

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE ZENDO—12 CINQUAINS

New Year's Eve at the Zendo

No booze,
No babes. No noise-
makers or ass-shakers.
Just a wee bit of samadhi
will do.

Sitting on the Zafu

Doing
nothing is hard
work. Mind insists on its
twenty-four seven cruise ship
of thought.

Noble Conversation

To sit
with quiet souls
who have learned how to say
something of importance without
speaking.

Custody of the Eyes

Looking
down, away from
social interaction,
I'm arrested by the sight of socks,
shoes.

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Undisturbed

Silence
during walking
meditation—only
the whispering of snow boots
on dead leaves.

Bell Ringer

So shy
she strikes the gong
tentatively as if
there was a nest of moonlight
in the tree.

Retreat Fog

The path
to the gray barn
becomes a hazy trail.
Objects rise up, seem to be real,
vanish.

Morning Koan

No self
moving forward.
No self moving backward.
No self sitting still. Almost no
answer.

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Meditation

Little
roadkill raccoon
so soft in your death pose . . .
Could I be that quiet yet still
alive?

Zen Finish

If I
were truly one
with painting the white fence blue,
no need for words. Only paint
and brush.

Precept

Climbing
up the mountain
or sitting beneath it—
the same task for either: breathe in,
breathe out.

Focus

Our time
is limited.
Remember we could die
before the next short poem gets
written.