

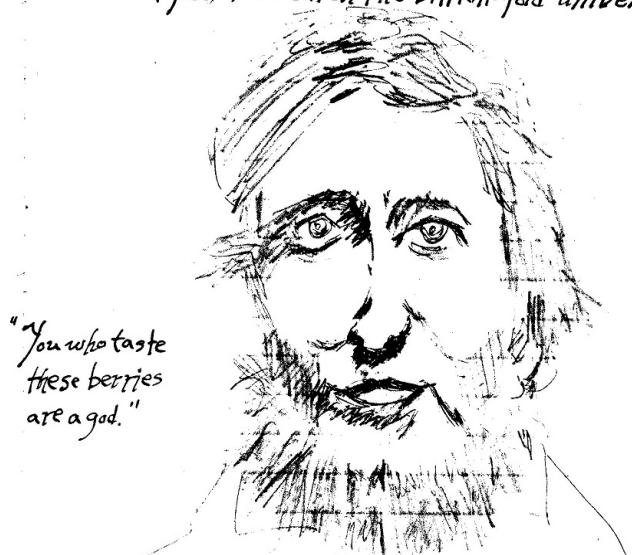
could have been avoided
if we had cultivated huckleberries
rather than tobacco

Again, I quote:

"Be blown on by all the winds, open all your pores
and breathe in all the tides of nature, in all her
streams and oceans, at all seasons... Grow green
with spring — yellow and ripe with autumn.
Drink of each season's influence as a vial,
a true panacea of all remedies mixed for
your especial use... Drink not the wines of
your own but of nature's bottling — not
kept in a goat- or pig-skin, but in the skins
of a myriad fair berries."

Well, in lieu of berries, I had
fresh green beans, red-skinned potatoes
Basmati rice, small pieces of ham w/spice
simmered a second day —
I feel I've eaten the billion-fold universe

Ala La Ho



"You who taste
these berries
are a god."



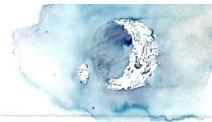
Hidden Moon
Jampa Dorje

Awake in false dawn

maybe Venus is up or the moon - light
on the horizon - get up and take a leak - light
the fire / laid the night before - put on long johns,
socks, shirt, skirt, sweater, sandals - light
the gas stove for tea - put on kettle, set out cup,
tea bags - light lamp if no moon - light candles
on altar - check fire, add wood, close door -
pour tea water - tea for Ekajati w/crocker - light
incense - blow out lamp - put on headlamp -
fill altar bowls with water - put on cope, if cold -
check fire, add wood - set out offering from
yesterday - do breathing exercises - practice,
hopefully without interruption - when light,
remove head/lamp - finished with ngöndro,
move cushions to bed - set bell + dorje + mala on
shelf - roll out linoleum for prostrations - check
fire, add wood if necessary (although, here, I don't
want it too hot for the physical exertion to ensue) -
^(36+3:108)
set out 36 "counting" rocks - take off some clothes,
down to socks, T-shirt and longjohns - put on kneepads -
drink an 8oz. glass of whey (designer protein supplement) -
200 prostrations take me a little over an hour - either
before or afterwards I read some from Patrul Rinpoche's
Words of My Perfect Teacher - may need to stop and
go to the outhouse during this phase - finish doing
my refuge accumulations with prostrations - roll up
linoleum - replace meditation mat + cushions -
put on robes - make breakfast

Why be a hermit?

One less samsaric individual to contend with
Prayer is dependable, effects everyone
lineage of yogis - "It's what we do."



"The work's all finished nothing has been done"
- Philip Whalen

Lama Tsultrim visited today 10/20/09



brought me some torma from a Chugdud DrubChen
Chugdud Rinpoche's son, Lama Pema
"Great Accomplishment Ceremony"

Closed my eyes to feel the blessing

Mipham said, "One DrubChen is equal
to seven years of solitary retreat."

I felt myself in the mandala in Luminous Peak

"The life of a poet: less than 7/3ds of a second"



fragment of prayerflag
found on path to outhouse



Interrupted by nature's call

green = karma family
treat each Buddha item with respect
even the tiniest piece

INFINITY/ETERNITY

FRAGILE HABILE WITH CARE
singularity contains
all space and time

what's on the outside? Dharmakaya?

MEASURES OF DURATION

following my guru

I found precious gems along the way:

a crystal, a carnelian + a piece of jade

BUDDHA DHARMA SANGHA
Mind Voice Body

Plank's
non-simultaneous
and partially
overlapping "events"



and I found three nails; well, 2 nails + a screw, that could
represent the 3 words that strike to the heart of the matter

"You can bet I won't need your cow to plow just yet"

DISCIPLINE (MORALITY)

Easier to maintain than to rebuild from scratch
Climbing from the base of the mountain

is easier than from a long distance away

The problem seems to be

once you've started the climb

will there be a Sherpa to carry the baggage?

AND HOW TO BEGIN?

The first step is the hardest, I've heard
Where does the first step come from?

if from nowhere, how is it born?

if from somewhere, it's already a done deal
basic Buddhist metaphysics

One thing is for sure

if it's taking a crap

no one can do it for you

Good to have a supply of tissue on hand, for whatever...

I asked for 4 rolls; I got one

I asked for 2 rolls; I got none

I asked for 1 roll; also, none

This is not a poem —

it's a request for toilet paper!

If I ask for 7 rolls

Would I get 3?

basic Buddhist numerology





"Self flashes off fame and face.

What do then? how meet beauty? Merely meet it; own
Home at heart, heaven's sweet gift; then leave, let that alone
Yea, wish that though, wish all, God's better beauty, grace."

- Gerard Manley Hopkins

"How meet"? Indeed!

Deep into Whalen's
"Scenes of Life at the Capital"
him far away

across that ocean years ago
I came across this passage
by Father Hopkins

as Philip spills coffee on himself
at the moment of wondering
"Whatever any of that means (to what serves mortal beauty?)"
and he is "suddenly spastic brainless"
Flailing arms and feet / complete total mess. Rush home..."

In the outhouse in Iowa on our family farm
there was a Sears & Robuck catalog to wipe with
fun to read during the process
check out the ladies' undergarments
and the hand tool department
(oh, that sounds rude!) just whiling away the
time... AS... GREAT TWO, the standard of heaven —
time as "event" time as "flow" time as "smudge"
time as "money" time as "suchness"... THE SAME TIME...
as beatific expression as musical beat as beat flat
by time

"Beatnik"
(a sign of those times)

When the Sears & Robuck catalog was depleted
it was back to those sorry cornnobs
not much to "read" there — spacetime as "decay"

The movement of returning to practice...
PRAXIS IN CONTRAST TO THEORY

Time as "phase", in the movement of return

I had my nihilist phase =

 leave it
this time

My response to everyone was
"Goshit in your hat!"

I'm glad I've moved beyond that

I had my eternalist phase =

My response to everyone was
"Repent, or be damned to hell!"

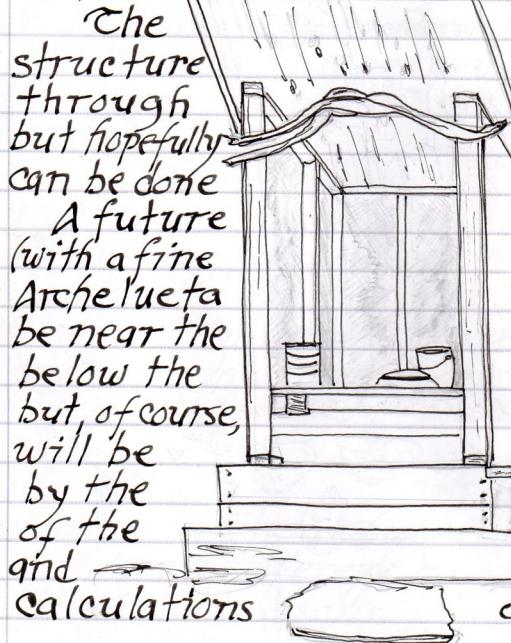
Glad to have evolved here, as well

 plan for a perpetual motion machine

Hoping I'm not stuck in the middle ground
where what goes around comes around
I apologize for my past childishness =
May all beings find happiness, oh, yes!

NOTE TO LAWRENCE

Would it be possible to move the old outhouse or build a new one closer to the cabin? Not likely, I know, this late in the season, but let it be known the hole is reaching full capacity, its "contents"



The structure through but hopefully can be done

A future (with a fine Archeloueta be near the below the but, of course, will be by the of the grid calculations

Please put my request on the Tarq Mandala retreat cabin agenda so that my request can be considered before the whirlwind of activity begins next year.

I knock it back with a stick, but an ominous stalagmite of shit is ever-approaching.

existing will get me the winter, something come spring.

location view of Ridge) would brush pile driveway, the location decided reach backhoe the of its clever

Berkeley: fast walking with Elizabeth crossing streets named after transcendentalists Parker, Channing, towards Blake

needing to pee after smoking opium loosing it on Haste

big puddle on the sidewalk, one shoe full to the brim Elizabeth holds my hand and walks me home I knew I had something in that woman

Transcendence/Immanence

trans scandere, Latin, to climb across immanere, to remain in

no "better beauty" than in God's creatures or a "better beauty" to merge with the Divine?

Academic, when you have to go...

As Samantabhadra says

"The sublime magical illusion is easy to find: ... it immediately emerges by itself."

- THE TIMELESS UNSOUGHT MOMENT.

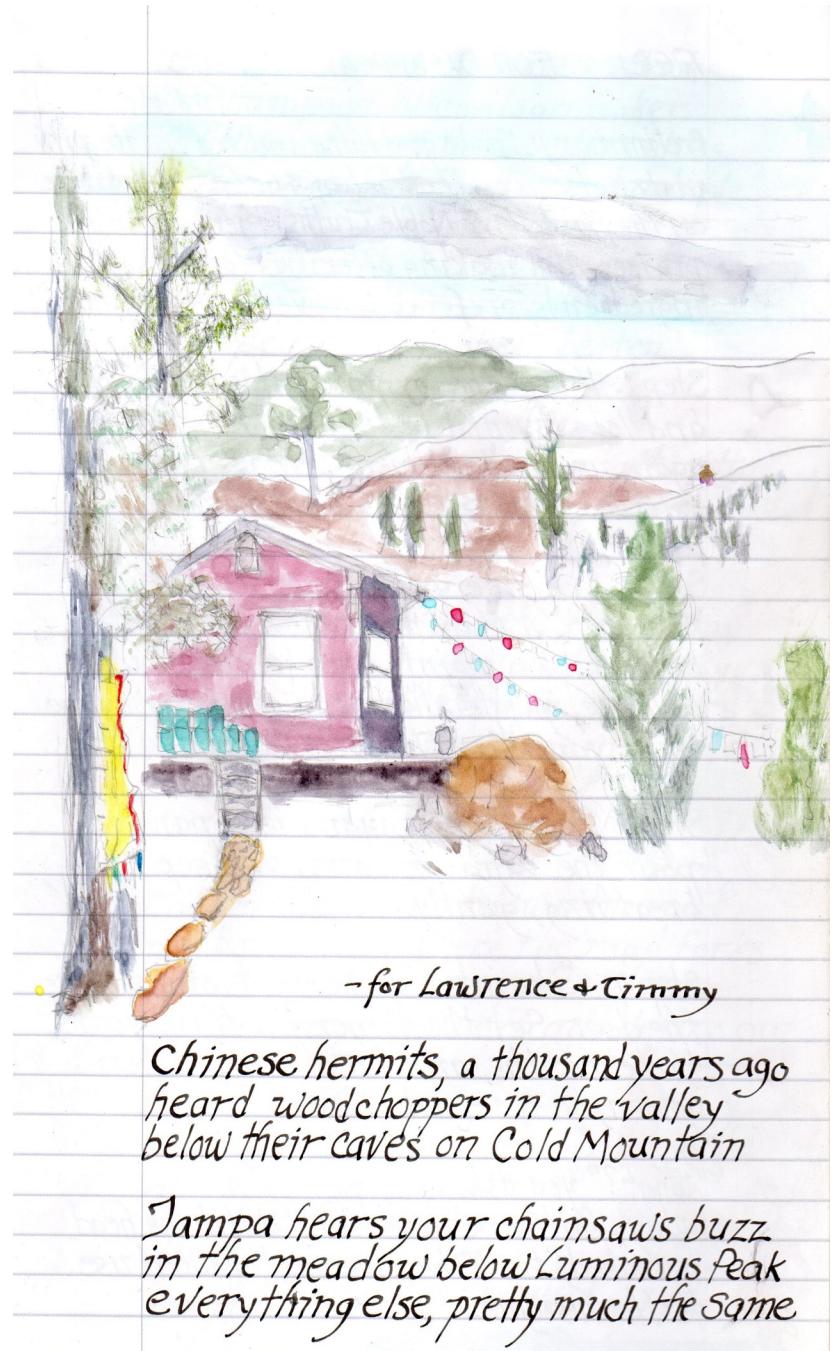
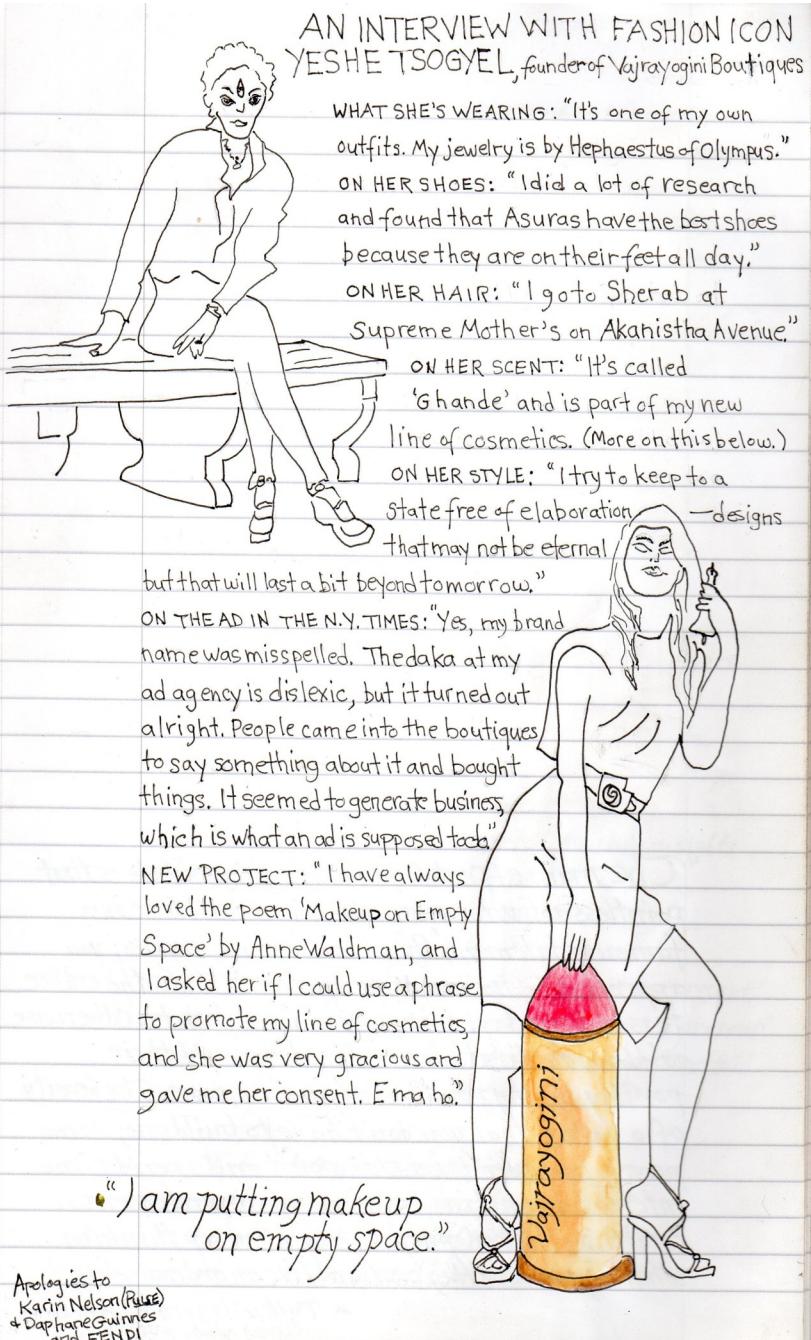
"She's a blueblooded eastern gal
is she going to marry that guy?"

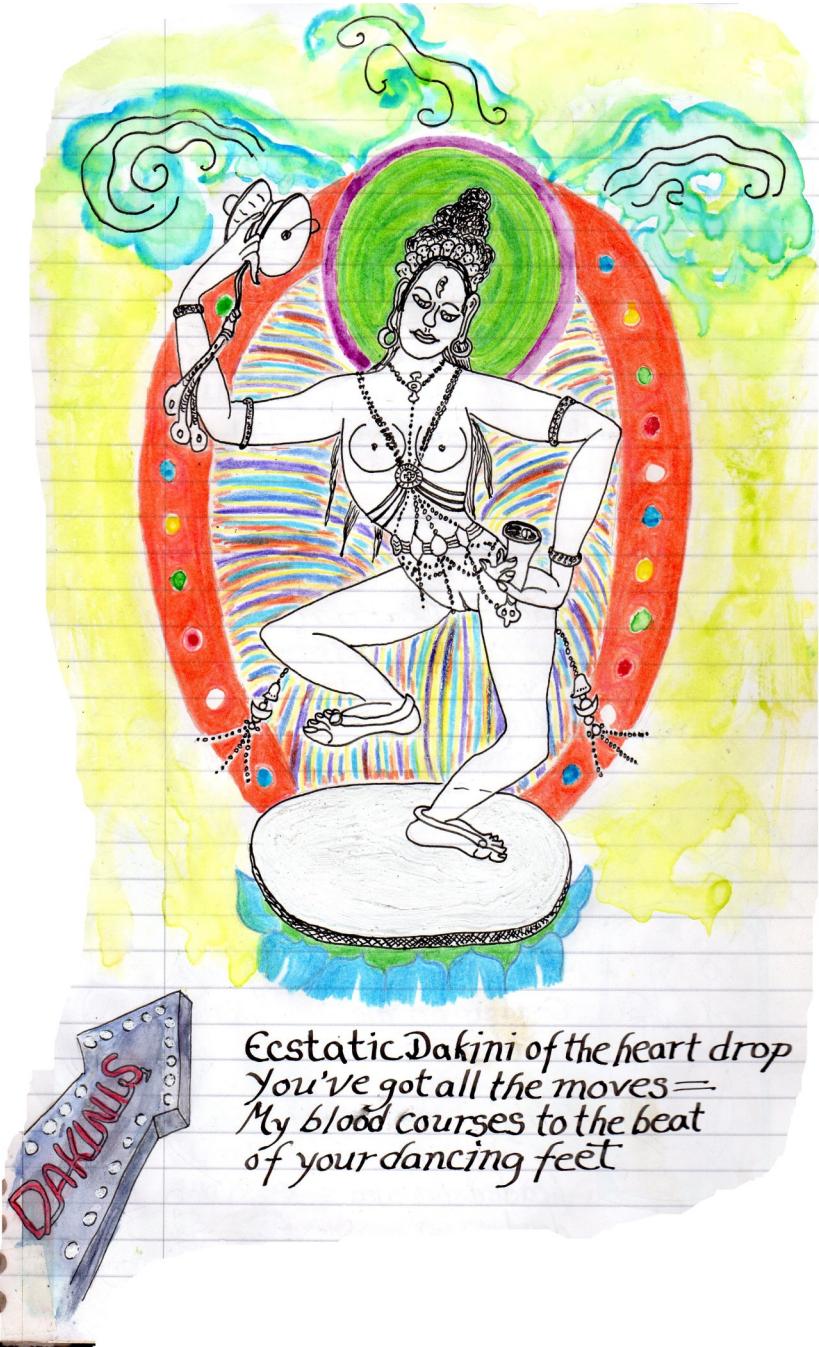
"Why do you ask?"

"Well, you can take the boy out of the midwest
but you can't take the midwest out of the boy."

New Yorkers have a myopic view of America and so do Californians, who see everything on the other side of the Rockies as East and everything between the Rockies and the Pacific coast as the Old West

which puts California somewhere in the far Far East
... the Pureland of Amitabha





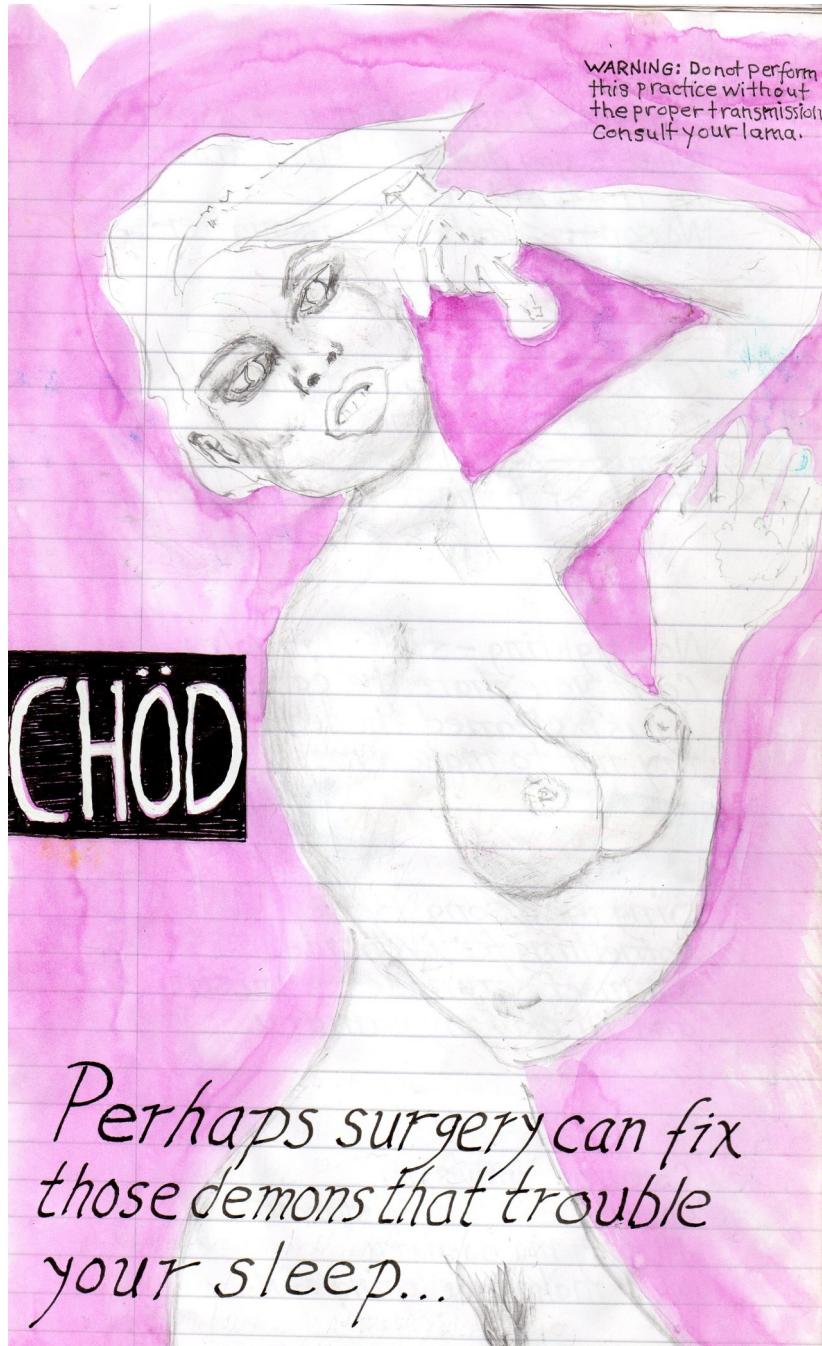
Intermittent rain showers — the first of the season —
darkens the soil, greens the grass
In the mountains
it's May showers
bring June flowers
and with them, the bugs
a surly wind hassles the pines
Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony

The copper roof of Tara's temple blazes with brightness



"Tao makes things what they are
but is not itself a thing."

This wind is from the southwest, San Diego, maybe
wonder how Impetuous Delicios is doing
that's Gabriella Anaya Valdepeña
and if Doug, her husband, has made headway
with our collaboration, Roses of Crimson Fire
forthcoming from Darkness Visible Press
frivolous of me with so much DARKNESS VISIBLE
Tara practice, "Skillful Grace" as my support, I try
vanquishing fear and ignorance
I think about the condition of Iraq, the suffering
breath in the pain, breath out a prayer
breath in the pain, breath out a prayer
breath in the war, breath out peace



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April Fools Day

Moon glow under clouds to the south

false finger of dawn

beyond Archelucta Ridge

reminds me of another

April morning, preparing to plant a garden

Mount Saint Helens erupts

Dark mid-morning day-star

a sunset in the south?

and to the north?

refraction of light

off ominous black cloud

silver-white on ragged ridge of Stewart Range

"April showers bring May flowers."

The heavens have a surprise!

We drive out of Ellensburg for view

pasture of new born colts & their dams

electric air zig zag demiurge lighting tongue

sign reads: ARTIFICE AT WORK - CAUTION

colts frolic, dams look very concerned

Flashy orange gloom thunder

fine ash drifts & settles over Kititas Valley

splashed water on windshield

turns from powder to cake

"You know, in Pompeii this shit got deep!"

Blind car race back to brimstone town

whiteout Coopotex centerfold

when the pyroclastic debris settles

we start a new day, although it's gritty

Blending JnanaSattva
with SamayaSattva



THE ARYA TARA SHOW

Dream: I'm with Adzom in a TV studio. He introduces me to his ol' buddy, Pemala. They go way back, to some movie they were in together. The title isn't mentioned, and I hope it wasn't Death to Smoothie, but I'm afraid to ask. Adzom and I are ^{to be} guests on the Arya Tara Show, and Pema has his own show, which follows on the same network.

Pema offers to give us a tour of the studio, which he calls "the manse"; it's hard to tell whether we are on a set in the studio or that the studio itself is a set. There are lights in all directions which make some objects to appear translucent and others to be made of precious substances. Areas are either obscured in shadow or the light gathers and expands an area as though it was infinite.

There are large objects on the floor in a tangle which we effortlessly glide over. Passing through a gate, we settle on chairs, or seats rather, without backs that are supported by a single leg or "stem." The room, or set, is radiating a warm, pink glow, as though we were inside a sunset or a rose.

"These are my digs," said Pema. "It's where I broadcast the news—it's comedy, but more people view my program than the so called Samsara news.

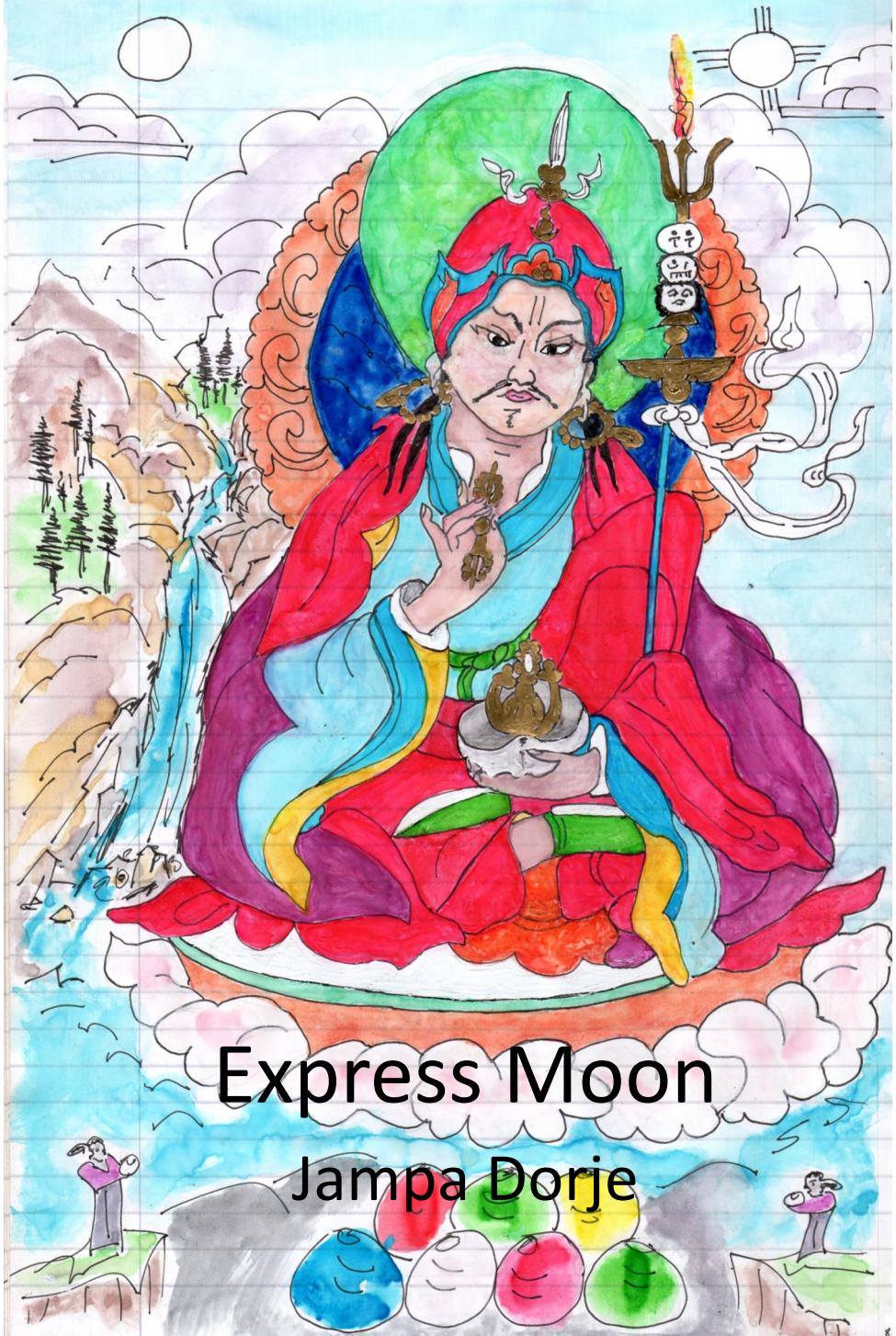
My signature is: 'And, now, for the evening gnosis.'"

¶ I said, "I haven't seen, or even heard, of these programs."

¶ He explained, "This is inferior TV, although what's inside and what's outside of a mind projection is debatable. In the overall mandala of psychic communication, information travels via three networks: N.E.B., S.B.E., and D.Q.S. These are the Nirmanakaya Emanated Body, the



Are you feeling transparent and not fully manifested. This is a condition known as "pellucid." A new outfit will do you a world of good!!



Express Moon
Jampa Dorje

Sambhogakaya Body of Enjoyment, and the Dharmakaya Quasar System. These systems are not mutually exclusive of one another, since N.E.B. and S.B.E. often co-produce such programs as the Dalai Lama's mini-series, Kalacaktra Empowerment and Commentary, so there will not be sectarian bias.

"There are the various sponsors to contend with: Nyingma, Kagyu, Geluk, Sakya, along with the gods and protectors. They have their attachments to certain types of programming. On a day-to-day schedule, what we call 'Nirna' has the province of the soaps and movies: 'Dieties of Our Lives', 'As the Wheel Turns', 'Tantra Classics', 'Avalokiteshvara Now', 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo' and so many others. 'Sambo TV' carries the educational shows, 'Biographies of Tibetan Yogins', 'Great Caves of Brilliant Light', 'Buddhafields of Manifest Joy,' and cooking shows like 'Bon Appetite'. My contract for the last millennium has been with Sambo, ever since I left Tibet to subdue the rakshasas. It was on the set of Lotus Born where Adzom and I first met."

"You were in Lotus Born? I asked my guide.

"I had the role of Vimalamitra," he replied.

"Oh, my, when you debated with the Bonpos and you snapped your fingers and the magicians fainted, I couldn't contain myself, and I shouted with joy, right in the theater." My admiration for my friend knew no bounds.

"It is getting close to the time of our appearance on 'Card. We need to get on some makeup." And with a snap of his fingers we were in the green room, and a Daka was waiting in an adjacent room to assist, and in no time we were given an emerald blue-green complexion; and, it was showtime.

There is such an anxiety-ridden buildup to going on stage, and then it's happening so swiftly, and then it's past. Like life.

Tara was exquisite. For being the mother of all the Victorious Ones, she was very youthful in appearance, seated on a moon disc on a lotus, wearing her ornaments. Of course, the beauty of her emerald blue-green complexion made our makeup faces look like masks.

The famous Utpala flower, which is usually pictured at her left ear, on this occasion, was in a vase made of lapis lazuli. As we walked onstage, a conch was blown. Adzom sat on a golden throne with nine brocaded cushions, and I took my seat below and to his side on three brocaded cushions, which is a great honor in itself.

The Glorious One introduced Adzom to the audience. It took awhile to inumerate all his incarnations, and then she turned to me. Her presence is simply overwhelming. I began to melt in her gracious gaze, and when she spoke, my neck hairs stood on end; and I had to pee suddenly, but there was no exit.

"And you, Jampa Dorje, are the author of many marvelous books. I've read a few with much enjoyment. Your most recent, Wild Turkey Pecking, has had wonderful reviews, and I highly recommend it to everyone; but my fav is Vajra Songs, that contains a poem in which I am invoked. If I could be in any way attached to a poem, it would be ^{to} this one. Please read it for us."

My Yogi Moroccan spice teabag tag this morning says, "You are unlimited." Yesterday, it said, "Your destiny is to merge with infinity." Am I reassured?

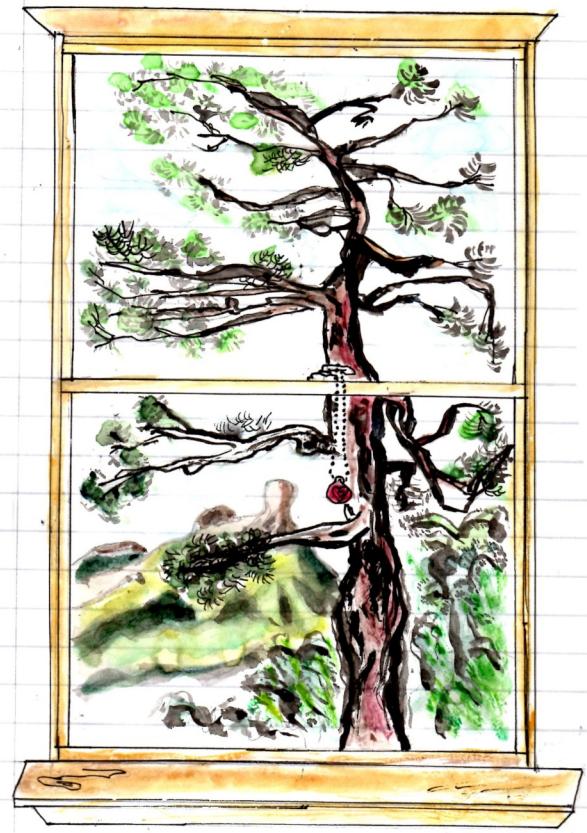
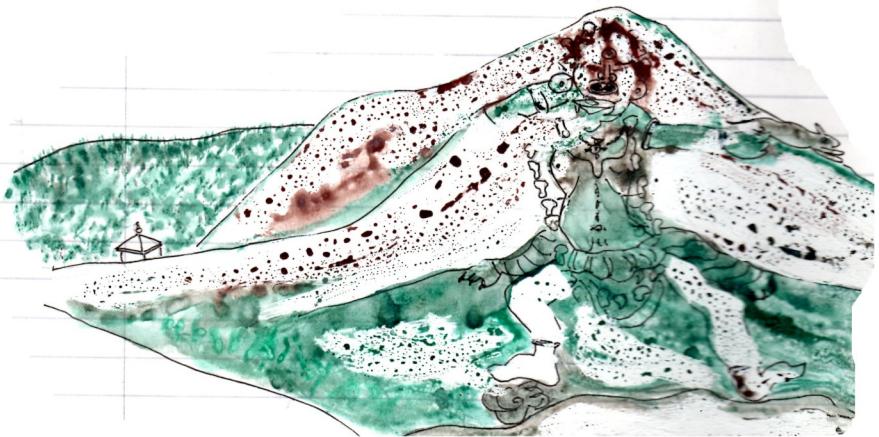
Meaninglessness is an expression of despair, nausea & the absurd to us. In the East, it is solace and release from "the sickness unto death".¹

"Poetry is about the continuation of poetry."² About things arising from causes, Buddha revealed their causes and related their cessation. All the birds in these woods are singing / lovesongs.

Three of us in retreat
Coz, Beth, and Me
OM AH HUM
May we come out buddhas

A maid on the path, who could it be
wailing, "Get it out of me; I don't want it!"
What could it be, a cancer? a baby?
maybe, her ego — such anguish!

¹ S. Kierkegaard ² Czeslaw Milosz



She handed me a copy of my book, which had shrunk in size. The pages were now made of gold and the letters gleamed from ink made of precious gems. I summoned all my courage and read:

TARA PEACH TRANSMISSION

Adzom wants to know how to can peaches.

Csultrim is telling how, step by step.

Erik translates. Adzom takes notes, while giving Csultrim a short version of the Tara practice which he wants included at the back of the book.

I sit outside the tent, chuckling to myself, waiting for the text to emerge, so I can run off another edition.

Adzom is transmitting it word by word.

Csultrim writes down each word in phonetic Tibetan, and Erik translates it into English.

Chen, another step in the peach canning process, and Erik translates that into Tibetan, and Adzom writes it down in his notebook.

Chen, another line of the Tara practice emerges, and Csultrim writes that down, and Erik translates.

OM CHAG TSAL JETSUN TARE

OM Homage to Jetsun TARE Goddess
Wash jars, rinse. Place jars in hot water.

CU TARA E YI DUNG WA KUNCHOB

CU TARA E Save from all suffering
Pack the sliced peaches into hot jars.

TUGJE TOGMED TURE PALMO

Unimpeded compassion TURE Glorious One
Leave one finger of space at top of jar.

DAK LA DRUPCHOK TSOLCHIK SWA HA

Grant me the ultimate siddhi SWA HA
Cover with boiling syrup, leaving headspace.

"Excellent! Excellent! Excellent!" is what Arya Tara said, when I had finished.

There was applause. The conch was blown. We said our goodbyes, and my fifteen minutes of divine glory were over. I followed Adzom back to the green room where we watched the rest of the show on TV. At the end, everyone in the audience took refuge, and they found keys to a Mahayana vehicle under their seats.

"She certainly takes the wind out of suffering," I said.

Adzom motioned it was time to go, but I took a moment to check out the Dharmakaya programs. Although there were eighty-four thousand channels, they only showed a test pattern, the Tibetan syllable **Om**:



NOTES TO "THE ARYA TARA SHOW"

As usual, Jampa's imagination gets the best of him. He claims he began to write his remembrance of a dream, but this "story" took over. His original notes are as follows:

"We sit in easy chairs and look at a hutch or 'altar' against the wall. Pema makes all the little objects dance, like animation, where you stop the video camera and move everything an inch or so, and then shoot for a couple of seconds and stop and move the objects again, either in one direction or back and forth — some things moved across the altar and some just bounced."

Lama Adzom Paylo Rinpoche is the "Virgil"; "Pema" is Guru Rinpoche. Csultrin Allione and Eric Drew participate in the poem. "Pema's" resemblance to Jon Stewart, who did act in *Death to Smooch*, and "Arya Tara's" resemblance to Oprah Winfrey is unfortunate.

So remote the mountains *
time to call back my life
reflecting, contemplating —
all the doors are open
gates



So remote the mountains
clear mind and hands
that reach for light
beyond the bog of duality



So remote the mountains
it's peaceful here
warm, motionless —
a raven abruptly caws



So remote the mountains
I can yell my head off —
acting like a madman ^{I'm crazy}
I make many transformations



So remote the mountains
tracks of a deer, a bobcat
a bear, and one old monk —
we share the same path

* Ten poems after Saigyō, who wrote ten poems all beginning with this phrase.

So remote the mountains
birds take flight at my approach
— yet these are only images —
they'll come back once I've passed

D

So remote the mountains
chipmonks ^{scamper} by the deck
an ant treks the opposite way —
they both came from under ground

busy in the here and now

R

So remote the mountains
I drew three plants, today:
^{sketched Wild Flowers}
goldenrod, golden clover, and marigold
Such riches found in solitude

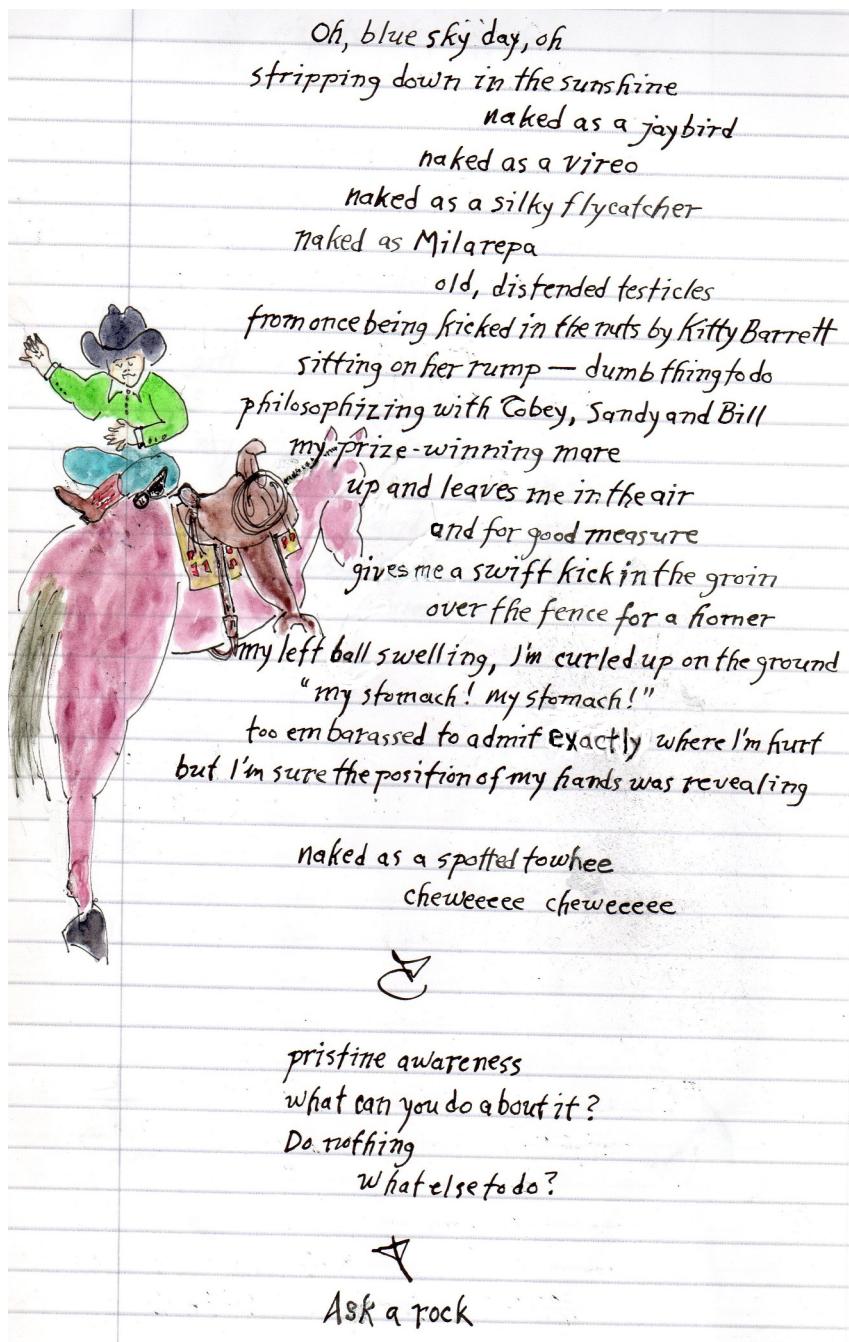
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So remote the mountains
under this pine there is shade
and shadowy, secret places
so hot, I take my clothes off

S

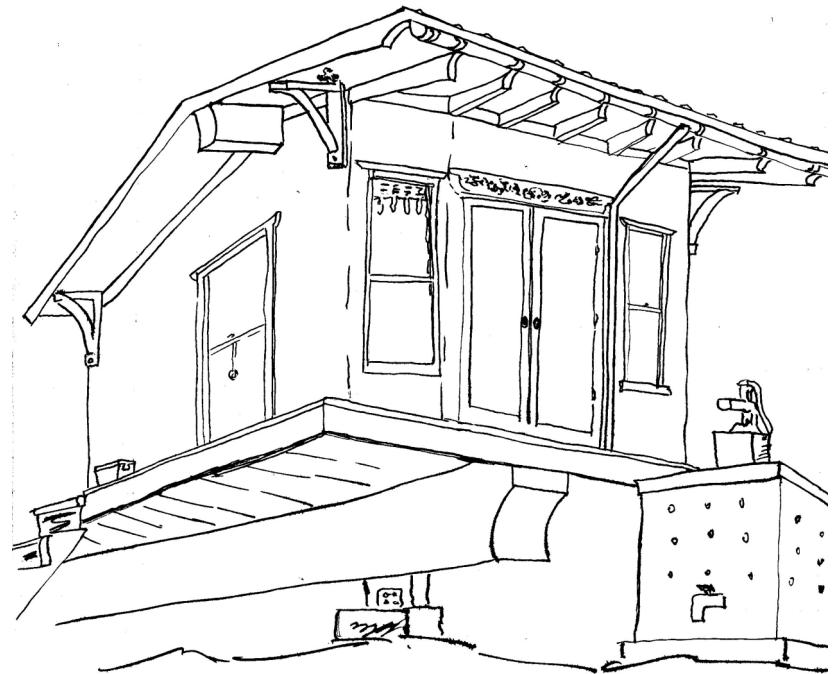
So remote the mountains
after the rain, a dreary dusk
Under heavy clouds,
our lives are full of passing storms







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OUT OF STEP WITH AN ANT

profile of lovers in the grain of the plywood
on the wall of the outhouse, wind rustles
a branch, maybe, in the pit, something
to bite me on the ass

a bear in the dense thicket? mind
unwilling to awake from a maze
of bliss and apprehension

the pattern an ant makes
looking for whatever an ant looks for
if it "looks"
more follows a chemical pattern
like the wind-blown words, here

rustle of leaves, the distant lowing of cattle
rustling of cattle, russet leaves
on dead branches, a morning
of muted sounds & sights
and a trembling in me, of me
beast this, bare this glory

"the auspiciousness of the unborn nature is present"
"the auspiciousness of the unceasing nature is present"
"the auspiciousness of the inexpressible beyond mind"
present • present • present

still, hard to believe all this state of affairs
memories, feelings, perceptions
is just emptiness
and light



A THRUSH

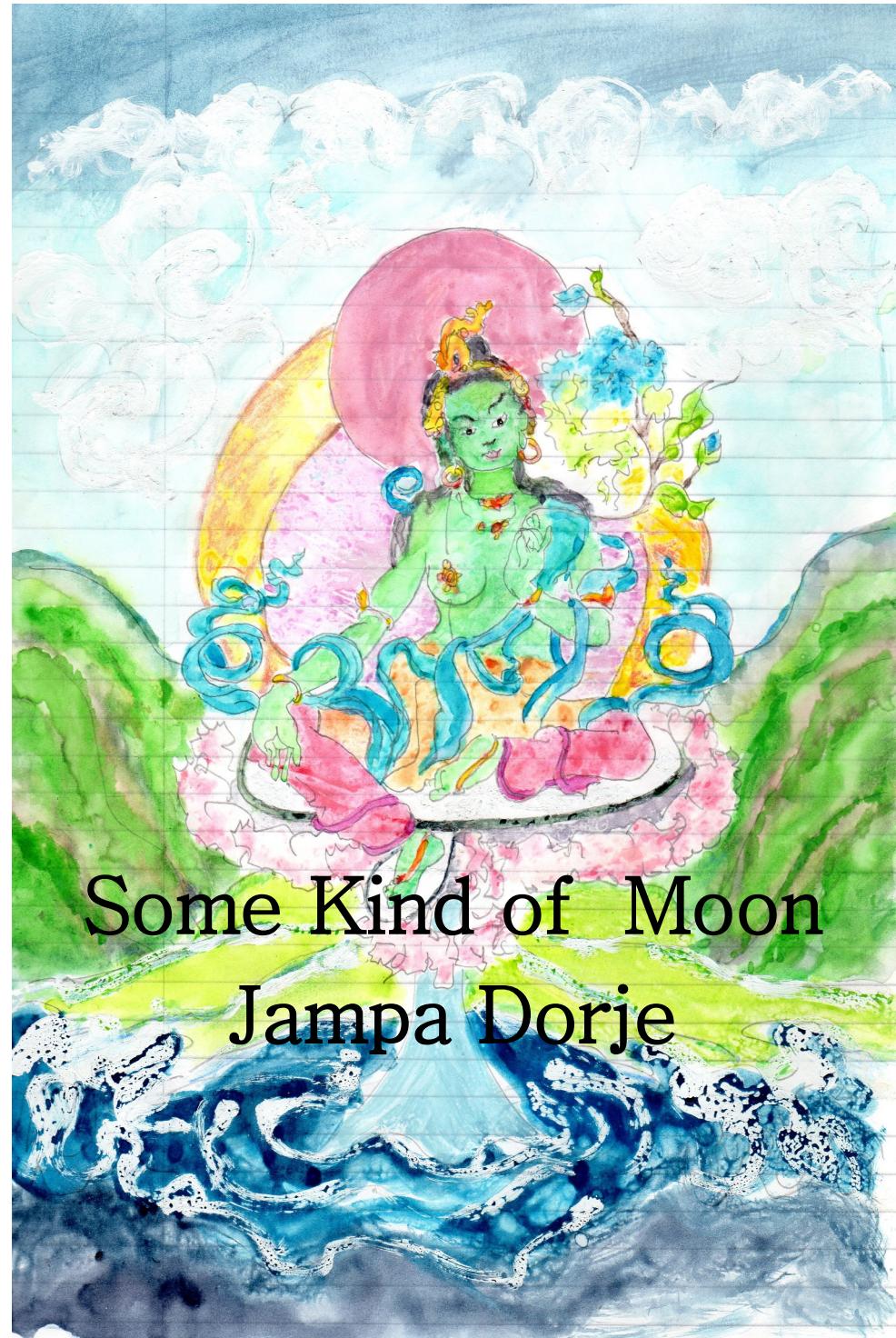
Last winter I cleared the top of one of the corbals on Luminous Peak of an old bird nest. Spring came, and a hermit thrush began to perch in that same spot. I liked her song. I wrote:

Discussing with a hermit thrush
my opposition to her building in my corbal
Her flute-like voice may win me over
but, then, neither of us would be hermits

She was persistent. I wrote:

A serenade by a thrush —
gracious offering in morning light
I think the dakinis sing
just for me, Mister Prufrock

Perhaps she was re-living an old romance. My son told me a story about when he was living on the island of Honolulu, working as a chef at the Royal Hawaiian Country Club and moonlighting as "Chef to the Stars." He had finished a successful gig with Robin Williams and was recommended to Bette Midler, who was vacationing in a villa where she had once had an affair with Chevy Chase. The villa had deteriorated, or, as she was no longer in love, it appeared to have deteriorated, and



Some Kind of Moon
Jampa Dorje

8/209

Another blue sky day
"Just get your robes on!"

One size fits all
but get the folds right
karma to the back, dharmas to the front
or you're a candidate for hellfire

Trying to live comfortably in hell
trying not to get too comfortable in paradise

Can't wait for ants in my chuba



Two turkey vultures check me out
a corpse soon enough — must be
my gray flycatcher complexion

Gambel's oak sprouting
between my legs in the middle of the path
guarding the door to Luminous Peak

Yes, thoughts and mental constructs
are pristine awareness —
ask a rock

"The suffering of beings is bodhicitta
yet fully awakened, it is song and dance." *

My hemorrhoids protest
I am overwhelmed by their effloresces
If this is the last dance, make it a showone

* Eye of the Storm
"Eternal Victory Banner"
(page 42) Keith Dowman

nothing Chieo could cook would satisfy
her. She made his life a hell.

I named the thrush Bette. I have
had birds in my eves before; it is ok
at first, but once the chicks hatch, it
gets noisy and messy. I wasn't looking
forward to the experience and discouraged
Bette from building.

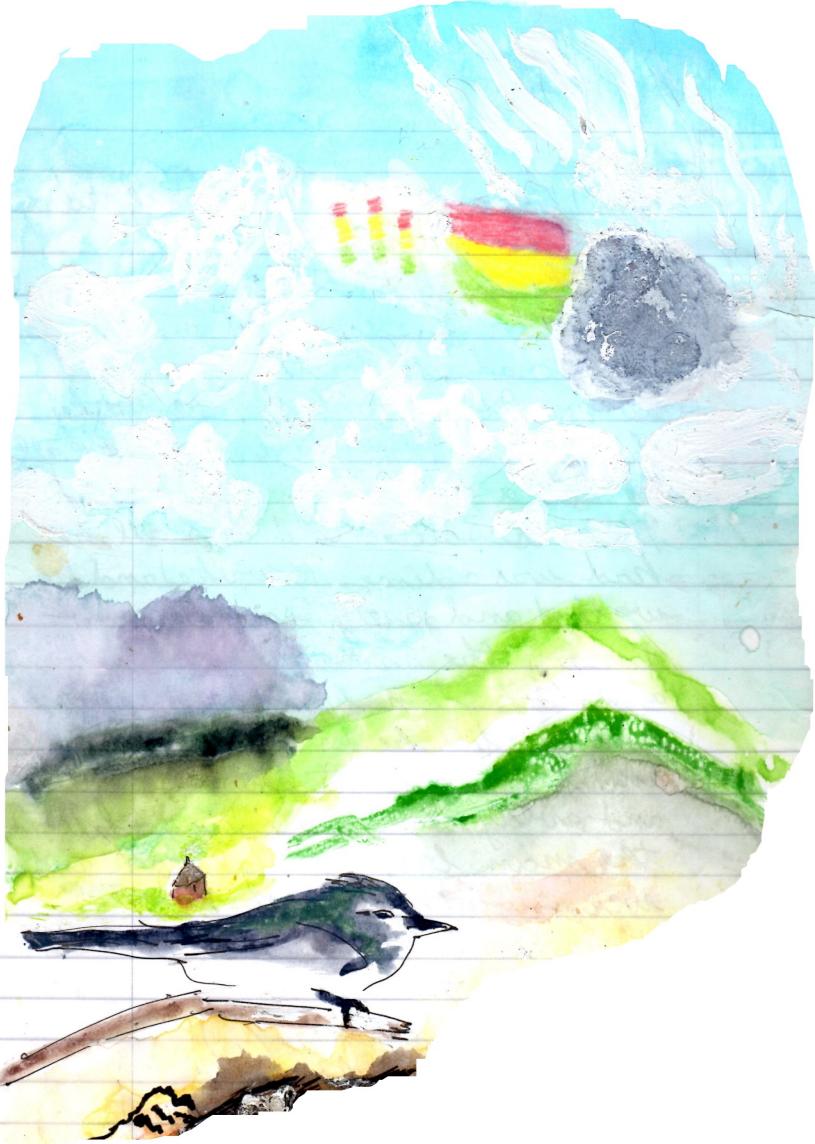
However, when I left retreat for a week
to receive a teaching from Tulku Sang Nyag—
I left the cabin early and returned late—
She built her nest and moved in. So, there
she is, and we are working out a way to
share Luminous Peak.

I like to put my cooler on her side of the
deck to keep it in the shadows. She flutters
over to a juniper tree when I approach. I
tell her to relax, but all she hears is the
roar of a grotesque monster. Hell, I've
taken to tiptoeing around the back side
of the cabin to reach my cooler.

The teachings I received from the tulku
were on The White Dakini, where Machig
Labdrön appears as The Great Mother.
In the Anuyoga practice, I manifest as
this Dakini, which means I am the mother
of all the buddhas as well as this thrush.

I've been a grandfather for quite awhile—
even a great-grandfather—but now, I
guess, I am an expectant grandmother
as well.

L



The moon sets, sets faster than I anticipate
using it as a support for my meditation
held in place by the grip of gravity
escaping in my inferior view
thru the clouds
and over the horizon

Cut mind's concept of moon
Moon moving in the stillness of sky
movement and stillness
awareness
movement, stillness, and awareness
are the stillness
"This is how it is." — Lama Wangdor

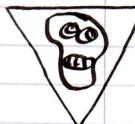
Be sure by your own looking
looking at no mind of mind
mind is this clear light

"One of the primary problems of poetry is the accurate transsubstantiation of perceived phenomenal immediacy into verbal terms that disclose the perceptual act itself. often the poet is tempted totally on words seemingly charged with ^{A PRIORI} significance: the words 'night', 'moon', 'star', 'road', 'death', 'flame', 'body' are examples of elemental abstraction I here have in mind..(For) if one seeks in the visible world a mirror of internal states, the tendency to reduce it to only those emblems that best represent the subjective condition will obviously be allowed dominance over the integrity of transpersonal forms... To be sure, the poet who utilizes the image in this way does not sense the violence he is doing, both to his poem and to the sensibility of his reader. He is, as it were, in a cloud."

— Darrell Gray
"The Fallacy of Elemental Abstraction"
ESSAYS & DISSOLUTIONS

AN EMERGING THRENODY

(or Notes to a Death Song)



Many kinds of Death (the stripping away of ego)

Death from shame, fear

"I could have died of shame." or embarrassment

"Nearly scared to death." paralyzed by fear

Death from awakening from outworn belief

PHYSICAL

trauma - outer

delog - inner

dreams - secret

PSYCHOLOGICAL

shame, fear

beliefs

Sympathy - art

Russell said Hume awoke Kant

from his dogmatic slumbers
but only long enough to write

A Prolegomena to Any Future

Metaphysics, and then he fell

asleep again. "Spiritual Rebirth after being
cleansed in the Blood of the Lamb"

Death in sex sex = death (to come is to die,

le petit mort "the little death"

a common trope of Renaissance poets

Deleg + near death experience

Someone who has physically died and returned

Someone awakened by a very close call

Deja Vu + past life regression (whole life goes by
in a flash)

the "taste" of death in the experience

of the eternal return; of reincarnation

Sleep (through hypnosis and regression)

deep sleep as a metaphor; Bardo dreams

Sympathetic awareness

Rushing practices

myth & art - meditation - being in proximity of death

TV show "SIX FEET UNDER" eg. a coroner "speaks" for the dead

DEATH

Descent Myths

Orpheus

Persephone

Psyche, Ianna

Dante's Divine Comedy

ORACLES & MEDIUMS

Just plain dead dead

or in the moment of a sneeze

from physical trauma or dis-ease

where all elements collapse - 3 Bardos



INSPIRED BY A HORSE IN A TREE



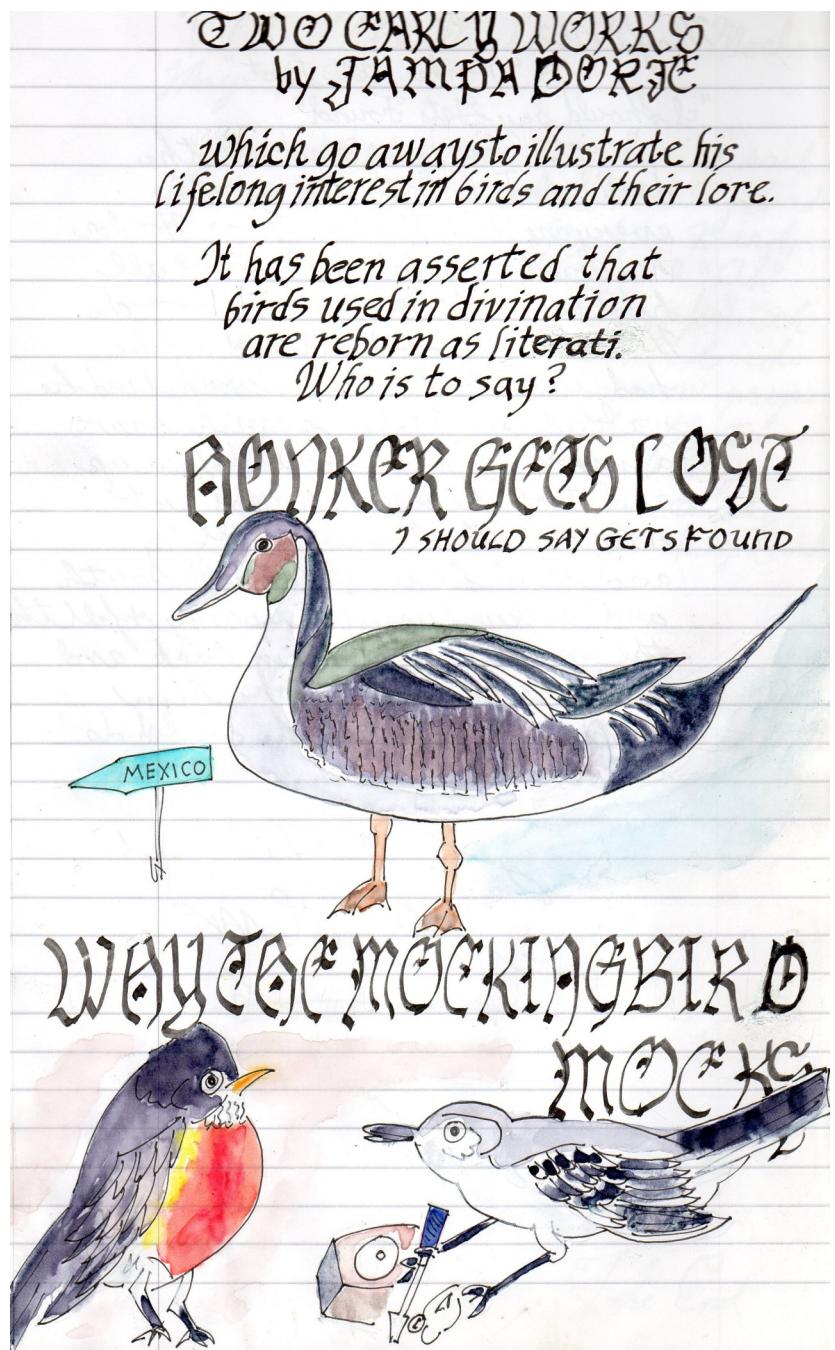
MOON LANDING



APACHE



WINTER LIGHT



May 1, 1952

"Honker Gets Lost"

"I Should Say Gets Found"

Winter has come and all the ducks had left for the south everyone but Honker. Poor Honker he was to (left) late and above all he had a cold a-a-a-a—a—cho. He was so (cold) cold and all he had was a dime. He walked and he walked and pretty soon he saw a man the man picked him up and took him home and kept him (till) till he was well and then he went down South and every summer spring & fall the man brought him back and every winter he took him down south intill he could do it himself.

The End

ON PRESIDENT OBAMA'S WINNING OF THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

The Nobel Peace Prize is not given on a whim. The process is long and involved. As I understand the process, there are a large number of delegates appointed by the Nobel Committee, experts in their fields (including past recipients of the prizes), who submit the names of candidates. Then, the committee correlates the names of the nominees into a master list on which they vote. Each member of the committee has a final "short list", and the name of the winner must be on all the members' short list. It would seem that it was a vote of the world's confidence in the U.S.A.

There is, of course, a symbolic or political message to the Nobel Peace Prize. Here, it is that the world prefers peace to war. But there is also the expectation of substantive endeavor having been rewarded. So, President Obama wins the 2009 Nobel Peace Prize. Things must have cooled off significantly in the world's affairs since I went into solitary retreat, in January. At that time, there was a world financial crisis, and George Bush and his neocon buddies were pushing on with their war in Iraq, while ignoring many frightening events and taunting Syria, Iran, and North Korea as members of what they construed to be an "Axis of Evil".

In such an environment of political and economic instability, a world war wasn't unthinkable.

In Africa, there was a continuing genocide in Darfur and unrest in the Congo; in Eastern Europe, the Bosnia-Croatia conflict was about to resume; Russia was angry that we had plans to build a missile defense system near its borders; the Pakistani president, about to be toppled, would allow a nuclear arsenal to be in the hands of Islamic fundamentalists; North Korea and Iran had every intention of continuing their uranium enrichment programs, adding to the nuclear threat; the Israeli-Palestinian crisis of terror; and retaliatory strikes was at an all-time high; and China continued to buy up the world. If any of these situations have been fixed or even lessened, it would be worth ten Nobel Peace Prizes. It would be a miracle.

Yes, Obama makes great speeches; I've heard it said. His main promise in these speeches has been to use DIPLOMACY. If this has been his course and he has had any successes, then much of the credit goes to ^{Secretary of State} Hillary Clinton and the State Department, the ambassadors and their teams.

On the war front: moving the war to Afghanistan was politically astute. The majority of Americans, while admitting the war in Iraq was misguided and deceitful (if not outright illegal), still want Al Qaida pursued

"Why The Mocking Bird Mocks May 2, 1952

"What are you doing?" said Robin one day to the Mocking Bird.
"Oh" said the Mocking Bird,
"I'm - inventing a dictator." "Oh" said the Robin "what's it for?" "Oh
I'm for making the other birds mad at me" "You see no one pays
me visits anymore." So that's what is for every time I say
anything, this thing repeats it.
And that's how the Mocking Bird
Mocks".

note: Dictaphone (trademark) a phonographic instrument that records and reproduces dictation. Now, antiquated technology.

The End



and Osama bin Laden captured, if he is still alive. And a war machine the size of the one we launched in the Gulf is not turned off by the flip of a switch. The repercussions of this maneuver has effects at home and abroad: the proverbial gorilla will extract his due.

This war has some parallels with the Vietnam War — mainly the likelihood of being bogged down for years to come — but the constitution of the armed forces is very different. At the height of our engagement in Gulf War II, we had a standing army of 250,000, but it remains an all-volunteer force supplemented with security by a private contractor. This means jobs. This means bringing home a large number of men and women who will want their benefits immediately, putting enormous stress on a social system (health, education, etc.) which has been, if not deconstructed, poorly maintained by the Bush Regime.

And the oil! This was mainly what the war was all about. Who gets the oil?

If President Obama has convinced the Iraqi Army to stand up and fight, that we will leave them with a physical infrastructure, that their country will not be under permanent U.S. occupation, that they can believe in the western values of Democracy, then he deserves the Nobel Peace Prize, and it goes to show he does, indeed, walk on water.

Notes to "On President Obama's Winning..."

This does not sound like Tampa. He must be playing to an audience. It is unlike him to express pro-establishment sentiments. He distrusts institutions.

Following W^m Blake, governments are "a pretense of Liberty to destroy Liberty"—he believes in the sort of democracy that grants genuine liberty, fraternity & equality, rather than a state which cloaks a sinister aim to restrict individuality.*

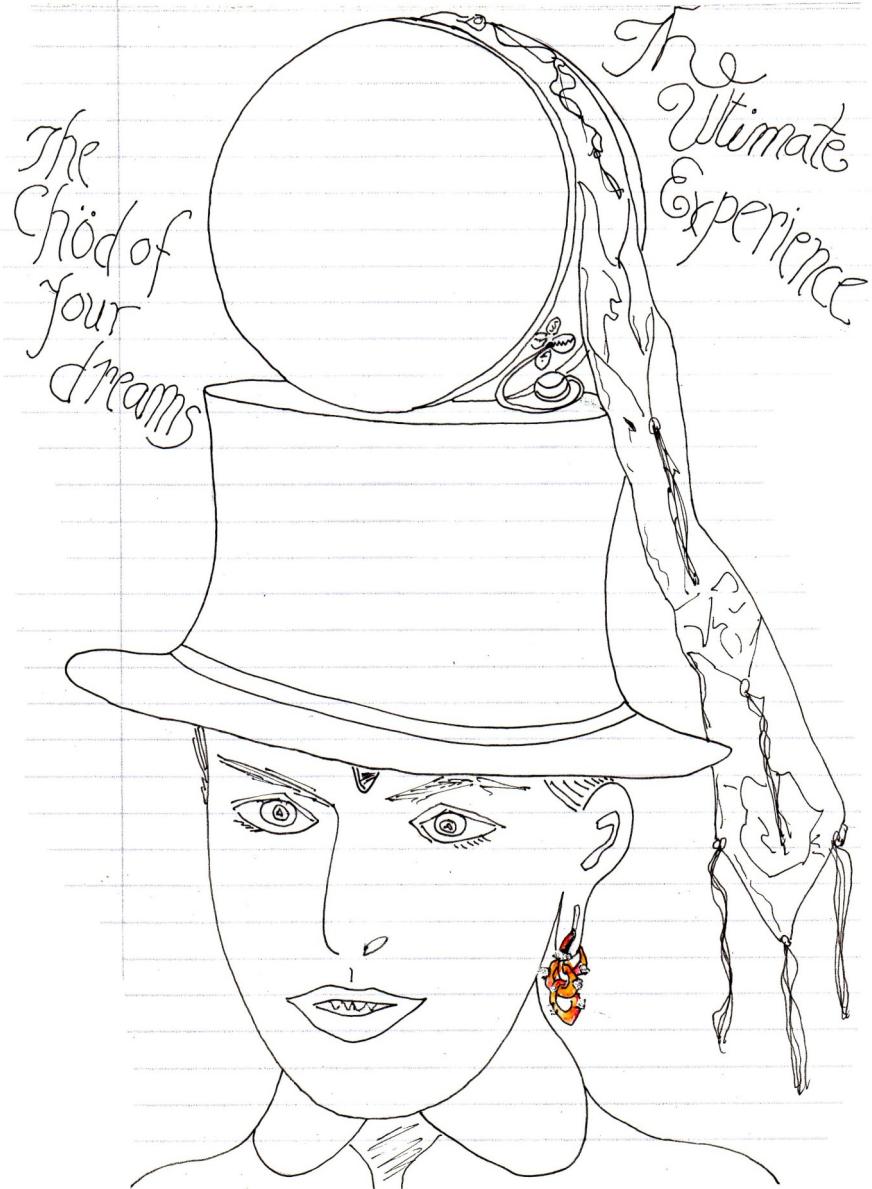
In truth, Tampa is expressing sympathetic joy and sharing in Obama's triumph, and I sense affectionate wishfulness left over from the Kennedy era.

— B.P.

* In Great Eternity every particular Form gives forth or emanates Its own peculiar Light, & the Form is the Divine Vision
And the Light is his Garnet. This is Jerusalem in every Man.
— W^m Blake



WHITE DAKINI®



Again, a bluesky day

pristine awareness
is ever-immanent
as a tree

Lama T. invites me to Lama Wangdor's teaching
from the text *Tsig Sum Ne Deb* or "Three Words
That Strike to the Heart of the Matter" of Garab Dorje

After a quick sponge bath and change of robes
I'm on my way down the road
across Kapala Meadow, along the bear trail
to the Tara Temple



everything is leafing out
budding up
blooming

Passing the old tree, I stop to listen
to its deep heart's core

Asking, "What's your name?"

I get, "Tim Urban Glik"

(I wonder which is the surname)



NATURE AS IDEAL, AS PRACTICAL, AS REAL

IDEAL ["God's creation", Paradise]

Romanticism, source of inspiration, natural religion
Life, "the force that thru the green fuse drives the flower"
(W.H. Auden)

PRACTICAL (PRAGMATIC) Man's dominion to use or abuse

for resources: Manage, farm or exhaust; "End of Days"
for recreation: sports, aesthetic appreciation

REAL Deep Ecology, an "evolving place" (w/ mankind)

Food chain, places to live and hunt for sentient beings
Empty [free of defilements - Purelands
impermanent, transient, evolves, atoms
nothing really] - voidness

I was baptized an agnostic
and schooled in logical positivism
Now, the only validity I find
is in prayer and meditation

N.

The fluttering of thrushes
mating among the prayerflags—
Should produce a brood
of baby buddha birds

CD.

"God does not roll dice,"
Albert Einstein said—
but he does smoke a big cigar
and enjoy a hand of poker

DP.

Four extremes—
exist, not exist, both, neither
The verdict is still out
on the meaning of meaninglessness

ZJ

Old man basking in the sun
Old man watching snow fall
Old man listening to the rain
Old man masturbating to Bhrams

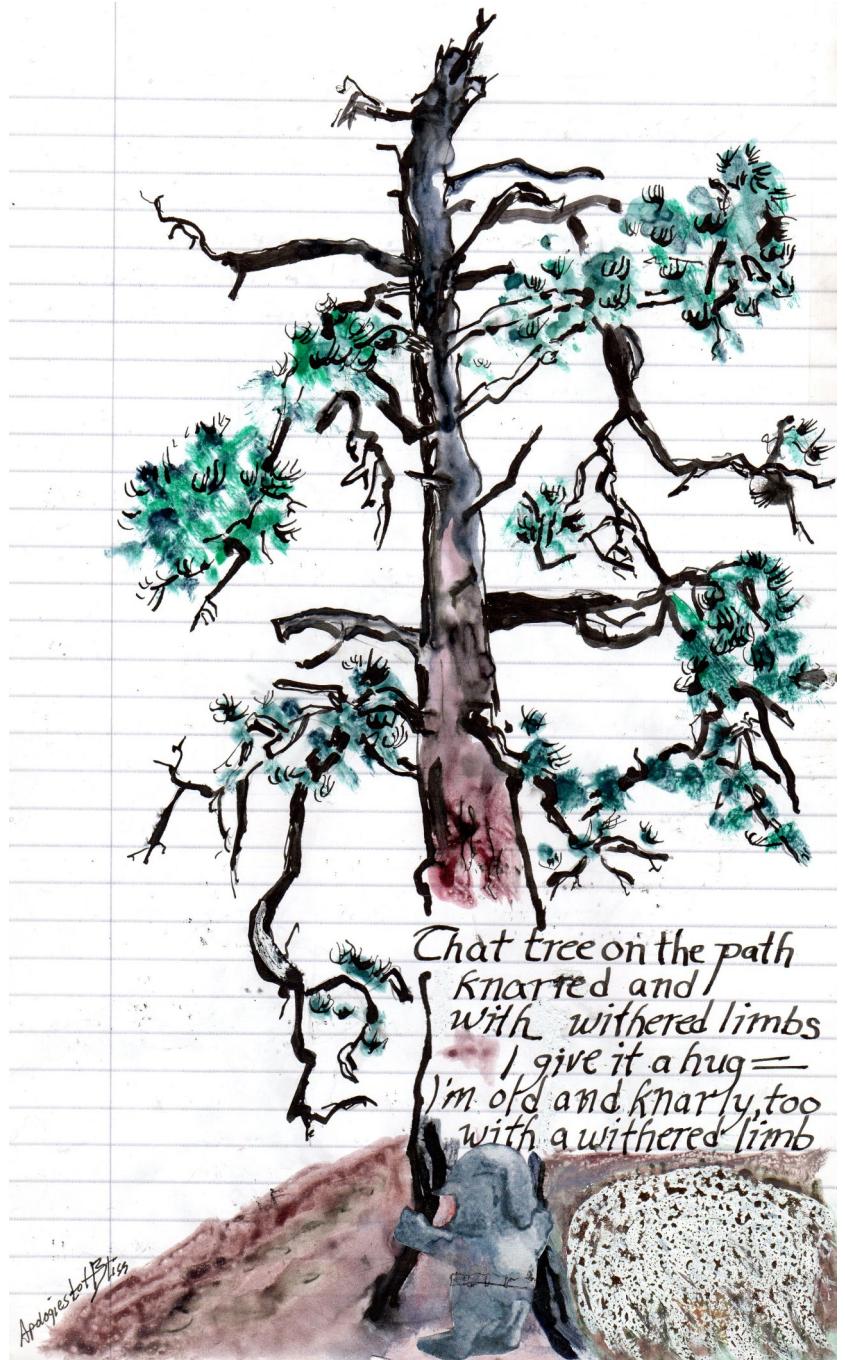
A DEVIL SITS UNDER THE ASS OF SOPHIA

In Buddhism, the goal is known: to overcome suffering and attain omniscient buddhahood. As buddha nature is inherent, it only needs to be uncovered. The means to this end are found in the 84,000 teachings and in practice.

In the West, with the emphasis on a materialistic-rationalist system of thought, reality must be analyzed by empirical means to determine the truth, and the goals are hypothetical. A short history: (with a little help from Geddes MacGregor's *Dict of Religious Philosophy*)

René Descartes (1596-1650) investigated reality and found all traditional forms of knowledge to be groundless. He doubted everything as a method to ascertain the truth. His famous statement "Cogito, ergo sum," from his *Discourse on Method*, was meant to be a "clear and distinct idea" from which he could prove the existence of God (not the existence of "self"). From the antecedent "I think," the most that can be logically deduced is: "I think" (*Cogito, ergo cogito*: I think, therefore I think) and "existing" is a leap of imagination. As Padampa Sangpo remarked, "If you do not destroy grasping by seeing appearances as the nature of consciousness, consciousness will not be realized to lack inherent existence." (Lion of Siddhas, trans. David Molk, p. 223)

(1711-1776) David Hume, in his *Philosophical Essays Concerning Human Understanding*,



Chat tree on the path
knarred and
with withered limbs
I give it a hug—
I'm old and knarly, too
with a withered limb
Analogies of Life

AMERICAN WILDERNESS

(retitled "Time to Go Berrying" & dedicated to Bridget)

circumambulating Luminous Peak
in my boxer shorts and cracked tiretread sandals
eating well, prostrations keeping me fit
"I am the King of the Great Outdoors,"
says the King of the Great Outdoors
in the company of ravens
gliding in the mantra currents
it's time to go a-berrying
the huckleberries within my boundaries
mountain elderberries, poisonous
if eaten raw, so I content myself
reading "Huckleberries"

Henry David Thoreau —

don't get him started on huckleberries
you'll get — maybe, not all there is to know
but — probably, more than you'll want to know

"I presume that every one of my audience knows
what a huckleberry is — has seen a huckleberry —
gathered a huckleberry — may tasted a huckleberry
— and that being the case, that you will not be
adverse to revisiting the huckleberry field in
imagination this evening, though the pleasure
of this excursion may fall as far short of the
reality, as the flavor of a dried huckleberry is
to that of a fresh one."

he quotes Pliny:

IN MINIMIS NATURA PRAESTAT

"Nature excels in the least things."

besides the varieties and the time + places to pick
our Henry'll show you how slavery

* Natural History Essays, Penelope Smith, Inc., 1980.

argued that rational investigations of reality cannot yield truth and that causal connections between things are unprovable. Nothing is as it seems. As it says in the Longchen Nyingthig Ngöndro, "Like moons in water, sights deceive us."

Immanuel Kant (1724-1804) pointed out in his Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysics, that until we understand how we know, we cannot answer any of the big questions. This follows from Descartes' use of doubt in philosophical inquiry and Hume's skeptical epistemology and hastened the development of modern empiricism and methodologies developed over the last two hundred years.

In the 20th century, the application of language analysis, semiotics, deconstructionism and phenomenology, along with symbolic logic, have fairly reduced the study of philosophy to rubble. In the minute world of Quantum Mechanics and in the vast reaches that are described by the astrophysicists, the known universe is increasingly described in mystical terms.

Will a neurobiologist discover how a synapse functions, so we can finally know how we know what is really real? In the meantime, we wandering sentient beings, in order to transcend suffering and accomplish enlightenment, will remain grateful for the experience, although undemonstrable, of the union of bliss and emptiness.