



Design and photo by moi, taken circa 1995
while living in exile
in the Greater Fresno Desert.

It was during that time, after having completed
a 16-week Vipassana meditation course,
that I sat one morning reading *The Sutra of Hui-neng*
(the teachings of the Father of Zen).
Following his instructions I emptied my mind
and came to discover my Original Face.

The Concrete Buddha

The concrete Buddha
wet and cold the moss grows old
at his lotus feet.

The concrete Buddha
quiet in my busy mind
sits just sits and sits.

The concrete Buddha
sounds of city in his ears
spiders spin their webs.

The concrete Buddha
I wash the sparrow droppings
he just sits and sits.

The concrete Buddha

of Nagasaki's furnace
utters not a sound.

The concrete Buddha
unattached to black or white
rainbows from his eyes.

The concrete Buddha
unattached to this or that
ah, the universe.

The concrete Buddha
hands in lap, no hands, no lap
cross-legged without legs.