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.