

Poem #1

By Deying

A Self Description

I try to characterize myself, but can't seem to do it;
I try to sketch a self-portrait, but with no success!
There is such a thing as the original oorm (Buddha Nature),
But how can it be made to look like a person!
Alive and lively,
It was never born.
As always the nostrils hang over the upper lip.

Poem #2

By Miao-zhan

In the shade of two trees and the hanging green of the cliffs,
One lamp for a thousand years broke open the dark barriers.
I too now realize that phenomena are nothing but a magic show
And happily grow old among the mist, the rivers, and the stones.

Poem #3

By Shenyi

Recalling a Past Excursion to Wang Convent: Sent to Zaisheng

Human life consists of meetings and parting,
in the end but froth and foam,
Gazing back at the vast expanse, I am moved
by thoughts of our past excursion.
The morning dew had not yet dried, the blossoms were
plentiful and firm,
The noon shade was about to settle, the songs
of birds were hidden away.
Inhaling the fragrance around the little bench,
we were oblivious to the dusty world,
Walking in the moonlight, our pure talk swept
away all the old sorrows.
The slanting shadow of the plum blossom
looked just like a painting;
Who will gather up the tattered blossoms
strewn upon the ground?