

The Tao is Made of Dust

Koan:

The Tao is empty,
So empty, it is never used up.
The Tao is deep,
So deep, it is the source of all things.

Edges are smoothed.
Tangles are loosened.
Brightness is softened.
The Tao is made of dust.

It is still,
Infinitely still.
What gave birth to it?
It was here before here began.

Questions:

1. What in the verse stands out for you?
2. When do you feel that way?
3. What attribute of the Tao do you long for, or would be helpful to be in contact with?

Poem

A Light Exists in Spring *by Emily Dickinson*

A light exists in spring
Not present on the year
At any other period.
When March is scarcely here

A color stands abroad
On solitary hills
That science cannot overtake,
But human nature feels.

It waits upon the lawn;
It shows the furthest tree

Upon the furthest slope we know;
It almost speaks to me.

Then, as horizons step,
Or noons report away,
Without the formula of sound,
It passes, and we stay:

A quality of loss
Affecting our content,
As trade had suddenly encroached
Upon a sacrament.