

DEWDROP OF EMOTION

From the most obscure corner of the world,

From the most unheard of aspiration,

From the most little known fact,

Arise^s not one thought but two

Arises the best of all possible worlds.

Baby as I am, still slobbering and complaining
in a primitive way

I have confidence to embrace the vast panoply of
stars; to embrace this vast ocean of discursive
thought.

Baby as I am, I still desire to make things right.

From beginningless time memory pops up as a self.

Good fortune meets memory when a young man
encounters a great teacher.

Just like in the stories of the ancient ones
all doubts are resolved in an instant.

The replendent dharma, lit up beyond the world,
permeates thought and feeling.

Without any effort little babies grow into big
warriors without any notion of having to do so.

14 November 1987

Vancouver B.C.

4:00 A.M.