

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

1

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

2

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