

Tuesday morning

Hands and feet so cold
sitting in meditation

The gong sounds
eyes open again

The cold has brought snow
filling the valley with silent beauty

Tears of joy flow
the lesson for today

Eyes closed in meditation again.

The sound of snow
melting, dripping from the trees

The sound of quail
chutting, passing by

A tear forms
slowly finding its path

What joy! Two lessons before lunch!

Brown rice and squash
bowl warming the hands

Pen, paper, and something to write
the day is complete

The ring on my hand grows heavy
my heart troubled and confused

Must I choose between the Path and the ring
for if I must, I must choose the ring

But wait- "All is clear, only I am cloudy."

Our love flows from giving
and in Dhamma it will grow

(Now I'm just confused)

Thursday

So cold, feet, hands, nose
Body stiff and sore
Mind cloudy and unfocused

Big lunch, long nap
The second gong awakens me

Hands and feet so warm!
Body moving easier, vision so vibrant
Mind so clear and focused.

What a tyrant this body is!
