

# POETRY

## oranges

Cut one, the lace of acid  
Rushes out, spills over your hands.  
You lick them, manners don't come into it.  
*Orange*—the first word you have heard that day-

enters your mind. Everybody then  
does what he or she wants—breakfast is casual.  
Slices, quarters, halves, or the whole hand  
Holding an orange ball like the morning sun

on a day of soft wind and no clouds  
which it so often is. "Oh, I always  
want to live like this,  
flying up out of the furrows of sleep,

fresh from water and its sheer excitement,  
felled as though by a miracle  
at this first sharp taste of the day!"  
You're shouting, but no one is surprised.

Here, there, everywhere on earth  
thousands are rising and shouting with you—  
even those who are utterly silent, absorbed—  
their mouths filled with such sweetness.

- from "What Do We Know" by Mary Oliver

## Easy

Easy and beautiful under  
your eyelids  
As the meeting of pleasure  
Dance and the rest

I spoke the fever

The best reason for fire  
That you might be pale and luminous  
A thousand fruitful poses  
A thousand ravaged embraces  
Repeated move to erase themselves  
You grow dark you unveil yourself  
A mask you  
control it

It deeply resembles you  
And you seem nothing but lovelier naked  
Naked in shadow and dazzlingly naked  
Like a sky shivering with flashes of lightning  
You reveal yourself to you  
To reveal yourself to others

-Paul Eluard

# DHARMA

## Buddha's Final Teaching

"Make of yourself a light. Rely upon yourself. Do not depend upon anyone else. Make my teachings your light. Rely upon them. Do not depend on others' teachings."

-Buddha

## Widening the Circle of Compassion

Only in an open, nonjudgemental space can we acknowledge what we are feeling. Only in an open space where we're not al caught up in our own version of reality can we see and hear and feel who others really are, which allows us to be with them and communicate with them properly.

-Pema Chodron

## Breathe Meditation

And then the next one is water: "Breathing in, I see myself as still waters..."

Let us imagine a pond on the highland, very still. The water is so limpid and still that it reflects truthfully the color of the sky, and also the shapes of the mountains. And if you look into the water, you see your face, not distorted.

When we are still like that, we will reflect reality as it is. We will have right perceptions. If you are agitated, then we cannot reflect things as they are.

Therefore, "Breathing in, I make myself still, like a pond on a mountain, and, breathing out, I reflect things as they are." So we use the words "water", "reflecting".

-Tich Nhat Hanh