
Under the moonlight

By HeiDo Meriadec

Under the moonlight,
Sorrow and happiness,
Joy and anger no longer matter.

In the coldness of the winter,
Contemplating the clear moon
Marveled at this moment
Without expectation,
Calm and solitude
Warm my heart.

How to live the poetic state?
Be available
Do nothing
Just be with
That's all...

Zazen unmatched jewel.
Really, what else more precious can be offered?
Just this moment of liberating sitting
Practice of the Buddha's awakening.

Through the window, the cat and the monk
Contemplate together a winter landscape
Shrouded in mist.
Speechless moment of complicity...

In the forest
The sound of the wind in the branches of the trees
Transmits the teaching without words.
Here the voice of nature sounds
Even in deaf ears.

The darkness of the night
Sublimates the moonlight
Do not set one against the other.

The Wind and the Moon

Sitting in zazen, The wind blows, uncatchable.
Night zazen under a starry sky.
Late at night, the frenzy of the world seems to be quieten down,
Just the noise of the insects and the wind.
Such a moment, how could it be described !
A simple glance, a smile, a silence, than... nothing !

Fond of silence
To let the heart speak.
Night zazen.
The moonlight as single light.
Sitting in silence
Observing the smoke of the incense
fading away little by little...

Walking on the wet sand, leaving footprints,
For a while remain,
Suddenly a wave looms up violently
Washing off everything.
Indeed, nothing lasts.

Sitting in the shade of a large patriarch tree,
Watching the leaves falling gently...

Sitting with my bowl of tea
An idle man in trouble times.
For single company,
through the window,
the birdsong.
The joy to be simply there...

The wind blows,
Dead leaves fly away,
In my house,
quietness

In the darkness, the moonlight,
the sweet perfume of incense.
Sitting before the window,
Contemplating the moon and the stars.
Absorbing myself with
the serene nature of this moment.
My heart is upside down !

A cold night,
a clear moon,
a contemplative silence...

A clear moon in a misty sky.
Tonight no star to contemplate.
What a strange atmosphere !

Carefully taking down the moon,
Gently laying it by her heart !