

Across a wide stream
dawn sings above silent hills,
revealing a path...

On a starry night
lamplight chases winter chill
'til the end of time.

In twilight mountains,
breaking through a winter sky,
dreams soft and fragile...

Stillness of mountains,
cold rain on barren branches
in a drifting fog.

My soul will follow
clouds trailing across blue sky
through a mountain pass...

Quiet afternoon,
seated on tatami floor
as shadows deepen...

Outside my window
the silence of a wind chime
this snowy morning.

Alone in the snow
I wander aimlessly through
empty twisted branches...

Winter's loneliness
no sooner comes than is gone...
Spring is in the air!

Roar of waterfall...
Dusk rushes along flat rocks
of a nameless stream.

Deep in the forest,
Winter morning, chopping wood...
temple bells are silent.

Would that I might float,
shining over sky and earth
in my nightly dreams...

From depths of my heart
I wish to stay in your arms
'til a ripe old age...

This long winter night
white clouds float in azure sky...
Was it in a dream??

Outside my window
blooms a fragrant plum blossom,
much to my delight.

Morning and evening,
'til the day we meet again,
I am lost in love...

Far away from home,
in this mellow morning light,
clouds are born and rise...

Bidding you farewell
I am drowned in bitter tears.
Cling and clasp me tight.

In my mind I see
how sweet and lovely she is...
like a fragrant rose.

Now I sleep alone.
Many years have passed, it seems...
My heart cries in pain.

Keep me in your heart,
'til a rainbow rises high,
dancing in the air...

I am moved to tears.
In my arms I hold you tight
as we say farewell...

On a bleak cold night,
anxiously I await you
in falling white snow...

Winter seclusion,
I have nothing on my mind,
reciting sutras...

Waking from my dreams,
someone knocks on snow-clad gate
under winter moon...

Walking on and on,
setting sun shines silently.
I approach her door...

Wind gives way to calm...
Drifting with a river stream,
a single tulip.

Empty moonlit beach...
sadness of a weary man,
tears stream down my cheek.

Cloudless winter sky,
empty space comes to an end.
River of heaven...

Something in my heart,
my reflection in the glass...
Smile of a Buddha!

Like a white lotus
beyond this heaven and earth,
light from a doorway...

Cold snow at midnight,
my eyes blur with bitter tears...
Winter seclusion.

Gazing at full moon,
so many years have now passed...
Our hearts beat as one.

Bidding you farewell,
all my love and all my soul
you hold in your heart...

This glimmering dusk,
remotely mysterious...
Fujisan in snow.

Lingering old age,
ground is white with fallen snow,
how silent this wind...

Her ship sails away...
Water courses over rocks
moist with dew of tears.

In faraway clouds
peaks of a temple revealed...
cold sky at sunrise.

Wakened from my dreams,
colorful leaves whirl and drop.
Morning mist has risen...

Meditation hall,
sitting still in my zen robes,
red of setting sun...

Sunset rays linger.
Water of a valley stream
becomes my road home...

As a light snow falls,
gaze into infinity
through yesterday's sky...

Moon perfectly full,
I gaze down this mountain road
brushed by mountain mist...

Clouds above mountains,
yesterday so far away...
truth of emptiness.

In spirit and truth,
passing through this world with you...
awakening faith.

How do I explain??
All around this boundless sea
I dance on white clouds...

Somehow or other,
we ourselves are now tangled...
When will we relax??

I still yearn for love
on this floating bridge of dreams...
Come to me tonight.

Moon is shining clear.
I know that Spring will begin,
right before my eyes...

In a boundless sky
Stars return night after night...
Now I realize!!

Here it is again,
light of a rising full moon.
So cold is this night.

Light spills from full moon,
not a soul comes to visit...
I shall not forget.

My heart is clear now.
As I return through these fields
the snow is all gone...

As high Winter clouds
descend to meet river mist,
my sleeves damp with tears...

With no trace of clouds,
in a world yet free from form,
cold moon hangs alone...

Become a Buddha.
Now all things have a balance,
heart peaceful and still...

Wrapped in robes of zen
my lonely chant grows stronger
as twilight darkens...

From perfect silence
all too soon it's like a dream.
Clouds come to visit...

Willow shade is deep.
Wind blows a rainbow of clouds
where I sit alone...

Solitary peak,
Winter sky is clear and cold.
Ancient Buddha sits...

Mountains far and near,
Winter wind howls fierce today..
Last cloud drains away.

In this chill sunlight
I shall come back home again,
silent... and empty.

Falling like water,
moonlight is full of beauty,
as if in a dream...

Cranes fly overhead,
together in one vast cloud.
Dew changes to frost...

Clouds rising in tiers,
dawn and dusk in one moment...
Time is passing on.

Walking through these fields,
black-robed monks sitting alone,
covered in white snow...

Subtle state of mind,
it will all end in nothing...
I sit with eyes closed.

'Til we meet again
early tomorrow morning,
calmly meditate.

Sages and wise men,
a short sleep... millions of dreams...
Mind is the real truth!!

One eternal sound
lives in palace of Suchness...
Truth and Mind are one.

Stay in the One Mind.
What once looked real... now nothing.
Things are as they are!

World of illusion,
a full moon hangs in the sky.
Buddha-mind is calm...

Brushed by mountain mist...
Past years and now present days,
white clouds all around.

Truth of emptiness,
I sit in shade of a tree,
moon perfectly still...

Here in these mountains
white snow becomes tree blossoms,
piled up in layers...

Dark secluded clouds,
yesterday so far away...
Tears flow down in streams.

I am a Buddha...
All around, like boundless sea,
Mind is in control.

Through leafless branches
Winter comes, and air is chill...
All is crystal clear.

A last thunder rolled,
suddenly dark clouds came back...
River wind blows cool.

By woods and water,
early light of rising sun,
my thoughts far away...

A clear moonlit night,
I am freed at last from thoughts.
Utter loneliness...

Dreaming and waking,
waves of coolness... night air flows.
I sit in silence.

Daily these clouds drift,
touching heaven's azure blue
beyond green mountains...

Alone in our bed,
tears falling on my pillow...
At midnight I rise.

Moon's perfect circle,
beside this river I sit,
thinking of my past...

A fence of bamboo
now lost in a distant cloud
beyond these pine woods...

Dew on lotus pads,
sorrow has broken my heart,
watching this sunset...

Moon in my window
will we ever meet again??
Two people... one heart.

Boundless sky above,
green mountains bathed in sunrise,
cool... and majestic.

I've grown old and tired...
At night, deep in these mountains,
my memories fade.

Sermons of Buddha,
I sit in meditation.
Moonlight comes and goes...

Viewing plum blossoms,
plaintive chant of bamboo flute
at the break of dawn.

Misty horizon,
a few trees in fading haze,
dew on their branches...

Under a new moon,
beyond the willow branches,
clouds and vapors rise...

A few scattered stars
in sky so solemn and dark...
heart of the lotus.

Now snow has vanished.
My tears fill this grassy plain,
so much rain and shine.

Mist blown by dawn winds
has come and gone like a dream
as my eyes wandered...

I brush a few poems,
a farewell to my old age...
Flute blows Winter clouds.

I recall our walks,
wearing snowy straw sandals,
piles of maple leaves...

Celestial sounds,
cold wind blows though lofty pines
with a drifting cloud...

Candlelight flickers,
receding into darkness
as if in a dream...

Waves crash on the rocks
against cloudless, silent sky...
endless beginning.

A rainbow gathers.
Softly you open your door...
whisper of a sigh.

I wait peacefully
in harmony and silence
as time approaches...

We sit in darkness,
river moon to light our minds.
Boundless energy...

Wind roars through tall pines,
stars stretch across cool night sky...
I sit and listen.

Distant waterfall,
sometimes you can hear the sound...
Bright sunflower petals!

Sea of inner breath...
A window full of sunlight!
I lie and listen...

As Spring rain falls,
even while sun is shining,
cherry blossoms fall...

Leaves wither and fade,
Winter cold is hard to bear...
I think of old age.

Golden light of dawn,
a moment of creation
in this chill blue sky...

Early winter rain,
dripping sounds yield to stillness,
leaving not a trace...

Cold wind shatters clouds
as I cross these peaks alone
in my restless state...

In gathering clouds,
moonlight on a hazy night...
Temple bell sounds clear.

Moon in late night sky,
geese cry out over mountains...
Utter clarity.

Growing old alone,
I wake startled from a dream,
withered by Winter...

Soon the moon will rise.
With clouds this night grows deeper
as I gather wood...

All my long years pass.
I might end this chain of births,
gone without a trace...

Twilight in light rain,
mountain in thickening mist,
entering the clouds...

Many frosty nights
full moon seems to slip away...
Buddha's bell beckons...

Waves are stilled at dawn,
cries of Spring geese overhead,
sounding me awake...

Deep in these mountains
moon crosses a late night sky.
Spring breeze is stirring...

Frost on this pathway,
feel of snow brings on the cold
under Winter moon...

In harvest moonlight,
Autumn has approached its end...
dewdrops on bamboo.

Reading a sutra,
bounds of my life keep shifting,
midnight in Winter...

Statue of Buddha,
soundlessness of Winter rain...
strike this temple bell!!

River in Winter,
single strand of willow trees,
dawn moves over waves.

Where a mountain looms,
moon has found familiar place.
Brief night holds stillness...

I renounce this world,
my sleeves wet with cold drizzle,
river wind so chill...

A lingering moon,
distant mountains in shadow,
Autumn hastens on...

A Spring breeze is sweet,
blowing away these rain clouds...
Night begins to come.

Hear ancient music,
hidden in this nothingness...
Spring breeze brings the dusk.

In clearing moments,
earth, mountains, rivers revealed,
Once more it begins...

My thoughts are timeless.
Sacred spaces are revealed,
turn to the one mind!

Scarlet maple leaves
among solitary peaks,
twilight in Autumn...

How calm this ocean,
voice of silence touches me,
singing clear and bright...

Enlightened at last
I lie at peace in moonlight.
All thoughts come and pass...

In the twilight gloom
hardly a soul notices...
Crimson dragonfly!

In my loneliness
I awake with heart empty.
Frost withers away.

Cool river moonlight,
bright lightning paints a great oak.
Whispers of the rain.

Dew on leaves at dusk,
a flood of tears soaks my sleeves,
dreams now wander on...

Boat moored to willow,
emerald lake, pure... and clear...
How silent and still!

Night begins to come,
host brings a lamp to my room...
None are strangers here.

Solitary priest
ascends a rainbow river...
Dream reality.

Clicking my malla,
mountain moon fills my window...
I chant a sutra.

Like a white lotus,
stillness of meditation
floats up in my mind...

Winding hidden paths...
I am losing my sense
And nothing is here.

I enter a gate,
mountain valley deep in clouds,
cool pine forest wind...

Water flowing deep,
my boat creaks and moves downstream.
Mountain clouds circle.

Swirling mountain stream,
listen to sounds of water
brighten with full moon...

I hear clear music.
I sit in empty forest
watching a white cloud...

Through this garden gate
I return to my retreat...
My hair is whiter!!

Autumn moon is bright,
stepping over this bamboo
Into thoughts and dreams.

Sounds of gushing springs,
delightfully transparent
amid these gorges...

Mountain waters flow,
cold in this evening twilight.
My thoughts come and pass...

My soul will follow,
now bound for eternity,
aiming at heaven...

A good snow falling,
floating clouds turn to dark mist
in the depths of night.

In search of a shore,
fire clouds are shaped like mountains
In the setting sun.

Infinity wind,
mind soars in meditation.
Time begins to flow.

In sunlight meadows
I see only empty clouds,
falling like water...

Clouds evaporate,
mountains in setting sun...
Summer loneliness.