

Untitled Poem 2

11/16

A ticket will be purchased; soon to Los Angeles
To serve the World Buddhist Federation,
Distraught over the Chinese missionary move,
To use the teachings of Lord Buddha
In a counter-attack on Christian missionary movements;
Who cares? We are safe within the confines of **our** Sangha,
Separate from other Sanghas, with **our** precious Dharma,
Separate from other Dharmas.
The Chinese go forth in the name of the Buddha, the Sangha, the Dharma;
The anti-Chinese surrender to no Tiratna,
Instead of belonging to the Buddha, the Dharma, the Sangha,
The Buddha belongs to **us**, the Dharma belongs to **us**, the Sangha belongs to **us**.
Enlightenment is not the result of self—striving;
Where was the stick that beat Sakya Muni into realization?
And the wall at which he gazed when he experienced enlightenment?
Who cares any more about the Bo-tree and its events:
We have our Buddha, our Dharma, our Sangha,
We have no need of the Buddha the Dharma, the Sangha
Of the people across the way.
Today the Dharma languages, the peoples of the Buddhists lands
Caught in the cross-fire of mighty political powers,
Are alike massacred on their fields, in their homes,
Even as they cross the street on errands.
Who cares? Not “Buddhists,” each with their Buddha, Dharma and Sangha
No different from the Buddha, Dharma and Sangha across the way.

The spiritual leaders of the Far East know the situation,
The anti-Buddhists say: Where are your Arhats, your Sakradagamins?
Who has been enlightened to embrace the Universe,
And what is this asura-experience.
You call “enlightenment” which contains neither light nor compassion?
The Bodhisattvic oath taken in 1923 makes no impression,
Every man his own attributions of enlightenment-
Where the stick that beat the Lord Buddha into samadhi
Where the wall at which he gazed.

In 1934 this wood-cutter experienced a grand vision,

He was only a wood-cutter, not a participant in daily meditations,
He had to work, work hard for his daily bread,
And after the vision he submitted a Gatha,
Roshi Ishida from Eihei-ji was in this region then,
This wood-cutter had access to Roshi Ishida from Eihei-ji,
And the Roshi listened to his Gatha and accepted his Gatha,
The Roshi gave him a special initiation,
A strange form of ordination when no one else was present,
But for the sake of the Buddha, the Dharma, the Sangha,
Roshi Ishida said, "One Buddha, One Dharma, One Sangha—
No difference between Rinzai-shu and Soto-shu
Between emancipation and enlightenment,
So Roshi Ishida, many years ago.

In 1955 Sabre Hasegawa knew his time was coming.
He looked around for someone upon whom to bestow—
Not the members of the Sanghas,
Not the elite post-graduates of the American Academy
But the poor wood-cutter to whom nobody would listen,
But where the Dharmakaya glistened,
And the Sambhogakaya raptured,
And the Eirmanakaya was constantly evidencing—
And he bestowed his Dharma-transmission,
Leaving this world, leaving his transmission aside.
So Bodhisattva, give it a date, give it a regulation,
Give it that wonderful measurement of grades of Jhana,
Whatever basis derived from the Tathagata,
This bonze cares nothing for such dualistic measurements,
This bonze goes now to Los Angeles,
To Plea for the outraged peasants of Viet Nam,
To plea for the consideration of the World Buddhist Federation,
To Plea for the Buddha, the Dharma and the Sangha,
Against the disputing, ignore-the-other so-called "Sanghas,"
None of whom pay particular attention to the Dharma,
But to the leader, the Fuehrer-teacher, the married priest,
And the homeless monks visit this country and are ignored.

But hark! When Dharma decays I come, even to San Francisco,
And the present of an Arhat brings dismay—
Gather, ye mother chicks, your offspring
Lest ye be dispossessed,
Lest the light of the Buddha manifesting through a stranger,
Lest the light of the Dharma evicting through a visitor,

Lest the beauty of the true Sangha result in Brotherhood,
Lest people should come together with people,
And more than meditate, commune together—
Zen is what everyday life when each sees people as “others?”
Zen is what everyday life when even the elder brothers are ignored?
Zen is what everyday life when through the world,
The anti-Buddhists say: Where your Arhats, your Sakradagamins, your Srettapanna?
Who cares for the original writings of the grand Tathagata?
Who cares for the Scripture from the Enlightened Bodhisattvas,
Writ on in Sanskrit, translated to Tibetan and Chinese?
“We” have something better, “we” the scion of anatta—
The Dharma decays, the people rot in the rice-fields,
Because Buddhists will not study the Dharma,
Will not recognize each other—
Who say “Peace” when there is not peace,
When even the elders in your own Sangha you ignore—
A ticket to be purchased for Los Angeles,
for the World Buddhist Federation,
For the Buddha, the Dharma, the Sangha,
For the Bodhisattvic vow.