  Morning fog not dispelled the Visitor can’t find the way out.  Sea waves and trees together sing the incantation of heaven and earth;  Joy always present on the occasion of a bumper crop in the old farming village.  Displaying 2002　0220　2002 an array of figures;  Stopping and observing concentration and wisdom  wisdom and emotion sentiment and nature.  Completion and contentment dance together;  With 18 others in a theater enjoying an opera from Poland;  *Il trovatore*, by Giuseppe Verdi.  Two minutes past 8.00 p.m. on February 20, 2002;  Once in a millennium.  A lucky figure; gypsies just before daybreak;  gather round a fire and sing a happy song.  Sorrow circles outwards and departs;  Compassion circles inwards and comes with awareness.  For the earth, flora wear black and paint from life;  For heaven, clouds take on colors.  A skipper piloting his ferry between this shore and the further shore;  On the surface of the sea of consciousness, there appears a lens, concave-convex, enlarging and shrinking.  A twisting and rugged route milestones at each stage;  Below the plum trees, a rooster crows on top of a grain silo.  phantom city‧treasury of dreams.  Instantly responding to 84,000 galloping pores;  Seedlings glowing red, scurry on fire light and dark dissolve into thinness.  Torch in hand, wind blows wavering shadows. . .  Sight lacks the dexterity of hearing;  finger pointing to the remotest corner of the world eyebrows remain encamped on a headland.  Scorching sand roasts the feet trotting  then it’s possible to breach this melancholy blue this illusory green.  One person directing a hundred voices, a symphony in an old opera house;  Song enters the skies an ancient legend unraveled scene by scene.  Right before their eyes, waving the baton, wearing space, drawing a dance;  always going forward smoothly.  In the palm also an ancient dew pan, as always pointing south.  Seeing red flames filling the sky, I make a loud cheer;  She opens her spiritual eye touch  like morning dew, each drop cool.  Fast asleep, she is startled awake by the celestial drum;  Mind unstill all because the *qin* string of pity continues to vibrate.  On the bodhi seat there is a type of force‧the Unshakable Wisdom King.  Confusion all because the eternally quiet and bright mirror of the mind has been obscured.  Dense weeds of ignorance, instantly burned up in the fire of wisdom.  Yesterday the sun dropped behind the mountain; today the sky has yet to brighten;  not overcome by sensory impingement, one part gnosis remains.  Sandstorm rolls in; road closed;  Winter and summer trade places, four seasons always true.  Three people traveling; there is a teacher who can ferry them beyond all suffering;  A single utterance of great compassion can eliminate all anxiety;  Reaching the finale, as before, sun rises and sets;  after all, what is her harvest?  Some want to understand zero;  Zero means returning to the source, primordial chaos;  Initial enlightenment moves forward intrinsic enlightenment moves back.  —February 17, 19 (Rain Water), 20, and 21, 2002  **Book 14 The Nine-dragon Pearl and the Mouth of the Toad in the City of the Ancient Lion**  Two thumbs raised high then turning to wave.  Today the people of an ancient capital come out to see a relic in an old monastery—a finger of the Buddha;  suddenly the whirling fingerprints glow a dazzling red;  clouds turn into nine bows which release a shower of arrow-flowers.  A rhinoceros in the wild bows low;  praying that men will no longer engage in savage sports.  Above, eyes and ears observe the light and form of the people;  Mother Earth, endowed with a kind of spiritual intelligence, responds to the wisdom and emotion of sentient beings.  First full moon of the new year, flower-drum dance, hornet fireworks, falling cherries  Light up the sky, filled with sky lanterns.  Who is able to bare his chest and embrace the inexhaustible treasure of heaven and earth,  and leave behind that lake of dreams dredged by human artifice?  A young girl’s bamboo basket contains two peaches;  an old man of 93 years, celebrating 3,000 years of the dragon.  Star-filled sky, looking up at the North Star;  Minds, as many as the sands of the Ganges, a concentrated letter.  Who can use two hands to set samsara in motion,  setting oneself at the center of the spinning turntable?  Though a glacier may be shifting, it still contains solid ice;  Waves and billows surging on the great sea;  yet the depths remain perfectly still.  Ear and sound pursue one another;  listening to the uniquely silent sound of the celestial drum of the ten directions.  Time mysteriously moves, people slowly age;  That mind of the newborn baby, ever within;  seeking that genuine condition of a childhood dream  Spring breeze lightly kisses the eyes;  silently conveying the secret language of the universe precognition;  On the first day of Waking of Insects there will be six kinds of earthquakes; all small.  I dreamed of a pride of lions dwelling in an ancient lion city.  Inside and outside of that city, plays performed caused celestial maidens to release a shower of flowers.  On the face of an old wall pier is carved a female figure.  A Child says that it’s Qian Nu, whose soul left her body;  An old tree at the foot of the wall smiles at the child, causing him to look up.  Early morning trees hang down over the road, observing the people rushing by below;  silently swaying . . . releasing a few drops of ambrosia;  yet the Wanderer confusedly drenches his eyes.  A lone rooster crows on top a roof;  But the present generation hears not the call to awakening;  wanting to rest, the nightingale says:  “This place is full of people and spirits traveling by night. . .”  A deck chair in the park says:  “Last night I felt a virtuous and quiet intention from the Wanderer’s back.”  A seat on the train says:  “From the touch of that man’s toes, I sense that he is lonely and bored.”  A bench in the station says:  “From the expression in his eyes, I clearly see the outer limits of patience.”  A cicada buzzes out to heaven and earth, not going anywhere;  Yet colliding with a glass window, searching, wavering.  I stroke the belly of the earth with my ten fingers;  sensing the joy of the myriad creatures eager to come forth in Waking of Insects.  In a small boat on a lake, a swan gazes at a father feeding an infant;  Within the boundless frame of heaven and earth time paints picture after picture,  scarcely imagining that each person paints his own portrait, always and everywhere.  A female insect in the forest of magical illusion drills in and drills out;  A red-bamboo dragonfly touches the surface of a deep and serene pond in the wilds.  Butterflies as big as the palm of the hand spin on the slick moss-covered rocks;  traversing mountains and valleys no fear of the enveloping fog.  Rain falling, spring rings out;  praising the passion of heaven and earth.  Good friend, lofty sentiment, endless praise for the sea;  Birthday, everlasting best wishes conveyed by a mighty cavalry charging from New Zealand.  Flying 10,000 *li* through the clouds, approaching dusk;  all for a dream reunion on Yuanxiao.  Continuous . . . memory . . . forming an equation in a dream . . .  the Vagrant’s story endlessly replays.  Fine rain, verdant peaks like fresh flowing gold;  unsettled mind of the agitated Wanderer.  The light and function of affection follows you, me, him;  the territories laid out by the aggregate of form interact‧life after life, endlessly.  The heat and energy of affection responds to the mind consciousness;  manifesting the territory of the aggregate of perception, releasing 987654321 parts of truth.  Swaying across a rope bridge a bottomless chasm separating two cliffs;  billowing shouts roll up ears searching for the sound;  mountainous waves cover dazzled eyes.  A light passes by mountain a deep shade of green;  shadows arrive transforming mountain stream azure blue.  Gloom, tightly gritting teeth, without disentangling the vast realm of love;  Worry, deeply locked brow, without releasing the red center of the flame of defilement;  dreams retaining lost images.  Tears on a green pillow, like the trail of light made by a meteor;  Soaked blanket, spread and folded by herself.  A little girl had a dream—  She dreamed that an ancient nine-dragon pearl was dislodged by the six types of earthquakes,  and fell into the mouth of a toad.  Amidst gleeful cheers someone lit a torch;  in the night sky there appear  Millions up millions of brightly glowing stamens rising upwards towards the good;  the virtuous wishes of the people, carried aloft on sky lanterns.  A little girl chasing five butterflies  meanders onto the lily path.  Seeing countless blades of grass springing up repeatedly dazzling.  On one side comes the sound of a low snore and the rapping of wooden clogs;  blending into a kind of harmonious sonata.  In the dream a kind of bipolar force whispers and sobs;  Mother by her side concealing her worry. . .  a fog bank blown ashore by the wind;  The smell of fish remains in the fisherman’s nostrils.  The Wanderer takes odd jobs here and there the Visitor sleeps rough in the ten directions;  who looks after the loved ones back in the native place? how to advise?  A cloud encamps on a mountain peak and imbibes the mist;  Fog drifts outside the dew collector.  Searching for his past sweetheart, the Traveler arrives at a place 3,000 years in the future;  the ancient-yet-new copse of the twin sal trees;  all because of a deep impression left behind.  Who is it that wedged this unreal dream into the sea of consciousness?  Images appearing in the present moment;  are they due to past causes or future results?  Mountain squeezes the waist of a great tree;  Cloud embraces the feet of a great mountain;  Fog covers the daylight of the cosmos;  Rain shelters the Traveler’s peregrinations.  Space allows the wind to wander all about;  following that flash of lightning, searching all directions.  A rainbow hides away, 3,000 *li* distant;  Stars leave behind yesterday’s center of the Milky Way.  New moon secretly visits a lotus pool after tomorrow’s rain;  Heaven and earth instantly return to primordial chaos;  In a moment the universe returns to Pan Gu.  As before, mountain squeezes the waist of a great tree;  Tree watches over the impish and unruly little grass.  Escalator with sticky hand up, up, down, down, returning and again;  Elevator detaining feet inspecting one pair after another;  Revolving door greets the east wind sees off west wind with a sigh.  Vain imaginings seal off the true appearance of the universe;  figments surging up in the sea of consciousness.  Night sky of illusion;  a thousand lanterns, one after another, ignite a sacred incantation of old.  Who was the first to discover that ancient dragon palace at the bottom of the sea?  Chair stairway red tiles five green pines  green river hibiscus flower, and a stone hedge.  Beyond the wall an owl jumps for joy in a grove of Makino bamboo;  10,000 wonderful sites appear one after another;  mysterious night sets off the twilight glow on the Vernal Equinox.  A painter’s painting finally takes form;  yet still wondering how to include intention and energy.  Today a wonderful idea came and poked its head through the window of tomorrow’s dream.  Who is able to go beyond the phenomena in the mirror and find his true self?  Phenomena falling into a bottomless precipice; who crosses the lake?  Thoughts turn over road long and remote;  Why not just sit alone on the roof ridge and watch the wild goose fly off, free and unfettered?  Last night, a rugged road in a dream with  a group of travelers unaware of the potholes.  Is it not that the canary’s voice is not what it used to be?  That the old gallery road lies in ruins?  Planting an islet with the flora of antiquity‧*Anisocampium cumingianum*;  presently, once again seeing the light of day.  Wisteria braiding round a rope bridge swinging over an ancient mysterious ravine.  A fossil of Philippine lauan from the moss of a cliffside spring a million years past;  illusory tidbits flutter into the dream of a dancing butterfly.  Chipping ice for boiling spring tea;  memory continually perfuming the wind of that native place.  Picking up an image of the spring ox—  Shepherd Boy quietly standing behind the ox, willow whip in hand;  crowd of farmers dripping with sweat, plowing a field of blue-jade.  Slicing open a peach offered the other day by a virtuous man of the mountains;  Discovering three seeds bearing a remarkable resemblance to three proud penguins.  Excellent and magical. . .  —February 23, 27, and 28, 2002  **Book 15 Eye Translation of the Pure Dew of the Vernal Equinox**  It’s said that the end of the world is drawing near.  Three minutes shy of midnight;  wondering who stopped the thunder from waking everyone up.  Fragrant soil of home still clings to the soles of his shoes;  Presently he arrives at a place 84,000 *li* from home.  Suffering merely due to the verbal insults of the demons of the mind;  the five states of mind arising from object-contingent mental factors are hard to settle.  Attachment born of pity caused the celestial scorpion to fall into the illusory net of the Kapila Incantation.  Mind of tolerance a water bottle filled with a dream of the future.  There is a mysterious valley at midnight  four owls stand guard in the four cardinal directions;  In the center is a pond with a big indigo rock, on top of which a frog leaps out the dance of the moon.  On a branch of an old pine a black spider weaves  a profound image of the eight trigrams and the *ying-yang*.  Suddenly a golden eagle swoops down and rips it to pieces with its claws!  Waving goodbye to the marvelous peak, then entering a certain dark forest in the south,  All the way contemplating the power of that original vow, like a graceful musical note.  On the bright road I see some grime, then search for a spot of purity;  but the grime moves in conformity with the purity. . .  All the way why are the shoes so kind to the feet?  originally seeking the light, but only increasing the obscuring fog.  From the beginning, mind consciousness so fond of toying with the waves of thought;  unwittingly planting the seeds of passion.  Now lifetime upon lifetime, yearning grows.  The bamboo basket of youth, filled with the age of innocence;  Dividing flowers each dimension a flowing heavenly sound;  Root like water‧dust like sand;  and mind like mud—  Wisdom, that legendary gem;  How is it that that precious garden of mystery  just swept clean now being swept;  Soon to be swept yet again?  all because of the mind’s incessant stream of guests.  Root, the original face;  on the Vernal Equinox rhododendrons fill the slopes with excellent color.  Dust, the phenomena of the universe.  Tonight is the sixteenth day of the first lunar month of 2002; the bright moon is big and round.  A green stalk says: “It seems that someone has extended the diameter of the moon!”  Consciousness, so fond of clambering and discriminating.  Oh world of dreams, you have become another me;  but I have turned into an uninvolved guest.  Without mud, the lotus grows not;  sentient beings don’t sow seeds.  See that old tree propping up the sky;  twisted roots interlaced with ancient wisteria;  everywhere yellow leaves and layered hills;  boundless exuberance of spring in a single sprout.  No consciousness, like a hollow bundle of rushes.  Water and sand forever separate; why do fallen flowers mix with the spring mud?  the four seasons pursue a blank space. . .  Who can fully comprehend a certain year, month, day?  a certain event happening in a certain place?  Just like everything in the twisting garden of the ten directions and three times, returning to ineffability.  No sense faculty; several clouds suspended in the sky, wondering who is in the mind.  Today good news arrives from the west;  —the seedpod of a lotus buried in the ground for five centuries has again bloomed.  A child gathering medicinal herbs in the mountains has lost his way and can’t return home in time for roll call.  No wisdom; sediment doesn’t settle, mire remains;  the path crossing the stream is slippery because the rocks are covered with moss.  If all the handiwork of the wheel of time had not formed the river,  Then how could the intermittent shadow and light sport atop the waves?  The sense faculties are the transient bright face of the jeweled lapis lazuli mirror.  The unconscious mind has an inconceivable and marvelous faculty of memory;  why so close, yet so unfamiliar?  Dust is the 42 letters lost on a frosty night and  a primordial child’s game of shuttlecock.  An orange peach contains three seeds;  A bosom friend visits from New Zealand, repeatedly insisting that it’s a good omen.  Consciousness is like a reflection of inspiration, or the powdery snow flying up while skiing.  An antique steam train slowly pulls into an old station in a quaint town;  On board is a guileless boy weary from a long journey;  a red-ribbon sports car zips through the green fields.  Who can separate consciousness and the sense faculties—  so that both host and guest drop into the dust zone?  Recollect the marvelous object of the primordial past;  Use your nose to breath in pure air, free and carefree.  The gurgling stream washes off the grains of sand on his toes;  On the bank, branches and leaves in harmonious array; serenity blows in on a light breeze.  A mysterious sight appears in the sky:  a pure-white cloud bearing a remarkable resemblance to a rakish sailboat,  sailing through an ocean-like blue sky.  It’s said that there is a realm of purity in the west,  connected to this Saha shore by a road a trillion *li* long;  arising and ceasing in a moment; alternating between billions of dimensions.  Beyond the Realm of the Awe-inspiring Sound, the River of Meditation where fish and prawn frolic.  Cloudless sky for days on end red heart of the sun glistening bright;  thin clouds, light wind; unable to turn into the magically lacquered king of spades.  A master from afar with exaggerated expression confidently writes down a movement which brings down the house.  Waking of Insects two jade-green silk brocades earn me the three volumes of the *Luminous Purple Scroll of Crystalline Diamonds*.  Rumor has it that the hoof prints of feral water buffalo have been seen along the Caoling Historic Trail.  This item was transmitted by a wireless device, three-D animation for training virtual beasts.  Rafting through rushing rapids, taking the helm;  vaulting pole carrying five or six people waving goodbye to a group of guests!  Dream whirling in memory tugging a virtual Arcadia;  eyes drawn to a realistic souvenir photo,  A peacock-blue meteor shooting through space, like a wavering flame.  An agitated state of mind, like two cat’s-eye-green crystalline pearls glittering and vague.  In the deep sea of the mind a stubborn notion stirs;  A lovely world in a dream, an extremely subtle factor of delusion clambers;  mind like the tidewater, coming ashore by gripping the waves and dashing the billows. . .  Pedestrian rushes by all in hopes of getting some peace of mind;  he was once devoted to practicing moral culture, but then ran into a *ḍākinī*.  Events long past today a golden cage beckons a silver bird.  Such people are found in the world;  forever searching for a lost ancient city;  only to be devoured by modern savages,  Thanks to hearsay, well acquainted even before meeting.  Night after night in a dream, a wonderful sound plucks the heartstrings.  Under the blazing sun the Shepherd Boy drops his head for a snooze;  A cloud rolls in to provide shade.  Since time immemorial as in the East, so in the West; a great ball of fire;  self-intoxication from dawn to dusk.  Laughing and joking! Chocolate with tomatoes;  each car heading to the metro station of youth.  Presenting a youth with a pair of special hiking boots.  Sunlight of early spring raises the blue and green curtain of nature;  The blue sea holds a reception in honor of the Surfer.  Phytoncides in a palm-green forest;  used by the Ranger to wash away the dust of yesterday’s dream.  Three children play in a pile of fallen leaves;  One cloud in the sky one orchid on the ground.  Following a rain shower, two types of moods turn into a spiritual luminosity;  The audience in the ancient theater is not amused.  Onstage, the performers continue joking all the same.  At night a mysterious flame gives off a peculiar radiance;  from his eyes.  A night-blooming cereus looks up at the smiling stars in the sky and drops from its stem.  But a water lily welcoming the future returns riding a vow.  How much distance is there between fact and fantasy?  How tall is that wave on top of which the Surfer is paddling?  I can hear the life-force of the hibernating earth presently drawing out the sprouts. . .  A white colt leaps over a thousand peaks and soars 10,000 *li*, yet no one can trace its tracks.  Sprouting seeds toss and turn in the soil;  A flower shouts to the sleeping boy so fond of playing with moss.  Ripe plums, each resembling the other.  Several peals of thunder flashing lightning patrols the highest heavens;  suddenly black clouds swallow up white clouds;  shifting a myth of the universe towards the dawn of primordial chaos.  Oh God of Spring, cover their ears! Let not the wind and rain hear the news at the time of the Qingming Festival.  Summit of a mountain with a visitor loud enough to overturn the heavens.  Corner of the sea the Vagrant recently departed from home;  never apart from his own lapel.  Adept at silence, yet missing the 800 virtues;  reticent, claiming that the Tathagata is ineffable.  Silence and cessation instantly alternating, road closed by moodiness.  Flowing constantly 10,000 year ice cliff;  carving out a pathway where light and shadow have earlier passed.  Dewdrops of the Vernal Equinox, supremely dazzling;  Rainy season flock of swans dancing wildly on the edge of a lake.  In the park a young child says to his mother:  “This year my feet have grown four centimeters!”  Then he points to the sky and asks:  “Where is that cloud going?”  Even during the time it takes to burn an incense pillar whence awakening?  Who can turn the child’s expression into a lithe and graceful musical note?  —March 1 and 6, 2002  **Book 16 Returning Home**  **—Remembering the Original Symbol of the Flock of Snow-white Sheep**  Applying the equation of love to compare illusion and reality;  searching after the percentage of pure affection.  Stubborn heart, still brave;  Fire madly ravaging the savage virgin rain forest.  Incommunicado seeking not the sound;  sky-borne cloud forms into a letter free and easy as a sauntering fish.  Time moving at warp speed in the realm of dreams.  Bright to black, feigning ignorance, hauling in the net of embroiling emotion.  Butterflies leave no flower unvisited;  Leaves take care of the dewdrops, drawing on every innate ability they have.  Eye and heart compete to take a photograph;  impression and reflection remaining in mind consciousness and eye consciousness.  Sand cheering in the rainy season;  Light and shadow pile into a game with the sense faculties.  A hundred birds collaboratively creating a novel and vigorous tune on the Vernal Equinox.  An aeon of notions instantly approving the touch of experience.  A reshahar appears on the sea of consciousness worries of 10,000 voices equal to the waves.  Ruins below a cliff;  footprints left on the road of those yet to arrive.  On Biefeng an old palace, four spacious halls encircled by seven fire walls;  Glittering green rice shoots fill the theater of the earth;  Golden yellow unhusked rice covers the silent stage;  Age-old vent no longer dispels the smoke.  An 80-year-old grandmother reminisces about her youth;  conjuring up a youthful image worthy of a master painter.  A spring rain wakes a green titan from a deep slumber;  In an instant—verdant hills meet the eye on every side.  Morning fog joins a sea of clouds, sun peeks over a green peak;  shadows of trees arrayed throughout the land.  In Australia there is a huge sleeping mountain which since time immemorial has been attracting the flowers of the moon.  A train climbing and curving;  scroll upon scroll filled with tracks of lovers.  Setting sun fuller than full eye sockets redder than red;  all because his own story is so exceedingly bright and dazzling;  Resulting in two empty pages at the end of his diary.  Blizzard like a flock of pure white sheep;  Wild wolf stalking a voice wave upon wave rolling outwards.  Blessing of heaven;  that earliest symbol learned by heart can now lead the way home yet  Coming across unswept leaves piled high around the village and foot of the mountain, he loses the track;  Along the road the Visitor asks a passerby:  “That vagrant who was here yesterday; in which direction did he go?”  On the shore the Wanderer listens to the croaking frogs and follows the Traveler’s path.  On that side the master of the pavilion continues to operate the ferry;  In the winter, wild geese visit from afar, leaving in the spring;  white melancholy disappears. . .  Romantic strains of a flute rise up in a garden limpid and exceedingly beautiful;  dancing image of ice becomes a floating emerald about to drop.  Swings in a park, children vying to get on and fly high.  The ice cliffs of Hokkaido retain vestiges of the passage of time.  In childhood climbing up the wisteria for a swing.  Grown up giving up‧not giving up;  ideals and fantasies seem to mix and merge.  Night soaked with tears all because  of a childhood memory of dreaming of falling out of an old banyan tree.  Demons of the mind eliminate 99% of oneself;  The remaining 1% is the true self  —breaching a tight encirclement, personally meeting unsurpassable perfect enlightenment.  Mountain peak, high crags sprouting;  a supernova is born in a mysterious black hole.  Sea, river, water, stream, ocean gestation;  limpid lake turns turbid, good for growing lotus flowers.  During youth visiting and going in wondering where to mail tender regards.  Donning a shawl of two-tone lines, all because the ocean wind repeatedly summons the cold.  Winter, withered leaves drop from an old tree rolling up their vitality and storing it in a secret place;  Waiting for Waking of Insects, thunder shouts  a thousand seeds ready to burst, 10,000 buds revive, filling the garden with green.  Busy bee and butterfly meet up and enter the garden to have some fun.  Spring outing, hiking boots traversing the mire, kicking up a thousand piles of mud.  Ramp with nine S-rings;  easily going downhill on a mountain bike with good traction.  A drunk on the way home raps on a car window, expecting a reply;  Musing on how the mind relies on that mysterious sensitization of the waves of consciousness.  Traveling far and wide daily from sunrise to sunset;  during sleep the spiritual intelligence should have nowhere to abide;  why, then, is it that while dreaming a million times of you,  you suddenly appear in the ten directions, and then disappear?  Night after night who is it that sets in motion that cipher of primordial chaos,  and then sleeps deeply while having a late-night snack, the seal of enlightenment?  That cryptic book without letters, after drawing out the capacities of the sense organs,  Tells a story about going to a phantom city.  First rays of the rising sun opening daylight, decoding your dream.  Waking up, again falling in—  some other state of an unknown boundless dream within a dream.  From all the changing marks of the universe;  an inexhaustible treasury contained in heaven and earth;  from within experience and awakening.  From one to zero. . .  Five-year-old girl on in-line skates crosses over a mountain peak;  10,000 white horses gallop towards a forest of reed catkins, leaping over a single black horse.  Following the shadow of the light-tree of the sun, spring goes for a walk;  Round red setting sun illuminates my instantly-averted eyes, drops into the sea.  Old ox cart green peas  Luxuriant rape fields in the countryside;  Ancient riverbank mossy stones.  Cliffside waterfall dropping into a pool reflecting the moon;  Huge banyan tree small cottage  In a light rain, dew clings to the eaves before dropping into the sea of dreams, sounding, sounding.  Lao Tong was rather daft and dull in  stark contrast to his impeccably lofty bearing.  Youth pursuing emotional waves, fond of putting on false appearances.  The beings of the Heaven of Radiant Sound populated the Saha world countless millions of years ago;  an ancient myth stored in an old bottle. . .  I happen upon a cloudless sky in a speck of dust;  Holding up a rose to give to the traveler of the universe, that lover’s dream.  Sunlight rising from the eastern sea, warming the land;  Chlorophyll stirs lavender scent, igniting a spirit of prosperity;  meeting, the beginning and end of recollection.  Following a downpour, waterfalls suddenly pour down the clouded windswept cliffs;  Night scene, flowering shrubs of flowers shaken by the hands and feet of light.  Millions of shooting stars speed along the freeway of the galaxy;  the self-created mask developed under moonlight.  Who is able to make the compass-in-hand indicate one’s present position,  to make the peach blossoms fill the branches in the spring sunlight?  Curving parallel tracks, lanes without barrier;  The Traveler crosses multiple tracks, then turns back, seal unbroken;  only adding some headnotes.  Spring sun daily painting a lovely landscape picture‧changing;  Bright moon monthly seizing the water of a thousand streams and sending it to the rivers and seas‧quiet.  In a great desert there is a lonely farmhouse;  Fragrant thatch roof bamboo hedge, window, eave collecting dew.  Interlocking brackets and carved pillars rivalling those of heaven leading to  an old water pavilion moist, glossy green moss‧slippery.  A primordial seed-flame melts the North Pole glaciers.  The Visitor stands in the evening twilight, tasting the primeval yearning of dusk;  using it to sketch a map of the way home.  Chilling wind and snow, instantly trampling the spring sun underfoot;  Flowing cages at the mouth of a valley, repeating innumerable times.  How many times, in the water mirror,  reflecting a network of green?  Dark green mountain peak, most distant from the Milky Way;  Tender water, closest to the round smooth moon.  Lotus base of 20 levels, whirlpool issuing from a sea of fragrant water.  Countless long bows in staggered array;  Wheel of time turning out illusions like a skilled magician;  instantly transforming the appearance of heaven and earth.  It seems that we have met before. . .  Time flowing backwards into a memory, bound for regret.  The sound plucked by an old friend is beyond the strings.  Contemporary act and ancient legends joint performance,  a dream play of inverted right and wrong.  Sinking like an osprey diving into the river for fish;  Due to the fire of the defilements, plundering the garden of virtue;  making the all-pervasive weeds reel in a stiff wind!  It’s said that the original color of the universe was like that of clarified butter;  A compound frequency starts up in the night sky;  A passionate energy that never ceases flowing towards the other side of the primordial Milky Way.  Within, a tacit understanding never decreases all powerful;  Rolling up the story of the dreamy explorer of the sea of stars response without periphery.  Matrix candlelight, the all-illuminating sun writ small dependently arisen  inexhaustible treasure.  On the fingertips there are five dippers and five baskets just so  sways the universe; blessings together with wisdom—  Material phenomena mist flying in the sky, rolling up a stiff wind, a long river throws up thousand-foot waves.  Immaterial phenomena a bamboo-shaded path with footprints that can’t be swept away.  Flock of wild ducks on a lake in spring;  Intermittent spring gurgling up from the ground.  In the forest a thousand twisting green branches becoming bows;  wind pulls 10,000 strings, performing an enchanting twilight ensemble.  On a slope a swarm of butterflies disguised as a yellow lantana;  Gymnastic white crane standing on one leg, unmoved even by a heavy rain.  Under a cozy silk cotton quilt, woken by the first rays of light;  bursting  Basket upon basket of red.  —March 7, 9, and 10, 2002  **Book 17 Penguin Jumps Out Of a Peach**  **—Story of the Sensitization of the Fourth Me**  Zero and one agitate the milk-white scripture of the sea of consciousness;  stirring up billowing waves;  disturbing the minds of all sentient beings.  An ancient ginkgo tree unruffled by the wind, clouds, and mud;  Yet by the gaze from a pair of eyelashes covering the eyes,  set on fire, flames filling the sky.  Asleep not waking, thoughts arise—  dreaming of being with him in an ancient ice field, searching for a seed-flame.  In the dream, opening my eyes seeing a child in the countryside happily flying a kite;  Green mountain, clear water; happily performing a conjuring trick on a spring day;  rolling that impish child into a bundle of flower buds.  Gentle light, transmits inspiring, all-embracing ideas;  interacting with the physical body.  Three parts attachment plus seven parts worry silk-attired loafer;  black no good, blue not right;  Only fond of looking for esoterica in a pile of green;  in red, playing the highest game.  Within the vast sea of gain and loss, not relinquishing one’s own little world in a cloth sack;  it’s action it’s result  Rhythm of the rain follows the wind-conductor;  falling in buckets. . .  The first me found an old leather case in a ramshackle house;  Opening the three locks discovering an old diary full of sad stories.  Muddled and reclusive, buried in the dust of the world, leaving behind a half-folded flower;  The second me suddenly woke up as if enlightened;  yesterday’s sky is not today’s sky;  today’s sun is not yesterday’s sun;  wondering who stole yesterday’s sky and replaced it with today’s sun.  The third me was walking alone on a narrow path deep in the mountains;  seemingly pulled forward by the wind and the glowing sunset;  Flashing fire irradiating the color of tomorrow.  Recalling again and again, surging up from the remote past.  Is there yet a fourth me?  Sleeping on a dark night unwittingly  arriving at a future world yet  lacking caution, bumping into my childhood self.  Traveler of original awakening from a dream of heaven and earth;  prying open the key to the sensitization of the sun and moon.  Peak condition in the east the Ranger presently tells a story to the mountain;  Deep seabed in the east the Surfer, riding the waves, dancing with the sea.  The universe, from sunrise to sunset;  each and every scene stored up by the great sun.  Setting in motion illuminating knowledge and vision;  silently removing the bolt of the heart.  Genial wind steadily blows in spinning the universally empowering wheel;  Wisdom transforming into a cold spring shuttling the scorching flame of the defilements.  No fear;  Qingming, spring hike in the mountains endless streams of visitors.  Old sacred tree, day and night shedding leaves, sweeping away the footprints on the ground;  No doubt;  An ancient village discovers a primeval forest 3,000 years old.  Huge Taiwan red cypress, holy ghost kept secret by the ancestors;  Form and mind, how can they cross over that chaotic section of the soul?  —gaining balance and freedom.  The hub of transformation abides in applying the physical marks to the secret treasury of three points;  Transitional space resides in destruction and creation.  From life to life, samsara is interwoven with three forces;  freedom from form‧freedom from mind ‧ freedom from thought,  capable of finding that brilliant gem ensconced in the sea of consciousness.  Little girl’s sleeve soaked with tears;  Vowing to mount a 4WD travel over mountains and rivers.  Purple air perfectly still;  Yet life after life drifting on the long river of history.  Who is it there on the arched bridge spanning the river surveying  the springtime rain forest brimming over with unruliness?  Fire ceremony;  Aborigines singing out their zeal for the pilgrimage of life.  A glossy leaf rolls up a mouthful of dew, then  thru the window of sculpted fog sees  that collection of wavering images, superb and secret.  The fig bears fruit throughout the year as an offering to the lovely hornbill;  a proverbial cornucopia of all the creatures of the forest.  An old pine extends its green parasol over the peaks;  Growth rings of an ancient tree, a climate record extending far into the past.  Who is it that transformed the plant hormones into an energy source of the animals?  In childhood, using a wooden bucket to collect last night’s rain, no longer seen;  Sound of raindrops under the eaves, disappeared like an empty cloud . . .  An old cupboard still containing a few ticket stubs;  Memory woken up, from the first station onwards.  Sunlight setting off the veins of a green leaf on a purple vine;  bunched grapes bathing in a glittering light,  Winding round bamboo poles, swarming, orderly, bustling.  Spring pond, drum-cheeked frog sings out his lovely hopes;  Countryside, throngs of white butterflies fond of picking up the scent of the wildflowers;  Dark-green cicada king, buzz enveloping the mountain.  Deep valley, suspension bridge from this side to the other side misty fog, boundless and indistinct;  monkey on top, dancing out a thunderclap;  wind wavers ropes sights and shapes under the sunlight, following shadowy images.  Imagine someone with the eye of an eagle, passing over craggy peaks and windy straits;  Depicting the movement of cloud and mountain;  writing down a diary of light and shadow;  Transmitting into the ten directions the brilliant light of the silver candle of the fifth watch;  folding the thousand-foot spindrift into the star-filled sky.  A boat sails past on the silvery surface of the water;  A light streams over the treetops.  The Wanderer puts up at a forest monastery in the city the Visitor gathers his friends;  With childlike sincerity, implicit commitment written on his happy face.  A great man holding the sun in his two hands;  one index finger holding up the bright orb of the moon.  That seven-lane avenue in the shade of the bodhi tree;  emerald wave glimmering in the sunlight.  Guests coming and going, yet flashing blue-tinged melancholy;  Distant siren sounding, hurrying the Traveler.  Pleasant dream, disappearing like smoke;  Like a grown sweet potato, not knowing who I am;  although all day the clothes on my body are misty with purple flowers and purple steam.  Moon in last quarter in sky, fond of plunging into the river and learning to fish;  I press a finger, *qin* key gives of successive awns;  notes handsomely printed in moonlight.  Spiraling meteor, silently falling into that boundless black hole;  unstoppable blazing flame coursing towards the endless Milky Way.  Native goshawk hovering in space;  flute notes encircle mountain and valley.  Who is it who self-replicated billions of times and entered the Saha realm,  Presently not knowing where that genuine original Self courses?  Innate wisdom wrapped into a secret treasury of three points;  Acquired knowledge fond of playing on the fringes of awakening.  Virtual sense organs flow not with genuine tears;  Expression of the intersection of sentient beings instantly transforms into eternity;  gem lost in childhood, hidden in the zone of illusion.  Who is it who can use the power of mindfulness to move that buoy on the sea of consciousness like the first peep of day;  sending forth the first ray of light, summoning the hundred birds to chirp in the wind?  A diary with 365 days;  day in and day out idled away.  Outside the window, spring rain dripping several months;  Night wind blows lantern light and shadow coyly stepping, waving red.  Following the Spring Equinox the sun rises earlier and sets later;  Verdant hills take on added charm.  Rain forest, nets of golden silk hung with jewels;  The Traveler leaves home with a bandana and bag, strolling on a road of red brick.  Home nest neglected from now onwards;  The Traveler, by day burning candles‧going astray;  who can cross the river without getting wet?  After dark, quietly slipping into the Vagrant’s pair of footprints;  Nimble lines losing their luster within crisscrossing thoughts.  Fairies of the night, riding red dragonflies;  requesting, one after another—  Factors exceeding reality, boiling over in the sky of essential nature;  Dreams not empty, completing basket upon basket.  Presently the peach pit is broken open;  Penguin-like seeds jump out.  Now knowing beyond the world there is a world;  beyond the universe there is a universe.  Yet, seeing a white cloud passing by in the sky;  roaming about the azure mountain top;  The great ocean, lucid and tranquil rainbow at the flick of a sleeve.  March 13 and 15, 2002  **Book 18 Record of the Shepherd Boy Tilling in the Rain**  Thoughts, since time immemorial countless as the dust;  ungraspable, intangible.  Just so sky-borne moon leaps into the water;  Wheel meeting wheel meeting wheel;  The water of a thousand rivers can’t be drunk in a single mouthful.  An ancient sailing ship sails over from the eastern sea;  Fog spewed out by boundless Pacific spindrift  pours into Felicity Guanyin’s immaculate vase.  Willow branches directing white clouds coursing thru the sky;  illuminating space.  In the mountains there is a Shepherd Boy, born with unbounded strength;  wondering if he has come from outside of time and space as we know it, riding the force of a vow.  Looking forward to farming on a rainy Spring Equinox early grazing;  one fine cow!  Enchanting light flickers over the inverted image of green willow branches;  The Shepherd Boy contemplates and gauges the equidistance of you, me, and him;  empirical mind, spiritual mind, universal mind.  How to draw out the ingenious knack;  Meeting water, making a bridge, crossing over . . .  Several cloud-garments come over to plant black bamboo;  moistening those green stamens, 100,000 nodes.  Half-moon pool, water full;  frogs in a circle singing antiphonal style.  Outside the window spring wind turns to rain and cheers;  Inside a stove burning warm.  The Shepherd Boy rides his ox to the market;  echo silent country road, remote.  Wavering, not taking care;  destroying the illusory universe;  instantly leaving all phenomena.  Silver wing at night, speeding thru the firmament;  Stream water murmurs moonlight bathes ox’s head.  The Shepherd Boy idles away in ease;  Ending sentiment Spring Equinox, leading ox, smiling and yawning.  Clear blue sky wind brushes dust from the sleeves of the setting sun;  Mountain-filling red wind, the faithful waiting for the sun to burst into color.  Power of pure thoughts spiraling up in a favorable wind;  Desires quiescent in the unconscious mind, silently suppressing Saha sobs.  Spring wind blows off magical emanations obscuring fog rises in mountain valley;  a person from a distant place; why can’t he find the way home?  On a remote region of the sea a boat with a triangular sail enjoys the twilight.  From the ancient Milky Way the North Star  peeks out on the contemporary world clambering in the ten directions.  Rain and dew answer the naked self.  While meandering on the periphery of purity How is it  that the two hands habitually grasp the impurities of the eye?  Sad sobs, not knowing cause or result;  Idle sentiment, a sequence of ideas sweeps past an expression of understanding.  Lovely opera face ripples over lapis lazuli banners;  Due to amnesia, the fish are forever without defilement.  Heaven and earth pulls up its superb silvery curtain;  all that remains is a revolving horse lantern.  Fallen thought-seeds roll up ideas of 10,000 threads;  3,000 years later meeting the same condition—  instantly a tidal bore of every type of emotion;  how is it that the illusions of childhood always appear in a dream?  Lighting the lamp of wisdom, it’s possible to see 13 consecutive doors;  breaking through the fictitious net of delusion in a dream.  Ancient fir waving about a thousand fluttering green waves;  Hero in a savage world come to the new silk road in search of vestiges.  Colorful coral on the seabed playing with resplendent butterfly fish.  The light and spacious sound of the Shepherd Boy’s flute reverberates throughout the canyon;  Space a celestial drum with a boundless head;  struck by a mallet only in a dream.  A riprap wall singing to the wind;  never pausing.  Borsch on a charcoal fire, quite domineering one mouthful and the flavor remains for seven days.  Rural village one bamboo thicket, two rows of trees, three vegetable gardens, four paddy fields;  Consulting the heart, washing the mind, bathing the thoughts, cleansing consciousness;  Daily a self-portrait to see if  today yesterday, and tomorrow are all the same.  Digging the ground to look for the sky, treasure hunting on Spirit Mountain;  many decades up to the present, whereabouts unknown. . .  Dreaming of a person drifting on a skiff, in a lapse of vigilance, drawn into a whirlpool;  skiff turns into a white crane and lifts me into the sky;  seeing only countless peaks and deep blue water;  a blooming hibiscus tree clings to the fissures on a steep cliff.  Roaming clouds stacked high charging into cinnabar waves of dusk;  like a primordial jeweled candle, pure and eternal, in the scripture of the world sea.  Flame-seed forever bound to that brightest lamp within.  Essential nature revealed on Qingming Mountain wild lilies bloom on all sides!  Punting across a fragrant river lined with peach blossoms;  Lonely nose, by an invisible thread,  tethered to several peach trees on the opposite shore.  Wanting to be the master of all phenomena, yet presently unable to even draw a circle;  Dreaming of driving down the freeway, eyes closed.  Drowsy ears unimpaired yet  not hearing all the destruction going on outside.  A little child fantasizes about three-colored ice cream with thick chocolate;  A yogi makes bundles of grass and throws them into a flaming crucible.  Seeing forms as though real reactions creating the unreal;  Vain imaginings floating out of the sea of consciousness waves chasing the wind of the sense objects.  floodwaters fill the reed pond. . .  Chilly beach some surfing, others windsurfing.  A wild spindrift splashes the Youth’s face;  below his wet eyebrows and eyes;  celestial images like a screen enter.  Banquet by the sea spread with flowers ancient trees uniting the sky.  Pensive mood emitting fog in a mountain valley stupa of a tree spirit, towering gallery road;  floating clouds stacked up, covering the firmament.  Palace of Mara ever with a view on the sky;  The Wanderer stands next to a pine, just to photograph a nice memory.  Moon flying overhead, entering the stream to listen to its flowing song.  A solitary boat floating on the blue waters near the shore;  On a lone peak in the late night sky, a three-colored cloud  stops and recites the supreme mantra of great brightness;  Morning, sunrise Vernal Equinox has arrived.  Plow and hoe alternately enter the flowery path;  Wandering far and wide, yet never leaving the garden.  Heaven one leaf, earth one leaf kindness one leaf, beings one leaf;  waking up all leaves disappear!  High mountain, clouds collapse, road closed green pine path sealed;  Remote villages, going onwards, increasingly remote weeds getting thicker.  The Wanderer looks everywhere, but finds not that gem sewn into his lapel by his mother long ago;  The Visitor impatiently waits for his sweetheart in Eagle Valley, then leaves;  Bright northern lights still waver in the garden of dreams.  Night in a phantom forest, a miraculous story unfolds;  The Youth, originally keen on putting on a good pair of boots and climbing a mountain,  Completely not knowing that someone has secretly changed the script;  having him run into a reef in the sea of dreams.  Blue sky pine and cypress bridge the peaks of the sky.  Mysterious layered images appear in a the corridor of time ■■■  ■■■■ in a future time-space, there is discovered  a secret from 3,000 years ago daily contained in  the red glow of the sun just before it drops behind the mountain.  In a deep and secluded valley someone tearfully complains—  “Why have yesterday’s dreams been forgotten?”  Sand storm like a surly black leopard kicking up the dusk;  stalking visitors from all over.  Particulate matter covering everything;  Gray sky welcomes Mara’s palace.  It’s said that on March 23 the whole world sleeps;  □□□□□□□  That strange creature of the unconscious mind caught in a silk net:  permeating and subverting the causes of the outflows.  Eyes skim over the past, present, and future;  three enfolded influences in the world.  Today on the road, meeting a stranger from the past in a doorway;  The master of the pavilion has a view looking out on 10,000 peaks.  Ice-bound volcano set off by a spiritual light;  Climbing Mount Lu, drinking tea fog as necessary companion.  No need to exaggerate liberation, still under the influence of chaotic emotion;  Heavy hearted to think that the buddha-spirit of old is gone for good;  why, after using affection to illuminate a splendid scene, again trying to seal it off?  Only seeing the children on the riverbank splashing each other with water;  cloud-waves touch the sky great sun sleeping high.  Far-ranging swallow finds not the way back;  Night-sky meteor shower, causing people to talk in their sleep.  Nightingale tugs sky and wind into singing a good mountain song welcoming the trees and peaks;  tonight a guest stays over.  An old wisteria fond of sitting in lotus posture clambering over objects;  Child riding a bicycle back and forth, then falling;  Hollaring!  Crashing right into a stop sign—  March 23–24, 2002  **Book 19 Sunken ∴ Blueprint**  **—Swallow Chirping next to a Bamboo Fence**  Vernal Equinox living mountain, thick undulating fog;  purple lightning jolts the entire gorge.  Big cloud whistling opposite shore covered with fallen flower petals;  Garden with multicolored peach blossoms forming a splash-ink painting of an immortal.  Weaving a bamboo broom sweeping the dust off the eyebrows;  Memory not on par with reminiscence;  lofty sentiments taking emotion for a ride.  Nose suddenly groped by a snails outstretched antennae;  Tangram with nine rings, an ancient toy.  Boundless wisdom hidden at the center of an unnamed lake in the primordial chaos;  Modern little girl fond of chasing a balloon.  Imperishable sack of heaven and earth, giving off an innate energy;  Hollow shell ring seeking a mysterious finger.  Red-crested crane following the dance of the sun setting on the snowy land.  A spell conforms to the movement of the waves on the sea of consciousness, breaking through the sealed surface of the great sea.  Galloping horses enter a secret garden of childhood, then leave;  a tiny bird no longer sings.  From roads once traveled, past lives write out the future;  The future has innumerable channels;  in a digital web playing tricks on the wind and tide.  A small village where the fishing boats no longer go to sea as before;  that earlier vow already locked away in a gloomy old palace.  Buried in a barren desert for 3,000 years.  A pair of drunken eyes swaying in the glistening Milky Way.  Tonight on a bluish crag;  a gorgeous novel flower;  attracting that illusory wild beast;  Hissing and brandishing honey-tipped arrows.  Fangs and claws darkening the sky;  making compassion and joy lose their original color.  An endless road in a dream people scurry about;  colors of dusk gradually fade curtain of night drops.  A patient mother comforts a teary child to sleep.  Moon ascends its observation platform set atop the trees;  darkness gives birth to light.  This story spun in the night, how does it penetrate the spirit?  In the forest a blazing fire burns up a red rose;  And all things in the silent shout of the earth.  Rare sound of the celestial drum calls out from one end of the universe;  Sky-borne clouds sprint off.  Distant thunder repeatedly closes in;  Cold wind and frost crease the mother’s face throb of fear;  Impish child never quiets down.  Wax of time seals footprints Dreams and innovative tricks Sky weaves a blue curtain earth builds a green cage Mountains outside Chinaberry tree blossoms,  the Wander sleeps below a grape trellis. A bright consciousness rides the flower fragrance home in the moonlight Contacting an object laying down a predisposition for memory incentives Tears circulating in closed eyes Sensory experience sets off a prairie fire in a virtual environment Mind enslaved by form, image, sound, and color  instant bewildering illusion Crystal wraps wisdom circle binds perspicacity Both dispose of the food fried in an old pan! Beautiful universe instantly turning into ruins Old Lighthouse guides sails, no longer shines Shipwrecks long covered with coral Dance and song long made obsolete by solidification of time Way of the heart sketched on both sides of the road  Thus come ↓↓↓↓↓  Thus gone ↑↑↑↑↑ Two kinds of tracks; on one, ideas run toward the past  on the other, ideas fly toward the future Sometimes northwest rain accompanies southeast wind  Sometimes beautiful clear skies with dancing feathery light  If one can hold one’s ground with respect to objects, marks, events, and things White snow will fall, covering sky and cinnabar rain.  A global village containing billions of people Saha world, a candle lit in each nest Salesman of the ten directions and three times using lovely words to tell a lovely story Billions of ears drawn in by delicate and pure notes Intrinsic enlightenment, like a crystal diamond eternally shining within Initial enlightenment, like a bright emerald illuminating sentient beings See that desert wilderness where some time ago A stunning hibiscus began to bloom On the beach a conch coming and going with the spindrift News from home, competing, transmitted from the depths of the sea  Bright spirit of a bosom friend ever present in the expression in the eyes Playful response, worry; “Thus have I heard” as the point of entry I smile at a flower, receiving a lovely fragrance in return  dream last night, not finding him anywhere  but now meeting him in the post-rain foggy mist Counting breaths, nose enters a cold, cold awakening Compassionate mind instantly illuminates the lost amnesiac Wanderer East wind moving graceful flowers Dawn and sunset smearing color everywhere  dreamy eternal memory from an intermittent cycle Modern people seeking to recover past events, to find a positioning A deity of the past relates a legend to a dream of the future  A secret door leading to the heart of heaven, always existing everywhere How is it that the ivy-woven fence blocks the east wind carrying away the flowers’ scent?  The Youth enters deep into the mountains to learn how to gather firewood Two buckets of water on one shoulder going up bamboo steps  two moons in the rolling water, left and right A variation on an ancient Saha rhyme trips his two feet Waiting for dawn several eagles circling over a summit Blue skies hosting clouds with foreknowledge of the coming storm Any of the 48 tribulations Bodhisattva eyes full of compassion Mountain covered with cherry trees, petals falling into a rushing river  if they remember one another, the moment attains eternity Meditation, closing the domain of delusion Samadhi, forbidding wonderful thoughts from entering into the treasury of the phantom city There is a square inside a circle  six lines extending infinitely from within Moonlit creek throws up thousand-foot waves passing by  last night, the earth was covered with gold foil ∴ has an outer profile of fours sides and eight directions After three thousand stars hide in a hazy moon ○ there is a circle dividing inner and outer Innate city of sincere brightness encounters dust storms Five boys from the south  One fond of watching the sunrise one fond of chasing the sunset  another fond of sailing out to sea The other two absurdly hiding in the boat of the last quarter moon in a luxuriant growth of grass.  Homeland of contingent objects landslide in the dense forest of wisdom Mysterious ancient plank road engulfed in a whirlwind of fire  thousand recumbent mountains adrift on the ocean Pond in the dark night flashing a magical concept  Dew before dawn, passing the night on glossy leaves Excellence of a mountain paper window opens to reveal a painting of sea and clouds Spirit of water today wanting to step on the brake, again to no avail Tree deity conjured rainbow on a blue screen Brightness of a flower espousing restoration of ancient culture, yet daily wearing the latest fashion Host outside, guest inside; you, me, and him like the legs of a tripod Three thousand three hundred twenty-two steps in twos and threes, recalling the beach from sunset to sunrise —all because the footprints are fixed by the night. Affection manifests outwardly Love arises from inner feeling Emotion, reason, and understanding partitioned into three Spindrift and white snow, fond of endless involvement in color Pollen filling the sky, arranging with the willow catkins to accompany the southerly wind and learn how to swim like a fish Dreamer outside dreamed of inside  phantom cities endlessly recreated Secret charcoal stamen at the core, the ignition point of tacit understanding Wings of delusion on patrol, discovering a mass of ignorance in the net of desire From the subconscious mind, drifting shadows automatically form into a borderless blueprint of ∴  Two palms join together ten rays of brilliant light which gracefully enter the lapis lazuli world of wondrous sound  An objectless thought turns out three thousand kinds of delusions  waiting to ambush the six sense doors from all sides Dreamed meteor tours the universe eighty-four thousand times in an instant  sprinkling subtle seed-flames throughout the ten directions and three times An eagle’s sharp talons make off with the mind of the newborn baby  swallow chirping beside the bamboo fence Water marks reflecting layered mountain rolling up year after year.  Historic home collecting old memories  solitary moon on a frosty night calls out to the cold Dew collector with a volume of fragrant rain Bit by bit a village boy tirelessly builds it a thousand times The Youth creates a beautiful realm in the peach grove  night crossing in a dream ─ Woken by the sound of an early morning flute  arising and ceasing, droplets of water condense on a cobweb Waves embracing the clouds, fond of clambering into the sky  until immortality ...... Ten million blossoming buds welcome the sky Green leaves by the trillion, neatly arranged, waving  moving over a bench, climbing on to see Spring bluebirds on the treetops in the hills convoke a summit.  March 25–27, 2002  **Book 20 Five Birds and 12 Moons in between 13 Trees in Park Number Seven**  **—Dream Spool of the Painter and the Bagpiper**  Cuff of the breeze lightly blows through the peach orchard  bright red buds appear in a moment East wind touches the heels of the gem tree Southerly wind swirling upward Northwest rain flutters down over the mountain Wish-fulfilling tree in the sky turns into Libra  scale unable to move that supple mist Fog cloud lightning thunder  turning round the wheel of time twisting heaven and earth  Primordial chaos tacit understanding ensconced in the bright sky  Flower drops, lotus grows morning rain still dropping The evening breeze still blows White cloud wraps up red sun, hides it away in a secret  Golden drum rolls up spring wind, concealing it in the Milky Way  Tears‧return to zero transparent  Like a swallow‧gliding pure spirit  dreamless sleep The gods inhabit a quiet realm beyond the sky above, a solitary chime  Once again waking up in the peach grove of charming demeanor shining bright.  A candle lit in a deep valley, fancy of the abbot  illusion night sky with faint ephemeral light Moon filled with a new directive ─ Underground, an exotic seed about to sprout Depths of the sea sequestering a mountain range formed millions of years ago  Waves of consciousness lurking in latent inspiration, flowery, fog-like Flaming charcoal doused with cold water, cementing into ice  patch of twilight red feigning transparency White edges of high peaks standing side by side lined up like camels Snow-broth of an iceberg turns into a flowing milk spring  receiving the charming eternal love song composed by the moon and the brook Green stones are not seen in a pristine rainforest, only long wet garments A thousand-layered crag on the shore, folded rock pages storing away time  Colorful arched bridge set off against a waterfall The muddy road of the five turbidities  tens of millions of feet contending to step through forty-eight gates Temptation or confusion?  acting or playing? How is it that each pushes, crushes, and grinds?  Last night Kaohsiung old train station at midnight, the last train out  carrying a group of people reluctant to let go of the old Utterly unaware that cloud and wave soar all because heaven loves to make blustery wind Spring returns to the earth boundless new flowers eagerly showing off Sea of foolish dreams stirs up a mighty dust storm  shadowing bright perception and inspired ideas Wisdom’s range of visibility returns to zero  suddenly eighty-four thousand weeds spring up  Instantly turning into kudzu vines binding up the venerable immovable one within Lonely and desolate wild lilies surrounded by the high-handed earth  sleepless all night  a kind of obsessive memory gradually becoming ignorance ... Tonight gone to the roof to watch for meteors  a type of impression quietly forgotten, quietly forgotten, turning into dullness ... Naked vault of heaven, a sheet of pure color Rich old woman at home every day, counting the number of wrinkles on her face At home on the mountain, Grandma Incense daily chants in praise of that eternal flame of truth Forest closed at night, by day birds come to play Haughty wind and rain make the earth overly somber Glittering foam after a summer afternoon thunderstorm  still flashing like a meteor Wandering insects bent down, climbing from leaf to leaf Butterfly scouring the flowers, moving from blackberry lily toward the camellias Spreading wings and floating in the air, large birds concentrate and halt in the sky  nosediving from peak to peak.  Riverbank watercolorist painting a landscape On one end of a bridge a bagpiper imitates the whistling birds The night comes, all alone, deep sleep no thoughts Why is it that we meet again in a dream? A boy says he can keep his two lips shut, How can a pair of ears block out external sound? Gnat kept out by the window ─ sand flows out of a seam ─ Who stole the old person’s memories, rolling up dreams of former times? Dreaming of an owl in the middle of the night  black bats contest for joys and delusions Who connived to let that wild horse of desire dance all over the barren hills? The Youth fond of searching for himself But can he hear his own muttering mind? Who can follow that spiral pathway leading to the center?  every little girl is a little princess in the hearts of her parents Ancient creatures in a deep sea, resembling lapis lazuli‧king crab thinking Forest of coral‧clownfish also thinks ...... Curious, the Traveler drills a hole in ancient glacial ice in search of fish Child using a wooden ladle to scoop water to quench the thirst of the small fish  dreaming I see fallen leaves covering the mountain, chasing the wind Appearing and disappearing in the ten directions gorgeous colors fill the sky Really wanting to face the sky and cry out:  let color return to its original color let space return to original space! Instantly an idea falls into the galaxy  an idea comes to the unshakable Kingdom of Miaozhan  sound of a rain drop comes in on a foreign wind Scent of sandalwood floats up from the flowing water on the bank  a white-browed drunkard slightly opens his eyes winning half a night’s dream There are rumors of a remote corner of the sea where Arcadia is found  beyond the mountains, where everything suits the occasion a good place where it’s always spring Light up the long-wicked candle and illuminate the world-sea of the universe Take up a spotless flower and cover your eyes block out all sights Following the water-mirror, the daylight twists along to inquire about the glen  red orb of the sun moves in thru the green window to wake up the fairies of daylight Trying to pinch a notion falls into a circular corner Trying to turn concepts pass through a secret treasury of three points and turn into an all-pervasive mantra Already slow-witted pillow-side memories unable to depict that original native place  Wandering manuscript of yearning still retained in that dreamlike scene Gorgeous snow scene, peach blossoms of unrivalled beauty white with white, the most discerning Baby in a cradle looking up to the sky  Swathed in silk, people don’t see beyond themselves Ignorance and confusion as the cause dreamlike images suspended in space three thousand years  from all the bubble-like phenomenon picked up by the antennae of wisdom Forever existing in the present moment.  Obscuration Who divided the pristine rainforest into so many pieces of tofu? Illumination Who is that in the glen picking up a black feather but forgetting about the torch in his hand? Silence multistoried mansion, all doors open, visitors coming, going, and coming again Contributory cause moon roundest on the 15th of the lunar calendar In Park No. 7 there appear between the trees 12 moons  and 5 birds  happily soaring up Wish-fulfilling tree in the sky  ─ tacit understandings tugging on one another. Awareness cause basket of hearts in an endless dream garden Laurel tree, each blossom rolling up heavy thoughts Coming to Echo Valley, listening to one’s own heartfelt aspirations  Back home, a mother misses her child wandering abroad Direct cause folding doors opening‧losing a chaotic sky River with waves like gilt heaps of snow Door of mutual containment opens‧taking in the pure lands of the ten directions Children wondering what time today will be tomorrow Provisional lapis lazuli bamboo turning in the wind Excited roc soars into the vast fog ......  yet unable to grasp that red ball before it drops away Emptiness the spring rain fell in love with the green screen  fruits growing on trees hugging a great cliff fall into a haystack Brimming waves hit the shore and turn into a pair of wet shoes Center crops growing according to the farming manual of the four seasons  Spring, summer, fall, and winter secretly turning atop a marvelous peak  outside the clouds a solitary moon Arising worrying that knowledge and vision will be engulfed by the sandstorm of ignorance Ceasing going over a collection of illustrative plates of ancient kites in an old book cabinet   lost three thousand years ago, a mysterious fire-washed fabric and a jasper-bone flute Usual day, quiet and bright  daylight removes the curtain in front of the arch of the heavens Last year a northwest rain intoxicated all the maples on the mountain Moon like a gold curved bow  eyes retaining a ghost of centuries past Today kudzu vines block the road Fabric of the Milky Way, a golden sand with magical properties Ravine so deep you can’t see the sky Clamor of the ten directions, waves bypassing the ears ......  —March 28 and 30, 2002  **Book 21 The Power of a Single Wise Thought**  Inn at dusk Sunset moving beds to both sides Guests come and piece together three thousand three hundred fifty-five dreams Teary expression flashing desolation The Wanderer passes a sleepless night, nothingness circling a green pillow Mysterious conditions wrapped around the edge of the night sky The number of days up to now  ─ fallen into fifteen hundred days Startled, again in a vast temple ... A boundless treasure hidden deep in the pages of a book of purple jade Palm-leaf volumes, light containing subtle flowing sound By day portraying *yin* by night embracing *yang* Dream inverting upside down dream Wonderland repeatedly reproduced Sounds of the outside world entering the ears emerging from the mouth, stained Inside staggered wind coming without form, going without Outer phenomena like rain after the shower a rainbow appears in the azure sky Under the sunset, countryside stoves puffing smoke A bed bug flies in front of the door of a wealthy family and releases an evil stench Coming back to his senses, the Wanderer sees his own footsteps  wondering if they are printed in mud water or space Insects attracted by the light tapping on the glass all because their squinted eyes can’t see what’s above Three eagles circling in the sky twisting and turning before taking a side road There is a small piece of land supporting billions of people  cords of karma obstructing their freedom,  interacting conditions converging in the moment of a cough The life force is like sowing seeds and waiting for a miracle In a moment of wisdom  delusion completely returns to the source.  Tonight the stars over the hilltop are particularly numerous  quietly revealing tomorrow's world Midnight coast flaunting mysterious moonlight  softly pointing out a symbol of the coming century Silent mountain forest gurgling echo of spring water in the empty valley  a cipher pervading the entire universe Withered bamboo fence spread with old vines Green leaves sewn into a curtain a safflower serving as master  He observes the world-sea galaxy and strides into the ten gates of profundity In the early days in dialogue with me Above the clouds, drawing a circle and painting a sail  Pacific east coast, rain, fog and sea woven  blue-tinted water-sky mirror of that magnificent mountain Birds using the amplitude modulation force of their wings  diving or freely circling in space The lonely Traveler sinks into a nostalgic dream of home  returning again and again, year after year Destructive power of fire  a dream of the future baptizes the rebirth of past memories  Yet even the water of eight merits can’t remove the stubborn stains of karma clinging to the mind A group of swifts cuts thru the evening twilight  vying to piece up the colored plumes of the evening glow Foam from the sea flying up in the wind before dropping down  accidentally pierced by the new-born buds Lightning brushes past the sense of vision  eyes archiving delusive memories Charcoal embers touch off a conflagration of ignorance Heart following objects presently mired in tribulation Chain of major reversals thunder rumbling the sky  lightning flashes, instantly releasing the shutter, recording the universe! Heavy rain for several days, twig with buds of spring flowers quietly stitching a spring scene Muller’s barbets shuttling thru crevices in the rain curtain, hiding amongst the banana leaves Ancient tree growing by leaps and bounds in a single season Silver-haired grandmother vows to spend her twilight years under an old banyan Childhood memories seem to sprout thoughts of home, concentrated nostalgia Tea cup, taste fading away charcoal embers still sparkling Silent expression of the night sky Guest or host? Still distracted ......  Millennium hospitality, yet to return  on the road home, who will go hand in hand Daily pacing with measured steps Not that the wife is impatient just afraid that the dream may be lacking  empty memory becomes the past At that time the conditions were in place for the Vulture Peak assembly  today wondering where to find it Trusty hands paint *Rivers and Mountains Without End*  selecting a special spot and building a gazebo‧waiting Crossing over a maglev track of empty form ─ encountering dream images of waking and sleep Who is merciful in the virtual city An unknown tree full of blossoming yellow flowers Tender-tasseled gilded buds with five cinnabar seals Light rain quietly consoles the earth Three rings of a solitary chime wakes the silent emptiness Spring wind does not raise dust every day clear and bright Wooden fish gently knock off the chains of the heart Fishing harbor with a passenger ship sailing out at night returning in the morning  every day sending a raft to shore Spring gushing out of an ancient ravine wind entering into the rock crevices  Newly fallen petals playing on the water Fresh shoots tease the clouds  turning, turning, turning inverted views All beings of the three times and ten directions have the same dream  flying, flying, flying carried by the wind without direction  Chinese bulbul on the end of a tree branch, wondering who will play host tonight  chaos, chaos, chaos weeds of ignorance cover the sky The Visitor and the Traveler meet again under the moon Brothers not recognizing one another  dancing, dancing, dancing moon lightly prancing on fingertips Safflower bends down to ask a green leaf for directions Blue sky offers clear water to the gods for bathing.  White heart boundless Wondering when the butterfly flew south In the north a magical moth barges in  In the east there comes a frog  In the west the trailing buzz of a cicada Butterfly transforms into a lovely dream  Moth chants a powerful mantra Frog musters up his courage and walks through the silent town Cicada buzzes open a bright hub  playing out its super-fast rhythm Under the moonlight the spider of the five turbidities spins a web in the night sky  plucking eighty-four thousand heartstrings, heaven and earth and the eight trigrams notwithstanding  touching the far-ranging Wanderer Suddenly a meteor breaks thru the misty sky  six kinds of earthquakes shake White heart, still boundless white Obscuration thundering applause invading the sea of the ​​spirit  rolling waves of desire philander with the venerable immovable one within Illumination source belongs to mountain, belongs to the sea, belongs to the blue sky, belongs to the white clouds  spring of purity accompanies the sacred tree eagle guarding the gorge  silence breeze of the three times halts, not mingling between breaths  raindrops of the ten directions and weeping dew, mutual consonance interlinked Ancient moss on a wonderful peak never slips down but always goes up  first gain a foothold in a solemn vow Trace park with other peaks, spring sights, Qingming  waiting for the Autumnal Equinox to stop receiving guests planning to set off early tomorrow Origin Felicity Guanyin’s smile summons up gorgeous waves in the eastern sea  willow branches in her hands turning into three rainbows, dazzling the universe.  Saha south whirling dance using phenomena to foretell the future Heart, always thinking about the ups and downs of the chisel on wood  busy, not knowing when to stop ... pondering without pause ......  due to the force of desire, accomplishing  Goals, mostly keeping in mind attention from others  hoping that all the stars in the galaxy will leave a record of me in the pages of history Flowing in consciousness, current result of a vow from a previous life Clouds flirting with heaven and earth, raining inside a circle  wind from abroad cruising throughout the universe Using the word “me” to write about myself; yet losing my other self Scenes of a childhood hometown flash in a dream  hallucinations drift past virtual eyes Using the word “you” to describe you in the present; But discovering that there is another you  encamped in the heart-palace of the opulent phantom city The child said: "In last night's dream  I became a blue bird and flew up to the branches!" All his thoughts are about himself He rides a golden drum to the august Vulture Peak assembly, still in session Dharma-eye scans over the sea of consciousness, ten powers of mindfulness  escorting the Scion Drifter back to his true home The Wanderer takes an endless bus trip to have a look at each station The Traveler waiting in the station repeatedly checking his wrist watch for the time ... My old father, seeing that recently my belly has shrunk a bit exhorts me to eat more Contributory-cause password of youth: 1972 10 683 Flushed red fresh leaves, each containing an incremental memory 1974 7 24 63306 bright branches waving about.  Daytime‧daily essentials, a brick, a shard, sand, gravel  a pair of feet and hands matching them up  See that purple rhododendron standing in between a pair of dragonflies painted red Night overcast‧opening a door, converting time and space Finding that the current century is the starting point of an old universe Because the clean bright gem-mirror has been covered by dust and turned into an earth wall  when the eight winds blow they bring down an avalanche ...... The collapsed mud wall disintegrates and returns to earth Snow fields return to water Gnosis like a snail daily slowly climbing step by step Nightly sincere and bright like the north sea tortoise coursing thru the depths Door curtains sewn by his sweetheart, rolling up a beautiful dream Food still in mouth, the Youth starts to think about the next time he will have that taste Spear and shield turn into a pair of lovers singing a duet in the moonlight Solitude and loneliness ─ mirror of consciousness in the ancient palace of the galaxy. □□□□□□□□□□□□□  March 31, April 8–9, 2002  **Book 22 The Traveler’s Awakening**  **—Original Emblem of Wisdom**  Movement misty vapor condensing into fresh dew Advance and retreat rolling waves of thought Outside the French windows, poinciana  brilliant scarlet flowers with shallots  spring wind blowing over countless verdant peaks Towards sunset the Surfer approaches a wave  a feathery red glow trails across the surface of the sea  illusory scenes derailed from the track of the spirit Roadshow of love, a reunion under the moonlight  collected by the foam, together returning to silence Green willow branches wavering, countless  bamboo pole in front bamboo pole in back A teenager rafting in the jet stream  riverbank villagers drumming overnight Spring has arrived! Children in the countryside rambling out in boisterous crowds  Little bitty bugs hiding flying with the willow catkins Big, big, big whale racing in the eastern waters March 31, record of an earthquake 6.8 in strength  the cow of the open sea off Hualian turning around I wait in the waiting room of the Songshan Airport Instantly surprised by the expression on the faces of all the travelers Suddenly a child’s innocent crying  brings everyone back their senses Sense faculties meet a catalyst and the blood begins to boil Chasing after sense objects, the latest fashion oblivious to the original benchmark  the full stop is the ancient lighthouse of the ten directions Ear chases sound, fond of embellishing thunder rumbles  earth silent ...... Listening to a solitary chime, spacious; not adding any interpretation  passing above, red clouds blossoming on the flowing waves Muse riding a horse galloping thru space, chasing the eastern wind Heaven does not net the earth immaculate and free  how is it that wherever the source is met it turns into an impediment? The Youth of yesteryear presently loses his way in the lovely snowy mountains In the sky the wise *yi* bird closely follows his shadow,  as though not going back At dusk wild geese fly high opening the night curtain  pressing the shutter of the stars ─  universe instantly overtaken by chaos The goddess Nuwa opens an earthen jar  boiling the night into dumpling dreams  for the far-ranging wanderers in a foreign land.  Inside a sack holding the Wind Pavilion, a full-scale drama universe now being staged Monarch butterfly, no match for the winter snow Dragonfly touching down on water, the Traveler’s sleep dashed to pieces Muller’s barbet tapping the wooden fish, an offering One who is bitter ships in a container of boxes filled with sadness One who would play the clown must borrow some humor from childhood memories Patting a child’s chest and counting: 1, 2, 3, 4; don’t be frightened. In an old-growth rainforest, waiting for a full three thousand springs The Scion Drifter resting his head on a stout root, falls asleep, dreaming  depending on branch and leaf, climbing into a scene three thousand years past Swing woven from former times sways in the wind Old stone wall on the opposite shore, accompanying the sound of the wind, all night sobbing Rustic wooden clogs stamp out a tap dance On the highway a pair of running shoes runs a marathon Rocky spine of a mountain, air-sole shoes clamber upwards In the city, ten toes under a mask,  draping on shimmering golden waves of black and white Open mouth twitching, spurring the horse, whipping a shadow, anguished words Two ears taking sound for a joy ride, not knowing how to return Five fingers unpracticed in the ways of the lyre A pair of celestial feet step on the gorgeous mud of the five turbidities Nominal mountains and water, turned into thick earth walls Downturned mouth, tying down a melancholy sky Eyebrows binding five Mount Sumerus lingering in the air Desire exiled to a border city  thrown by the waves onto the shore of ignorance Eyes in autumn waves, pacing in reverse Nose allergic to the flowers of spring A kind of love, a kind of sentiment, a kind of dream make the world go round  shrouding heaven, shrouding earth shrouding past memories Shrouding the sun, shrouding the moon shrouding future fantasy  Shrouding heaven, shrouding earth shrouding gnosis in the present moment Fool in the paint bucket, selling chaos,  accidentally falling into the pond in the heaven of five moons─ Saying goodbye to myths of yesterday meeting with the legends of tomorrow  who is it who restored the virtual memory chips? Set up a mirror then observe yourself  that mercurial face.  Spring Equinox birds on top an olive tree chant a sacred mantra In the pleasure grove of object-contingent mental factors cicada cries move a wind chime  delicate stepping stones covered with moss  a small white flower floats in front of a blue cliff Old suspension bridge swaying back and forth  having missed the white-cloud train, the master of the natural world puts up here tonight The convoluted Great Resting Stalactite has six apertures Serving as six stone benches where the birds play chess Not even a fool would try to cook sand  stored grain unpounded tonight we’ll have to go hungry The Visitor doesn’t take clambering on conditions as his self-nature Farmstead of moral character choked by the weeds of ignorance How, then, shall you and I and him live in peace? Blooming wild lilies, pleated skirt of five petals, turns into a mouth  turned outward, expounding the wondrous sound of the universe to deaf ears  Frog observing a dry pond, urging a farmer to call it a night Aborigines dance and sing, praying, offering all their sincerity to 2002 Palm-leaf fans sitting on the futon  young monk meditating on the side of a stone  tempest rises on the sea of consciousness ...... Red-glowing divination sticks lit up by lightning Mind-horse riding great waves, hunting for an ichthyosaur Every night placing a new *huatou* in a storage closet White snow piled up on the crest of a wave Delusions oozing out of silent fissures  leaving a signature on the mind, on the romantic lake of a newborn baby Washed moon, bright sky, lifting mist  Tacit understanding, soaking in by virtue of the remnants of a dream  placing a stamp on the sea of true nature.  Desolate winter of leaves spring comes again Emblem of innate wisdom slightly uneasy ...... A single pole carrying two bags An inch of light, an inch of shadow a thousand feet of blue, ten thousand yards of green  There is a cobweb, revealing traces of time Abbot’s room  containing mountains and sea‧wind and rain  heaven and earth  a beautiful undertaking. Solemn heart, a long drive into the night sky, straight into the spring equinox Canyon and cliff clear meandering stream Rain forest with dappled sunlight like threads of water Pond with multiple copies of the moon The Traveler imbibes the morning sunlight, slowly wiping away last night’s dream  Face of an innocent child, why so dejected?  because a small ant asked him for a leaf for crossing the river A giant silk worm catches his eye  cocoon wrapping up one thousand burdens and ten thousand doubts Truth and beauty, outside shaking hands Secondary rainbow about to embrace a colorful ice crystal  carefully peeling the thin silk cocoon and slowly drawing out tying and binding  weaving a multilayer "human sarong." □ □ □ □ □ □ □  See those wooded peaks holding up the starry sky Two tall ginkgo trees hanging a bell  old wisteria climbing a tree house Who painted the earth so dark? Rime following the sunrise, putting on the dance of the water Momentary‧moment of thought  turning into invisible walls, apperceiving according to conditions  fading out fading in Wide-open blue sky falling into the center of the water Trees laden with scarlet fruit  daylight calls the birds for breakfast Under bright sunshine tender leaves covered with optical fibers After several storms, turning round  turning into green leathery leaves Last autumn lying on the fallen red leaves Tonight passing over illusions Dream of mind and consciousness turning into butterflies and soaring up ...... Early summer glossy leaves again refurbished  a heatwave bears down on the sea of the spirit Sandy beach wrapping up waves  oh fish don’t come ashore Sound of the tide wafting in the wind  scattered everywhere wrapped around wisdom  attracting waves of whale watchers!  Apologizing, it’s the mind of childhood Some people love to move the seat covered in kudzu vine, looking for trouble It’s said that on the Autumnal Equinox if you visualize a golden drum Then you will be able to freeze the current moment  take hold of an eternal inner remembrance ─  April 9–10, 2002  Postscript  **Concerning the South—**  **The Flower-adornment Sutra and Manjusri Pointing South**  By Yu Hsi  "South" is a flowing lyrical reverie describing a beautiful stately world. This world of sentient beings, this vast display of dazzling color, is reminiscent of Tao Yuanming’s romantic paradise, full of lovely mountains, wandering streams, flowered pavilions under the moon ...... tracks of birds in the air, trails of fish in the water, the bright moon over the mountains, a gentle breeze on the sea—all uniquely enchanting.  This metaphysical treasure chest of infinite transformation is the ideal realm of the people living on this blue planet. For this stately world of profound beauty is not silent and desolate, but rather a prosperous place bustling with creativity, ever new. In the scriptures of Mahayana Buddhism this world is often referred to as “Sahā,” which can be freely translated as "tolerance” or “endurance." In Buddhist cosmology Mount Sumeru is at the center of the cosmos, and is surrounded by four continents; the one in the south is Jambudvipa, our own world of defilement and tribulation which stands in stark contrast to the Western Pure Land. Yet, despite its confusing complexity, this blue planet provides the ideal conditions for spiritual growth.  Successfully navigating thru this majestically diverse blue space requires lots of wisdom; then it is possible to freely dwell in this vast expanse of wonders as long as one chooses! ...... By virtue of this wealth of wisdom, the sublimely beautiful Flower-adornment realm came into being.  Human beings—be they past, present, or future—always harbor an innate yearning for their native place, the ideal state of ultimate beauty which is to be attained by the cultivation of wisdom. Practicing and perfecting this art of living results in a state of perfect harmony free of obstacles. Deeply coursing in wisdom, one experiences perfect harmony in any situation; this is the essence of “Manjusri Pointing South.” Thru the attainment of such practical wisdom, one arrives at the place of ultimate beauty and truth, enters into unity with everything in the boundless universe, and gains insight which penetrates into the delicate beauty and magnificence of life.  The Flower-adornment Sutra transmits these profound spiritual teachings on the ideal way of life. “Manjusri Pointing South” is like an ancient compass ever pointing towards the truth inherent in this fickle and complex blue planet, leading people to true happiness that never fades, regardless of country and lifestyle. This is the practical wisdom which can only be brought to full perfection in the south, the Saha world of endless change!  An ancient village on the bank of the Ganges; clear and joyful flavor of life, extent in the south, revealing the essential wisdom of life—the Vulture Peak assembly is still in session, deeply fragrant Zhaozhou tea.  December 15, 2002  The premier of “The Flower-adornment Song” |