



路



The Road

迂園道一

by Dao Yi of Yu Garden

The Road

—Today, on Great Heat,
we lie on this earth like the Sleeping Buddha.

The dawning sun ignites flaming clouds across the sky
In the early morn, someone is forgetting himself in sonorous songs

The children, pleased with themselves, pick fresh fruit in the hills

A mischievous young cowhand stands in place,

waving his arms as if about to jump

Startled, a long-horned deer leaps up in the distance

and dashes away to the ocean's edge...

From the horizon come drum rolls of thunder

crashing into the surging water

Loud and clear is the wooden fish when—crack, crack—it is struck

From the dense clouds come clear chimes and songs of praise

They arrive from the heavens beyond heaven magnifying
and multiplying,

circulating seven days and seven nights

and again for a round of seven...

The pulsing beat penetrates beyond the Realm of Mighty Sound.

The conch sounds to reveal the inner feelings

of the babe from the original hometown

A gale rises from the illimitable realm of emptiness

crying solely for the sake of the true and essential self—

From a vase of pure water leaks the sound of raindrops from beyond our
realm

An eternal scroll containing the unsurpassed ancient scriptures
can be found

in the azure cloudless sky, dewing to reveal its illustrations
to the east innumerable green, thickly wooded peaks
to the west—pure white rivers and cascading streams
to the south—a gorgeous, red-hued hourglass of time
and to the north—none other than the black-hued and black-lit serene,
eternal, ultimate homeland

At the entrance one must first silently recite—
the secret mantras to pacify the earth

and to purify the body, mouth, and mind.

An all-consuming fire begins to burn from deep within a secluded
valley

The five tones—cannot fully represent the whole of the physical world
Outside the three-mile rest stop, a young lad welcomes the home
comer

The eight rhythms—cannot tally all the fallen specks of dust
from the world of living beings

At the roadside, where are the traces of yesterday's wanderers
Aspects of form, changing in the light, exist in countless millions

The earth splays forth thousands upon tens of thousands of emerald
greens to form

countless wooded peaks.

Prayer is a comfort granted by a bodhisattva heart.

In a finger snap jolt and splinter the clusters of vexation-wooded
hills

To take refuge is to put the people first in mind

The divine heart of each Buddha is reflected in the moonlight,
the ocean tides and the sky are rendered symphonious by the wind

In the predawn silver candlelight at the fifth watch, the song is lead from on high:

The road... unrolls... sunrise... the road... sunlight... the road... sunset... the road... unrolls... the road... breeze... the road... rainfall... the road... unrolls... moonrise... the road... moonlight... the road... moonset... the road... unrolls... the road... a goat cart... the road... a deer cart...the road... an ox cart... the road... a great white ox cart..... the road... unrolls... the teardrops of a pained man... the road... unrolls... the road... joyful boys in a raucous play... the road... unrolls... the road... a depressed merchant... the road... unrolls... the road... a traveler sighs... the road... unrolls... the road... a farming village celebrates a bountiful year... the road... unrolls... the road... pausing before a tavern at dusk, a wanderer glances inside... the road... unrolls... the road... an egret dances upon the back of a buffalo... the road... unrolls... the road... a youth's fair song floats 'round to the horizon... the road... unrolls... the road... the road... the road... the road..... Hey... who is "you"... Hey... who is "him"... Hey... who is "me"... Hey... who is "that"... the road... unrolls... the road... Oh... don't know who "you" is... Oh... don't know who "him" is... Oh... don't know who "me" is... Oh... don't know who "that" is... the road... unrolls... the road... Ah... "him", that's you... Ah... "me", that's you... Ah... "that", that's you... Ah... "me", that's him... Ah... "that", that's him... Ah... "that", that's me... Ah... the road..... unrolls... the road... Ah... "that" is you... Ah... "that" is him... Ah... "that" is me... Ah...the road... unrolls... the road... the road... the road... the road..... Ah... appearances... Ah... divided into the myriad semblances of the universe... Ah... cracked wide open... Ah... I can see the objective aspect... Ah... my human

and heavenly eyes can see myself... Ah... view is to be detached from view, oneself beyond one's own view, quietly crouched motionless inside... Ah... the road... unrolls... the road... the road... the road... the road..... the celestial drum snaps them awake... the celestial drum snaps them awake... the celestial drum snaps them awake... a chain of rock islands are the string, the waves fall into formation and draw the bow, the immense atmospheric force able to overwhelm mountains and seas... the celestial drum snaps awake sentient beings as numerous as the sands in the Ganges River of the great trichiliocosm... thunder claps strike fear... thunder claps strike fear... thunder claps strike fear... the fire seed of ignorance is ignited from the sea of karmic deeds, instantaneously striking with heaven's searing brand upon the ten directions and three periods of time, past, present, and future... scriptures of the measureless and boundless sea of consciousness... thunder claps strike fear, the Buddha seed arises from affinity, a sunflower has bloomed, receiving an illustrious visit from the great solar orb... the road... unrolls... the road... the road.....

Drumming gives rise to dancing

Dancing continues till sundown

The setting sun rewards me with a single golden drum

The golden drum reveals the face of that person from the original hometown.

That face takes me back to the eternal thoughts

These thoughts then allow me to serenely contemplate

I contemplate the stately persisting Soul Mountain

Atop Soul Mountain — beneath the Bodhi Tree

are petrified traces of blood left by loving people

Drumming gives rise to dancing—

Dancing fills the skies and the ringing of chimes permeates from every direction

Saha World's ancient rhymes are chanted and sung

continuing unbroken to the here and now

Whoever can sing a spotless and pure moonlight melody

sing out loud the secret words of space and time that root out all karmic obstacles and facilitate rebirth in the Pure Land

In the aging photograph, there is a padlock keeping sealed away

three-thousand-year-old stories within the dusky chamber of a house

At night, a child who has lost his way is crying

Startled birds have intruded into the imaginary realm of delusions

In the pitch black celestial space a cluster of shooting stars storm in from all directions

Who is it that takes the boundless, measureless, unimpeded, shining net of inspiration,

and stains it dot by dot, to become a sense-object-obstructed ignorance, pulverizing the empty space of dreams,

blocking the castle of desire...

The youth, stretched out contentedly by the beautiful Ts'ao Hsi River,

relies on dreams, and enters at will the confusing illusory demon world to create karma

In a wink, spirits lock up tightly the heart palace of someone's true self

In the secluded valley tonight

the clear-eyed, spotless lamp light will continue to burn forever!

At the foot of the lush blue-green hills there's a glistening emerald bamboo forest

The supple yet pristine misty clouds crest and slide off the fingertips

and over

the lazurite mirror of the vast sea A group of visitors
are in the midst of discussing how to publish
the fifty-three playbooks garnered from southern travels

The night deepens and the traveler finds no place to settle down
The moonlight shoots through the window and the infant's wails
increase the ever-ancient nostalgia for the old home parish
A single intonation of a bell echoes from the distant twilit
Temple of Wave Harkening It is
a higher god presenting the traveler with a riddle
to see how he goes about finding himself — —

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to receive the illustrious visit of the great solar orb, the Buddha seed
arises from affinity, thunder claps strike fear... scriptures of the
measureless and boundless sea of consciousness... past, present, and
future suddenly burst into flame, striking heaven's brand on the ten
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and motionless inside, oneself beyond one's own view, view is to be detached from view... Ah... my human and heavenly eyes can see myself... Ah... I can see the objective aspect... Ah... cracked wide open... Ah... divided into the myriad semblances of the universe... Ah... appearances... Ah..... the road... the road... the road... the road... unrolls... the road... Ah... "that" is me... Ah... "that" is him... Ah... "that" is you... Ah... the road... unrolls..... the road... Ah... "that", that's me... Ah... "that", that's him... Ah... "me", that's him... Ah... "that", that's you... Ah... "me", that's you... Ah... "him", that's you... Ah... the road... unrolls... the road... don't know who "that" is... Oh... don't know who "me" is... Oh... don't know who "him" is... Oh... don't know who "you" is... Oh... the road... unrolls... the road... who is "that"... Hey... who is "me"... Hey... who is "him"... Hey... who is "you"... Hey..... the road... the road... the road... the road... unrolls... the road... a youth's fair song floats 'round to the horizon... the road... unrolls... the road... an egret dances upon the back of a buffalo... the road... unrolls... the road... the wanderer glances inside, pausing before a tavern at dusk... the road... unrolls... the road... a farming village celebrates a bountiful year... the road... unrolls... the road... a traveler sighs... the road... unrolls... the road... a depressed merchant... the road... unrolls... the road... joyful boys in a raucous play... the road... unrolls... the road... the tear drops of a pained man... unrolls... the road..... a great white ox cart... the road... an ox cart... the road... a deer cart... the road... a goat cart...the road... unrolls... the road... moonset... the road... moonlight... the road... moonrise... unrolls... the road...rainfall... the road... breeze... the road... unrolls... the road... sunset... the road... sunlight... the road... sunrise... unrolls... the road

Under an inky night sky, a roving prince

alone is besieged by sorrow's false awakening

The heaven and earth turn topsy-turvy wreaking havoc upon the order
of the four seasons

The golden cicadae of the autumn sky depart for the Spring Equinox
network of dreams

competing to see who can hum best...

The old barn in the ancient hamlet has a cowhand

but no buffalos

In the illusory Virtual world, there are no shadows to be seen

no sounds to be heard

The fairies standing above the clouds scatter flowers,

but then fall to the bottomless depths of the mortal
world...

The wise one directly observes that all phenomena

of the vastness and the ages in an instant, appear simultaneously

at the root substance of one's own pure, unadulterated, genuine
self

Pearls of raindrops bead and drop like crystals

The purl of the springs from hills beyond the eternal mountains is
transmitted hither

The chaotic regions of Form Feeling Thinking Volition and
Consciousness

have a kernel with no shaft. There is but a karma tree that sheds
dead leaves all 'round, instigating ripples in the dreaming soul

pitting misapprehensions with illusions in the inverted program of the
play

Look at him in the daytime raising both hands in a gesture of holding
up the heavens

While upon night's arrival, that roving restless heart
fails to find a place of refuge...

With the arrival of night, the cooking fires of an ancient hamlet spew
forth a smoky curtain

Billowing clouds, volatile in the ten directions all 'round, tease forth
the darkest sentiments of the traveler

The distant rest stop master has prescience of an impending storm
In an instant, a flash of lightning streaks down

Creatures of the sky hide away. Earth-bound beasts vanish
Who can brandish that treasured sword of wisdom to rend asunder
the 84,000 vexing ties that bind the self

In plain view underneath the sunlight
is the shadow of someone lying upon the great earth, serving as a
Sleeping Buddha.

The strangling grey clouds disperse at dusk
dancing wild on the skyline

Imbibing another round of afterglow is the serene sea
The faint sounds of an emerging universe... moonlight
in tow, suddenly arises—

The mother, fond of singing, murmurs a little lullaby, and with
the baby in her arms falls into a deep sleep

The seven-colored rainbow is a celestial backdrop
for the farming village's open air theater

A child is blowing bubbles one after another the pearl-like globules
float past the elder's eyes

Donning straw-raincoat and straw-hat, a youth hurries along the
narrow border paths

for a scheduled outing in the rain

A girl's flower garden is two times bigger this year than the last

The lad opens wide his small mouth, singing at full volume

a joyful song of Purple Gold-wrought Robe

The homesick wanderer under a boundless, star-filled sky alone

chews on the bitter longings of his hometown.

Form and shadow; present traces are the basis for the past

and all are inlaid into that rocking chair of dreams

Time and age float along with the wind and waves into that ocean play
land of illusions

Lovers agonize within love's wicker basket

A pair of profound and dejected eyes cast their gaze

Overflowing amidst a myriad of flower cluster it gently
touches the moonlight

A unifying puff of warmth pours into the 84,000 pores

All of a sudden, the tip of the tongue curls back and up

to savor the flavor of ease and calm.....

Both palms fan a breeze that brushes off the clear sky of high summer

It is Great Heat today

Great Heat, 2002.7.23 / 2002.7.24