

Parinirvana Poem

The winter pear tree sheds its blossoms;
delicate white petals cover the ground.

World Honored One,
long ago on a sad day at Kushinagara,
your disciples wept in grief,
the animals were bereft,
the trees dropped their leaves, and
heaven and earth trembled
at your passing.

The bright mirror of Prajna Paramita
reveals this coming and going.
The Great Matter of Life and Death
resounds throughout space and time —
throughout the empty eons:
no coming, no going.

Today, right Here, Now --
those endowed with your essence
gather solemnly with heads bowed,
struck with awe
at the boundlessness of your realization,
at the selfless forty years turning the Dharma wheel,
at the embodiment of Great Awakening.

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

My mind is not the Buddhas, nor is it you.
Coming and going abide herein as always.

—Egyoku February 13, 2016