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of time and eternity

Seen by the eye of faith
the cherry blossoms
are always about to fall.

It is a rare privilege to be born
as a human being,
as we happen to be.
If we do not achieve
enlightenment in this life,
when do we expect to achieve it?

—Echu

Some acts have been considered bad for generations,
and now we do not see anything wrong
with them. It may take centuries to clarify
rules of behavior. Therefore it is foolish
to expect immediate approval.

—Zengetsu

There is that which precedes heaven and earth.
It is formless, nameless.
The eye cannot perceive it.
To speak of it as mind or Buddha is inexact,
then it becomes again something in our imagination.
The Tao cannot be expressed in words.
—Dai-o-Kokushi

There is no here, no there. Infinity lies before our eyes.
—Sengtsan

A man who has seen into his Self-Nature,
sees it whenever questioned about it.
—Hui Neng

Do not compute eternity
as light-year after year.
One step across
that line called Time:
Eternity is here.

The rose that
with my mortal eye I see
flowers in God
through all eternity.

How fleeting is this world . . .
yet it survives.
It is ourselves that fade from it
and our ephemeral lives.

Were I to lose myself in Him
I'd find again the Ground
that held and nurtured me
before this earthly round.

Eternity is time,
Time, eternity.
To see the two as opposites
is mind's perversity.

Man has two eyes.
One only sees what moves in fleeting time,
the other
what is eternal and divine.

I have known wealth and fame
poverty and utter shame.
Yet all was transitory.
Beyond time I found bliss and glory.

The man in harmony with God
is with himself at ease.
He is content to be here, now
in perfect peace.

Timelessness
Is so much part of you, of me—
We cannot hope to find
the Self
until aware of our eternity.

Time is of your own making,
its clock ticks in your head.
The moment you stop thought
time too stops dead.

Just one step out of time
I enter God's eternity,
and I am wholly freed
from human transiency.

Until you lose your Me
you cannot see God's face—
The moment you recover it
you fall from grace.

How short our span!
If you once realized how brief,
you would refrain
from causing any beast or man the
smallest grief, the slightest pain.

I am God's alter ego.
He is my counterpart.
In timelessness we merge—
in time we seem apart.

Most sacred:
The Void's immobility
that makes all move,
retaining its tranquility.

At the end of that
which we call history
God is who IS:
for Him there is no past
nor future yet to be.

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