

3rd Chorus

Describe fires in riverbottom
sand, and the cooking;
the cooking of hot dogs
spitted in whittled sticks
over flames of woodfire
with grease dropping in smoke
to brown and blacken
 the salty hotdogs,
 and the wine,
 and the work on the railroad.

\$275,000,000,000.00 in debt
 says the Government
Two hundred and seventy five billion
 dollars in debt
Like Unending
 Heaven
And Unnumbered Sentient Beings
 Who will be admitted —
 Not-Numberable —
To the new Pair of Shoes
Of White Guru Fleece
 O j o !
 The Purple Paradise

6th Chorus

This Thinking is Stopped.

Buddha's Secret Moonlight: — is
the Ancient Virtue of laying up
and thinking happy & comfortable
thoughts — This, which modern
Society has branded "Loafing," is
made available to people now
apparently only by junk.

Self depends on existence of other
self, and so no Solo Universal Self
exists — no self, no other self,
no innumerable selves, no
Universal self and no ideas
relating to existence or non-
existence thereof —

The Greatest, Who Has Undertaken
to Comfort Innumerable Beings

The Kind One
The Art-of-Kindness Master
The Master of Wisdom
The Great Ferryman
The Great Vehicle Being

21st Chorus

Not very musical, the Western ear
— No lyres in the pines
compare with the palms

Western Sorcery is Sad Science —
Mechanics go mad
In Nirvanas of hair
and black oil
and rags of dust
and lint of flint

Hard iron fools raging in the gloom

But here's East, Cambodian
Saloons of Air
And Clouds Blest.
Blakean Angel Town.
Grove of Beardy Trees
& Bearded Emptily —
Expressing Patriarchal
Authority
To us listeners
Of the Holy See

Saw,
said,
Saved

Saved my Bhikkucitas

25th Chorus

Dont worry about death
Once you're there
Because it is trackless

Having no track to follow
You will rest where you are
In inside of the essence

But the moment I say essence
I draw that word back
And that remark — essence's
Unspoken, you cant say a word,
essence is the word for the finger
that shows us bright blankness

When we look into the God face
We see radiant irradiation
From middleless center
Of Objectless fire roe-ing
In a fieldstar all its own

Is my own, is your own,
Is not Owned by Self-Owner
but found by Self-Loser —
Old Ancient Teaching

61st Chorus

And all my own sins
Have been forgiven somewhere —
I dont even remember them,
I remember the sins of others.

Let me meditate on my sins.
 (Judgment Gate, somebody
 stuck a spear
 through the heart
 of the Judgment Gate)
 (with her surl of leer)

and that's how we got in

Powerful Tea you gotta smoke
to believe that

About the actual honey
of women's limbs

Archangels have true eyes —
They look sideways at you
And make you excise
The end from the tax bit
of your doubts —
'S all about angels' sins

63rd Chorus

Rather gemmy,
Said the King of Literature
Sitting on a davenport
at afternoon butler's tea.

Rather gemmy, hm,
Always thought these sonnets
Of mine, were rather gemmy,
As you say,
pureperfect gems
of lucid poetry

Poetry being what it is today

Rather gemmy, I concluded,
thinking you were right —
It isnt my fault that Buddha
gave me helmet
Of Right Thought, and indices
of long Saints
To Cope my Lope along
with,
Seeing I never had harm
from anything
But a Heavenly Farm.

65th Chorus

To understand what I'm sayin
You gotta read the Sutras,
The Sutras of the Ancients, India
Long ago, when campfires at night
Across the Rahuan River
Showed lines of assembled bo's
With bare feet bare the naked
Right shoulders of passing houris,
Sravasti late at night, tinkle
Goes the Indian Dancinggerl —
 There's One Thousand
 Two hundred and fifty
 Men
 Sitting around a grove
 of trees
 Outsida town
 right now

With Buddha
Is their leader
 Discoursing in the middle,
 Sitting lotus posture,
 Hands to the sky,
 Explaining the Dharma
 In a Sutra so high

66th Chorus

Dharma law

Say

All things is made
of the same thing
which is a nothing

All nothings are the same
as somethings
the somethings
are no-nothings,
equally blank

Blank

bright

is the whole scene
when you let your eyes
wander beyond the mules
and the fields and carpets
and bottles on the floor
and clean mahogany radios,
dont be afraid
the raid hasnt started
panic you not
day the better
arriveth soon
And the gist of it Nothing-ness
SUCH-NESS

67th Chorus

Suchness
Is *Tathata*, the name,
Used,
 to mean, Essence,
 all things is made
 of the same thing
 essence

The thing is pure nature,
 not Mother Nature

The thing is to express
the very substance of your thoughts
 as you read this
is the same as the emptiness
 of space
 right now

and the same as the silence you hear
 inside the emptiness
 that's there
 everywhere,
 so nothing in the way
 but ignorant sofas
 and phantoms & chairs,
nothing there but the picture
in the movie in your mind

102nd Chorus

"See to it that he never ends,"
they might have added anyhow.

One never dies,
One's never born
So sing the optimists
Of holy old religion,
trying to assuage —

Your shoes may look nice,
your baby buggies neater,
but one dies,
one's born.

What the Tathagata of Buddhism
preaches,

The Prophet of Buddhahood
is that
nothing
is really
born nor dies

But that Ignorance is its Prince,
The essence never moved
From folded magnificence.

103rd Chorus

My father in downtown red
Walked around like a shadow
Of ink black, with hat, nodding,
In the immemorial lights of my dreams.
For I have since dreamt of Lowell
And the image of my father,
Straw hat, newspaper in pocket,
Liquor on the breath, barber shopshines,
Is the image of Ignorant Man
Hurrying to his destiny which is Death
Even though he knows it.
 'S why they call Cheer,
 a bottle, a glass, a drink,
 A Cup of Courage —

Men know the mist is not their friend —
They come out of fields & put coats on
And become businessmen & die stale
The same loathsome stale death
They mighta died in countryside
 Hills of dung.
My remembrance of my father
 in downtown Lowell
 walking like cardboard cut
 across the lost lights
is the same empty material
as my father in the grave.

105th Chorus

Essence is like absence of reality,
Just like absence of non-reality
Is the same essence anyhow.

Essence is what sunlight is
At the same time that moonlight is,
Both have light, both have shape,
Both have darkness, both are late:

Both are late because empty thereof,
Empty is light, empty is dark,
 what's difference between emptiness
 of brightness and dark?

What's the difference between absence
Of reality, joy, or meaning
In middle of bubble, as being same
As middle of man, non-bubble

Man is the same as man,
The same as no-man, the same
As Anyman, Everyman, Asiman,
 (asinine man)
Man is nowhere till he knows,

The essence of emptiness
 is essence of gold

110th Chorus

I know how to withstand poison
And sickness known to man,
In this void. I'm no apprentice
When it comes to remembering
The eternity of suffering
Quietly I've been through,
Without complaint, sensing inside
Pain the gloriful um mystery.
Afternoons as a kid I'd listen
to radio programs for to see
the scratch between announcements,
Knowing the invalid is glad
only because he's mad
enough to appreciate every
little thing that blazons there
in the swarmstorm of his eye
Transcendental Inner Mind
where glorious radiant Howdahs
are being carried by elephants
through groves of flowing milk
past paradises of waterfall
into the valley of bright gems
be rubying an antique ocean
floor of undiscovered splendor
in the heart of unhappiness

111th Chorus

I didnt attain nothin
When I attained Highest
Perfect
Wisdom
Known in Sanskrit as
Anuttara Samyak Sambodhi

I attained absolutely nothing,
Nothing came over me,
nothing was realizable —

In dropping all false conceptions
of anything at all
I even dropped my conception
of highest old wisdom
And turned to the world,
a Buddha inside,
And said nothing.

People asked me questions
about tomatos robbing the vine
and rotting on the vine
and I had no idea
what I was thinking about

and abided
in blank ecstasy

113th Chorus

Got up and dressed up
and went out & got laid
Then died and got buried
in a coffin in the grave,
Man —

Yet everything is perfect,
Because it is empty,
Because it is perfect
with emptiness,
Because it's not even happening.

Everything
Is Ignorant of its own emptiness —
Anger
Doesnt like to be reminded of fits —

You start with the Teaching
Inscrutable of the Diamond
And end with it, your goal
is your startingplace,
No race was run, no walk
of prophetic toenails
Across Arabies of hot
meaning — you just
numbly dont get there

119th Chorus

Self be your lantern,
Self be your guide —
Thus Spake Tathagata
Warning of radios
That would come
Some day
And make people
Listen to automatic
Words of others

and the general flash of noises,
forgetting self, not-self —
Forgetting the secret . . .

Up on high in the mountains so high
the high magic priests are
swabbing in the deck
of broken rib torsos
cracked in the rack
of
Kallaquack
tryin to figure yr way
outa the calamity of dust and
eternity, buz, you better
get on back to your kind
b o a t

121st Chorus

Everything is in the same moment
It doesnt matter how much money you have
It's happening feebly now,
the works
I can taste the uneaten food
I'll find
In the next city
in this dream

I can feel the iron railroads
like marshmallow

I cant tell the difference
between mental and real

It's all happening
It wont end
It'll be good
The money that was to have been spent
on the backward nations
of the world, has already been
spent in Forward Time

Forward to the Sea,
and the Sea Comes back to you
and there's no escaping
when you're a fish
the nets of summer destiny

123rd Chorus

The essence is realizable in words
That fade as they approach.
What's to be done Bodhisattva?
O live quietly; live to love
Everybody.

Be devout under trees
At midnight on the ground.
No hope in a room
of dispelling the gloom
that's assembled
Since Moses

Life is the same as death
But the soul continues
In the same blinding light.
Eating is the same as Not Eating
But the stomach continues,
The thinking goes on.

You've got to stop thinking,
stop breathing.
How can you travel from Muzzy
to
Muzzy?
Forgive everyone for yr own sins
And be sure to tell them
You love them which you do

126th Chorus

Like running a stick thru water
The use and effect
Of tellin people that
 their house
 is burning,
And that the Buddha, an old
 And wise father
Will save them by holy
 subterfuge,

Crying: "Out, out, little ones,
The fire will burn you!
I promise to give you fine
 carts

Three in number, different,
Charming, the goat cart,
The deer cart, and
The cart of the bullock

Gayly bedecked — With oranges,
Flowers, holy maidens & trees,"
So the children rush out, saved,
And he gives them
The incomparable single Greatcart
Of the White Bullock, all snow.

128th Chorus

How solid our ignorance —
how empty our substance

and the conscience
keeps bleeding

and decay is slow —
children grow.

The toothbone goes
Out of mushy pulp
And you cry
As if rocks
Had been dumped
From a truck
On your back
And whimper,
saying
'O Lord,
Mercy on Mission.'

129th Chorus

We've all been sent
On a mission
To conquer the desert
So that the Shrouded
Traveller
Behind us
Makes tracks in the dust
that dont exist,
He'll, or We'll,
All end in Hell
All end in Heaven
For sure —
Unless my guess is wrong,
We are all in for it
And our time
Is Life,
The Penalty,
Death.
The Reward
To the Victor
Then Goes.
The Victor is Not Self

141st Chorus

Zoom
S t a r
of H o l y
I n d i a n
N I G H T

The Tathata
of
Eminence
is
Silence

The Clear Sight
of Varied Crystal
Shining Mountains
shifting in the Air

Exploding Snow

is Transcendental
Brilliant Shattered
Hammered Smithy
Emerald Green
Rubioso Mostofo
Be spark snaked

150th Chorus

Appeasement is Hypnotism
When the Houri Indian
 snakecharmer gets under way
 swaying his crock toilet
 picoloette clarinoot
 at the snake's bony
 leer
 he is leading a band
 like Sammy Kaye
 that could erupt
 and kill him

The Weasels Wait

If Buddha appeased
 the Likhavi Tribesmen
It means he must have hypnotized
 and pleased
Their appeasable hearts
 with talk
Of Grand Nirvana's
Holy Paradise

157th Chorus

The Art of Kindness
Is a dream
That was foretold by prophets
Of Old, wd. be continuous
With no broken lines
Buddha after Buddha
Crashing in from Heavens
Farther than expressioning,
Bringing the Single Teaching:
Love Everywhere.

Bring on the single teaching,
It's all indeed in Love;
Love not of Loved Object
Cause no object exists,
Love of Objectlessness,
When nothing exists
Save yourself and your not-self
Hung in a Moon
Of Perfect O Canopy
Sorrowing Starborrowing
Happiness Parade

168th Chorus

Asking questions and listening
 is sincerity;
Asking questions and listening
 without really listening
Is a kind of sincerity; but
Talking about yourself all a
 time, is not insincere.

It's all the same thing
In the long run, the short run
 the no run

Whitman examined grass
 and concluded
It to be the genesis
 & juice, of pretty girls.

"Hair of Graves," footsteps
Of Lost Children,
Forgotten park meadows,
— Looking over your shoulder
 At the beautiful maidens —

.

169th Chorus

Lie down
Rest
Breathe slowly

Dead in Time
You're dead already
What's a little bit more time got to do
with it

So you're dead
So the Living Loathe the Dead,
themselves —
So forgive, reassure, pat, protect,
and purify them
Whatever way is best.
Thus Spake, Tathagata.

The girls are pretty
But their cherries are itty

And if they aint got cherries
Sleep in the Park anyway

And if you dont go near them
You dont get that sensation
Of their inexhaustible delicacy

Dead in Time — Rest in Time

176th Chorus

The reason why there are so many things
Is because the mind breaks it up,
The shapes are empty
That sprung into come
But the mind wont know this
Till a Buddha with golden
Lighted finger, hath pointed
To the thumb, & made an aphorism
In a robe on the street,
That you'll know what it means
For there to be too many things
In a world of no-thing.

One no-thing
Equals
All things

When sad sick women
Sing their sex blues
In yr ear, have no fear
have no fear —
the moon is true, enough,
but, but, but, but, but,
it keeps adding up

.

177th Chorus

Farewell, tendril

I dont wanta play like that

when I find you

as a world

In my heart

I dont want

To talk it lightly

And make jokes

And find myself

Paranoically

Grunting loud huge grunt

Of Gordo Exer-

Indian-Cise,

I'd — O Christ —

wouldn't want to be cool

in hot hell

and be goofing

when yr sweet attentions

all me, thee,

describe, self-described

in one essential

l i g h t ,

the holy gold so-called

179th Chorus

Glenn Miller and I were heroes
When it was discovered
That I was the most beautiful
Boy of my generation,
They told Glenn Miller,
Whereby he got inspired
And wrote the saxophone
Wrote the reed sections —
like sautergain & finn —
and then they all did dance
and kissed me mooning stars
and I became the Yokum
of the wall-gang, flowers,
and believed in truth & loved
the snowy earth
 and had no truck
 and no responsibility

a bhikku in my heart
waiting for philosophy's
 dreadful murderer
 B U D D H A

182nd Chorus

The Essence of Existence
is Buddhahood —

As a Buddha
you know
that all the sounds
that wave from a tree
and the sights
from a sea of fairies
in Isles of Blest
and all the tastes
in Nectar Soup
and all the odors
in rose arbour
— ah rose, July rose —
bee-dead rose —

and all the feelings
in the titwillow's
chuckling throat
and all the thoughts
in the raggedy mop
of the brain —
one dinner

183rd Chorus

"Only awake to Universal Mind
And realize that there is nothing
Whatever to be attained. This
Is the real Buddha."

Thus spake Hsi Yun
to P'ei Hsiu

Names so much like each other
You know it cant be wrong
You know that sweet Hsi Yun
Had eyes to see the Karma
Wobbling in the balloon
— shiney —
 millions of dollars damage
 from rains and floods —
vast fading centers of a Kansas
 central standard time

buss-i-ness
my fron

Only awake to Universal Mind,
 accept everything,
 see everything,
 it is empty,
Accept as thus — the Truth.

184th Chorus

"Men are afraid to forget
their own minds,
Fearing to fall thru the void
With nothing to which they can cling.

They do not know
that the void
is not really void
but the real realm
of the Dharma"—

Wow, I thought reading that,
when I start falling
in that inhuman pit
of dizzy death
I'll know (if
smart enough t'remember).
that all the black
tunnels of hate
or love I'm falling
through, are
really radiant
right eternities
for me

187th Chorus

Do not Seek,
and Eliminate nothing,
concluded the Chinese
Master of 840 B.C.

“Observe the Void which lies
before your eyes
How can you set about
eliminating it?”

Buddhism is a big bomb on the head
and it hurts

After which comes I know
the milky fliss,
fluff, soft AW eternities,
skyrockets,
snowflakes, hope revealed,
snow
Gerard, Pa, lamb,
Sax,
Heaven, you, me.

190th Chorus

What I have attained in Buddhism
is nothing.

What I wish to attain,
is nothing.

Let me explain.

In perceiving the Dharma

I achieved nothing —

What worries me is not
nothing

But everything, the trouble is
number,

But since everything is nothing
then I am worried nil.

In seeking to attain the Dharma

I failed, attaining nothing,

And so I succeeded the goal,

Which was, pure happy
nothing.

No matter how you cut it
it's empty delightful boloney

.

192nd Chorus

"O thou who holdest the seal
of power, raise thy diamond
hand, bring to naught, destroy,
exterminate.

O thou sustainer, sustain
all who are in extremity.

O thou purifier, purify all
who are in bondage to self.

May the ender of suffering
be victorious. Om!

Om! Oh! Thou perfectly enlightened,
enlighten all sentient beings.

O thou who art perfect in wisdom
and compassion,

Emancipate all beings, & bring
them to Buddhahood. Om!

Adoration to Tathagata (Attainer
to Actual Isness), Sugata
(Attainer to Actual Goodness),
Buddha (Who is Awake), Perfect
in Pity and Intelligence

.

193rd Chorus

Who has accomplished,
And is accomplishing,
And will accomplish,
All these words
Of mystery,
Svaha,
So be it,
Amen."

Numberless roses arranged,
The milk of merriment
 without the curds,
The Pleased Milk
 of Humankindness
The Frowns of worried saints,
The Helpless Hands of Buddha
 burning,
The Crown Prince of the Lotus
 Blossom Sky,
Lover of all the mental phantoms
 in the mind —
Wordmaker, curdmaker
 Kingmaker, Ding
Dong, the Buddha's Gong

194th Chorus

Being in selfless one-ness
With the such-ness
That is Tathagatahood,
So is everybody else
Lost with you
In that bright sea
Of non-personality.

In teaching the Paramitas
Of Virtue and Sweetness,
The Wu-Weis of Love,
The Tehs of Sensibility,
And all the Tibetan Arhat
Secrets of the Buddha Mountain
World up & down of which
We race in celestial racingcars
On imaginary hills seeking
Salvation at the goal,
 Flagged by Dominos of Bodhi
 And Oil men Ragged Hero
 Mechanic Sariputran
 Minnesinging Gurus, on we rave.

.

198th Chorus

Nirvana aint inside me
cause there aint no me.

Nirvana's everywhere
'xceptin' what's everywhere
And so all is nowhere.

Swimmin free, in the lake free,
Rowing to the other beachy.

Tall guards you say? tall
saloons? maloons?
Tall goons? Tall tunes?

Tall stately heroes
Tall calm saints
Tall long tendrils
of cloud-air
Tall unobstructed
ghost whitenesses
Imagining on the edge
of the pier —
Just not there.

203rd Chorus

Heaven's inside you but there's no you.

What does that mean?

said the teacher, *

The Great Holy the All Holy

Old Teacher:—

All you've got to do

Everytime you feel sick

Is stop (this madhouse

shot of yours

is not exactly

the immemorial miel)

stop — and stare

through the things

before your eyes

with eyes unfocused

and as soon as they move

you will have seen

that they move

to illusion.

Seeing that all's illusion

You lose your mind

In meditation

And heal yourself well

(AND WHAT'S BEEN HEALED?)

212th Chorus

All of this meat is in dreadful pain
Anytime circumstances attain
To its attention like a servant
And pricking goads invest the flesh,
And it quivers, meat, & owner cries
And wishes "Why was I born with a body,
Why do I have this painful hive
Of hope-of-honey-milk yet bane
Of bitterest reward, as if, to wish
For flesh was sin alone itself — ?"
And now you gotta pay, rhinoceros
and you,
Tho his hide's toughern ten young men
Armed with picks against the Grim
Reaper
Whose scythe is preceded by pitchforks
Of temptation & hell, the Horror:
"Think of pain, you're being hurt,
Hurry, hurry, think of pain
Before they make a fool of you
And discover that you dont feel
It's the best possible privilege
To be alive just to die
And die in denizen of misery"

220th Chorus

Pieces of precious emerald and jade
Come from igneous rock once on fire,
Erupted through a volcano, sandstone,
Came out oozing in crevices
Pieces of light long buried in the earth
Are diamonds and floods of them.
"Amen the Jewel in the Lotus!"
Prays the Tibetan Saint with Prayerwheel,
"Om Mani Padhme Hum,"
He wants to pile up credit
Like the jewel in the rock
So that when he's found
The doves will have laid aground
Eggs of bright amethystine
Wallowing splendid decay,
Kings of Ore, art of fathers
Handed to sons, fire and air.
Kingdoms have been founded on diamonds,
Emeralds and pearls, and walkways
Of padded lily milky meshed
And crushed in holy feet, Maha
Graha Sattva, Being of Great Power,
Fortunes in Wisdom, Stores of Love.
Mountains rise high, diamonds shine,
Men ride high the alumpshine
The lump sunshine
Delicious is the taste of Porcupine

226th Chorus

There is no Way to lose.

If there was a way,

then,

when sun is shining on pond

and I go West, thou East,

which one does the true sun
follow?

which one does the true one
borrow?

since neither one is the true one,
there is no true one way.

And the sun is the delusion

Of a way multiplied by two

And multiplied millionfold.

Since there is no Way, no Buddhas,

No Dharmas, no Conceptions,

Only One Ecstasy —

And Right Mindfulness

Is mindfulness that the way is No-Way —

Anyhow Sameway —

Then what am I to do

Beyond writing this instructing

Poesy, ride a magic carpet

Of self ecstasy, or wait

For death like the children

In the Funeral Street after

The black bus has departed —

Or — what?

232nd Chorus

Buddhists are the only people who dont lie,
In the Sacred Diamond Sutra

Mention is made that God will die —

“There are no Buddhas
and no Dharmas” — means —
There is no Universal Salvation Self,
The Tathagata of Thusness has understood
His own Luvaic Emanations
As being empty, himself and his womb
Included — No Self God Heaven
Where we all meet and make it,
But the Meltingplace of the Bone Entire
In One Light of Mahayana Gold,
Asvaghosha's singing in your ear,
And Jesus at your feet, washing them,
And St. Francis whistling for the birds —
All conjoined though and melted
And all be-forgotten, pas't on,
Come into Change's Lightless Domain
And beyond all Conception,
Waiting in anticipatory halls
Of Bar-Light, ranging, searchlights
Of the Eye, Maitreya and his love,
The dazzling obscure parade
of elemental diamond phantoms
And dominos of chance,
Skeletons painted on Negresses
Standing by unimportant-to-you
Doorways, into Sleep-With-Me
The alley way behind.

239th Chorus

Charley Parker Looked like Buddha
Charley Parker, who recently died
Laughing at a juggler on the TV
after weeks of strain and sickness,
was called the Perfect Musician.
And his expression on his face
Was as calm, beautiful, and profound
As the image of the Buddha
Represented in the East, the lidded eyes,
The expression that says "All is Well"
— This was what Charley Parker
Said when he played, All is Well.
You had the feeling of early-in-the-morning
Like a hermit's joy, or like
 the perfect cry
Of some wild gang at a jam session
"Wail, Wop" — Charley burst
His lungs to reach the speed
Of what the speedsters wanted
And what they wanted
Was his Eternal Slowdown.
A great musician and a great
 creator of forms
That ultimately find expression
In mores and what have you.