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,
lying 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 all 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 moun-
tain, and, breathing out, I reflect things as they are." So we use the
words "water", "reflecting".

-Tich Nhat Hanh