
To be a monk today

Fireflies Necklace: Tribute Jigsaw

By Antonio Arana Soto

Alone but not lonely
trustful -wave and ocean- he heads
for the unknown -water- that way
where he does not know,
-cloud-
that way where he does not know,
with no other light or guide than the ones burning in his heart
- nothing secret, nothing special -

His eyes haven't changed
His gaze changed
-cloudwater-

He knows he is on the way Ingredient of life
- pungent, sweet, salty, astringen -
of our daily broth

and nothing to reach,
in the impossible avoidance,
he finds Buddha amidst the pots.

Monk today, here and now
lives life - sometimes hazy - immersed
immersed dyed hands - sometimes ocean -
in the daily blood
- deep sea : no merit -

that is where he finds himself

and in the dark night

dawn is not clear

in the middle of the night, the true light,

trustfully

disciple, he follows the traces of the master,

the path of the fireflies in the night,

lights up his delusions

and he discovers

that cold or crazy

obsessed by angels or demons

the weight of the world

is love

love that makes the sun goes round and the other stars

and his penetrating howling pierces him

and he rejoices

- his attention as sharp as the thinnest blade -

and serves him

- his heart sharpened as the most noble heart -

burning dance, the go and fro of life and breath

clear mind, open heart, skillful means,

makes him suffer

- his sword sharpened as the thinnest blade -

not more

but more efficiently

and he goes

where no grass grows

- empty zafu, weight of a flame above -

and through his empty hands, full

worlds pass by

and the sands

and he plays the game of life:

one, two, three

and four, five, six

embracing Ryokan.

Under this full autumn moon of September

what a fine thing to be shipwrecked in this sea

it's fine to be wrecked

it's fine

it's

It's nothing