

# *The Beyond*

*Yu Hsi*



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## Chapter I.

### **Summer Solstice** *June 29 ~ July 10, 2010*

Outside of The Beyond there is a vast ocean  
and a pavilion open to the wind through seven openings,  
forming three generous spaces;  
the Land of Felicity, where daily the first glimmer of light sketches an image on a  
blue canvas.

On this blue celestial orb formed 4.6 billion years ago dwell some 6.3 billion people.  
Rising up at the center of The Beyond is a receptacle for collecting the pure dew of  
land and sea,  
its bright, round water-mirror reflecting three willow branches blessing the  
surroundings.

See the vast ocean of spirit,  
replete with fishing boats chasing the waves.

See the slumbering monolith amidst the numberless treetops,  
attention forever enrapt in the stories of the wind.

A flight of flagstone steps ushers the traveler to the great sacred hall in the sky,  
all the while cicadas and birds calling out, "Thus have I heard".....

The shoreline is the place where water birds play  
and where the visitor leaves some footprints,  
as the deep blue waves and south winds compose their love songs.

Off in the distance, line upon line on the water;  
Who is it that etched them so deep and clear?  
Is it a school of whales navigating the coast?

How is it that fish hide their tracks as they go?  
A starlit night perfectly clear;  
the ocean depths forming a placid sheet of blue.  
The deep green forest  
holds a hidden wetland  
which the moonlight has never ignored.  
An invigorating fragrance wafts out from the sap in the roots of an old tree;  
the smell of fish makes me realize that the spirit of the ocean is just that strong.

Today the water is a subtly transforming cyan.  
Beneath the clouds on the horizon a ship—just out of port—sails to some distant  
place,  
while travelers peer up at the flying emerald-green mountain deep in  
concentration...

The ballnut trees bloom full of white flowers,  
as a white-bellied yuhina builds its nest in the Indian almond tree.  
The intense sunlight penetrates deep into the ground,  
as the ancient Chinese fir sways to an upwards wind,  
gently brushing against the side of the Breeze Pavilion.  
Off in the distance, a fishing boat sets out,  
on board, fearless Kamalan warriors pursuing the snow-white waves.  
The eagle calls from the mountain top,  
as spiders weave their nets amidst the branches.  
See the lazurite-like water  
illuminating the dark green gardens,  
and the flourishing beauty of the East Coast Mountain Range,  
as richly hued as a young girl wearing a tiered skirt.  
Tonight like a colorful gauze full of living moonlight.

The Pacific Coast Mountain range—  
How many times has spring returned

to once again restore  
the layered green hills?

This is the Land of Felicity, a world beyond the world,  
an enchanted landscape on the blue planet.

See the first rays of the sun suddenly appear  
in a clear blue sky.

Another day of bright skies and fresh air,  
as the fragrant south wind sings its love song.

*June 29, 2010*

Memory writes about past facts,  
dreams look towards to an imagined future.

The light is cut into blocks by time,  
shadows fall to the earth in circles.

At dusk a child asks his mother,

“See that green bird on top of the palm tree looking at the ocean? What do you  
think it’s thinking about?”

At daybreak the rose-like clouds shroud the living waters of the Pacific.

As night falls,

the faint lights of fishing boats fill the sky with stars.

An endless highway curves its way along Formosa’s east coast.

Here, the eagle is the eye of early youth,

the butterfly a young girl’s dream;

young cow herders are fond of grazing their flocks amongst the steadfast hills;

old men of the mountains are fond of lingering in the bosom of flowing stream  
water;

the traveler on the horizon is fond of listening to the great resting stalactite singing  
in the wind.

*June 30*

Afternoon;  
the eagle draws in its wings,  
the butterflies rest,  
the spiders lock up their webs,  
and even the cicadas remain quiet.  
In the blink of an eye, the clouds darken,  
the sea becomes turbid,  
and the clear sky darkens with weight.  
Listening attentively to the gears of time churning on the distant horizon;  
thunder accompanied by lightning.

*June 30*

Water flowing in the great river  
returns to its mother, the mysterious ocean.  
Peaks and ridges a grayish blue,  
streams and gullies a bluish green.  
See the summer solstice, a clear blue sky pervading a sheet of pure blue, all the way  
until autumn,  
the overflowing summer heat always somewhat missing those halos of red-orange,  
yellow-green, and indigo-purple.  
Snow-white jasmine flowers bloom with careless abandon before my eyes,  
fallen petals wither and seek a place in the rich soil, waiting to be reborn.  
5:15 in the afternoon in the Land of Felicity,  
the Pacific tide performs its subtle music,  
while the blazing sunlight trades splendor with the wind and fire of the pink clouds  
filling the sky.  
The mist on the earth has already vaporized to become red clouds,  
another beating of the golden drum in the Western Paradise.  
The sun drops low,  
As the universe prepares to rest

and the stars quietly rise.

*July 1*

A hill covered with glossy green vegetation,  
the vast billowing ocean.

At sunrise an old woodcutter patrols the hill with a golden hatchet,  
at sunset the seaman guides his skiff back to harbor.

The old farmer on the next mountain brings in his old ox,  
on this day good for supplicating the gods.

He gives the ox a bath and drapes it with a colorful shawl, thanking him for 23 years  
of hard work in the fields;

reluctantly bidding adieu, shedding a tear,  
concernedly urging

the new owner to take good care of the old ox.....

The wind blows the leaves,

the fruit leaps with joy;

each and every flower

shows off naked for the butterflies,

as the deep and mysterious living roots intertwine on the ground.

A slight shift of the Pacific Plate;

the billows leaping between the rocks and the shore.

*July 2*

The solitary wooden table and bench  
retain the warmth of your regular visits.

Today the wind and water meet,

as the clouds and mist converge and flow.

A long and narrow rain band churns up a thick fog,

entirely pervading the Land of Felicity.

When the fishing village of Yanliao reaches 33 degrees at the height of summer,  
children frolic on the beach,  
as the seafarers go out to brave the scorching skies.

A young couple on a date soaks in the ambience of the small fishing harbor  
where a novelist once came to look into a story about an old wharf.

The great Indian almond asks Weiwo,

“Today the wind has subsided and the waves have calmed down;

What do the fishermen on the sea say to the fish?”

A surging wave crashing on the shore loudly replies,

“Ask the great resting stalactite;

He’s sure to know.

It may seem that he has no ears,

But he hears everything very clearly!”

The stalactite asks the spindrift,

“So, just where are you coming from?”

The ocean replies for the spindrift,

“Today it hit 38.6 degrees in the city,

and Weiwo is concerned about what people in the city are going to do!”

Weiwo says, “At Yanliao this afternoon at 2:15, three children were playing in the  
water

and got swept away by a wave.

The current was so strong

that they were pulled further and further out to sea.

A heroic 13-year-old boy

grabbed a lifebuoy and rushed into the sea;

he swam some 100 meters into the surging waves and managed to save all three.”

*July 3*

A spirited, living body of water imbued with wisdom,  
the spindrift rising up like a vajra flame.  
Myriads of things fondly depicting the sky amidst the sea,  
as the setting sunlight touches the forest path.  
Two rows of emerald green sing out to the traveler,  
after midnight the lights of the fishing boats begin to wane.  
A rather lively scene on the sea,  
at dusk a big catch in the tiny harbor.....

This morning at 10:43 there was an earthquake 1.4 kilometers north of Hualien,  
measuring 3.8 at a depth of 20.6 kilometers,  
and measuring 3.0 at Yanliao.  
The spindrifts leap excitedly on the sea,  
the fishermen anxious to get back to shore.  
Apsara-like birds dance in the clouds  
as a great leviathan moves about in the ocean depths.....

Today the sea appears indistinct  
and the long beach is unusually busy,  
the footprints left by the visitor yesterday having already been erased by the  
morning tide.  
Last night some far-ranging fishermen forgot to come ashore,  
a young woman with delicate features prays and waits for the youthful seafarer to  
return.  
In the distance a white ocean liner approaches,  
sending the fish into hiding.....

The great resting stalactite asks the ocean,  
“What is the difference between the water and the ocean?”  
The tide rushes in, answering,  
“The ocean and the water, that’s what I am;

but 'spindrift' is what they call me."  
The spindrift then asks the stalactite,  
"Who is it that is aware of the wind blowing through the treetops?  
Who is it that is aware of the clouds leaving all those lines on the ocean?"  
See the fishing boat cruising on the water, hauling in the setting sun,  
as the little girl with big eyes, cools off by sprinkling water on the Breeze  
Pavilion.....

Sunset the ocean clouds and breeze make a sketch in the clear sky,  
as the dark green folds of the East Coast Mountain range press up against the blue  
vault of heaven.

Dusk the new green buds—oily and tender  
despite the intense heat of summer—  
lightly slip away without a trace.

This is the Land of Felicity, a lovely garden  
where guileless children come to play,  
where adventurous youths come in search of natural beauty.  
See The Beyond, where an incomparably magical energy springs up from a sheet of  
water.

See The Beyond, a treasure land exuding a matchless magnetic field subtle and  
dense.

The great Indian almond asks Weiwo,  
"Who is your best friend?"

I answer, "Danqing and Kalam."

The great resting stalactite says that Danqing has the pure-white, stainless mind-  
seal,

and that Kalam can moor in a splendid and eternal blue sky.

The Ocean says that when it comes to profound words, Danqing is in the ninth  
dimension,

and that Kalam is the reality-nature inside the garden of delight...

The little girl with big eyes comes and goes innumerable times to the Breeze

Pavilion,  
yet fails to hear her own coming and going.  
*July 4*

Last night the scintillating lights of fishing boats filled the expanse of water,  
as stars hung throughout the sky  
and the lights of vehicles on the Coast Highway flickered past.  
The fragrant south wind stirs up the visitor's thoughts of returning home.  
In the gardens, birds play by day,  
filling it with song.  
Bamboo stick in hand, I walk up to the middle of the mountain,  
accidentally disturbing a yellow jacket nest,  
stirring up a marvelous buzzing symphony.  
Coming from behind, the little girl with big eyes  
is caught unawares and gets stung...  
With the wonderful thought of the śūraṅgama king  
I follow the eagle's eye soaring on the horizon  
and a fluttering butterfly's wings as it goes to frolic in the beautiful gardens.  
Thus have I heard. Never ending is the sound of the Pacific waves,  
the sand bars continually calling out to the mermaids.

Continuing towards the center of the hill,  
where the mouth of the deep ravine formed by the thicket stream has long been  
covered over with sweet grass;  
where a seasonal waterfall pursues the dancing mists of the flowing clouds,  
summit obscured by a single layer of mist.  
A profoundly subtle impression  
makes me linger in body, mind, and spirit in the bosom of nature on this spirited  
mountain of surpassing beauty.  
A burst of powerful yearning excitedly surges forth;

for a moment I leave the sūraṅgama king;  
in an instant I'm transformed into the visitor floating in a dream...  
What is purity?  
How does one perpetually dwell in the incorruptible vajra body?  
How many vague questions emerge from the eye of an eagle?  
The wings of the butterfly pointedly reply,  
“It's the everlasting existence of what has once existed;  
even if time were to go backwards, change is never ending.”

Branches and leaves gently swaying, the Indian almond asks the south wind,  
“This afternoon did the little girl with big eyes have a run-in with a bee?”  
The south wind replies, “She's in good hands; it's okay.”  
Dusk the croaking of the frogs is especially loud,  
as is the song of the birds;  
yet, for some reason, the buzz of the cicadas has diminished,  
as the sea diligently composes a movement of spiritual peace.

*July 5*

Clouds, white as snow,  
the Pacific Ocean, a vast bright sheet, a living mirror.  
These undulating peaks of the East Coast Range;  
How high do they soar?  
As beautiful as the graceful body of a dancer.  
Today it reached 32.1 degrees in The Beyond.  
It's as if yesterday's memory has reappeared in an instant.  
Is Danqing's mind-seal imprinted in the soil alongside the Baihua Stream?  
Is the Chinese bulbul perched tiptoe on the towering branch?  
As a Muller's barbet bores a hole into the trunk of the old camphor tree,  
a humpback whale cruises along the coast.  
I stroll on the Breeze Pavilion, contemplating the ocean,

sending a thought on the south wind, from the Pacific to the Indian Ocean,  
a premonition of the concern the metaphysical traveler has for the future well-being of some one billion people;  
“2020” mysteriously appears in the clouds.....  
The early-morning rays of the sun give off a green force;  
at dusk the seawater removes the outer cloak of the blistering heat.  
An ocean liner approaches Hualien,  
as the auspiciously placid sound of the tide rises up from this sheet of water.  
Deeply attached to the reef rocks and sand, the spindrift passes sleepless nights.  
Tonight in The Beyond the starlight is scarce;  
as the southwest wind blows,  
now and then a light drizzle.  
From the old boat launch at the Yanliao fishing village,  
the fishing boats go out to sea one after another,  
filled with seafarers making a living on the waves.  
See the glittering signal lights of the fishing boats.  
The jasmine flowers which bloomed with exuberance during the day in the Land of Felicity  
have already, one-by-one, gone to rest.

*July 6*

An arced bay  
with sand washed by waves;  
the sheet of water where children from the fishing village soak their feet.  
In the village of Xinshe, a small wharf,  
a tiny primary school,  
and the mystique of the Kamalan tribe.  
See the placid reef rock,  
day and night waking the endless spindrift.  
Hear the song of the great ocean, composing a new movement each day of the year,

its waves the musical scale of the Kamalan tribe.....

There are a great number of remarkable events in The Beyond.  
Yesterday a whale swam from Chenggong all the way up to Yanliao.  
On the morning of July 7, at exactly seven seconds past 7:07,  
bats soared up and filled the sky,  
while the cicadas and frogs joined the waves in composing a symphony.  
As I slowly walk alone on the Breeze Pavilion  
the temperature reaches 31 degrees, with a relative humidity of 73 percent.  
One time the Pacific Ocean sent me a message through a mystical secret code  
carried by the tide,  
a message from the Indian Ocean, transmitted by the south wind:  
Underneath an ancient temple in India  
a time capsule has been discovered  
containing a stack of newspapers from the year 2023!

As the heat of early summer begins to mount,  
there suddenly appears a mysterious memory:  
Just after midnight on May 19,  
in Chennai, South India,  
a torrential rain fell,  
replete with lightning and thunder.  
On that day a splendid sari was draped to bear witness,  
that the agreed-upon confirmation has been sent on the morning of July 7, 2010, at  
exactly seven seconds past 7.07;  
waiting for your timely return.....

Last night the leviathan was transformed into a roc and fluttered up to the Ninth  
Heaven.  
It's said that this is something only knowable by one who has entered into deep  
meditative concentration.

As a lovely little girl on the Jasmine Square  
uses a towel to mimic the face changing technique of Sichuan opera,  
the stone lions on the mountain break into smiles.  
The great resting stalactite tells the ocean about it;  
the ocean replies, "It's you who's smiling."  
The little girl says, "I'm going home tomorrow;  
will you miss me?"  
I reply, "Ask the ocean;  
the ocean knows me best."  
Asked by the girl,  
the ocean kicks up a spindrift, "Yes, yes, yes."  
*July 7*

The waves say,  
"Yesterday the wind was spinning around so fast  
that in the early morning the sea had a turbid color to it.  
It was only in the afternoon that the wind finally began to die down,  
leaving behind quite a few spindriffs."  
The fishermen head out in droves,  
as the sea slowly brightens.  
A three-piece snow-white sail appears in the distance,  
as the sunlight flashes a circle of white rays.  
In *The Beyond*,  
the great resting stalactite happily bathes in the fragrant south wind,  
covered in ancient incisions,  
quietly manifesting a scripture in a code timeless and subtle...

The tide says, "The tuna is the most verbose of fish;  
they make a racket all day long.  
The codfish, however, is quite reserved.

The whale is rather like a well-behaved seven-year-old,  
pleased to play the role of a primary school student,  
diligently seeking out all the knowledge latent in this vast body of water.”  
Water and mist soaring,  
today the eastern sea appears to be two parts sober and seven parts drunk.  
In the Kamalan fishing village  
the young warriors chase the waves in bamboo rafts,  
displaying their martial prowess and graceful bearing.  
Strong and supple children approach the tide’s naked dance,  
aiming to seize a briskly jumping Pacific mole crab.....

In The Beyond,  
children play with yo-yos on Jasmine Square,  
while an old cat happily sleeps on the stone steps.  
Night the pacing of the sea  
begins to slow down,  
as the lights on the fishing boats gradually come forth.  
The way of Heaven is to be full of goodwill towards all living beings.  
How is it that ripples are always stirred up in a lover’s mind?  
The little girl with big eyes didn’t go home this evening.  
See the rosy clouds of dawn donning a sari,  
in a moment of carelessness, revealing a milk-white cloud.  
A red dragonfly lightly touches down on the Baihua Stream,  
as the ripples slowly move outwards;  
towards the creek, towards the river, towards the harbor;  
in an instant entering the eastern sea,  
merging with the entire Pacific.

In The Beyond,  
the Muller’s barbets meet on the tips of the Indian almond trees,  
as bees converge on the ballnut trees and attentively go about their work.

The towering, ancient Chinese fir spends the day in meditation  
and the Baihua Stream lovingly emits its delicate sound,  
as a white butterfly silently fans its wings.  
Suddenly, a thundering wind fills the sky;  
the wind and the sky wrestle in the vast universe  
to the accompaniment of lightning bolts.

A black black black black night  
rolls up the mountain, the sea, the entire universe;  
In the vast vault of heaven the stars don't come out to nod to one another.  
The nightingale sings its lovely song  
and noiselessly devours insects.  
A cloud of bats wearing a mysterious mourning band,  
in the black empty mist,  
unable to clearly discern what really matters;  
a darkness so thick that the thoughts of the traveler lose their way home.  
On this black, black night  
an eagle carries off a newborn bat;  
the bats all lament,  
and what really matters suddenly reveals itself.

*July 8*

The early morning light flows into the Breeze Pavilion,  
as clouds settle on the mountain's summit.  
Birds call from all directions,  
as the sound of the tide wafts in on a cool breeze.  
The old fishermen have already put out to sea,  
where the youths of Kamalan prop up the sky.  
The children of the fishing village grow up amidst the waves,  
to become valiant youths on the coast of the eastern sea.....

Following the fickle moods of the sea, the weather on the coast varies from minute to minute;  
led by sounds and sights, the thoughts of the traveler wander about.  
It's the beginning of summer in the small fishing village,  
when the school children return from the city for vacation;  
as the tide ebbs in the morning  
they go out in groups to catch handsome fiddler crabs;  
a pair of feet stepping on the cool sand  
enjoys the sensation of soaking in seawater in early summer.  
Away from the city,  
the young students delight in lying in the bosom of the wind,  
listening to the song of the ocean, and watching the dance of the spindrift.  
In the Land of Felicity, it's always a joy to watch the soaring ancient fir;  
a flock of birds flies up to the top of the seven-story palm,  
nudging each other, saying, "I, too, want to see" .....

A butterfly goes sightseeing amongst the flowers,  
as a golden orb web spider spins its indestructible web,  
watching, waiting.  
A caterpillar spins silk · makes a cocoon ·  
breaks out · and metamorphoses;  
seeking the daylight, a butterfly slowly comes out.  
A solitary green bird flies up and perches tiptoe on the top of the seven-story palm,  
looking out at the sea, mesmerized;  
thinking, pondering, reflecting.  
The fragrant south wind wafts up from the water,  
as white cloud blossoms pass through the mirror of the ocean,  
the inverted image of the emerald green mountain reflected in the effulgent mirror  
of the sea.  
The metaphysical traveler and the traveler on the horizon  
communicate mind-to-mind, through mudras transmitted by the Pacific and Indian  
Oceans——○——

The Pacific Ocean says,  
“For ages my mind has been stable and steady.”  
The Indian Ocean replies,  
“The moonlight reflected on the water is the mudra we use as our sole means of communication.”  
The short grass on the hillside says,  
“When there’s no wind, I’m also steady and stable.”  
The green bird in the trees says,  
“When I’m in love,  
I know in advance when a chick is going to hatch.”  
The Pacific Ocean says,  
“Every day the old fishermen in the village go out onto this sheet of water chasing the wind and waves,  
just so their kids can go to school.”  
The Indian Ocean says,  
“The primal force of the universe comes from an instinctive impulse;  
as can be seen when a new-born infant searches for its mother’s breast,  
so that it can survive and grow.”  
The great resting stalactite says,  
“I don’t know whether it comes from the ocean or grows from the ground.”  
The great Indian almond tree on the side of the Breeze Pavilion quietly says to itself,  
“The guest always leaves,  
but the host stays behind, forever waiting  
and watching——○——”

Tonight the two oceans are engaged in antiphonal song;  
for the sake of eternal peace, the fragrant south wind  
composes a symphonic movement of life and love;  
thirteen towering ancient firs join palms and enter into meditative concentration;  
and pray for the well-being of all the denizens of the blue planet.

*July 9*

The heat of early summer  
continues to mount;  
yesterday a few cool winds blew,  
but today the sweltering heat returns.  
The traveler visits the east coast  
to see the vast Pacific Ocean,  
having heard about the Land of Felicity—an Arcadia of the twenty-first century—  
and the tranquil fishing village at Yanliao.  
The seafarers hold fast to the ancient ways,  
in food, dress, abode, and transport;  
walking, standing, sitting, or lying down;  
living earnestly, happiness arrives at any moment.....

Who is it that leaves the city to visit The Beyond,  
to take note of the genuine life lived by the seafarers of the fishing village at  
Yanliao?  
See the warriors of the Kamalan tribe along the coast.  
How does one paint a spirit totem of self-growth?  
How does one write the story of a beautiful dream become reality? ...  
At 7:07 in the morning I circumambulate the Breeze Pavilion nine times nine times  
nine times.  
At once a sense of ease pervades my entire body,  
as I enter the Hall of Fragrant Recitation.  
Discovering a cicada flapping against the window,  
I open the window to let it out,  
but it hides away where I can't find it.

Today in the sea,  
light chasing the shadows of the clouds accompanies the tide.  
A beguiling mist  
makes The Beyond seem as if an illusory island.

On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 31 degrees and the relative humidity is 77.

At 9:09 the ocean fog begins to fade,  
the sky above the mountain clears.

I watch the eagle dive from the summit down to the side of the Breeze Pavilion,  
and swiftly return,

as I wonder what it was looking for.

There appears in the middle of the sea a long, snow-white wave;  
after mistaking it for a whale,

I discover that it's a speedboat racing along like a shuttle.

What sort of people

would be so brash as to disturb this natural mirror, great and bright? ...

At 9:39 I see the cicada hiding in the window sill;

I open the window and he returns to the glossy, jade-green leaf.....

Sweltering heat with bright sun in the sky;  
a vast sheet of water ash gray.

On the jade-green leaves of the ballnut tree

a small bird eats a caterpillar,

the green fluid left behind bearing ample witness.

The new-born caterpillar prays,

“Oh Heaven, please don't let me be eaten by a bird.”

The new shoots also pray to Heaven,

“Please don't let me be eaten by a caterpillar.”

Each crying baby seeks its mother's breast,

as Heaven says,

“Instinct is the most basic and primal force of all things in the universe—

birds, leaves, and caterpillars not excepted” ... ☺ ...

A spider web catches a falling feather;

one old tree hosts a thousand cicadas;

the little girl from the city says she wants to hear the singing of the cicadas in the trees.

Students offer a tray of freshly picked corn;  
it gets full marks in color, fragrance, sweetness, and texture—  
tasty and tender.

The sun silently sets behind the mountain,  
the remaining rays illuminating the upper clouds,  
suddenly transforming into a variegated band of red,  
as the waves freely drift on the placid sea.

See the out-of-season migratory bird,  
having lost its way in the dark hues of dusk.

The caterpillar has to break out of its cocoon before it can become a butterfly;  
the cicada has to enter the soil and remain in samādhi for three thousand days  
before it can become a cicada.

The visitor comes to the east coast to see the Pacific,  
yet without really meeting this deeply profound body of water.

The little girl from the city says,  
“With my own two eyes I saw a sparrow catch a cicada;  
I didn’t know how to save it.”

*July 10*

## Chapter II.

### **Lesser Heat** *July 11 ~ 19, 2010*

The early morning light sketches the color of the sea;  
I breakfast on three cobs of freshly picked corn in the Hall of Fragrant Recitation,  
saving a few grains,  
to place on the railing of the Breeze Pavilion,  
as an offering to the birds.  
The eagle scans the landscape while roving through clouds and space;  
a troop of vivacious monkeys gambols amongst the bamboo;  
the ancient fir raises the flag of the Land of Felicity.  
The great Indian almond says to the great resting stalactite,  
“This year there are a lot more insects,  
as well as birds;  
I’ll need to make an extra effort to grow more tender leaves,  
so as to satisfy both insects and birds,  
and continue our own green vitality” .....

Dusk in The Beyond,  
the cicadas and frogs call out, vying to invite the setting sun to sketch a still life in  
the sky;  
in the resplendent rose-tinged clouds there is a shy and delicate cheek.  
The little girl’s willow-leaf eyebrows gently stretch out,  
wanting to net the blue sky.  
Tossed forth from the bottom of your heart by a climactic smile of joy,  
a pair of bright red lips,  
parting to reveal eight snow-white teeth above;  
it’s Danqing’s golden flute in your hand;  
it’s the purple-and-gold sari draped on your body,  
that quietly nets that little-girl pure-heartedness of yours.

See your charmingly affectionate eyes,  
glimmering like the first rays of the morning sun ... ☺ ...

The first watch of the night 8:15;  
the temperature on the Breeze Pavilion is 29.9 degrees,  
and the relative humidity is one hundred percent.  
thunder rises in the northwest,  
as lightning dances like a golden snake in the cloud-filled sky;  
suddenly, a rain as heavy as a waterfall comes pouring down from the dark sky;  
in less than half an hour the Land of Felicity is washed clean,  
as a cool breeze sweeps away the summer heat.  
In The Beyond, time is condensed,  
as we enter into a special night of a midsummer dream;  
birds frogs cicadas all silenced by the torrential downpour.  
Standing on the Breeze Pavilion—open to the wind and rain on all sides—I  
converse with the great Indian almond tree.  
Time reverts to the spring of 2007;  
on the pavilion in the smiling garden at the Presidential Palace in New Delhi,  
I join with benevolent sages to make a commitment  
to an eternal spring for the blue planet,  
and to everlasting peace for its 6.3 billion people.  
At dawn on March 29—the boundary between day and night—  
I dream of the metaphysical traveler and the traveler on the horizon,  
amidst 108 thunder claps, committing to one another,  
for the sake of all humanity in the twenty-first century,  
to create a most ideal and happy vision;  
to use poetry to wake humanity from its deluded slumber;  
to usher in a reign of poetry for the sake of eternal peace.

*July II*

The towering peaks and ridges of the East Coast Mountain Range say,  
“In his youth,  
thirty-three years ago, Weiwo could run up to the top of the mountain in just  
thirty-three minutes;  
but Weiwo hasn’t been back for thirty-three years now.”

The ravine says,  
“In his youth, Weiwo’s favorite place was the mouth of the ravine;  
that’s where he would enjoy the entire day;  
but he hasn’t been back for thirty-three years now”.....  
The lovely waterfall hidden away in a secret spot says,  
“Thirty-three years ago Weiwo used to always bring along Huangshan and Mutong;  
said they wanted to build an observation tower,  
grow remarkable flowers, and plant exotic grasses;  
thirty-three years later and it’s all but forgotten.”

Today a timely rain fell on the mountain;  
in no time a spring came gushing forth,  
supplying enough water for the entire Land of Felicity.  
This place has always been full of negative ions imbued with vitality and oxygen;  
where the clear vault of heaven has always embraced the blue sky.....  
Last night it rained all night in the fishing village,  
but by morning the sky has cleared.  
This morning at 5:15 the sun came floating up from the ocean,  
as the Kamalan warriors raced out to sea.  
The three students on vacation from the city continue soaking up the local color.  
The tiny elementary school in the village is closed for vacation;  
the children take their big sisters out to the scorching beach to play in the water,  
sing, and dance.  
The little girl with big eyes wants everybody to learn the song and dance numbers  
from The Ox Herding Pictures.

A white cloud sails past from the south,  
just above a sail on a high-mast,  
sailing out from Hualien Harbor towards some distant point —○—

It rained all night in the Land of Felicity,  
bringing the gurgling water of the Baihua Stream to a crescendo,  
leaving the great resting stalactite looking brand-new.  
The Muller's barbet joyfully flies up to the top of a tree to sing and dance;  
the red dragonflies meet at their heavenly pool for a dip;  
today The Beyond is fully imbued with the smell of the sea.....

It's said that there is a tropical low-pressure zone in the southeast Pacific;  
today it has already gathered enough energy to become a typhoon—Conson.  
In The Beyond, as usual, the sunlight is vivacious and resplendent;  
the mango trees throughout the grounds—washed oily and green by the sun—  
begin to bloom,  
agreeing to have an abundant harvest this year.  
The black bulbul once again builds its nest in the embrace of the great Indian  
almond tree,  
as a group of agile and colorful butterflies dances in celebration —○—

Word comes up from the fishing village at Yanliao;  
students from three universities passing by while circumambulating the island in  
kayaks  
ran into high winds and tall waves; a number of kayaks capsized,  
but, thank Heaven,  
they were all rescued.....

The afternoon wind gains strength,  
as the waves on the sea turn to billows;  
in an instant, the water changes color,

black clouds expel white clouds,  
branches and wind sway to the monsoon gusts,  
light and shadow quickly change places on the mountain;  
it's not yet dusk,  
when the sea puts on a hazy blue and a dreamy violet.  
The three students from the city soaking in the local color  
squat on the flagstones next to the wall in the fishing village and observe the  
seascape;  
for a moment, as if lost in reverie...

Dusk the sky begins to clear,  
and the sea slowly calms down;  
the rolling in of a wave churns up beauty and emotion;  
the three students are suddenly roused from their reverie  
by the setting orb of the sun just now donning a cloak of red,  
slowly sinking behind the mountain,  
red rays illuminating the tops of the clouds;  
suddenly, the rosy clouds filling the sky are reflected in the living ocean,  
as the three students return to their reverie...

Night the dark green fades,  
replaced with a black sari full of starlight,  
as the Milky Way gives off a milky-white halo that embraces the moon;  
the three students pass a sleepless night...

Night the serene night;  
the sheet of water seems to take on unusual and distinct colors.

Night the serene night;  
a sheet of water as splendid as a heavenly pool.

*July 12*

Summer in *The Beyond*; the little girl with big eyes  
weaves the story of the eastern sea.

A boy and a girl surnamed Lin visiting from the city, learned from the Internet  
that there was a total solar eclipse in the southern Pacific two days ago at 6:15 in  
the morning—

the first time in 350 years;

the thirteen-year-old girl tells her ten-year-old brother

“New Zealand is the first place to see the rising sun;

four hours later, it rises here in the northern Pacific;

and two and a half hours after that, it is visible over the Indian Ocean”...

The boy and girl also saw on the Internet a dialogue which took place between two  
oceans on May 18, 2010:

“The inconceivable nation of India,

the benevolent wise one of India,

invites the sage Confucius of the east and the enlightened Buddha of the west

to compose eternal songs for the sake of world peace in the twenty-first century”

——○——

Last night in *The Beyond* the vault of heaven was hung full of stars;

a youth of the future

weaves a future dream:

In the year 2020 the deep and clear Pacific and Indian Oceans bear each other out,  
and the sage Confucius and the enlightened Buddha become united in heart and  
mind...

The Land of Felicity clouds float by one by one;

the south wind brushes over the spindrifts one after another;

in the height of summer the jasmine flowers in the gardens burst open one by one.

The eagle hovers above the East Coast Mountain Range;

a whale courses under the surface of the Pacific Ocean;

the cicadas and birds play hide-and-seek on the old banyan tree;

the red dragonflies on the banks of the Baihua Stream lovingly compose their love  
songs;

the tide ebbs,  
as a hermit crab on the beach searches for a shell —○—

Summer a sheet of water  
stretches out its hand to caress the feet of the weary traveler;  
the spindrift embraces the reef rock in a dance.  
Seekers come to the seashore to soak in the local color  
and gradually adapt to the pace of life here,  
slowly slowly slowly.  
The little girl with big eyes  
steps on this ground full of vitality,  
and meanders through the smiling pleasure garden,  
taking in breath after breath  
the taste of the ocean, fresh and delicious,  
happening upon a hermit crab making off with the shell of a snail.  
The ocean exhorts the tide and the fragrant south wind to compose a song of peace  
together;  
this body of water teaches people tolerance and acceptance.  
The old banyan tree reveals its underground roots,  
exhorting us to keep our feet firmly placed on the ground.  
See the little girl with big eyes treading barefoot on the fragrant ground.

Dusk, 5:15, a dazzling rainbow appears in the southern sky;  
to the east, clouds form into mountains;  
a typhoon passing by far out at sea  
sends in tall waves.  
The fishermen in the village haul their flat-bottomed skiffs high up onto the shore,  
as the sea increasingly takes on a shade of purple  
and the moist ocean wind enervates the sweltering heat;  
On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 29.9 degrees and the relative humidity is  
81.

Gazing out at the sea, the traveler forgets self—and the lost time.  
It's nine in the evening and the last bus has already left,  
leaving the traveler with the old boat launch as the sole means of departure.  
Night a white cloud dresses up as the Milky Way,  
as lightning wantonly dances on the surface of the sea,  
setting in motion the traveler's deep, recurrent memory.  
Tonight the traveler's thoughts of home are strong indeed;  
in the still of the night the traveler asks,  
“Why has the train in my dream not reappeared?  
How is it that the train in my dream has left, never to return?”

Day and night the ancient fir holds up a large flag supporting a part of the sky,  
as the wind and clouds vie to make it flutter.  
Knowing that Typhoon Conson will pass by without touching land, the great  
resting stalactite  
reassures the small flowers and grasses along the Baihua Stream not to worry,  
saying,  
“I'll supplicate Heaven on everyone's behalf.”

*July 13*

Another six or seven school children on summer vacation  
have come from the city to the fishing village of Yanliao to draw the local sights.  
Four poets, Zhang, Xin, Lu, and Ding—all in their eighties—  
have come from the city to visit the Land of Felicity.  
After discussing whether concentration inheres in meditation,  
or meditation inheres in concentration,  
they all come to sit in quiet contemplation in the Hall of Fragrant Recitation.  
Happening to look up at the same time, they notice the verse attached to the  
southwest window:  
The lotus-treasury, IIII fragrant seas;

an esoteric transmission, the harmony of difference and sameness.  
In an instant, all four have the same insight,  
spontaneously exclaiming in unison, “Wonderful; wonderful indeed” .....

Alongside the Baihua Stream, on the Jasmine Square  
groundnuts gathered just this morning in the pleasure gardens  
lie drying in the blazing sun,  
as sparrows vie one with the other for a taste.  
The visitor to The Beyond spends the days writing realism,  
but thoughts remain stuck in the past,  
regularly falling into endless regret.  
Last night the crescent moon, sleeplessly preoccupied,  
appeared like the eyes of lovers desperately infatuated.  
Today the atmosphere is unstable,  
with abundant convective clouds,  
culminating in an afternoon thundershower.....

Form form form the fragrant south wind altogether ebullient;  
non-abiding, of marvelous movement in the summer.  
Color color color the rhythmic transformations of the ocean’s comely hues;  
the mysterious mountain, fond of smudging the rays of the sun.  
Form form form;  
who can ascertain the inscrutable ocean-seal, the very life-force of the universe.  
Color color color;  
the incomprehensible power forever existing in each auspicious moment.  
Sound sound sound I hear the rain approaching far away on the mountain,  
as hoards of dragonflies fill the sky.  
Echo echo echo the pretty seven-colored rainbow which likes to hide behind the  
high clouds after it rains.  
Sound sound sound tonight as before, the traveler’s mind finds no peace.  
Echo echo echo six or seven school children are heartily entertained by local  
fishing people

with fresh fish soup and a stew of calabash and rice noodles;  
thoroughly satisfied, they loudly sing a happy song.

At seven in the evening on July 14,  
after the six or seven school children have finished their meal,  
the fishing people take them to the open-air plaza formed by the purple and gold  
sand  
to look at the western sky.  
Mercury is at an elevation of about 10 degrees;  
Venus is at about 30 degrees;  
Mars is at about 40 degrees;  
Saturn is at about 47 degrees.  
With their different elevations, the planets form a line;  
tonight the course of the moon will take it past all five.  
When you take a photo of the setting sun,  
you can get all five in the frame.

*July 14*

The Beyond the world beyond the world,  
belonging to the blue planet, yet a realm apart,  
the inconceivable eastern coastline  
from Yanliao to Shuilian, Xinshe, Fengbin, and the Changhong Bridge.  
A little girl visiting from the city picks seven lotuses,  
to offer to the deity of travel and accumulation at the height of summer in the  
Land of Felicity.....  
On the Breeze Pavilion a low-carbon breakfast  
of quick-boiled greens and yam leaves,  
oats with yoghurt,  
and two 350cc glasses of tomato juice ...☺...

What is that sound?  
What is that sight?  
What is that feeling?  
that keeps people searching far and wide,  
wandering about, forgetting to ask, "Who am I?"  
What is the idea, what is the memory,  
what is the thought, what is the image?  
It's a dream; it's awakening. What is the state of mind  
which makes our ears miss the eternal sound of the sea?  
In the village a house was built,  
and three people are claiming ownership.  
"The land is half yours and half mine;  
the house is half mine and half his.  
So if I tear down half the house,  
and divide the land in half,  
this three-way dispute will never end".....  
The great Indian Almond tree lightly sighs,  
"The land is the cause, the house is the result;  
you, I, and he are invariably the condition."  
  
"The cause is half right and half wrong;  
the result is half good and half bad;  
So which half are they fighting for?  
The condition is both good and bad,  
so which condition do they value most?  
One piece of land, one house. As I see it, two or three rooms can be used in  
common;  
no hindrance in principle; no hindrance in fact; no hindrance at all.  
What's there to be discontented about?".....  
  
At the top of the great Indian almond tree

one branch surpasses the next;  
the Muller's barbet, the Chinese bulbul, and the black bulbul  
stand erect on their three spots and discuss amongst themselves.  
The black bulbul says,  
"This is my homestead, my native place;  
this is where I was born, grew up, and built my nest."  
The Chinese bulbul says,  
"I'm just your guest,  
come to see what's good to eat and have some fun;  
my home is in the ballnut tree next door."  
The Muller's barbet says,  
"I've just come to visit my friend and seek some edification,  
contemplate under the clear, living sky,  
and exercise my imagination;  
as for my own home, it's in the camphor tree beside the Baihua stream."

The great Indian almond tree hopes that the Chinese bulbul and the black bulbul  
will emulate the contemplative attitude of the Muller's barbet,  
listen attentively to the eternal sound of the sea,  
and learn how to enter into that inconceivable state——  
What is the abiding nature of phenomena?  
What is the eternity of a moment?  
What is the true nature of the universe?  
The great Indian almond tree gently sheds a leaf;  
as the south wind blows,  
the leaf slowly flutters towards the ground  
in an irregular arc;  
the great Indian almond tree hopes everyone will deeply experience  
the way the leaf moves through space;  
the wise one perceives the invariable significance of each leaf.

In The Beyond, the mountains meet the sea;  
in this Land of Felicity my flower garden smiles;  
memories always meet in actual past circumstances;  
today it's as if I've returned to a forsaken hometown.  
See the crescent moon, always bright,  
as the night draws down a curtain of starlight;  
the bats come out in droves, treading on the moonlight,  
as the owl on the treetop calls out;  
the frogs in the Baihua Stream perform a symphony  
consisting of one note: gu-gu-gu.  
The cicadas roosting on branches and stems enter samādhi,  
as the butterflies rest amidst the flowers.....

Night the lights on the fishing boats burn bright;  
the warriors of the Kamalan tribe say it's a good time for fishing,  
as they head to sea in droves, riding the moonlight...  
Night white clouds drift through the sky;  
one goes another comes;  
one goes another comes.  
The stars compete with one another,  
at times outdone by the Milky Way..  
Night on the Breeze Pavilion the wind blows,  
now from the east, now from the south;  
now from the south, now from the east;  
as it turns out, I'm fooled by the atmospheric pressure caused by the strong heat  
convection...

Meditating on the Breeze Pavilion,  
I enter into the natural great samādhi;  
in an instant going from an inconceivable state  
to an inconceivable realm...

Meditating on the Breeze Pavilion,  
I enter into the natural great samādhi;  
with the mind's eye,  
in an instant going from the Pacific directly to the Indian Ocean,  
realizing  
it's you, the metaphysical traveler, who uses the power of wisdom, benevolence,  
and courage  
to bring happiness to the people of beautiful Bharata;  
it's you, the metaphysical traveler, who uses the mind of compassion  
to lead all the citizens of the blue planet towards friendliness and peace.

*July 15*

The unceasing voice of the tide and waves  
goes on day and night;  
on the pristine east coast  
the lovely hues transform with the season—spring, summer, fall, winter;  
on the blue planet nature's pace has never changed,  
spring departs, only to return next year — ☉ —

The fish swimming in the sea don't need to come to shore,  
the birds flying in the sky know nothing of fatigue;  
the talon's of the eagle tread on the milk-white cloud belt;  
the refreshing water of the sea brings abundant happiness to the people of the  
fishing village.

In the Land of Felicity the jasmine flowers emit their fragrance;  
The Beyond is permeated with freshly oxygenated negative ions.  
The motley old dwellings of the fishing families give off the smell of the sea.  
Tonight a mist rolls in,  
as moonlight seeps into the Milky Way and floats about.  
Is it a dream developing in the unconscious,

or is it the unconscious at work in a dream?  
See the newborn butterfly enamored with the pretty jasmine flower

—○—

Today Zhang, Xin, Lu, and Ding—all in their eighties—  
take the train back to the city, taking with them dumplings and Hualien yams.  
Today there arrived from frigid Ulan Bator  
a seventeen-year-old girl;  
in wonderment she exclaims,  
“I’ve never seen such an immeasurably deep body of water before!”  
Dusk under the mango tree beside the Baihua Stream, the little girl with big eyes  
picks up an empty bird’s nest and asks,  
“When was this nest blown down by the wind?  
Did the little bird fly away?”  
The little girl with big eyes ponders further,  
“The bird must have flown away;  
she really is a good weaver,  
nearly as good as grandma.”

The height of summer the little girl with big eyes picks up her first bird’s nest in  
the Land of Felicity.

*July 16*

Early morning I finally notice that several days ago  
the golden orb web spider already has a brood,  
the mother spider looking more robust;  
reminiscent of the eight trigrams, the sticky web, strong and stretchy,  
highlighted by the rays of the sun;  
the tiny spiders gambol about  
on their cleverly interpenetrating Silk Road, waiting to grow up...

Early morning two macaques dash onto the Breeze Pavilion,  
cavort on the railing, looking out at the sea,  
calling out zi-zi-zi,  
as if searching for some extraordinary thing;  
a group of small kingfishers flies down from a tree,  
breakfasting on the grains of corn fallen on the floor of the Breeze Pavilion.  
The Beyond a different sort of place between Heaven and Earth,  
where the early morning opens a curtain of happiness.

A sheet of water and the road—Yanliao.  
A sheet of water and the road—the Land of Felicity.  
A sheet of water and the road—Shuilian.  
A sheet of water and the road—Xinshe.  
A sheet of water and the road—Fengbin.  
A sheet of water and the road—the Changhong Bridge  
A sheet of water and the road, a sheet of water and the mountain range.  
The small fishing village below the mountain.  
The Baihua Stream below the mountain.  
The old wharf below the mountain.  
The dreamed of harbor below the mountain.  
Man triumphing over nature below the mountain.  
The pretty boat launch below the mountain.  
Mountain range mountain range mountain range;  
Shore beach shore visitors shore reef rock shore climbers;  
shore cliff  
shore eagles shore shore shore;  
the visitor's mind tends to meander on the periphery of a dream...

Afternoon a strong wind suddenly begins to blow;  
startling the golden orb web spider;  
but as soon as the wind subsides it recovers its poise.

To raise its offspring, the golden orb web spider  
has assiduously weaved its web.  
Spiders sometimes lose a leg when their web is thrashed by a powerful wind;  
this spider has only seven legs remaining,  
but it still makes a respectable performance of the seven-star dance;  
undamaged by the wind, the sturdy web  
keeps the little spiders safe ... ☺ ...

The weather this year has been extremely fine,  
allowing the insects to quickly multiply;  
revving up its green strength, the great Indian almond tree  
uses the fire of the sun to augment its energy,  
put forth shoot upon tender shoot,  
and grow leaf upon deep green leaf,  
providing food for the insects  
and maintaining the flourishing beauty of its green strength.  
Giving little regard to the holes eaten in its leaves by the insects, the great Indian  
almond says,  
“It’s so that they can become butterflies  
that my flowers bloom;  
when they pollinate the flowers  
the green energy gives forth lots of fruits and seeds.  
This is how spring eternally returns to the blue planet.”  
Early summer three in the afternoon;  
the temperature on the Breeze Pavilion reaches 31.3 degrees, with a relative  
humidity of 63.  
A few students bring a bowl of stewed bitter melon with ginger and goji berries;  
eating one mouthful, the heat of summer disappears.  
They also offer a peach just picked in the garden;  
I softly take a bite;  
soft and fine,

the taste fragrant and rich,  
the texture full of zest...  
A young brother and sister surnamed Lin have come from the city to the Land of  
Felicity for a long vacation;  
I lead them up to the Breeze Pavilion;  
they say that they want to try out the new type of touch-screen computer;  
they want to find out about the weather,  
especially today's ocean conditions  
and wave levels;  
they want to compare the highs and lows of temperature and humidity;  
they especially want to know how the weather is affected by such things as heat  
convection and atmospheric pressure...

I gift them an amethyst star necklace  
brought from Vienna by the seventeen-year-old girl from Ulan Bator;  
the girl happily says,  
"A starry sky, as beautiful as The Beyond."

*July 17*

The buzz of the cicadas collides with the sound of the tide;  
at 5:30 the first rays of the sun extend over the eastern sea.  
Dawn breaks early at the height of summer in the Land of Felicity..  
This morning a very thirsty-looking  
kingfisher  
came to the Baihua Stream for a drink;  
fortunately, the cat had gone elsewhere to play,  
leaving the kingfisher at liberty to enjoy itself.

What at first seems to be  
a blue flower petal and a white feather floating in the sky,

turns out to be a blue dragonfly and a white butterfly  
gracefully fluttering about on the side of the Baihua Stream...

The Breeze Pavilion is like a boat forever navigating the inconceivable blue sea;  
every morning I circle the deck 999 times;  
in the daytime, a distant view of the fishermen going out to sea,  
at night, innumerable stars weave a dream of the galaxy.

On the eastern side of the Breeze Pavilion  
my teacher and bosom friend the great Indian almond tree;  
on the southern side the esteemed native ballnut tree...  
In front of the Breeze Pavilion the Pacific Ocean,  
the eastern sea surging with spindrifts,  
the grains of golden sand which form the land;  
behind the Breeze Pavilion a mass of green stretches far into the distance.  
The green energy extends far,  
layer upon layer of slopes and ridges;  
stamen peaks happily ride the clouds  
fond of reclining on the bosom of the mountain.

To the north of the Breeze Pavilion three palms soar,  
like the tall masts of a sailboat;  
white clouds drift by like solar sails hoisted high.  
To the west of the Breeze Pavilion—this sacred observatory—,  
the vault of heaven extends as far as the eye can see,  
the favored element of beauty for novelists recounting the legends of Heaven and  
Earth.

A seventeen-year-old high school girl has come on holiday;  
experiencing the remoteness,  
she says that aspiring poets wander far and wide;  
a twenty-three-year-old, recently graduated from university in New York,  
offers to take her on a trip around the world.

A dreamy virtual love  
starts in The Beyond, at Bridge 12 Bed and Breakfast;  
the seventeen-year-old girl falls into a beautiful reverie,  
wishing the outcome to remain unknown.

The ocean a horizontal line off in the distance,  
today straight, deep, and far;  
in the clouds seven different colors fluctuate with reckless abandon.  
It's the seventeen-year-old girl's first taste of love;  
following a sort of incomparable happiness  
she falls into a lonely agitation and indecision,  
again saying that aspiring poets do their distant wandering solo;  
the young man come from New York suddenly gets it;  
the Bridge 12 Bed and Breakfast is not the place where the traveler comes  
ashore.....

A sheet of water fishermen Xinshe a fishing village.  
This is not a harbor of dreams;  
but rather a place of heroes.  
Human determination conquers even Heaven the spirit flourishes;  
a simple and honest life.  
See the Kamalan youth, accompanied by the tide day and night,  
never once having felt lonely;  
with heart-felt concern for the mood of the ocean,  
they sincerely follow its directions;  
from the morning and evening tide, from the crevices in the sandstone,  
they feel its intention,  
and follow its rhythm,  
forever happy and satisfied.

The Beyond the fishing village at Yanliao;

the Land of Felicity the Bridge 12 Bed and Breakfast;  
Niushan, Huting the Kamalan of Xinshe;  
Human determination conquers even Heaven the Changhong Bridge.  
111 times, waking and sleep overlap;  
entering, entering, entering into, dream and waking each unite a world.  
Butterfly and eagle;  
who can differentiate the heavy and the light?  
Cloud and water;  
who can differentiate between which is above, and which is below?  
All phenomena in the universe are inconceivable;  
who can delineate mind and matter?

The ocean says to the little girl,  
“I’ve been waiting for you for centuries.  
Many centuries ago,  
in the Land of Felicity you used to collect rocks on the beach every day..  
The great resting stalactite says to the youth come from New York,  
“I’ve been waiting for you for centuries.  
Many centuries ago,  
every day you used to play in the mysterious valley below that far away living  
mountain.  
Knowing that you would come here from New York on this day,  
decades ago I cut off my roots and pulled up my braces,  
came by sea from the mysterious valley below that living mountain,  
and have been waiting for you for three years here in the Land of Felicity.

The great Indian almond says,  
“The great resting stalactite is fond of weaving tales of Heaven and Earth.”  
The ballnut tree says,  
“Day and night without rest, the ocean tides set in motion tales of Heaven and  
Earth,

deducing the pulse of life in the universe.”

*July 18*

Clear sky a red sun shining brilliantly in the blue firmament.

Kalam awaits 2020 as the year to turn the wheel of happiness for the benefit of 1.1 billion people.

The Beyond really exists between kilometers 12 and 69 on the Pacific Coast Highway, from the fishing village of Yanliao to the Tropic of Cancer and the Changhong Bridge.

Today we enter the hottest ten days of the year, the third period following the summer solstice.

This year the fourth period begins on July 29, when the sun has the color of fire.

The next ten-day period begins on August 8, when the summer begins to wane.

Yet the heat of summer lingers on in what are known as the “twenty-four tigers of autumn.”

During these ten hottest days the yang energy is especially prominent, and it can have an irritating influence on irascible people...

It's said that another typhoon is forming in the southern Pacific; dubbed Chanthu,

it's expected path is north by northwest.

Formosa will be hit by heavy rains, greatly reducing the temperature.

At the height of summer the land is genial, the fertile soil exudes even more magnanimity, causing the plants and trees to flourish.

The young brother and sister from the city bring over a lawn chair and sit down together next to me,  
asking to hear some stories from The Hunter.....

Afternoon a tropical low pressure system is forming in the Pacific,  
resulting in rapid transformations in the appearance of sea and sky,  
a new scene every 15 minutes.

At exactly 33 seconds past 5:33 p.m., a lightning bolt flashes to the north,  
crashing crashing crashing;  
108 thunderclaps all in a row.

Recollecting, as if a replay of that daybreak on May 19,  
when a torrential thundershower fell in Chennai as an omen,  
a sort of supernatural occurrence.

Recollecting, as if a replay of that night in New Delhi on March 19, 2007,  
when thunderclaps rang 108 times in succession.

See the light and shadow, flickering across the Breeze Pavilion,  
as if time has become condensed;  
listen to the loud and clear call of the thunder.

On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 27.9 degrees and the relative humidity is  
100 percent.

*July 19*

Chapter III.

**Great Heat** *July 20 ~ 26, 2010*

On top of the gourd trellis  
a cat plays hide and seek with itself,  
while underneath two squirrels play blind man's bluff.  
The cat happily frolics on top,  
while the squirrels chase each other below.

At times, the cat goes down,  
or the squirrels scamper up;  
the cat's eyes suddenly flash,  
and the squirrels see the cat,  
whereupon the squirrels hide away—as does the cat...  
One of the squirrels quietly climbs down the trellis frame, down the trellis frame...  
and in an instant is seized by the cat;  
the other squirrel shrieks in alarm;  
distracting the cat long enough for the squirrel to break free;  
panic-stricken, the squirrel falls to the ground;  
the cat swiftly leaps down and again lays hold of the squirrel.

On the lawn chair below the trellis  
sits a little girl come from the city, wondering what to make of all this,  
gently observing the squirrel,  
softly concentrating on the cat.  
Seeing the girl,  
the cat wants to play;  
the girl lightly averts her gaze;  
still wanting to play,  
the cat again looks at the girl;

revealing a sad smile from the corner of her mouth,  
she gently closes her eyes two-thirds.  
Still wanting to play,  
the cat again looks at the girl;  
the girl's expression becomes motionless,  
and suddenly the cat opens its mouth;  
Heaven and Earth come to a standstill, and time is suspended for three seconds,  
as the cat releases the squirrel  
and makes haste for the girl's lap.  
Extending her arms and consoling the cat,  
the girl smiles,  
as do the cat,  
the squirrel,  
and the other squirrel,  
as the gourd trellis lets out a sigh of relief ..... ☺ .....

A strong wind breaks through the oppressive heat,  
bringing down a rain of red flowers throughout the gardens.  
Heat so strong that it passes through the window glass,  
quickly sending up the temperature inside.  
The sound of the eagle calling out from the mysterious summit,  
repeatedly permeates the Hall of Fragrant Recitation.  
In *The Beyond* there occurs a secret discussion between the fragrant south wind  
and the sound of the sea,  
about how to compose together on a hot summer night a symphony both beautiful  
and magical.  
Far out at sea, Typhoon Chanthu is on the move,  
resulting in unsteady air currents today.  
As the clouds flow through the sky following the heat convection,  
a thundershower suddenly howls down—and passes.  
Wa, the cry of a newborn baby comes forth from a mud-brick house in the fishing  
village,

as the heroes of Kamalan haul their boats onto shore,  
three steps forwards, two steps back,  
shouting at the sky,  
“I am a father” .....  
Today the visitor from the countryside visits the fishing village.  
Saying that he is nobody important  
and that he has made a special trip here to smell the ocean,  
the traveler sits in the old wicker chair against the wall and gazes out at the ocean.  
The traveler knows that the ocean is a mysterious and holy book in which all things  
are found,  
and which has been read by all those who make their living at sea.  
That’s what the traveler has come to learn.  
Wa, cries the newborn baby in the fishing village.

Late at night the traveler asks to sleep outside on the grass  
to listen to the sound of the ocean, and accompany the stars.  
The traveler hopes that the 3,000-year-old conch shell can tell him some fantastic  
stories of the ocean,  
and that the stars will enter his dreams and guide him across the Milky Way.  
Late at night the inconceivable sound of the sea  
continually wafting upwards,  
“Oh Traveler, Thus have I heard” .....  
The stars in the sky, one by one,  
in order, enter into the traveler’s field of perception;  
As if awake, as if asleep as if asleep, as if awake.  
Like a flower, like a mist like a mist, like a flower.  
The traveler passes the night unable to distinguish between dreaming and waking,  
or waking and dreaming.  
Wa, the newborn baby in the fishing village again cries out.

Daybreak the first rays of the sun spatter pink on the clouds.

Having spent the night fishing, the braves of Kamalan  
again haul their boats onto shore,  
three steps forward, two steps back,  
calling out towards the door,  
“Daddy’s back from fishing!”...  
Striding through the door, he unloads his catch,  
while picking up another special gift from the sea—a hand bell,  
which he happily rings while singing and playing with his baby...

The traveler wakes up, in between dreaming and waking,  
as if he has received some sort of revelation,  
as though last night the sea has shared some of its fantastic stories,  
as though last night the stars guided him through the Milky Way.  
He seems to have some sort of awakening, only that what he’s awakened to is  
leaving the fishing village.  
Wa, cries and laughs the baby in the fishing village, father playing with his child.  
*July 20*

Morning and evening tides,  
turning over day after day, page by page;  
night after night, leaf by leaf.  
The wind quiets down, and the cicadas begin to buzz;  
after the rain, frogs in all directions become aroused.

The great resting stalactite asks the ocean,  
“For a trillion years now, has the taste of the ocean been the same?”  
The spindrift answers,  
“The page of the past has already been turned,  
the new page of the future has yet to be turned;  
what you see now is the most recent page,

ever new, day after day, without any deliberation;  
ceaselessly renewed, a moment is eternity,  
and all along, this body of water has just one taste .....

In the sky the eagle rides the wind;  
on the sheet of water the seafarer braves the waves;  
his wife keeps the door half open, half shut,  
as the sound of the tide accompanies the reverberating crying-laughter of the baby.  
Clouds silently appear over the sea,  
slowly drift over, and meander above the mountain.  
See the old tree, fond of capturing the energy of the sun,  
which brings its dark green leaves to maturity;  
a bird perches on the tree, waiting for its fruit to mature;  
a flower blooms on the tree, attracting cicadas and butterflies.  
Flower, bee, and butterfly in a mutual exchange;  
bird, fruit, and seed responding to one another.

In The Beyond,  
in addition to the light, wind, and amazingly fertile soil,  
there are three inconceivable forces:  
the miraculous blue ocean;  
the powerful green mountain;  
and the bright and effulgent cyan sky.  
Fish belong to the ocean clouds to the sky trees to the mountain.  
The genetic substance of the tree's secretions is the same as our own;  
the tree's cells speak the same language we do.  
This is the tree of life,  
which grants us all we need to survive,  
all that is essential for life.  
Trees deities who maintains the blue planet;  
Tree that most inconceivable miracle of the universe.

*July 21*

The Beyond is located in a remote corner of the island of Formosa,  
amidst a fishing village, at the 12-kilometer marker of Highway 11.  
At the 69-kilometer marker is the Changhong Bridge,  
said to be the most beautiful coastline Formosa has to offer;  
it's also one of the most amazing landscapes to be found on the blue planet.  
At the 46-kilometer marker  
the Kamalan have erected a stele inscribed with the motto: "Human determination  
conquers even Heaven,"  
as a testament to the faith and tenacity of their forebears,  
and an inspiration for the seafarers to persevere and overcome adversity.  
The ocean is what the seafarers respect the most...

The Land of Felicity 80 school children have come from the city  
for a three-day summer camp,  
and meet the blue waters,  
meet this basket of green,  
to listen to the stories of the seafarers.  
See the inexhaustible power of the green energy;  
see the secret of the blue ocean, concealing such an inexhaustible, immeasurable  
energy.  
As the brother and sister surnamed Lin silently observe,  
the brother says to his older sister,  
"We arrived a week before they did;  
so we should be their guides."  
His sister responds,  
"On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 29.9 degrees and the relative humidity  
is 71.  
In the Land of Felicity, the night sky is filled with stars;  
in The Beyond, the infinite blue ocean extends as far as the eye can see.  
The ambience, the sky, the ocean—these are why we've come here from the city"...

The brother and sister proceed along the stone path and the stone steps,  
up the east-facing hill which is closest to the sunrise,  
to see the majestic and awe-inspiring bronze ding on Felicity Terrace;  
they lead the 80 students up to the marvelous viewpoint to observe the ocean;  
Dusk the brother and sister promptly depart from the Land of Felicity,  
leaving The Beyond, returning to the city;  
they ask to take a photo with me;  
I pull out my camera and take a timeless photo for them,  
capturing their future appearance.....

Sunset; walking alone on the stone pathway in the Land of Felicity;  
one of the boys at the summer camp admires my walking stick made of Buddha's  
belly bamboo;  
he says, "Can I have it?"  
I say, "Okay!"  
and hand it over to him;  
he excitedly reports to his teacher,  
"He really gave it to me;  
as soon as I asked for it,  
I got a walking stick made of Buddha's belly bamboo!"

In The Beyond adults and children regularly visit;  
travelers and tourists all stop in.  
Early evening, 7:00; on their way back to the city, the brother and sister get on the  
last bus;  
treading on the colored ribbons of moonlight, the bus flies along Highway 11...  
The boy asks his sister,  
"How does one turn an instant into eternity?"  
The girl replies,  
"You catch the moment,  
and then you store it up in the present;

then the present instant becomes transformed into eternity”...

The boy gazes through the window at a leaf floating on the wind,  
as his sister observes a green bird,  
quietly using her concentrated gaze  
to store up all this, for eternity.

*July 22*

Today we enter the Great Heat the Lanhai sails across the Pacific Ocean to the east.

In The Beyond, in the sea beyond the sea,  
a school of killer whales was spotted sporting on the waves;  
on the deck of the Lanhai the crew shouts with joy,  
“The Lanhai is frolicking with killer whales!”.....

Today we enter the Great Heat the traveler comes to stay at the Ocean House;  
entering the slightly dilapidated building, it’s as if he has gone aboard a houseboat  
with three levels and three sails.

The traveler stays in the first room on the second floor;  
drawing the curtain, instantly it feels as if the water is right below;  
the continuous crashing of the waves,  
as though one were living in the tall bamboo house on the bamboo stilt bridge on  
the Waisanding Islet.

The Ocean House seems to be at the center of the sea,  
ready to float away at any time.

Staying at the Ocean House is like roaming about on the vast ocean,  
drifting with the waves...

The Ocean House directly in front of the Land of Felicity, right next to the sea,  
and more often than not shrouded by ocean vapors;  
its 19 rooms seem to draw in the mist,

imbued with oxygenated negative ions, full of vitality;  
staying there  
is a magical kind of experience.....

Today is the Great Heat;  
I've been coming to the Land of Felicity for 37 years now;  
this is where life is real;  
by day the sound of the wind surging through the deep green forest,  
year round the tide performs the song of the sea.  
See the clouds meandering in the pellucid flowing water;  
see the rosy clouds of dawn, daily weaving a new set of garments for this body of  
water, applying a new color scheme.  
At night, clouds silently come and make off with several of the oil lamps in the  
Milky Way.  
Suddenly, the south wind comes and steals away with the scent of the jasmine  
petals;  
suddenly, the bright moon breaks free from the grip of the clouds;  
suddenly, a cloud-plume unwittingly drops into the Baihua Stream;  
suddenly, amidst the trees, a withered glossy leaf falls, carrying with it a caterpillar;  
as it slowly floats down the Baihua Stream  
the caterpillar says, "I'm hitching a ride, come to see a cloud."  
The cloud-plume has already drifted past the Baihua Stream,  
coming to rest at the wharf of the great resting stalactite...  
the caterpillar hopes the leaf will drop it at the wharf,  
the great resting stalactite's ancient dock.

The caterpillar's wish  
is to remain with the great resting stalactite under the protection of the ancient  
spirit of the rock,  
until it makes a cocoon and becomes a butterfly;  
waiting making a cocoon becoming a butterfly;

the great resting stalactite tells the caterpillar a story;  
“For ages I have been living in a secret place,  
a cave, damp, dark, and cool year round,  
so that I was continually coated in moisture;  
the unique thing about it  
was that for me, a hundred years was just a moment;  
one time, my mind drifted out, following a dream;  
I had a peculiar wish:  
I wanted to see not only the blackness of my cave,  
but also the purple I regularly saw in my dreams;  
it’s now ages afterwards, and my wish has come true;  
in 2009 I chose to come to The Beyond,  
to the Land of Felicity.....

Day after day I see a clear blue sky so bright,  
a blue ocean so serene;  
night after night I dream of a purple sheet of water glimmering below the  
moonlight;  
making a wish getting a wish.  
Now I’ve come to this placid retreat,  
standing in a gully, year round dripping with ocean mist,  
moistened like a stalactite in a cave;  
behind me is the mountain,  
in front the mysteriously beautiful sea;  
day and night I contemplate this body of water;  
when the water is calm,  
I can see the whales passing in the distance”...  
The great resting stalactite has finished telling its story to the caterpillar.

A sweeping mountain range;  
the eagle eagerly seizing onto a white cloud;

a beautiful butterfly parades through living space...  
Trees tender shoots lengthened by the summer sun.  
Grass following the green energy, noisily competing to surge forth from the ground...

Lunch on the Breeze Pavilion  
with its unhewn table and unhewn bench;  
home-grown boiled green vegetables,  
and pineapple fresh from the field,  
flavored with the fragrance of jasmine blown in by the south wind,  
with the mountain, sea, and clouds for company ...☺...

*July 23*

Blazing heat hot, hot, hot; in the dog days of summer  
the tree of life increases the frequency of its rhythms.  
Water water water this great body of water,  
the primordial womb of life;  
the rosy midsummer clouds writing exquisite calligraphy in the sky.  
On the beach in front of the Ocean House  
a pretty young woman from the city wearing a blue tank-top  
and white shorts enjoys the surf.  
In the fishing village the doors and windows are never locked;  
the wind howls,  
the baby cries,  
startling the recently arrived traveler;  
the young mother comes out of the kitchen,  
picks up the baby, and gives it her breast;  
the baby stops crying.....

Water water water;  
The Indus River the Ganges the Mekong, the Yangzi,

the lifeblood of some two billion people;  
the Pacific Ocean the Indian Ocean the Atlantic Ocean a miraculous universe of  
water,  
upholding the blue planet's inexorable law of arising, abiding, decay, and  
disappearance,  
bringing balance to the rhythm of the four seasons, spring, summer, fall, and winter.  
Water water water; the afternoon sound of the sea,  
an ear-piercing thunder reverberating beside the ear.  
When my eyelids slowly relax and I enter into deep contemplation,  
contemplation becomes thought, thought tends to a memory  
formed some 37 years in the past...  
For it was on July 24, 1974 that a sort of marvelous affinity was set in motion;  
an indescribable sort of feeling rhythmically surfaces,  
as if I'm again a youth tending buffalo and the cotton fields.  
Suddenly, in the Indian almond tree the Muller's barbet taps out the sound of a  
wooden fish;  
the sound fills the Breeze Pavilion, then pervades the entire universe,  
its echo coiling through eternal time and space;  
kou kou kou like thunder penetrating the ear.  
Memory I'm woken with a start;  
memory tends to thoughts thoughts become contemplation contemplation  
returns to concentration...  
concentration enters into the sound of the sea...  
Water water water the water of concentration follows the waves;  
Waves waves waves settling.....

Heat heat heat the hottest of the dog days;  
Water water water it's now the height of summer,  
when seasonal rains come and go.  
At 3:15 in the afternoon a thundershower chases the pretty young woman from the  
city;

with the sound cover provided by the rain, a hermit crab searches for a new shell.  
The pretty young woman from the city runs back to the Ocean House,  
light blouse and purple pants already soaked.  
An ocean so powerful it could change the color of the wind and clouds.  
An old radio turns on by itself,  
announcing that this afternoon there will be force-7 winds, force-7 waves, and  
sudden showers.

The pretty young woman from the city returns to her room, changes her clothes  
—white short-sleeved blouse with a floral border and long pants with lace trim—  
and comes out of the Ocean House with an open umbrella,  
the half-open doors and windows of the fishing village  
squawking in the wind,  
mixing with the sound of the baby's laughter...  
She opens the umbrella and walks across the road to the Land of Felicity;  
finding each of the summer camp assistants  
she reminds them to take care of the kids,  
so that they don't get drenched and catch a cold.....

The blue ocean has lost the gleaming reflection of the rippling waves;  
not knowing when the innumerable lotus flowers sprang up,  
or when the cyan sky was splashed with black ink.  
Cloud upon dark cloud chased away by a powerful wind,  
recurring thunderclaps loud and clear,  
lightning bolts dancing wildly in the black sky,  
as the waves invite the God of Thunder to join in antiphonal song.  
On the Breeze Pavilion the air cools;  
the temperature is 25.9 degrees and the relative humidity is 87.  
In The Beyond, the ocean mist flies up into the sky;  
a drizzly rain-fog on the East Coast Mountain Range.  
The fishing boats from the coastal villages have all returned to shore,

now tied up at their tiny launches in front of the houses.  
Back home, the braves fondle their babies into a smile,  
as mothers use the remaining daylight  
to prepare a delicious supper.

On the Breeze Pavilion, the long wooden bench  
and wooden table soaked by the rain;  
In the Land of Felicity the trees of life;  
a network of rootstalk tightly intertwined,  
drenched into action by the thundershower.  
This is the tree of life's exquisite secret base, where the seven treasures lie  
underground,  
where all the roots and stems  
support and moisten one another.

Dinner on the Breeze Pavilion surrounded by the wind and rain;  
for dinner I have plain noodles and bean curd with toon shoots.  
The rain halts the sky gradually clears;  
the great shower  
brings a sudden reprieve  
from the dog days of summer in The Beyond ... ☺ ...

*July 24*

Night another rainfall;  
morning the sky clears.  
On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 26.1 degrees and the relative humidity is  
100 percent.  
The mountain ridges and peaks imbued with vitality,  
the tender leaves infused with a deep green energy and coated with glistening drops  
of water;

the sound of dewdrops here and there around the Baihua Stream;  
the great resting stalactite feeling incomparably relaxed from head to toe;  
perched on top of the great Indian almond tree, three black bulbuls have a chat;  
a few sun showers remain,  
as the wind calms and the waves become quiet;  
yet the surface of the water becomes turbid.

Three black bulbuls recount the past;  
an ageless memory of the period between the Small Heat and the Great Heat in  
the year 2000, saying,  
“The teacher brought the students up to the Breeze Pavilion to see how the great  
Indian almond tree  
took care of our family  
all summer long—  
from the time of building the nest to the time we were finally able to fly on our  
own,  
including a typhoon.  
Rapt in attention, the students learned how the great Indian almond tree took care  
of us and our family;  
deeply moved, they seemed to have had a kind of awakening;  
I wonder what sort of lasting influence the experience has had on them”.....

On the Breeze Pavilion, sea fog accompanies the humidity,  
a mist both damp and sticky.  
The little girl with big eyes wants me to wear shoes instead of going barefoot,  
lest the moisture work its way into the pores in the soles of my feet...  
Bountiful sun showers  
quietly drape the great Indian almond tree in a lithe and attractive suit of water,  
its tender leaves imbued with a deep green energy.  
A caterpillar hiding on the underside of the leaf feeds on its sap and flesh;  
but the cicada on the branch sees clearly,

silently, silently, silently the cicada watches, taken aback;  
with the dew as his brew he goes on a binge;  
drunk, he sings out an extemporaneous Chan song;  
hearing which, the butterfly goes into an elegant dance.....

The road Highway 11, between Yanliao and the Changhong Bridge at the 69 kilometer marker.

In *The Beyond* there is more beauty than can be taken in.  
Here are the favorite harbors of people learning the arts of the mariner.  
Lone cyclists following the Coast Highway north through *The Beyond*,  
along the way catching a glimpse of a myriad of local color framed by the mountains and the sea;  
guided by the buzzing cicadas and dancing butterflies,  
approaching a beautiful new world of clear skies, a placid sheet of water, and vibrant green energy.....

Noontime the stone steps half dry, half wet;  
on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 27.3 degrees and the relative humidity is 81.

As I stretch out my arm to touch the nearest glossy leaf,  
I'm touched by a strange and wonderful feeling;  
stretching out to accept the dew offered by the leaf,  
each drop full of life;  
I readily drink it, its pure, sweet flavor surpassing that of soma;  
attentively looking up,  
searching everywhere, I fail to find the glossy leaf which greeted me yesterday;  
looking more closely, I suddenly discover that it has fallen  
into the Baihua Stream and become a skiff.

The pretty young woman from the city leads the kids in the summer camp,  
and uses her exceedingly objective vision to photograph all the goings on of the Baihua Stream.

As it turns out, there happens to be some type of kingfisher observing,  
also using its exceedingly objective vision to photograph all the goings on of the  
Baihua Stream.

Dusk at 5:30 the 80 kids here for the summer camp  
reluctantly wave goodbye to the Land of Felicity,  
and accompany the pretty young woman on the train back to the city;  
for a moment a beautiful rainbow appears over the Pacific,  
as the white clouds in between the peaks let out a half smile.

In The Beyond, after the rain  
the gray and sturdy trunks again draw in and pump the fresh verdant energy;  
the sun-plumes of the summer sun and the light wind urge on green things fresh  
and tender  
to swiftly mature into tough and tenacious energy channels,  
each sheet giving off freshly oxygenated kalā...  
Early evening flora throughout the garden rejoice;  
cicada contends with frog,  
as a leaf floats through space, seeking a good spot to land;  
the natural beauty enhancing the subtle aesthetics of the installation art.

*July 25*

Summer the sun-plume penetrates the early morning and absorbs the mist  
adhering to the ground;  
as they reach the horizon,  
they store up the energy of the southern air current  
and become resplendent rosy clouds.

In The Beyond, close to the Changhong Bridge, can be seen the Gargling Jade of  
Xiugu;  
here all the seafarers name their boats and rafts Xingyun,  
seeing this body of water as the Milky Way of the horizon.

The seafarers live in a beautiful dream, miraculous yet real;  
every morning they follow the first light of the dawn,  
riding the wind, putting out to sea in their Xingyuns;  
the seafarers know what it really means to live  
a really meaningful life;  
the seafarers have a passion for living that brings them in touch with the real;  
they have the wisdom of a meaningful life.

Though short on formal education,  
the seafarers hold fast to their belief that human determination conquers even  
Heaven.

When humans prevail, so does Heaven when humans help, so does Heaven;  
these legends have been handed down for a long, long time.....  
Listen closely; every bridge on the Coast Highway between kilometer 11 and  
kilometer 69  
has its miraculous story to tell, similar yet different;  
from the fishing village of Yanliao all the way to the Changhong Bridge and the  
Gargling Jade of Xiugu,  
every reef rock can draw a bow,  
every grain of sand can sing,  
every fishing wharf is graced by the symphony of the sea.

The students telephone to tell me  
that an evening glow has appeared behind the mountain;  
Just now I'm on the Breeze Pavilion sitting in meditation;  
suddenly entering into the trance known as the  
“sūraṅgama king,”  
I encounter an inconceivable idea;  
with my sixth sense,  
I know what the metaphysical traveler is thinking at this very moment:  
how to bring to realization in 2020 the happiness of 1.1 billion people.

Kalam Kalam compassionate and benevolent;  
praying to the blue sky of this ancient nation of 5,000 years;  
sky sky sky azure blue like the spring sky.  
Kalam Kalam the wise metaphysical traveler,  
knowing that the realization of the future happiness of 2020 is by no means  
fortuitous;  
innate and untiring as spring;  
well minded, well exhorted;  
one step, one footprint,  
exhorting the people of India to courageously approach 2020, the year of  
happiness.....

All of the bridges along the east coast have a boat launch nearby;  
The Gargling Jade of Xiugu where the students from the city come for rafting.  
The eternal rhythm of the tide controlled by the waxing and waning of the moon;  
day and night, the tide  
keeps the life of the universe in perpetual circulation;  
likewise, by mixing the colors of the four seasons, the mountain forests move our  
sense experience.  
Today the southern cloud system moves north,  
the low-pressure heat convection builds up;  
Afternoon thunder and lightning, loud and clear;  
a downpour smuggled in by strong gusts of wind.  
Heaven and Earth assemble the primordial energy of life;  
the water overflowing in the Baihua Stream asserts,  
“If it’s flowing, it’s the guest;  
only if it has come to rest can it be the host.”

A fallen leaf, blown up by the wind, brought down by the rain;  
blown upwards, it doesn’t forget itself;  
dropping to the ground, it doesn’t forget itself;

rolling into the Baihua Stream it doesn't forget itself;  
becoming a leaf-skiff,  
it attentively listens to the song of the flowing water,  
and happily listens to the ocean winds composing a new song.....

The overflowing waters of the Baihua Stream

vie to say,

“That which flows is always the visitor;  
only that which has stopped is the host.”

*July 26*

Chapter IV.

**Great Heat** *July 27 ~ August 4, 2010*

The astonishing force of the southwest air current;  
a lull in the rain, then wave after wave;  
black clouds like some conquering warrior king swallow up the white clouds.  
Torrential rains are forecast for the high elevations in the north;  
in my hometown of Zifangyuan 136 millimeters of rain has already fallen.  
Arrived yesterday evening from a remote part of the north, Yan, Tang, Li, and Yu  
say  
they would like me take them back to those forsaken hometowns.  
Leaving The Beyond, going towards the countryside;  
the road hazy with rain and fog;  
thin clouds see their chance; becoming dragons, they scramble down to the foot of  
the mountain.

The road passes through the countryside and the outskirts, arriving at the forsaken  
hometown of Yuelu,  
a good place graced by the mournful moon,  
so many years spent lying in the arms of the Central Mountain Range.  
Today the world of the ancient moon encircled by mist;  
beautiful fields and forests adorned with vapors flying up into the sky;  
glossy leaves happily supporting  
chains of dew..  
I invite Yan, Tang, Li, and Yu to slow down and take a rest,  
take an enlightened look at the world of the ancient moon,  
and attentively touch the hometown sentiment of youth.

Tang: "Say, just how much love can a lover's heart bear?"

Me: "The traveler is always a solitary visitor."

Yu: “Why is this forsaken hometown called ‘Yuelu?’”

Me: “It’s named after a vagabond prince  
who one day returned and was made master of the house.”

Tang: “Inasmuch as he was originally a visitor,  
though endlessly sought for amidst the crowds  
and suddenly recollecting, in the end he is forever the solitary traveler.”

Yu: “Yuelu Yuelu,  
the place where my mind comes to rest,  
a safe harbor where my heart can drop anchor;  
I’m like the bright moon;  
tired out from play, I return to my forsaken hometown.”

Li: “I left as a youth,  
and this is the first time I’ve returned to my forsaken hometown;  
we have to try to unravel this ancient riddle of life,  
for only by doing so can we make out the really existing road road road”...

Yan: “Every day the moon fortuitously slows down  
and comes to Yuelu for a rest”.....

At dusk the mobile sculpted citadel turns into a dragon coursing through the rain,  
riding clouds, harnessing the mist, soaring on the rosy belt of the Central Mountain  
Range.

The road proceeds from the outskirts to the countryside, bidding farewell to the  
world of the ancient moon.

The road passing through outskirts and countryside, returning to The Beyond.

Long ago, The Beyond became a mysterious rain forest...

Early evening brings rain and wind to the Land of Felicity;  
one by one the seafarers of the fishing village haul their boats ashore,  
and tie them down outside their doors, thinking,  
“This evening there are neither stars nor moon,  
yet it’s good to know that this deep-green forest has drunk its fill of rain.”

In the middle watch of the night the wind takes in its wings,  
the rain rides the clouds back to the horizon;  
a few spots of starlight faintly winding above the ocean to the southwest;  
hundreds of frogs singing in the Baihua Stream,  
knowing that tomorrow the weather will clear ... ☺ ...

*July 27*

The road Yan, Tang, Li, Yu and myself in front, sallying forth in a light cavalry  
charge,  
a regular maneuver.  
The road a shifting track  
in comparison to how easy it will be further on.  
The road passing by the Bridge 12 Bed and Breakfast and the three sections of the  
Tiaolang Tunnel,  
we arrive at the edge of the world.

Niushan the erstwhile pastureland of the Amis tribe.  
Huting see the lookout tower, some 30 meters high,  
with ten pillars of driftwood;  
Aniu says, “Recently the mood of the ocean has been unsteady,  
its undulations becoming bigger and bigger;  
especially capricious in the summer,  
at times the waves come right up to the doorstep.

Aniu says, “On May 19 this year there was a wedding here, and on that night a  
ritual  
in which we all went down into the ocean;  
this is the culmination of an Amis wedding ceremony.  
Fortunately, that night the ocean was placid and didn’t turn angry.”  
Way boat paddle like a single-hulled skiff;

simple and agile, it easily puts out to sea.  
Paddle boat way Huting; Niushan.  
Every day struggling to put down the story of Aniu and the driftwood.  
The road passing by the three sections of the Tiaolang Tunnel and the Bridge 12  
Bed and Breakfast,  
returning to the Land of Felicity.....

The towering ancient fir off to the side the golden orb web spider has vanished,  
as has its web,  
probably because it has already raised its brood,  
following which it packs up its web, and disappears.  
It's 8:30 in the evening in The Beyond and the sky has cleared;  
the moon bores in and out of the sea of clouds;  
paving a silvery-white path on the surface of the ocean,  
as the Milky Way slowly floats up on the horizon,  
and an array of stars hurriedly strokes the awn of light.  
On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 26.9 degrees and the relative humidity is  
77.

Tonight the scenery in the Land of Felicity is exquisite;  
the grounds having been soaked by the day's rain,  
when night falls the air becomes cool and fresh.  
I see the seafarers in the village once again putting out to sea, riding the moonlight,  
as if again hearing the door boards of that old wall,  
opening and closing with a screech... road raft paddle.....

*July 28*

Today begins the exceedingly hot middle phase of the dog days of summer;  
On the Breeze Pavilion at 9:17 in the morning the temperature is 30.4 degrees and  
the relative humidity is 57.  
The eagle of the mountain flies very low, happily calling out,

at times against the wind, at times with the wind,  
circumambulating the Land of Felicity.

I take Tang, Li, and Yu  
to the Baqi Pavilion; the home of the flying fish—the Kamalan Village of Xinshe;  
the Joki Art Gallery, where Agan creates sculptures out of copper, wood, and stone;  
the amazing half-dome at Shitiping.

Arriving at the Xiuguluan River, a place of a thousand faces,  
then the Changhong Bridge and the mouth of the river.....

It's 1:30 in the afternoon, and the young sailors are having their summer boat races,  
rushing for the mouth of the river with warrior-like vigor;  
since 7:30 this morning a hundred boats propelled by a thousand hands on a  
thousand paddles,

dashing past the ever-changing Xiugu Washed Jade, and under the Changhong  
Bridge towards the mouth of the river.

Tang, Li, and Yu stand on the bridge and wave with joy,  
as the young sailors excitedly shout out towards us,  
qiao-qiao-qiao miao-miao-miao.

Standing on the bridge, we greet them all, from the first boat to the last.

Such a mysterious and inconceivable occurrence;  
from the expression in innumerable pairs of eyes,  
it's as though seeing a profound secret embodied in Heaven, Earth, and humanity;  
the focus and sincerity in the expression of innumerable pairs of eyes,  
so affectionate and kind;

Tang, Li, and Yu are also unwittingly moved.

Human determination conquers even Heaven Jiqi the Shitiping half-dome.

For 37 years now, continuing to hold fast to that sort of pure beauty,  
that simple sense of beauty.

Remembering 37 years ago being inside a coral reef grotto  
and finding a conch, a jasper similar to blue jade.

In the legends of the seafarers, the wind-settling-pearl  
will miraculously reappear in the same place, at the same time, 37 years later.  
As it happens, that emerald green, jasper-like wind-settling-pearl,  
a living conch,  
is the maker of the sea;  
for 3,000 years it has been making it known  
that it is the wind-settling-pearl of this body of water;  
that from ancient times it has been controlling the tides.  
Whenever the mood of the ocean is unsteady,  
whenever the intentions of the reef rocks are unclear,  
this supernatural and beautiful conch—the wind-settling-pearl—  
always compassionately protects the seafarers of this place...

As the mobile sculpted citadel moves about in *The Beyond*,  
Tang, Li, and Yu are suddenly overcome with trepidation;  
on the road, a sound repeatedly rises up from all directions,  
the continuous and close reverberations of the sound-wave gong,  
as if a single chime stone were fixed in a moving cloud,  
calling the travelers to take a rest.  
Imperceptibly, the mobile sculpted citadel comes to rest at Agan's Joki Art Gallery,  
right in front of the hanging sound-wave gong whose voice pierces the sky  
—the transcending samādhi gong;  
Agan explains,  
“This gong invites visitors to undertake a profound spiritual exploration;  
all you do is sit in front of the gong and practice any sort of meditation you like...  
The uniquely designed chairs and tables you see here in this complex of pavilions,  
terraces, and open halls,  
as well as the great variety of sculptures, are all made out of three materials: copper,  
wood, and stone,  
to represent the eternal interchange between the past, present, and future.”  
Suddenly, another sounding of the transcending samādhi gong;

I turn to see that Tang, Li, and Yu are all sitting in meditation in front of the gong.

Dusk the mobile sculpted citadel enters the homeland of the flying fish—  
the Kamalan village of Xinshe.

Above the mountain the evening clouds smudged with red;  
the blue of the sea deepens,  
as the colored ribbons of clouds become a hazy evening curtain for Heaven and  
Earth.

There are lovely fairy tales here,  
as well as real-life stories of fishermen.

When the waves are high the seafarers go out to catch flying fish,  
boats bouncing over the big waves  
like a mischievous child skipping stones;  
boat follows wave wave guides boat;  
but when it gets choppy;  
boat follows wave wave jostles boat.  
Wave guides boat guides boat to catch flying fish;  
flying fish bouncing on the surface of the water,  
boats bouncing on the big waves,  
just like a playful child skipping stones...

Passing the Baqi Pavilion,  
we return to the Land of Felicity at the small fishing village of Yanliao.  
The awe-inspiring, Heaven-receiving ding on Felicity Terrace  
exquisitely crafted in 1982,  
seems to announce to the god amongst gods that 30 years have passed.  
Early evening, 8:08; on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 28.8 and the relative  
humidity is 68.  
Out in the distance, ocean meets sky, and sky meets ocean;  
both having the same color, they can't be differentiated;  
suddenly, a flash of lightning comes forth to make the demarcation,

at the same time illuminating the spindrift,  
and displaying the extremely soft outer limit,  
as if taking in and rolling up the reverberating sound of the transcending samādhi  
gong;  
dreaming of the ocean, taking in the waves ...☉...

*July 29*

I've been coming to the Land of Felicity for 37 years;  
next year the tripod ding will have been illuminating the Felicity Terrace for 30  
springs and falls.  
Looking back 37 years;  
to The Beyond, to this vast deep-blue sheet of water,  
sandstorms surging on the Coast Highway,  
there came to the 11 kilometer marker several great caravan leaders of supreme  
knowledge, along with a vision.  
Here they made a plan to establish on this auspicious site adorned with the 13  
precious treasures  
a beautiful pleasure park—the Land of Felicity,  
a place for those with a karmic affinity to seek the highest wisdom of life,  
gain extraordinary insight into body, mind, and spirit,  
open the excellent Dharma-gate of inspiration and awakening,  
all as a way of ushering in a new order for the 21st century.

The blue planet in transformation, subtly moving,  
like sand through the neck of an hourglass;  
seekers of the way, forgers of time, awake throughout the year;  
for 37 years, receiving the power of heaven, future course seen.  
Deep impressions of the Cushu Hall and the Hejing Pavilion;  
that year the crane's plumage was white, whiter than Chinese silvergrass;  
that year the maple's leaves were red, redder than the setting sun;

this is the deep mind receiving the power of Heaven, future course seen.  
Then there was the relaxed elder with the same idea, one who was willing to  
cultivate these lovely gardens;  
later came the humorous sage of Zifangyuan who came here to prepare tea and  
offer it to guests,  
planting vegetables and picking groundnuts with the virtuous mothers of the 13  
homes in Erlin;  
afterwards, Heaven gifted a bright moon to illuminate the clear sky,  
quiet quiet quiet silent silent silent.  
In the 12 years between 1995 and 2007  
one by one lost to space and time;  
imitating the Chinese wisteria on the trellis, blooming and withering, withering  
and blooming..  
The story of the Cushu Hall and the Hejing Pavilion are bound to be handed down  
for eternity;  
the details of this excellent plan were made into a book  
for those with a karmic affinity,  
in the hope that it will be read by young people who will one day also become great  
caravan leaders of supreme knowledge.....

A group of seekers has come from the city to attend a spiritual growth class;  
strolling along the Baihua Stream they happen to meet Tang, Li, and Yu;  
a young woman pointing out a maple tree along the path says,  
“Look at how bright red the tender new shoots are.”  
A youth points towards the main gate and says,  
“Two cranes chasing the twilight have flown into the Land of Felicity.”  
Yu: “I see that the Chinese wisterias are blooming bright and brilliant.”  
Two lovely butterflies enjoying themselves on the wisteria lattice  
share their happiness ... ☺ ...

*July 30*

The middle phase of the Great Heat;  
the blazing plume of the sun absorbs the earth's moisture;  
transformed into clouds, it then falls back to the ground  
in the form of the timely rain which sustains all life.

Today I take Tang, Li, and Yu to saunter about below the Central Mountain Range,  
at the Mataian Wetlands, draped in the clothes of the East Coast Mountain Range;  
the walkway on top of the water vegetation,  
like walking on cloud-like ocean waves.

Walking in the afternoon, the temperature reaches 34.7 degrees;  
coming to a breezy pavilion,  
we see an Amis fish house:  
sections of monkey slip tree piled up and held together with bamboo, and a roof  
made of palm leaves.

There are three levels for different species of fish;  
those with scales and those without scales, big fish and small fish,  
they all have a cozy space to live.....

We come to Lalan's home to see his murals and color models;  
having plowed and harrowed the land, the farmers harvest their fine rice,  
a woman threshes the tassels on the spot,  
beating out gusts of wind;  
a bamboo mill is used to hull the rice;  
wind blowing through the bamboo, bringing the sound of autumn;  
an ox-driven plow turns up the soil, layer after layer.

The drenched wetlands say,  
"This place was once used for planting rice; today they raise fish."  
See how the branches of the monkey slip tree turn into algae;  
the fruit leaves its mother.  
The Amis of Mataian hold water in great esteem,  
and love to tell its stories.

They say that the ocean is the mother of water;  
all water, whether the clouds in the sky,  
the water in a well,  
mountain streams,  
rivers, or lakes,  
it all returns to the ocean.

From the kind and pure expression in the eyes of the Amis,  
recognizing that this is a spiritual journey,  
Yu purposefully pulls out her notebook  
and jots down her plans for the future.  
Yu: “It’s the fish who are the owners of this patch of water;  
it’s the vegetation that is the owner of this wetland;  
and the Central and East Coast Mountain Ranges are the tutelary deities of  
Mataian.”

The road the human heart needs to build a bridge to a freedom based on peace,  
coexistence, and mutual prosperity;  
and care for the natural environment.  
The little girl with big eyes plays the flute in the Mataian Wetlands...  
The road...California.....the grasslands of Mongolia...  
India, an inconceivable nation...  
a rustic farming village in Slovakia...  
the fairy tale land of the Czech Republic...  
The road...no matter how long neither increases nor decreases...  
baptized or not neither pure nor impure...  
no matter how long it has existed neither arising nor ceasing...  
The road...four singers and four musicians form an octet;  
the eight are transformed into infinity;  
eternity eternal and infinite vibration of the senses——

Evening banquet on the Breeze Pavilion; tomorrow Tang, Li, and Yu return north;  
the road like a serenade;  
the brother and sister use the expression of their eyes to attend, and the  
performance begins.

*July 31*

Oppressively scorching heat, upper sky a sheet of white;  
deep blue ocean, rippling waters, several flying sails returning to harbor;  
cloud shadows daub the ocean canvas and paint the blue sky.  
The height of summer fruit begins to ripen,  
as flowers fall and wither.  
Several days ago the golden orb web spider packed up its web  
and disappeared;  
today I rediscover it higher up, in between the trees,  
where it has made a beautiful and intricate web reminiscent of the eight trigrams;  
illuminated by the sun,  
its transparent fibers even stronger and more luminous...

On the water one person paddles a kayak,  
another sails a sailboat,  
another snorkels.  
Here there is no long tidal flat,  
only the ancient and weathered reef rocks.  
See that pair of oars joining the river and the sea.  
Having passed Wanwuxiang and the Xiugu Washed Jade,  
the rafters drop anchor here.  
Stories always happen when the wanderer is all alone;  
there is a place called Echo Lake which every day  
tells marvelous tales of great variety.  
One day a fisherman lost a wooden raft,

but afterwards got a huge boat with a high mast.

The eastern sea; the Pacific Ocean at the foot of the East Coast Mountain Range  
there are 7 + 11 ancient dragon spruces soaring into the sky;  
when the wind blows they turn into cradles which receive the sky.

Evening, 6:00; on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 29.9 degrees and the  
relative humidity is 81.

In the harbor is a deep-sea fishing boat fitted with a mysterious, fluttering solar  
sail.

At dusk, when the sun is about to set,  
a whistle blows, but everyone is reluctant to part from their loved ones;  
the boat slowly leaves the shore;  
it's said that it won't return for two or three years,  
while those left to wait harbor their grief and longing.

The 3,000-year-old conch  
charts the inconceivable course of the seafarers.....

Night; a stream of cool air oozes out of the moisture-laden earth;  
the pure-yang oxygen of the dog days is scooped up by the Big Dipper,  
as green leaves release their incomparably potent energy;  
next to the Baihua Stream an old toad croaks loud and clear.

Listen again in the fisherman's home the sound of a baby crying,  
until the sound wakes up the bright moon resting in the clouds...

On the silvery strand the seafarers pull into shore,  
humming a tune while tying down their boats.

Stationary wind stationary waves,  
stationary boats stationary sails,  
eternal love love love;  
forever on this sheet of water.

Migrating flowers transforming trees,

subtly shifting soil;  
in an instant, the mountain takes on a myriad of different appearances.  
Danqing Danqing beckoning the blue sky;  
Kalam Kalam Kalam mooring in this sheet of blue sea.  
Listen to the new shoots of the maple beside the Baihua Stream,  
bright red, young, and delicate; as beautiful as flower petals in bloom.  
Five cartoonists have come from the city  
to call on the great Indian almond tree next to the Breeze Pavilion;  
we agree to begin work on an animated edition of the fairy tale Leaf Fugue next  
spring ... ☺ ...

*August 1*

Early morning seashore one step, one footprint, the seafarers go forward;  
midmorning seashore one step, one footprint, the wanderer lingers;  
noontime seashore one step, one footprint, the old women collecting seaweed  
come to a halt;  
afternoon seashore one step, one footprint, travelers retreat;  
dusk seashore one step, one footprint, the seafarers return home.  
In The Beyond, on summer days, all that remains in the fields  
are bare corn stalks  
and a few overlooked peanut plants.  
In the Land of Felicity, during the dog days,  
all that remains are fallen and withered jasmine petals  
and some yet-to-open mioga ginger and lotus flowers.

In The Beyond, Highway 11 is the only land link to the outside world;  
from 7:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.  
there are 15 buses.  
Along this road is found some of the most extraordinary and enchanting scenery to  
be seen on the blue planet.

Along this stretch of coastline simple seafaring people live beyond the fray.  
Highway 11, marvelous and mysterious;  
at times a group of motorcyclists comes roaring past;  
at times a group of bicyclists glides by, taking in the scenery;  
occasionally a strong young person  
walks from the 12 kilometer marker all the way to the 69 kilometer marker,  
and then back again.....

Today the water in the Baihua Stream is being replaced;  
revealing on the exposed streambed clumps of water plants;  
the frogs look for temporary lodging,  
while waiting for the next rain;  
the stream's silver-gray mud  
and a series of pools,  
make up this exceedingly beautiful and clear stream.  
3:15 in the afternoon; on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 31.1 degrees and the  
relative humidity is 69.  
Clouds; each layer whiter than the next;  
sea; each section bluer than the next;  
mountain; each peak greener than the next;  
sky; each layer bluer than the next.  
Wind and waves jointly compose an elegant melody,  
as the lonely coral rock beats out its atonal rhythm.  
Dusk, 5:00; the color of the sea in multiple transformations;  
now indigo, now blue;  
now deep, now pale;  
sometimes a diffuse purple.  
See the unsteady mood of the sea this evening,  
as the seafarers come and go as usual,  
acquiescing to the mandate of Heaven,  
praying for divine protection and guidance.

Reminiscing... midsummer, 37 years ago;  
on the silvery strand two lovers pledge to marry regardless of their parents' wishes;  
afterwards she emigrates to America, has a baby, and divorces.

Midsummer, 23 years ago, the lover returns,  
says she wants to recoup a long-cherished dream;  
holding hands we return to the city,  
parting at the bus station,  
for the last time.

Midsummer, 17 years ago;  
the lovers arrange to meet on this silvery strand;  
one arrives, waits three hours, and leaves;  
the other arrives late by three and a half hours, finds nobody waiting, and leaves;  
they haven't met since.

Only high-minded people with a sense of mission in life and the simple, honest-  
living seafarers  
can permanently dwell on these precious, living mountains.  
Late at night; once again the baby cries,  
as the seafarer walks through the door and cuddles his child.

*August 2*

Butterflies gracefully fluttering amidst the flowers;  
the buzzing of cicadas perched on trees;  
the distinct call of frogs along the stream;  
the eagle calls out from the mountain's summit.  
Tonight the wanderer stays in the fishing village and goes to the sea, as if in a  
dream,  
searching for the golden key which unlocks the inconceivable.  
The metaphysical traveler is the spiritual guide of the vagabond prince,  
the charioteer of a conquering warrior king.

Night and day the wanderer closely observes  
the tide  
the waves  
one moment separating one moment uniting,  
endlessly continuing never resting.  
The vagabond prince finds a silver key,  
opens a passageway to a dream,  
and comes to a corridor which seems familiar;  
here all things are new and strange;  
seeing tide wave,  
he opens an album depicting the mystery of life, page by page;  
seeing wave tide,  
and restores ageless totems of new life, one after another;  
thereupon the misty fog moves in,  
laden with freshly oxygenated negative ions.  
That night the wanderer doesn't sleep,  
yet he wakes feeling invigorated in body, mind, and spirit.

Burning hot hot hot hot hot hot;  
right in the middle of the dog days of summer.  
In the scorching heat  
the listless visitor lingers in the wind coming off the sea;  
mind somewhat dull,  
muttering;  
temperature about the same,  
humidity about the same,  
weather about the same,  
the whole world about the same,  
no change how can one live like this?...

Burning hot hot hot hot hot hot;

the eagle glides on the air current,  
soaring wings float on the wind,  
observing.

The deep sections of blue, fond of tranquility,  
the deep sections of green, ripple into emerald green,  
the deep sections of indigo, portraying lucidity.

All of a sudden, the red of dusk silently descends,  
and a flaming phoenix ascends from the pink clouds filling the sky.  
In the fishing village, as the young mother happily suckles her baby,  
the clever baby neither screams nor cries;  
on the stove stews fresh fish soup,  
for this is the nutrition the young mother  
converts into milk for her baby.

Right from childhood, the seafarers learn to have no fear of suffering,  
which they face with joy, content with what they have,  
accepting all the challenges and tests which come their way.

Late in the evening the traveler takes the night bus from the Changhong Bridge to  
the fishing village and spends the night;  
from the mouth of the Hualien River, rafters follow the current and beach next to  
the fishing village;  
late at night in a gorge surrounded by layer upon layer of mountain peaks,  
there appears a cave full of white clouds;  
inside is the moon, which says to the ocean,  
“Trees are the sages of the blue planet;  
flowers are the braves of the blue planet;  
plants are the benevolent ones of the blue planet;  
butterflies are the romantic poets of the blue planet.  
Today a poet has come to the Ocean House in search of local color;  
striding through the gate he exclaims,  
“This place is full of spirit,”

sensing the immeasurable magnetic field,  
unlimited energy, and infinite green strength.  
Spellbound I forget to bend when sneezing,  
knowing that my abdomen will be sore for days.

Burning hot hot hot hot hot hot;  
repeatedly blowing in the middle of the night, the south wind brings relief.

*August 3*

In The Beyond, the clan elders of the villages along the coast  
convene a fisherman's forum at the Bridge 12 Bed and Breakfast  
to discuss the prospects for well being on the east coast in 2020;  
how to liven up this beautiful seacoast;  
how to preserve its incomparable natural beauty..

Six brave warriors with a thirst for adventure and exploration transform into  
floating clouds and flowing water,  
spending 37 days traversing 170 kilometers of the East Coast Mountain Range;  
the six brave warriors say, "Settle the mind with naturalness and simplicity;  
using arms, legs, and bodily instinct,  
life becomes more real,  
more meaningful."

37 days and 170 kilometers;  
the route follows the mountain's spine;  
six brave warriors, full of reverence for the mountain and the sea;  
traversing volcanic formations, cliffs, and ravine upon ravine,  
all vestiges of prehistoric times.

In the mysterious East Coast Mountain Range is a high mountain near Shuilian,  
containing paleo magnetism,  
which over time has shifted clockwise 30 degrees;

the huge boulders underground are in a state of perpetual subtle movement,  
generating sound waves and laser beams which issue out of Echo Lake,  
as do the eternal songs of its admirers.

The marvelous touch monarch stone serene and dark,  
after baking in the sun remains cool.  
Between the peaks and ridges a primeval forest spreads out,  
valleys and ravines shrouded in clouds and fog,  
mist rising up to the sky all day;  
a powerful energy  
exudes a magnetic field which permeates the original elements of Heaven and  
Earth;  
by chance a cloud rises up, like a banner suspended on high,  
summoning passing deities to rest;  
Echo Lake a summit of Wanwuxiang.  
The six brave warriors complete the 37-day and 170-kilometer journey along the  
East Coast Mountain Range.

A low pressure air current from somewhere out at sea  
creeps towards the top of the mountain;  
several birds forage amidst the trees,  
a caterpillar hiding on the underside of a leaf dares not stick its head out.  
The seafarers are able to sense the changes in the air,  
and in the mood of the waves;  
the seafarers live in an honest way,  
happy to share;  
the seafarers conform to the order of Heaven and Earth the order of the universe;  
fishing throughout the year, guided by the stars.  
To the Land of Felicity comes a three-year-old;  
walking while pushing a skateboard, getting lost,  
crying out for some candy.....

On the strand two young lovers  
stroll hand-in-hand towards the future;  
suddenly a third person appears,  
setting off a three-sided riddle;  
sun, moon, stars; Heaven, Earth, man; a three-sided mystery.  
Causes conditions outcomes, which are most important, and how to decide?  
What is close? What is distant? What is the doctrine of the mean?  
What is true love? What is genuine affection? Who is an eternal confidant?  
Who can solve this three-sided riddle?  
The little girl with big eyes says, "I am your guardian angel;  
it was you who sculpted me into life's most exquisite flower."  
Today the horizon on the Pacific Ocean is very close to The Beyond,  
as layer upon layer of fog drifts between the mountain and the sea.  
In The Beyond, along the coast is a living mountain an Arcadia.

Increasing cloudiness in the afternoon; the high air pressure slowly departs,  
as low air-pressure clouds begin to approach.  
In the afternoon I'm in the countryside where the south wind gently blows,  
communing with a myriad of streams and pools;  
your sentiment spills over into the expression in your eyes;  
I open my arms and tightly embrace you.  
Another afternoon thundershower;  
all along, you have been the goddess of thunder and rain.  
Dusk black clouds enshroud everything,  
then suddenly spew out white clouds;  
mist oozes out, following the collision of heat convection,  
and the weather becomes exceedingly fickle.  
On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature slowly drops  
and the relative humidity increases;  
the cicadas observe silence as the frogs continue to croak,  
indicating that it will rain all night.

At nightfall the traveler takes the bus from the Changhong Bridge—place of a  
thousand faces—  
reaching Yanliao in the early evening;  
entering the Land of Felicity and arranging to spend the night.  
Encountering the wanderer come from the city, the traveler asks,  
“Has the prince who went away while still a boy  
ever returned to his forsaken homeland in a dream?”...  
Awake and asleep dream and reality—  
between these the visitor forever fails to distinguish;  
only the simple and guileless seafarers  
live so sincerely day after day.  
Heavy rain, obscuring mist;  
vehicles a shifting road;  
lanterns quickly lit and hung on high,  
pointing out for drifters the way back home.

The seafarers of the fishing village have never known  
the traveler the wanderer the visitor.

Who is most lonely?

Who is most alone? ... ☺ ...

*August 4*

## Chapter V.

### **Beginning of Autumn** *August 5 ~ 21, 2010*

6:15 in the morning thunder rumbles 111 times in succession,  
followed by 333 claps;  
a vague yet familiar impulse  
arises in my mind,  
as though again meeting in the blue ocean of memory.  
Today the traveler plans to go out again;  
I tell him to take an umbrella,  
because the weather is unsteady  
due to the collision of heat convection and a low pressure area.

At 8:30 in the morning on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 28.8 degrees and  
the relative humidity is 86.

Unyielding, nature lets loose a pre-autumn rain,  
as if knowing in advance the approach of the dry season;  
in this way the lush vegetation covering the mountain  
gets baptized in preparation for the fall,  
when it slowly trades its bright green  
for a heavenly suit of golden hue.

Today is one of the days during summer vacation when the students of the Xinshe  
Elementary School return to school for various activities.

On their way to school there is a thunderstorm;  
the school bus makes a round trip of 111 kilometers on the mud-covered Highway  
11;  
students in rain coats excitedly board the bus.

At 10:30 in the morning on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 30.3 degrees and  
the relative humidity is 73.

A lull in the rain;  
in *The Beyond* a mist rises into the sky,  
as sea fog completely shrouds Highway 11,  
the entire East Coast Mountain Range engulfed in mist.  
Trees grow tall taller than mountains;  
mountains rise high higher than clouds;  
clouds high in the clouds the tree of life contemplates,  
“Once the mountain and the sea were fused together in a lofty precipice,  
creating an exceedingly mysterious atmosphere”.....

A sultry afternoon, as is usual in the Great Heat;  
flames surge up on the boulevard of the sun;  
far out on the water  
a high mast with a solar sail, raised up at a time unknown,  
showing off in the wind.  
Who could have known in advance  
how the following story unfolded in *The Beyond*...

Every day the seafarers go out to sea,  
taking it as a sort of mission.  
The seafarers have an incomparably strong survival instinct,  
bravely and optimistically facing all difficulties and challenges.  
The brave warriors of Kamalan believe that the most important thing is a strong  
sense of determination,  
and that this is the most powerful weapon there is.  
Every night, the seafarers have the same dream  
of the future.  
For their entire lives, the seafarers discuss  
making a supremely perfect fishing net;  
for their entire lives, the seafarers want to navigate  
that mighty and inconceivable waterway.

Dusk on the Breeze Pavilion; the temperature is 30.9 degrees and the relative humidity is 72.

The many flowers brought down in the heavy morning rain,  
still on the ground in the afternoon,  
disappearing by dusk.

Today the fishing village selected a new keeper of the incense burner,  
who for the next year will be responsible for communicating with the main deities  
of the sea.

The new keeper is a young and pretty woman of the Kamalan tribe,  
who wants the girls of the tribe to be closer to one another  
and be more attentive to the deities of the sea.

*August 5*

Fickle weather; clouds pressed low,  
shrouding the foot of the mountain;  
wind unmoving trees unmoving,  
rain gently floats;  
all things on earth moistened with love;  
flowers look up and smile;  
grass slim and graceful, free and unfettered;  
rain delicately floats in the sky;  
tender leaves roll up stretch out,  
stretch out, and again roll up;  
glossy leaves leave the branch and fall through space,  
landing in the Baihua Stream and turning into lotus boats and drifting all about.

This is the mild energy of the great love of Heaven and Earth,  
a pre-autumn rain determined to disperse the sweltering mid-summer heat.  
The grass moves the great resting stone moves;  
gusts of wind follow the timely rainfall;

the lightning shatters into thunder, rain, and electricity.  
In The Beyond, the entire east coast is veiled by a vast misty rain;  
at 3:15 in the afternoon the sun pokes out its head;  
on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 29.6 degrees and the relative humidity is  
78.

On leaf after leaf condenses a dew containing a pearl,  
each glittering and transparent drop portraying all sentient beings of Heaven and  
Earth.

A sheet of water turns indigo;  
a sky with clouds divided into blue and white.  
Mountain peaks drenched with layer upon layer of dew,  
giving off a vibrant green which fills the gardens;  
suddenly, the sky begins to clear the ocean tends to blue;  
for the sake of the eternal promise to the green energy,  
for the sake of the perpetual maintenance of the blue planet.

A hiding caterpillar relaxes on the underside of a leaf,  
as a Muller's barbet perches on a treetop and catches the wind;  
the butterfly is the flower's most glamorous visitor;  
with infatuation the honeybee collects honey,  
leaving behind a mysterious trace,  
which, accompanied by the mild and beautiful tide,  
makes the joyous flower fairies sing.  
In the gardens, the fruits have already ripened,  
attracting the macaques down the mountain.  
Having eaten its fill, happy, the eagle soars up and hovers overhead;  
the towering ancient spruce concentrates,  
listening carefully to the mandate of Heaven transmitted by the wind;  
the old banyan has always been a sage,  
and the chief tree deity who speaks to the birds.

Off to one corner of the Felicity Terrace  
the little girl with big eyes plays with the mimosa plant;  
blowing on it, the leaves curl up;  
coily thinking she has concealed her whereabouts,  
she laughs and dances with joy ...☺...

*August 6*

In The Beyond, the weather always gently changing,  
the mountains and sea always exceedingly fascinating and charming.  
In the Land of Felicity the temperature and humidity remain very comfortable all  
summer long;  
when the heat becomes intense, a thundershower brings cooling moisture  
or a south wind;  
a dry spell attracts thick fog.  
The midsummer of 2010 has been exceedingly ideal,  
without so much as a single typhoon...

Bright and early, the little girl with big eyes comes to the window where I do my  
writing  
and says goodbye;  
she's taking the eight o'clock train back to the city.  
Wuge has come from the city to visit The Beyond;  
she says that in three weeks she will return to America to continue her studies.  
Revealing her true sentiment,  
she says that she's reluctant to leave and has rushed out to the Land of Felicity to  
bid farewell;  
she plans to stay for three nights,  
and hopes that together we can take the mobile carved citadel back to the city.  
Wuge asks me,  
"Why do the frogs alongside the Baihua Stream sing so happily?"

Why does Wuge sing until she becomes hoarse?  
Why after sleeping only three hours is Wuge unable to sleep any longer?  
Why is Wuge so anxious about the future?”

I say to Wuge,  
“A child needs to be a child,  
without trying to become an adult too fast;  
a child has to play and be happy.  
Regard any kind of a competition as something fun and enjoyable,  
without any sense of anxiety or pressure.”  
Wuge says,  
“The doctor says that I’m going to get a callous on my vocal cords  
and that I won’t be able to sing anymore!”  
I say,  
“You’re just a child;  
before long, all these problems will disappear.  
When you return to America you’ll have a change of environment and everything  
will be fine.  
Children have a sort of miraculous gene that always makes them get better;  
your throat will be fine,  
and the more you sing, the better it will sound.....  
Wuge, listen;  
in The Beyond, some people can’t sleep due to the sound of the cicadas.  
Wuge, listen;  
the subtle and magnificent sound of the tide is a sort of magical pulse which can  
help you calm down and sleep well.”  
Here Wuge found the wisdom of the universe,  
an inconceivable and mysterious energy.  
Here Wuge found that The Beyond is a place of auspicious peace,  
filled with the primal energy of the universe.  
Wuge looks as if she has realized something,

knowing that she can face the future with a smile.

Wuge says, "I'm really thankful".....

The Birth of Autumn in the traditional calendar;  
I draw back the floor-length curtain and open the window;  
instantly, wind and light come streaming in,  
taking the pulse of what I've written,  
and see how I wield my pen, like some heavenly steed soaring across the skies,  
giving birth to an inconceivable living force.  
Today in the Land of Felicity there is a kind of joyous atmosphere.  
Snow-white waves surge up in the blue ocean,  
as white clouds manifest in the clear sky.  
In the smiling gardens orange jasmine covered with white flowers.  
Tree after stretching out, expanding upwards.  
Sail resting for a moment, again full of wind.  
Autumn fond of multiple layers of dew.  
Observing at times the one who wears a golden suit of feathers sweeps through  
the living air above the ridge.

3:30 in the afternoon; a sheet of water, light gray-green and deep blue;  
several clouds, some ink black others a sheet of white.

Mountain pressed by layers of fog so thick that no air can pass through it;  
the wind performs an interlude in the empty spaces of the long corridors.

5:15 p.m. the ocean and sky put up a lovely seven-colored rainbow;  
a sheet of water with force-3 spindrifts;  
the wind gradually picks up strength and the clouds slowly thicken.

*August 7*

This ocean one hundred million years old;  
this mountain ten million years old;

the great resting stalactite has been in existence for a million years.  
The blue sky it's age forever unreckoned;  
green trees generation after generation, handing down one thousand years,  
handing down one thousand years, generation after generation.  
This locality of exceeding charm, this vast and beautiful landscape,  
following the vestiges of the sun and moon, leaves behind a permanent mark...

The towering ancient spruce,  
accompanied in meditation by a thousand cicadas, having never been lonely.  
The fragrant orange jasmine,  
for which the bees and butterflies stray off course, has never been lonesome.  
As soon as fall arrives, the golden orb web spider suspends its web higher up;  
in accordance with the season  
it weaves and takes down its web;  
never a tedious moment.  
In The Beyond, the exceedingly diverse natural world follows the changing seasons,  
never a vacant moment...

The street lights along Highway 11  
go on when it gets dark go out when it gets light.  
The Beyond is not an illusory world,  
but rather a real world full of promise and fulfillment;  
The Beyond is not a confused world,  
but rather a world of inconceivable, complete omniscience and perfect knowledge  
and conduct;  
in The Beyond there is no arising and ceasing,  
but rather the world of eternal and truly existing reality;  
in The Beyond there is neither purity nor impurity,  
for this is a secluded place free of pollution, an unbounded azure blue.

Such a beautiful autumn, such a beautiful Beyond.

I think I ponder I remember:  
such a beautiful River Ganges;  
such a beautiful, inconceivable nation;  
such a beautiful president;  
such a beautiful vision of happiness for 2020.  
I think I ponder I remember;  
such a beautiful Indian Ocean;  
such a beautiful and great Bharata;  
such a beautiful metaphysical traveler;  
such a beautiful dream of a beautiful 2020;  
coming to fulfillment through the sincere wish of the benevolent one.....

Today is the last of the dog days of summer;  
On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 31.1 degrees and the relative humidity is  
72.

Resplendent sunshine yet spindrifts thrown up.  
In The Beyond, the howling of force-9 winds, the surging of force-7 waves;  
clouds speed by branches sway;  
boat tightly tied at a fishing family's door;  
the surface of the water, one moment blue, the next moment purple;  
the vault of heaven, one moment blue, the next moment white;  
a thousand chaotic waters brimming over with passion;  
Wuge: "Lunch will be at the Bellevista Resort's Haishan Restaurant."

Ballnut tree full of small white flowers;  
fragrance of orange jasmine wafting to a great distance.  
In the afternoon Wuge visits the fishing village,  
where she suddenly sees with her own eyes the baby born in the village,  
using its exceedingly adorable eyes to lead its mother's thoughts.  
Dusk the sheet of water again becomes a thick fog;  
trees on the jade-green mountain breathing in moisture.

The eagle's feathers forever dry;  
the butterfly's wings forever untouched by dust;  
the green bird most fond of perching on the end of a branch and watching its lover  
dancing wildly in the wind and clouds;  
glossy leaves, dense spots hiding bird nests;  
squirrels most fond of running about, searching out fruit-laden bowers.

Dusk cloudy sky, indistinct;  
from the ground gushes out an unlimited vitality,  
the love and affection of the wind and water,  
a blessing from the plume of the sun,  
spurring on the continuous growth and reproduction of everything in The Beyond  
... ⊙ ...

*August 8*

Wuge says,  
“Last night I slept very well,  
the deepest sleep I’ve had since returning to Taiwan six months ago.  
I slept for over ten hours.”  
Wuge says, “After spending half a year as an adult,  
it’s really great to be a kid again.”  
Shrugging, Wuge says,  
“No more being burdened with adult duties;  
no more shouldering adult tasks;  
it’s time to once again live the life of a student.”  
When she returns to Los Angeles she wants to compose a serenade for the village’s  
fishing boats to sing in the evening.

Wuge has noticed that the seafarers  
use intuition to capture the tempo of the light,

and use a spiritual faculty to catch the darting flying fish.  
Wuge has personally realized that the memory of this ocean  
contains quite a few subtle and profound things of the past.  
One time, Wuge visualized the ocean  
exuding trace elements,  
and utilizing a conch 3,000 years old  
to transmit a beautiful dream of the future.  
It's as though Wuge were waking from a long dream,  
exclaiming, "Incredible."  
Wuge has discovered that the Land of Felicity is a place of pure beauty,  
like the portrayal of nature in a landscape painting.

The seafarers live  
extremely simple, pure, and happy lives.  
See how the tide is renewed day and night;  
what flows throughout the world is but a moment in eternity;  
this is where the locals come back to shore;  
here the pace of life is unhurried;  
the mood is serene;  
yet there sometimes occur wondrous incidents.  
Wuge says that her visit to The Beyond and the Land of Felicity  
has given her a new outlook on life.  
After returning to Los Angeles, getting grounded, and going so deeply into her  
training that it becomes a sort of spiritual discipline,  
Wuge is going to become a world-class, itinerant singer-poet.  
Wuge's heart has a great abundance of loving kindness.....

Today is the hottest day of the entire summer in the Land of Felicity;  
on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 32.9 degrees and the relative humidity is  
57.  
The tropical storm Dianmu has formed far out at sea;

the blue ocean slowly becomes gray-black and purple-white.  
Clouds flying in the sky,  
mountains running along the coastline,  
boats don't move the shore drifts.  
A school of salmon return to their native place,  
migrating out to sea,  
taking with them the good news of the ocean——  
Dianmu won't be coming in this direction.

*August 9*

The Breeze Pavilion, like a stationary houseboat,  
subtly bobbing on this body of water.  
In the Land of Felicity, my garden smiles,  
different flowers blooming in accordance with the changing seasons.  
The Beyond  
harbors the sturdy dwellings of the very simple and pure seafarers;  
an ideal and unique place on the blue planet, beyond the fray.

Ocean a sheet of blue throughout the year;  
sky always clear;  
mountain exuding dark green.  
Following the Birth of Autumn a golden color is exuded all about.  
On the Breeze Pavilion at 8:10 in the morning, the temperature is 33.3 degrees and  
the relative humidity is 57.  
Inside this body of water is hidden a miraculous wind-settling-pearl,  
the tutelary deity of these pacific waters.  
The seafarers of the fishing village spend their entire lives piloting their boats;  
boat navigating on the snow-white waves, throwing up a tall-masted sail;  
Sail invoking the 3,000-year-old conch,  
singing out the seafarers' aspirations.

The seafarers of the fishing village;  
boat paddles oar to surmount the waves;  
wave after wave after wave ask,  
“What flows at the very front of the wave?”  
Oar paddles boat asking,  
“Why does the mild-mannered spindrift sometimes turn into a savage wave?”  
Boat paddles oar asking,  
“The oil lamps of dusk, the dilapidated earthen walls of so many homes;  
Who leaves those mysterious footprints on the beach early in the morning?”

Oar paddles boat  
a group of fierce waves gathers, rises up, and disintegrates;  
terrifying waves, bellowing and eager for battle,  
in a moment, again spontaneously come to a peaceful rest!  
Boat paddles oar;  
the seafarers courageously advance  
to test the force of today's waves,  
as loved ones at home  
await the seafarers early return.  
Coast approaching land the seafarers return to shore and their homes.  
The warm sunlight moistened by the tide  
produces a marvelous, strangely beautiful vision:  
a primary rainbow and a secondary rainbow appear simultaneously,  
transcending time and space, eternally suspended on high  
in The Beyond ... ☺ ...

Autumn enters fruit ripens fragrant wine appears;  
a most beautiful and abundant time of year.  
Together with Wuge in the mobile sculpted citadel,  
on Highway 11, then Highway 9, passing through the Central Mountain Range  
and the Xueshan Mountain Range on the way back to the city.

Road road road bright and clear fall sky.  
Layer upon layer of milk-white clouds slowly lift,  
uncovering a vast mass of pure green.  
Green reproduced layer upon layer;  
trees all in motion;  
wind whirled about by Dianmu, gust by gust.

Road road road winding, wandering,  
9 bends and 18 curves, and that body of water at the foot of the Central Mountain  
Range comes into view;  
a long wave flies by smuggling a rosy cloud.  
Vehicle an incoming airstream forms into a thick, dripping fog,  
floating in a southern corner of the sea.  
See the spindrift, the pure water at the foot of a precipice, moving as if to the beat  
of a metronome;  
rumbling, surging waves, at times like a kettledrum.  
Traffic jam vehicles stop people stop;  
trees also stop;  
only time moves, urging on the subtle movements of light and form.  
At times silent then quiet talk.  
The mountain moves the road shifts;  
peak next to peak ridge alternating with ridge;  
only the valley wind,  
supremely fond of performing that mountain-sea symphony so adored by the  
traveler.

Road shifting mountain moving;  
cliff and coast weaving together snow-white clouds and waves.  
The mobile carved citadel slowly pulls into Nanfangao,  
a remarkable small fishing harbor.  
Wuge spots a mysteriously beautiful king crab.

Wuge feels very fresh and happy.  
The old fish monger of Nanfangao tells Wuge,  
“The king crab sheds its shell 17 times.”  
The king crab is the most ancient creature on the blue planet...

Wuge replies, “Is it okay if we just take a short rest here in the fishing village?”

*August 10*

Autumn all things brought to completion;  
a farmer drying grain in the sun and storing it in the granary.  
At a quarter to ten in the morning,  
the mobile carved citadel sets out from the city for the return journey to The  
Beyond.  
On the Coast Highway summer slowly fades out,  
as autumn slowly fades in.  
At 10:15, a vehicle broken down in the tunnel,  
two lanes become one.  
Emerging from the Xueshan Tunnel, eyes greeted by dense clouds pressing down  
the mountain tops;  
field of vision completely filled with dark green, unmoving.  
Wheels turn vehicle chases wind road moves air parts.  
Stacked green hills floating in the Xueshan Mountain Range,  
summer heat suppressed in advance by the high altitude.

A quarter past eleven, leaving behind the Xueshan Range, the mobile sculpted  
citadel enters the Central Mountain Range,  
continuously navigating Highway 9.  
Road road road outer limit of the ocean unseen;  
mountain summits and ridges vying for center stage;  
at times, clouds on the horizon rise above the coast;

a sheet of water, water in a skirt of waves;  
outside the window, light and form compete for attention;  
passing through tight turns closed in by the scenery,  
hairpin-turn hairpin-turn another hairpin-turn;  
9 curves and 18 bends,  
sheer cliffs and crags, as though pared away by a knife,  
everywhere overhanging, bottomless bluffs.  
At 12:48 the mobile sculpted citadel passes the mouth of Taroko Gorge;  
at 1:30 Highway 9 turns into Highway 11;  
at 2:30 reaching The Beyond.

In The Beyond, a sheet of water, blue upon blue;  
ships and boats smoothly move about;  
clouds and waves quietly create a splash-ink painting,  
each color lighter than the next.

The Indian almond tree, unseen for nine days,  
full of closely clustered fruit;  
the flowers of the ballnut tree, blooming and closing,  
closing and blooming.

On the Breeze Pavilion at 3:45 in the afternoon the temperature is 31.3 degrees and  
the relative humidity is 69.

Gazing out its the Lily Path, so familiar;  
only one deep in thought can remember that person's footprint.

Dusk, 5:15; a gibbous moon hanging high in the eastern sky,  
the distant horizon still bright,  
ocean exceedingly blue mountain exceedingly green,  
the declining sun not yet red;  
the scent of the orange jasmine soaks the gardens like a thick fog;  
continuous sound of an extemporaneous Chan song,  
cicada singing out the Chan practitioner's inner voice.

In the Land of Felicity everything natural forms a living, breathing body,  
in need of human care.

This boat, this paddle this strand, this tide;  
this gust of wind this body of water;  
this great ocean;  
this fish this beautiful fish, name unknown;  
this beautiful fish, name unknown, bringer of innumerable omens;  
this navigation route this mighty navigation route;  
this mighty, inconceivable navigation route;  
this ordinary waterway bestowed by Heaven as the livelihood of the seafarers.  
The seafarers live lives of sincerity, lives of integrity;  
a small fishing village, every family simple and unsophisticated;  
a man's boat glides over the waves,  
a baby's mouth drinks from its mother's breast.

The eagle hovers, following the air currents;  
the butterfly patrols pursuing the fragrance of flowers;  
the sun extends tree branches upwards,  
leaves stretching out into the feather dress of the sun;  
stars pursuing one another inside the Milky Way;  
moon in some deep, unknown region of the clouds, seeking something profound  
and hidden.

The fishing village is a rest stop for migratory birds;  
for the traveler, a conjured city, a treasure trove;  
for the wanderer, a rain shelter for dreaming while taking an afternoon nap;  
for passers-by in need of shelter, a temporary harbor.  
The old stone and mud-brick homes,  
sanctuaries where wife and children await the seafarer's return;  
The seafarer's journey always so steady and real;  
Weiwo's journey always vacillating in a half-waking dream.

Between 1995 and 2007,  
this space of 12 years, Weiwo becomes good friends with the height of dearness,  
love, affection, and truth;  
completely entered into the concentration of neither perception nor non-  
perception.

The way wants Weiwo to discover how to transform a moment into eternity;  
the way wants Weiwo to discover how to wake up from the dream— —  
How does one attain longevity the adamantine incorruptible body? ... ☺ ...

*August 20*

Rose-tinged clouds blown high by westerly winds;  
the vault of heaven dyed with the red tints of autumn;  
leaves clearly displaying their dazzlingly beautiful gold-yellow veins.  
At 10:39 in the morning on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 32.1 degrees and  
the relative humidity is 56.  
The feather dress of the sun dances out the shadows of the trees,  
branches swaying in the wind;  
butterfly tiptoeing on a bright, fragrant stamen waiting for its sweetheart.  
Next to the Breeze Pavilion, along the Baihua Stream,  
the wanderer asks the great sleeping stalactite  
what the date is today.

I think, I wonder;  
memories of 15 years ago as if new;  
in the first watch of the night, the maples on both sides of the Baihua Stream  
are suddenly completely smeared with a blood-like bright red;  
from the Crane Well Pavilion a crane flies out of the well and up towards the  
Ninth Heaven,  
never to return,  
only to be seen in the dream-like ocean.

Sky a sheet of indigo water a sheet of blue;  
mountain a sheet of green cloud a sheet of white;  
a type of mood, a type of reflection,  
a type of yearning, overflowing with aspiration.  
The wanderer, unable to restrain this emotion,  
tears flow from deep in the heart; no holding back.  
Autumn mountain fills the eye with deep green,  
autumn water, highest quality gold suffused with yellow;  
flowers once withered, bloom again in spring.  
She has gone to the future and won't return.  
On the Breeze Pavilion the unhewn table and benches await their familiar master;  
the visitor always has the feeling of having met before,  
coming and going going and coming.

On the East Coast, alongside of the Pacific Ocean,  
my garden in the Land of Felicity is smiling;  
the smiling garden waiting  
expectantly for the arrival of the metaphysical traveler.  
When the season's first drop of white dew appears  
Weiwo will convey a message,  
hoping the metaphysical traveler will accept the invitation to visit the Land of  
Felicity and have a dialogue with the great Indian almond tree,  
and that the two oceans will together compose a symphonic poem of friendship  
and peace,  
and a lovely overture for the vision of well-being in 2020.....

The seafarers hand down fishing nets from generation to generation,  
mending them each time they are damaged;  
babies are born, grow up, and marry,  
and then give birth to the next generation.  
At dusk in the fishing village,

dinner being prepared in each house good food and spirits in each home,  
increasing the milk of young mothers;  
life here is very simple, plain, and carbon-free,  
love blending with nature...

Dusk; at 5:27 on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 29.9 and the relative humidity is 77.

A flock of snow geese fly into the Land of Felicity and say to the great Indian almond tree,

“Far out at sea there is a tropical low pressure system,  
and strong southwest winds are on the way.”

When the southwest wind arrives

the flowers will be blown to the ground as will the yellow leaves;  
and the Earth will slowly put on a precious robe of excellent golden hue.

Mountain, living spirit water, many moods;  
color of the ocean a sheet of empty brightness.

Boat paddles oar;

the seafarers cast their nets into the agitated waters;  
returning boats give rise to loud and happy song the joy carries far.

Tonight in the fishing village, floating lamps are set in the water for the All-souls Feast,

entreating a safe daily journey out to sea  
and happiness for all...

Vast, immense, extensive, boundless,  
this body of water on which the moon ripples.

Autumn; the hues and sounds of fall;

the wanderer thinks of home with a sorrowful state of mind;  
it's not the tear of a mermaid; it won't become a bright pearl.

The traveler requests a room with a view of the ocean;

the little girl with big eyes sees through the window the exceedingly bright moon.

With a mouthful of baby babble,  
the baby drinks from the breast and wonders,  
“Just what sort of a world have I come to?”

*August 21*

## Chapter VI.

### **End of Heat** *August 22 ~ 27, 2010*

15 years ago, the first watch of the night, date uncertain;  
the night on which all the leaves on the maples alongside the Baihua Stream  
turn from dark red to purple-gold before falling.

A crane flies out of the well at the Hejing Pavilion never to return.

Tonight the moonlight bright and pure;

ageless memory goes back to 37 years ago;

the greatest degree of affection; man's deepest instinct reflection; devotion;  
realizing, awakening interdependent a total of 23 years;

it's the harbor you created that gives Weiwo a place to anchor;

it's the wharf you made that gives Weiwo a place to dock.

A blade of grass, a drop of dew;

a sentiment become the cause and condition for some great event;

everything is a contributing factor of the buddha-nature of direct cause;

everything is a ray of light manifested by one's original nature as it truly is.

The emptiness of night lights on the fishing boats glittering on the water;

bright moon illuminating the firmament.

The seven uncovered portals of the Breeze Pavilion usher in the first southwest air  
current of early fall;

Weiwo in the Hall of Fragrant Recitation, carefully preparing a photo of you as a  
youth,

intending to send it to you in Ulan Bator so that you can use it to remold your  
adamantine, incorruptible body.

It was you who utilized the inconceivable power of causes and conditions  
to connect the marvelous tales of the Land of Felicity in *The Beyond*.

The first watch of the night; on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 29.9 degrees  
and the relative humidity is 76.

Over a dozen ancient spruces with only one lone cicada calling out,  
not long before the gardens were full with the calling of cicadas.  
The little girl with big eyes says that she wants to write a diary about growing up  
and eternal youth;  
a little girl of the future wants her to promise to take  
an unknown and indefinite number of inconceivable journeys.....

In The Beyond, the moist flowers of the ballnut tree  
permeate the bright, milk-white sea of clouds;  
lush, jade-green leaves filling the mountain meet the eye on every side.  
In the center of the water the seafarers lower their heads to see the clouds and the  
sky;  
placid wind placid waves,  
a placid ocean vastness oars turn boat moves,  
one wave finally moves, innumerable waves follow.  
Fish the fish in the water don't need to come to shore;  
it's the butterfly that must go seeking amongst the dream-like flowers;  
it's the bee that always encamps amongst the fragrant stamens inside the flowers  
and extracts honey;  
the cicada is fond of attaching to branches and leaves and subsisting on wind and  
dew;  
the dragonfly is always fond of hovering above the water and briefly touching  
down.  
See the glass in the French windows of the Hall of Fragrant Recitation reflecting  
the mountain beyond the mountain the sea beyond the sea.  
The copse of Indian almond trees beside the Breeze Pavilion,  
its branches and leaves supporting the clouds;  
the moon draped in a thin, snowy veil,  
painting on the sea a glittering golden path;  
the lights of the fishing boats drawing in the starry sky.

Lights arrayed along Highway 11,  
connecting north and south the last bus of the evening, passing by as if by  
convection.

In the small fishing village  
people face life with an ordinary mind,  
conforming to nature in work and rest.  
The Land of Felicity is always full of surprises;  
today the water of a thousand tributaries came billowing down from the  
countryside to the mouth of the river,  
joining the sea,  
offering up a bevy of young and delicate red flowers,  
throwing upwards waves bordered in snow-white lace,  
dancing out a form as soft and beautiful as the Milky Way.  
This morning, at 37 minutes past midnight, 34.7 kilometers southeast of Hualien,  
there occurred an earthquake measuring 5.4 on the Richter scale, at a depth of 27  
kilometers,  
in The Beyond, off the coast of Jiqi, a place where human determination conquers  
even heaven;  
Jiqi, Echo Lake.

Some young students from the city are camping at Echo Lake,  
adopting the ancient practice of baking fresh sweet potatoes in a makeshift earthen  
oven;  
roasting fresh corn wrapped in lotus leaves;  
and roasting peanuts inside a pile of rocks.  
The young students say that  
this is real living, the good life ... ☺ ...

*August 22*

Abiding the End of Heat;  
a category-5 typhoon forms in the Pacific,  
then moves away from The Beyond.  
Abiding contemplating.  
The arc of the old banyan  
forms a meditation seat,  
the Muller's barbet on the trunk sounding the wooden fish.  
Two Chinese bulbuls converse on top of the old camphor tree,  
as a group of white-bellied yuhina shuttle between the Indian almond trees,  
and a black bulbul flies into the bodhi tree thicket to search for seeds.  
Abiding contemplating retiring.  
High up the sky is bright.  
Thunder an ear-piercing roar wakes the westerly wind;  
Rain fine and continuous, attentively urging  
the autumn grass to grow;  
everything in place.

In the fishing village a young mother is ten months pregnant,  
and the baby has chosen tonight to be born.  
The moon has been round for three nights;  
suddenly, a group of stars in the Milky Way flashes a sleepless night.  
Who is to say that this baby about to be born  
is not the future supernova of the blue planet?  
Abiding contemplating retiring;  
one clap of thunder scatters nine typhoons;  
autumn fruits slowly ripen;  
more fallen leaves on the ground;  
more white hairs on my head.

Afternoon a young girl in plain dress presents seven lotuses with both hands,  
saying,

“This is the final harvest from the lotus pool;  
the next time everybody comes there will be lotus seeds to eat.”  
Dusk the seafarers gaze out on the sheet of water;  
in the distance, a fishing boat laden with fish returns from the high seas.  
When the basic requirements of the whole family are fully met, the seafarers are quite satisfied.  
In their spare time the children of the fishing village collect rocks on the strand, and sometimes show the children visiting from the city how to skip stones.  
A grandmother uses the last of the daylight to quickly fold up a fishing net set out to dry.  
Cloudy skies all quiet rosy clouds showing off their colors; the silent Earth golden sand full of affection.  
The seafarers have never been lonely, have never been forlorn.  
Hear the infant’s sweet cry-laugh; the young mother in the fishing village always hums a cheerful nursing song.  
The grandmother says, “Once fall arrives, lightly massage the gushing spring points on the soles of the baby’s feet; this will make the baby grow tall” .....

The buds of the ballnut tree again burst open, as the fruits of the Indian almond ripen one by one.  
Weiwo on the Breeze Pavilion, observing the mountain, observing the sea, observing the clouds, observing the sky.  
In the eastern direction there appears a cloud resembling a snow-white eagle wing; now it seems to be a mother’s nipple, waiting to suckle her precious infant.  
All of a sudden, the bright moon emerges from a valley in the clouds, laying a bridge of light on the sheet of water; the magnificent song of the nightingale connects the ocean and sky.  
In the first watch of the night, at 7:59 on the Breeze Pavilion, the temperature is 30.1 degrees and the relative humidity is 75.

August 23, the End of Heat

Wind. Cloud fond of composing love songs.

Wave why does it become a three-sided topic of debate?

Thunder. Electricity together, hand-in-hand.

Rain why in such a hurry to intervene?

The butterfly and flower are lovers with a natural affinity for one another;  
so why does the bee insist on butting in?

The spider spins a web, intending to catch a cicada,  
but from out of nowhere comes a claw, and the web is ruined.

Who would have thought that in this inconceivable world there could be such  
chaos?

See the thatch hut, the ancestral home of a master of great learning and integrity,  
preserving an archetypal genetic totem.....

On the reef rock is carved out the ancient story of the crashing tide;  
on the mountain cliff is a relief depicting the legend of the subtle transformation of  
all things throughout the ages.

The wanderer's heart is unable to contain a number of past sorrows.

A caterpillar silently crawling  
is spotted by the keen vision of a sparrow;  
the little girl with big eyes says a prayer for the caterpillar.

Today the little girl with big eyes has decided to listen to the rain and play with the  
drops of water on the Breeze Pavilion,  
each sparkling drop of dew making a pitter-patter  
as it strikes the palm of her hand.

Suddenly the shrill voice of a flute bursts forth from the valley in the clouds,  
the Breeze Pavilion's seven openings  
allowing the sound of the water dragon's flute to freely enter and leave.

For a moment, the mind of the little girl with big eyes merges into the sound of the  
flute,

thoroughly knowing and cherishing one another difficult to part.....

The first watch of the night, 7:15;

Qian Yang returns from the city;

On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 30.4 degrees and the relative humidity is

70.

The bright moon, ready to emerge;

but a black cloud insists on remaining;

the moon struggles to break free, but is then obscured by a milk-white cloud;

for a moment the moon dims,

as if to tell of Qian Yang's present romantic mood.

Cloud carries moon moon rides cloud.

See the coast formed over millions of years.

In The Beyond, the moonlight extends 69 kilometers,

from Wanwuxiang at the Tropic of Cancer all the way to the small fishing village  
of Yanliao.

Qian Yang invites Weiwo to go rafting with him,

saunter around the Xiuguluan River, and get to the bottom of things.

Weiwo says,

“The Beyond is like the Great Heaven of Shun;

clear by day, light rain by night,

watering the plants and trees covering the mountain,

bringing forth fruit in great abundance”.....

The first watch of the night, 8:01;

the croaking of frogs rising up from all directions,

light rain gradually thickens.

In The Beyond as soon as the frogs hear the sound of rain they begin to happily  
sing.

On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 29.9 degrees and the relative humidity is

78.

The summer heat slowly washed away by the cool autumn rain,  
at times the Land of Felicity entirely enveloped in a thick fog.  
Bolts of lightning flash in the eastern sky,  
as if the metaphysical traveler, the one with foresight, is on the bank of the Ganges  
beating the drum of India,  
anxiously sensing the coming of 2020, the beginning of an era of well-being...

The middle watch of the night a sudden increase in traffic on the coast road;  
Weiwo tells Qian Yang  
that tonight at Echo Lake, that place where human determination conquers even  
Heaven,  
the Kamalan tribe is holding its flying fish ceremony.  
Qian Yang says,  
“On a rainy night it’s easy to get lost.”  
I want to listen to the boundless story of the ocean;  
I want to hear the wonders of this body of water;  
I want to understand what sort of sentiment is the most primary element of the  
universe;  
I want to compose a passionate symphony for the coral rock and the surging  
spindrift;  
I wish for resplendent sunshine and brisk air tomorrow in The Beyond.  
The sheet of water releases an exceptionally high and beautiful wave;  
for a moment Qian Yang’s mind seems to enter a dream-like ocean.

*August 24*

Last night an abundance of convection clouds;  
early morning, 6:00, thunder and lightning raining cats and dogs;  
9:00, rain passes, sky clears sunshine dances with the plume of the sun,  
illuminating the drops of glittering dew on the fruit.  
Afternoon, the jade-green leaves exhibit a greenness more robust,

strong and flexible veins exuding a green energy.

Afternoon, 4:30; over the ocean to the southeast appears a rainbow and a secondary rainbow;

inside and outside seven colors interchange;

upright and inverted seven colors merge;

in *The Beyond*, a rainbow and a secondary rainbow appear together for the first time.

On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 31.1 degrees and the relative humidity is 68.

Time passes so quickly that I don't see it;

abstract totems always come from the concrete experience of the sensory world.

A light, continuous rain comes on the wind,

three blackboard trees form a wall.

Dusk, the wanderer has dinner with a family in the fishing village,

scooping up a bowl of piping hot white rice while complementing its fragrance;

shortly after dinner, a big change in the weather,

frogs vying to croak in a moment a great rain falls.

The first watch of the night, 7:15;

On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 28.9 degrees and the relative humidity is 83.

Water and fog pervade *The Beyond*;

rain pause;

coming, going, coming.

The ocean has a watery cradle packed with fish;

the sky has a cradle painted by the clouds where a leviathan transforms into a roc and roams about;

on the ridge is a cradle woven of flowers and trees, richly attired in rows of golden fruit.

Slowly entering the night; 9:15, the rain rests;

Sky slowly clears a hazy moon appears amidst the clouds,  
like a bright pearl hidden in the womb.

The last bus from Wanwuxiang stops at the entrance to the Land of Felicity,  
probably the visitor has again come to spend the night.

The sound of the waves, continuous and dense the sound of the tide, brisk and  
audible.

The happy sound of the baby's laughter emerges from the fishing village;  
it turns out to be the neighbor's three-year-old boy mischievously playing with his  
new neighbor.

The wanderer leans on the old wall of the mud-brick house and watches the upper  
sky,

cloud chases moon moon chases cloud,  
now concealed, now appearing now hazy.

Suddenly, a flash of lightning breaks up the empty darkness,  
quiet and bright flashing and sounding,  
as if to urge the seafarers to set out to sea.

In the mysterious emptiness of night  
clouds black and white compete to make a splash-ink painting;

It seems that tonight  
the dream-like ocean finds no calm.

At times the moon stands forth,  
at the same time stretching out a pathway of light,  
leading the seafarers into that inconceivable waterway.

Tonight the All-souls Feast is being held in the fishing village.

All of the seafarers have put out to sea to release lamps on the water,  
praying for peaceful winds and calm waves,  
supplicating the ancient conch to eternally protect  
their tutelary deity-the wind-settling-pearl.

Tonight the men of the fishing village have gone out to sea to set out lamps on the

water,  
while the women are at home supplicating the Kitchen God and the House God  
for the family's safety and happiness.  
The wanderer turns around and stretches out,  
and as before looks towards the upper sky;  
cloud like a hook moon like a hook;  
instantly the moon is again covered by the cloud;  
the moon becomes bashful as the cloud covering thins;  
instantly, the moon again hides in the bosom of the cloud.  
The middle watch of the night clouds disperse, sky clears,  
filled with stars;  
bright moon high in the sky, thoroughly satisfied,  
as the nightingale happily goes on its inspection tour.  
In the fishing village the newborn baby drinks its mother's milk;  
satisfied, it happily falls asleep.....

The water of a thousand tributaries naturally returns to the sea;  
Why hesitate?  
As a genial beam of moonlight enters the Breeze Pavilion,  
the fragrant south wind has already quietly changed into a howling west wind.  
This is a season which sends people into reflection,  
and a time for lovers to return to shore.  
Today you sent from the south a potted maidenhair tree,  
to say that you are returning north to study in the city.  
Knowing that autumn is not the time to plant a tree,  
I'll take good care of it for now and plant it in the spring...

The last watch of the night night sinking, sinking, sinking.  
A large black cloud appears in the northern sky,  
suddenly swallowing the white clouds in the south,  
slowly concealing the bright moon;

the inconceivable bridge of light disappears in an instant,  
sending the seafarers hurrying back to shore ... ☉ ...

*August 25*

At 6:00 a.m. the traveler's gaze is fixed to the east, level with the water,  
as the red sun comes leaping out of the Pacific,  
ten thousand glowing rays, like the wings of a phoenix;  
autumn has arrived the sky becomes higher.  
The eagle seeks its prey,  
casting a shadow on the green waves of the mountain;  
calling out sound, sound, sound in succession,  
as if somebody is playing a flute.  
Clouds spreading quietly, like the leviathan becoming a roc and extending its wings.  
In the spring of that year my flower garden was smiling;  
this year, at the beginning of summer two oceans met;  
the metaphysical traveler and the traveler on the horizon entered into a pact;  
it was Weiwo and Danqing who ushered in this pure, miraculous, and inconceivable  
overture.

In the fishing village it's the seventh day of the seventh month of the agricultural  
calendar;  
seven nights waiting seven nights waiting for a big event,  
waiting for the causes and conditions to appear.  
At 7:00 a.m. two milk-white clouds  
emerge from the mountain's breast.  
A seasonal waterfall appears in a ravine below the ridge;  
two powerfully green leaves  
exude an inconceivably mild green energy;  
for a moment, freshly oxygenated negative ions pervade the entire mountain,  
a fragrance ripens the fruit,

which falls to the ground,  
striking a large rock breaking open,  
revealing a seed as hard as a diamond...

Flower withers butterfly dreams,  
flower blooms butterfly flies out of the dream.

Morning, 8:00; on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 30.3 degrees and the relative humidity is 66.....

Web hung in ancient fir  
torn by unknown talon,  
threads fluttering in the wind.

Unburdened with sentimental attachment, the golden orb web spider  
weaves an even stronger net of optical fibers  
at the top of the ancient fir.

Again the call of the eagle pierces the mist,  
shattering the spindrift;

cicadas buzzing throughout the gardens summon the western winds.

You say,

“Look, a green caterpillar is hiding on the underside of that leaf and gnawing on its veins!”

You ask,

“Should I chase it away?”

You say,

“Now a bird is flying by;  
maybe I should tell the bird that there’s a caterpillar on the other side of the leaf.”

You ask,

“What would be a proper warning?

What would be a soft-as-steel exhortation?

What is the meaning of ‘The bodhisattva mind is imbued with both wisdom and compassion?’”

A small bridge for the romantic lovers to recall with nostalgia;  
a pavilion for the traveler to take a nap.  
The fallen flowers of the floating clouds give the butterfly an idea:  
a fallen leaf blowing in the wind  
makes the bird unclear about who is competing with it.  
The mystery of life inheres in childlike natural ability;  
affection converges on the past, on the magnetic field of yearning between lovers.

The baby nurses on its mother's breast,  
dreaming about how to manage the future;  
with its mind's eye, the eagle skims over everything lush and deeply mysterious,  
coming to rest on the baby's thought.  
The eagle promises  
that when the baby grows up  
it will teach him how to see a big wave as a bow how to see other waves as an  
arrowhead,  
and how to manage the vast tide.  
The seafarer moves the paddle with two hands,  
tapping out the continuous song of the sea—hua-la-la...

The first watch of the night, 7:15;  
on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 29.9 degrees and the relative humidity is  
77.  
The bright moon bursts forth from amidst water and clouds;  
from the Milky Way leaks out a sky full of stars;  
the lights of fishing boats begin to spread out over the sheet of water,  
as the seafarers fly their boats out to sea.  
Moonlight illuminates the peaks of milk-white clouds,  
as the dancing shadows of the trees try to sweep the fallen leaves from the moss-  
covered stairs.  
On the surface of the ocean, a bridge of water and ether spread by the light of the  
moon;

boats drift close and then return to shore.  
Early autumn night in The Beyond;  
the boats of the seafarers laden with fish the moon laden with the light of the sun;  
in the fishing village a full wind full clouds,  
each home full of tender sentiment.

The middle watch of the night, 9:15.  
On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 28.1 degrees and the relative humidity is  
67.  
Clouds disperse sky clears;  
the shining orb of the moon sends forth its pure light;  
on the Lily Path bloom fragrant flowers of orange jasmine;  
the dense scent makes its way through the window and door and into the traveler's  
upturned nostrils.  
Without warning the wanderer, sitting in indecision on the Breeze Pavilion,  
forgets self, asking,  
"Who am I."  
The entire universe becomes quiet;  
restraining sentiment, the Earth becomes silent.  
Whatever sounds like this is the sound of autumn;  
whatever looks like this is the look of autumn;  
the Earth releases the light of autumn;  
the universe reveals the touch of autumn.

This is a season which induces people to reflect.  
See the bright moon silently shifting from the Pacific Ocean towards the Indian  
Ocean;  
The sympathetic heart of the metaphysical traveler as pure as the bright moon in  
the autumn sky;  
the thoughts of the benevolent one as passionate as the autumn light constantly  
urging;

urging the people of beautiful Bharata  
to not forget that vision of happiness for 2020.  
You say that I am your confidant in the universe;  
I say that you are an interstellar poet-practitioner, teacher, and friend  
...☉...

*August 26*

The rising sun first illuminates The Beyond;  
a sheet of water flat as a mirror,  
ocean meeting sky boundary indistinct;  
mountain green with energy and affection;  
a flock of egrets flies in a secret place of deep blue.  
During the End of Heat  
the seafarers rest by day fish by night.  
Stimulated by the autumn light, the great Indian almond tree  
continues to extend its branches and leaves;  
the old banyan always fond of stretching,  
stooping and squatting out a square seat  
for meditation.  
The blossoming small white flowers of the ballnut tree,  
each with a fragrant stamen, fluttering and bright.

Autumn the genes of all things already mature,  
thoroughly mature fruits naturally drop;  
offering giving back;  
to Heaven to Earth to man;  
to all things on the blue planet.  
Transference of merit making offerings the unconditioned;  
returning to one's original face fulfilling all vows,  
fully and flawlessly bringing to completion this stage of the mysterious journey of life.

The mature tassels of the palm trees burst open;  
groups of bees attracted by the scent compete to collect nectar.  
The ancient spruce first flowered and bore fruit in 2004;  
I wonder when it will do so again.  
Mountain ridges and peaks trees vivid and bright;  
innumerable macaques happily scamper about in search of fruit,  
as several squirrels leap for joy amongst the array of common garcinia trees.  
The Beyond is a world of beauty and harmony,  
where all things grow, free and unrestrained.  
The wind rocks the sea, waves and spindrifts well up;  
clouds paint the horizon, clear and brimming over with color.  
The eagle hovers at the crest of the mountain,  
as boats saunter on water clearly reflecting the sky.  
The traveler fills up on a single breadfruit;  
green papaya soup,  
a refreshing thirst quencher and a favorite of the wanderer;  
bean curd steamed with toon leaves makes the visitor yearn for his hometown...

See the veins of the green leaf,  
an energy channel, a relief of vigor and beauty;  
roots transmitting nutriments through the trunk  
and onwards to the complex network of branches.  
Soft and slightly drunk is the natural quality of autumn;  
the rustling of fallen leaves its inherent sound.  
Paddling out a multi-layered pa-la, the seafarers accompany the tide,  
ruffling the round autumn moon.  
Baby's mouth attached to mother's nipple;  
color of fall leaking out.  
Fishing village at dusk;  
the white mist lightly emerging from the chimneys giving out the sound of fall.

The young students of the Kamalan tribe are back at school.  
Back to school,  
the children truly very happy life again becomes regular;  
old friends meet again,  
and enjoy having a hearty lunch together;  
the children back at school truly very happy.

*August 27*

## Chapter VII.

### **End of Heat** *August 28 ~ September 1, 2010*

Amongst the maples two new leaves beginning to turn red.  
For some time now, no trace of the cranes at the Hejing Pavilion;  
Weiwo says,  
“Off the east coast, in the Pacific Ocean, there is sometimes a leviathan swimming  
underwater;  
in the middle watch of the night it turns into a roc and soars up to the vault of  
heaven.”  
Weiwo says,  
“On this body of water is an inconceivable channel  
on which sails the merchant ship of a great caravan leader of supreme knowledge,  
carrying a treasure-finding guide.  
They once came upon that mysterious mermaid  
in the last watch of the night,  
whereupon the mermaid hastily departed,  
but left behind a pan full of jewels”...  
The wanderer is very fond of hearing Weiwo tell a story.

The first glimmering of light,  
a ship's fog horn blows.  
The recently combed mountain  
shows off its curly golden locks;  
the old banyan extends a pair of mysteriously soft and gentle arms  
to embrace a four-month-old baby named Xiaoan, who was born in order to save  
her mother.  
Time waits for no one;  
several moons ago the mother was in trouble,  
and Xiaoan saved her,

by being born on the blue planet;  
with Xiaolan's birth the mother was saved...

The water of a thousand tributaries  
rushes with abandon through the mountain's ravines and gullies;  
anxious to turn towards the ocean,  
yet always waiting,  
waiting for the causes and conditions of that great event.

The traveler says,  
"I hear that recently the weather in the city has been very strange;  
raining while the sun is out;  
streets covered with water that doesn't want to drain off."

The wanderer says,  
"Every time it rains  
small streams become big rivers  
and wetlands become lakes;  
punters are always fond of stirring up a storm on the waves of rivers and lakes."

The visitor says,  
"As soon as the sun opens its eyes the moon goes into hiding"...

Ridges and summits imitating one another;  
clouds and fog mimicking each other;  
trees and flowers revealing their heartfelt aspirations.

The Land of Felicity is a sacred place and a must-see for passing tourists.

See the spindrift leaving its imprint on the golden sand;  
at times the spindrift oversteps its boundaries and kisses the strand;  
at times a gust of wind embraces you, a denizen of The Beyond;  
you, so fond of abstract thought.

See that sheet of water, billows and waves circulating, regenerating, bursting forth  
soft, snowy-white hues.

See that wind blowing the entire mountain into oscillating waves of green, swaying

like a magic carpet;  
shadows thick with autumn foliage always catch the eye.  
Thus have I heard, the whistling of strong winds, giving off the sound of autumn...

In the fishing village today there appeared a group of sightseers,  
golden sands branded with hundreds of scattered footprints.

The sailboat Haijing  
has come here to test the waters;  
hull nine meters high,  
mast nine meters tall,  
three mermaids taking turns at the helm,  
intending to traverse the entire Pacific Ocean...

In the house of a fishing family an old faded photo on the old wall  
is today replaced with a digital portrait of the newborn baby.

Afternoon, 4:30;  
on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 30.9 degrees and the relative humidity is  
66.

A waterspout has appeared far out at sea to the southeast,  
moving south.

The ocean and clouds trade places and become a curtain.

The wind approaches the great resting stalactite and gently gives a comforting gust;  
sun showers stop and start start and stop.

Weiwo's attention is drawn by the expression in the baby's eyes;  
so concentrated so brilliant;  
so stately, bright, and piercing;  
come to the Land of Felicity after being in the womb less than four months,  
to meet with Weiwo.....

Tonight the sea produced force-3 spindrifts  
out of which bubbled forth a musical staff with eight notes.

These days the seafarers rest at sunrise

and go out to sea at night.

During the first watch of the night there is usually thunder followed by light rain,  
quenching the thirst of the jade-green tree leaves,  
signaling the tender young flower petals to follow the plume of the sun and hide  
away, as if into some stainless heavenly garment.

One clap of thunder wards off nine typhoons.

The seafarers are sure that tonight it will rain,  
and that there won't be a typhoon...

In the last watch of the night, just as the fishing boats are returning to shore divers  
go into the sea

to hunt for lobsters and sea urchins hiding deep amongst the reef rock;

fishing poles densely arrayed on the tidal flat;

flimsy rays of moonlight still shine obliquely on this inconceivably mysterious  
world

—the East Coast Mountain Range.....

The voice of the traveler lifts up in song:

“There is no intersection on the strand;

the thousand tributaries know nothing of hesitation nothing of indecision;

dauntlessly, they go forward forward, forward,

headlong to the embrace of the sea”...

The wanderer sings next:

“For millions of years this sheet of water

is where all things which have appeared in the universe

have been deeply imprinted with its one, unitary, single flavor,

on this bottom layer of the many-layered spindrifts”...

The visitor carries on the song;

“The great resting stalactite remains seated, nary a sway;

to enhance the circulation of the wind,

there arises an inconceivable air current,

drawing the mystical negative ions in from the ocean,

creating a joyous and carefree atmosphere for these virtuous friends of the Land of Felicity”...

The voice of the traveler lifts up in song:  
“This body of water is The Beyond;  
a magical cooling garment when summer heat rages.  
This body of water is The Beyond;  
a supernatural heater when the north wind blows,  
the best milk of the spirit in spring and fall”...  
In the fishing village children in twos and threes  
also raise their voices high to sing a fishing song——  
“For a fishing family happiness is a fine haul in the golden fall;  
a fine haul in our small fishing village  
brings happiness and satisfaction to life.  
For a fishing family happiness is a fine haul in the golden fall.”

*August 28*

One gust of wind and the Lily Path is swept clean;  
guava fruit already thoroughly ripe.  
The one who made those footprints has already been gone for 1,001 days;  
missing yearning longing  
fill the heart for an entire autumn.  
Recalling that happy time,  
forever existing within that space of 17 years.  
Dreams always pass,  
but not so with her;  
as soon as the heart rests in the present moment,  
she forever exists.  
Waking I need only think of the future,  
and she is sure to come again.

Night scintillating lights of fishing boats  
arrayed on a sheet of water;  
gusts of wind, spates of rain bursts of thunder and lightning;  
the boats of the seafarers all heaped with fish.  
The young mother watches over her baby the entire night;  
baby cries, suckles, sleeps.  
The young wife watches the door, waiting for the seafarers to return...

Boat rocks wave moves;  
the snow-white spindrifts roll up the water's effulgent, transparent garments.  
With boat as leader paddle as sword,  
contending with waves, sporting with billows;  
at times the glimmer of the waves softly murmurs,  
at times fierce billows surge forward like a raging torrent.  
The Tropic of Cancer, the Changhong Bridge, the Xiugu Washed Jade, and  
Wanwuxiang.  
Tonight is the Kamalan Flying Fish Ceremony;  
at 8:13, the constellation Perseus already faint.  
As usual, the night sky of Wanwuxiang is filled with stars;  
campfires clustered about;  
winds blow but don't put out the embers; rain falls but doesn't extinguish the lamp  
light;  
zeal is the original strength of the Kamalan braves.

Students come from the city to take in the local color;  
spirits leap as they join in the dance of the Flying Fish Ceremony;  
millet wine, bottle upon bottle;  
everyone slightly drunk.  
Sky swaying ground swaying people swaying;  
wind dancing rain dancing fire dancing.  
Mysterious flying fish, one after another,

happily dance on top of the water.  
This year the master of The Beyond and the triple world  
is clearly pleased.  
Near Wanwuxiang, at Echo Lake,  
rises up the sound of an autumn feast,  
a ceremony celebrating the fine haul at the End of Heat.

Sitting in an old rocking chair, looking at the coolness of that tree,  
while drinking a glass of fresh tea and listening to the sound of the water flowing in  
the pot,  
as the glamour of the summit vies with the 360 degree panorama of the mountain  
and the sea.  
The traveler has carried his old leather bag across three oceans and five continents.  
The wanderer puts on a pair of sunglasses and says,  
“Everything in the universe has taken on a more interesting hue.”  
The visitor’s eyes and ears are fond of lingering on sights and sounds;  
nose and tongue fond of wallowing in smells and tastes;  
this body this mind  
so fond of games of touch and feeling.  
See that tree standing straight bowed limbs swaying leaves;  
quivering dripping sap...

The Beyond, the sea beyond the sea.  
Today a fishing boat ran aground,  
hull inclined at a perilous angle;  
luckily, the four fishermen were rescued by the Lanhai, which happened to be  
passing by.  
Cloud tassels hanging from above;  
tidal rhythms sounding from the sea bed.  
Who is this, now eavesdropping on the heavy thoughts of the fishing people?  
Who is this, now forging a future happiness for a beautiful wife?

Rain dripping, dripping,  
starting, stopping; curtain of water hanging from the eaves.

Leaves and petals holding dew,  
flowers petrifying into glittering jewels.

In the Baihua Stream 11 small pools;  
where pearl-like raindrops  
splash up ripples.

Rain moistens land,  
satisfying the old tree's vital roots.

Afternoon, 4:15; on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 30.3 degrees and the relative humidity is 71.

It's said that a typhoon is again forming far out at sea;  
at dusk four large ships return to harbor to avoid the storm.

First watch of the night, 7:05;

On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 26.4 degrees and the relative humidity is 85.

The ocean gray and misty,  
mountains like lumps of black ink;  
the night takes on an obscure dark hue.

The seafarers fear not the wind fear not the rain;  
fear not thunder or lightning;  
undaunted, they go fishing as usual.

The longer the rain falls, the stronger it gets;  
the longer the wind blows, the harder it presses.

In The Beyond, everywhere rain flowers and mist.

At 7:35 on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 25.9 degrees and the relative humidity is 89.

The young boy from Ulan Bator,  
experiencing for the first time the temperate ocean climate,  
excitedly announces,

“Magnificent! So comfortable!”

The young boy has been here for a week,  
and tomorrow will return to the city.  
Night that night on the Breeze Pavilion  
which has left him with such a deeply engrained memory.  
See the glittering jewel floating in those misty eyes ... ☺ ...  
*August 29*

Today the ocean is like an illusion,  
the mountain vast and hazy;  
light and shadow like a flashing memory,  
swiftly changing scenes;  
cloud and fog maneuvering for position.  
See how the door to the Heaven is concealed.  
Wind now moving, now still,  
giving rise to a series of powerful air currents,  
blowing the fallen leaves in every direction.  
The color of the ocean alternates between indigo and purple,  
its mood highly unstable.  
Clouds joining and flowing in a collage of dark colors;  
the reclining mountain stores up fresh green.  
The little girl with big eyes spent the entire night transmitting a news bulletin.  
Today the mood seems to be covered by an invisible barometric depression.....

A three-cloud system stirs up three circulations,  
circling to form a triangular relationship,  
and transforming into a three-sided onslaught of typhoons, force 6, force 7, and  
force 8.  
The leviathan transmits a message through the ancient conch

urging the seafarers to quickly return to shore.

The Leviathan hopes that the wind-settling-pearl at the bottom of the ocean  
will use its inconceivable power  
to ward off these three typhoons.

On the Breeze Pavilion at 3:45 in the afternoon, the temperature is 29.9 degrees  
and the relative humidity is 72.

Stopping stopping stopping the paddle doesn't move.

See the wind and waves stirring up snow lotuses on the water.

Tranquil tranquil tranquil the boat isn't paddled.

Listen to the waves vying to rehearse a symphony of the sea;

a moment in time,

an imprint of the lovely convergence of the sun and moon;

inexhaustible time,

the miracle commonly forged by this sheet of water and the seafarers;

the existence of life,

a true experience, as when the baby nurses on its mother's breast.

The residents of the fishing village believe that human determination conquers  
even heaven;

for the seafarers, this body of water is an immeasurable treasure chest,

inexhaustible limitless.

Dusk buzzing of cicadas rising and falling;

a solitary green bird twittering on a treetop.

The color of the southern sky undergoes abundant transformations,

as the summit of the mountain to the north is veiled by a dense fog.

To the east appear light after light,

perhaps stars, perhaps fishing boats.

To the west, the setting sun reluctant to set,

as a straggling pink cloud obliquely hangs on the horizon.

The first watch of the night, 6:15; on the Breeze Pavilion  
the temperature is 28.9 degrees and the relative humidity is 80.  
Weiwo opts to have dinner alone in the Hall of Fragrant Recitation;  
a small dish of fried noodles,  
a large plate of red radishes, green beans,  
and cabbage, fried together;  
truly excellent in appearance, aroma, and taste.

*August 30*

Morning, 6:45;  
On the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 28.5 degrees and the relative humidity is  
74.  
Sunlight unable to penetrate dense clouds all about.  
The Land of Felicity, where the mist soars up to the firmament;  
bolts of lightning whipping about like a golden, flashing snake;  
thunderclaps sally forth from clouds,  
pounding, pounding, like a celestial drum;  
rain lightly flutters into the Breeze Pavilion.  
The Beyond, now clear, now overcast now dark, now bright.  
Fishermen hurriedly take in their nets, as grandmothers hasten to secure the doors  
and windows;  
The wind gradually gains momentum rain gradually builds up force;  
in a flash, waves rise high,  
as, it would seem, does the level of the sea.

One by one, leaves fall onto the Breeze Pavilion, one by one blown away.  
Today there are three typhoons in the northwest Pacific,  
simultaneously converging on Formosa,  
bringing force-9 winds and force-9 waves to The Beyond.  
Afternoon, 2:30;

on the Breeze Pavilion the temperature is 30.8 degrees and the relative humidity is 75.

Remembering the year when there were also three typhoons side by side, drawing each other along.

To the Land of Felicity the rain is eager to come wind filling the buildings.

The master of the Hejing Pavilion transformed into a crane and departed;

the chessboard is still in the Cushu Hall,

but the chess players haven't returned.

It's the one fond of home who deeply cares for this homestead;

it's the magnanimous compassionate gardener;

it's the moon fairy who illuminates the autumn sky and awakens the cool, refreshing air;

it's the aging father, wise and brave;

it's the aging mother with the heart of a bodhisattva;

it's that profound recollection.

Who could forget?

The Beyond The Beyond The Beyond;

those who have left are still here,

what once existed is now long gone.

The Beyond The Beyond The Beyond;

what once was, is gone,

what has ended still exists.....

Question: How does one sketch The Beyond?

First, draw a horizontal horizon line to represent the movement of the mind;

next, draw the crest line of a mountain to represent the highest summit of consciousness;

next, draw the coast highway,

from the fishing village of Yanliao to the Changhong Bridge at Wanwuxiang

to represent the senses leaving imprints in the mud;

next, draw a mobile sculpted citadel darting along the coast;  
next, draw a sailboat of unshakable determination pushing forward on the horizon;  
finally, draw a pair of soaring wings, like an eagle circling at the crest line.

On the Breeze Pavilion at 5:00 in the afternoon  
the temperature is 29.9 degrees and the relative humidity is 77.  
In *The Beyond*, force-9 winds and force-9 waves,  
billows rising up,  
pounding the reef rock with tremendous force.....

The Ocean House a reincarnated old ocean liner  
with 23 rooms, wherein stays a poet,  
a painter, and a composer.  
Occasionally the traveler, the visitor, and the wanderer come to stay.  
The first-class cabins face the ocean;  
these are the cabins where the great caravan leaders of supreme knowledge dwell  
dwell  
dwelling here the sound of the waves never ceases;  
snow-white spindrifts surging just below the cloud-flanked window,  
leaping forth from the eyes of the children in the fishing village,  
each new scene more beautiful than the last.  
Boats the seafarers use paddles to wave hello;  
the splashing of the spindrift is the best handshake...

The youth come from the city, backpack in tow  
stays in the Ocean House, cabin number 11.  
Dusk the youth strolls barefoot on the strand,  
where an angler has caught some a handsome fish;  
the youth advises  
the angler to throw the handsome fish back into the sea;  
the fisherman shrugs the fish smiles  
swimming back out to sea, the fish keeps looking back.

On the reef rock the youth finds the shell of a purple sea snail  
which says,  
“There are three typhoons in three loops at three levels encircling Formosa;  
yet, in the eastern sea there is a wind-settling-pearl,  
so they won’t come ashore”...

In the shallow water, inside a crag, the youth finds a huge sea turtle  
which says,  
“In this profound and marvelous body of water  
there is a magical, dream-like world of lapis lazuli light”...  
On the golden sand the youth finds a hermit crab,  
simultaneously carrying its shell, running, looking back, and hiding,  
hurriedly searching  
for a new shell.  
The youth comes from the coldest city on Earth,  
set amongst the awe-inspiring grasslands—Ulan Bator;  
it’s the first time the youth has ever encountered the vast, wide-open ocean ... ☉ ...

*August 31*

Morning, 9:01; sudden clap of thunder sudden bolt of lightning.  
It’s said that one clap of thunder wards off nine typhoons,  
providing ample assurance that the typhoon won’t be coming for a visit.  
10:15 on the Breeze Pavilion, the temperature is 26.1 degrees and the relative  
humidity is 100 percent.  
The Beyond, gray and dark;  
sky pressed low by thick, thick clouds;  
torrential rain wind pounds the buildings;  
a cloud system on the perimeter of the typhoon forms into a strong vortex;  
the Breeze Pavilion, with its portals without and apartments within,  
besieged on eight sides by wind and rain;

eaves instantly draped with a curtain of water, transparent and thin,  
firmly wrapping the wall on three sides.

The wanderer says that it would be good to do like the master of the Hejing  
Pavilion  
and make salt by boiling water.

The wooden table already soaked,  
the long wooden bench already saturated;  
wind howls through the gaps in the eaves,  
as the water of a thousand tributaries races back to the sea...  
boats on the water, rushing back to shore.

The Beyond, covered by rain and fog, thick and dense,  
as if to return to the time of Pangu  
and the primeval wetlands and forests when the universe had not yet taken shape.  
Ocean gray and dark, no sight of a spindrift;  
thunder besieged by raging billows, together howling out;  
twisting winds, waving rain treetops shaking in the mist.  
The wanderer doesn't recognize this kettle of water before his eyes;  
Today by whom is it boiled?

Surging and rolling,  
waves and billows raise their battle cries,  
whale and leviathan coursing deep below the surface of the sea;  
the vagrant horizon, remote and elusive.  
On eight sides wind and rain scrub the Breeze Pavilion spotless and bright;  
the great resting stalactite utterly pleased with the abundant rain.  
In The Beyond thick fog accompanies moist air,  
soaring clouds accompany the mist.  
On the Breeze Pavilion at 3:30 in the afternoon the temperature is 26.6 degrees and  
the relative humidity is 100 percent ...☺...

At noontime Weiwo returns to his writing window;  
the wind and rain as wild as ever, yet not out of control.  
Visibility is only 15 percent of normal,  
rather like sunset;  
the land a vast mass of gray,  
this rain, this water, this moisture, this fog.  
The color of the sea pitch black,  
the only sound on the ocean the low roar of the billowing waves,  
Heaven and Earth dark as a blotch of black ink.  
In The Beyond, low hues depict an enchanting landscape of misty rain,  
mountain and sea shrouded in layer upon layer of dense clouds.  
On the side of the Baihua Stream  
the old camphor tree follows the direction of the wind and stretches into a bow..

Dusk, 5:30; wind and rain gradually stop,  
as a green bird flies from the top of the Indian almond tree.  
The Beyond  
from the Changhong Bridge Wanwuxiang Echo Lake where human determination  
conquers even Heaven,  
to the Land of Felicity the Vandana Chan Monastery the fishing village of Yanliao,  
— presenting a true chronicle of the Pacific coast...  
Wind and clouds converge fisherman and boat in common cause,  
like salt and plums or boat and paddle in harmonious motion.  
A golden wind fluttering, the resonant sound of autumn  
pervades the countryside, vast and boundless.  
Salt stored in lotus leaves, a good winter;  
as soon as a thought arises,  
more thoughts follow in its wake.

Boiling water to produce salt originated amongst the fishing people of the eastern  
seas for use when entertaining guests.

The room with a view, as beautiful as the first-class cabin on a sailboat of unshakable determination.

Realization salt splendor  
so fine and admirable.

Tranquil cabin vastness  
where dwells the practitioner of Chan.

Harmony yielding neither rigid nor soft, universal concord.

South graceful growing by the vital yang energy.

The Beyond is a good place;  
those who live here are happy.

See innocence in the eyes of the baby.

Hear the ingenuous words of the child.

Every little girl has a pure mind;  
every youth has a kind heart.

Here, everybody greets each other with respectfully joined palms,  
setting in motion a felicitous spiral,  
restoring a pure and simple way of life.

*September 1*

Morning following a heavy thundershower  
the three typhoons move away,  
as the sky recovers its brightness;  
a thin mist lingers  
as layer upon layer of clouds are slowly stripped away;  
the overflowing water in the Baihua Stream  
stirs up the croaking of hundreds of frogs;  
Eagles in tandem soaring above the clouds,  
reverberating calls, as if sharing their inner feelings with each other;  
on the ocean a lone bamboo floats, a solitary log bobs.

The little girl with big eyes stand on the Breeze Pavilion, allowing her consciousness to drift far.

The Beyond.

Morning; a dazzling vermillion glow on the upper horizon.

Noon; a transparent white sky.

Dusk; the afterglow of the setting sun sweeping the lee of the clouds.

Night; stars fill the sky, inviting the moon to come out and play.

Here, the clouds and fog regularly stroke the mountain's peaks;

the tide eternally pounds the cavities in the rocks;

at times a heat wave approaches sending clouds and rain into disarray;

mist on all sides, observing the wish-fulfilling tree in Heaven.

Liquid pouring down through the deep and serene valley below the peaks.

Moisture seeping out from the apertures in the milk-white clouds.

Wet fog covering the mountain, companion of the rain forest,

forming a layer of moisture,

the origin of life in the universe.....

A person of foresight knows in advance

what is going to happen.

Morning, 5:15 a person walks along the Coast Highway,

perceiving that fall has arrived.

See that mind of love, the water of a thousand tributaries, thrashing the great sleeping stalactite,

splashing up the bright and brilliant spindrift.

The traveler the visitor the wanderer;

as soon as the typhoon departs, they quickly come to moor in the Land of Felicity.

Water gurgling in the Baihua Stream;

frogs croaking;

tugged by the west wind, green bamboos creak;

the continuous call of the eagle forms into a love song.

The seafarers are beyond the fray;  
the Land of Felicity is beyond the fray.

The Beyond walks to the beat of a different drum;  
the vast Pacific Ocean  
contains everything  
in the ten directions and the past, present, and future.  
Yet, it is rolled up into the momentary spindrifts again and again,  
ever in eternal storage.

The shore and the water form the stage where sand is formed;  
the houses and buildings are the sailboats of unshakable determination which drift  
on the undulating green waves of the blue planet.

On a small stone table in the fishing village is a new digital camera;  
on the old wall hangs an old pendulum clock an old photograph.

The child says,

“The past 100 years have gone by like a gust of wind vanished without a trace.”

The seafarer says,

“Millions of years are like the baptized reef rocks;  
such a deep brand makes a permanent imprint never to be effaced.”

See the Milky Way, a bower of stars;  
streetlights arrayed along the Coast Highway.

Lit some time ago, oil lamps glimmer throughout the Land of Felicity,  
as candles burn brilliantly in each home in the fishing village.

A seal of purple sealing wax  
protects the secret first love of a young woman.

Weiwo gives a copy of Coubo to the little girl with big eyes,  
and writes “The White Dew will arrive within a few days.”

Qian Yang passes through a tunnel of starlight in search of the lighthouse of life,  
going elsewhere to listen closely to the thundering mist,  
to closely observe the lightning in the fog.

One must compete in beauty with all those who have a sweetheart;  
one must boldly explore that inconceivable channel.

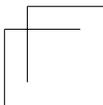
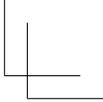
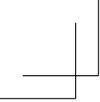
Qian Yang searching for that which belongs to eternity,  
searching for someone to love forever.

Night and day, Qian Yang  
sees a tall palm tree,  
illuminated by the bright moon radiant,  
revolving in four directions and splitting into eight, each a beyond.  
Clouds floating over the ocean wind howling in the sky;  
boat sails, wave rises moon emerges, tide surges.  
At times, sea and sky merge into purple and a thousand mountains shake;  
at times, the wet fog accompanies the mist, silently floating towards shore.

*September 2* ©



Xun Nian Chamber by the Breeze Pavilion on the east coast facing the Pacific  
Ocean



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