

*Extending your hands isn't a separate road; it doesn't transgress the bird's path.*

*Shigetsu Ein, A Non-talk on the Three Roads*

### *the open hand*

Hold water and the moon is in your hands,  
embrace flowers and the fragrance suffuses your clothes.  
Capping Phrase

Open the hand of thought.  
Uchiyama Kosho

With empty hands I take hold of the plow.  
Mahasattva Fu

Asan went to see Hakuin, who confronted her with 'the sound of one hand'. Asan immediately spoke an extemporaneous verse :  
Even better than hearing Hakuin's sound of one hand,  
clap both hands and do business.

Dongshan was sweeping one day when someone came up to him and said, "Work, work, work! All you do is work. What do you do it for?"

Dongshan replied, "I do it for another."

"Why don't you get that other to do it for herself?"

"Because she has no hands."

### *Dongshan's Three Roads*

Jiashan asked a monk, "Where have you come from?"

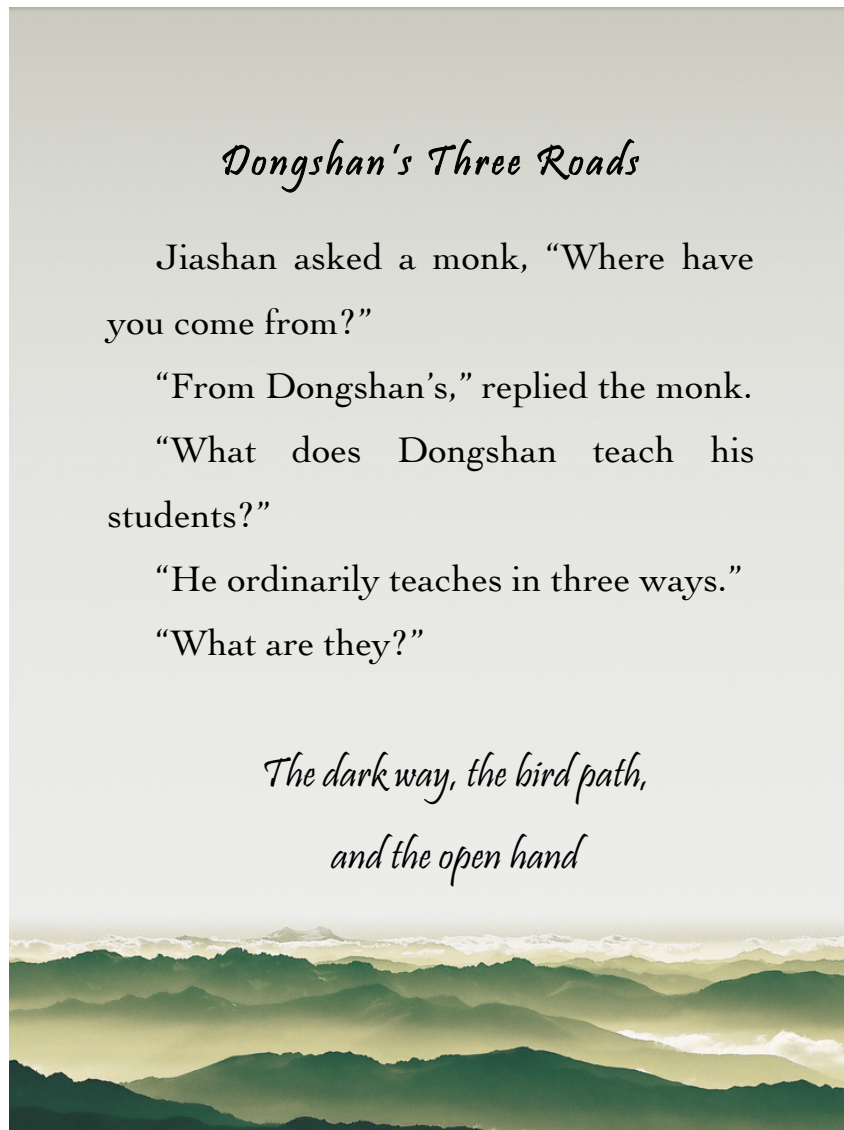
"From Dongshan's," replied the monk.

"What does Dongshan teach his students?"

"He ordinarily teaches in three ways."

"What are they?"

*The dark way, the bird path,  
and the open hand*



*the dark way*

The mysterious source of the bright is clear and unstained;  
branches of light stream from that dark.

Shitou, *Taking Part in the Gathering*

There is one thing : It supports heaven above and it supports the  
earth below. It is black like lacquer, in constant motion and  
activity.

Dongshan

The way things are is mysterious and hard to see.

Bodhidharma on the bodhisattva vows

In the dark, darken further.

*Daodejing*

*Reaching the source, reaching the byways,  
Grasping the connecting links, grasping the route.*

*Dongshan, Jewel Mirror Samadhi*

*the bird path*

No trace of the bird's path as it flies here and there—  
In the dark way, how could you seek a position?

Keizan, *Transmission of the Light*

No front or back or sides in the vastness, the bird path cuts east  
from west.

When Mt. Tai is reflected in the water, birds fly over it.

Jingqing

My relaxed gaze follows the track of flying birds.

For whom do you bathe and make yourself beautiful?

The voice of the cuckoo is calling you home.

Hundreds of flowers fall, yet the voice is not stilled;  
even deep in jumbled mountains, it is calling clearly.

Dongshan, *Five Ranks*

If you want to follow the ancient tracks, please consider the  
ancients: The Buddha of Supreme Penetration and Surpassing  
Wisdom, on the verge of accomplishing the Way, spent ten  
kalpas beneath the tree of contemplation.

Dongshan, *Jewel Mirror Samadhi*

Our road is the same but we travel in different tracks.