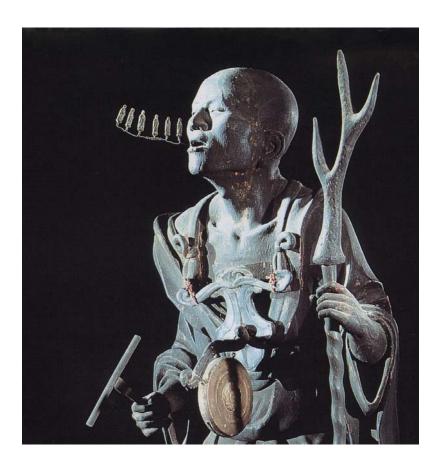
Here are some of the submissions from our fourteenth Invite to Write inspired by the following image of the Japanese priest Kuya:



# VIEWING

Viewing the Kuya statue Speaking Buddhas Jack Kerouac Comes to mind: "Zen is the madman yelling 'If you wanna tell me That stars are not words, Stop calling them Stars!' "

### -Louis Dunn

### The Alchemy of Breath: On Kosho's Statue of the Priest Kuya

#### for Gisela

~

When words become unclear, I shall focus with photographs. When images become inadequate, I shall be content with silence.

#### - Ansel Adams

in the dawn's dark silence
Kuya sits chanting mantras
the alchemy of breath
transmuting his words
into small monuments
of permanence

six Buddhas shored up against suffering and the onslaught of transience

when silence seems to wait for them to speak a Buddha too poets might begrudge their faith in the flimsiness of paper

singing bowls brim over with the emptiness they need to matter steam rises from my morning tea unheard so for now I gift you my silence that you might know it like a placid oasis worth stopping at to contemplate the long journey encumbered with too many words

## -Tony Ullyatt

#### Aurora

So here we are again In the now, in the know A voice among the echoes A flicker, a dance among the gleam Ever an Indigo vibrancy—the iris of the mind **Encircling, vibrating rhythmically** In a cerebral dance. Light of Light, very God of very God Not unbeknownst to me, from the beginning Another life, another realm So far, yet so near There, as it is here, and nowhere. Now as it was then, Lights palpate, by vision Whispering, waving **Calling from the tower--tor** A shout...thunder—Thor. **Baptisia** blends With the coat of many colors--

Pulling me closer, drifting forward

All the way to the golden thread

Pulsating backwards—special coding

To join the heart of Abraham,

Beating breath, throbbing light, flaring spirit,

Throwing crimson fuel onto the famished light.

'Thoughts stir. Inspiration stalks us,' she says.

Telepathy of healers, hearers

of secrets, seeing her Signatures in all things we read,

forever contemplating, coming back

to listen, to love, to live.

And so we are here again, one more time,

And time again,

Knowing the truth,

Being us,

Being them,

Simply being,`

Many times, and forever.

-Roula-Maria Dib

### A Dream Meant To Be Shared

In my dreams, a sage appeared carrying a gong. He rang it, and its tone captivated me He played it and I expanded to dance inside mind,

The savant's jargon filtered through air heightening my senses. His idiom tickled to open heart, as I footnoted each one in my memory.

Each parlance made a brick for me to build upon and a bridge for me to cross.

The cenobite, spoke on integrating love inside every breath so peace would be ours. He vibrated, with wisdom as if all the elders were embedded in his words, to give joy and enlightenment.

The monk orated love, and compassion, announcing a new time when all could live in harmony. He declared, the importance of letting go of old par-dines so oneness could root.

The wise one echoed the urgency to use gratitude, and bond with nature as all living beings are truly our allies. He called, to clean up the dark influences inside society so all could be free.

And when I awoke, I was grateful for the visit given. A visitation that needed to be scribed in my dream journal for later recall for my own consciousness to expand.

Thusly, this poem is written.

Passed on, as it is meant to.

Passed on, to enhance all,
to journey toward a quest for peace,
as the sage watches from the realm of sleep.

-Star Blossom