
Open Way

By Antonio Taishin Arana

Excerpt from "Song of dispossession" (Genjo-Sustraia, Genjo Zen Dojo - Pamplona)

Sitting facing the wall without doing anything,
the morning light raises,
crosses us, goes away.
Comes, passes through us, goes away...
And on our lips,
just beaded by the dew,
there is a glorifying yes.

We pass through the tenuous light of the shadow,
razor's edge between two worlds,
without any other guide
than the one that - in our heart - burns.
Without forgetting to pick up
the plush between the pebbles
of our path
which - with each step - opens and widens.

With great respect,
climbing towards the depths
we tread barefoot
the sacred land of pain and suffering,
knowing that every heaven
fits in a hell.