



*Koans for Taking Refuge in
the Bodhisattva Way
Summer 2012*

In ancient Rome, just before the summer solstice there was a festival called Vestalia, in honor of Vesta, goddess of the hearth, sacred fire, and the earth itself. During the festival, Roman women visited Vesta's round temple, walking barefoot through the city, as though stepping on the older, deeper contours of the land—marsh and field and hill—underneath the paving stones of the streets. What are the deeper contours of the land? How do we walk them?

In ancient times on the other side of the world, Jiang Ziya used to fish by hanging a straight hook without bait three feet above the water. He'd call out, "Fish, if you're desperate to live, come on your own and swallow my hook!"

Each being's eternal radiance appears before you.
Each being is an 8,000-foot precipice.
Miaozong

Give me one wild word to follow
Terry Tempest Williams

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