

A Court Poem

Swallows singing in the night when you're not looking.
Kalapa Court dancing in the distance when you leave it.

Remedial reading becoming oh so popular.

Last Chance Saloon becoming one taste.

I have watched all those things and never hesitated
for a moment.

Little did I know that I would be out in the street
waiting for a powerful signal.

How to proceed is how to be.

Whether or not we are concerned is a trivial pursuit.

At the same time, how to get home is a genuine pursuit.

I make this benign gesture.

Perhaps those who follow will have more skill.

Here it is!

As the sun rises in the sky, eyebrows close together
because of seeing such a first light.

Inconceivably ignorant, we blink and squint
and wash our eyes with silver.

Not known to the physicians, we are hesitant to proclaim
how healthy we are as if gold were a sun partner.

Written on the 3rd day, the month of March. By the
Dharma Holder Legpai Lodro.

May all beings reap the benefit from simplicity and gentleness.

Sealed at the Kalapa Court by my own hand in the year 1985.