

# 曹源一滴水

January 1994-Number 25

From Shodo Harada Roshi, Head Abbot, Sogenji Temple

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Each of you has by now welcomed the new year and renewed your vow for this year's work and responsibility, once again freshly feeling and experiencing it. The new year at Sogenji, as those who have been here doing training at the time of the new year's celebration know, is first celebrated by the ringing of the big bell. Gathering in the hondo, we offer the first stick of incense of the new year to Bodhidharma, then everyone in silent unison does deep bows and prostrations. Following this there is a formal tea with "great good fortune tea", (this tea is salted plum pickle in boiling water) then the morning sutra chanting begins. When this is finished we all go to the jikido and eat mochi together. At eight o'clock in the morning we all gather in the hondo and pray that our upcoming year of training will take place without obstruction, we pray for peace in all countries and offer our prayer in doing the Dai Hannya-the great Heart Sutra. Joined by the elderly abbot, following that we have a formal green tea ceremony in front of the scroll of Bodhidharma. With tea and tea sweets we do greetings for the new year. This is the way we celebrate the new year at Sogenji every year. There is also a new year welcoming poem written by each person here, stating our resolution for this year. This poem gives our vow of training for the coming year and expresses the state of mind with which we enter our new training year. The poems which we've written to express this vow and this state of mind we all give at a group reading. This year the poem that I was given the opportunity to express is the following poem.

SAITAN NO GEI  
(GATHA FOR THE NEW YEAR)  
SHODO HARADA ROSHI, SOGENJI, 1994

HATO BANRI SHINJU O ARAWARE  
TETSU GAKU KOBE WO ATSUME  
TO DO SASAU  
KYUSHI SARE KESSHI SARI  
SHINSAI NO AKATSUKI  
MOPARAU INORU KAKOKU  
YUKI O RISSEN KOTO TO

From far away across the ocean, coming in true compassion,  
With a tongue of iron and head of copper,  
In all hours of the day, cutting through to the root, shaving away the ego.  
The bright red sunrise of the new year-the prayer for all countries,  
The eternal foundation of all peace and truth.

This was my poem for the new year.

At this time at Sogenji there are twenty people training together .

HATO BANRI SHINJU WO ARAWASU

(From far away across the ocean, coming in true compassion)

These people have come from far away, crossing oceans, leaving their life in their own country behind, leaving their work behind, putting their whole life into this practice. This is not being done just for themselves. Deeply questioning how one should, as a human, live one's life in the best possible way- not sparing the slightest effort-from within oneself we clarify the truth and with that experience we go into society. We offer it all and come from far away to train here.

TETSUGAKU JU TO SODO SASSAN

(With a tongue of iron and head of copper)

This way of looking at things is truly something which everyone experiences; if you look at it honestly -even though we know that we have to do this and want to do that, but to know that first we have to do this one most important thing, above and beyond everything else-everyone here is living with this determination and decision. People living this commitment are gathered here, following the way of training of the patriarchs, putting their lives on the line for this, offering up everything for their ideals. In this way they walk and offer themselves to this path of the patriarchs and those who will follow them. What this training's essence is expressed in the words,

KYUSHI SARI KESSHI SARI

(Cutting through to the root, shaving away the ego)

Letting go of our own personal opinions, we deepen our faith and shave away our own egoistic layers, separate from our self centered narrow opinions and at least once let go of all of our attachments and information and dualistic ideas. We dig down to humans' most profound , untouched, hard to reach, state of mind. Unable to realize that place easily, we work every day on our creative and inventive efforts, going deeper daily. Whether it is outside sitting on a severely frosty night, looking up at the stars in the crisp chilly sky, or being thoroughly absorbed in yaza, or sleepy eyes fighting to stay open, receiving the blows of the keisaku, working as hard as we can, we enter that state of mind where we become quiet and serene within, and because we have this kind of experience a new life is born, a vivid and fresh life energy is born.

Today- welcoming this new year together-people who have all experienced this are gathered here. This struggle will all be put to use for the confused and chaotic state of society for whose sake it is being done. Not turning their backs on society, rather, from deep within themselves they have done this not for their own personal peace but for the 20 th century, for today, for those conflicts which don't end- for that ego struggle that doesn't find a resolution-first and above all we have to shave away our own personal ego attachment and realize directly that mind which unites with every other being. At the root of every person's mind there is a clear and transparent source point, this source point will without fail be touched and from that resonation, be able to bring to even one more person to that same experience. This same great joy- to enable that to be experienced- is our deepest prayer -and to pray for that is the only way to work for the actual and real peace of the whole world.

In this year's new year newsletter in honor of the new year, we would like to share the poems for the new year written by the people at Sogenji which they each gave a reading of on the night of the third day of the new year. These are poems filled with each person's vow-this is the theme of the new year poem. These poems are this new year newsletter's main message-in hopes that those people reading it will share these with others and that in this world it will be possible for each person's life and job and livelihood to be done for the sake of true liberation of all beings-for the sake of true peace in society and great blessings for all people I wanted to tell you about those who are working creatively and inventively for true peace in the whole world this new year; and also for people who already have experience like this to once more refresh that experience and that way of living which follows that path. To urge you to remember that first time you saw the possibility of a path and realized the possibility of living in that way and that there actually are people who do live in that way-to return to that first moment when you became aware of that is what I would like to ask you to do. For everyone to please, in this upcoming year, take this newsletter and use it for a source of energy-if that could happen it would be the best wish fulfilled. We are not alone. When we try to do something all by ourselves, no matter what a sincere and important vow it is, it's very difficult to bring it to fruition all alone, but if we can even just know that there are people who are doing this at the same time, that we are all working together on this-just to know that this is how it is happening- doesn't it make our hearts braver?

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## SESSHIN SCHEDULE

		<b>April</b>	
		8 - 12	Kosesshin
		16 - 22	Osesshin
		26 - 30	Kosesshin
		<b>May</b>	
		5 - 11	Kosesshin
		15 - 21	Osesshin
		25 - 29	Kosesshin
<b>February</b>		<b>June</b>	
4 - 8	Kosesshin	4 - 10	Kosesshin
12 - 16	Kosesshin	15 - 21	Osesshin
21 - 27	Osesshin	25 - 29	Kosesshin
<b>March</b>			
8 - 14	Osesshin		
18 - 24	Kosesshin		

NEW YEAR'S POEMS 1994

WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF  
SOGENJI SANGHA

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At the end of the day  
Nature becomes quiet  
Imperceptibly sunlight decreases  
And without knowing when that  
happens  
It's already night.

At the end of life  
With no body to raise  
consciousness  
And to say,  
"Night will not become  
tomorrow."  
The last breath goes out  
completely to its final point  
expanding, endless and  
boundless.

Domyo

PROSE BALLAD FOR THE NEW  
YEAR

I spent the year following the  
Architect and trying to catch him  
at work, him and his  
innumerable sons. Found his  
dirty footsteps on the purest  
snow.

May I now grasp his tail, and  
hang him from the highest beam.  
Nevermore shall he build prison  
cells the size of a doghouse,  
nor break our backbones and  
ribs with bars and sticks.  
We shall wander free under a  
enormous sky without  
cartography or timetables.

Doho

Crossing the ocean  
Greeting the new year at Sogenji,  
That very form of each and  
every day,  
Directly in front of our face.  
This year to greet once more,  
the dog's buddha nature.

Bodhi

Sogen's strong man, moral like a  
flowing spring.  
His blue eyed guests gather like  
clouds to live and move together.  
The real wish of this twisted tree  
is to know the joy of cutting  
straight,  
To make effort like the  
dewdrops appearing on this  
body of the new spring.

Sotatsu

Fresh, cold  
*w i n d*

alive!

Brrr!

No. Just ...  
Brrr!

Mitra

Feeling the flow of the universe  
There is nothing that needs to be  
said  
Nothing that cannot be laughed  
about,  
With this flow,  
Naturally, the liberation and  
harmony of all people comes  
about.

S.H.

Sanzen

The stone garden misty  
through the bamboo screen--  
dawn's light.

Three deep bows before  
the Lineage, serene  
is midnight, burnished bronze.

I offer everything  
and only  
this present form.

He sees, confirms,  
encourages--says,  
Open, open, open.

Edwina

Koan for the New Year

Over the deep ocean  
across the wide sea  
circle circle  
Find the center-  
point, and stay:  
breathing in, breathing out,  
widen the circle,  
center the point.

Find the livelihood  
right for me now  
circle circle  
work that's an offering,  
work that is needed,  
asks of me ever  
finer circling, circling  
around the centerpoint.  
Find the spiritual  
friends in zazen  
circle circle  
their energy lightens  
their kindness uplifts.

Or--?  
cross the wide ocean once more  
circle circle  
Seek deeper training  
allow the center, the friends,  
the livelihood--  
to find me.

Edwina

The ocean of Great Peace  
With its thunderous crashing  
waves  
And its endlessly tranquil  
bottom,  
Begins with one single drop.

The life of Great Peace  
With its thunderous crashing  
pain  
And its endlessly tranquil center,  
Begins with one awake breath.

The World of Great Peace  
With its endlessly brilliant light  
And its thunderously tranquil  
smile,  
Begins with one heart felt vow.

Daichi

Bowing in Gassho before every  
member of the sangha,  
I continue my training this year.  
In truth, the sangha of which I  
am a member is made up of not  
just the people training at Sogen-  
ji; nor is the sangha of which I  
am a member the sangha of  
people training all over the  
world.

The sangha of which I am a  
member is the sangha of all  
sentient beings. Together with  
that sangha, I continue my  
training. Until every member of  
that sangha attains liberation,  
my  
training cannot come to an end.

Dokyo

TO EVERYONE

I hate to ever see you sad  
I hate to see you in pain  
I hate to see you treated unfairly  
I hate to see you disappointed,  
but I've come to understand  
that there's nothing I can do  
except work hard to realize  
my own true nature  
and pray that you'll do the same  
and realize yours, too.

Shosei

From far away over the ocean  
to this frozen morning  
at the sanzen bell  
but I had no intention to come  
here.

then you all come running in-  
coughing and farting  
puffing and groaning  
standing and sitting  
coming and going  
and we're a strange frenzy  
in the dark  
ceaseless movement, stop and  
start  
going here, go there, in and out,  
now there's this, now there's that  
but just for an instant  
in it but moving not,  
The whole world-  
one breath.

Shosei

RETURNING FROM SANZEN

Cold clear night,  
Wind touching pines-quietly  
Only skimpy sandals,  
between my frozen body,  
and  
these ancient stones  
-holding me up  
-holding me down.

Everyone would call me a liar  
if I told them- whole world  
under my feet.

Franklin

WHO AM I?

Eating together  
Sitting together  
Sweating together

Freezing together

TOGETHER?

WHO ARE YOU?

Working together

Sitting

Sitting

One flower-

Smiling at each other.

Shozui

building a house

of light

deep in the treeless grove

having walked through the night

bright

in the morning the light

disappeared

See!

Shozui

if you got baby

don't feed the baby

no child is born

don't change the baby

no child dies

be the baby.

Dai Kan

Coldest winter moments,

How then this light,

Warm.

Thoughts of the past,

No longest so bent,

Fragmented.

Fallen branches naked trees,

So well marked,

The seasons.

Today is alive-Sogen-ji.

Brothers, sisters, and Patriarchs,

Drinking tea-coffee

That warms us through,

Cold winter moments.

Doyu

Not looking for anything,

is itself our original Home

But who is able to understand

that Buddha was sitting six years

Like a fool under the tree

only to perceive that

on the morning sky the star is

shining ?

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Ten thousand samadhi

are only the mind sickness.

Throw it everything away.

Your simple ordinary life

is the shining star of the Buddha

Kristof

Rain

Tomato juice

Mudpuddles

Waterfall

Tea and coffee

Snowflakes

Urine

Crashing waves

Waves

Split pea soup

Sulphur springs

Tears

Clouds

Like water

Our clear essence

Magically appearing

In its diverse

Shapes, moods, and uses,

Never

loses itSelf.

Shonen

My belly is a trampoline  
My shoulders sprouting wings.  
They say God respects you when  
you work,  
And loves you when you sing

The sun is yellow inside me,  
My skin is nowhere, fast,  
When empty isn't easy,  
Just relax and ask.

Daichi

Me!  
Me!  
Me!  
Me! Me! Me!  
Me Me Me Me Me Me Me!  
Me Me Me Me Me!  
Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me Me!  
Me Me Me Me Mu!  
Mu Mu Mu Mu Mu Mu Mu !  
Mu Mu Mu Mu Mu!  
Mu Mu Mu!  
Mu Mu!  
Mu Mu Mu!  
Mu!  
Mu!  
Mu!  
Mu!  
Mu!

Doshin

I am the cook on a sinking ship,  
My name is Seaman Tenzo,  
We sail upon an endless sea,  
towards the isle of kensho.

The isle is made of pearls they  
say,  
Its beach is purest gold,  
In summer it is never hot,  
In winter never cold.

We have no compass, we have no  
sail,  
The waters are uncharted,  
The journey may be very long,  
Some wonder why they started.

My shipmates, they're a rowdy  
bunch,  
My helper is called Ruchi,  
The feast of food we eat for  
lunch,  
Sometimes it's even sushi.

Many dangers lay in wait for us,  
The sea is often stormy,  
Monsters lurk beneath the  
waves,  
I often feel quite poorly.

There is no need to push this  
ship,  
She travels with the tide  
Just stay aboard and trust in her,  
Till we reach the other side.

Dosho