

One Heart, Two Gates

A woman asked her teacher, "What is Zen?"

"The heart of the one who asks is Zen," the teacher replied.

Someone asked, "What is my heart-mind?"

An ancestor replied, "All the worlds in the universe are your heart-mind."

"If so, then there's really no particular place for my body to be."

"That's exactly the place for your body to be."

"Where is that?"

"The great ocean, vast and deep."

"I don't understand."

"Dragons and fish play freely, leaping and diving."

A tree older than the forest it stands in

from a poem by Hanshan (Cold Mountain)

With empty hands

I take hold of the plow

Mahasattva Fu

Someone asked Dahui, "What is the Dharmakaya?"

Dahui replied, "It's like the sun shining on the hands of an old woman selling fans."

And what did the rubies say

standing before the juice of pomegranates?

Pablo Neruda, *The Book of Questions*

One day, Layman Pang and his daughter Lingzhao were selling bamboo baskets. Coming down off a bridge, he stumbled and fell. When Lingzhao saw this, she ran to her father's side and threw herself to the ground.

"What are you doing?" cried the Layman.

"I saw you fall, so I'm helping," replied Lingzhao.

"Luckily no one was looking," remarked the Layman.

The Buddha asked himself, "Are you afraid of this happiness?"

It helps you cross the river where the bridge is broken.

It accompanies you back to the village on a moonless night.

Wumen

Quickly, quickly, without thinking good and evil, before your parents were born, what is your original face?

Step by step in the dark —

If your foot's not wet, it found the stone.

Touzi said, "You've hit a barrier and can't find your way home. If you go forward you'll fall into the hands of the angry gods. If you retreat you'll slip into the hell of the hungry ghosts. If you go neither forward nor backward, you'll drown in dead water. What will you do?"

Linji said, "There is nothing I dislike."

Fayan said, "Suddenly I realized for myself the fresh breeze that rises up when the great burden is laid down."

... the instant that crow laughed
a hearer rose up from the ordinary dust.

In this morning's sunshine

an illuminated face sings.

Ikkyu

The longing is to be pure. What you get is to be changed.

Jorie Graham