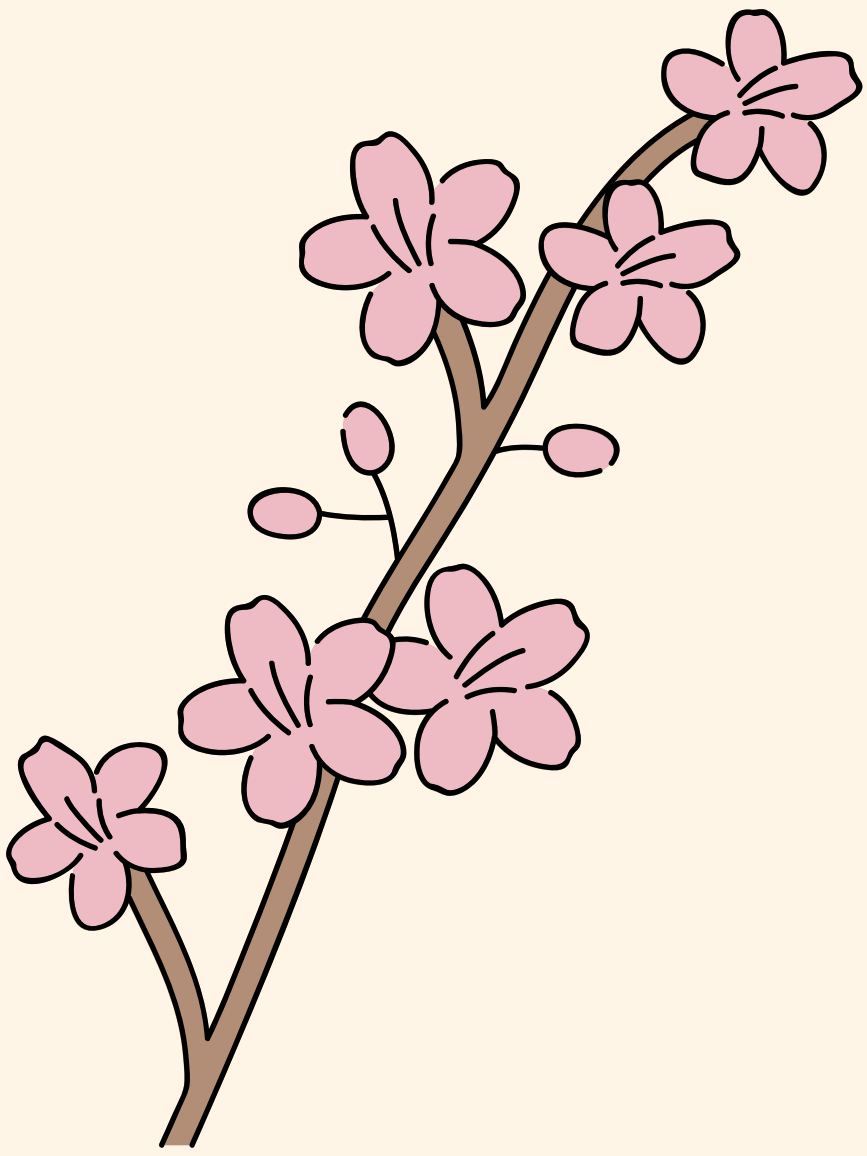
The Pure Land



~ Bodhi Garden

ようこそ (yōkoso)

Welcome





A direct and open invitation
to The Pure Land.
Enter the gateless gate.

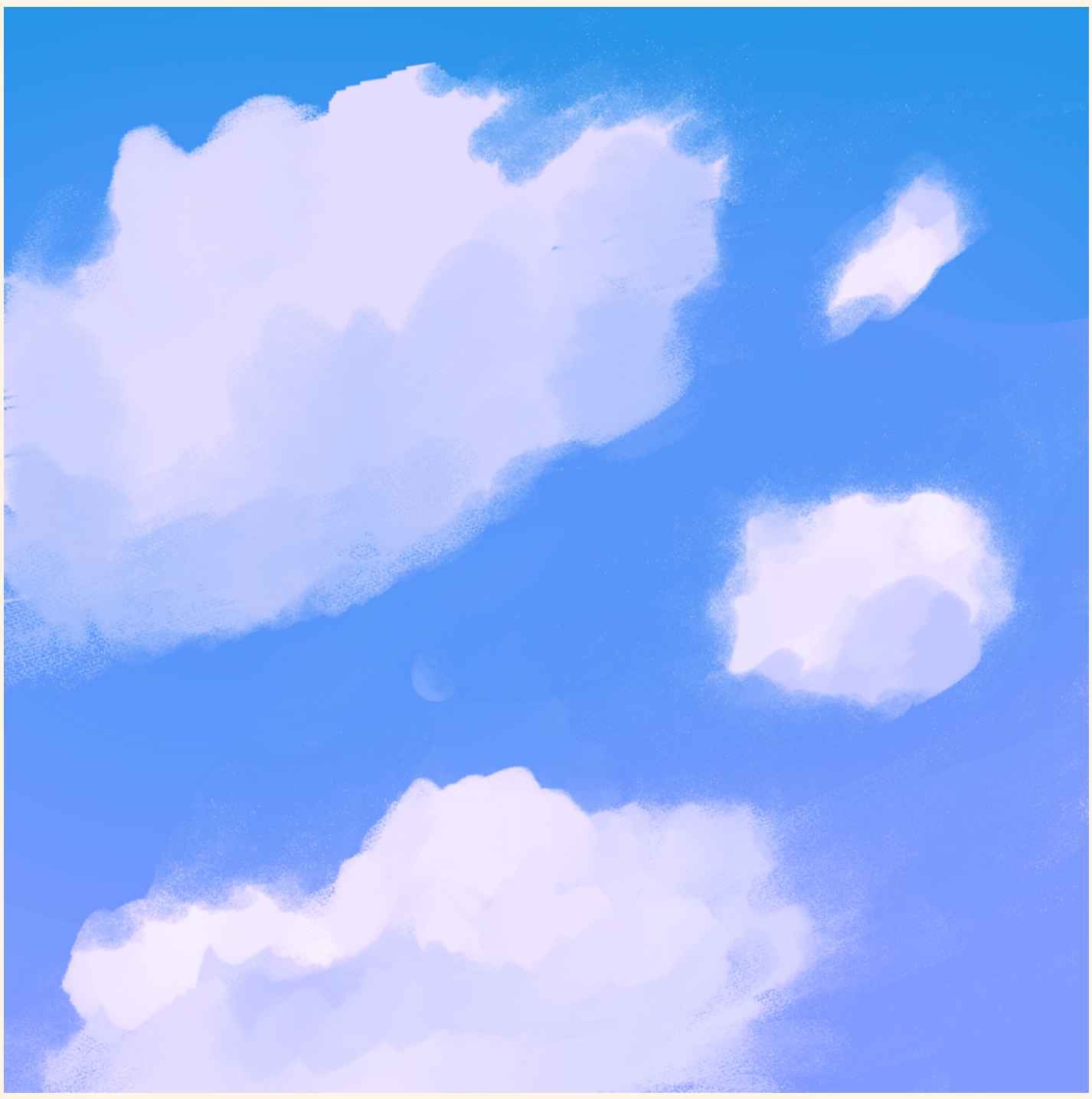
Contents

a. Foreword
b. Preface

1. The Pure Land
2. Temple Bell
3. Rest
4. Everywhere
5. Who?
6. Day Moon
7. The Origin of Things
8. Dharmas
9. Stars
10. Where Ever
11. Zen Garden
12. Happy Cook

Contents

13. The Pure Shit
14. Fears
15. Wake
16. Just Here
17. Free
18. Endlessness
19. This Place
20. The Indivisible
21. Whisper





Foreword
by Daniel Shai

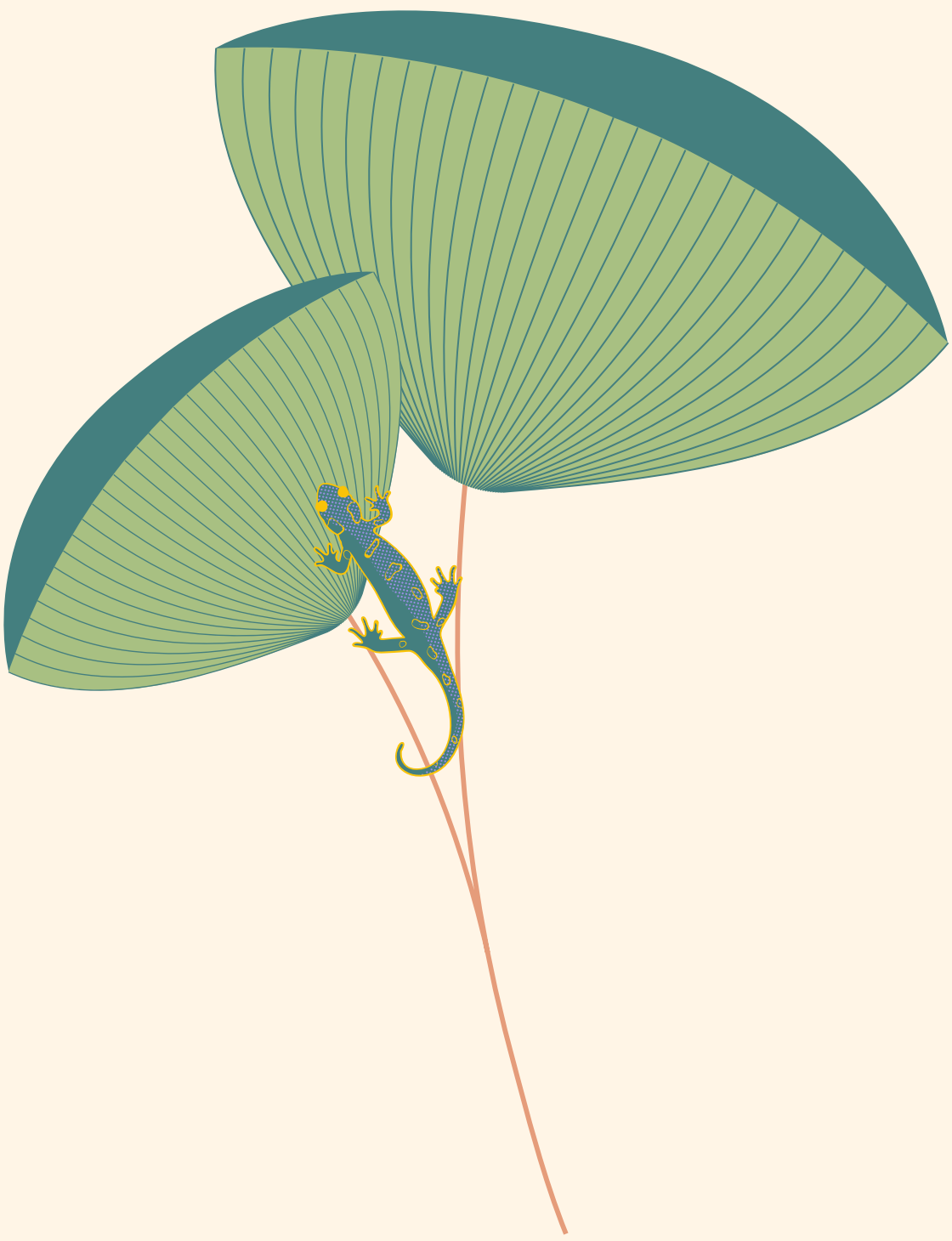
There are words that lead to more words. Then, there are words that lead to the fullness of silence. The style of this book, is clearly of the second kind. It hardly speaks to my mind. It is a gift, a magical flow from the one and only source. The Pure Land elegantly, lovingly, simply, and playfully reminds us that “the promised land” has already been delivered.

As I read it countless times, I felt myself melting, softening into a joyous glow that I can't describe. Indeed, the words herein somehow point precisely to what words cannot describe. That in me which resonated with these love poems was not my mind or intellect. In fact, I'd suggest the way to truly enjoy these pages is to let go of trying to understand, and instead, simply receive.



Preface

All things, poems, and creatures arise from love. So it is in The Pure Land. This, all this and nothingness. The Pure Land and Pure Love are never apart.

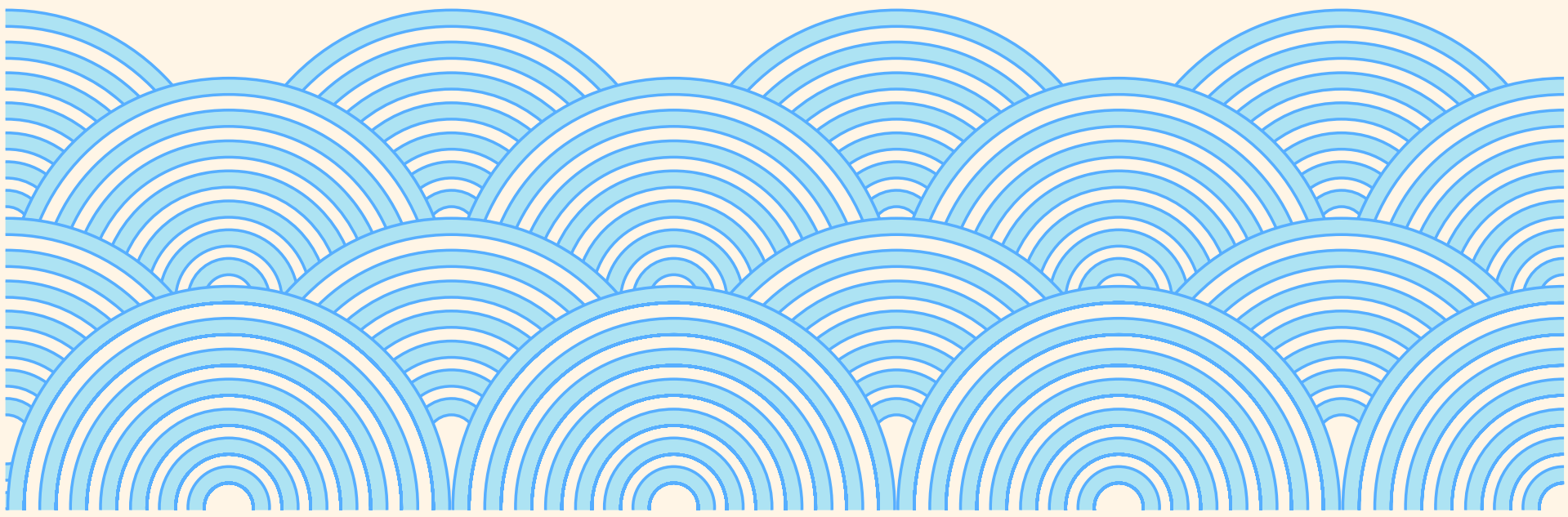






The Pure Land

Endless toil and tears!
Yet the Pure Land, Pure Air
is always everywhere.



嘉禾圖

Temple Bell

A perfect wisdom
Fills all things, everytime
The Temple Bell rings.

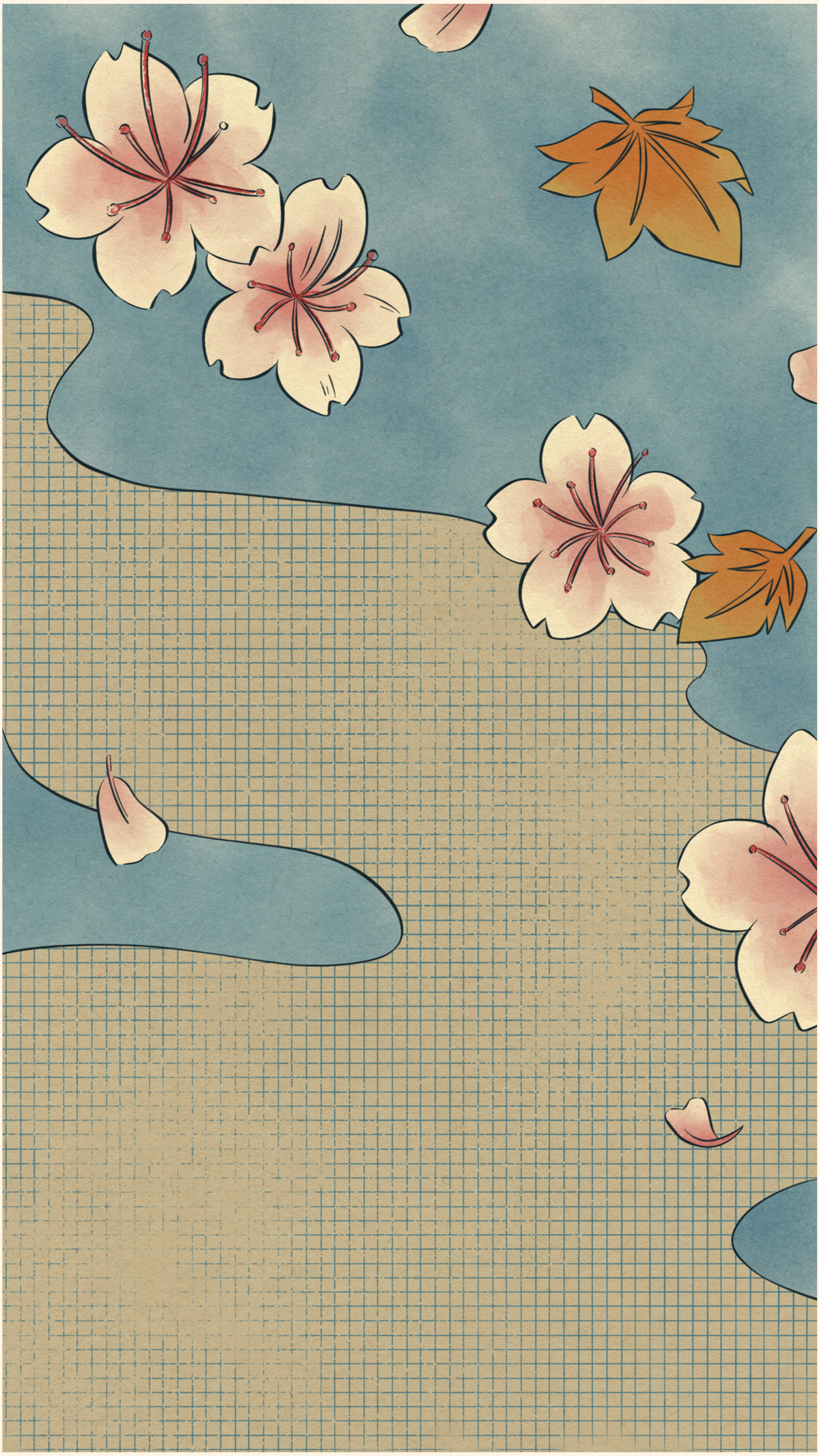




Rest

Pink and white blossoms
Wrinkle, wither, fall
Rest upon the forest floor.





Everywhere

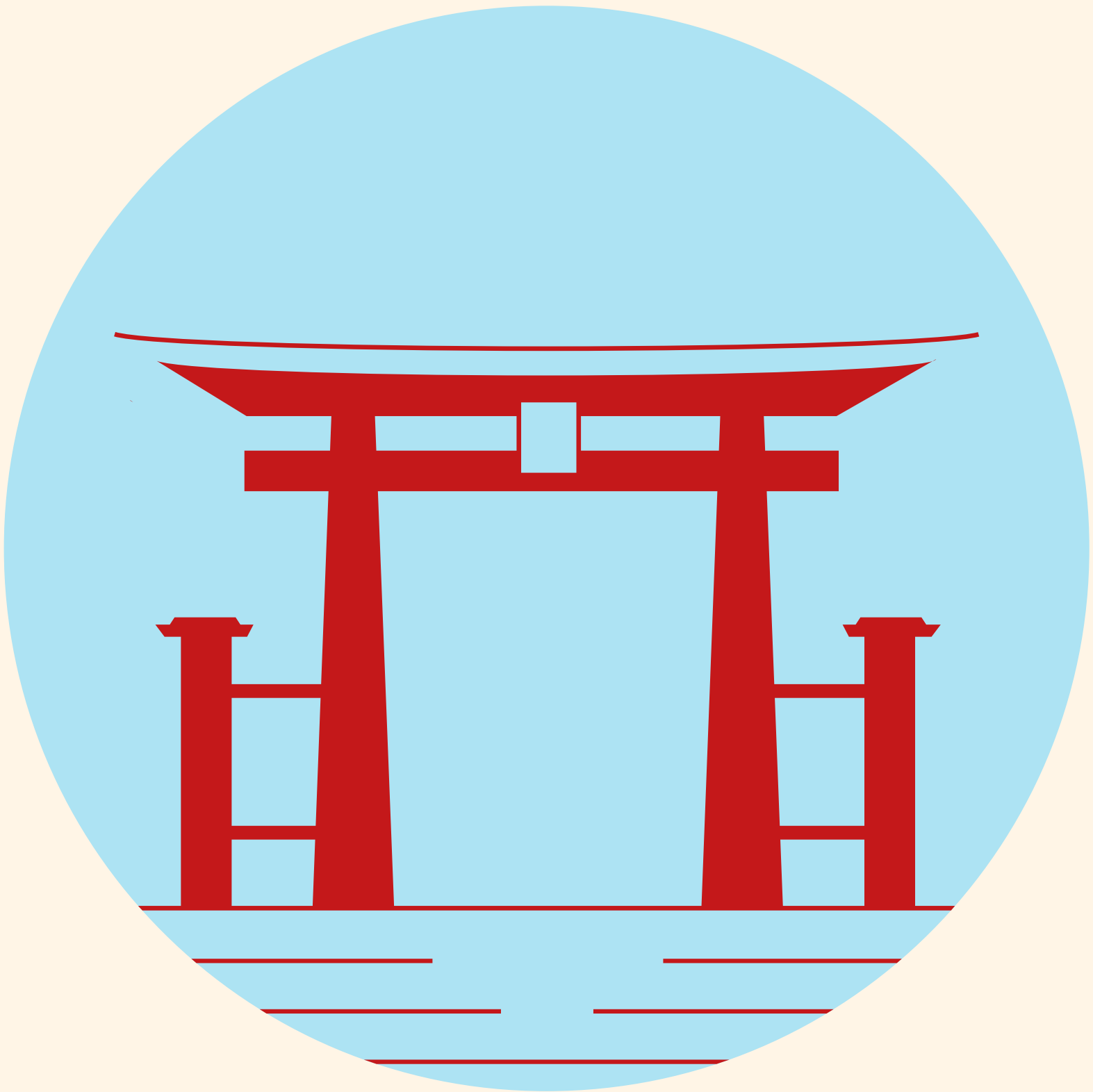
Beyond the hills

Just over there

The butterflies

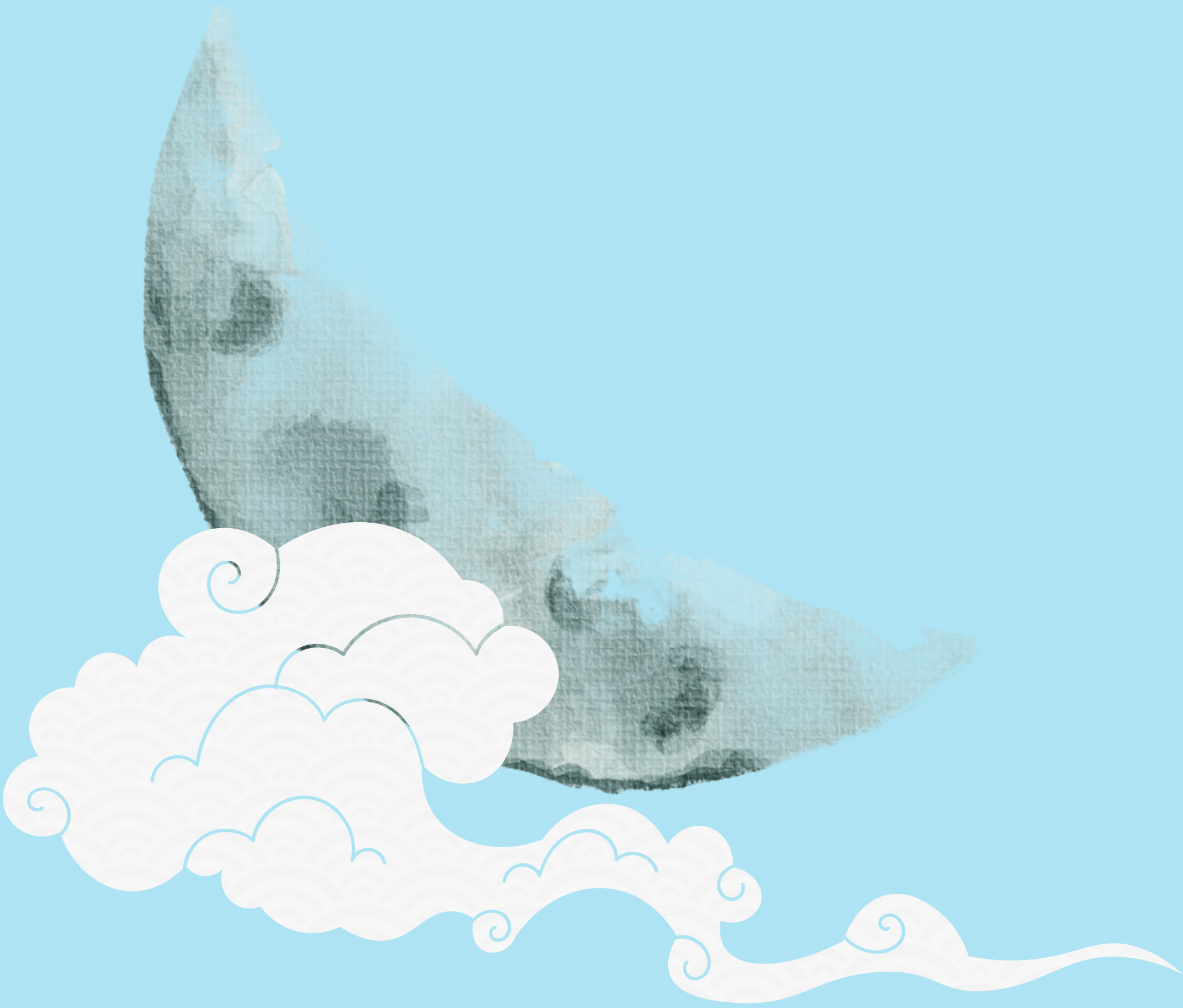
Flew everywhere.





Who?

Neither outside looking in,
Nor inside looking out.
Who is seeking all about?



Day Moon

A monk soon knows
The ruse of life and death
As the moon glows
Night or Day.

The Origin of Things

From this thing
Will come that thing.
Shade falls from a tree
Clouds are floating free
As they rise up from the sea.
Look here, have you seen?
Blue and yellow are now green!
From one thing comes another
Is how every thing shall be.
But listen close, this secret
As magically revealed,
In truth, it's all the same
Beginning, end, and endless
The origin of things
Rising and returning
Loving energy, by name.

Dharmas

All dharmas are marked

By emptiness, yes.

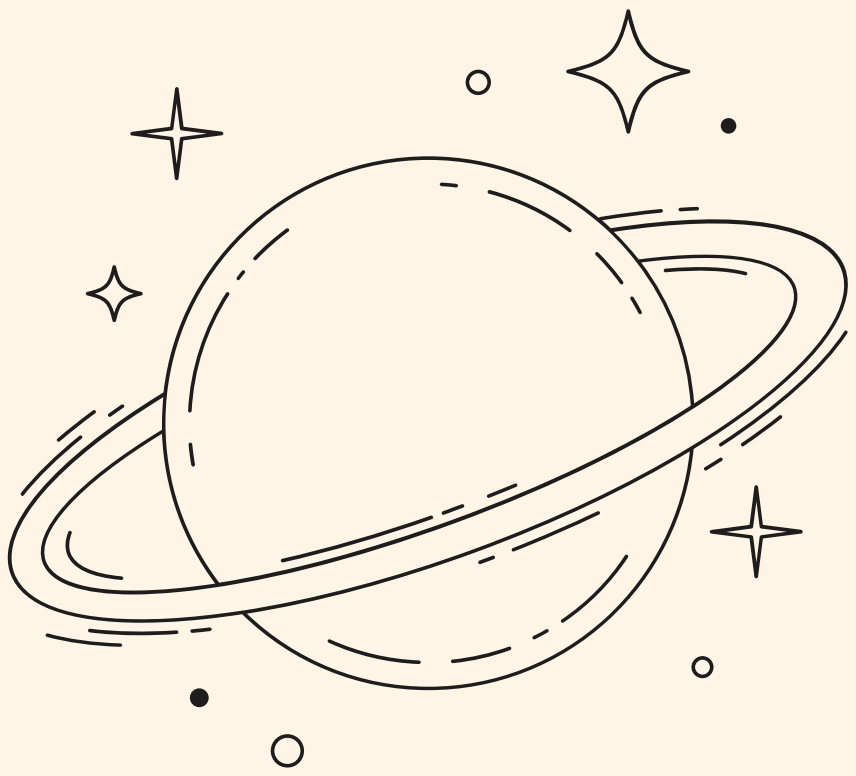
Yet filled with happiness!





Stars

All things cooperate perfectly
To populate the sky with stars.
Should we worry?






Where ever
Where ever you may go
Here or there
The Dharma is every where.

Zen Garden

May you feel
The quiet happiness
Of the Zen garden.
May you know
There is no place
That is not a Zen garden.





Happy Cook

Happy cook knows her sins
Will all be forgiven
In the compost bins.

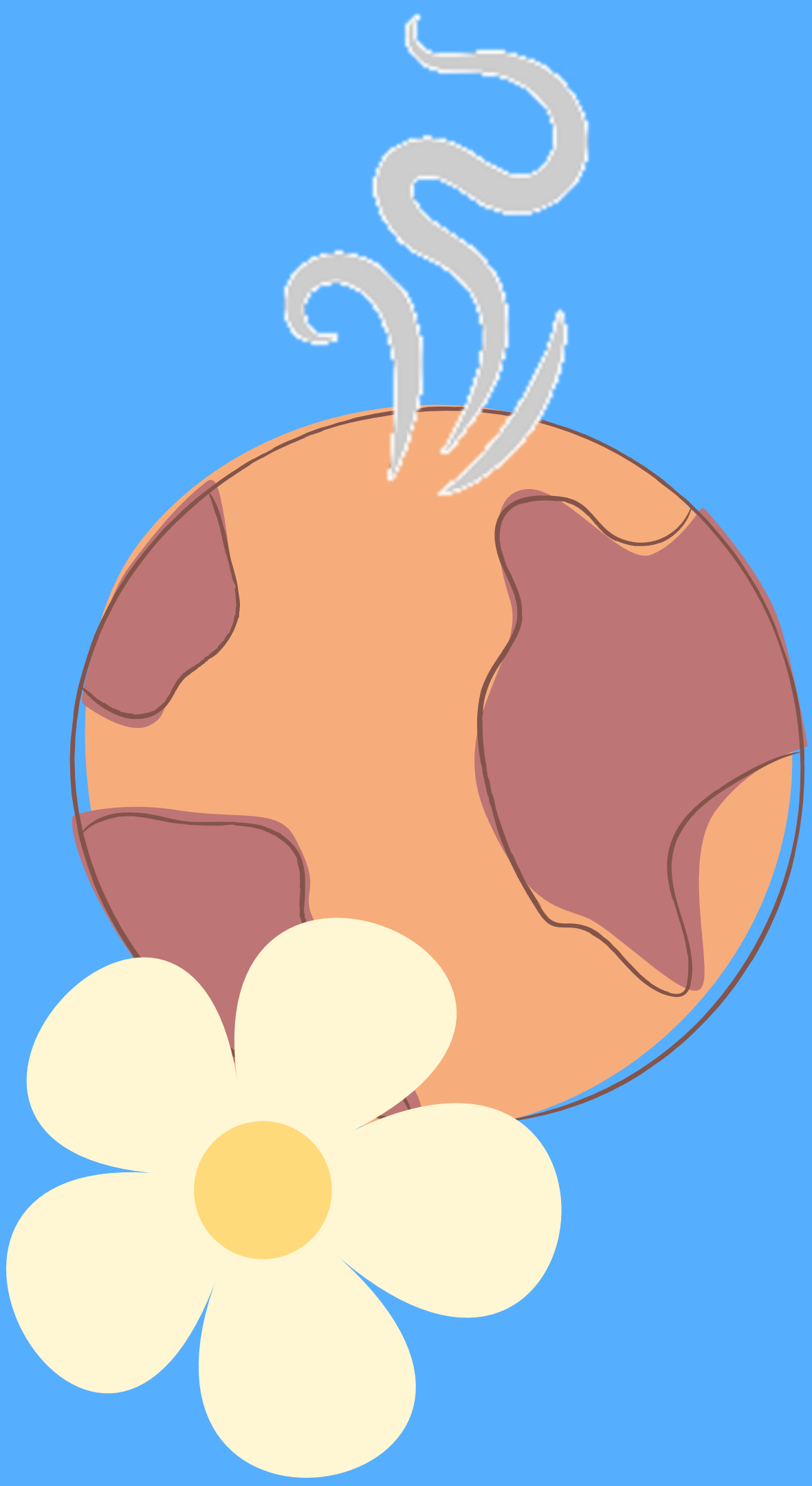
The Pure Shit

This is it.

This transient hot stinky world

Is made of the pure shit.





Fears

The misty blue line
And all those fears
Between sea and sky
Just disapears!



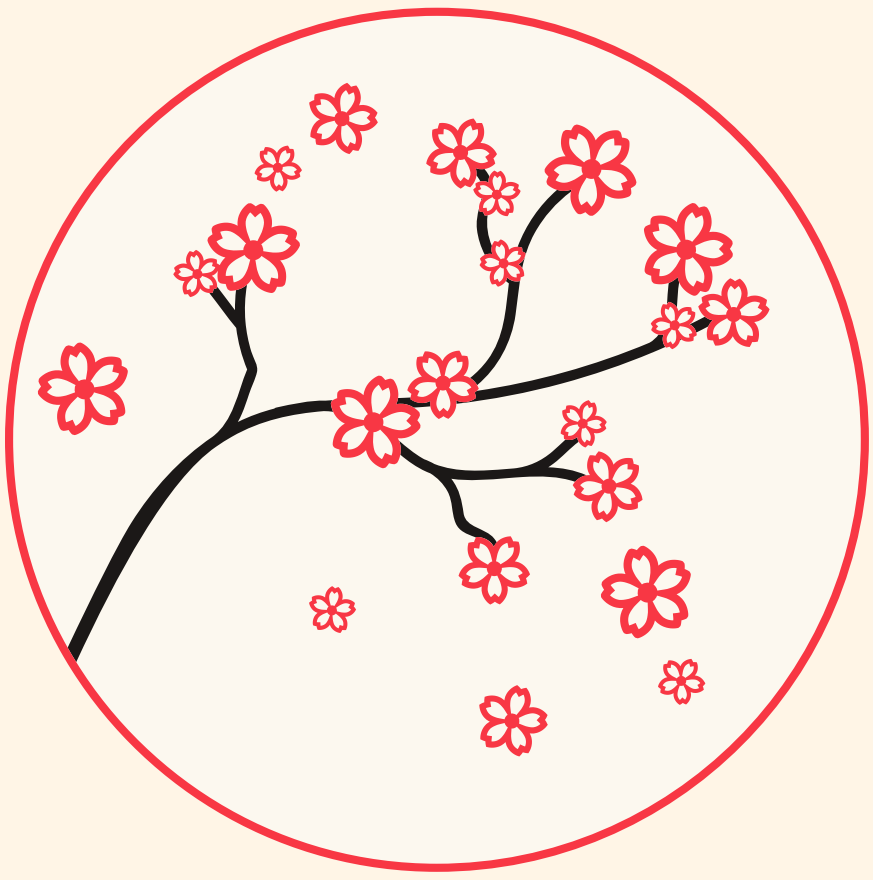
Wake

Do old monks keep
To give and take
Then sleep
When
Stone Buddhas Wake?



Always

No waiting
No suffering
No life
No death
No self
No conciousness
No longing
No loneliness
No time
Just what is
As always is





Free

A hard summer rain fell.
The downpour flooded hell.
Far far from there we went
Breathing heaven's scent!
Still
One holy monk aspired
To stay and save the fire.





Endlessness

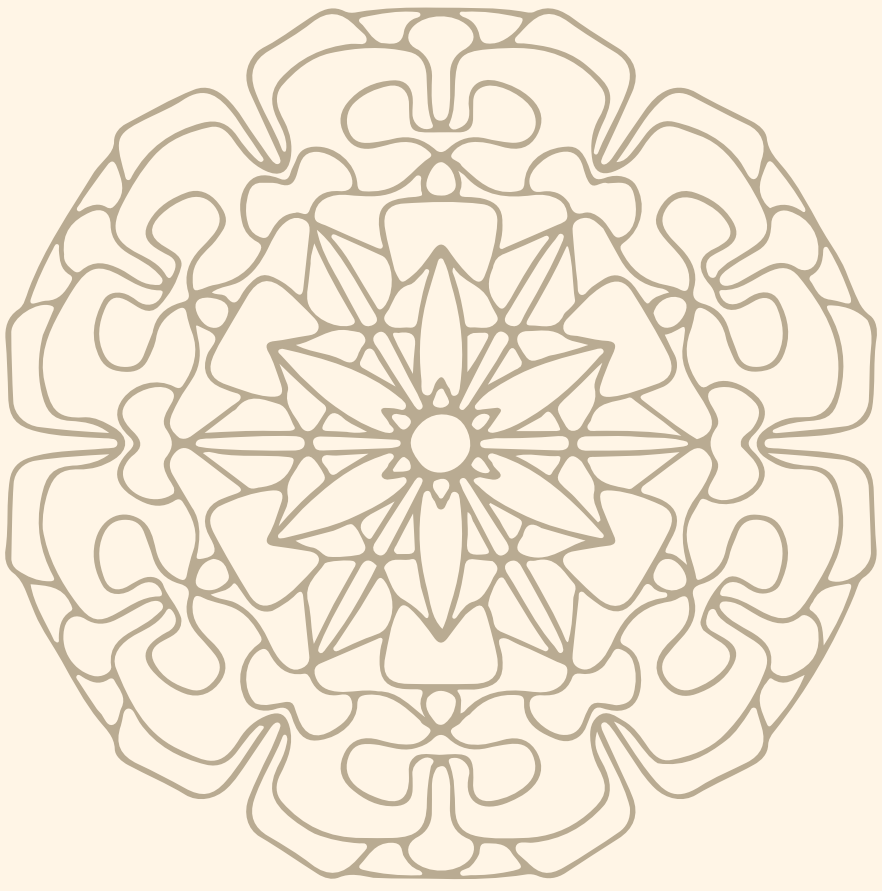


From steamy ridge of rounds
Rise dragons
and their dreamy sounds
To cast in crevice, crack and rock
Their silent spell of endlessness.

There, ascends a path
and one who seeks
A vision from the ridge's peaks.

A dragon lifts her up
To flight
Caressing bare
The winds of night





This Place

Space within the spaceless
Time within the timeless
Dearest One, you know!
This placeless place.

The Indivisible

Free will or fate?
Are we mechanical,
mathematical, or magical?
Yes!
Do you see the invisible,
the indivisible?
All gone through
the gateless gate!



Whisper

One wave whispered to another
There is no you, no me.
Only sea.





Gate Gate Paragate
Parasamgate
Bodhi Svaha!

Gone, Gone
Beyond the Beyond
Gone to Joyful Awakening!

From the Heart Sutra



The Pure Land

by Bodhi Garden

www.happihaiku.com

©

Copyright 2023 All rights reserved
by Phil Harden and Happi Haiku



Resources

www.thetimelesswonder.com

www.kennethmadden.com

www.sunrayteaching.com

www.sotozen.com/eng/