

None are so

None are so blind as those with eyes who see not
the form and colour of change that shadow light;
with closed eyes, we better see, unblinded by the light

None are so deaf as those with ears who hear not
the sweet sound and shiver, the rise and fall of breath,
music unheard of life heaving in and out

None are so clogged as those with a nose who smell not
the fragrance of goodness that fades not with the breeze:
it fiercely flies in the face of the wildest winds

None are so bland as those with a tongue who taste not,
ever hungry, looking at the foods on others' platters,
better the sweetness of love, giving, joy and peace

None are so numb as those with a body who feel not
how it stands, flows, burns, breathes with everything else:
this body is but a moment in the breath of life

None are so dead as those with a heart who heed not
its cries for space, for love, for peace, for ever
worshipping dead buddhas: better to live Dharma

Buddha is not stone nor wood nor hard shiny metal:
he is the earth, water, fire and wind that we are:
he is still in the eye of life's raging storm

Dharma is not the sounds we call nor bows we make,
yet it is in everything that we dont and do,
the silent prayer that stills our heart and lights all up

Sangha is not cloth for hiding money and many things,
it is the safe space we freely fly in, a bird with two wings,
flying gently but surely straight to truth, beauty and peace

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