

Tending Stones, Composing Poetry, Receiving the Will of Heaven

Strange peak, cliff of stone, entrance into the poetry of heaven and earth; stone scroll rolling along, flowers poetically transmitted; boulders rising, turning bravely; precipitous peaks soaring upwards, unaffected by a thousand years, ever supporting the middle sky; a rock inscription in China, a historical record of Bharata engraved in stone, reaching the clouds, piercing the peaks, adorned with the majesty of heaven.

Within the mass of this majestic mountain is hidden an inexhaustible store of scrolls, all the wholesome knowledge and skills on the blue planet at the advent of the twenty-first century; these elegant scriptures etched in stone along the Pacific coast of Formosa; a marvelous green shield, silent peaks in array, the expectant beating of a drum echoing through the heavens; scrolls of stone, giving expression to poetic thought, moon reflected in stone mirrors, cleansing my heart; stones on the mountain inquiring into the profundities of the Dharma; stone scrolls set out in the Vandana Monastery, setting out on a passage through time; the Land of Felicity, replete with poetic sentiment, conveying its splendor throughout the sea and sky; a matrix of stone, the wisdom which fully recognizes the precious Spirit Mountain; the wind stirs up the water and the poetic currency of peace, a repentance sincere; wind whistling through the rocks, a subtle and marvelous sound; feet moving on the path of poetry, admiring the way, below the eternal

peaks towering in the blue sky; an unbounded scene of might and dignity, blue-tinted dew welling up and dropping in the early-morning sun; deep-green peaks, simple and pure, stretching into the evening glow; flying up, accompanied by the great earth; riding on the wind, dancing with the rain; huge scrolls of stone supporting the sky, formed out of the primordial dust, famous for a thousand years. In days of old Shengong teaching the Dharma, as the percipient stones nod in approval; it's said that today those marvelous stones joined in a resounding cheer, rejoicing in line upon line of graceful and edifying verse; praying that the weapons of war be forever laid to rest, that the armored horses remain in their stalls, and that peace may reign supreme throughout the land.

Dao Yi of Yu Garden
Qingming Festival, 2014