

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