



Abruptly Dogen

translations by
kidder smith

p.

ABRUPTLY DOGEN



*Fig. 1. Hieronymus Bosch,
Ship of Fools (1490–1500)*

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An Introduction

Dogen (1200–1253), luminous thunder wabbling the Buddhist projects of liberation. He brings Zen to Japan. He's also the first to write of religion in his native Japanese. Too bright, he will disappear another seven hundred years, only reemerging in 1920s Japan. And now, a century later, in the main currents of world culture.

This book holds some of his sharp edges and cataract waterfalls, a land that may have 84,000 moons. So that we may glimpse the view from his *Eye of Real Dharma* (*Shōbōgenzō* 正法眼藏). Each of the chapters contains material from one of its seventy-five fascicles.

He speaks mainly to monks, so I don't translate everything he says, though you can readily find that elsewhere.¹ I seek to afford an intimacy, to give his

1 I find Carl Bielefeldt and his team to be Dogen's most reliable translators, and I am always learning from them. See the Soto Zen Text Project, trans., *Treasury of the True Dharma Eye: Dogen's Shōbōgenzō*, 8 vols. (in prep.). For a Japanese text I follow Kawamura Kodō 河村孝道, *Dōgen zenji zenshū* 道元禪師全集. There are several other complete translations, some of which are freely downloadable from the web. A pioneering work is John Stevens and Kosen Nishiyama, *Shobogenzo: The Eye and Treasury of the True Law*, 4 vols. (Tokyo : Nakayama Shobō, 1975–1988). Shasta Abbey has also produced a complete translation, available on their website: *Shobogenzo*, trans. Rev. Master Hubert Nearman, Order of Buddhist Contemplatives (Mount Shasta: Shasta Abbey Press, 2007), <https://www.shastaabbey.org/pdf/shoboAll.pdf>. A useful alliance between Gudo Wafu Nishijima and Chodo Cross can be downloaded from 坂本: *Shōbōgenzō: The True Dharma-Eye Treasury*, trans. Gudo Wafu Nishijima and Chodo Cross, 4 vols. (1996–1999; rpt. Moraga: 坂本 America, 2008), <https://bdkamerica.org/product/shobogenzo-the-true-dharma-eye-treasury-volume-i/>. Kaz Tanahashi makes some

ecstatic roaming more room to set us wondering. If you like philosophy, you will also find it here, and elegance and humor. His language is a unique grape-
holect, jumpy and precise. But whereas his sentences tend to be lengthy, layered, folding rapturously back on and through themselves, that is, of the nature of mind, mine are blunt and short. Perhaps someone may yet devise an English prose that fully manifests his beauty.

So here we have his speech, from which perhaps we may discern his mind, from which we may discern an unknowing. I regret I can't sustain the proper concerns of context—society, history, religion, literature, that pantheon, how he emerges at a particular time and place, and his urgent need to establish on-going monastic forms of Zen.

“We could investigate these matters,” he says. Often he suggests we find a teacher and practice this with her.

strong selections in his *Moon in a Dewdrop: Writings of Zen Master Dōgen* (San Francisco: North Point Press, 1995). I do not recommend Thomas Cleary's work. Dogen's name is usually romanized “Dōgen,” the macron indicating a long *o*. Here I simply call him “Dogen,” as if he were American.

1 A Case of Here We Are

A time when all of us are a buddha's teaching, accordingly a time of doubt and wisdom, religion, birth, death, of buddhas and beings. Equally a time when all of us have no self, no doubts, wisdom, buddhas, beings, birth, or vanishing. Just hop over too much and too little — that way we have birth and death, doubt and wisdom, beings and buddhas, right from the outset. And yet all the while flowers scatter in our love, and grasses come and go in our disdain.

Once we take up a bodymind, we can join with sounds and colors in perfect intimacy. The image in a mirror, the moon's reflection in water aren't like this, they show only one side at a time.

To train in a buddha's way is to train in a self, which is to forget a self, which is to be attested in all of us, which is to drop the body-mind of self and other. Traces of wisdom all used up, and all using up traced in wisdom that goes on and on.

Human wisdom is like a moon roosting in water. No stain on the moon, nor does the water rip. However wide and grand the light, it still finds lodging in a puddle. The full moon, the spilling sky, all roosting in a single dewdrop on a single blade of grass.

A man of wisdom is uncut, the way a moon doesn't pierce water. Wisdom in a man is unobstructed, the way the sky's full moon is unobstructed in a dewdrop. No doubt about it, the drop's as deep as the moon is high. How long does this go on? How deep is the water, how high the moon?

2 Gone Wisdom

for Tim Buckley

A buddhist sutra:

When we practice wisdom gone beyond, we see everything as empty.

We practice gone wisdom with our whole body.

A monk and a master:

- How should I study wisdom gone beyond?
- As if it were space.

So studying gone wisdom is space. Space is studying gone wisdom.

My late master, the ancient buddha:

With my whole body like a mouth, I hang in space.
I don't ask if the wind blows north east south west,
I just talk wisdom in the wind-bell tongue:
Chokchuk chukchok chintsuntsun.

This is the wisdom of the ancestors and their principal wives. It's the wisdom of a whole body, a whole self, a whole other, a whole north east south west.

A buddhist sutra:

Wisdom is not different from buddha, buddha's not different from wisdom. Why? Because all buddhas appear from wisdom.

So a buddha is wisdom. Wisdom is all things. When wisdom manifests, buddha manifests. Attending and serving is buddha.

3 Buddhanature

A buddha said,

All and everything
have my nature,
so I'm always here.
Being and non-being are always switching off.

This is his lion's roar, the skull and eyes of all buddhas, come down to us through 2190 years until today, the autumn of this year 1241 CE in Japan. The buddha-ancestors are always keeping it for us.

“All and everything have my nature.” This “all” is all of us beings. Right now the inside and outside of all of us are the buddhanature of all of us, our skin, flesh, bone, and marrow.

The being that buddhanature has made into all beings is not the being of “beings and non-beings.” All of us beings are buddha speech, buddha tongue, ancestor eyes, monk noses. “All of us beings” is not root being, nameless being, original being, nor unoriginal being. What is it that comes like this, goes like this? Buddha, our ordinary mind.

In this realm of beings, it's hard to join with beings in a skillful way. When we understand all beings like this, all beings penetrate our body and drop away.

The Fifth Patriarch is born without a father. When he's seven, he meets the Fourth Patriarch on the street:

4: What's your name?

5: I have one, but it's not an ordinary one.

4: What is this name?

5: It's buddhanature.

4: You don't have buddhanature.

5: You say that because buddhanature is empty.

The Fourth takes him as his attendant.

Once there was a man from What Country named What. What was his name. "What is this name?" He means What is This—This is his name. What makes it This. This makes it What. His name's both This and What. We make it up as artemisia tea, or as green tea, or as daily tea-and-rice.

The Fifth Patriarch says "It's buddhanature." "It's" is the crux, it's buddhanature. When "it's" is What, it's buddha. When it's dropped away, it's his name.

The Fourth says, "You have no buddhanature." When is it that he has no buddhanature? Where? Is it at the head of a buddha that he doesn't have it? Beyond a buddha? We should ask the temple columns this question, we should make the temple columns ask this question, we should make buddhanature ask it.

The Fifth says, "Since buddhanature is empty, you say 'You're without it.'" Emptiness is not Without. He doesn't call it emptiness because it's empty.

He doesn't call it Without because it's without it. He says, "You're without it" because that's the emptiness of buddhanature.

The *Heart Sutra* says that form is emptiness, and so emptiness is also form. The Fifth's emptiness is not the emptiness of "form is emptiness." His "form is emptiness" doesn't mean that form's been strong-armed into becoming emptiness, nor that emptiness has been split up to create form. It's just the emptiness of "emptiness is emptiness," one rock in empty space.

The Sixth Patriarch meets the Fifth Patriarch:

5: Where you from?

6: Ah'm a Southerner.

5: What you want?

6: To become boodah.

5: Sorry. You Southerners don't have buddhanature. How could you ever become buddha?

"You Southerners don't have buddhanature" doesn't mean that Southerners don't have buddhanature, nor that Southerners have buddhanature. It's just "Southerners" and "buddhanature." "How could you ever become buddha?" means "whatever kind of buddha are you hoping for?"

A master says, “All beings have buddhanature.”

Everyone is so different. Those with minds are beings. Those without minds are also beings, since beings are mind. So all minds are beings, and all beings have buddhanature. Grasses, trees, the lands of the nation state, all are mind. Because they are mind, they have buddhanature. Sun, moon, stars, and constellations are mind. Because they are mind, they are being. Because they are being, they have buddhanature.

He says, “All beings have buddhanature.” He doesn’t say, “All beings are buddhanature.” He should drop the “have.” Then all buddhanatures have being.

A master says, “All beings have no buddhanature.”

He says that all beings have no buddhanature, but he doesn’t say that all buddhanatures have no being. He doesn’t say that all buddhanatures have no buddhanature. Even in his dreams, he doesn’t say that all buddhas have no buddhanature.

Give it a shot.

4 Body-Mind Studies the Way

Two ways to study, with our mind and with our body. Mind means all minds. Once we take refuge and bodhisattva vows, we break forth the mind of awakening. This is our naked mind, moment to moment, the mind of old buddhas, ordinary mind, the three realms as one mind. We release these minds, or we pick them up with our fingertips. We think or not. We have immediate realization or not. Maybe we shave our head and turn the mind to brilliance. Should we leap the wall and go into the mountains, we emerge from one mind and enter another, we think the unthinking. Stealthily we borrow the buddha's nose and breathe through it. These are the ancient forms.

Mountains, rivers, and the great earth are mind. They're what's manifesting to us right now. Big mountains and small, horizontal and vertical, suspended in matter or in space. Rivers more numerous. And ground isn't necessarily dirt, nor dirt ground. There's dirt ground, mind ground, treasure ground, and realms where the ground is empty space.

This mind. Is it inside? Outside? Coming or going? When it's born, is something added? When it dies, does a fleck of dust depart? Ordinary mind's just ordinary, there's no here or there in it. Yesterday departs from it, today comes in from it. When it departs, Heaven departs. When it comes, Earth comes. This is ordinary mind. It opens the door to the inner chambers. Since ten thousand doors open and close in the same moment, it is ordinary,

the roofing of Heaven and Earth, like unremembered words, the sound of a sneeze.

Body studies the way. We study the way in our body. This raw meat lump studies the way. Our body comes from studying the way, and whatever comes from studying the way is our body. All the realms in the ten directions are our real human body. Birth and death, coming and going are our real human body. Birth doesn't obstruct death, nor death birth. There's birth in death, in going and coming. There's coming and going in birth and death.

Birth and death: with the ten directions as their two wings, as their three wings, they fly off and back, coming and going. Our real ten-directional human body: with birth and death as its head and tail, it turns somersaults and whirls its brain. It's as small as a coin, like the inside of a fleck of dust, with the face of the northern and southern hemispheres, neither thought nor non-thought. This is body.

5 Precisely Mind

A monk asks Patriarch Horse,

- What’s buddha?
- Precisely mind is buddha.

“Precisely mind is buddha” — buddhas only do it with buddhas, they hear it, move it, prove it. “Precisely” — it’s a question that’s destroyed before it manifests. “Mind” — it’s fences and walls, they aren’t made of mud and water. “Is” — it’s three realms we don’t back out of, they aren’t just mind. “Buddha” — it’s been getting rid of everything.

We join completely with “Precisely mind is buddha.” Or with “Mind precisely buddha is,” or “Buddha precisely is mind,” or “Precisely mind buddha is,” or “Is buddha mind precisely.” This joining is exactly “Precisely mind is buddha,” which it transmits to “Precisely mind is buddha,” and down to this day.

The mind directly transmitted is the one mind that is all things, the all things that are the mind. When we’re familiar with this mind, not an inch of ground remains on the ground, the canopy of heaven comes thumping down, and all earth ruptures. Or the earth is three inches thicker.

This is “Precisely mind is buddha.”

6 Majestic Presence

Let's just enact buddha, that majestic presence. Not just any buddha, though, not those still-on-the-buddha-way buddhas, but rather one with full mastery of a buddha's conduct, which is conduct beyond any buddha.

If we don't enact buddha, we stay tied up in buddha's bonds, mistaking wisdom for wisdom. An old buddha says, "Grab it over there and bring it here, enact it." And so we hold this intimacy with all dharmas, bodies, practices, and buddhas. This is the conduct of buddha enacting buddha, a buddha's secret words.

How are beings born? We're told that humans are born from wombs, gods by transformation, insects out of moisture, and birds from eggs. But are there births other than these four? And how many deaths are there? With four births, are there then four deaths? Might there be three deaths, or two? Or five or six, or a thousand or ten thousand? Do some beings have birth but not death? Or death but not birth? People talk about the birthless and deathless, but do they really know what these are? What about the mindless, the bud-dhaless, dharmalless, birthlessless?

Birth and death are a buddha's conduct, birth and death are a buddha's tools, which they deploy as needed. They're good at this, since they know what's blocked and what's open. Four things we don't need in birth and death:

to be dolorous about it
to exist as it
to believe it's birth and death
to ignore it.

Some say that buddhas only emanate in human provinces, and not in other realms. But there must be god buddhas and buddha buddhas. And are there also insect buddhas and bird buddhas? We should investigate this.

After realization, our human buddha went to Tushita Heaven to transform its gods. Although as a human he enacted his own extinction, he's still teaching in Tushita now. When he radiates his beginningless light, that's just one corner of his ten thousand transformations, over here in our human realm.

Where does the transforming buddha enact buddha? It's not just in the four realms of the four births, there are many more realms than this. When he enacts buddha, we can't see his majestic presence with human eyes or even god eyes—buddha dharma can't shrink down to human dharma. The majestic presence of a buddha who enacts buddha is always unobstructed. It comes right from Tushita, it is rightly Tushita itself, it is right free of Tushita. It smashes Tushita right into a hundred bits, it gulps it whole in one mouthful.

Like human life, Tushita life comes with conduct, awakening and delusion. Sometimes there's a fart sound, sometimes the smell of shit. If you've got an ear, you can hear it, if you've got a nose, you can smell it.

A master says,

All buddhas abide in the tongues of flame, spinning the dharma.

Another adds,

The flames speak dharma on behalf of the buddhas, who stand and listen.

Most people know only that buddhas speak dharma. They don't know that buddhas listen to dharma, practice dharma, and realize buddhahood. Don't think that the one who can speak is necessarily superior to the one who can listen.

7 A Bright Pearl

In this universe, in this human realm, in the land of China, in the province of Fuzhou, on Mystery Mountain lives the great master Zongyi. When young, he loved fishing, and he'd float his boat down Nantai River with the other fishermen. At that time he had no notion of the Golden Fish that jumps into your boat without being hooked. At thirty he leaves his boat for the mountains and practices dharma day and night.

Speaking now with a monk:

- All worlds everywhere are a bright pearl.
- How do I get it?
- All worlds everywhere are a bright pearl. What do you need to get?

At just this moment, maybe in empty space, maybe inside our clothing, hangs a bright pearl, maybe under our chin or in our topknot, a bright pearl of all the worlds everywhere. When we're drunk, an intimate friend imparts this pearl to us. We should always impart a pearl to intimate friends. Whenever the pearl hangs on us, we're already drunk.

Just this is the bright pearl of everywhere, turning, not turning. We can hear and see its sounds and shapes. How could we not love it, with its variegated luster, each wisp and chip and slip endlessly shining, the activity of

all worlds everywhere. No one can snatch it from us. It's our face, our eyes.
Nothing happens that's not the bright pearl.

8 We Can't Get Mind

The *Diamond Sutra*:

We can't get past mind.

We can't get present mind.

We can't get future mind.

This is how buddhas practice with us. Wielding their “can't get mind,” they scoop out the stinky den of past-present-future. Then they blow out our own home den. “Own home” means “can't get mind.” Our thinking and analysis right now are “can't get mind.” Our whole body through the twenty-four hours is “can't get mind.” When we enter buddha's chambers, we get we can't get mind.

The great scholar Deshan, on his way south, rests a moment beside the road. An old woman comes by the other way, and she rests beside the road as well. He asks her,

- Who are you?
- I'm an old woman selling rice cakes.
- Would you sell me one?
- Why is your reverence buying a rice cake?
- To refresh my body-mind.
- What's that big load you're carrying?

- Haven't you heard? I'm king of the *Diamond Sutra*. These are my commentaries.
- May I ask you a question?
- Whatever's on your mind.
- I once heard that the *Diamond Sutra* says,
We can't get past mind.
We can't get present mind.
We can't get future mind.

Which mind will your reverence refresh with a rice cake? If you can answer, I'll sell you one, otherwise I won't.

Deshan just stands there dazed, nothing to say. So the old woman shakes out her sleeves and leaves. She never sells him a rice cake.

Let's try speaking for Deshan. As soon as she asks him the question, he should say, "In that case, don't sell me one." Or he could ask her, "Since we can't get past, present, or future mind, what mind will your cake refresh?" And she could say, "You only know that rice cakes can't refresh the mind. You don't know that mind refreshes rice cakes, and mind refreshes mind."

If she says this, Deshan will surely hesitate. At that moment she could give him three cakes. When he goes to take them, she can say, "We can't get past, present, or future mind." If he doesn't put out his hand to accept them right away, she should take one and hit him with it, saying "You lifeless corpse! Don't just stand there in your daze!"

"We can't get mind" means buying a rice cake and eating it all in one gulp.

9 Old Buddha Mind

My late master, the ancient buddha, says,
I meet an old buddha.

Thus we know there's an old buddha in his chambers, and he's in some old buddha's chambers.

A master says,
I prostrate to an old buddha.

Because the master has the aura and adornments of old buddhas, when he meets an old buddha, he makes this prostration.

A master says,
There's an old buddha there in Dayu Range. His aura radiates all the way here.

The master's already met the old buddha there and needn't seek him elsewhere. Where the old buddha is, is Dayu Range. If we aren't old buddhas, we don't know where old buddhas appear.

A monk and a master:

- What's old buddha mind like?
- The worlds collapse.
- Why do the worlds collapse?
- Rather, there's no me in them.

“The worlds” mean the buddha worlds. There are no other worlds. The worlds collapse in a single moment. Or in two, three, four, or five moments, in inexhaustible moments. In these moments, there's no me in them. I am the old buddha mind. It was shed before there was old buddha mind.

10 Greatly Awakening

Greatly awakening, buddhas, buddhas, buddhas—this transmission so tightly woven, this meritorious patrimony that every ancestor reveals. It's life every day, greatly awakening, manifesting, without bothering to wake up, scrutinize, display, lose it, do it. We leap out from this pivot and create new beings, we disport in their subtle essence.

Buddhas always manifest like this. The great awakening of their full awakening doesn't compete with itself. But buddhas-fully-buddha don't make up all of full great awakening, and greatly awakening leaps out beyond any buddha.

A monk and a master:

- What's it like when a greatly awakening man returns to confusion?
- A broken mirror doesn't reflect again. A falling blossom can't climb back up the tree.

A man greatly awakening isn't hoarding something, nor did he find it somewhere else, nor drag it out of himself. If he's greatly awakening, then there's a buddha greatly awakening, and earth water fire air space greatly awakening.

When a man greatly awakening returns to confusion, does he take up great awakening and turn it into confusion? Where does he get confusion? Does he

use it to cover over awakening? Does he return to confusion without fraying his great awakening? When he returns to confusion, is he grabbing confusion as a further branch of great awakening? Is great awakening one hand and confusion the other? In greatly awakening, we always return to confusion as our intimate experience.

The monk isn't asking if a man greatly awakening can return to confusion. Rather he wants to know what it's like that very moment when he returns to confusion. That moment is "A broken mirror doesn't reflect again, a falling blossom can't climb back up the tree." The moment that a falling blossom is a falling blossom.

The master doesn't say that greatly awakening is becoming buddha, nor that returning to confusion is becoming a being, nor that greatly awakening gets frayed, nor that it vanishes, nor that confusion somehow just shows up. Greatly awakening has no beginning or end, returning to confusion has no beginning or end. Why? It just goes off everywhere, while the worlds are being destroyed.

11 The Forms for Sitting Zen

To engage zen is to sit zen. I will show you, in a quiet place.

Having put body-mind in order, we exhale completely one time. Sitting stock still, we think not-thinking. How do we think not-thinking? It isn't thinking. This is the method of sitting zen.

12 Probing Sitting Zen

A monk and a master, while they're sitting:

- Stock still like this, what are you thinking?
- I'm thinking something unthinking.
- How do you think unthinking?
- It's not thinking.

A master and a monk:

- What do you intend, sitting zen?
- I'm intending to make a buddha.

What's he mean? Does "make a buddha" mean the Buddha makes him buddha? Does it mean that he makes the Buddha buddha? Or that one or maybe two faces of the Buddha emerge? Once making-a-buddha drops off, does his intention also drop off? Or, since there are countless ways to make a buddha, is his intending still entangled in intentions to make a buddha? How many instances of becoming buddha does his intention entangle? Is this entangling entangled with entanglement? We can't avoid intention, even for a moment. If we do, we lose our body and forfeit our life. This too is entangled in intention.

At this point the master picks up a tile and starts polishing it with a rock. "What are you doing," asks the monk. Really, who can't see he's polishing a

tile? But who can see he's polishing a tile? Polishing a tile is different things in different worlds. After all, we don't recognize Buddha when we see him, just as we don't know water or mountains. Still, what's before our eyes offers a passageway through.

The master says, "I'm polishing a tile to make a mirror." Polishing it to make a mirror isn't hypothetical, it's a case of full manifestation. A tile is a tile, a mirror a mirror, and there are many kinds of polishing. The buddhas' Old Mirror is made by polishing a tile. If we don't know this, we don't see the buddha-ancestors opening their mouths, we don't smell their warm breath.

The monk asks, "How can you get a mirror by polishing a tile?" The master, "How can you make a buddha by sitting zen?" Obviously, while we're sitting zen, we're not waiting to become buddha. Becoming buddha is unrelated to sitting zen.

Wherever buddha dharma is transmitted, sitting buddhas are transmitted — it's the pivot of it all. Sitting buddhas are sitting zen.

13 The Ocean's Seal

Without fail, we buddhas are sealed by the ocean, marked with its great meditation. When we swim in it, there's plenty of room for our speaking, attesting and activity. When we walk on the ocean surface, we walk in its deepest depths. No need to chase the rising and falling of waves back into their silent origin—what kind of mind does that? Instead our hard good practice meets the buddha face to face—this is how we pay homage to the meditation of the ocean seal.

A master talks about these waves:

It's just various energies combining to make our body. When the body arises, only energies arise. When the body ceases, only energies cease. When these energies arise, I don't say, "I arise." When these energies cease, I don't say, "I cease." The moment after doesn't depend on the moment before. The energy before doesn't correspond with the energy after. This is the great meditation sealed by the ocean.

The moment of the ocean seal is just the moment of "just various energies," the moment when this body arises. The moment of not speaking.

Two old masters:

Suddenly fire arises. Its arising doesn't depend on something.

and

Arising and ceasing never stop. What's that?

It's the moment when the aorta of the buddha is either cut or kept joined. When arising and ceasing don't stop, we manifest this very body, we get that we can't get past mind, it's the old "you've got my marrow." It's the buddhas and patriarchs, it's "even you are like this." Well, what's not you? Past thoughts and future thoughts are all you. It's "even I am like this." Who's not I? Past thoughts and future thoughts are also I. This is great nirvana, it's also called death, a breaking off, or a place to dwell.

"When these energies cease, I don't say 'I cease.'" Who am I? Just this not speaking at the moment of cessation, just this not speaking at the moment of arising. These two silences are co-nate, born together. They are the seal of the great ocean meditation.

This is the seal that seals water, that seals emptiness. But the seal that seals water isn't necessarily the seal that seals the ocean. We also need a seal that seals the ocean, an ocean seal, a water seal, a mind seal. When we transmit the mind seal one to one, we seal water, we seal sky and emptiness.

14 Space Flowers

The Buddha speaking Chinese:

Like someone with blurry eyes
who sees flowers in space.
When the disease is healed,
the flowers vanish into space.

If we don't know space, we don't know space flowers. If we don't know space flowers, we don't know blurry eyes, we don't see someone with blurry eyes, we don't become someone with blurry eyes. We know space flowers by meeting someone with blurry eyes. Once we've seen space flowers, we know how space flowers vanish into space.

Don't think that once space flowers vanish, they don't exist. Where space flowers can't be seen, nothing exists. If we renounce space flowers, we can't know that life-and-death proceed from space flowers.

It's not that we see space flowers due to blurry eyes. Rather, blurry eyes are due to space flowers. A blurry-eyed man is a man of root realization, of mysterious realization, he is all the buddhas, he is beyond all the buddhas. If blurry flowers are delusion, then that which calls them delusion must be delusion too.

When realization is blurry, everything is adorned with blur. When blurry eyes are ordinary, then space flowers are ordinary too. When blurry eyes are

non-arising, then space flowers are non-arising. When everything has its actual qualities, blurry flowers have their actual qualities. No past present future, no beginning middle end.

Because arising and dissolving aren't blocked, they can cause arising and dissolving to arise and dissolve. Arise in space, dissolve in space, arise in blurry eyes, dissolve in blurry eyes, arise in flowers, dissolve in flowers. And so on.

We receive space flowers in many ways—by seeing with blurry eyes, with bright eyes, buddha eyes, ancestor eyes, wisdom eyes, blind eyes, three-thousand-year eyes, eight-hundred-year eyes, by eyes of a hundred eons, by eyes of uncountable eons. All these eyes see space flowers, for space is already varied and flowers are always miscellaneous.

Be sure to know that space is a plant. Flowers bloom from it, all plants do. Thus the Buddha said,

Space at root is without flowers.

Although at root there are no flowers, here are flowers. Like peach and plum.

That plum:

Yesterday it was flowerless,
and in spring it flowers.

Flowers bloom at specific times of year. This is never rash. Peach and plum flowers always bloom on peach and plum trees.

Flowers have never arisen.

Flowers have never dissolved.

Flowers have never been flowers.

Space has never been space.

15 Luminosity

A master says,

All worlds everywhere are a monk's eye.

All worlds everywhere are a monk's plain speech.

All worlds everywhere are a monk's whole body.

All worlds everywhere are our own luminosity.

All worlds everywhere, we're inside of luminosity.

All worlds everywhere, no one not himself.

Buddha's luminosity is all worlds everywhere, is all buddhas, is just buddhas with buddhas. Buddha's luminosity is luminosity's buddha, so buddhas see buddhas as luminosity, they practice this, they make buddhas, sit buddhas, fulfill buddhahood.

This luminosity illuminates the eighteen-thousand buddha-lands of the East. It's buddha's light, the nub of speech, it's East illumination illuminating the East. This East isn't the here-and-there we mostly mean, it's the heart of dharma realms, the center of my fist.

The Emperor of China requests that relics of the buddha be brought before him. At night their multicolored luminosity radiates throughout the room.

The Emperor is greatly taken by this, his officials tell him it's the sacred relics responding to his sacred being.

One official remains silent. The Emperor asks why. He says, "I've read that buddha's luminosity isn't green, yellow, red, or white. What you see now is the luminosity of the dragon-protectors." The Emperor asks him, "What the buddha's luminosity?" He does not reply.

All worlds everywhere are our own luminosity. Leap over both ordinary and divine — this is luminosity's indigo and vermillion. Become buddha or patriarch — this is luminosity's black and gold. Grass trees fencing pebbles, skin flesh bones marrow — these are luminosity's red and white. Smoke mist water rock, bird trails, and secret paths — these are luminosity's churning.

When we see and hear our own luminosity, we corroborate buddhahood. All worlds everywhere are us — there's nowhere else to go. Our skull's the shape and image of all worlds everywhere, our skin flesh bone and marrow.

Master Cloudgate says,

We all have luminosity in us. When we look, we don't see its dusky dimness. What's its nature?

The assembly has no response, so he speaks for them:

The meditation hall, the buddha hall, the kitchen, the monastery's three gates.

“We all have luminosity in us.” He doesn’t say it manifests in past or future, nor in some bystander. Cloudgate gathers a thousand Cloudgates, all speaking from his one mouth, and he’s not making it up himself, everyone’s luminosity is speaking for itself.

We all have luminosity in us means that all humanity is naturally luminous. “Luminous” means “everyone.” Luminosity grabs hold of luminosity and makes subject and object from it. Luminosity has all of us in it, luminosity is naturally all of us, luminosity has luminosity in it, having has having in it, all-having has everything in it. This luminosity we all have is our full manifestation.

16 Practice

Buddha's way is only practice. It spirals through our aspiration, meditation, and enlightenment without a gap. Unforced by anything, just this pure great practice, sustaining us and other, the whole of heaven and earth. Others don't know it, we don't know it, no matter.

Our practice appears from the practice of buddhas, it's how we manifest their way. Buddhas' practice appears from our practice, it's how they manifest their way. Here all buddhas abide, negate, intend, fulfill, all without a gap, and here appear all suns moons stars and constellations, earth and space, subject-object, body-mind, the four elements. How bitter to have a teacher but be unable to practice. How sorrowful to want to practice but not find a teacher. I myself knew both of these.

We practice to brush off the fire that's been kindled on our head. We practice without watching for realization—realization is just our daily tea and rice. Our practice doesn't abandon thinking, our thinking doesn't abandon practice. Since the teachings are already here, no need to visit China or India. Since the teachings are already here, no need to extract them from texts. Only practice, it's how we repay our debt to teachers and texts—our bodies and lives are insufficient offerings, since they're short-lived and can be giv-

en away to sovereigns and rulers. I could tell you a hundred stories of Chinese masters and their relentless practice.

Oh monks! Now that I'm master of this mountain monastery, we'll always embody these masters' practices. How could I forget our patrimony, how could I sit here and eat up our provisions? Collectively we've decided to no longer set foot outside the temple grounds, so we won't visit patrons' home for meals, nor will we seek outside funds. Instead we'll divide the products of our own fields into 360 equal parts, and each day we'll consume one share, no matter how many monks have come or gone. If there's enough to have cooked rice, we'll have rice. If there's not enough, we'll have rice gruel. If there's not enough, we'll have rice water.

There's no shortage of air and sunlight here. Our flowers break into smiles, our birds into song. Dew moistens the moon. Dragons in withered trees start singing as soon as spring breezes touch them. There's nothing to hasten after.

My late master, the ancient buddha, says, "When you practice zen, mind and body drop away. No need to burn incense, do prostrations, recite the buddha's name, make confession, or read sutras."

17 Just This

A master to his monks:

Want to get just this thing?

Got to be just this man.

Already you're just this man.

Why fret over just this thing?

Heading for supreme enlightenment: just now he's saying it's just this thing. All the worlds in all directions are just a daub within enlightenment, and we're its tools, a means to manifest. How do we know there's any just this? Because our body-mind appears and isn't us, because we're just this man. How do we know we're just this man? Because we want to get just this thing.

What is it? We can't use a buddha-measure to measure it, nor a mind-measure, nor a dharma-realm-measure, nor an all-the-realms-measure. Already we're just this, why fret?

For eight months the future Sixth Patriarch lives in the monastery, pounding rice day and night. One night the master secretly enters the pounding room and asks, "Is the rice hulled yet?" "It's hulled but still not winnowed." So the master pounds the mortar three times, and the Patriarch winnows it with his

basket three times. Though neither one knows it, the transmission of just this dharma takes place at just this moment.

A master:

We can't get just this.

We can't get just not this.

We can't get both.

How're we going to live this?

Two monks discussing Avalokiteshvara, the thousand-armed goddess of mercy, one eye on each palm:

- How does Avalokiteshvara, in her great compassion, use so many hands and eyes?
- It’s like a man at night groping behind his back for a pillow.
- I got it, I got it.
- You got what?
- Her hands and eyes pervade her.
- That’s really good. But you got only 80 or 90%.
- Yes, I’m like that. What would you say, brother?
- Her hands and eyes enlighten her.

The Avalokiteshvara of other buddhas has 1,000 or 84,000 hands and eyes. But this monk says “so many hands and eyes.” His “so many” doesn’t mean a mere 84,000, it means uncountable. In his “so many” the sundry sorts are limitless, and their limitlessness isn’t limited even by a boundless measure. “So many” leaps over the calculus of both limitless and boundaryless.

“Like a man at night groping behind his back for a pillow.” Pillows come in various shapes—we might ask about this. He gropes, he doesn’t grab the pillow, drag it, or push it away. Avalokiteshvara’s night isn’t the nighttime of humans and deities, it’s denominated in all her hands and eyes, so if her

hands haven't yet felt the edge of the pillow, does she have to grope behind her back with her eyes? This nighttime, a flashing thunderbolt of hands and eyes.

Who is she, this bodhisattva of great compassion, this bodhisattva of hands and eyes? How does she use so many bodhisattvas of great compassion? Her pervasive hands and eyes don't obstruct each other, they've never been hidden, but they aren't the hands and eyes of the self, of mountain and ocean, of sun and moon, of "precisely mind is buddha."

"You got only 80 or 90%." People think this means he should have gotten 100%. But if buddha-dharma were like that, it wouldn't reach us now. Once he heaves out what words can't say, he has 80 or 90%. He could say it a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand different ways, but here he offers just a trifle of his marveled powers and says 80% of it.

When buddhas study these so-many hands and eyes, they get 80 or 90% of Avalokiteshvara's meditation.

1. The ancestors' old mirrors, all of them show the same sight, same face, same image, same casting, same work. When an alien appears before it, an alien appears in it. All ten thousand of them. When an Englishman appears, an Englishman appears. For a flash, for forever. When a blackbird appears, a blackbird appears. All thirteen of them. When the old appears, the old appears, when the now appears, the now appears, when the buddha appears, the buddha appears, when the ancestor appears, the ancestor appears.

2. Geya's mother dreams a god brings her a great mirror. Thereupon she's pregnant. Geya's born seven days later. Ever since then a clear, bright, round mirror lives in him, of its own accord. But his mother didn't birth it. How are Geya and a mirror born at once? Geya's birth is just a mirror's brightness. After all, texts can appear as trees and rocks.

3. The Sixth Patriarch writes,
No wisdom in trees.
A mirror hangs in space.
What do you find?
Dust and dirt.

Nowhere a speck of dust that is not a mirror.

4. Master Snowpeak addresses the assembly:

If you really want to know, I'm like an old mirror. When an alien appears before it, an alien appears in it. When an Englishman appears, an Englishman appears.

But a monk steps up and asks,

- What if you suddenly meet a mirror?
- Both alien and Englishman vanish.
- I'm not like that. You ask me.
- What if you suddenly meet a mirror?
- A hundred shattered bits.

The mirror also vanishes. But why, since an Englishman is not an Englishman, does *he* have to vanish, too? Why did you give me such an empty mirror?

5. The Yellow Emperor ruled all China. He had twelve mirrors. His tutor explains, “These mirrors are the root of *yin* and *yang*. Thus they regulate longevity. There are three of them—of heaven, earth, and man. Sightless and soundless.”

Emperor Taizong saw men as mirrors, reflecting the empire's order and disorder. We imagine this means he evaluated his officials with impartial

wisdom. But seeing men as mirrors means seeing mirrors as mirrors, seeing oneself as mirror, the Five Elements as mirror.

The human mirror: when men come and go, we see they come without a trace and go nowhere. The face of a man, the face of a mirror, the face of a sun, the face of a moon. The action mirror: the Five Peaks and Four Rivers pass through the world on their way to the sea.

Taizong evaluated men clearly, but not through his impartial wisdom. Every nation holds a mirror. If you gain the mirror, you gain the nation.

6. Let's revisit Snowpeak's remark. When a Korean comes, a Korean appears. When a Japanese comes, a Japanese appears. When a god comes, a god appears. When a man comes, a man appears.

Where does appearance come from, and where does it appear? We see only its appearing. This lies beyond knowledge and mastery. "When an alien comes, an alien appears." No, an alien coming is an alien coming, an alien appearing is an alien appearing. They don't come so they can appear. An old mirror is an old mirror.

At the moment when the alien and Englishman come-and-appear, the old mirror is coercing them to appear-and-come. At the moment when they vanish, if we think the mirror remains, then we obscure coming and we discount appearing.

7. A monk and a master:

- What's an old mirror like before being polished?
- An old mirror.
- After polishing?
- An old mirror.

20 Oh Gee, for the Time Being²

An old buddha speaking:

Oh gee, we're standing on a high high peak,
oh gee, we walk in ocean depths,
oh gee, we have three heads and eight arms,
oh gee, we're sixteen feet tall,
oh gee, we're a staff and whisk,
oh gee, we're a stone lantern,
oh gee, we're Joe Schmo and Jane Doe,
oh gee, we're the good earth and vast space.

“Oh” means having something, and “gee” means a moment. A moment already has something, and there's something every moment. Sometimes we call this something-moment “being-time.” For the time being.

Our sixteen-foot golden body is a moment, so it has momentary resplendence in the twenty-four moment-hours of the day. Our three heads and eight arms are momentary, just like the twenty-four moment-hours. How long are these twenty four? We can't measure, so we call them “twenty four.”

2 Translator's note. The Japanese title of this chapter is *Uji*. 有 *u* means “to have” or “there is” — thus it is often understood as Being. 時 *ji* means a moment — thus it is often understood as Time. Thus Being-Time. The word *uji* can also be pronounced *arutoki*, in which case it means “sometimes.”

We arrange ourselves, and all the worlds are made. Things and things, moments and moments. Things don't block things, nor moments moments. Sometimes different things arise at the same moment. Sometimes different moments arise in the same mind.

Our self is a moment. The moment I climb mountains and cross rivers, I'm in a moment and a moment is in me. Since I already am, the moment can't get away. Since the moment has no past or future, the moment of mountain climbing is Oh gee right now. Since the moment has a past and future, Oh gee is in me right now.

This is Oh gee. It swallows whole the moment of the jeweled palace with its crimson towers, it vomits it forth. This is a passage through our Oh gee. Because it's Oh Gee, it's our Oh gee.

The activity of Oh gee is a passing through. From today to tomorrow, from today to yesterday, from yesterday to today, from today to today, from tomorrow to tomorrow. Passing through is an activity of moments. Thus past and present moments don't pile up on one another nor stand side by side in line. Old buddhas are a moment, too. And self and other.

"But I'm not a sixteen-foot golden body!" This is also a bit of Oh gee, just a bit.

Virgo is a moment, Scorpion is a moment, birth too, buddha too. This moment confirms the sixteen-foot golden body as all the realms. Just use all the realms to let all the realms be all the realms. This is Oh and gee.

All Oh realized as all Gee. Nothing left over. Thus half an Oh gee is realized as half an Oh gee. This realization of Oh gee can't be snared or stopped. Those

divinities on the left and right are just an Oh gee of our own potency. The Oh gee of land and water deities is also a realization of our potency. Everything whose Oh gee is light or dark passes through our potency—otherwise nothing is realized at all.

This passing through is not the way wind and rain pass from west to east. None of the realms are either still or moving—they're a passing through.

Patriarch Horse describes himself to himself:

Oh gee, he has him blink.

Oh gee, he doesn't have him blink.

Oh gee, having him blink is it.

Oh gee, having him blink isn't it.

The spot where the patriarch grasps the teaching is not the same as other people. His eyelid is the mountain and sea, because the mountain and sea are his eyelid. His blink beholds a mountain and venerates the sea. His It is well practiced, since he's been beguiled by the teachings. His Not It is not the same as his not blinking, nor is his not blinking the same as his Not It. All this is Oh gee.

A mountain is a moment. A sea is a moment. If you don't have a moment, you don't have a mountain or a sea. Don't think there's no moment in the mountain and sea right now. If the moment collapses, the mountain and sea

also collapse. This is the appearance of the morning star, of the buddha, of your eye, of picking up a flower. It is a moment. Without a moment there is nothing.

Oh gee, an old master addresses the assembly:

Oh gee, the unborn is here but appearance isn't.

Oh gee, appearance is here but the unborn isn't.

Oh gee, both the unborn and appearance are here.

Oh gee, neither the unborn nor appearance are here.

The unborn and appearance are Oh gee. Here or not-here are also Oh gee. The unborn is the servant, appearance is the royal display.

Here is snared by here but not by not-here. Not-here is snared by not-here but not by here. In snaring the unborn, the unborn sees itself. In snaring appearance, appearance sees itself. In snaring snares, snaring sees itself. Snaring snares snaring. This is the moment. Snaring depends on an other, but snaring has never snared an other.

I meet a man, a man meets a man, an I meets an I, an arising meets an arising. Without a moment, none of this takes place.

Everything is coming, everything is going, everything is here, everything is not here. The moment of Oh gee.

21 Designation

Buddhas designate us as the buddhas of past, present, and future. It's how they transmit the way, even when we've not yet opened buddha-mind, whether we have buddha-nature or not, whether we have bodies or not. They designate self as buddha, body-mind as buddha, they designate buddhas as buddha, beyond-buddhas as buddha. Nothing's not this designation, even the mountains, rivers, and the good earth.

An old buddha:

Oh Maitreya, the buddha designates you as attaining realization in some lifetime. Tell me, is it in past, present or future? The past's already gone, the future hasn't come, and the present won't stick around. Do you want to do it, then, without taking birth? But birthlessness has neither designation nor illumination. Do you want to do it by conforming to things as they are? By conforming to their extinction? But there are no things as they are, nor any extinction.

All beings are as they are, all dharma are as they are, all saints and sages, even you. When you receive a designation from buddha, so do all beings.

After all, the great way of all buddhas is just shedding and showing up. Life sheds life, death sheds death. We emerge from life and death and pass into life and death. Both are the great way, after all. We bring birth and death to indifference, we bring them to salvation. Both are the great way, after all. Showing up is life. Life is showing up. When we show up, everything lives with us, everything dies with us.

This is the pivot of life and death. It shows up in just this moment, neither big nor small, neither nearby nor on the margins, neither for long or short. Life is in this pivot, this pivot is in life. A master says, “Life is showing up in full pivot, death is showing up in full pivot.”

Life doesn't obstruct death, nor death life. All earth, all space are in life, are in death. They're not the same as each other, nor are they different, nor one thing, nor many.

In life everything shows up in full pivot, in death everything shows up in full pivot. This showing up doesn't lie in life or death—life and death lie in it. So the full pivot of life and death is like extending your arm and feeling for your pillow in the night, it shows up with auras and magic power.

All moons get round, just like three and three. But not only like three and three. A buddha says,

My body,
like space,
forms
like a water-moon.

This “like a” might be a water-moon, or water-like, or moon-like, or like-like. Like’s not like, it’s it. A buddha’s body like space. Space is like a buddha’s body, so any thing—earth, world, appearance—is space in person. Like water. Like all phenomena—they’re a buddha’s body. Like water. Like a moon.

Moon’s time’s not always night. Night’s not always dark—that’s just a human view. You can have day and night without sun and moon—they’re not here just for someone’s daytime. Since they’re like-like, there’s not only one or two of them, nor a thousand nor ten thousand. The moon itself may sustain the view that they’re only one or two, but that’s merely the moon’s view. Though there was a moon last night, it’s not tonight’s moon. Tonight’s moon is tonight’s moon, before, during, and after. Moon may succeed moon, but that doesn’t make it old or new.

An old buddha says, “This whole mind is the whole shebang. One shebang, one mind.” Since mind is moon, moon is moon. Since shebang-mind

is moon, the round moon is all around town. When we open our body, we open the moon. What's not moon, even in that eternal three and three? Birth and death, past and future, the moon. The ten directions of the whole universe, just the top and bottom, left and right of the moon. Our daily activities, bright grasses within the moon.

Buddha is realization, we are realization, everything is realization. But not of a single nature nor single mind. So at the moment of realization, realization manifests without obstruction. At the moment of manifestation, manifestation manifests without bumping into itself. This is the one point in all buddha's teaching.

An old buddha says, "The picture of a rice cake won't assuage my hunger." Some think this means that study won't bring wisdom. But we wield both analysis and strength of practice. Pictures of rice cakes hold our original face, born from our parents, and our face from before our parents were born. Just when rice flour is made into cakes, where there is neither birth nor unbirth, this is the moment of their full manifestation as the way.

We use the same cinnabar and vermilion to paint a rice cake as to paint a landscape. All rice cakes, tea cakes, bean cakes, fried cakes and millet cakes manifest from the same moment of painting, and so too all pictures, all cakes, all dharmas. Any cake that manifests is a cake picture. No trace of coming or going, they appear right now in this realm of pictured cakes.

"Won't assuage my hunger." This hunger isn't dispatched by the twenty-four hours of our day, just as no rice cake waits for hunger, nor for other rice cakes. Hunger is our monk's staff, a rice cake is the manifestation of our body-mind in its thousand changes and ten thousand transformations. We paint a landscape using green mauve cinnabar vermilion, we paint a

human being using earth water fire air, and a buddha paints using his thirty-two special qualities and countless eons of intensive practice. All buddhas are picture buddhas, and all picture buddhas are buddha. Whether mind or form, the dharma realms and empty space are just pictures.

An old buddha says, “The way fulfilled, scroll after scroll of picture mountains.” Movement and stillness are only pictures. No picture, no buddha. If there’s buddha-dharma, there are pictures.

My late master, the ancient buddha, says, “Bamboo and banana pass into the pictures that we paint.” All realms and all reality are pictures, human reality manifests from pictures, buddha is fulfilled in pictures. There’s no medicine to assuage our hunger other than rice cake pictures, and we have no hunger other than picture hunger, which is assuaged only in pictures. Hunger assuaged, not-hunger assuaged, hunger not assuaged, not-hunger not assuaged, these are accomplished through picture hunger.

All this is only the picture of a rice cake.

Our great ancestors, transmitting the way, grinding up their bones, one cut off his arm for it. Right now, when does it happen? I don't know it, no one recalls it, you don't expect it, buddha's eye can't see it, our thinking can't follow it.

Su Dongpo is a true dragon in China's sea of words, mirroring the dragon-elephants in buddha's waters, floating through whirlpools, a sun rising over the clouds. One night at Mount Lu he hears the sound of flowing water and wakes to the way, presenting this verse to his teacher:

Buddha's long fat tongue is just the sound of streams,
 nothing impure in these pure mountain forms.
 Night comes, 84,000 verses come,
 and only now can I offer this to you.

His teacher accepts it.

Hearing streams—perhaps this hearing swells the flow of dharma, but usually we miss our chance, for years he hadn't seen or heard it. Did he see more that night than he says? A sentence more? Half a sentence? 84,000? Sounds and forms are masked in mountain waters, but sometimes they reveal themselves nonetheless. Let's find the gate through which mountains flow, but waters won't.

The day before, Su Dongpo had asked his teacher how the insentient can speak dharma. Nothing happened. But when he hears the stream sound, waves flow against the current and smack high heaven. Is it the sound of the stream, or the spilling forth of his teacher? Perhaps these teachings are still echoing, still mingling with the night sounds of the valley stream. In the end, did Su Dongpo awaken to the way, or did the mountains and waters?

A monk and a master:

- How do I turn around mountains and rivers so that they return to my self?
- How do I turn around my self so that it returns to mountains and rivers?

Self is self of itself. Even though self is mountains and rivers, we aren't obstructed by what we return to.

We seek teachers and the way, clambering over mountains and across the sea. As we do so, wisdom beings descend from heaven and bubble up from earth. As we meet, sentient beings speak to us, and the insentient, too. We hear them at the site of our body-mind.

We see buddhas as both our self and other, as large and small. Don't be startled by the big ones, nor suspicious of the small. They are the forms of mountains, the sound of streams, the 84,000 verses in a fat tongue.

26 What's Beyond Buddha

The Master of Cavern Mountain, he's the thirty-eighth ancestor counting from the Buddha, who's the thirty-eighth ancestor counting from the master. Speaking with a monk:

- Only when we embody what's beyond buddha can we speak a bit.
- What do you mean "speak"?
- When I speak, you don't hear it.
- Do you hear it?
- Once I'm not speaking, I hear it.

If we don't embody speaking, we don't embody "what's beyond buddha." When we manifest speaking, it's already what's beyond buddha. And if we manifest what's beyond buddha, we're "not hearing." Speaking isn't fouled by hearing or not hearing.

When we're buried in our speaking and not-hearing, we connect with others haphazardly, we are some one or other. This is "you don't hear it." We're blocked by a bone in our tongue, by our ears, by the light piercing our eyes, or the obscuration in our body-mind.

This doesn't mean that not-hearing is the same as speaking, it's just that "when I speak, you don't hear it." The master's speech is like wisteria vines winding around wisteria vines, speaking binding speaking, entangling and entangling with itself.

What's beyond buddha isn't prior to buddha, it's beyond buddha.

A master says, "You need to know there are men beyond buddha."

A monk: "What's that man like?"

The master: "Not a buddha."

Someone else says, "Words can't do it, likenesses can't do it, so he says 'not.'"

Someone else says, "Buddha's not."

Someone else says, "But out of convenience, we call it 'buddha.'"

We need to know there are men beyond buddha. They disport beyond body and mind. We realize this by taking over the old buddhas. By lifting our hand. Once we've seen this, we know there are men beyond buddha, that there are no men beyond buddha. These "men beyond buddha" are "not a buddha."

A monk and a master:

- What's this about "beyond buddha"?
- Both sun and moon hoisted on the same end of the carrying pole.

The sun and moon block the carrying pole — this is beyond buddha. When we investigate this, the universe goes dark — this is beyond buddha. The sun and moon aren't the pole. "The end of the pole" means ending the pole.

27 Speaking Dreams in Dream

We speak dreams in dream from before all dreaming, it's the pervasive proclamation of all realms, the bright brightness of all things, the very moment of our doubt and jumble. Speaking dreams in dream is buddha, and buddha is wind rain water fire.

No one can doubt that dreams are realization—dreams aren't administered by doubt. Nor can anyone confirm it—they're unaltered by our confirmation. Prostrations and getting-the-marrow speak dreams in dream. So too our seeing and hearing, our body manifesting, our understanding and our not-understanding.

An old buddha says, "Just now I speak dreams in dream to you." Dream dharma, waking dharma, dream realization, waking realization, all are full dharma and full realization. Buddhas practice with us in dream, realize with us in dream, and act with us in dream. This is not analogy.

When we want to practice enlightenment, the most difficult thing is to find a teacher who can lead us. Someone without signs of male, female, and so on, someone hearty and rugged, a just-this kind of person. Not old or new, maybe a transforming fox spirit, someone with an eye that gets the marrow, maybe you or I or he or she or it.

Having met our teacher, we toss everything aside and practice with our whole mind, with half our mind, without a mind. To expunge the fire that's burning on our skull. We beseech trees and rocks, fields and villages—the god Indra prostrated to a wild fox as his master. This teacher is already inside us.

We value dharma, so we act to protect it, in a stone lantern, in all the buddhas, in a fox, demons and spirits, man and woman. We offer them our body-mind as a divan.

A monk in conversation with the nun Moshan, whose name means “Final Mountain”:

- What is this Final Mountain?
- She doesn't show her peak.
- What's the person in this mountain like?
- Without signs of man, woman, or other.

- Why don't you change these signs?
- I'm not a fox spirit, what would I change?

The monk prostrates to her.

In China and Japan, past and present, women have held the rank of Emperor. They rule the nation, everyone as their subject. They're venerated for their position, just as a nun is venerated when she attains dharma—even the gods worship her.

These days some idiots put women in the category of “objects that arouse lustful craving on sight.” If we're going to hate what arouses lustful craving, shouldn't we hate men, too? Anything can be the occasion for defilement—a man, a woman, a neither-man-nor-woman, an apparition, flowers in space, reflections on the water, the sun in the sky, spirits, demons. Should we abandon all 84,000 of these? If we hate whatever arouses sexual desire, every man and woman will have to hate each other, and we'll have no chance for liberation.

There's something ridiculous in Japan just now, places called “restricted zones” or Buddhist training halls, where nuns and other women aren't allowed. Well, there are no ranks within mystery, and many women have already become buddha. There's nothing such a woman doesn't realize—who could think to shut her out? Since her activities already radiate in all directions, what would a boundary mean? Shall we also shut out goddesses? Divine women? Some of these have cut off delusion and some are still subject to

rebirth, but they all take part in the assembly of buddhas and practice with us there. Today's "restricted zones" are closed to nuns, but they let any farmer guy or woodcutter barge right in. It's worse than a little fox trying to keep a human from plundering its den.

Whenever we enter the "great restricted zone" of buddhahood, whether we're buddha or being, great earth or empty sky, we're free of tangle, we return to mystery, receiving blessings just as we are. If we also wish to mark off a smaller restricted zone, we can do so using water, or mind, or space. We sprinkle the ambrosia and then recite:

This realm pervades all dharma realms,
no need to restrict its purity.

1. Right now

Right now, we mountains and waters, we embody old ways, with you, on thrones, we accomplish all activity. This life, from before something or nothing, secrets of riding cloud and wind.

2. Green mountains

Green mountains constantly walking. Holding all activity, constantly abiding, constantly walking. Because it's walking, it's constant. Please look at this closely.

3. Same or different

Mountains walking, humans walking. To know this walking is to seize the root.

4. Doubting

Green mountains walking fast as wind, even faster. Even in the mountains we may not know this. The mountains is where flowers bloom. Outside the mountains we don't know this, that's how it is.

If we doubt this walking, we don't yet know our own walking. It's not that we don't walk, we just don't know it yet, it's not yet clear to us.

5. Reality

We mountains have never been real, nor have we ever been unreal. You have never been real, nor have you ever been unreal. This moment we expunge all doubt about green mountains walking.

6. Mountains fluxing

Please study green mountains from every point of view, and clearly investigate your own walking as well as ours. Walking forward and backward, stepping into it and out, investigate this too.

Then investigate how walking forward and walking backward haven't ceased for a moment since before there was something-nothing. Should walking lapse, then the ancestors can't show up. Should walking end, then nothing will arise. A ceaseless walking forward, a ceaseless walking backward. This is mountains flowing and flowing mountains.

7. Our face

Green mountain practice is walking and east mountain practice is traveling by water. All over the place we practice like this, our face never alters.

8. Drowning

If you don't receive our walking, if you don't receive our traveling by water, this is calumny. Don't drown in that.

9. Ancestors

And still our activity manifests in form and life-force. Walking. Flowing. The moment when we give birth to our mountain child. We manifest ancestors because we accord with ancestral principle.

10. Scraps of sky

Don't fret if you only see us as grass, trees, rocks, and cliff-face. Don't get fooled if you see us as garlands of sublime treasure. Don't tarry if you see us as the space of exalted practice. If you see us as the pinnacle of all buddhas' inconceivable activity, just let us be. These are scraps of sky.

11. Zen

Insight, meditation, illumination—these are the claptrap appurtenances of zen. What is green mountains constantly walking, eastern mountains traveling by water? Please look at this closely.

12. Giving birth

Female rocks giving birth at night. (“Night” means when we give birth.) In general there are male rocks and female rocks, and rocks that are neither male nor female. Sky rocks and earth rocks, patching sky and earth. We're everywhere, but people mostly don't know it.

Know the principle of giving birth. At the moment of birth, do mother and child turn into each other? By this birth, the child is the mother. By this birth, the mother is the child. Please look at this closely.

13. Cloudgate

Master Cloudgate says, “You east mountains travel by water.” He said this because all of us mountains are east mountains, and every mountain travels by water. The nine great mountains all manifest realization, so we’re all called “east mountains.” But can Cloudgate also strip off our skin, flesh, bone, and marrow? (The Buddhist people in China these days are all idiots.)

14. Splashing

We east mountains traveling by water—this is the ancestors’ marrow. All waters emerge at the feet of east mountains, so all mountains ride clouds and walk the sky. All mountains are the peaks of all waters.

We walk on water, up and down, our toes in all waters, splashing all waters in all directions. This is realization.

15. Milk

Waters are not hard and soft, wet and dry, moving and still, cold and hot, real and unreal, nor are we enlightened and confused. When we freeze, we’re harder than diamond, you can’t crush us. When we melt, we’re gentler than milk, you can’t crush us. These are in every respect our manifest activities.

16. Seeing water

Look at the precise moment when waters of the ten directions appear as waters of the ten directions. This is not studying when humans or deities see water, it’s when waters realize waters as waters. Look at this, and at the main

roads where self meets self. Then go up and down the back roads where other encounters other. Then abandon this.

In general, we see mountains and waters according to our being. Some see water as strands of jeweled ornaments. But they don't see jeweled ornaments as water. What forms do we humans see that they would call water? Are their jewel strands what we see as water?

Some see water as blossoms adorning the cosmos. But they don't use those flowers as water. Hunger-beings see water as fierce fire, or as pus and blood. Dragons see it as palaces, other beings see it as forest walls, or as original enlightenment. Human beings see it as water. All this depends on where you were born, on whether you kill water or give it life.

17. The generosity of water

Everyone has water, but there is no water. Water doesn't appear according to body, mind, deeds, self or other, its liberation is according to water. Though it's not earth-water-fire-air-space, it still manifests as earth-water-fire-air-space of its own accord.

So how do our palaces and lands come into being right now? Do you ask because you think they depend on somewhere to abide? Everything is liberated. Nothing abides. Unbound, we abide on our thrones.

18. Dropping into pools

When human beings look at water, we always see it as flowing. There are many kinds of flow—we see only the edge of them. Water flows through

earth, through sky, on earth, under earth. It curves about, it streams into the Great Vortex, it mounts clouds, it drops into pools.

19. Water is light

Wenzi speaks of water's way: "It ascends to sky as rain and dew. It descends to earth as river and stream." Though water is unaware of water's way, it still functions nicely as water. Though water is not unaware of water's way, it still functions nicely as water.

"Water ascends to sky as rain." It mounts high heaven, it's inside flame, in thinking, analysis, discrimination, in awareness itself, there's nowhere it doesn't get.

"Water descends to earth as rivers," whose marrow is the sages. Water's not just rivers and seas, it makes rivers and seas from within water. When it gets to earth, it has all the virtue of rivers and seas. Uncounted lands of the buddha manifest inside a single drop. Nonetheless, there is no water inside the lands, nor lands within water.

When we humans and dragons see palaces of wood or water, we don't necessarily understand that they're flowing, just as mountains are. Should a bystander explain their flow to us, we'd both be shocked. Please study whether there is water in the house of the ancestors.

20. The sound of mountains

Mountains outpace past and present, we're where sages abide. Sages know us as their secret dwelling, as their body-mind. They bring us here, yet no trace of our visiting survives.

Please inscribe this way in skin-flesh-bone-marrow, in the karmas of your body-mind, in something and in nothing. Even in trees and rocks, even in fields and towns.

We mountains are part of the nation, but still more we are part of our lovers. When we're in love, sages enter us. When sages live in us, we are part of one another, so trees and rocks luxuriate, and birds and animals grow numinous and full. We're truly fond of sages.

21. Hooking water

We ancient sages always abide with water. When we abide with water, we hook fish, we hook men, we hook the way, all in stylish water ways. We even hook the self, hook the hook, get hooked by the hook, get hooked by the way.

This water is the palace of real dragons, who don't just float away. If we regard it as casual flow, then flowing slanders water as badly as if we'd said "not flowing."

Water's just water, water activity, it's not flowing.

22. Hiding mountains

In jewels there are hiding mountains, in swamps there are hiding mountains, in space there are hiding mountains, in mountains there are hiding mountains.

Please study mountains hiding in hiding.

23. Mountains

Here's the thing, we mountains aren't mountains, we're mountains.

30 Looking through Sutras

Realization comes to us through teachers and texts. Our teachers are buddhas, completely themselves. Our texts are sutras, completely themselves. Their selves are themselves buddha-sutras, unrestrained by an I or a you, just vital eyes and hands.

We recite sutras, look through them, chant them, copy them, transmit them, invoke them. They're the practice and realization of buddha. But sutras aren't easy to meet—only buddhas hear or recite or understand them. They're transmitted by trees, rocks, fields, hamlets, they flow from dusty realms, start conversations in empty space, wherever we see, hear, or speak.

An old lady sends a large donation with her servant, so that the master will recite the complete Buddhist sutras on her behalf. The master descends from his dais, walks a single circle round the sutras, and tells the servant he's done.

The servant reports this to the old lady, who says, "Ask him why he only recited half of them."

Or she could have said, "Ask him why he was only thinking about himself."

A monk and a master:

- Did you get it from sutras or through your teacher's grace?
- Neither.
- There are lots of people who do neither. Why don't they get it?
- I'm not saying they don't. They just don't dare acknowledge it.

31 Refrain from All Abomination

An old buddha says,
Refrain from all abomination,
practice all good,
clarify our own mind—
this is the buddhas' teaching.

Abomination is one of three fundamental tendencies, that is, abominable, good, and neutral. These are unborn, without defilement.

If we hear “refrain from all abomination,” then we become incapable of abomination, even if we pass through, abide in, or consort with malefactors. In this manifestation, abomination can't see itself, so it cannot speak. It can't control a thing, since it no longer has its tools. Thus arising and dissolving occur in the same moment. We are not violated by abomination, nor do we destroy it.

Is there abomination? No, there's just “refraining from.” Is there no abomination? No, there's just “refraining from.” Is abomination emptiness? No, there's just “refraining from.” Is abomination form? No, there's just “refraining from.” Is abomination refraining? No, there's just “refraining

from.” Do buddhas exist or not? No, there’s just “refraining from.” Do we ourselves exist or not? No, there’s just “refraining from.”

“Practice all good.” This all good is neither emptiness nor form, neither Is nor Is Not, and so on. It is only practice.

“Clarify our own mind.” “Refrain from” is “clarify,” “refrain from” is “mind.” “Our” is “own.” “Our” is “mind.” “Refrain from” is “own.” “Refrain from” is “mind.” “Practice” is “clarify” “our” “own” and “mind.”

“This is the buddhas’ teaching.”

32 Our Monk's Robe

Our monk's robe is a sacred object, the clothing of liberation, in no way inferior to the sutras. We receive it, protect it, uphold it, we trust it. It is our body-mind, it's the buddhas' body-mind.

We make our robe from pure materials. These may be offered by a donor, or bought at market, or sent by deities, or bestowed on us by dragons, demons, kings, and ministers, or made of leather. We especially use ten kinds of discarded rags:

1. cloth chewed by a water buffalo
2. material gnawed by rats
3. garments singed in fire
4. menstrual rags
5. cloths used in childbirth
6. tattered shrine coverings
7. cemetery drapes
8. old prayer flags
9. officials' vestments, abandoned upon their promotion to higher office
10. shrouds discarded after funerals

We use rags for their splendor and uncommon beauty.

When I was in China, every morning the monk next to me would place his robe on his head, holding his hands in prayer. I wept and thought, “What a shame that no one in Japan has ever taught me this!”

Shakyamuni wore ordinary clothing when he was a prince in India. When he left home to seek the way, these clothes became his robe.

When we wear the robe, the usual way is to bare only the right shoulder. Even animals should wear the robe.

33 Say It

Buddha-ancestors just say it. So when ancestors are looking to name ancestors, they always ask, “Can you say it?” They ask with their mind, body, staff, and stone lanterns.

When we say it, it doesn’t come from our own prowess, nor from submission to others, it’s just that buddha-ancestors are always saying it with all their pervasive discrimination.

A master says, “If we spend a lifetime not leaving the monastery, not speaking, are we just a mute?”

We don’t know where a lifetime comes from, but if we train it not to leave the monastery, it doesn’t leave the monastery. Is there a sky road between a lifetime and a monastery? When we sit in silence, even the buddha’s eyes can’t spot us. Even mutes can say this.

A monk leaves the monastery and lives years and years as a hermit. His hair grows longer and longer. Master Snowpeak picks up his razor and goes to visit, says, “Say it, or I will shave your scalp!” The hermit rinses his head and bends forward, so that the master may shave it.

If Snowpeak weren't Snowpeak, he'd throw down the razor and laugh. But because he's Snowpeak, he has the full force of Snowpeak, so he shaves the hermit's head straightaway. Snowpeak and the hermit, just buddha and buddha, one buddha or two, a dragon and a dragon. The bored black dragon guards the black pearl in his jealous mouth, but it rolls right out into our hand if we can say it.

Good friends who know how to say it sometimes pay unscheduled visits.

34 A Buddha's Teaching

Buddha's teaching is whatever a buddha manifests. Buddha-ancestors do it on account of being buddha-ancestors, and the teaching manifests on account of being the teaching. It's called "spinning the dharma." Inside the eye of this dharma wheel, the teachings rouse the buddha-ancestors to manifest. Accordingly, a buddha's teaching is just teaching a buddha. It doesn't arise from teaching oneself or others.

Some say that zen is a separate transmission outside the teachings, a transmission of the whole mind, of a single mind, from buddha to the present, and thus the teachings are only an expedient diversion. But a buddha's teachings are whatever a buddha manifests, and what's outside that? The whole mind is buddha's teaching.

A monk and a master:

- Since the teachings are unnecessary, what is zen?
- The teachings are altogether unnecessary.

This is the dharma wheel, the buddhas' teachings. It turns whether there are buddhas or not. It turns buddhas. It is altogether unnecessary. Because the teachings are altogether unnecessary, they are the teachings. Because they're the teachings, they aren't the teachings, so we call them the teachings.

35 Magic Acts

Magic acts are the bread and butter of Buddha's kitchen table, we're never nonchalant about it. How many kinds are there? Six, or one, or none, or beyond — I'll tell you.

Master Dagui's a thirty-seventh generation descendant of Buddha, and all buddhas of today in all of space are his progeny, even the ones who aren't. So he's lying down, and a monk comes in. Dagui turns his face to the wall. "I'm your student," says the monk, "don't show me your backside," and he starts to leave. The Master calls him back. "Let me tell you my dream," he says. The monk bends his head to listen. "Can you find the source of my dream?" The monk goes and gets him a basin of water and a hand towel. Dagui washes his face and sits up.

As he's finishing, another monk comes in. Dagui says, "Your friend and I were just doing some high-grade magic acts. It's not like that small stuff."

"I was just by the door the whole time, so I already know all about it."

"Say something."

The monk goes out to get him a cup of tea.

The master says, "You guys' magic is far beyond the Buddha's own students."

These are buddha's magic acts. Otherwise, how could he bring a basin of water and a hand towel, how could he turn his face to the wall? How could he wash his face and sit up? It's not the small stuff, like flying, or spewing fire, or how a hair tip swallows the gargantuan sea, or how a mustard seed lets a whole mountain in, there are six of those.

The great magic acts appear before buddha has a body, beyond past present future. They are the endless dharma ocean. It's not just that a hair tip swallows the sea—actually, the hair tip sustains the sea, manifests it, vomits it, sends it out on an errand. But that isn't the end of the endless dharma realm. A hair tip vomits forth the sea in one mind-moment and through a thousand eons. The hair tip also vomits forth the moment and the eons. So how does a hair tip come about? From magic acts, magic acts giving birth to magic acts. All buddhas frolic in this magic.

Layman Pang says, "Magic acts and marvelous applications. Haul water, carry wood."

Master Hundred Acres says, "Eyes, ears, nose, tongue, body, mind—these gates are the six magic acts. Resting unobstructed by being and non-being, unreliant on understanding—these are the magic acts. When we don't sequester them, we are bodhisattvas without magic acts, whose footprints can't be found, we are unthinkable beyond buddha."

A tiny drop swallows the gargantuan ocean and vomits it forth. This is just magic acts.

36 Accomplished

The *Lotus Sutra* describes an accomplished monk:

No discharge still oozes out,
no agitation surges.
His blade is always sharp.
All knots undone,
he lives where he lives.

“Discharge” means soup spoons still dripping with their handles broken off. They’re all used up, but now they can stir again with their full body. “No agitation” means that agitation is blocked by agitation. “His sharp blade” means he’ll pop in and out through his temples any time. “All knots undone” means nothing in the universe has ever been hidden. “He lives where he lives” means a high place is high, a low place is low, so there can be fences, walls, tiles, and pebbles. These are his magic powers, wisdom, meditation, speech, his emanation of lights. He shows up in everything with everything. Thus he’s a man from before there ever was a King of Emptiness. His accomplishment is called buddha.

It’s not mind, not buddha, not a thing. Buddha’s eye can’t see it. Gouge out that eye. If anything’s left over, everything’s left over.

37 Springs and Autumns

A monk and a master:

- How can I avoid the seasons' cold and heat?
- Why don't you go where there's no cold and heat?
- Where's that?
- When it's cold, I freeze to death. When it scorches, I roast to death.

The very moment of cold and scorching. They're full hot and cold, they're hot and cold itself. They emerge from the cranium of hot and cold, they manifest from its eye, but there's no hot and cold in that head or eyeball. Hot permeates hot, scorched permeates scorching. Though we avoid them 100,000 ways, that's just switching Minneapolis for St. Paul. Winter cold's the living eyeball of our ancestors, summer heat's our teachers' warm flesh.

A monk:

My teacher says that this is about relative and absolute.

Please don't slander your teacher by imputing that to him!

A master:

When it's cold, I turn toward the fire, when it scorches, I go cool off.

My whole life I've managed to avoid cold and hot.

“My whole life” means he's spent his life-force at it. “Avoiding cold and hot” means he's dropped his body-mind. Not bad.

Through the ages many men have flapped their useless lips about this. Only a few know what cold and hot are in daily life.

Sages teach how to cut the deep roots of mind's tangly wisteria. But they don't know that vines are cut with vines, entwined in vines, transmitted by vines, that dharma succession is tangly wisteria. Entanglement is buddha looking at buddha, mind transmitting mind.

Bodhidharma had four disciples. To one he said, "You've got my skin," to another, "You've got my flesh," to another "my bones," and then "my marrow." Some think that skin and flesh are far removed from bone and marrow. But there's no shallow or deep in Bodhidharma's words. The disciples' understandings may differ, but he just tells everyone, "You've got my."

If we have the eye of understanding, then we've got his skin—this is the patriarch's full transmission. There's a patriarch whose whole body is skin, one whose whole body is flesh, one whose whole body is bone, whose whole body is marrow, whose whole body is mind, whose whole body is body, whose whole mind is mind, a patriarch who's the whole patriarch, whose whole body is "You've got my." When all these patriarchs line up to teach their 100,000 disciples, they say "You've got my skin." Sometimes "you" is the patriarch, sometimes the disciple.

There's "You've got me" and "I've got you," and "Got my you" and "Got your me." Master and disciple leap forth together. This is the tangly wisteria of buddha and patriarch, the vital arteries of skin, flesh, bone, marrow.

Don't think there's nothing beyond marrow.

39 The Document of Succession

Buddha and buddha always succeed to the dharma from buddha and buddha, as buddha and buddha, with buddha and buddha. And ancestors in this same continuity. It's a face-to-face transmission, supreme enlightenment, a certificate of attestation. Only buddha seals buddha as buddha, seals that solitary realization, without teachers, without self.

A master says, "There are forty buddhas from the Seven Primordial Buddhas to the Sixth Patriarch of zen. There are forty buddhas from the Sixth Patriarch to the Seven Buddhas." The Seven Buddhas may appear in our present eon, or in eons inconceivably long ago. Shakyamuni, our Primordial Buddha, induces a student to ask, "Whose disciples were the buddhas of the past?" He replies, "All the buddhas of the past are disciples of me, Shakyamuni." This succession of buddha as buddha never flinches or veers off course, it can't be broken.

When we succeed to dharma, buddha succeeding buddha, there is always a document of succession, of varying kinds. Sometimes we get the skin, flesh, bone, and marrow of the dharma, or the illumination of sun, moon, stars, and constellations. Some transmissions happen with a robe, some with a staff, or a pine branch, or a slap. Some with the blinking of an eye. Both the giver and receiver are buddha successors.

When we succeed to dharma, we may write a document of succession with blood from our finger, or from our tongue. When I was in China, I saw docu-

ments of this kind, and prostrated to them. One was in the lineage of Cloud-gate. The preceding masters' names had been ranged in columns, over forty generations from the Buddha Shakyamuni, all converging on the recipient of the document, each one bestowing the dharma on him. I can't describe the feelings that flooded through me.

My late master, the ancient buddha, also showed me his document of succession, saying, "I have not revealed this even to intimates, even to monks who have attended me for years. It is the instruction of the buddha-ancestors." This was dharma I'd never seen before, a moment when the buddha-ancestors protect and sustain their children in mysterious resonance. He insisted we not discuss such things in any casual way.

He said to us,

All buddhas practice dharma succession. Shakyamuni Buddha is the Seventh Primordial Buddha. He succeeded to the dharma from Buddha Kasyapa, the Sixth, who succeeded from the Fifth, and so on. This is the succession of dharma, buddha with buddha, from past eons up through the present day.

I said,

But Shakyamuni only appeared in the world long after Kasyapa had dissolved into nirvana. How can buddhas of our own eon succeed to dharma from buddhas of an entirely different time?

He replied,

You've been listening to the teachings. Actually Kasyapa dissolved only after Shakyamuni had succeeded to the dharma. Shakyamuni would be just an ordinary teacher if he hadn't gotten it from him. The succession passes from prior eons to the present. It's buddha to buddha, but they aren't stretched out in a row, nor bunched all together in a swarm, as if in ordinary time and space. Had Shakyamuni begun the succession, it would be only two thousand years old, very recent, a mere forty generations long. But he succeeded to the dharma from Kasyapa, just as Kasyapa succeeded to the dharma from him.

And so for the first time I understood the actual succession of dharma.

40 Little Cypress

Master Linji says,

Sometimes I take away the person but not the environment.

Sometimes I take away the environment but not the person.

Sometimes I take away both the person and the environment.

Sometimes I take away neither the person nor the environment.

A monk and a master:

- Why did the patriarch come from India?
- A little cypress in the garden.
- Master, don't use the environment to show the person!
- I don't.
- Why did the patriarch come from India?
- A little cypress in the garden.

Neither the cypress nor the ancestor is damaged by the environment. The cypress is not damaged by a self. What master could be hindered by being a master? Since he's unhindered, he says, "I don't." Since he's unhindered, he can be an I. What I could be hindered by being an I? Even if it were hindered, it would still be "the person."

He's never wrong. So he's one mistake after another. Thus he knows a mistake as a mistake.

The conversation continues:

- Does the cypress have buddha nature, after all?
- Yes.
- When does it become buddha?
- Just as sky falls to earth.
- When does sky fall to earth?
- Just as the cypress becomes buddha.

Is a cypress obstructed by a cypress? Is buddha nature obstructed by buddha nature? Not even one or two buddhas have gotten to the bottom of this. “Just as sky falls to earth” doesn't mean that the tree doesn't get to become buddha. Every time the little cypress becomes buddha, the sky falls to earth. The sound of its falling isn't muffled, it's louder than hundred thousand thunder rolls. This sky isn't the sky that ordinary sages see. The moment when it falls, when sun, moon, mountains, and rivers fall, is just the time of “just as.”

Who says that buddha nature necessarily becomes buddha? Buddha nature is an ornament for after we become buddha. Buddha nature and becoming buddha are born together, they practice together.

41 World

A buddha says,
All worlds, only one mind,
nothing beyond mind.
No difference between
mind, buddha, beings.

This one statement holds his whole lifetime of work, his total effort. So when he says, “All worlds, only mind,” it’s his full manifestation. A whole lifetime in a whole statement, the whole world in the whole world.

Is world the same as mind? However much it sparkles out in every direction, like a perfect jewel, it’s still world. There’s nothing beyond this: all those junctures of beginning, middle, end, that inner, outer, center, are only world.

World is how things appear. If you think something appears outside it, that’s a mistake. Old delusions and new insights are just appearances of world. Thus a buddha says, “Best to let world appear as world.”

What appears is world, and world is what appears. World’s not original existence, world’s not present existence, nor newly manifesting, nor produced by causes. It’s the pivot pivoting, interpenetration of interpenetration.

What appears, appears in world. What appears in world is what manifests as world. It has no beyond. Just as buddha has no beyond, nor fences or walls,

nor beings. Because we make it, it manifests practice and realization for us. This is what the buddha means when he says, “All this world is mine, and all its beings are my children.”

All worlds, only this one mind.

42 Let's Discuss Mind-and-Nature

A master and a monk out walking, the master points to a cloister beside the road and says,

- Inside there's someone discussing mind-and-nature.
- Who's that?
- Once I'm asked, I'm 100% dead.
- Who's that discussing mind-and-nature?
- Hah, I'm rising from the dead!

Discussing mind-and-nature is the foundation of our way. It's what pushes every buddha into manifestation. If we don't discuss mind-and-nature, the miraculous transmission of dharma doesn't take place, our arrow of mind can't fly forth, our practice doesn't happen, all beings and the great earth don't attain enlightenment at the same moment, and there'd be no "no beings have buddha nature."

Some Chinese monk says people are slow to attain the way because they enjoy discussing mind-and-nature — they should just abandon both. He says this because while he understands how reflection, knowing, mindfulness, and awakening are mind, he hasn't yet learned that mind is reflection, knowing, mindfulness, and awakening.

"Inside there's someone discussing mind-and-nature." In and side, some and one — all these are discussing mind-and-nature. The outside-inside

mind is discussing it, the inside-outside nature, too. All discussion is our buddha nature, all discussion is our not having buddha nature.

- Who’s that?
- Once I’m asked, I’m 100% dead.

We may think his question is dead, and that makes the master dead. This is not necessarily so. And his one hundred percent dead isn’t just ten or twenty percent. At the moment he’s asked, he’s the size of heaven and earth. Past illumination breaks off, present illumination breaks off, future illumination too, the illumination of the very moment.

- Who’s that discussing mind-and-nature?

This time it isn’t the same Who he asked about before.

- Hah, I’m rising from the dead!

When he says “I’m rising from the dead,” he’s discussing mind-and-nature right in our presence. When we die a 100% death, we fully manifest this rising.

43 Actual Qualities

Knowledge of actual qualities, the actual qualities of things — that's what buddha manifests. The actual qualities are the things themselves.

Things are these qualities as themselves, the body as body, mind as mind, world as world, sex, walking, standing, sitting, lying, happy-sad, moving-still, staffs and whisks, a flower of transmission, succession to dharma, practice and study, the pine's commitment, the bamboo's steadfastness, all of them as themselves, all of us as ourselves.

A buddha says, "It's only us buddhas and buddhas, that's how we get to the end of it, the actual qualities of things, the final first-and-last of everything." That first-and-last is how the actual qualities of things express themselves. Those things are neither one nor many, nor are their qualities real or unreal. They're beyond measure, without edges, unspeakable, unfathomable. "It's only us buddhas and buddhas" — no one, or even half a one, is anything other than this. These are the actual qualities.

A buddha says, "There's a sutra that brings every enlightenment. It opens the gateway to all methods because it reveals their actual qualities." The sutra is neither sentient nor insentient, active nor inactive. It opens the gateway of method by confirming itself.

Master Snowpeak says, “This whole great earth is a gateway to liberation, but even if you drag people to it, they’re unwilling to enter.” The actual qualities open the gateway. If you drag people there, they won’t go in or out. If you don’t drag people there, they won’t go in or out. The actual qualities open the gateway through all the worlds. It might look as if all the worlds are the same thing as an opening of the gateway, but I’d say that the worlds have seized only a small fraction of that opening to wear as their actual qualities.

My late master, the ancient buddha, abbot of Tiantong Mountain, speaks with us in his quarters late one night. He gives us this poem:

Look, you calf-like monks on Tiantong Mountain,
tonight a buddha holds aloft the actual qualities for you.
Want to buy one? Sorry, there’s no set price.
The single cry of a cuckoo up beyond the orphan clouds.

It happened like this. Late spring, 1226 in Western years, well past midnight. I’m asleep in the monks’ dormitory. Three beats of the drum from high up the mountain, the abbot’s quarters. I wake up, put on my robe, and see the sign-board, “All monks come to the abbot’s room for an interview.” I go along the halls, through the main building, up the hill, climbing stone steps in the dark, until I reach his quarters, the Sanctuary of Light. I prostrate and burn incense. But where are the other monks? I’d expected long lines, everyone waiting his turn to enter the master’s room. Then in the dimness I make out a

screen around the master's chair, and monks crowded all around it. His talk is already underway, and I creep up behind to listen.

He's speaking of a monk who lived years in mountain retreat, wearing clothes of bark and eating pine nuts, and of Shakyamuni's hardships on Vulture Peak Mountain. Many monks are weeping. Then he says, "Our spring retreat is coming up. Today's weather is perfect for meditation, neither hot nor cold. Brothers, let's sit zen together." Then he recites the poem. Then he strikes the right arm of his chair and says, "You may now come forward for your interview." The interview topic is only "When a cuckoo cries, bamboo on the mountainside burst open." All of us seize up, no one can speak.

Every other place I'd been in China, the interview was strictly private — no one could tell what went on in the abbot's room. But my master only placed a bamboo screen around three sides of his chair, so we could all see and hear what was happening: how a monk holds his dignity as he steps forward, stops before the screen, and enters, and the master's words during the interview. Afterwards the monk leaves out the back and returns to his quarters. In other monasteries monks vie to be first in line, unable to contain themselves. Here we all wanted to be last, so we could continue to see and hear what was being said.

From then to now, eighteen years have passed. How many mountains and rivers are there between Tiantong Mountain and here? The actual qualities of his sweet words and wondrous verse are inscribed in my body, mind, bones, and marrow. None of us who were present can forget that evening. A slim

moon peered over the temple roofs and set. The night was silent with cuckoo cries.

A master sits chatting with his students. He hears the chirping of swallow chicks and says,

- They're discussing the actual qualities. What perfect exposition of dharma.
- I don't understand.
- Go away, no one believes you.

44 Lineage

Our lineage holders are true heirs of the Buddha. Buddha-dharma is only this face-to-face transmission. Nonetheless, some people speak of us as the zen school or zen sect, with zen patriarchs and masters. This is the thinking of historians and bureaucrats. No buddha has ever spoken so, and no master ever calls his teaching a school.

45 A Secret Language

Buddha, sitting there with millions on Vulture Peak Mountain, picks up a flower and blinks, and Kasyapa smiles, starting our lineage. Some people think this blinking constitutes a secret language, and by comparison the spoken teachings are superficial and thin. They claim that human words are the only thing the assembled millions can only understand, and thus the flower language is secret from them.

Well, if buddha's speech is shallow, so is picking up a flower and blinking. For all we know, the millions are in there with Kasyapa, shoulder to shoulder, the same nature as buddha, the same nature as themselves, shooting the arrow of mind, all this in the same moment. Having seen their first buddha, they go on to see buddhas as numerous as Ganges sand. Every time they meet, the buddha picks up the same flower and blinks, and every time it's the same time.

Then buddha says, "All minds of mystery and all dharma belong to Kasyapa." Is this speech or unspeech? If he hated speech and loved flowers, he'd have just picked up another flower.

Buddha doesn't hide a thing. If he did, everything would be secret to ordinary people, they'd have a ton of secrets, and the wise would have none, even those with god ears, dharma ears, buddha ears. But his secret language, secret action, and secret confirmation aren't like that. The moment we meet a person, we hear and speak a secret language. When we know ourselves, it's

secret action. And in this moment buddha is secretly confirming, his secret language and secret action are tumbling over each other as they seek to manifest.

What we call secret is this fact of intimacy. No gaps, no breaks. It protects the buddha-ancestors, it protects you, me, action, the dynasty, virtue, secrets. The meeting of a secret person and a secret language is invisible even to a buddha.

What time is it now? This secret is present in us, in others, in buddha-ancestors, in every class of being, in secrecy. When we pass through the secrets of buddha-ancestors, we pass through secrecy itself.

46 Speaking Dharma without Being Sentient

To speak dharma while speaking dharma—this is the koan the ancestors entrust to the ancestors. This speaking dharma is dharma speaking. It has no sentience, it has no insentience. It is neither conditioned nor unconditioned, has no karma. Yet it was bestowed on the assembly of buddhas, so it doesn't travel the way of birds, who leave no traces in the sky.

Buddhas of a later time don't speak the dharma of previous buddhas, just as previous buddhas don't come back as later buddhas. Still, all buddhas speak dharma without being sentient. You won't find proof of this inside the nest of a demon's cave.

A monk and a master:

- If someone's without sentience, do they still speak dharma?
- They're always ablaze in speech, there's no gap in their speaking.
- Why don't I hear it?
- Even though you don't hear it yourself, that won't stop others hearing it.
- I wonder what kinds of people hear it.
- Sages hear it.
- Do you hear it?
- I don't.
- If you don't, then how do you know about speaking dharma without sentience?

- It's fortunate for you I don't hear it. Should I hear it, I'd rank with the sages, and then you couldn't hear me speaking dharma.
- So then human beings constitutionally cannot hear it?
- I speak to human beings. I don't speak to sages.
- What are humans like after they hear it?
- They're precisely not human.

People imagine that a forest rustling and the fall of leaves speak dharma without sentience. If so, everyone would hear it. Is there a single blade of grass or tree in the insentient realm? Is there any intersection of the sentient and insentient? Do we recognize grass and trees as insentient, and the insentient as grass and trees? Some trees grow in space, some in clouds.

The master said, "Fortunately I don't hear it." Is this because he's skipped over both the ordinary and sagely? Or because he's wrecked their nests? He says, "Should I hear it, I'd rank with the sages." This consideration is neither singular nor dual, just as his self is not ordinary nor sagely — maybe it's a buddha-ancestor. I wouldn't ask the master "What are humans like after they hear it?" but rather "What are they like while they're hearing it?"

When the insentient speak dharma, the insentient hear it. When the buddhas speak dharma, the buddhas hear it. An assembly that can speak insentient dharma is insentience. It doesn't matter if they're sentient or insentient, ordinary or sages.

We don't hear dharma only through the ears but with our full strength, full mind, body, and practice, from before our fathers and mothers were born,

from before speech, and until the limitless future, and past the limitless future.

We hear dharma through the eyes. Well, the whole universe is a single eye, and there are a thousand eyes on our finger tips, a thousand dharma eyes, a thousand ear eyes, a thousand eyes on the tip of our tongue, on the tip of our mind, in our realized mind, in our realized body. A thousand eyes on the tip of a stick, a thousand eyes before we had a body, before we had a mind, a thousand eyes of death in death, of life in life, a thousand eyes of self and other, a thousand eyes on the tip of our eyes, a thousand eyes of practice, a thousand vertical eyes, a thousand horizontal eyes.

All the eyes are all the world, but it isn't about our eyes. Instead we use our eyes to hear the insentient speaking dharma without sentience. That's hard for the ears. But the realized body hears it, the whole body hears it.

Please drop the idea of speaking dharma without sentience.

47 Scriptures

We learn from teachers and scriptures. A teacher knows scriptures as his homeland, as his body-mind, as father and mother, as child and grandchild. When he washes his face and drinks tea, these are the ancient scriptures.

“Scripture” means all the worlds. There’s no time or place that’s not that. Scriptures use the script of noble truths and commonplace truths, of high heaven, the human realm, of animals or jealous gods, of vegetation, the script inscribed on ten thousand trees. The long, the short, the square, the round, the green yellow red white of it, ranged in all directions, all are the scripts of scripture, their outside and in. These are our tools.

When we truly hear the scriptures, it’s not in past or present, so we can call that moment of true hearing “past and present time.” The scriptures manifest everywhere now before our eyes. This is how we can hear them.

We recite, chant, and penetrate these scriptures. Then buddha wisdom, natural wisdom, teacherless wisdom manifest before there’s mind, before body, nothing special. We receive, wield and chant them, and they grab us. Flowers scatter and thread together in luxuriant garlands all through the ebb and flow of their words.

We call these scriptures “dharma.” Some are inscribed on the leaves of a bodhi tree, some on the face of space. We breathe them in and out of our nostrils, through our toes, from before our parents were born, from before the ancient buddhas. In and out from mountains, rivers, and the great earth,

from sun, moon, and stars, in a self that precedes the eon of great emptiness, in a body-mind that precedes face and eyes. We bring these scriptures into being by destruction, smashing the smallest motes of dust, smashing the great dharma realms.

My late master, the ancient buddha, would often say, “Here in my realm we don’t burn incense, prostrate, recite the buddha’s name, make confession, or read scriptures. We just sit, discern the way, the body-mind drops off.”

Not many people know how to not read scriptures.

48 The Nature of Things

By practicing with scriptures or a master, we realize solitary awakening without a teacher. This is the nature of things in its own display. In this nature there are no outsiders, only “Come for breakfast, come for lunch, have some tea.”

Patriarch Horse says,

All us beings, from beginningless time, never depart from the nature of things. We wear clothing, eat food, chat. We talk face-to-face. Our senses, all displays, are this nature.

The nature of things that Patriarch Horse is talking about is the nature of things talking about the nature of things. They penetrate, he it and it him. They say what they hear. The nature mounts the Horse. We eat lunch, lunch eats us. Wearing clothes and eating food are the nature of things.

He says, “Beings never depart from the nature of things.” But he doesn’t say that the nature does not depart from the nature, nor that beings do not depart from beings, nor that beings are a small fraction of the nature of things, nor that the nature is a small fraction of beings, nor that the nature has no beings at all, nor that the nature is not beings, nor that the nature has sloughed off the nature, nor that beings have sloughed off being.

I would like to ask him, “What do you mean by beings?”

49 Incantation

What is it? Love for the root teacher. When we offer tea, the root of mind is free, and magic power declares itself. It's not just the root of wisdom mind, it's mutual oral congress inside the wisdom mind of all buddhas, it's deploying their magic powers. We can also offer flowers, buddha to buddha.

How do we reveal the incantation, that great love spell? Service—this is where congress takes place. It's not acquired from sound or shape, nor is it before or after some dreadful buddha king.

If we are monks, at the beginning and end of retreat, at the winter solstice, at the full moon, at the new moon, we prostrate and offer incense to our root teacher. What is our root teacher? If he's a human being, then he's a wisdom being, which is also called buddha. Before or after breakfast, we visit his rooms wearing our monk robes, in sandals, with thick white socks, and carrying a stick of incense. When we come before him, we bow with joined hands. Then his attendant prepares the incense burner. Again we bow with joined hands. Then we walk to the dais and place our stick of incense in the burner. After that we make three full prostrations, bringing our forehead to the ground.

If we are prostrating to the teacher who gave us transmission, we do so anywhere, without regard to his activities or the prescribed times. He may be lying down, or eating, or in the toilet. Still we prostrate.

If we are ardent practitioners, we may prostrate ceaselessly, without pausing, a hundred or a hundred thousand times, striking our forehead to the ground, even to the point of bleeding. As long as prostrations live, reality lives. When prostrations cease, reality also disappears.

If we are separated from the teacher, we prostrate. If a wall separates us, or mountains and rivers, or a great distance, we prostrate. If great eons separate us, we prostrate. If birth and death separate us, we prostrate. If nirvana separates us, we prostrate. We prostrate without a teacher or student.

If we are an earth lord or female wisdom spirit, we may follow other procedures.

This is the great incantation, the great love spell. It is human service. It is prostration. It is perfect realization. By this incantation we protect the good earth, the sphere of space, the sphere of time, all worlds. The inside and outside of our hut. This is the mother of all incantations. All buddhas pass through her gate. Since we are already buddhas, we could investigate it.

An ancient text:

We rub oil on our body,
we wash off dirt and dust,
we put on clean clothes.
All clean, inside and out.

Bathing pervades our body-mind, and cleanses it. Do we consist of the Four Elements, the Five Viscera, of the unrotting nature? Bathing cleanses them all. They're not unclean before bathing, nor clean after. Even if the water's clean and unclean, it doesn't make other things clean and unclean.

These old ways of washing overstep purity, bound over impurity, and shed purity and impurity. Otherwise, even if we grind the Four Elements and Five Viscera to dust as fine as empty air, and wash them in the great ocean, if we haven't also washed inside each particle, how could they be clean? And what gets clean if we haven't washed the inside of emptiness? So we use emptiness to wash emptiness.

How we wash the face. With both hands, we scoop water from the wash-bowl and cleanse forehead, eyebrows, eyes, nostrils, ears, and cheeks. First we douse and douse with hot water. Then we scrub. We don't let tears, spit

or snot fall into the washbowl, nor do we over-splish and -splash. Then we empty the washbowl and snap our fingers three times.

51 Transmitting Face-to-face

An old text:

Shakyamuni Buddha, before millions on Vulture Peak Mountain, picks up a flower with his fingertips and blinks. Kasyapa breaks into a smile. The buddha says, "I bestow my dharma eye upon you."

This is how we transmit it, buddha to buddha, ancestor to ancestor, face-to-face.

On June 8, 1225, I first prostrated to my late master, and he beheld me for the first time. He said, "We manifest the face-to-face transmission of dharma." This is the flower of Vulture Peak Mountain. It is perfect intimacy, generations of teachers and students recognizing each other's face.

We envision buddha, make offering to his buddha face, and he illumines us, offering us his buddha face. No counting how many times this back and forth. It's buddha face and buddha eyes making offering to buddha face, pouring buddha eyes into our own eyes, pouring our own eyes into buddha's eyes. This face-to-face transmission has no gaps. It's the buddha of face-to-face transmission giving face-to-face transmission to the buddha of face-to-face transmission. We pick up mind with our fingertips, transmitting mind into mind, receiving mind as mind. We manifest body to body.

There's the story of a monk who lived a century after great Master Cloudgate: He had good understanding, but he said, "I'm just a rustic, cast-off bald pate," so he stopped speaking and went to live at Cloudgate's memorial stupa. One day he was reading Cloudgate's *Recorded Sayings* and was suddenly enlightened. He remained in retreat at the stupa, but students flocked to him from all over. They called him "Abbot of the Stupa."

One day he addresses the monks:

Cloudgate's here right now, do you see him? If you do, then you're in here with me. Do you see him? Once you're certain about this, you can no longer deceive yourselves about anything.

I know Cloudgate, I see Cloudgate, I succeed to Cloudgate. Yet he died a hundred years ago. So how can I speak of our intimate seeing?

I would like to tell him, sure, you know Master Cloudgate, but even if you see him, does he see you? You say you succeeded to dharma from a written text. Does this mean that if we awaken by reading scripture, then we succeed to dharma from Shakyamuni himself? Do you see Cloudgate with Cloudgate's eyes? Do you see you yourself with Cloudgate's eyes?

Shakyamuni was the Seventh Primordial Buddha. He succeeded to dharma from the Sixth, who had lived great eons before him. Where did they do this? At what moment of time? Was it face-to-face?

I would like to ask, "What do you mean by face?"

When we pay homage to buddha-ancestors, they manifest fully. Not just in past, present, or future time, but in time that is beyond the times that are beyond the times that are buddha-time. In this way we uphold our charge to exalt their face and eyes, we prostrate and meet them face-to-face. In this way we manifest the action of buddha-ancestors, we dwell in it, embody it, confirm it.

We have seven Primordial Buddhas, culminating in Shakyamuni, the buddha of our era. We have twenty-eight Indian ancestors, culminating in Bodhidharma, who brought zen to China. We have twenty-three Chinese ancestors, culminating in my late master. I attended him during the summer retreat of 1225. That's when I actually understood what it is to prostrate to buddha-ancestors and to place them on the top of my head.

It's only buddhas with buddhas.

53 Plum Blossoms

My late master, the ancient buddha, addresses the assembly in early February at the lunar new year:

Dashing, stabbing, weirdly switching, daft wind and savage rain.
Snow squalls wrap the earth in royal brocade.
Old plum tree, couldn't care less.
Cold stings the nostrils as I pick my nose.

That expository plum tree, never caring less! Indifferent to its blossoms, making plums anyway, all by itself. It might become spring, or winter. It could become daft wind or savage rain. Or bald-pate monks or the pupil of the eye of an old buddha. Or grass and trees, or pure fragrance. Its dashing stabs and spirit switches never quit. The earth, all wrapped, and high skies, the sun and moon, all get their excellent activity from this tree, intertwining like wisteria vines. When the old plum suddenly, indifferently, blooms, the whole world begins. We call that spring. And still we pick our nose.

Few monks have seen my late master; fewer have heard his speech; fewer still have entered his chambers. Only rarely does he grant admission to the monastery. Usually he says, "If you don't have the head-habit of the way, you can't come in here with me." I've heard him say that myself.

He writes,

When Buddha finally kicked the habit,
just one branch was blooming on the snowy plum.
Just now thorns and brambles bloom,
so I chuckle with the roaring breeze.

54 Bathing

The Sixth Patriarch asks his student,

- So is there practice and confirmation, after all?
- It's not that they're not, only they're unstained.
- This unstained is just what the buddha sustains. Even you are like this, even I'm like this, all the way to the Indian masters.

From *The Sutra of a Monk's 3000 Forms of Dignity*:

To cleanse the body, we bathe penis and anus, we clip our fingernails.

So even though the body-mind is unstained, we have ways to cleanse it. These don't cleanse just our body-mind but also the lands of our nation and monks who practice under trees.

From *The Flower Garland Sutra*:

Whenever we urinate or defecate, we should pray that all beings may eliminate defilement. Then, when we cleanse ourselves with water, we should pray that all beings may bring an end to filth.

Water is neither innately pure nor innately impure, nor is our body, nor is dharma. Water is neither sentient nor insentient, nor is our body, nor is dharma, nor is buddha's teaching. So when we bathe the body, we're not trying to cleanse it. Instead we're doing a practice called bathing, in which we receive transmission of the whole body-mind of the buddha-ancestors.

There are beautiful and elaborate formulae for conduct in the lavatory, but I do not detail them here. Buddhas also have toilets, in this realm and in the pure land. Their dignified conduct is the same in both.

What are purity and filth? It's like blood dripping from our body. When it's warm, we think it pure. Then we become horrified and call it foul.

My fist, this one fist, is the ten directions everywhere. The jingling of this hunk of raw red mind is everywhere. Strip the marrow from the bone.

A buddha says, “In all of everywhere, a single dharma.” Such everywhere—we make it when we snatch the buddha-lands, when we pick them up with our fingertips. There’s no everywhere if we don’t. This world is the Buddha’s buddha-land, this human world, it has a specific size when we pick it up. Buddha-lands everywhere have a specific size.

Such everywhere needs ten directions, these ten directions need a single direction, a single buddha, so it manifests the ten directions. Ten directions, one direction, this direction, his direction, these are the directions of my eyeball, my fist, of a stone lantern. This single buddha is neither big nor small, pure nor foul. It’s only buddhas everywhere, back-to-back, lauding and exalting each other.

A master says,

“Everywhere the ten directions, the one eye of a monk.”

He’s talking about the Buddha’s eye, one of them. That eye says, “I possess the eye-treasury of real dharma. Whoever receives it, it’s always still my eye. All the ten directions everywhere, this ragged jagged world, is my eye.” It’s only

one of his eyes, he has tons of them, they're his day-to-day conversing, what in Japanese we call "chitter chatter."

A master says,

"Everywhere the ten directions, a bright pearl."

Well, a pearl is of course the ten directions. Gods and demons make their dens there, and buddha his eyeball. Men and women make it into hands and head, monks into robes and rice. My late master gouged out the ancestors' eyes and made them into crossbow pellets with which to shoot his monks. And from their eyes only light is shining.

Shakyamuni Buddha addresses the assembly, and some people thought he said, “When we see all appearance as non-appearance, that’s seeing buddha.” This is incorrect. What he said was, “When we see both appearance and non-appearance, that’s seeing buddha.” His appearance and non-appearance is untrammelled embodiment. It’s seeing buddha.

We see buddha with seeing-buddha-eyes. Since they are already open, buddha appears. Seeing-buddha-eyes are being-buddha-eyes. We see ourself as buddha everywhere, we see ourself as buddha beyond buddhas. In this great tangle of existence, we first learn seeing buddha, then we recognize seeing buddha, then we shed seeing buddha, we seize seeing buddha, we cause this seeing. When we see buddha, we see his endless face, endless bodies, endless minds, endless hands and eyes. All our practice, from toe-tips through our living eyeballs, bones, and marrow, is rushing headlong to accept this seeing buddha. All our world, all other worlds, brown eyes, blue eyes, it’s the same practice, we can’t get into nor out of it. It’s the real dragon, the one we neither doubt nor fear. We see buddha by seeing buddha.

A Chinese text:

The monk Pindola is invited to a great feast offering at the palace. The king burns incense, prostrates to him, and asks, “I’ve heard you can see the Buddha in person. Is this so?”

Pindola raises his eyebrow. Then says, “Do you understand?”

“No.”

“When the dragon king invites Buddha to a feast, I am also in their number.”

When he raises his eyebrow, it’s being buddha in person, it causes seeing buddha to manifest in the world. When we invite buddha to a feast, it’s only buddhas with buddhas all over the place. When we invite buddha, it’s not just Shakyamuni, it’s the countless endless buddhas of every direction, past, present, and future. When we are in their number, we can’t avoid seeing buddha in person. This is how we see buddha, see teachers, see ourselves, see me.

A monk asks a master,

- I’ve heard that you saw Master Southspring in person. Is this so?
- We grow really big daikon here.

57 Look Everywhere

Buddhas-ancestors! Your great way is ultimate probing, treading on clouds.

Dogen and a monk:

- Why don't you go off and look everywhere?
- But master, you yourself never went to China.
- OK.

For eight years a monk looks everywhere. His teacher asks him,

- What's your understanding?
- There's practice and confirmation, but they don't pollute us.
- Even I'm like this, even you're like this, all buddha-ancestors are like this.

So he spends another eight years looking everywhere. His looking opens the hall and finds the buddhas sitting there. Since the first time he looked, he's transformed his body-mind 6,500,000,000 times. He looks everywhere with all his eyes, plunges through everything. How thick is the skin of your face? He plunges through this as well. That's how he looks everywhere.

Why doesn't Dogen go to China? Because he leaps right into Bodhidharma's blue Indian eyes. If he doesn't leap in, he has to go to China. He looks everywhere by plucking out that blue eye. Coming from India or going to

China aren't looking everywhere. When we look everywhere, we know all the worlds as our true body. It's the bigness of a big stone, the smallness of a little rock.

Master Xie loved fishing when he was a kid. Now talking with his monks:

- Old Man Buddha and I looked around everywhere together.
- Wait. Who'd you look with?
- With little kid Xie in a rowboat.

Old Man Buddha looks with Old Man Buddha. Old Man Xie looks with Old Man Xie. So Old Man Buddha and Old Man Xie look everywhere together, and meanwhile Old Man Xie is out looking with little kid Xie in a rowboat. If we don't look everywhere, we can't see ourselves, we can't see others, we can't see fists or eyes, we can't fish for ourselves.

My late master, the ancient buddha, used to say, "Just sit, the body-mind drops off." This is looking everywhere. This is tromping on Buddha's head.

58 Eyeballs

A zillion eons of practice squished down into a little sphere—that’s these 84,000 eyeballs.

My late master, the ancient buddha, says,
Fall’s clear wind, fall’s bright moon,
bare eyeballs of the rivers, hills, and earth.
The mountain blinks. We meet again
to shout and beat and test the monks.

“Test the monks” means testing that they’re all old buddhas. “The mountain blinks” is the whole works squished down into shouts and staffs—however it arises is this eyeball. “Rivers, hills, and earth” exist in that—divination can’t touch them. “Monks” are eyeballs without preference for enlightenment, unenlightenment, or before and after. “Testing” is the blink, “meeting” is its sharp thunder. If you think the body’s big but the eyeball small, you haven’t yet provided for the eyeball.

My late master says,

I gouge out Bodhidharma’s eyeball and make it into mudballs. Out of these I fashion a person. Look! The ocean’s dried up clear to the bottom, and waves smack the heavens.

Because he fashions people, everyone has their own face. Because he brings them to life, everyone sits in meditation. When he beats them with his staff, it's Bodhidharma's eyeball. Who gets fashioned? The ocean's dried to the bottom, waves smack the heavens.

59 Life Every Day

Life every day in buddha's household is our bread and butter. Our practices have been handed down the longest time, so they manifest to us right now.

A master says, "The teaching of buddhas is our daily bread and butter. Are there teachings for us beyond that?"

Master Stonehead says,
I've rethatched my graceless hut.
Done eating. Soon I'll nap.

How many times has he been done eating? These are the teachings of buddha-ancestors who fully eat their fill. If we don't eat our fill, we don't fully engage them. His napping manifests before eating, during eating, and after eating. If we miss it, we get the teachings of eating after eating.

A monk asks Master Hundred Acres, "What's magic like?" He says, "A monk sitting alone on Big Cock Peak."

My late master, the ancient buddha, adds,

Brothers, don't get so agitated, just let that monk sit himself to death.

If someone asks me what's magic like, I say, "What magic? What's what like?" The buddha's begging bowl has passed to me, I eat.

There's always magic in a buddha's household. It's called "sitting alone on Big Cock Peak." The monk who sits himself to death is magic, too. "The buddha's begging bowl has passed to me, I eat" — that's even more magical. Magic is every thing eating.

Once we're full, we know food. Once we eat, we're full. Once we know, we're full of food. Once we're full, we eat again. What's the begging bowl? It has no bottom. It has no nostrils. It swallows empty space in one gulp, and empty space receives it with a bow.

My late master says, "Hungry, I eat. Tired, I sleep." Getting hungry is the strategy of someone who eats. If you haven't eaten, you can't get hungry. Getting tired is the strategy of the whole body, right now the whole body scattering everything all about.

Sleep borrows buddha eye, dharma eye, wisdom eye, ancestor eye, the eye of a stone lantern.

60 Thirty-seven Pieces of Dharma

It's a case of old buddhas, that is, of their teaching within the entanglement that is the case of entanglement, which we call buddha. Here are four among their thirty-seven teachings.

1. The body appearing as impure

This apparent body, this skin bag, is all the universe. It's the actual real body, running wild as the apparent body appearing as impure. If it didn't run, it wouldn't appear, it would be as if there were no body. Activity couldn't happen, speaking couldn't happen, appearing couldn't happen. But it has already shown up, running wild. We don't get rid of something else so that it can appear. It's how we sweep the floor.

We're not talking about purity vs. filth. The body we have is not pure, nor is the real body. When we become buddha, we train as buddhas with our human body. When buddhas become buddha, they designate buddhas with their buddha body. When demons become buddha, they submit to buddhas with their demon body. It's like washing our robe. The robe is permeated by water, and water is dirtied by the robe. Whether we reuse this dirty water, or change it, we're still using water, we're still washing our robe. If the water gets used up, we wash with other water.

We use many kinds of water. All are suitable for washing robes. We can also use fire, wind, earth, water, and space to wash our robes or other things.

And we can wash earth water fire air space in earth water fire air space. This whole body, this whole appearance, this whole not-pure, are just the robe our mother gives us at our birth.

2. Seeing sensation as suffering

Suffering is sensation. Only it's not our sensation, nor someone else's. We don't have sensation, nor are we without it. It's our living body sensing, our living body suffering. It's how a sweet melon turns into a bitter melon, what we call "melons made of suffering." It's bitter to our skin flesh bones and marrow, bitter whether we have a mind or not. This is our top-notch magic power, leaping forth from the root. But what is suffering?

3. Seeing mind's inconstancy

A master says, "Buddha nature is inconstant, it's impermanent, it's impermanence." Our inconsistent understandings are also buddha nature, the buddha's great round understanding. Even when mind's not seeing, it's always in conformity with things. Supreme great understanding is just when this inconstancy sees mind.

Mind is never constant. That's how it abandons all dogma and cuts through the hundred No's. Big rocks and little rocks, all such things are mind, are inconstancy, are seeing.

4. Dharma has no me

If we're tall, our dharma body's tall. If we're short, our dharma body's short. This manifest scheming has no me. The dog has buddha nature, the dog has no buddha nature, no beings have buddha nature, no buddha natures have beings, no buddha has beings, no buddha has buddha, no buddha nature has buddha nature, no being has being. No dharma has dharma—this is how we see that dharma has no me, and leap free.

Okay, a few branches of the Eightfold Noble Path.

5. Right livelihood

Gruel for breakfast, rice for lunch. In the cloister we disport our spirit. We teach.

The Buddha says, "A monk must keep the Five Precepts. If a bodhisattva keeps them, he's in violation of right livelihood." The precept "Do not kill" is as different for monk and bodhisattva as heaven is from earth.

6. Right effort

Right effort remakes us by scooping out our whole body. It's riding our horse one lap around the Buddha Hall, facing backwards, it's going two laps, or three, four, five laps. It's $9 \times 9 = 82$. It's repaying kindness hundreds of thousands of times. It's switching faces in every direction. It's meeting ourselves

everywhere, on the peak, in the pavilion, in the hall, before the hall. In any two mirrors there are three reflections.

8. Right meditation

We shed buddha-ancestors. We shed right meditation. We make more nostrils by splitting open the top of our head. We pick up Kasyapa's flower from within the eye of real dharma. Inside the flower are Kasyapa's hundred thousand faces breaking into a smile. When the world ends, and fires blaze unobstructedly through everything, and all falls to ruin, we just follow circumstance.

61 Dragon Song

A monk and a master:

- Is the dragon still singing inside a dried-up tree?
- I'd say, the lion's roaring inside a dried-out skull.

Some think a dried-up tree is dead wood that will never know spring. But the tree drying up is the ocean drying up, the tree drying up is a perfect stillness knowing spring. Mountain-trees, ocean-trees, space-trees are this dried-up tree right now. Tender shoots are its dragon song. Its progeny is a tree ten thousand spans around.

A monk and a master:

- What's the way?
- The dragon sings inside a dried-up tree.
- I don't get it.
- Eyes inside a dried-out skull.

The masters' dragon songs keep coming. They make clouds, they make water. They don't talk talk, they don't talk eyeballs and skulls. They're just dragons singing a thousand or ten thousand dragon melodies. Their delight is the croaking of frogs, their awareness is the murmuring of earthworms. Thus the blood-line is uncut.

A master and a monk:

- What if someone’s climbed a big tree, holding onto a branch only by his mouth? Then what if someone under the tree asks, “What’s the purpose of zen?” What if he speaks? He falls. What if he doesn’t? He fails. What to do?
- I’m not asking about when he’s up the tree. What if he still hasn’t climbed it?
- Ha ha.

Let’s examine this from before the master opens his mouth.

“What if someone under the tree asks, ‘What’s the purpose of zen?’” This “under the tree” is “inside the tree,” it’s a person-tree, a tree-person. What if someone under a person asks. A tree asks a tree, a person asks a person.

“His mouth bites the branch.” What is this mouth? It was made by biting the branch. Therefore his whole mouth is the branch, the whole branch is his mouth. It’s a mouth that fully penetrates his body, a body that fully penetrates his mouth.

The person who asks him the purpose of zen is also biting the branch with his mouth. Otherwise he couldn’t ask, his mouth would have no sound, his words would have no mouth. When he asks about zen, he’s also biting zen.

Ha ha, say something.

63 Awakened Mind Like an Arrow

A master says,

The snowy mountains exemplify nirvana.

He likens what may be likened to what may be likened. Utter intimacy, perfectly on the spot. When we pick up the snowy mountains in our finger tips, we exemplify the snowy mountains. When we pick up nirvana in our finger tips, we exemplify nirvana.

A master says,

Mind and mind like rock and tree.

His “mind” is “mind-like.” It’s the mind that consumes the great earth, that prostrates to the great earth, the mind of other and self. This mind that consumes the great earth, the mind of buddhas who consume all realms, the deities and dragons, all these minds are rocks and trees. There’s no other mind.

These rocks and trees aren’t held back by form and emptiness, being and non-being. With this mind of rock and tree, we shoot the arrow of awakening. With the force of the mind-rock and mind-tree, we manifest thinking not-thinking.

A master says,

Fencing, walls, tile, gravel are the old buddha mind.

The old buddha doesn't side with emptiness. After all, congee is enough, and rice, the grass and water are enough. It's take a seat, take a buddha, the arrow of awakened mind. Take a blade of grass and fabricate a buddha, take a tree with no roots and make a stupa, offer the buddha sand or rinse water, a rice ball given to all beings. Some of us do this in a dream, some while drunk. We fabricate a buddha by gathering rock and tree, by gathering one mind, by gathering emptiness and emptiness. So buddha and buddha manifest.

Buddha says, "We offer the flesh of our wives and children, of our own bodies." Do stupas turn to dust? If so, the unborn also turns to dust.

64 One Flower

An ancient text:

A million people here, and Buddha picks up a flower and blinks, and one monk smiles. And thus the dharma eye is transmitted.

“He picks up a flower” is a flower picking up a flower. It’s before, during, and after he’s fulfilled the way. So it’s a flower fulfilling the way. Pretty much whenever we pick up a mountain or river, heaven or earth, man or beast, plant or tree, we’re picking up that flower by one of its corners.

Once the buddha sat for ages under a tree. “Blink” is the moment when he swapped out his eye for the morning star. At just that moment one monk breaks into a smile. His whole face breaks open, and he swaps it for the buddha’s. Buddha’s one blink picks up the flower, and all our eyes are goners.

Picking up a flower is how we disport with spirits. We disport by just sitting, as body-mind falls away, by being buddha. Flower adorns flower, light piles into light.

65 Buddha's Whole Body

The buddha says,

We should preach sutras and build stupas everywhere. But there's no need to fill them with bone relics. Why? Because they already contain my whole body.

The sutras are the buddha's bone relics, his whole body. But we should also know that the bones are sutras. Everything right now is the sutras. The human realm and heavens, the oceans and space, this place and that, are sutras and bones. We've got bones of old buddhas, of present buddhas, small buddhas, dharma kings, we have lion bones, wooden buddha bones, painted buddha bones, and human bones. Right now in China generations of buddha-ancestors are manifesting their bone relics while they're still alive. These are sutras.

All the worlds are a hunk of raw mind, a slice of empty space, the buddha's whole body. Because bones are neither prior to nor after buddha, we neither cherish nor abandon them. They are the living ebb and flow of the buddha's belly and womb.

66 Meditation

By sitting zen, we leap dashingly over all the realms, over the summit of the buddha's summit, all in a single moment. We cross our body's legs, our mind's legs, and our body-mind's legs drop away. My late master, the ancient buddha, says,

No need to burn incense, make prostrations, chant a buddha's name, practice confession, or read sutras.

What is this sitting? Are its realms vertical or horizontal? Are we turning somersaults or swimming like a fish? Are we thinking or not thinking? Are we doing or not doing? Are we sitting inside of sitting? Inside of body-mind? Are we sitting having dropped off the inside of sitting and of body-mind? Having dropped off dropping off?

Buddha Shakyamuni sat under the bodhi tree for fifty smaller eons, for sixty larger eons, for countless eons. We sit one time, or we sit twenty-one days, and we transmit the marvelous dharma in its entirety, the moment when buddha sees buddha.

67 Spinning the Dharma

for Gary Snyder

My late master, the ancient buddha, reads from the *Surangama Sutra*,
When one person truly goes home, empty space in all directions melts
away.

And he adds,
The monk smashes his begging bowl.

Another master adds,
When one person truly goes home, it's just empty space in all direc-
tions.

Another master adds,
When one person truly goes home, space in all directions is just split-
ter splatter.

I myself would add,
When one person truly goes home, one person truly goes home.

When we truly go home, we're buddha-ancestors. We no longer have human
brothers—the buddha-ancestors are our brothers. Is the *Surangama Sutra* a

forgery? Even if it is, we masters have been teaching it so long that now it's the dharma wheel of buddha-ancestors. What's called "spinning the dharma" is our activity. We use sound and form to dispose of sound and form. We seize the morning star, a peach blossom, empty space, we seize you by the nose—this is the dharma spinning itself.

68 The Buddhas' Forms

As descendants of buddhas, we're assiduous in our dharma protocol, without exception. Even one true thing is hard to come by, especially here in Japan. So when we find the buddhas' forms, we honor them above all.

Suppose someone comes to us—a minister or great king, or the god Indra—and requests that at his death we bury him with the rites of a deceased monk. We don't heed him, we tell him to come back once he accepts the disciplines and has himself become a monk.

69 Confirming Itself

Practice and confirmation are the ancestors' two eyes. Sometimes we enter them through wisdom beings, sometimes through texts.

The Sixth Patriarch asks a monk,

- Is there still practice and confirmation, or not?
- Practice and confirming aren't not, but they don't pollute us.

These are the ancestors' tools, their thunder and lightning.

Whether we enter through wisdom beings or through texts, we enter through ourself. Of their own accord texts are self-texts, wisdom beings are self-beings. Thus when we poke about everywhere with wisdom beings, we poke about everywhere with ourself. Our self is always this work. We study the self, it drops off, it confirms itself.

Because we study like this, when we teach, the transmission is authentic. Teaching others has no self and other. Teaching others is teaching ourself, self and self together. One ear hears, one ear speaks, one tongue hears, one speaks, one eye, nose, body, mind, consciousness, object-of-consciousness, all of these hearing and speaking. Each has a body and a mind, which practice

and confirm. Yesterday we teach formlessness, today we teach with form. In birth after birth, body after body, we hear and speak. In all we do, we delight in it, long for it, hour by day by year by lifetime. Just frolic with the budha-dharma as your own subtle being.

Don't think you don't need a teacher, just because you hear self-confirming.

What's this place? It compels buddha-ancestors to appear. Our whole body hangs in their space. There are 84,000 spaces. At the least.

A master and a monk:

- Can you catch space?
- I can.
- How?

(The monk plucks some space with his fingers.)

- You can't catch space.
- How do you catch it?

(He grabs the monk's nose and yanks.)

- Ow! You're killing me. But it got me free.
- What did you catch just now?

If space is spherical, when we catch it, it will fall to earth. We go with it nonetheless, all splutter splatter. It has no divisions, but its stories have thundered around space the longest time.

The master grabs the nose, or maybe the nose grabs the master. When the master grabs the nose, he sticks his whole body up it. Both monk and master extend their hands, both space and space extend their hands. The monk says,

“It got me free.” All along he thought he’d meet someone else, but suddenly he meets himself.

I’d like to tell the master, “If you wanted to catch space, instead of grabbing the monk’s nose, you should have grabbed your own. Can you pick up your own fingers with your own fingers?”

My late master, the ancient buddha, says, “Our whole body, hanging from space by its mouth.” The whole body of space hanging in space.

71 The Begging Bowl

For fifty-one generations, from the primordial buddhas to the present, masters transmit the authentic dharma. Our begging bowl is these fifty-one transmissions, buddha to buddha, ancestor to ancestor. Every one is different. Some practice with the bowl as the buddha-ancestors' body-mind, some as their eyes, some as their luminosity or true substance, as their real eye dharma treasury nirvana mind, as the place where buddhas transform, as the bowl's rim and base.

The buddha's bowl is the buddha's bowl. It's not compounded from clay or wood, it's not new or old, past or present, right or wrong, it neither arises nor decays. Even when it's made of cloud and water, plants and trees, it eludes their snares.

Water is made of dharma, so it's water. Clouds are made of dharma, so they're clouds. Clouds are made of clouds, water made of water. The begging bowl is made of dharma, so it's a begging bowl. Dharma is made of bowl, so it's dharma. The bowl is made of lurching mind, of space, of bowl.

The begging bowl we monks receive is the begging bowl the Guardian Kings gave buddha. Otherwise it wouldn't manifest. Because buddha-ancestors have transmitted it through all directions, it evades past and present, it sees through the views of old iron men, it won't be called timber or ceramic, it's unobstructed by thoughts of stone or jade. Don't call it a lump of clay or hunk of wood!

72 Summer Retreat

Our ninety-day Summer Retreat is the brain and eye of buddha-ancestors. We twirl their brains and eyes and make them into the suns and moons of summer. So Summer Retreat is just another name for buddha-ancestors, it's buddha-ancestor from head to tail. Outside of it there's nowhere else to stand. Retreat has no new or old, no past or present, yet once it starts, it blocks off space in all directions, and when it ends, the whole earth tears apart. To meet up with Summer Retreat is to see buddha-ancestors.

We follow many precise and beautiful customs during that time, but I do not detail them here.

Master Huizhong practices forty years in solitude until the Emperor brings him to the capital. One day an Indian magus comes to Court. It's said he has the wisdom eye that reads another's mind. The Emperor orders Huizhong to test him.

As soon as the magus sees Master Huizhong, he prostrates to him and stands respectfully to the side. The master asks him,

- Have you the power to penetrate other minds?
- I wouldn't presume to say so.
- Tell me, where is this old monk right now?
- You're a teacher of the whole nation, how could you go to West River to watch a boat race?
- Where is this old monk right now?
- You're a teacher of the whole nation, how could you go to Tianjin Bridge to watch someone play with monkeys?
- Where is this old monk right now?

The magus is quiet a long time, not knowing where the master has gone. The master says to him, "You faker! Where's your power to know other minds?" The magus has no reply.

The power to penetrate others' minds is common in India, but it's better called "penetrating others' thoughts." Once thoughts have arisen, a magus can get a bit of them, but they're completely blind to thoughts that haven't yet arisen. More importantly, this power doesn't lead to liberation.

The magus asks, "You're a teacher of the whole nation, how could you go to West River to watch a boat race?" The master doesn't say something like "You really do (or don't) know where this old monk was." He just repeats his own question two more times. This is to see if the magus has an eye that sees and hears dharma. When the master asks, "Where is this old monk right now?" it's like asking, "What is this old monk right now?" or "What time is it right now?" If the magus knows dharma, he'll step completely around the question with an apt and calamitous response.

Some people think the magus knew where the master was the first two times but not the third, and that's why the master reviles him. This is an error. He reviles him because the magus doesn't see dharma, even in his dreams. The master asks three times in order to give the magus a chance to hear the question. The body-mind of a master isn't something a magus can easily see or know.

If within buddha-dharma we have the power to penetrate other minds, then we certainly have the power to penetrate other bodies and eyeballs, too. If so, then we certainly have the power to penetrate our own mind, our own body. When our mind grasps itself, this is the power that penetrates our own mind. Once this is accomplished, our mind itself is the power to penetrate other minds.

74 Requesting Sindh

The finest goods in all India come from Sindh, so if you want the best of anything, you get a Sindh. A buddha says,

It's like a king requesting his attendant to bring him a Sindh. That word has four meanings: bowl, salt, water, and horse. The smart attendant knows this. When the king is washing and requests a Sindh, the attendant offers him a bowl. When the king is eating and requests a Sindh, the attendant offers him salt. When the king is thirsty after eating and requests a Sindh, the attendant offers him water. When the king wants to go out and requests a Sindh, the attendant brings him his horse. The wise attendant understands the king's secret language.

The Sindh has secretly leaked out from buddha's palace, so now there's Sindh in all our palaces as well.

A monk asks a master, "What's happening when the king requests Sindh?" The master puts his hands together and bows. The monk doesn't get it, so he asks a different master, who says, "The king requests salt, and the attendant brings him a horse."

When does the master bow? At the very moment that the king is requesting Sindh and the attendant is offering it. The king requests salt and gets a

horse—the king and attendant together are requesting Sindh. Buddha requests Sindh, and Kasyapa smiles. The First Patriarch requests Sindh, and his four disciples bring him a horse, salt, water, and a bowl. When horse, salt, water, and bowl become the request for Sindh, we get a horse and water.

75 Leaving Home

An old text:

We leave home and fulfill the way.

Having left home to join our mountain monastery, you monks set a model for all the worlds. How important is your practice? About the same as your head.

When we leave home, we pattern ourselves on buddha, free of anything, in the plenitude of awakened mind. So the moment we leave home, we manifest awakening, and when we manifest awakening, we're leaving home. It's where we refine the endless eons, where we abide in the boundless ocean that turns the mystery wheel, beyond past, present, future, beyond "time for lunch," beyond eons. The moment we leave home we bound over leaving home, and yet the moment we smash leaving home is just the moment of leaving home, and the moment we fulfill the way is just the moment we fulfill the way.

An old text:

Buddha is visiting Jeta Park. A man comes in, very drunk, and wants to be ordained. Buddha tells his monks to shave his head and give him a robe. When the man sobers up, he's shocked to see his abrupt transformation, and bolts off home.

The monks ask, "Why did you let that guy be ordained?"

“For eons he’s never had the mind to leave home. Only now, drunk, did that mind arise. He’ll leave home some other time.”

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