

The Call of Awakening II

Stars in Brilliant Array—A View of the Sea and Sky

Dao Yi of Yu Garden

April 16, 2014

Respect and honor accompany mutual listening; the Dharma-realm of the silkworm, innumerable scriptures in a particle of dust.

Cooling the heart, simple and pure; benefitting all sentient beings in this homeland of the snail, elegant and bright.

Abode of the mysterious axis, blessed by heaven; huge, bright pearl of inspiration, in harmony with the way, hoping for safety.

Setting out on the Bodhi way, clear with a blue tint; the incessant thunder ceases, all is silent.

The freely omnipotent master of the sea, skilled in the ways of the water, raises up the flag of great compassion and observes the stars.

Cultivating *bodhi*, practicing wisdom, he raises sail and sets out on that

inconceivable channel, dedicating his merit to all those caught in the swirling eddies.

The herdsman dreams, great function, unhindered. Masterly releasing the clouds, following the flow, untainted.

A pure mind practicing goodness, an eternal nature as bright as the moon; men and gods going beyond defilement, much joy, virtue, peace.

Roaring thunder and flashing lightning bursts asunder the solid ice, like a snowflake alighting on a red-hot stove; the sound of awakening, inherent intelligence and superb illumination.

Original awakening, bright and marvelous, the *vajra*-eye lighting the lamp of wisdom, fully entering into the unsurpassable knowledge and vision of the Tathagata.

Stopping, stopping, stopping—coming to rest in an apparitional city, a marvelous castle; sun and moon moving, wind and rain proceed.

Without hearing the thunder, the shepherd boy keeps a trained eye on

the cows; unconditioned tranquility.

Forming a treasury in empty space, a spiritual receptivity, an eye which reaches the heavens and penetrates the earth.

A crane flies out of its silver cage, a precious seal in the sky, leaving the dust of the sense faculties far behind, a katydid toying with suchness.

Blue-tinted dew filling the meditation hall, fine dew at daybreak, flowers opening in the first rays of light.

Bodhi-mind observing all things with the eye of awakening, using the five sciences to benefit sentient beings—Ah, the ultimate truth of thusness.

Amid a pounding hurricane, the fearless elephant king stands guard, undaunted by the surging waters; wind subsides, the lion roars.

Viewing the vast, majestic waves, a marvelous peak in an empty palace;

wind pools come to rest in the garden of meditation.

A vast pond indistinctly entering into perfection, emitting a swirling light, communicating with the formless Buddha.

Above the magnificent, bright mountain top an ancient moon appears, how many times now? Another sunrise in the Land of Felicity.

Nothing is outside the great void; the great elephant is without form; swirling wind and clouds—Ah, follow it away.

The majestic Pure Land, repository of emptiness; movement and stillness fully illuminated, all thoughts come to rest.

Receiving and letting go both insight and folly; an emptiness beyond, beguiling heaven; a green hill in daylight, whereon one with good vision loses the way.

Thoughts settling into the see of consciousness, the revolving causes and conditions from which everything arises, spinning about, storing up all karmic potentialities.

Following the light, perceiving the essence, knowing thyself; the secret of the universe laid bare.

Mind uneasy, I seek the teacher's advice; discovering the source, I
repent, profound knowing ensconced in the unmanifest.

Profound mystery moving in momentary transformation; focused mind
set free, latent mind in obscure silence, strange forms, nothing moves
in heaven or on earth.

Sudden thunder, a melodious chime; lofty heaven, humble earth;
winter and summer taking turns, all things come bubbling forth.

Drinking savory tea, one notion gives rise to 108 thousand thoughts.

Cutting off defilement like a battle axe: the Lixue Pavilion, the Caoxi
Road, the Zhaozhou Bridge—Marvelous sights, all for free.

Reflection, surprise; comprising the essence of heaven and earth;
flowing into the apex of reality, cutting off all the streams, cultivating
goodness.

Without appearance or intention, surveying history, all things happen
to meet in the empty silence.

Peach-blossom smile beyond sound and form; waves stretching out,

water rippling, the deep blue sea flowing day and night.

The door to the sign of reality, water of a single taste; mountain
flowers smile, wild birds sing; the place where weapons of war stir not.

The ancient Buddha on the mountain of the spirit, unknown to men
who see not themselves; listening closely, naught do I hear; a spring
garden beyond the non-gate.