

# Lessons of the One-Horned School

In the lamp of your heart, let the love of the Teacher  
fill every curve. Sweet smoke.

What looks like a thunderhead is a river,  
all tadpoles & wash.

What looks like a wave  
is the typhoon's red seed.

What looks like lightning  
is the tears you will cry

for the death of your mother,  
the mother of moss;

for the death of your father,  
lotus root, daffodil.

Rose-white: sweetcream, yellow, peach.  
Rose-black: scarlet on henna on blood.

What looks like an orange in season is your spit  
& excreta. What looks like your enemy

is your child, buddha  
of infinite faces.

What looks like the color of your skin  
is a fiction as true

as the separate existence  
of ash, marigold,

mother, father,  
seeing or not seeing,

remembering, forgetting  
the self in the Self.