

This Fickle Mind

This fickle mind is like a river
that puts on a different face for every sky.
It shivers in an ecstasy of crushed blue silk.
It howls like a madwoman
the way it does today.

This fickle mind is like a river
filled with contradiction:
mud in its pockets, sun on its long dark cape,
the skin translucent, like vellum, where the wind
writes messages, torrents of words
at first—love letters, hate mail, anything it can think of.
Little by little
the words all wash away.

This fickle mind wants
the patience of a still, spacious river,
all reflection, all illusion.
Like water everywhere, it yields endlessly.
Imagine such a mind.
It is translucent.
You bend over the silver water.
You look down.
There is no one there.

—*Kathleen M. Kelley*

Anything

In mid-step,
the memory arises—
a Scots farmer's quiet words,
acknowledging his dogs
for gathering the sheep:
"That'll do, Cap.
That'll do, Tip."
The thought falls gently
to my feet,
as if to say for each
careful or attentive step,
"This'll do, for now.
And now.
And now.
This'll do"

—*Virañānī*

Today

Eating good food
from a china bowl
by the lily pond
on a beautiful day,

The sun turns hot
There is a wasp in my bowl.

Strolling under the
willow trees on a
full moon night
the breeze caresses me,

It grows muddy underfoot
There are mosquitoes.

Accepting impermanence
not attaching
I am content.

—*Palinda*

AVTTASIHDOB BODHISATTVA

beginning
in self
the end.
end the
self in
beginning.

—*Jeanne Larsen*

This page contains material sent in by our readers. If you have a poem, drawing or photograph you would like to share with others, relating to your meditative insights or retreat experience, please send it to the editors at BCBS.

Selected Haikus

Oh, how it hurts to
Hold on—sadly, I had to
Learn this from a thief!



The earth rolls over
And the birds in her hair don't
Seem to be worried.



Rain takes pen and ink
To the pond, draws circles that
quickly disappear.



I float on the sea—
There is stillness—Suddenly,
The sound of my heart!



The meditation
Circle: eighteen women sit;
Old dog groans and farts.



When January
Thaws the pond and your heart starts
To melt, let it go.

—*Kathleen M. Kelley*

Thoughts

make
or
break
(my day).



Dukkha?

A means A to one.
A means B to another.
Now watch
JUST WATCH!
hoo-ha
unfold.

—*Charlotte Glück-Wurm*



Zen Circle (Left-Handed)

—*Philip Foster*