

Blue and gold flames
red and amber coals
... a football game...

U.C. Berkeley vs Stanford '58
my first and only game
with my dad

I had on a gray wool stadium coat
with leather stripes
at the shoulders

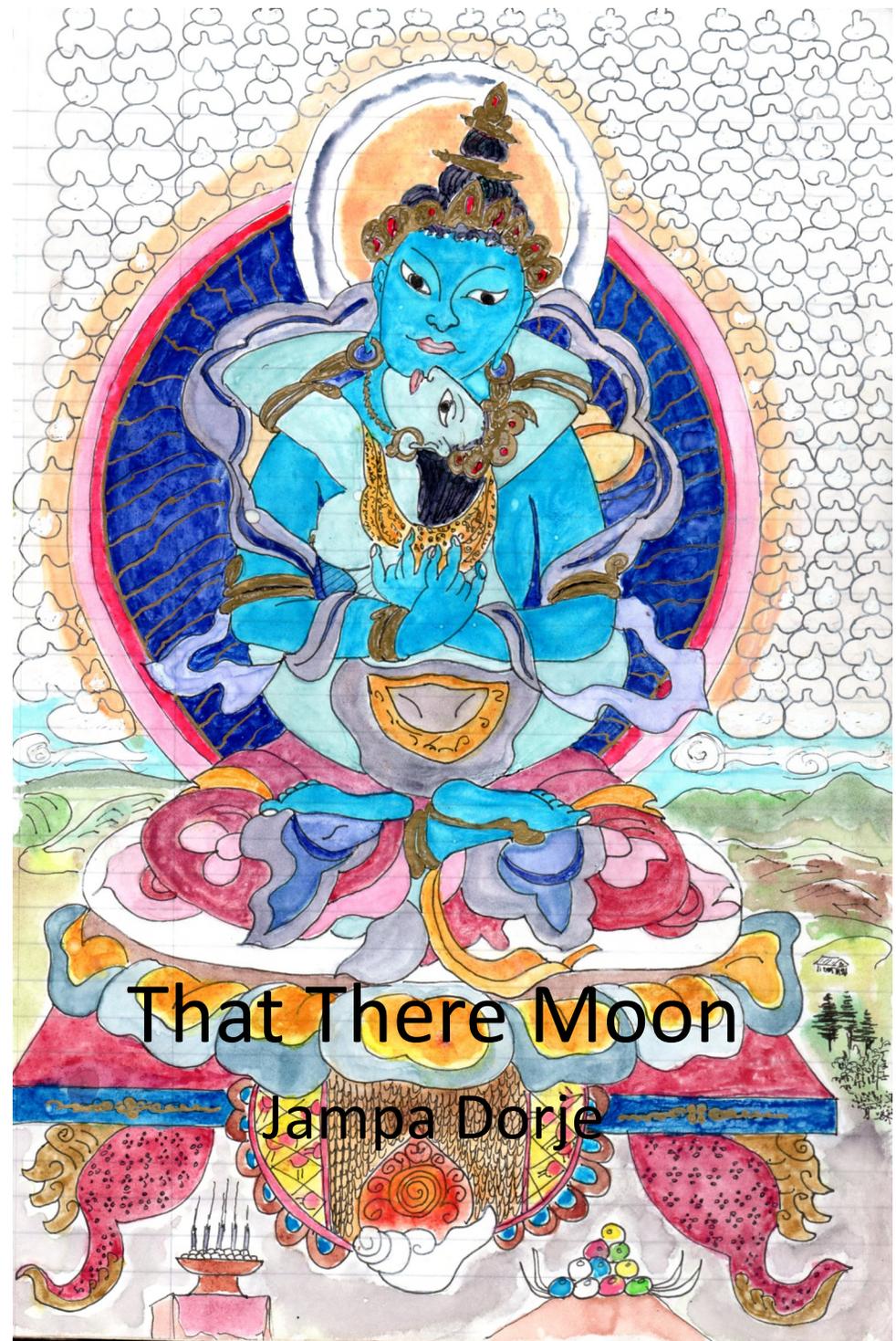
Safe-feeling in that coat
as there seemed to be angry people
who wanted to win

I think we won - Berkeley -
but what did we win?
"Give us the ax, the ax."

In North Beach, I walked
along Grant Avenue
in my stadium coat

Thinking I was dressed wrong to be
like a Beatnik, but then
I ran into Karen

And my fashion consciousness
was obliterated
in her dancing gaze.





18 IX 09

Dream of Lama Tzultrim stepping out of a pine tree wearing caribou antlers

Later in the morning, there she is coming along the stepping stones, past pine tree wearing her black, wide-brimmed hat, carrying a red linen shopping bag full of shaman treats

Gama-Sennin is a benign sage (sennin are immortals living in the mountains some are hermits, or visit hermits, and appear to mortals in dreams) Gama has a lot in common with Lama magical knowledge about medicinal foods



Gama is always accompanied by a three-legged toad Soga Shōhaku painted Gama Sennin with his toad upon his head a shapeshifter, he could take toad form, also change his skin and become young again www.artelino.com/articles/japanese-gods-and-goddesses.asp

Lama T. does not wear a toad on her head she does seem ageless, but to the point, she was concerned about Jampa's diet — doesn't like my starchy, sugar-loaded menu gifted me with hemp protein fiber drink silken tofu and "perfect food" says I haven't been eating enough fresh vegetables I'm not sure I want to know what's in this super green formula

THE NIGHT EZRA POUND INVITED A COLD WAIF IN TO SPEND THE NIGHT

"Mr. Pound, it's gracious of you to give me shelter, but where will I sleep?"

"Call me Ezra. You can have the bed, and I'll take the couch."

"That's kind of you, ^{Ezra,} but the bed is covered with books and papers."

"Sit at the table, and I'll tidy up a bit — that's a good girl."

"What is this you're writing?"

"Oh, just some lines of verse."

"It looks like poetry."

"Yes, poetry."

"I write poetry."

"You do?"

"Oh, yes, I even had a poem published in our home town paper."

"What was it about, dear?"

"My cat, Wiskers, like Whiskers, only spell 'w.i.s.k.e.r.s.'"

"I see... your cat..."

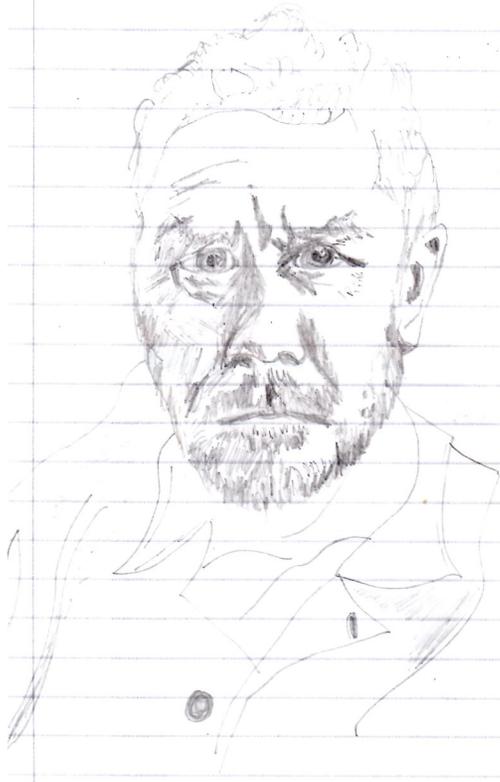
"Wiskers was such a sweet thing; I know you would have loved him."

"I am fond of cats, true enough. Do you remember any of your poem?"

"Not the lines exactly, but it started out with him wandering like fog on our rooftop; and then he fell and broke his leg; and we took him to the vet, who gave him ether and set his leg, a back leg it was; and he seemed right as rain; that's a funny expression, isn't it, 'to be right as rain'..."

"Yes, to be sure, but what about whiskers?"
 "There were complications."
 "Yes... and?"
 "He died. He curled up around my feet and went to sleep."
 "And that was the end of the poem?"
 "Yes, except where I said I would always remember him."
 "Interesting... there's potential in that fog metaphor."
 "I know what it was for..."

But at this moment the landlady knocked on the door.



"You can't live on Top Ramen and chocolate cake."
 "I'm just eating what my folks ate; both lived to be 100, or nearly; died without ailments, peacefully in their sleep"
 "You need to eat fresh vegetables. Eating out of cans is an invitation to cancer."
 "Yes, Ma."
 "That's not the way I mean it. I'm your teacher; you can't stay in retreat if you get sick."
 "You're my spiritual ma."
 "That's true." (she smiles.)

...
 I'm not supposed to take an active interest in samsara, but I asked:
 "How about the outside world? Did Obama get a honeymoon?"
 "Obama is doing very well. He's called a World Conference on the environment. We've been so backward there."
 "And the war? Are we withdrawing from Iraq?"
 (She seemed not to have an answer, here, or didn't hear me.)
 "It feels as though the adults are in charge again," she said.

...
 Oh, let's see what's in this Garden of Life perfect food:

- 46 phytonutrient-dense superfoods
- 13 sprouted ingredients
- fermented whole food ingredients
- 10 probiotic strains

barley grass, alfalfa grass, wheat grass, oat grass
 spirulina, rice bran solubles, chlorella, calcified red algae
 amaranth sprouts, quinoa, millet, buckwheat, adzuki beans
 garbanzo beans, kidney beans, lentils, flaxseed, chia seeds
 sunflower seeds, pumpkin seeds, sesame seeds
 beet, carrot, broccoli, cucumber, tomato, kale, spinach
 cabbage, cauliflower, celery, parsley, asparagus, brussels sprouts
 bell pepper, onion, garlic, ginger, acerola cherry extract
 plus the probiotic bacteria strains (in Latin)

a lovely list: I'll just close my eyes and gulp it down!

For many days it was that deep snow
 which set the boundaries of my retreat;
 I wasn't even able to boil any tea. I drank
 melted snow mixed with a little tsampa,
 and rested evenly in meditation.

- Shabkar MEDITATION ON MT. MACHEN

I went to sleep in order not to feel hungry and sad
 I dreamed of my friends, the Ideal Library,
 baby elephants & food
 hungry in my dream

*
 awake, I'm not hungry any more
 I have the chance to steal some food.

*
 choice rhododendron vinaigrette
 melted mountains
 live birds en masse
 the whole cheese

MENU

- Philip Whalen MY SONGS INDUCE PROPHETIC DREAMS

Thinking I may have appeared contentious to Lama T, when
 she visited, I sent her a short note and a ditty.

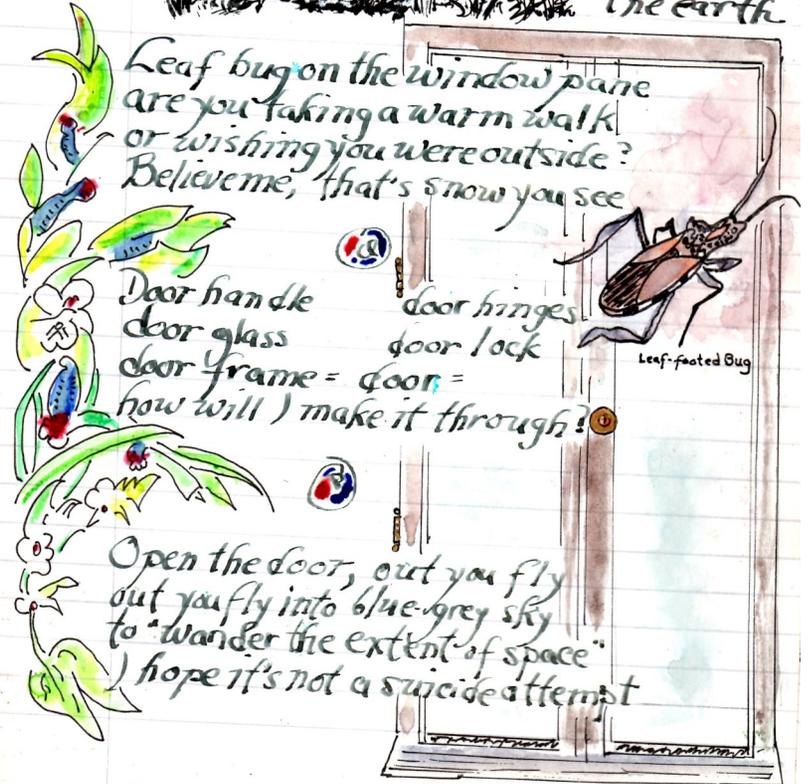
Dear Lama Tsultrim,

I did not mean to seem ungrateful
 for your kindness in bringing me special foods.
 It is hard to teach an old yogi new tricks, but
 a yogi must be flexible; so, I bend, or rather
 bow, to your wishes, realizing you only have my
 best interests at heart. In a lighthearted vein:

LAMA TSULTRIM IS MY TREASURE
 I TRUST HER IN WORDS + DEEDS
 OF HER WISDOM I GET FULL MEASURE
 SHE LOOKS AFTER ALL MY NEEDS



my flags are bright
 in afternoon light
 as prayers
 set forth
 to heal
 the earth



Leaf bug on the window pane
 are you taking a warm walk
 or wishing you were outside?
 Believe me, that's snow you see

Door handle door glass
 door frame = door =
 how will I make it through?

Open the door, out you fly
 out you fly into blue-grey sky
 to "wander the extent of space"
 I hope it's not a suicide attempt



Nyima Özer, Rays of the sun =
entering a palace of gold & fire
with nothing to hold on to
My grasping nature is reversed



Venus is up
Light the fire
Make tea for me
and Ekajati

At sunrise, the jays squawk
for their pure offerings =
Then, they're off to the valley
and I go on with my morning tune



A glorious mountain
and once there, I can fly =
the fall not so severe, really
I awake on the floor by my bed

A Dzogchen blue-sky day
clear, luminous, consummate =
I'll just sit here, kick back
and dig all the non-action



THE FOOD DRAMA CONTINUES WITH A NOTE FROM MARIA

Dearest Jampa - As you know by now Lama Tsultrim was worried about your diet so she had me supplement this weeks order - I am in no way trying to micromanage your food, but she asked what you ordered and I showed her the list. You are wonderful and I want you to be healthy in your heart and body!

- Here's some information on Gama Sennin - The Buddbill book is a gift!

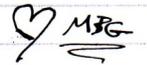
- found the hoedag after much digging - I'm tackling the shed these days - very organized!

OK Mr. Denner -> You are loved and missed by all down here - I look

P.S. Greens from GCo forward to "seeing" you (but and momos from Yudriz not talking of course) when

P.P.S. The hermit thrush you come out for the retreat is one of my favorite song birds (in May?)

P.P.P.S. Lampoil is on TM



as an opera this libretto doesn't have Wagnerian sweep but it might work to Straus; he was a tone-poet said he could describe a table spoon in sound

NOTES on Maria's letter: (a) Gama Sennin has already appeared as a character. I was intrigued by his portrait on the cover of (b) David Buddbill's *While We've Still Got Feet* (Copper Canyon Press, 2005). (c) The hoedag once belonged to Kim Secunda, from our treeplanting days in Washington state. I had asked for it and a rake to do a bit of yardwork around Luminous Peak during a spring-like break in the weather. (d) The "hermit thrush" is a reference to a short poem I had included w/ my food list:

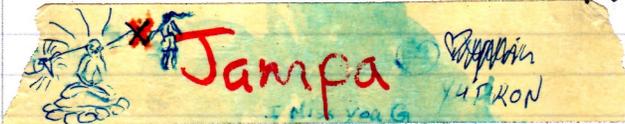
Discussing with a hermit thrush
my opposition to her building in my corbal
Her clear, flute-like voice, may win me over
but, then, neither of us would be hermits

Because of having little food and being exposed to a harsh environment, all the residues of bad karma and karmic debts of my previous successive lives had started to ripen upon my body. Because of the humors of air (rlung), my back hurt as if someone were hitting me with a rock. As a result of the stirring up of air and blood circulation, my chest was in pain, as if someone were driving nails into my body. Because of barn ailment (elephantiasis), my body was too heavy for my legs to hold up. Like a hundred-year-old man, I had worn out all my physical energies.

- Jigme Lingpa, coming out of retreat.

This is after years of cave living. He had received the short-line transmission of the Nyingthig teachings in visions from Longchenpa, and once he realized the Dharmakāya, all his ailments disappeared.

When I opened the cooler near the road, there were two bags full of groceries rather than the usual one. My order was there, but there were all kinds of other goodies: steak, potatoes, celery, tuna fish, oysters, kipper snacks, avocados, along with fresh "Tassajara" bread from Dave in the kitchen and the greens from Coco, harvested from the grow dome, and mormos, both meat and vegie, from Yudron and Lama Gyurme. The container with the mormos had a little cartoon by Lama G. admonishing me to keep my focus on the Tibetan "Ah" rather than on the butts of dakinis. (An ongoing joke of ours.)



Rejoice! this is a bright kalapa
the Mantrayana is taught
because Mantrayana is needed =
Just look at all the shopping malls



If you have wealth, you worry what
will become of it, if you don't have
wealth, you worry how you'll get it =
either way, wealth is a hassle



The byways of the path
are so labyrinthine that
without a guide, you'll
get sidetracked for eons



If you know where you are
what you're doing and how
it's done, with no timeframe
the who and why is suchness
(the peanut butter is on aisle 1.)



Lama G asked if my bronze
of Shakespeare was Mao =
"No," I said, that's the Bard,
Guru Rinpoche of poets."



Miscellaneous

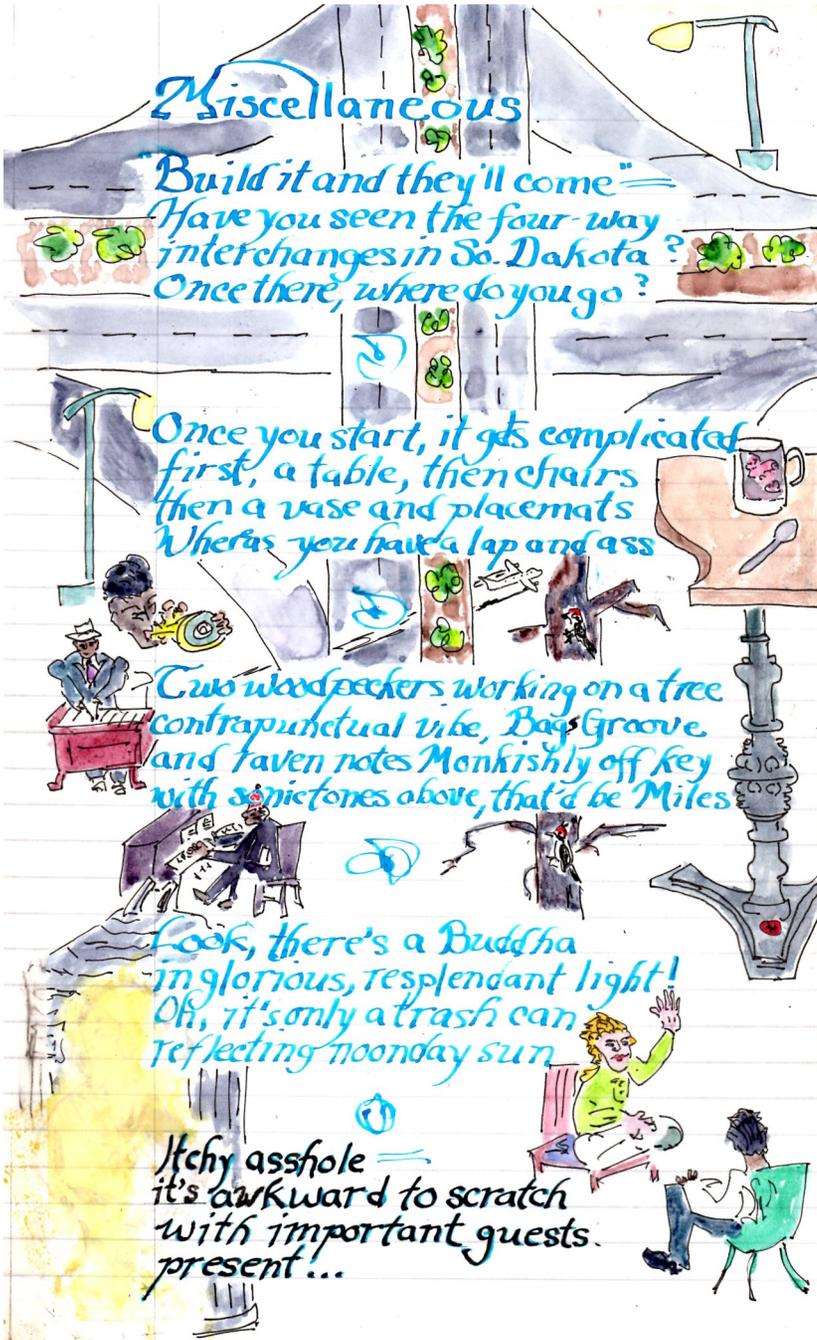
"Build it and they'll come"
Have you seen the four-way
interchanges in So. Dakota?
Once there, where do you go?

Once you start, it gets complicated
first, a table, then chairs
then a vase and placemats
Whereas you have a lap and ass

Two woodpeckers working on a tree
contrapunctual vibe, Bag Grove
and Taven notes Monkishly off key
with sin tones above, that'd be Miles

Look, there's a Buddha
in glorious, resplendant light!
Oh, it's only a trash can
reflecting noonday sun

Itchy asshole
it's awkward to scratch
with important guests
present...



Bless us to be liberated from "friends"
who provoke attachment and aversion.
Abiding on the edge of villages and towns,
in charnel grounds, under a solitary tree,
in remote forests, on an island in a lake,
or under an overhanging cliff, strive for
accomplishment alone in random abodes.
- from the Khandro Tug Tig Gi Ngöndro

Difficult to be "liberated" from my dharma brothers
and sisters — these friends look out for my needs.
They understand why I'm in retreat and give me
support. Certainly, parting from them is suffering,
but it is a sweet suffering.

note: this is
an approach
that entirely ignores
the problem of food
addiction!
BP

MY WRONGHEADED APPROACH TO FOOD WHETHER YOU ARE A VAGAN OR A CAVEMAN

- Listen to your body
- Eat what you want
- Eat when you want
- When you eat, eat (and chew)
- Don't eat too much (and if you do, walk it off)
- Avoid extremes
 - one grain, 1000 grains, on the one hand
 - you can't get too much sugar, on the other
- Chocolate is medicine
- Sex is food
- Supplements are best left to the Sunday paper
- Always be respectful of your food
and thankful for the energy that got it to you!
- Remember, you're part of a food chain



In one of the Upanishads, the Universe says, "I am the Eater
of the eater of food."

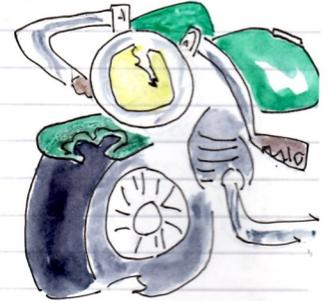
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Titles: *Jumpstick; A Monk's Marriage Manual; Meditation on the corpse of my mother; W^m Blake's Divine Theatre; The Sea of Time & Space; You Can't Cheat on Bodhicitta*



"Say it in Tibetan"
 "Seeking the seeker"
 "Like that, just rest"
 "My ego is an echo"



OVERHEARD IN THE ROSE CAFE:

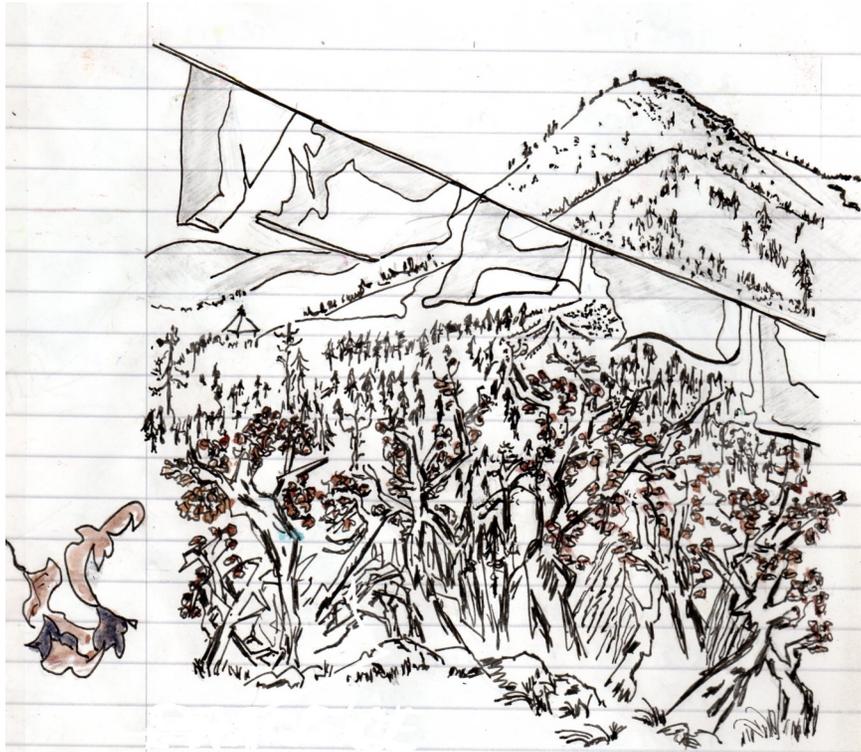
"Drunk and wrecked my motorcycle
 No one knows how —
 but, now,
 I've slowed down
 Like I'm being beaten by the whip
 of non-distraction"



Surreal Touches
 a fly in a glass
 a pig in a blanket
 a chirocycle



"What is a chirocycle?"
 "A chirocycle is a sort
 of tricycle, propelled by the hands
 used by invalids who have lost
 the use of their legs."



What am I doing on this hill
 taking refuge in the three jewels?
 If I viewed from the result
 I'll accomplish, I couldn't begin



Something
 something-nothing
 holding this in mind
 get on with it



A CUP of TEA

All things that can occur to a man,
 from the moment of his birth to the moment of his death,
 have been predetermined by him. — Arthur Schopenhauer

I live in the forest. I've not always lived here; at
 one time I lived on the other side of the village;
 but now I live here, on this side.

Nobody really knows me. There are rumors
 that I am a bit touched, but I pay that no mind.
 Most of the time I am happy. My body is tanned,
 and my beard, which once was red, is now
 white. I am content with things as they are.

There is no lock on my door. I put a board
 against it to keep out the wind. I do not think
 of women. When there are none about, it
 is best to think of other things. Once, I
 wooed a girl, but that did not work out;
 besides, it is not germane to my story.

"Germane," that word gives me away.
 I have had education, and I have tried
 my hand at poetry; but I will try to tell
 this story in a straight-forward way and
 stick, as best I can, to the Anglo-Saxon.

The winter has been mild. The snow
 is light this year, and there have been
 travelers on the road above my cabin.
 I was making tea in the evening, when I
 heard a knock. I opened the door, and a
 gray-haired woman in a long red cape
 with a hood came in.

"It's cold, and I need shelter," is what
 she said. I could see that if had started
 to snow again, so I closed and braced the door.

"It is warm by the fire. Would you like a cup of tea?" I asked.

"Ah, tea, yes; tea would be nice."

"There is a chair for you. Make yourself comfortable. The water is hot; I just need to find another cup and get the tea."

"I brought tea," she said. "I am a tea merchant, and I always have samples on hand."

She had removed her cape and draped it over the chair. Although her face showed age, she had retained her youthful figure. On a strap over her shoulder was a small bag. She sat it on the earthen floor and undid the clasp. The bag held yet other bags, each with a tag or label.

"I have blends that will revitalize your spirit," she claimed, "teas for extra energy and teas of exquisite flavor. Some are worthy of the palaces of India."

She certainly was a saleswoman. "I don't know," I said, "it's late; a tea to help me sleep would be fine."

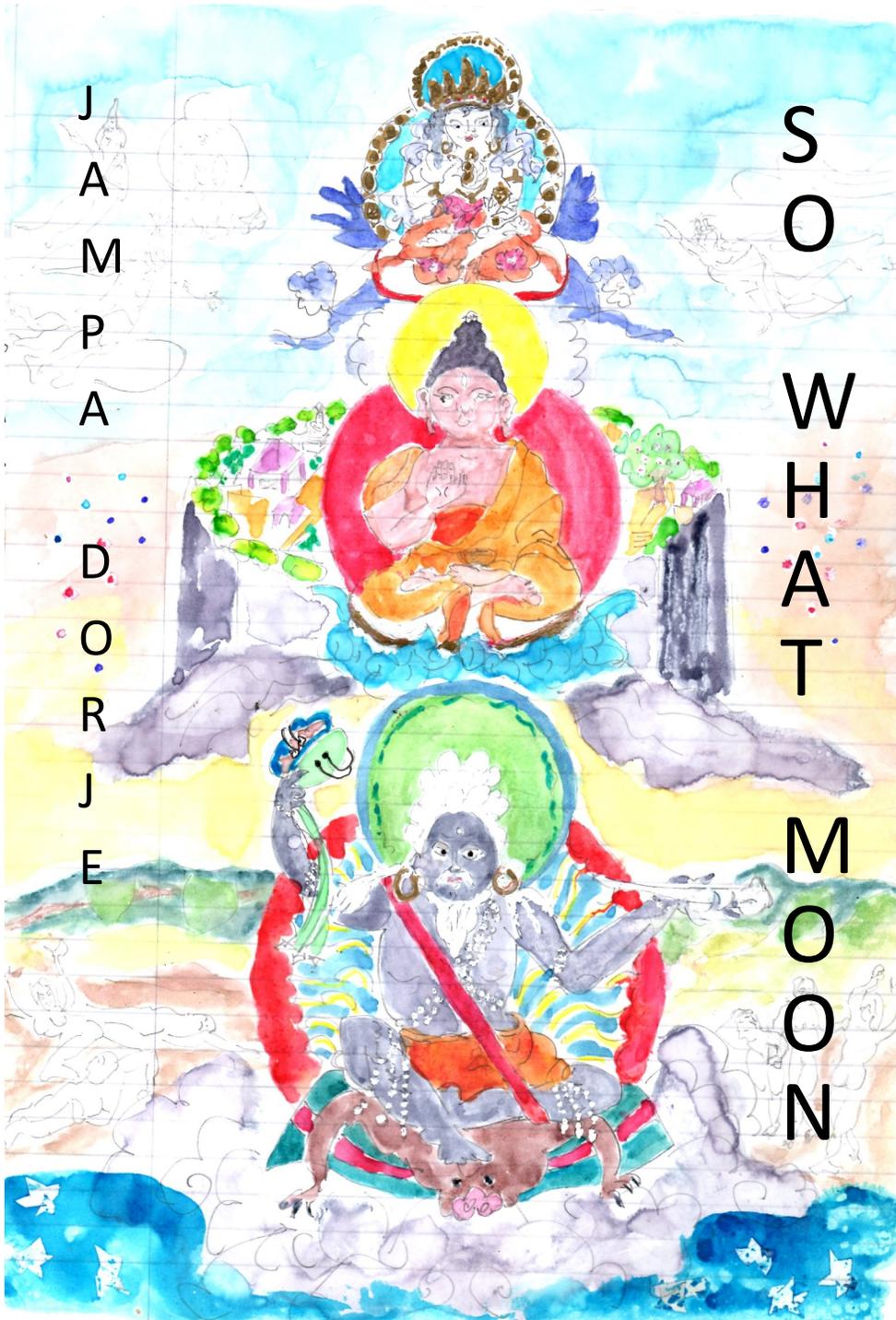
"I am Gwen."

"I am Ezra."

And we had tea.

Having infrequent visitors led me to be talkative. Our conversation was animated and moved from subject to subject, finally settling on food. She talked with a foreign vocabulary, which I couldn't understand. There were terms such as vitamins, fatty acids, immunity systems, molecular effects, metabolism and omegas.





I remember her saying, "We need to open up to infinity if we are to become infinity." But I felt at a loss as I listened and followed my intuition.

When she wound down, I said, "It seems to me that no matter what you eat, if your digestion is good, your stool is firm and regular, your urine has color and its usual odor, your fingernails are pliant, your gums don't bleed, your lungs are strong and your pulse sound, you are probably healthy. Primitive man ate what you call "organic," and his life was short and brutish. The man of today may have a balanced diet and regular meals, but he lives a longer life of anguish. Besides, when your number is up, it's up."

She heard me out. She looked at me a long while and then said, "That must be so. You ancients have these notions. How do you feel?"

In general, I felt fine, except that my feet were numb, and my legs felt icy. I tried to stand, but my body started to shake, and I fell back onto the cushion I had been sitting on. My cup overturned, and my tea spilled on the hearth stones. "The tea!" I gasped.

"The tea," she whispered, "is poisoned. I avenge the death of King Benzra, who is the man you murdered. You coveted the disc of Odin, which is said to have

one side. This is not entirely true, for I am the other side, since death is a veil of life only to the living."

"How did you find me?" I asked.

"It was not hard. In the village they said there was a woodsman who dug for an illusive treasure."

She left me sitting by the fire; and I am dead.



You may wonder how this is written. As I said, there are rumors that I am mad. My being "fouled" takes the form of second sight, and I wrote these words before the events took place.

If I could see this coming, why did I not avoid my fate? The king mentioned by Gwen once commanded me to write him an epic, and I spent many sleepless nights at my task. My muse finally led me to compose a poem of a single word.

This poem I intoned to the king alone, after which he gave me a dagger to kill myself, while he gave up his kingdom and took to the road as a beggar.

As for killing myself, I found this difficult to do. I left the world behind for these woods, but nothing is simply done. This once and future king returned, and I gave him a fitting reception with my ax. And now, it's my turn. As for the "word"; the word is for me to know and for you to find out.

THE GODDESS WOODCHOPPING CHÖD

for Sarah

TWO KEY COMPONENTS:

A CHOPPING BLOCK OF WISDOM
AND AN AX OF SKILLFUL MEANS
BETWEEN THEM WE WHACK
THE EGO OF STUBBORN LUMBER

A SOLID BLOCK, SAY 14" HIGH
AND 10" ACROSS, AND IF
THERE'S A BIT OF AN ANGLE
THAT'S OK — A LOT OF EGOS
ARE NOT EXACTLY SQUARE

THE SPLITTING AX NEEDS HEFT
SO YOUR ARMS DON'T DO ALL THE WORK
AND IT NEEDS A HANDLE, ABOUT 27"
TO GIVE YOU DISTANCE F/THE BLOCK
AND PLENTY OF ARC IN YR SWING

THOSE WERE THE OUTER PRELIMINARIES
THE INNER PRELIMINARIES CONSIST
OF A BIT OF MUSCLE, GOOD EYESIGHT
AND A STABLE STANCE, NOW
HERE'S A PITH INSTRUCTION:

INSPECT THE LOG FOR CRACKS
AND TURN THE LARGEST CRACK
TOWARDS YOU, AND SPLIT THE LOG
ALONG THIS FAULT — WE ALL HAVE
FAULTS TO BE TURNED TO OUR ADVANTAGE

NOW, FOR THE MAIN PRACTICE:
FIRST, REQUEST FORGIVENESS
FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE YOU'VE
CAUSED TO ANY SENTIENT BEING
IN THE PROCESS OF WOODCHOPPING

ABOVE ALL, BE CAREFUL!
"EGOS" ARE KNARLY AND CAN
SPLIT IN WIERD WAYS

AN AX WORKS BEST WHEN SHARP!
A DHARMAKAYA WOODSWOMAN
NEVER HAS TO SHARPEN HER AX
A NIRMANAKAYA WOODSWOMAN
SHARPENS HERS ONCE IN EVERY AGE
BUT A SAMSARA BAKINI OF THE WOODS
NEEDS TO KEEP HER AX IN SHAPE

SEVEN LINE CHECK OFF LIST:

- A) MY AX HANDLE IS SECURE
- B) THE BLOCK IS ON SOLID GROUND
- C) THE WORK AREA IS CLEAR AROUND MY FEET
- D) THE LOG IS STEADY ON THE BLOCK
- E) I SEE THE SPOT TO HIT
- F) I RAISE THE AX WITH BOTH HANDS
- G) AND DROP THE AX
w/SUFFICIENT FORCE

AT THIS POINT
SHOUT, "PHAT!"



BE DECISIVE!
COMMIT TO
YOUR STROKE

NOTES TO "A Cup of Tea"

Jampa has combined elements of at least three of Jorge Luis Borges' stories: "The Disc", "The Mirror and the Mask", and "Undr". The heroine, if such she may be called, is a combination of an aged Little Red Riding Hood and Jean Cocteau's Angel of Death. The Arthurian flourish is a nod to E. B. White, and the futuristic perspective, via Borges' "A Weary Man's Utopia," to H. P. Lovecraft. In actuality, this story appears to be a vehicle to use left over material from the "food drama" or, at least, ^{for him} to continue to vent his "wrong-headed" view.

As I am included in Jampa's retreat mandala, I had a chance to interview him on this subject and to ask him why he was being so defensive about the food he eats. Sitting on the deck of Luminous Peak on a warm day near the end of April, with an astonishing view to contemplate while we talked, I thanked Jampa for the opportunity to discuss what seems a sensitive matter. This is what he said:

My attachment (or neurosis) in this has its roots in a "lie" I told in the second grade.

Our teacher, a woman, began the morning by putting a list of foods on the blackboard and instructed us to write what we had had for breakfast.

She was probably not interested in what we ate from a nutritional standpoint but wanted us to improve our vocabulary and to develop our writing skills. A tentative "essay" is what she was after.

I remember being embarrassed that my list would not suffice, since I had only had a bowl of cold cereal that morning—Cherrios, one of my favorites—and I decided to make up a substantial breakfast. And I came up with one that would have satisfied a truck driver.

The deed was done—my first bit of fiction—but tinged with guilt. Much later, at college, I found an adequate description of my dilemma, while reading Saint Augustine's Confessions. His reflections on stealing those green pears revealed to me how our lives are shaped by small decisions.

This could well be the place to begin my autobiography.

The epigram by Schopenhauer (via Borges) is from Parerga und Paralipomena.



IF THE LOG DOESN'T SPLIT ON THE FIRST SWING, TRY AGAIN IN THE SAME SPOT OR TURN IT OVER AND HIT THE SAME DIRECTION (NOTE: POUNDING THE LOG WHILE IT IS STILL WEDGED ON THE AX CAN WORK BUT YOU RISK HAVING THE LOG FALL ON YR HEAD)

THIS IS GETTING TECHNICAL AND DETAILS ARE BEST DEALT WITH IN THE LUNG WHICH GOES INTO THE HINDERANCES CAUSED BY SYLPHS AND PESKY WOODSPIRITS

IN THE SPIRIT OF WEN HUI'S COOK CUTTING UP AN OX (REF. THE WAY OF CHUANG-TZU)

FOLLOWING ITS OWN INSTINCT
GUIDED BY NATURAL LINE
BY THE SECRET OPENING
THE HIDDEN SPACE
YOUR AX FINDS ITS OWN WAY

WITH EXPERIENCE YOUR SKILL WILL IMPROVE
RHYTHM! TIMING!
YOUR AX SHOULD BE A GENTLE WIND



KINDLING IS A SEPARATE MATTER
SECRETS REVEALED IN THE SONG

SPONTANEOUS EFFULGENT BLISS FIRE

THE SUPPORTS ARE THE SAME AS IN
"THE GODDESS WOODCHOPPING CHÖD", ONLY

THE AX OF COMPASSION CAN BE SHORTER —
MORE OF A HATCHET OF LOVING-KINDNESS
TO TURN THE SKANDAS INTO SPLINTERS
AND SEND THEM WITH QUICK DISPATCH
INTO THE GOLDEN FLAMES OF NON-DUALITY

HERE, YOU
WORK CLOSE
UP, SO BE
CAREFUL
OF YOUR
FINGERS.

PITH INSTRUCTION: IF YOU CAN FIND
SCRAPS OF MILLED LUMBER CUT
TO THE RIGHT LENGTH FOR YR STOVE
THESE BOARDS ARE EASIER TO SPLIT
THAN ROUGH, UNTRAINED LOGS —
OTHERWISE, PICK A PIECE W/CLEAR GRAIN
TOP TO BOTTOM, NOT WITH KNOTS

WHEN
YOU'RE
TIRED
STOP!!
CHOPPING

REGARD THE EGO/LOG AS EMPTY
AND, LIKE A MAGICIAN, TRANSFORM
THE WOOD INTO TUMMO FUEL
THERE ARE PLENTY OF TRICKS TO CHOPPING
WHICH WILL MANIFEST AS YOU PRACTICE

A COUPLE OF OLD ENGLISH MANTRAS
TO CHANT WHILE YOU CHOP*

WINTER IS A COMIN' IN, A COMIN' IN
SING-GAWDDAMN, SING-GAWDDAMN
AND
WHEN THE HOAR FROST GRIPS THY TENT
THOU WILT BE GLAD WHEN NIGHT IS SPENT

ONCE YOU'VE ACHIEVED STABILITY
IN YOUR PRACTICE, DO NOT REMAIN
SATISFIED, BUT PERSIST IN TRANSMUTING
YOUR KINDLING INTO A RAINBOW BLAZE
FOR ALL SENTIENT BEINGS

* THANKS TO EZRA POUND

20 JAN 09
LUMINOUS PEAK

IN DEFENSE OF BREAD IN A CAN*

The French had their revolution
for a chance to eat white bread
As for our mouths, it's not what goes in
but what comes out, that can matter
From world-stress we'll be dead
before transfat makes us terminally fatter

Beth's version:

When the men returned
from the heat and hell of WWII,
their wives asked with a cheerful demeanor,
"So, how was it honey?"
And they told of the misery of war
the terrors they had witnessed
the friends blown to bits
the dust, the filth, the angst of war
And the wives' bright-eyed response,
"Well, was there anything good?"

Bread in a can
Bread in a can
How much I miss
My bread in a can

They serve it for breakfast
They serve it for lunch
I never get sick
of my bread in a can



* Inspired by the incredulity of "food fascists" that anyone would miss
BOM Brown Bread (in a can) after its discontinuation at City Market.

NOTE TO MARIA

Reflecting on Cady's remarks
about eating left-over snacks
from the Drup Chen.

I know now what she meant

You need to realize
everything we do in Vajrayana
hinges on magic. (the science of imagination)

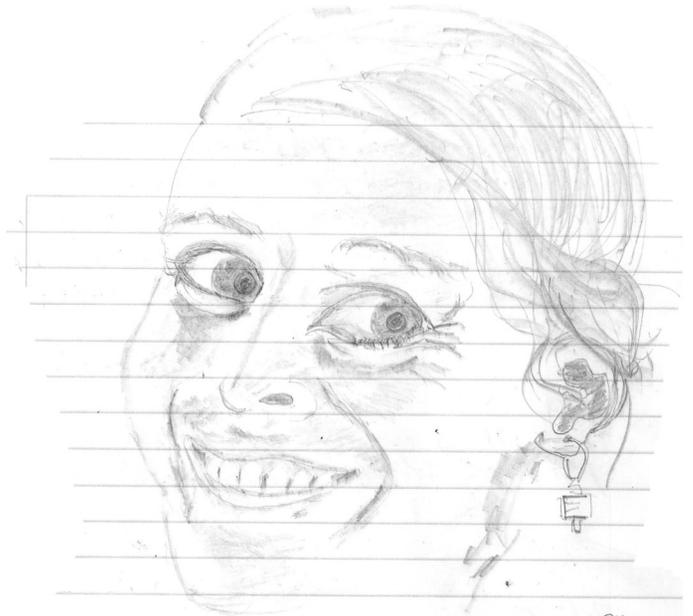
Being sealed in a mandala
within the great Tara Mandala
because of our rarefied plane
of existence, we retreatants
are susceptible to what Tibetans
call "drub"

which translates as "dirt"
or "bad vibes" or "harmful influences"

I fixed those animal crackers
by removing all the broken pieces
and arranging them into a hexagram
made a few passes with the purba
you brought me.

(By the way, the kempo
said this purba is very good!)

while chanting
a purification mantra
and the dōns (obstacle-makers)
were tamed — the only disturbance
the glass receptacle that held the candle
cracked —



CADY



SARAH



DEVON

RECIPE FOR DISAPPEARING EGOS

- for Cady

Preliminary: Find a good lama and receive the pith instructions on the back of the box. Meditate on the first three Noble Truths; then, giving praises and making offerings (organic ingredients preferred), move to the kitchen.

Step 1: Knead the six paramitas into a ball and let sit until bodhicitta rises. Knead again until all sentient beings' needs are fulfilled. This is the Mahayana stage.

Step 2: Combine vidam practice with Dzog Chen (or Mahamudra) in a separate bowl. Pick a point, and, keeping your balance, juggle* shamatha and vipashyana while you stir. This is the Vajrayana stage.

Step 3: Place the Mahayana in a pan and pour the Vajrayana on top. Keep breathing, gently.

Step 4: Take into long retreat, and shut the door. Set the timer for three years, three months, and three days. When golden, you've got it.

"What?" you ask.

"Why, faith and devotion. 'Until the head is cooked,' the Tibetans say, 'of what use is the tongue?'"

* In your case, since you are a Drum Majorette, you can "twirl" your baten.

These poems have been
my companions in Luminous
my world graced with light —
For you, their sound takes shape

○

I am the sun, the live one
I play with clouds
I live under a mountain
Happy, not feeling a photon of guilt

∩

My family owned land
west of where Ishi
the last wild Indian lived —
wierd concept, "owned land"



have the view —
all things of one taste
and the taste
resembles pabulum*

(*baby food, but I mean it more
in the sense of the Latin word
for "nourishment")

Venus in conjunction
with the moon, rising
in sextile with Orion
Now, that's XXX rated



FOOD

Give up your desire
for fancy teas = once
you have on your robes
that's all you need

- shabkar's advice



The three-year retreat
I've been here three weeks
and eaten all the snacks =
Mila shakes his head in dismay



A sudden thaw =
food going to rot =
an opportunity to feast

Csoknyj said,
"The advertisements
are so good we could
eat plastic."



"Miso, I don't get it;
it's just like bouillon."
"Oh, no, my dear,
much more mysterious."

THE MAGIC BEAR SAGA

THE BEAR CAME OFF THE MOUNTAIN
AND THIS IS WHAT HE SAW
DOWNTOWN TARA MANDALA
AND ALL KINDS OF THINGS TO PAW

FIRST, HE WENT TO JULIA'S YURT
AND TRIED ON HER LINGERIE
HE LIKED THE FEEL OF LINGERIE
AND DECIDED HE WOULD STAY
BUT FEELING QUITE ALONE
HE DRANK A BOTTLE OF COLOGNE



THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
THIS IS A FASHION BEAR

SMELLING LIKE A FRENCH TART ON VACATION
HE AMBULATED TO A NEW LOCATION
DANCING ON A CISTERN, HE BROKE THE WATERSPOUT
BETH CAME OUT AND SCARED HIM WITH A SHOUT

THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
THIS IS A DANCING BEAR



HE RE-ENTERED JULIA'S MINDSTREAM
BY PERUSING HER COPY OF THE GODDESS WITHIN
THEN, HE CRUISED BACK TO JAMPA'S AIRSTREAM
WHERE HE READ OF MICE AND MEN

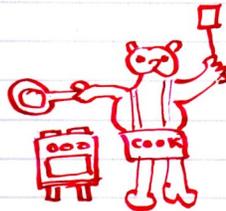
THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR

THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
THIS IS A LITERATE BEAR



HE ATE THE KNOBS OFF JAMPA'S STOVE
YES, HE ATE THE KNOBS OFF JAMPA'S STOVE
YOU KNOW A THING NEEDS CLEANING
WHEN A BEAR EATS THE KNOBS OFF YOUR STOVE

THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
THIS IS A CULINARY BEAR



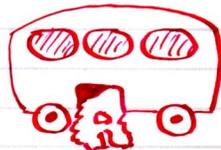
NEXT, HE MOVED TO SARAH'S NEST
AND CLAWED THROUGH A SCREEN
MOVING INTO SARAH'S, AN UNINVITED GUEST
AND NOW A MATERNAL INSTINCT WAS BORN
HE PLAYED WITH SARAH'S DOLLS, AS IF THEY WERE HIS OWN
HAD SHE BEEN HOME, SARAH WOULD HAVE SCREAMED

THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
THIS IS A DOMESTIC BEAR



HE MADE A STOP AT LIZZY'S
THEN, HE VISITED LAMA T'S
AFTER RIPPING UP COCO'S TENT
BACK TO JAMPA'S HE WENT
WHERE HE SQUEEZED THRU A VENT

THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
THIS IS A TRAVELIN' BEAR



I chop a luscious leek
for miso soup
tofu and seaweed
round it out

I think of Philip Whalen's
"Food Opera"
When he was hungry
he was free

On Luminous Peak
there are no banks
no governments
no wars

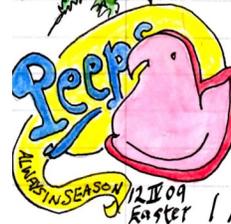


I'm free to eat this
delicious soup
and transform it
into poetry



When he was known as "Flash" Dorje
he poured marijuana on his cornflakes.

Ex-rocker finds religion
DOWN ON DOPE
DOWN ON DOPE



Ex-rocker finds religion
DOWN ON DOPE
DOWN ON DOPE

12/11/09
Easter I had marshmallow "Peeps" for desert, today.

My unidentified beetle is a stinkbug
well-camouflaged to hide on bark
so well-camouflaged as to be
nearly invisible in my field guide



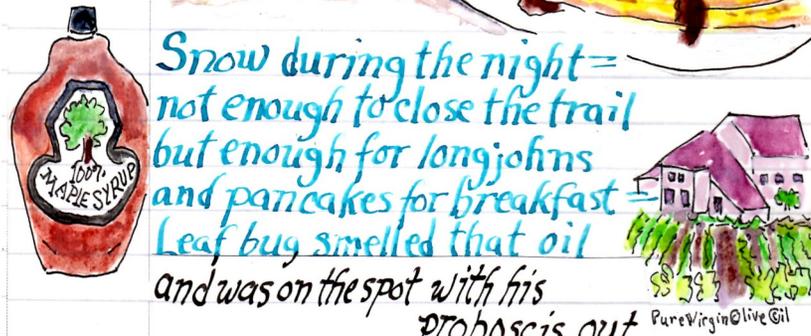
Dumpster-diving with Longchempa =
all foods are pure, even if
the dogs of Dragchen Monastery
won't eat it



I've taken a liking to this
Leaf-footed bug = he eats
my cooking, and as Philip said
"It's pancakes every morning of the world."
In the mountains



Snow during the night =
not enough to close the trail
but enough for longjohns
and pancakes for breakfast =
Leaf bug smelled that oil
and was on the spot with his
proboscis out



JAMPA FOUND HIM SITTING ON HIS BED
"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, GOLDIELOCKS,"
JAMPA SAID, "SITTING ON MY BED?" *
THE BEAR WAS EATING CANDY
AND LOOKING REAL CONTENT
EATING DOVE MINT CREAM CANDY
AND NOT THE LEAST UPSET

THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
THIS IS A PLAYFUL BEAR



ONLY, THIS IS A WILD BEAR, NOT FRIENDLY TO MAN
SO, JAMPA, THE COOK NAMED HUNTER, AND BETH
CHASED THE BEAR UNTIL THEY WERE OUT OF BREATH
THEY CHASED HIM HARD, AND UP THE ROAD HE RAN
BETH IN HOT PURSUIT, BEATING ON A POT WITH A PAN

HERE'S WHERE JAMPA DREW THE LINE:
"IT'S NOT WISE TO CHASE A BEAR IN THE BUSH
ARMED ONLY WITH KITCHEN UTENSILS."
(IT DIDN'T RHYME, BUT IT WAS SENSIBLE)

THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
THIS IS A DESPERADO BEAR



THE WILDLIFE FOLKS WERE ASKED TO BRING CAGE
AND BAIT THE BEAR WITH OUR CHOICEST GARBAGE
THEY DID AND DROVE HIM MILES INTO THE WOODS
TWICE-TAGGED, THEY TOLD HIM HE'D BEST BE GOOD
IF HE DIDN'T WANT TO WIND UP DEAD
AS NOW HE HAD A CONTRACT ON HIS HEAD

BUT SHORTLY HE WAS BACK, FRISKY AND CAREFREE
 BACK AT TARA MANDALA WHERE HE REALLY WANTS TO BE

THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
 THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
 THIS IS A HOMING BEAR

WHAT WAS NEEDED NOW WAS A MASTER PLAN
 AND FOR SUCH A PLAN, DAVID WAS THE MAN
 WE'D TRAP THE BEAR IN THE HORSES' VAN
 JEFF SAID HE'D STAY UP AND KEEP A WATCH
 BUT IT FELT TO LEE TO THROW THE LATCH
 AND BEFORE YOU COULD COUNT TO TEN
 THE BEAR BROKE THRU THE BARS
 BEFORE YOU COULD PULL ON YOUR BOOTS
 HE WAS ON THE ROAD AGAIN

THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
 THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
 THIS IS A DOUBLE-JOINTED BEAR



WITH FAMILY RETREAT TO BEGIN
 BEST TO CALL THE HUNTERS IN
 AND HOPE THEY GET A VIEW
 'CAUSE THIS BEAR WAS ON THE SKIDS
 IF HE THOUGHT HE'D MAKE HIS DEBUT
 WITH A CENTER FULL OF KIDS

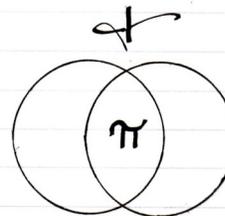
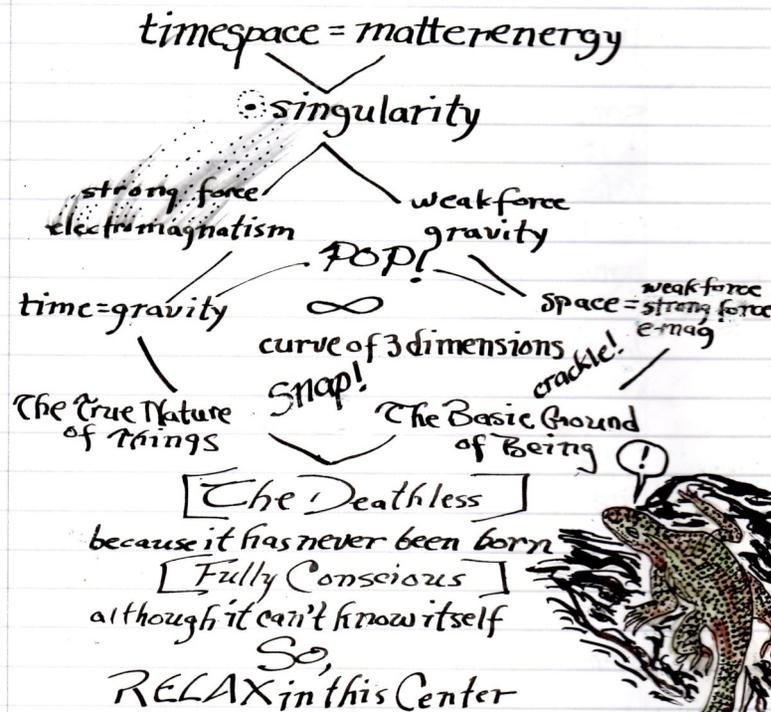
YES, THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
 YES, THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
 BUT NOW, HE'S PUBLIC ENEMY #1 BEAR



PROBLEMATA

Empty
 Empty
 Empty

Give me something to sink my teeth into



The virgin's
 purse



CADY AND JIM LIVE UP IN THE BURBS
WHERE THE VIEW FROM THE RIDGE IS SUPURB
THAT THE BEAR WENT UP WAS NOT SO WISE
AS IT WAS HERE THAT HE MET HIS DEMISE
HE WAS A SHOT-OUT-OF-SEASON BEAR
HE WAS A SHOT WITH A REASON BEAR
HE'S A DEAD AND BURIED BEAR

AND NO MORE NEEDS BE SAID
EXCEPT THE BEAR HAD BECOME AN OBJECT OF DEVOTION
AND THERE WAS SUCH AN OUTPOURING OF EMOTION
THAT ARTISTS TO HIS MEMORY WED

ON A LINTEL OVER THE DOOR OF LUMINOUS PEAK
LAMA GYURME PAINTED A LIKENESS THAT CAN SPEAK
AND BENEATH THE BEAR'S CLAWS, THE FINAL DATE
JULY TWENTY-SEVEN, TWO THOUSAND AND EIGHT

AND TO FURTHER COMMEMORATE THE EVENT
A SKIT WAS PUT INTO PRODUCTION
THE TITLE WAS THE TEACHER
AND THIS IS HOW IT WENT

THE SCENE: EVERYTHING IS DENSE AND GRAY
AND OUT OF THE HEAVINESS EMERGES A PERSON
FROM THE CITY, WHO IS MET BY A PERSON
OF THE FOREST (THE CITY FOLK IS LOADED DOWN
WITH COMPUTER, PHONE, BACKPACK, ETC.)
RISHI: COME CLOSER TO THE FIRE, SHARE THE WARMTH,
SEE IT DANCE, IT'S ALIVE
CITY FOLK: A FIRE, A REAL FIRE, WHY IT'S A REAL
FIRE, LIKE WHEN I WAS A YOUNG CHILD,
HAPPY THOUGHT

RISHI: (WHISTLING SOUND - FOUR CHILDREN HOLD BRANCHES WITH RIGID ARMS ABOVE THE RISHI)
DO YOU BELIEVE THESE TREES CAN TALK?
THEY GAVE ME THE GIFT OF WOOD (A BRANCH FALLS INTO THE RISHI'S HAND) AND BERRIES
SO I COULD MAKE THIS TEA, SO DRINK
AND IT WILL HEAL YOU

CITY FOLK: THANK YOU, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL
GESTURE

RISHI: THANK THE TREES

CITY FOLK: DO YOU LIVE HERE?

RISHI: THIS IS MY HOME

CITY FOLK: MY HOME IS BUILT TO CODE, WITH
ART AND FURNITURE AND WIDE-SCREEN
DIGITAL TV, BUT I FEEL I'VE LOST TOUCH,
(I CAN'T SEEM TO FEEL, DON'T YOU MISS
THE COMFORTS?)

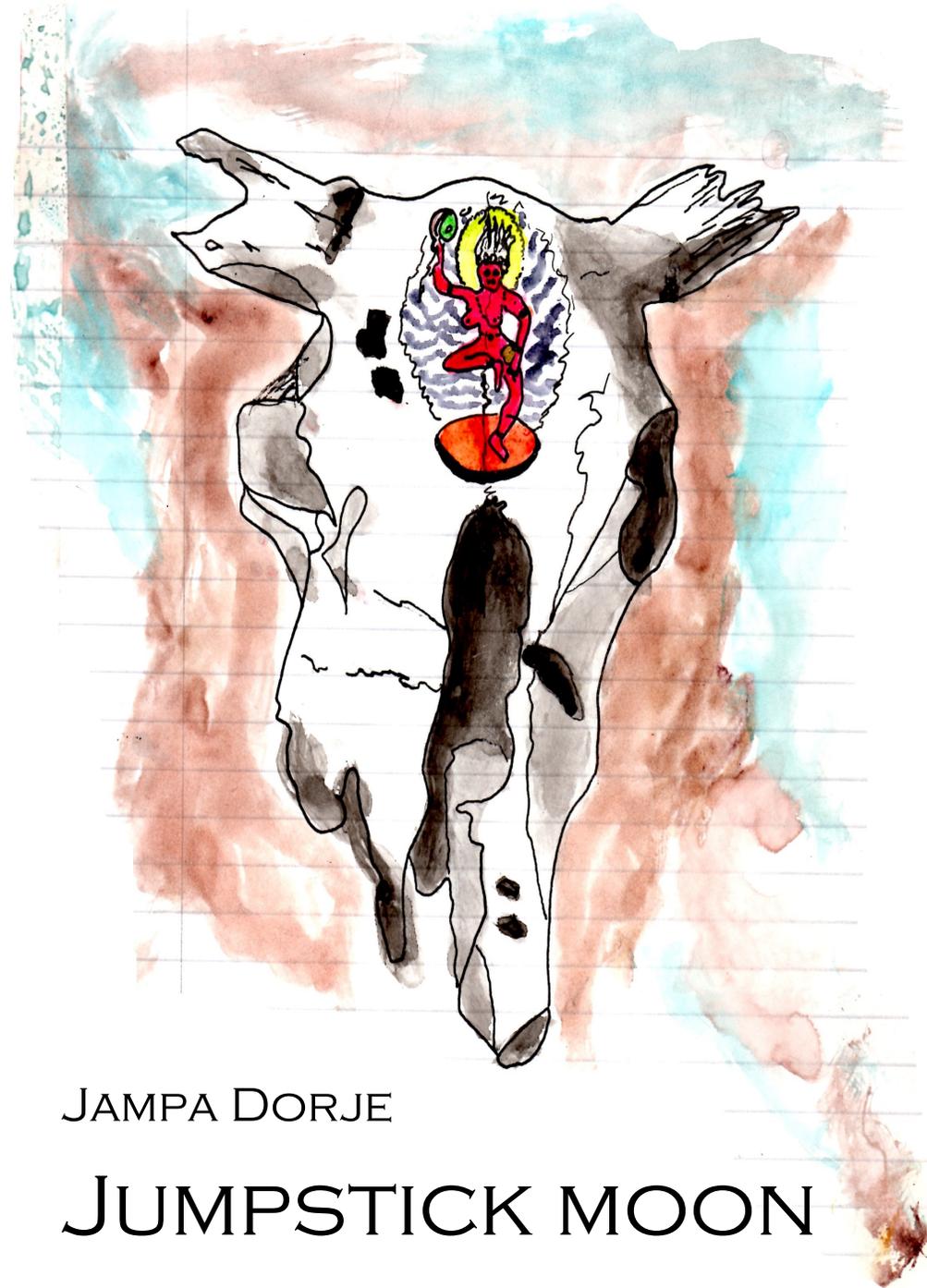
RISHI: I LIKE THINGS SIMPLE (STANDS UP)

CITY FOLK: YOU DON'T HAVE ANY SHOES

RISHI: IT'S WARM, I LIKE TO TOUCH THE EARTH
(DRUM STARTS SOFT AND GETS LOUDER
AS THE RISHI LEADS THE CITY FOLK AND
THE CHILDREN IN A CIRCLE DANCE) LISTEN,
THE PURPLE RAYS COME DOWN FROM HEAVEN
AND THE RED RAYS COME UP THROUGH
YOUR BODY, YOUR LEFT LEG BRINGS UP
THE RED RAYS, YOUR RIGHT LEG SENDS
DOWN THE PURPLE, A PERFECT EXCHANGE,
A MASSAGE IN EVERY STEP, EACH STEP IS DIFFERENT

CITY FOLK: IT'S LUMPY, OH, I'M GETTING IT

RISHI: YOU'LL GET USED TO IT (SLIGHT GROWL SOUND TO "G")
(THE GROUP PART COMPANY, CITY FOLK AND
CHILDREN EXIT STAGE LEFT, AND THE RISHI



JAMPA DORJE

JUMPSTICK MOON



NOW DONS A BEARSKIN, ALONG WITH A MASK,
WHICH HE HAS BEEN SITTING ON, AND CRAWLS
ON ALL FOURS ACROSS THE FRONT OF THE STAGE,
PAUSING TO BOW HIS HEAD TO LAMA TSULTRIM AND
DAVID, CHANTING IN A GROWLING VOICE
"OM MANI PADME HUM", EXISTS STAGE RIGHT)

PERFORMED AT THE FAMILY RETREAT 7/31/08
CHRISTINE WAS THE CITY FOLK AND CHOREOGRAPHER
JAMPA WAS THE RISHI AND AUTHOR
LARA WAS THE DRUMMER
ZOE, ZANNA, EMMA, AND CELESTE WERE ELEMENTALS



WHEN THE BEAR PASSED ON HIS ROUTE
TULKU SANG NGAG POINTED OUT
ONCE A BEAR GETS HIS FEED
THAT PRETTY MUCH FILLS HIS NEED
WHEREAS, MAN IN HIS UTTER IGNORANCE
DESTROYS THE WORLD GIVEN HALF A CHANCE

IT TAKES A POWERFUL LOT OF POWA
TO PUT A BEAR INTO THE PURELAND
BUT THAT IS WHAT WE DID

THIS IS A MAGIC BEAR
THIS IS A CIRCUS BEAR
THIS IS A GURU BEAR

• HOMAGE TO ALL OUR TEACHERS •

NOTE: I APOLOGIZE TO ALL OTHERS NOT MENTIONED
IN THIS DOGGEREL, WHO HAD BEAR ADVENTURES

Fire puja at Luminous Peak —
Obama flies over with a fighter escort
After the Gegtor is taken out
Blessings descend on our plane

Beth's version:

Perfecting the ancient Tibetan art
of the tormas with two pure monks
after a morning spent

chanting & praying
Now watching clouds manifest
auspicious signs

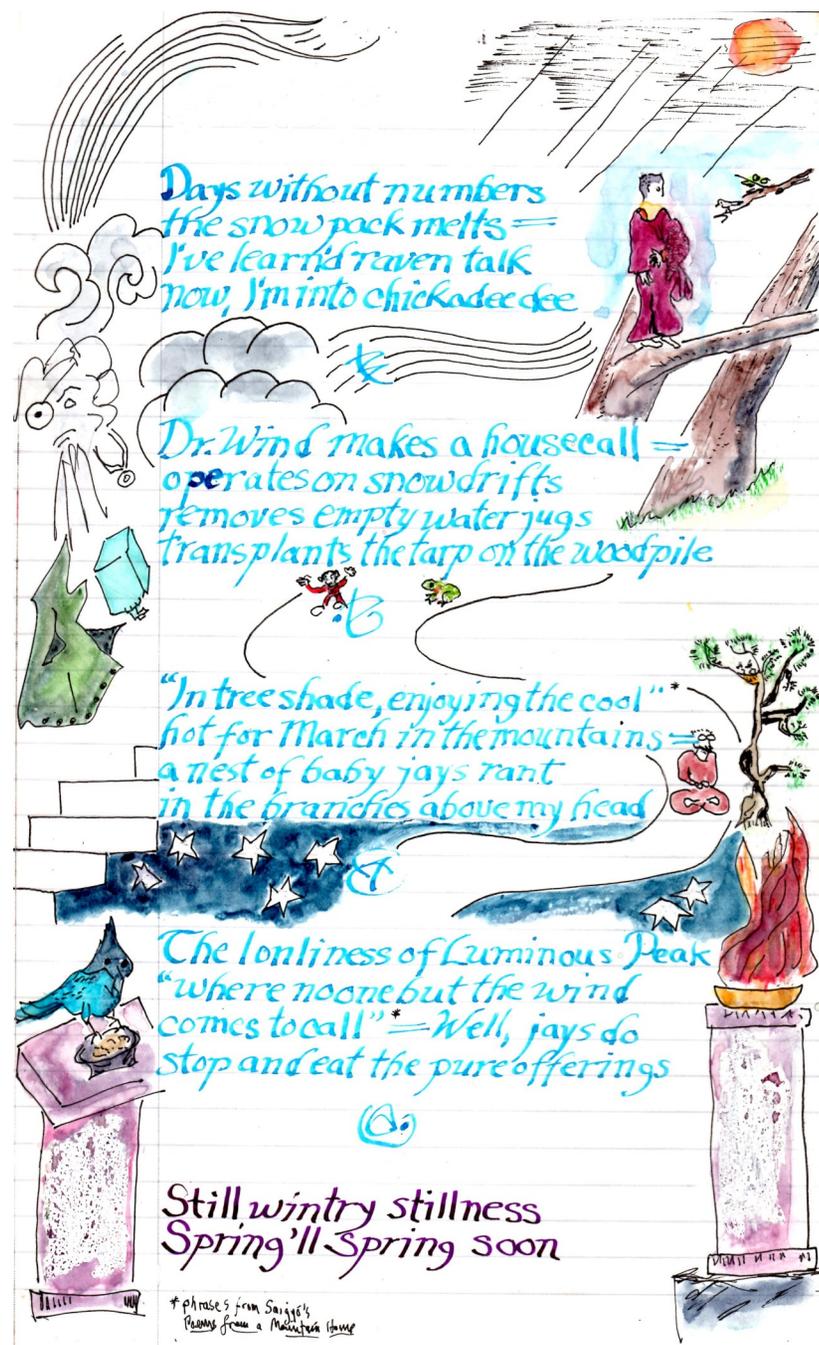
a conch, a lotus...
Another day in the life of retreat

When Obama flies by
Huh?!?

(Perhaps the sambhogakaya form
which can traverse these sorts
of planes of existence)
clearly a sign of accomplishment
Black Dampa — in person

Yesterday, I found an arrowhead
today, a mountain lion visited
Days in retreat are monotonous
yet every day has its surprises

Panther prancing asks me to dance
I think I'll sit this one out



Love-lorn tom turkey
 gobbling for the girls =
 Such a sad tone of unfulfilled
 longing in his proclamations
 (or are they declarations?)
 - probably both -

Tonight, on the sunset channel
 the clouds have golden linings =
 That's the news, followed
 by a soap, "Beware of Beauty"

While painting Dharmakaya thigles
 I remember where I learned to kiss =
 from a girl named Nancy French, and
 the French really know how to kiss

Ravens waltzing mid-air
 doing it every which way
 Look at that = a barrel roll =
 Bless their little aviator hearts

Last week she was resistant
 This week she's more compliant
 Ravens overhead, pas de deux
 Ah, love on the wing

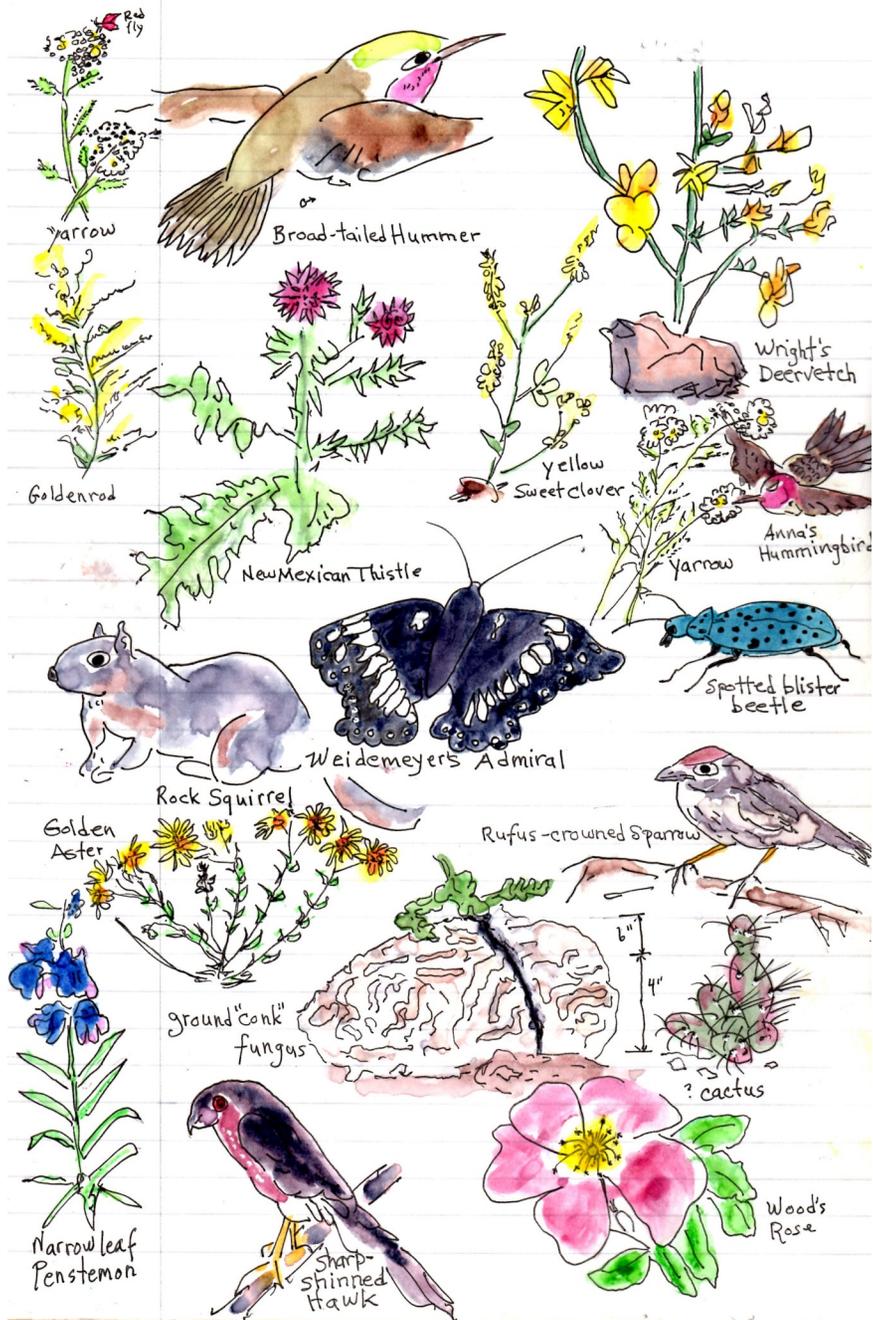


Sky, my teacher
 earth, my support
 sun and moon
 my companions



Friends to date = a coyote
 a flock of jays a pack rat
 a spotted skunk 4 wild turkeys
 2 leaf bugs an unidentified beetle

Ravens check me out
 a golden eagle glided by
 but I don't count them as friends
 since they don't eat from my larder



Sticking a girl's pigtail in the inkwell =
 Did I dream that? See it in a movie?
 No, I believe there was a time when
 my school desk had an inkwell
 (and a girl's pigtail... yes,
 her name was Dorothy Darling)

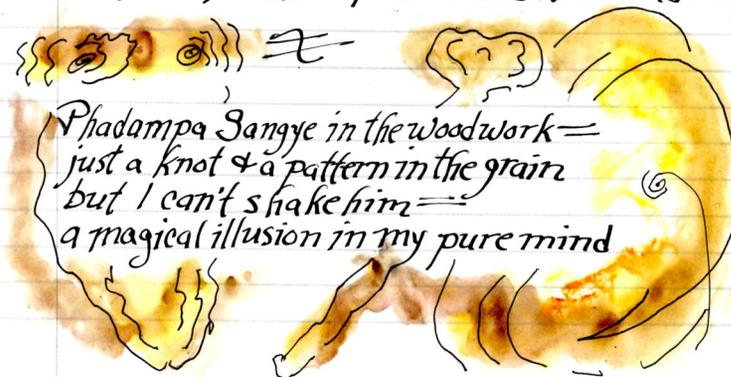


Harvesting the last of the ice along the road
 an angry tassel-eared squirrel sets up a fuss
 "Hey, this road runs two ways, fella
 In and out!" There is no enlightenment

While I'm harvesting ice
 along a cold stretch of road
 an angry squirrel makes a fuss =
 I'm hip to this being mantra



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



Phadampa Sangye in the woodwork =
 just a knot & a pattern in the grain
 but I can't shake him =
 a magical illusion in my pure mind

A green meteor above Archelucta Ridge
 right over Coz's cabin = end of March →
 Arya Cara emerald green emerald-blue green
 what you up to, Coz?



Fireworks: "the cat and the dog"
 cat, break cracker, pour out a bit of powder
 dog, place fuse near the cat's "mouth"
 light powder, cat hisses and dog barks



The mating call of a woodpecker
 continuous and discordant =
 I know it's Spring, but I wish
 he'd take his ^{love} mantra to another tree



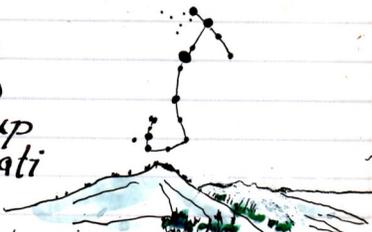
Mister Downy



(NOTE ON ABOVE:

I suppose, if I were a lady woodpecker, I'd find his call
 passionate and melodious. The following piece also
 revolves around relative terms and point of reference.)

The moon is erratic
 Venus, inconstant, so
 I brew my morning cup
 with Scorpius over Ekajati



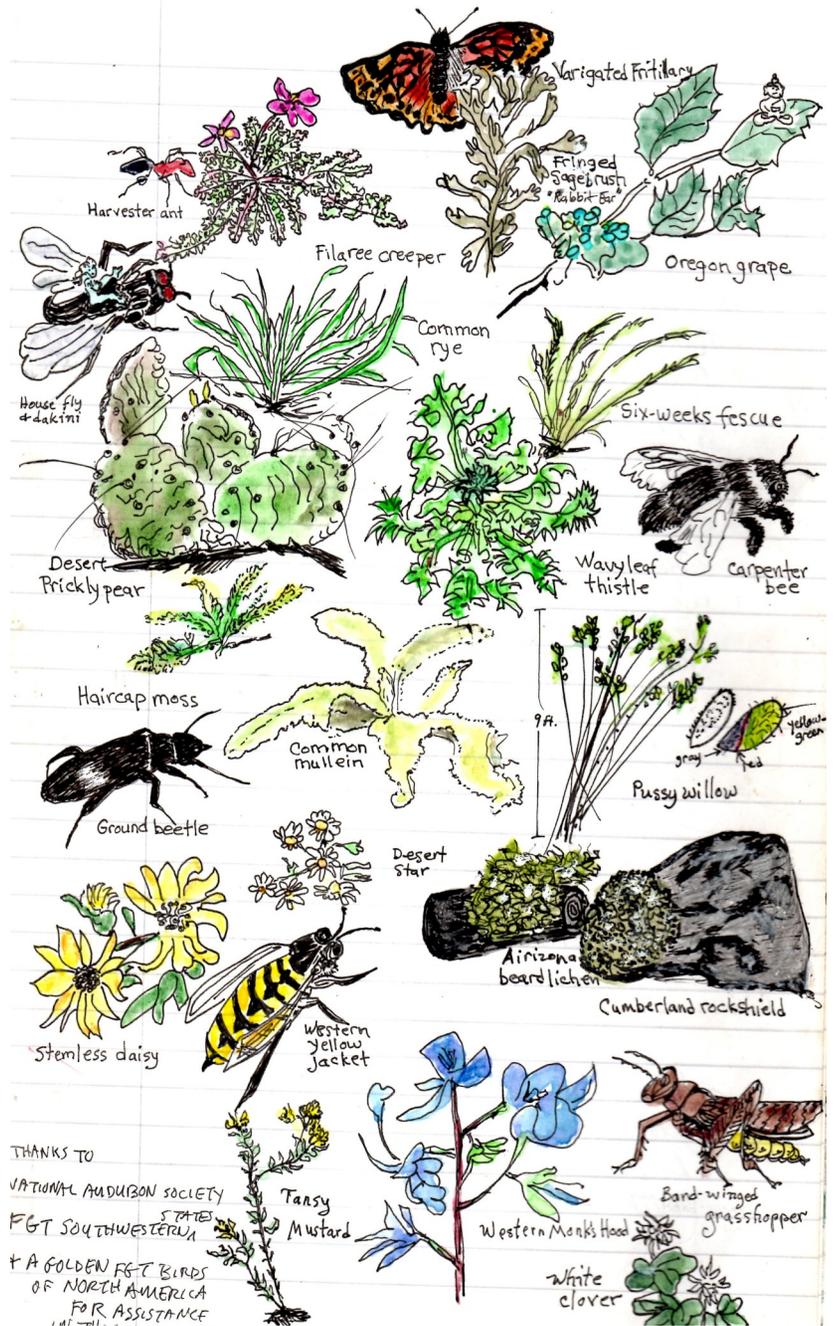
(There is really nothing more beautiful than a conjunction
 of the moon with Venus; that, and the majesty of Orion.)



The grass is greenest
on this side of the fence
its scent is reliable, and
every morning it is new



I have never seen grass this green
each blade has its own fate
May all the Bodhisattvas remain
until the last blade achieves liberation



THANKS TO
NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY
FGT SOUTHWESTERN STATES
+ A GOLDEN FGT BIRDS
OF NORTH AMERICA
FOR ASSISTANCE

Ripped seam in my new robes

So, now I wear my old robes

I like them better

Ripped seam reveals "Made in Madagascar"

discovered in Colorado

Note from Coco: I'm off on a ten day holiday - I'll get to your shirt.

upon my return. Have some greens from the garden.

Keep your strength up for all that practice.

I promise not to make a habit of sending notes...

just wanted to keep you informed.

o~o

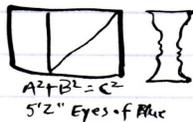
Muse, I'm glad you're in bed with me

sorry there's only room for one in this old fart bag

Outside the door to class she kissed him

and now she feels his fingers...

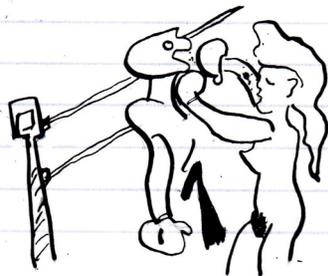
"Wake up, Miss, you're in Geometry!"



o~o

Muse has me on the ropes →

first, a swift uppercut
he not just - and just
the right one-two
combination



A CSOG

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

You food, you animal plants

I take you, now, I make you wise

Beautiful and great with joy

Enlightenment for all sentient beings

All the hungry spirits, gods & buddhas who are sad

- Philip Whalen

I am cooking up a feast for the dietics of the mandala. All the elements have come together, an alluring buffet designed for what each body can handle - sweet, salty, bitter, oily, hot, cool, moist, dry - elixirs, nectars, concoctions for harmony and balance, for energy and action, for inertia and grounding. The invitations have been sent and, now, the table is set.

The hungry ghosts and asuras are the first to arrive. I have pee in a chipped earthenware container for the ghosts with straws for their tiny throats. I built a fire with hardwood in a copper kettle and barbecued song birds for the asuras. These dainties have been strangled with malice after being terrified in a cage in order to stimulate the flow of adrenalin - improves the flavor they say - just the way the asuras like them. I ask these demi-gods to keep all the bones and return them, so I can later resurrect the birds according to an old

recipe handed down to me from
Dokhyentse.

The gods and goddesses arrive in
all their splendor, sleepy and sensuous
in their movements. An old god, his
beard full of leaves and his vest stained
with amrita, stands off to one side.

But I have ambrosial food for them all.

The dharmapalas make their
entrance with barbaric fanfare. The
calm of the garden is filled with a
fearsome clamor. Everyone begins to
talk at once, but I smooth the ripples
of competitiveness with a bottle of
vintage blood distilled from wrathfully
liberated ignorant emotions.

I bring out trays of finger-food —
heaps of auspicious signs — and a
Macedonian salad made from sounds,
scents, forms, and tactile sensations.
We chant, "OM RUPA SHABDA GANDHE RASA
SPARSE MAHASUKHA PUTA HO."

The realized Machig Labdrön is
my honored guest. She is escorted by
His Oiliness, Black Dampa. They are
accompanied by a host of dakas and
dakinis. At the head of the table is
Pema Chötrengrtsel, who carves a fresh
human corpse with his sword.* offering
goddesses fill the plates of the multitudes.

All levels of existence resound with
songs in praise of the Dharma. Duets
rains from the arbor; flowers fall

* This corpse, of course, is moi.

Yet I'll have snails, too
shell asshole sunrise!
- Philip Whalen

I'd better get my shit together before I die
and become a worm track

2009 March 26

Fresh snow covers the snowmobile tracks
in Hidden Valley
return to wintry calm

Buddha's "karmas" (actions)



peaceful
grand (far-reaching)
powerful (fascinating)
stern (wrathful)

pacifying = calming
enriching = enlarging
controlling = magnetizing
destroying = subduing

still wintry stillness
spring'll spring soon

ref: Foundations of Tibetan Buddhism
Lama Govinda, footnote, p. 156



Moth dancing
in the sunlight
on the pinewood floor
stops
at the shadow
of my robes

Han-shan heard woodchoppers
in the valley below his hut
Here among the pines, I hear
a chainsaw in Hidden Valley

o ~ o

A sudden thaw — food going to rot
an opportunity to feast

"Miss, I don't get it; it's just like bouillon."

"No, dear, much more mysterious."



from the sky, there are party favors made from ringsel. A canopy of rainbow light sets the mood for dancing.

Amitabha and his Fab Four take the stage. Manjushri blows a mean horn. Arya Tara belts out a steamy blues number. A drum solo by Troma brings everyone to their feet, and from there on out we were rockin' with no end in sight.

However, all things are transient. Even buddhas and bodhisattvas have to go to work, helping sentient beings.

The morning star was on the horizon. Birds began to chirp. Smoke escaped from dwellings. "Good night, good night, it was wonderful!" Muffled farewells between the beings of the different realms.

The tsog was a success, and to think I did it all with a box of crackers, a bag of jerky, and a bottle of beer. AHLALAHO



NOTES FOR "A TSOG"

pronounced like "soak"

Tsog: a ritual feast (see *puja* and *ganacharya*).

Do Khyentse Yeshe Dorje (1800-1866): a tertön, or treasure revealer, who discovered *Dzintpa Rangdröl* ("Self-liberation of Clinging") from which Jampa sourced the personages and some of the terminology and the offering mantra.

Jampa would also like to credit Amadea Morningstar (author of *Ayurvedic Cooking for Westerners*) for a few tidbits. "AHLALAHO" is an expression of joy.



NGO RANG THOG TU SPRAD

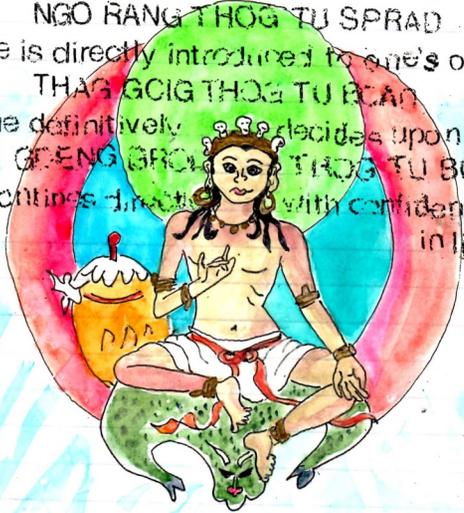
One is directly introduced to one's own nature

THAG GCIG THOG TU BCAN

One definitively decides upon this state

GE'ENG GROL THOG TU BCAN

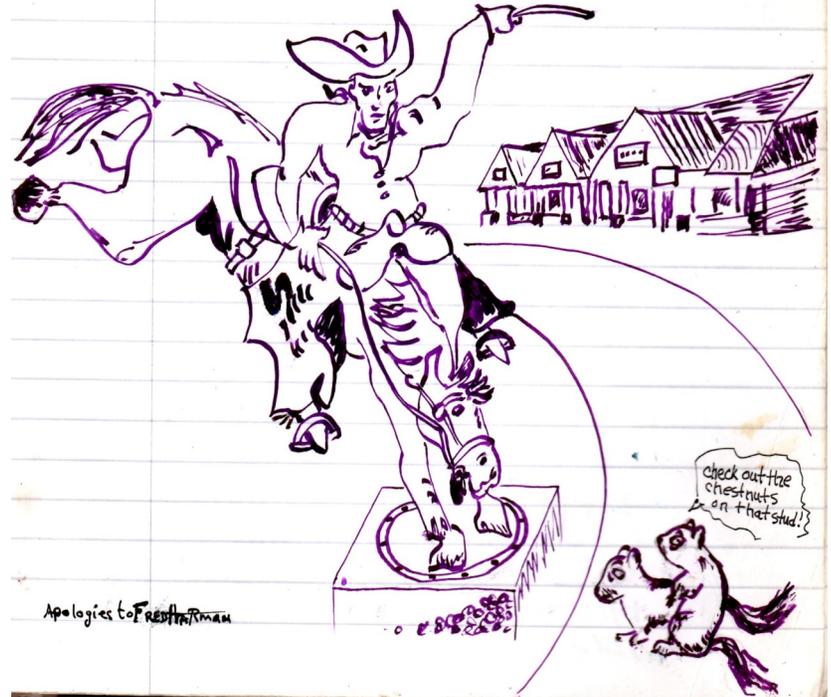
One continues directly with confidence in liberation



In Upper Pagosa, in the plaza
there's a bronze statue
of a cowboy riding a bucking bronco
I pass everyday, thinking
"This is cowboy country
love it or leave it!"

Then, I see it — with fresh eyes
It's the Sambhogakaya Buckaro
riding the Stallion of Emptiness
with the Saddle of Compassion
using the Spurs of Bodhicitta
and the Crop of the Great Perfection*

* This crop is made from a bull's pisle.



Inside of me
I was flying
in a dream

When I awoke
I was standing
above a table

Keeping it simple
a fire in the Franklin stove
the door open
me in my terry cloth bathrobe
a cup of tea

Licorice root spearmint rosehip
chamomile skullcap cinnamon
St. John's wort orange raspberry
valerian root English lavender
stevia leaf passion flower extract

Not to be used during pregnancy
... not to be ...

A simple fire
me in my maroon bathrobe
primordial shadows
Is that the head
of my dear, departed Dad?
Is that ...
an iron-beaked Yaska??

Blue and gold flames
Red and amber coals