

An idiot monk's
few words



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Kannon zen dojo Brussels
april 2023

1.

Following the example of the great monk Taisen
zazen suddenly jumped in the abysmal coffin

Abrupt annihilation
in an infinitesimal fraction

Back to shiki again, the 'I' softly lets pass over
like a floating cloud high in the blue
the image of the venerated Master Yunō

Leaving the dojo, the traffic
exhales a perfume of overflowing joy

Words can't express
It's better to continue the practice
and simply taking up again the work in the garden

2.

over there the sangha is in sesshin
and I'm over here with illness

life-death, nearby-far away,
shin jin datsu raku

the sangha flowers right here
in this body-mind
with ten thousand bouddhas over there

the moon remains in the middle of the water
the moon isn't wet
the water isn't hurt

3.

In the shadow of days becoming longer
the first melodies of the blackbird in the oak tree
and the chatter of little birds in the hedges

The moonlight whitens a carpet of snowdrops
under the shadow of buttoning bushes, with
some flickering dew drops here and there

It is time to go now, opening the iron gate and
mounting the bike to drive down to town, climb up to the
dojo, welcoming the first sirens and yelling morning traffic cries

A city blackbird sitting on the tiles describes with ingenious vocalizations
to its homologue in the oak tree over there and to the little birds in the
hedges the noble posture of some practitioners in the moon light

4.

Since days and days in the vegetable garden
like a grand black sponge the humus absorbs
the rainfalls

The earthworms go up to the surface again
while humidity descends through their underground
passages or the galleries of a small rodent

It is still cold but yet the grasses are there with their
extraordinary vitality and wide variety
named weeds

Inside the house near the window, nice and warm,
the seedlings seek for light like a fragile new-born
seeks the breast of its protective mother

Just under the wet surface of the garden
the mycelium and its many filaments create a vast
interface between the mineral and vegetal world

In which soon the seedlings will become food for
this body, while the observation of this beautiful
chain of interdependence will nourish the practice

5.

The body is numb, the head misty,
time seems to drag, wandering with
too many discordant and disparate thoughts

This zazen is never-ending,
is it yesterday's food or the over flow of
messages, informations, images or noises

Coming back to the breath, embracing the
temporary discomfort with compassion and wisdom,
or trying at least, and let it pass away with humor