

555 Poems by Jim Clatfelter

Just what is the Dao?
It is Yin on my shoulders
And Yang in my arms



The Void and the View
Simple and Spontaneous
Faceless and Choiceless

These poems were written between 1998 and 2022 as contributions to two different Internet conferences set up to discuss the writings and the headless seeing experiments of Douglas Harding. I find Harding's work to integrate seamlessly with the way of seeing and living expressed in Laozi's Daodejing. The poems will speak for themselves, but I think a brief accounting of the two haiku on the cover page might show how the poems are tied together.

We can begin with a simple experiment in seeing. Point your finger straight out to the View before you. You will see that it is made up of many colors and shapes and movements. Now point 180 degrees in the opposite direction—directly at the place where others see your face. Do you see a face there or do you see a Void? A Faceless Void—an aware Void, of course.

The Void is the Yin on my shoulders. Other words name this aware Void as well: emptiness, nothingness, the headless space, bare awareness. The haiku calls it Simple and Faceless. We can also call it the Seer. Here's another experiment to try. Look in a mirror. Are you for yourself like the image you see? No, that image is a reflection. You are the original—the Original Face, as Hui Neng called it.

The View is the Yang in my arms—in my embrace. Instead of pointing at the View, spread your arms 160 degrees to embrace the Scene, your own experiential world. Can you see that this world is happening on its own? You are not making it. So as we say the Void is Simple, we can say that the View is Spontaneous. The View includes all that we experience: thoughts and feelings as well as colors and shapes and movements and sounds and tastes. Many of the poems express this. You as a self or an ego are not the doer or decider of your deeds. Your thoughts and feelings arise on their own, and so we say that the View is Choiceless. We may also say it's a matter of Grace. The View is Grace. The Void is Glory.

Just what is the Dao? It is Yin on my shoulders, and Yang in my arms. These are not separate items. You can see them both at once. The Void is merely the near side of the View. The Dao is the Whole, the One Presence. It's the two-in-one presence of headless, faceless seeing. It's the Great Image of Laozi 35. It's one's own living, aware presence that includes the Seer and the Scene. You are this Wholeness, this Dao, this two-in-one or diune presence. Living from this identity can bring deep satisfaction and a quiet joy.

To my readers: Please take note,
Not all these poems will float your boat.

1

If you are looking
For lasting felicity,
Seek understanding
Of automaticity.

2

I do not long for liberty
When Seeing from the absent face
But find abiding freedom as
A prisoner of the flow of grace.

3

Hold the Great Image
Both inner and outer.
Live as a Seer
Not as a doubter.

4

Here is the crux,
Minus prolixity:
Look out for flux;
Look in for fixity.

5

If I am the Seer,
Just what do I see?
The Void and the View
That constitute me.

6

Presence of Awareness
Is Absence of a head.
If you can see that This is so
That's all that need be said.

If you can see the two at once,
The Seer and the Scenery,
Then you have seen Totality,
The Whole, the All, the Plenary.

7

Can you see the vacant place
Where others only see your face?
See within you're open wide?
See without you're occupied?

8

See the Seer! View the view!
Mark the two as One.
You have captured All there is.
That's it! Fini! You're done!

9

I see, within, the always-so
In glory and aseity
Sustain, without, the come-and-go
In grace and spontaneity.

10

With yin upon my shoulders
And yang in my embrace
I've gained the Dao of wholeness
And lost my human face.

11

When others take me for my face
They do not realize
That they are giving judgment
Designed to cut to size.

But I reject opinion
That leaves me so belittled.
I say the uncarved block of wood
Refuses to be whittled.

12

Desire to gain
Is usually driven
By failure to notice
The already given.

13

I don't believe. I have no hope.
To me this is no crisis.
The present moment is enough.
Reality suffices.

14

See it once and own it.
There's nothing more to do.
Practice doesn't hone it.
It's always in your view.

15

If seeing you're the Seer,
The Heart and Core and Nub,
You seldom ever look again,
Well, there, my friend's the rub.

16

Awareness of awareness,
To some it may be bland.
To me it is the total truth,
No if or but or ampersand!

17

I stay with two-way seeing.
Though some will find it risible,
To me it is the one true way
To parse the indivisible.

18

Look in and see the yin.
Look out and see the yang.
Look in and out and see the Dao,
And now you see the whole shebang!

19

Never speak of long lost past
Or dear dead days beyond recall,
For now is made of what has been.
The present's never less than all.

Never point to choice or chance,
But see that now's the living seed
Where nothing's lost and nothing's gained.
The flow of now is all indeed.

20

Everything that ever was
And all that is to be
Isn't gone or yet to come
But present presently.

21

Nothing came before the now,
And nothing's yet to be.
The future lies within us.
The past is what we see.

22

Seeing's only for the brave,
And, though it's very simple,
A coward will not even look,
And certainly no wimp'll.

23

Without I see the shifting scene,
Within the steady and serene.
Without I see the fungible,
Within the inexpugnable.

24

Some would have me think that I'm
A speck of space, a tick of time.
Contrariwise I must aver
I'm This in which they both occur.

25

Here I see the all-at-once.
There I see the bit-by-bit.
Seeing here and there are one,
I have the sum and whole of It.

26

In you I live and move and am.
In me you do the same.
And thus we build a universe
On one another's fame.

27

Here's the truth
Below a minute
One's the Naught
And All that's in it

28

I only live a proper life
When I can plainly see
And go from what I seem to you
To what I am to me.

29

If you would see the way it is
Allow the senses range
To look in to identity
As well as out to change.

30

No need to talk about it.
Just See it ever fresh.
Words always cause confusion,
But Seeing is the word made flesh.

32

I'm never aware of future or past
But only of thoughts about 'em.
The present is all that's made to last,
They say, and I've no cause to doubt 'em.

33

The void is more than emptiness
And absence unaware.
It's full to overflowing,
For seeing if you dare.

34

If sights do not obscure the void,
Why allow a thought to?
Just assume what passes by
Does because it ought to.

35

What is mirrored in the mirror?
And tell me does reflection
Bear resemblance to the source?
It's open to inspection.

36

I supply the emptiness
You provide the face
Thus we live together
In a mutual embrace

37

I looked at this and then at that,
And though no mighty feat,
No further look was needed
To make the world complete.

38

Why spend your days in seeking
And longing to be free
When all that ever binds you
Is spontaneity?

39

Though human in appearance,
It doesn't seal the doom
Of one who makes a living
By giving others room.

40

It takes no dedication,
Persistence or tenacity
To see you're seeing through the void
And never through opacity.

41

Life will only come 'round right
When you have gained the prowess
For seeing what you really are
And living this-here-nowness.

42

I see the faceless seer.
I see the lively scene.
I see no self-decider
Residing in between.

43

Those who know do not explain
As those who don't may do.
Words may point you to the main
But looking's up to you.

44

Look in for doing nothing.
Look out for all is done.
Look in and out for wholeness
And see the two as one.

45

Suchness! Wholeness!
Oneness! Isness!
More than This
Is monkey business.

46

Wholeness of perception
Will never really dawn
Till I see that I am both
The looker and the looked upon.

47

You say you're comfy in your skin?
You say you have your head on straight?
If that's the kind of shape you're in,
My friend, I must commiserate!

48

Within I see the I-am-not.
Without I see all isness.
To see the two together
Is my one and only business.

49

There is a Great Pretense
That troubles and bothers:
That I am for myself
What I look like to others.

There is a Great Image
That thrills and inspires:
It is seen from the center
As candor requires.

50

Some say nothing should exist.
I say that Nothing does.
Look within to see the place
Where Nothing ever was.

51

The truth is not so difficult.
It's really just a simple scheme
To see within the way things are
And see without the way they seem.

Anyone can do it.
One needn't be a whiz
To see within what-isn't
And see without what-is.

52

What do I do to merit This,
This vision of the Free and Clear?
Well, absolutely Nothing!
I simply disappear.

53

Some people just refuse to look.
And do they make me weary!
Is Seeing way too simple or
A threat to pride and precious theory?

And even if you do not look
And go your way with no regret,
Until you see your missing head,
You ain't seen Nothing yet!

54

Please don't take my word for This.
Look for yourself to prove my thesis.
The world in here's an empty whole.
The one out there has gone to pieces.



55

Whenever I encounter
Hostility and rancor,
I find safe harbor in the Void,
A firm and steady anchor.

Whenever there's a problem
I look within and see
I'm sitting in the only place
That's ever problem-free.

When circumstances trouble,
I turn attention's arrow,
And quietly I watch the One
Whose eye is on the sparrow.

56

I am not what I'm told I am
By boisterous majority.
On what I See myself to be
I am the sole authority.

And what I See when gaze goes in
Toward Center, Heart and Soul
Is simply Nothing, simply put,
A Naught, a Void, a Gaping Whole.

57

It's great to see infinity,
The very source and origin,
Is found here where I lack a head.
I find it most encorigin.

58

It's life that's always doing me,
Not I that's doing it.
Were I to see it differently,
Then I'd be full of spit.

59

I do not need your holy creed,
Your dogma, faith, or liturgy.
For I have everything indeed
In This, the Bare Necessity.

60

A single truth exists for me
That I can say I have no doubt of:
While seeing what I'm looking at
I'm seeing what I'm looking out of.

61

No need to play the angry ape,
To live in rage and errancy,
When just an inward glance lays bare
Your absolute transparency.

62

It isn't idle talk to say
There's nothing to attain.
All Truth belongs to you today.
All seeking is in vain.

63

Here I find the only place
That's ever worthy of my trust,
Here where I can see no face,
Beyond the reach of moth or rust.

64

Here the Seer, there the scene.
And nowhere separation,
No gap, no distance, no between,
No room for fear or consternation.

65

The world is given of a piece.
You're whole and not a fraction.
Until you see that this is so,
You'll get no satisfaction.

66

Am I who I am for me
Or who I am for others?
The former viewpoint nourishes.
The latter chokes and smothers.

67

Here's where all is Freedom.
There's where all is bound.
There I fight my battles.
Here I stand my Ground.

68

When you're looking here Within,
You're seeing God's Abode.
You have the Name and full Address.
You need no postal code.

But just in case you want it,
I'm glad to let it slip.
Everybody should be told
God's postal code is ZIP.

69

Notice what is always so:
You haven't any place to go.
Do not wonder how you got here.
Clearly you are never not here.

70

Presence of Naught within
Presence of All without
This is what the Seeing of
The Headless One's about.

71

Intellectuality
Is leaving you kerfuffled?
Can you drop the mind and See
Veracity unruffled?

72

An eye can't see itself they say,
Cannot see its glint.
A camera cannot snap itself
Into a glossy print.

A blade can't cut itself I know
In pieces two or three.
But all that doesn't go to show
That I cannot see Me.

73

I looked without, please have no doubt,
A gorgeous world I saw.
I looked again, this time within,
And saw awareness in the raw.

74

Looking out at what I have
While looking in at what I lack,
There's never need to worry.
The Void has got my back.

75

I'm present where the whole abides,
Where opposition coincides,
Where all and naught are never two
And quite enough to see me through.

76

Nothing's missing in my life,
But all is out of place
When I think that centrally
I have a human face.

77

The only thing there is to get
Is certainty that This is It,
For after living with the lie,
The Truth is bound to satisfy.

78

When I'm seeing who I am
I see there is a chasm
That separates my problems
From me the one who has 'em.

79

Seeing can show it directly.
Living can do it with passion.
Words cannot get it correctly,
But dimly and after a fashion.



80

Is the self, and is the world,
Real or mere illusion?
I fear that I will never know
Till I jump to my final conclusion.

81

Would you know the all-at-once?
Then see how this and that connect.
When you do, I guarantee,
You're whole, complete, and oll korrekt.

82

When I'm seeing as I ought,
I see within that I am Naught.
Without I see I'm All as well.
What better tale could someone tell?

83

That definite and solid self
I once identified as me
Has vanished absolutely in
Aware Invisibility.

84

Between the near side and the far
I see no similarity
Nor any separation —
My fundamental Verity.

85

There's but a single way for me
To be at one and love you,
And that's for me to turn and see
I'm not a head above you!

86

The center of infinity
Co-insides with you and me.
Don't you think we ought to try
To see our oneness, you and I?

87

Without I see abundance.
Within I see vacuity.
And only in conception
Can I parse the continuity.

88

My Eye has seen the Noumenon,
The very *Ding an sich*.
So let me tell you, from now on,
Nobody's fooling *mich*.

89

Within I see the world's at rest.
Without it's on the go.
With that I fear I have confessed
To everything I know.

90

Within I see the pure white light.
Without I see the spectrum.
Since Seeing shows the two unite,
I've no need to connect 'em.

91

Here I am capacity.
There I am its filling.
Fancy that, on life's marquee
I've first and second billing.

92

The function of Doing
Is Whole and is One
And needn't be split
Into Doer and Done.

93

Love your image in the mirror?
Your shadow and your silhouette?
Identify with your veneer
And that's the sort of thing you get.



94

Why do I value the view so much?
Here is the way I want to spin it:
I value the view as much as I do
Cuz you who are also an I are in it.

95

The view you have is unique to you
While the void is common and universal.
Point out to the view then in to the void
With a full one hundred and eighty reversal.

96

I'm the first person and haven't a face.
You are the second and have one.
Such is always and ever the case.
No other perspective can save one.

And what's the condition from which one is saved?
From living a prevarication.
From living a life that is wholly enslaved
To a clumsy and hasty illation.

97

Pie in the sky? In a pig's left eye.
But pie in the now for the notice.
Look to yourself if you would spy
The jewel in the heart of the lotus.

98

I don't know now. I never will.
I do not have a need to.
Those who say they know the truth,
I simply pay no heed to.

99

If it isn't on the instant
It isn't worth my time.
If there's more to do than look
It's just a mighty load of lime.

100

Facelessness is in plain sight.
You needn't search or grope.
It's always here to scrutinize.
It's ever in your scope.

You've always seen your facelessness
Accompanied by its vast largesse.
But since it's nonconceptual
It doesn't frequently impress.

It fails to draw attention.
It doesn't catch the eye.
It seldom captures notice.
Unremarked it passes by.

101

If you see you have a head,
You've got the world atilt.
And seeing such, I have to say,
You're 'bout crazy as a quilt.

102

Chance or entelechy? Which is it gonna be?
Seems to me very clear one of 'em got me here.
Am I an accident? Or was I really meant?
Was I a gleam in the Great Spirit's Eye?

103

I do not like to say it,
But I believe you're pretty screwed
If you're obsessed with searching for
Some mystical correctitude.

104

You want to be spontaneous?
You say you want to try?
With that to rationality
You've said your last goodbye.

105

All of this is what I am.
This is what exists for me.
As for that which is to come,
I'm gonna hafta wait and see.

106

Not to be is quite benign.
In fact it's where I came from.
Everything back then was fine.
Sometimes now it's just ho hum.

107

Do you know that you don't know?
Or do you think you do?
I hope it's not the latter,
But the former are so few.

108

I am always very wary
Of the extraordinary.
Living in the everyday
Seems to me the better way.

109

Where did we come from?
Why are we here?
Do you have an answer
That makes it very clear?

Yes I have an answer,
An answer most sincere.
We're here because we're here
Because we're here because we're here.

110

There's beauty in a flower
For those with eye to see.
But do you see the beauty in
This bubble of asymmetry?

111

You would not search for meaning
If you could only see
It's source is an aversion to
Inconsequentiality.

112

Please go on explaining.
Perhaps your views are not all wet.
All that I am saying is
They haven't flipped my pancake yet.

113

I didn't choose my DNA.
I didn't choose my circumstance.
But I will take what comes my way
Until the ending of the dance.

114

Life can be sad, and life can be merry.
Sometimes we don't know which is which.
Sometimes life is a barrel of monkeys.
Other times it's a son of a bitch.

115

You do what you do when you do it.
You get what you get when you get it.
And if you have never thought through it,
The best thing to do is forget it.

116

Life goes on and goes and goes
With this and that and blah blah blah,
With dialogue and endless prose
Until it reaches denouement.

117

Hand-me-down opinions
Resemble worn out clothes.
Let me see things for myself.
Go peddle your goods to Second-Hand-Rose.

118

Conflating of the first and third
Nature of the person
Is such a grievous error that
I think there is no worse'un.

119

Why would you do it?
You know it's not viable
To anchor your life
In the unfalsifiable.

120

I value my opinion
And though I may be wrong
I trust myself a whole lot more
Than any Harry, Dick, or Tom.

There's no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.
There won't be applause when the fat lady sings.
There's no kind of pie in the sky that I know of.
You get what you get without any strings.

I'll say it out loud and beg you no pardon.
In telling the truth I mean you no harm.
Nothing awaits as you cross over Jordan.
Nothing occurs when you purchase the farm.

I take it as true that my final conclusion
Needn't be mournful or sad or morose.
On this I am clear and absent confusion:
There's no coming back from the big adios.

There's no ebullition in biting the big one.
No dividend comes when you cash in your chips.
So live for the now because in the long run
Your final reward is a total eclipse.

It's here in the moment, of this I am certain,
That living is given anew and afresh.
Embrace what's presented until the last curtain.
There is no escape from the way of all flesh.



122

Ignore the golden promises
And other clever tricks.
No one's going to ferry you
Across the River Styx.

123

I once was a gleam in the Big Bang's eye,
A hope and a dream in the morning sky.
In very few years I'll return to the mud.
I hope that my peers don't find me a dud.

124

Because I've seen my facelessness
And the world of things, by golly,
I am not afraid to say
That I have seen the whole tamale.

125

This clutch of words resembles life.
It cannot be denied.
For like a life lived to the full
It's center-justified.

126

It's only my opinion
But I think you are deluded
If you're thinking that the View
Is from the Void extruded.

127

To live as though your head were visible
To yourself is sad and risible.
To live as though it's gone forsooth
Is living from the very truth.

127

To see one doesn't see one's head
Is pure phenomenology.
It puts all guesswork straight to bed
In my epistemology.

129

The way the world progresses
Is encoded in the now.
Who otherwise confesses
Has lost the way somehow.

130

What I see is bound to be
And also *que será será*.
You may see it differently,
But that's against the law.

131

Behold the great image of void and of view,
And all find a home and a shelter in you.
Though music and food call the stranger their way,
Of Dao there is nothing to hear or to say.
Though talk of the Dao is vapid and bland,
The seeing itself is always to hand.

132

Skills may be polished,
But vision is true
The moment your headlessness
Pops into view.

The world is completed
In full comprehension
The moment your headlessness
Captures attention.

The project's perfected,
The world comes aright
The moment your headlessness
Anchors your sight.

133

Souls are meant for better things
Than living on this earth.
How hollow such a dogma rings.
How little is its worth.

Do you wish to pass your days
In thrall to such a story?
Here and now and present ways
Are the root of grace and glory.

134

If there's something I don't know
I'm content to let it go
And content to let it stay
In the realm of I can't say

135

I am the Subject.
You are my predicate.
To see but not say it
Is just common etiquette.

136

Time gone by is memory,
Time to come anticipation.
Both are present only now.
Neither needs an appellation.

137

I can see the Great I Am
Antedating Abraham.
And what I see as true for me
Is true for you. That's it. JC

138

This is all I'm telling you:
I've seen the shine; I've seen what shone it.
I'm so certain it is true,
I'd bet my aspidistra on it.

139

See and see what happens.
Continue unabated.
Seeing's always salutary,
Never contraindicated.

140

I am the Seer and the Seen
Rather than the Doer.
To think the latter is the way
Is downright immature.

141

Looking in I see I Am,
Deeper still I see I'm Naught.
Looking out I see the world.
And that is everything I've got.

142

The past is more than memory.
Tomorrow's more than dream.
There is no change to what things are
But only to the way they seem.

143

Don't ask me what is current,
For nothing's ever new,
And currency is but the flow
That's given me and you.

144

I'm not a body in the world,
Entombed between the sand and sky.
I am the One who's ever furled
All things within the Single I.

145

I look within. What do I see?
I see the Naught and by degree
I see I Am and then I see
Ten thousand things Encircle me.

In what I see I find a clue
That says that you are I Am too.
There's no divide. I see no wall.
There's only one I Am of all.

146

Aristotle got it right.
He told us both the best and worst.
"There's nothing ever in the mind
That wasn't in the senses first."

147

No one can ever harm me.
I've seen the grand design.
No one can ever harm the One
Who's dreamed a dream like mine.

148

When seeing I am upside down
I count it pretty neat
That I am always standin' 'round
With pants below my feet.

I'm totally immobile,
And even when I'm struttin'
If I check out the bottom line
I'm sittin' on my button.

My first person view of my own body has me upside down in comparison to the view I have of you and everyone else. Try looking for yourself—at your own body.

Do you see that you are upside down?
Do you see that your pants are below your shoes?
Do you see that your feet are at the top of your field of view?
Can you find the bottom line?
What do you see below the bottom line?
Isn't it your own faceless ground of being?
Can you see that you're looking at and from the famous void?



Bottom line —

— Bottom line



I'm sittin' on my button.

149

We wouldn't be so timid.
We'd beat a louder drum,
If we could see we've never been
Inside a cranium.

We wouldn't be so stuffy,
So puffed and overfull,
If we could see we never have
Resided in a skull.

We wouldn't be so angry.
We'd take a different tone,
If we could see that we are not
Imprisoned in a bone.

150

No need to be bombastic
To tell a simple story.
Avoid the periphrastic
And circumlocutory.

Just go directly to the point
Of blank interiority.
Upon the aforementioned void
You are the sole authority.

151

Look in at bare awareness,
And when attention swings,
Behold the glory of it all.
Be glad for added things.

152

I see I am positioned
Precisely at the junction
Of open inner quietude
And tumult and rambuncion.

My view is simultaneous
Of inner peace and quiet
And outer agitation,
Catastrophe and riot.

153

When Jesus says that God is love
He isn't being sentimental.
He's saying I am openness
And no one's incidental.

And when he says that God's within
He's giving invitation
For me to look in for myself
At true configuration.

His burden is not difficult.
It's spacious and it's light.
He's showing me the single eye,
And giving second sight.



I like that fella in the mirror
The most when he stays put.
And though he's not a bit like me,
I dig him head to foot.

I used to count him ugly,
But now I plainly see
That when he keeps his distance
He's handsome *cap-a-pie*.

I'm sure your fella's handsome too.
Don't waver, doubt or see-saw.
No matter he's a smoothie
Or hairier than Esau.

Still you must be cautious
And keep him in his place.
The fella's got a tendency
To get right in your face.

He'll take your true identity
And substitute his own.
Keep on looking through his ruse
Until his cover's blown.

And if you look persistently,
You'll get it true and square.
The twain won't come together,
You'll see you're here and he is there.

155

God in God's own Voidness
Lacks dash and verve and tang.
Thank God that God got lonely.
Thank God for God's Big Bang!

Some say that I am dangerous
But won't say what the menace is.
In saying God enjoys a Bang
I'm only quoting Genesis.

156

God is not a puzzle
That'll wear you to a frazzle
Searching for solution.
Thank God that God is God's bedazzle!

157

The Big One has no self at all
The little one is full of ego
The little one's a trickster
The Big One is a True Amigo

158

The Big One lets it happen
The little one attempts control
The little one's a big shot
The Big One's just an Empty Whole

*The Big One is your first person faceless immensity.
The little one is your face in the mirror.*

159

Der Gott is nicht ein Preacher
Mit Sturm und Drang und Sermon.
Der Gott ist Grosse Bangman.
Forgive my Katzenjammer German.

160

The gurus say this world of ours
Is just a dream and overrated.
But when He saw what He had done,
"Good!," God ejaculated.

161

When I get inspiration,
I write these poems in haste.
I hope you will agree with me,
A twisted mind's a shame to waste!

162

This world is not a dull affair,
High teas, High Mass and all that jazz.
And I'm not kissing derriere
When I say God's got pizzazz!

163

I'm happy that I happened to
Happen on the Mother Lode.
I'm happy for this Great Ado.
I'm happy God let God explode!

164

God is not a scholar,
A monk or musty mystic.
God's the Big Big Bang Man.
Thank God that God has gone ballistic!

165

When the flag is flapping,
What flaps — the flag, the wind, the mind?
I think it's just your jaw that flaps,
The headless one opined.

166

I know my expression
Can be less than eloquent.
Some say I'm a case
Of arrested development.

But I will explain
If I possibly can.
Nothing but means nothing
But none other than.

167

Does a bug-eyed goldfish have a face?
Does a gator have a nose?
Does a pregnant lady have two feet?
Does a pachy have a hose?

No matter how they view the world,
All creatures great and small
Can see their true identity
Is not their own eyeball!

168

A seer whose single eye
Is seeing both pure and taint
Is seeing much more truly than
One whose ain't.

169

Who am I? What am I? Who wants to know?
Will wondering never cease?
Will I ever find my inquiring mind?
And if I do, will it give me release?

Who am I? What am I?
I'm sure I can't say.
I'm not quite myself today.
But give me some time, and I'll turn around.
I'm sure that eventually I'll be okay.

Who am I? What am I? I see it now.
And it makes a whole lot of sense.
I see I am what the grammarians call
First person singular, present tense.

Now I'm pinned down, located, defined,
To shout out the truth I've no reticence.
A body? A thought? I'm none of the kind.
And I'm glad to report the relief is immense!

170

Is it pure or tainted,
This absence of my pate?
About such simple matters,
I need not ratiocinate.

It's been called to my attention
 That some of you don't like these verses.
 They say your ears are hurting
 And you're interviewing nurses.

I'm told I change my rhythm
 In the middle of the stream,
 And mix my metaphors so bad
 It makes you want to scream.

I'm told I should desist and cease
 Or try to be a greater stickler
 For the niceties of poetry
 And for the way I get the rhythm into a line in partic'lar.

For linguistic misdemeanors
 I've been asked to step aside.
 Against the mother tongue, I'm told,
 My crimes add up to matricide.

But may I say that I protest!?
 These ditties are not masterpieces,
 And I prefer these little rhymes
 To dry and lengthy exegesis.

I write them only for a laugh,
 A jocular and a frolic,
 Not to get your dander up
 To send me notice vitriolic.

So if you find my rhythm jarring,
 Or you think my rhyme impaired,
 It could be your opinion is
 A load of *gottverdammte merde!*

172

It does not matter that I know
A Pepsi from a Coca-Cola
Or that I learn to separate
Scheissen from Shinola

There's only one distinction
I need to be concerned about
To see the difference between
What is in and what is out

What's in is pure awareness
What's out is loads of fun
What's out is multiplicity
What's in is unified and one

What's in is This which holds what's out
What's out is that within what's in
What's out is all creation
What's in is origin

What's out is speckled, smeared and spattered
What's in is clear and clean and pure
I really have to see them both
And that is all I know for sure

173

I think therefore I think I am.
Now there's a thought in need of tweaking.
Am I an effusion of my brain
Epiphenomenallogically speaking?

174

If I'm going to be a guru
I'd like to know how much it pays
I'll need to do some planning
What is enlightenment worth these days?

Should I ever run a special?
Must I offer summer rates?
Do the seniors get a discount?
And, for those who don't get it,
are there any rebates?

Do my musings sound familiar?
Does my chatter ring a bell?
Remind me again just who was it told ya
This world is a mess
and you're living in hell?

175

I do not have a nose or ears
Or cheeks or a chin or a gob,
But I have ten little piggies,
Two feet, two legs, and a thingamabob.

176

I'd rather be decapitated
Than to be encapsulated
Inside a tiny cranium
No room for my geranium

Don't you know I'd miss it
It's a lovely pelargonium
Moreover I'd be missing out
On general pandemonium

A Toast to Douglas Harding on his 90th birthday

Douglas Harding's turning ninety.
 Give three cheers and hip hooray!
 It's amazing how the fellow
 Keeps on beavering away.

Ninety years! Not much for him,
 Vigorous and full of vim.
 More important was the date he
 Turned a full One Hundred Eighty.

He turned around One Hundred Eighty,
 Only half a revolution.
 Now he's turning ninety.
 It must have been good for his constitution.

For when he turned about One Eighty.
 He had a careful look within.
 He couldn't see his head or face
 Or the hair on his chinny chin chin.

And I'm so glad he did it.
 I'm glad he chose to share it.
 He showed me where I kept my face.
 Now I no longer wear it.

So I salute you Douglas.
 I stop just short of veneration.
 I wish you only happiness
 In your nonageneration!

178

A Guru's Life For Me

This working for a living
Is really for the birds
I'd rather be a guru
And I'm learning all the guru words

I'm reading the Upanishads
And skimming through the Geeta
I'm writing down the Dao De Jing
In English rhyme and meeta

I think I'm pretty qualified
I hope you're not inclined to scoff
I'm very even tempered
If someone doesn't piss me off

And when I am a guru
I'm telling you I wanna
Pass the days expounding truth
And sitting down on my asana

179

All is Subject? I object!
That's not the way I recollect.
Without the objects that we see
Where the devil would we be?

Objects of perception
Are Subject through and through.
And Subject is preception
Of objects in the view.

Asymmetry's my nature.
I say it loud and clear.
I'm really quite unbalanced.
I see both far and near.

The near side I see nothing.
The far side I see all.
This splendid double vision
Is my only wherewithal.

So look into your nature.
I think that if you dare
You'll find that something's missing.
You're really not all there.

Your face is gone, and in its place
You're looking at the all in all.
You now have found the single eye,
Forever at your beck and call.

It's nice to be unbalanced,
To see both there and here.
It's not a bit peculiar,
Unusual or odd or queer.

You know that with the single eye
You can see both that and this.
You're looking at totality,
Eternal and amazing bliss.

It isn't very difficult.
It's not a lot of trouble
To light upon your single eye
And wind up seeing double.

181

I'm empty for the fullness.
I'm still for excitation.
I'm missing altogether.
I'm bare capacitation.

I'm turned around. I'm upside down.
I'm in an odd position.
I'm turned about. I'm inside out.
I'm Me on exhibition.

182

Do I love you? Do I care?
Do you turn me on?
Do you have position
in Jimmy's pantheon?

I'll tell you how I love you.
I'll even count the ways
You've entered my awareness
And set my heart ablaze.

You have my face, and I have yours,
For that is love's arrangement.
Between our open natures,
There's not the least estrangement.

I'm telling you I love you.
I didn't say I've got the hots.
At center we're identical,
And don't you know that counts for lots!

"The first property of the soul is a naked being,
devoid of all image." — John of Ruysbroeck

Awareness Uncovered

Blessed John of Ruysbroeck is standing quite in awe.
He looks within. What does he see? Awareness in the raw.

Blessed John of Ruysbroeck has seen the bare-faced fact.
Blessed John of Ruysbroeck and I have made a pact.

We've stripped awareness naked, though you cannot see whether
John and I are starkers or in the altogether.

I'm hanging out with Blessed John, I'm standing by his side.
For hasn't Johnny showed me how to be beatified?

I look within and see it — attention in the buff.
Looking in I see it all. For me it is enough.

I say that it's stupendous, and marvelous and swell,
Uncovering awareness and going 'round *au naturel*.

John says pay attention. Accept no substitute
For living life entirely in God's own birthday suit.

It's lovely to be naked. It feels so free and breezy.
I'm dressing down tomorrow with Francis of Assisi.

184

Feeling Guruvy

I glorify the gurus
Although they can be bossy
They have a predilection
For spreading *tat tvam asi*

The gurus can be picking nits
And getting downright petty
But I confess I love it
When they're pushing *neti neti*

And don't you know the fellas
I'm kinda sorta fonda
I find I go ecstatic
When they give *sat chit ananda*

I do admit I love the guys
Though sometimes they seem dotty
I hereby sing their praises
For passing out *samadhi*

185

Douglas is embarrassed
His vision is so plain
It's oh so very obvious
And just as right as rain!

So I am not embarrassed
To want to help to spread the fame
If more folks do not see it
It's a low down dirty rotten shame!

I'm stuck inside a meatball.
Won't someone set me free?
I'm pulling hair. I'm shouting foul.
This is no place to be!

I'm living in a meatball
And don't know what to do.
I'd rather be that old gal
Who's living in a shoe.

Do you think that you can help me?
I'm looking to get out of here,
'Cause locked up in a meatball
It's very dark and dank and drear.

I'm feeling kinda cranky
And just a bit contrary.
I'm seeking liberation
From this bloody solitary.

I hope that you will let me out.
I'm thinking that you just might care.
I'd like to have a look about
And catch a breath of air.

Now that would be refreshing,
And I could see what's true.
You're not the one to ask for help.
The meatball isn't me, it's you.

187

Have you heard of Douglas Harding?
It's a very wondrous story.
He only needs a moment
To take you all the way to glory.

You wonder how he does it. Well,
He does it with a spin,
A round about, and just enough
For you to see within.

He spins your gaze to vacancy,
And spins you half way round again.
He spins you to eternity
So you can watch it all begin.

After you are turned around
And you can see in all directions
You'll see that Douglas Harding
Has spun away your imperfections.

188

If the eyes in your face do offend
Pluck them out of their sockets and then
You will see all is light
All is wondrous and bright.
You will have single vision again.

189

Stringent nondualities
I simply cannot stand 'em
Yin and Yang and Void and View
Are always seen in tandem

Emily Beg Your Pardon

I am nowhere. Where are you?
 Do you see you're nowhere too?
 It's such a pity they can't see us.
 They've forgotten where to look.
 They don't know it's great to be us,
 Really something for the book.
 Aren't they gloomy, always somewhere,
 Oh so local and confined?
 They while away most all their days
 In places only in their minds.

All that happens is spontaneous.
 And I am is just extraneous.
 I can't take credit. I won't take blame.
 It's all a very silly game.

What happens happens. I can see it!
 And I cannot help but be it.
 There never were two ways about it.
 I am not going to pout. It doesn't bother me.

I let it come and go at will.
 As if I had a choice!
 It's not my fault. I think I'll chill
 And sit back and rejoice.

192

I didn't need an operation
To remove my capitulation
Just a very fast redaction
Right away I'm back in action
And action's back in me

I saw my head was my besieger
Submitted to a quick procedure
Took a look in my direction
Couldn't find an imperfection
What a way to be!

I'm telling you it's very easy
There's no need to get all queasy
Everyone has got a topknot
Look and tell me what have you got
Tell me what you see

Aren't you empty, blank and void,
Not some kind of humanoid?
To see your true identity
May just be a minor shock
To see your head, I think you know
Would really be a crock

193

Call it God or call it One
Or call it Naught at all.
Far better that you see it
And see that words are off the wall.

Point your finger toward the place
 Where people say they see your face.
 What, I ask, do you see there?
 "Nothing", you say. Well, I declare!

What you see is what you are.
 And I say it's consequential
 That, though you're seeing nothing,
 It's a nothing with potential.

It holds the entire universe
 And all that does arise.
 This nothingness is really you.
 Your face is your disguise.

Now you've seen your nothingness,
 Do you see that you're omnific?
 You are the one and only,
 And your vision's beatific.

I Hear America Thinging

Johnny's thinging Rosalie.
 Tommy's thinging Bill.
 Mary's thinging Dickie.
 I'm feeling rather ill.

I think that all this thinging
 Is really quite all right.
 As long as I don't thing myself,
 I'm never out of sight.

It Is Consummated

There's no need for faith now we can See,
And no need for hope to come set us free.
There's no need for love put forth as a rule.
This isn't a tale I tell out of school.

It isn't a secret but open to all,
For everyone's chosen who answers the call.
No one's excluded who's willing to look.
No better good news has been writ in a book.

When looking within is paying your dues,
Woe unto those who simply refuse.
When looking within is the one thing to do,
Clearly and truly it's now up to you.



"What myself is, is the noticer. When the noticer is noticed,
that's what I call awake." — Robert Saltzman

"Don't overlook the looker." — Douglas Harding

197

I see my face is open wide.
I see it's full of light.
And where I thought I had a face,
The world is shining bright!

198

Fortunate indeed you are
If you have got propensity
To watch your inner emptiness
Explode into immensity.

Fortunate again I say
If you have got proclivity
To see your central nothingness
Embrace the whole festivity.

I know I am repetitive.
I hope I don't harangue.
What joy and what felicity
To watch the steady state go bang!

199

If I should say I know the Truth
Please tell me I'm a dope.
And should I say it one more time
Then, honey, wash my mouth with soap.

200

My death's an event I would like to postpone,
For a serious question arises.
Will I have the presence of mind to bemoan
My life when it sumtotalizes.

201

Measured time both long and short'll
Prove the present is immortal.
One who waits for vow or spurn'll
Find the now to be eternal.



"The ontological structure of Way in the structure of human consciousness, thoughts arising from the same generative emptiness as the ten thousand things. Hence, Way is utterly inexplicable for it quite literally precedes thought. Lao Tzu says that being and nonbeing give birth to one another: they are one and the same, but once they arise, they differ in name." — David Hinton

"The aspect of the *Laozi* that I find philosophically most interesting...is its challenge to human agency. The modern Western philosophical tradition, which started off with the discovery of subjectivity, has been so focused on the ego and its powers that the position of the Laozi may be perceived as somewhat scandalous. Its maxim of 'non-action' (*wu wei*) leads to a general view of the world—including human society—as a mechanism that is not so much based on individual activities as it is on a functioning of what happens 'self-so' (*ziran*) or spontaneously. It is this 'autopoietic' alternative that I find exciting."
— Hans-Georg Moeller

202

When Jim is dead and buried
or burned or whatever becomes of him
Will he be praised or slandered?
Will there still be enemies and chums of him?

Who will be here to send up a cheer
To give him a sweet bye bye,
To say he was handsome, kindly and dear
While he's eating his pie in the sky?

Will the world still exist?
And will Jim be the grist
for the mill of some future narrative?
Or will he be forgotten
when he's smolderin' or rottin'?
Is knowing the answer imperative?

But you know that I can't help but wonder
If this old rollin' world will still be
This world about which it often is said
That it was and it is and it will be

203

Some are saying *I see nothing.*
Some are saying *I don't see.*
Will somebody please explain
The difference to me?

204

Don't interfere with anyone's course.
Let none interfere with your own.
There's never a time for calling in force.
Keep trusting in letting alone.

205

Face-to-face is an unlucky lie,
A lazy and languid locution.
It ought to be against the law,
Even against the Constitution.

206

Cheek to Cheek

We've never been face to face.
We've never stood nose to nose.
We've never seen eye to eye.
So here's what I propose.

Let's never go head to head,
Or have a tête à tête.
Let's go hand in hand
Through this merry minuet.



"Nowadays I never even *feel* that I am choosing. It is clear to me that 'Robert' exists in mutual co-dependence with everything else in the universe, and consequentially has no more power to choose what to perceive, feel, or think, than a jellyfish has the power to swim against the tide." — Robert Saltzman

"See, life is spontaneous. It happens—in the words of the Taoists—*ziran*, which means 'of itself so'—that's the Chinese expression for nature, what happens by itself. What isn't pushed, but it just pops up, you see?" — Alan Watts

207

What do you see where others see your face?
Is it just another member of the human race?
Or is it all vacuity,
The root and derivation of the family tree?

208

I see the sky then I look down
I see the sea then down again
I see the sand but this descent
Hasn't nearly ended yet.

I'm not offended just amused
To see my pants below my shoes.
To see my shirt below my buckle
Really gives me quite a chuckle.

Below my shirt now I am seeing
The everlasting Ground of Being.
I love it being turned around
With my body upside down.

My attention just may settle
Now I see I'm ass over kettle.
I sure am feeling mighty fine
Underneath the bottom line.

209

By noticing the wholeness
Of the presence every day,
The answer isn't given,
But the question falls away.

I'm reticent to criticize
 They tell me that it isn't wise
 But I will do it anyhow
 So hold on now — don't have a cow

I found Suzuki a little kooky
 And Krishnamurti's bitchin'
 had me shakin' and a-twitchin'

So I read The Book by Alan Watts
 and books by lots of other sots
 And I must say I'm not jokin'
 Nissargadatta's really smokin'

Then I followed old Ramana up to Arunachala
 But on the way I lost my Wei Wu Wei
 So in my Absence here is what I have to say

From Douglas Harding I'm not departing
 Come whatever will or may
 He took off my head and left me for dead
 And all I can say is hooray

Hooray hooray for Douglas
 He's the one who left me mugless
 He showed me that it's really great
 to run around decapitate
 Hooray again I say

Hooray for Harding, Douglas E
 He 'breviates anatomy
 Obflisticates all flummery
 Ain't that the way it oughta be?
 Hooray for Douglas E

I'm glad to take my medicine
from Harding, Douglas Edison
He showed me the light
He showed me it's right and proper
to eliminate my topper
For that I say hooray

I apologize to the other guys
for thinking bad of what they had to offer
Pardon me for what I said
I lost my head
and I do remain a scoffer

So hooray again for Douglas
He took my head
And abridged my stance
He didn't even need a lance
He merely showed me where to glance
And now I am obliterated
And my pate is basticated
I'm finished with this poem
Hooray hooray hooray



211

Where will my goings on go when I'm gone?
Where will I have any fun when I'm done?
Will I still be the One when I'm finished?
Will I be diminished and scoffed?
Will I be demolished when I See that I'm polished off?

212

If you think I have a head
Go up and have a stare there
Get up so close that you can see
There isn't any there there

No there isn't any there there
And there isn't anywhere there
But I am quite aware there
And I do not have a care there

Hear hear I think you're where there
Has never been a there there
So have another glare there
There's neither here nor there there

There's really only here here
There's not a he or she here
It's very very clear here
So come on up and see here

Have another peer here
Get really very near here
You'll find I disappear here
If you think I have a head

213

In a time out of mind
A big bang blew its inside out
To see what would surface.

Point Counterpoint

I look into the polished mirror
and point at my reflection.
He points too, and this in spite
of all polite convention.

I'm pointing at a handsome face,
if handsome I may judge.
He's pointing into empty space
without a spot or stain or smudge.

Still he's pointing right at me,
overruling my objection.
He's pointing at original
and absolute perfection.

The setup lacks all symmetry.
It's very plain to see
that I look at periphery
while he is looking in on me.

I'm pointing at a face out there.
He's pointing here at nothing,
not at visage plain or fair,
not at body, skin or stuffing.

Though I'm empty, null and void,
my presence is required
for this fine fellow to appear
and for him to be admired.

Without me, he'd be nowhere.
Without him, I'd be bored,
For he gets up to many things,
some proper, some untoward.

I'll miss the fellow when he's gone.
I know that someday he'll go packing.
But I'll be here, and so it's clear
that nothing will be lacking.

look here
see here
it's all here
it's always here
it's always been here
and it's here to stay

it has nowhere to go
and nothing to say
it's been nowhere
and it's going nowhere
this here and now

but i'm sticking with it
because it's it
it's the only show in town
and it's a no show at that
this it
it's an it that won't quit

i'm sticking to it
i'm stuck on it
i'm looking into it
i can't avoid it
and that's it



216

I've never known the Yin to spin,
For it's the stillness here within.
Contrariwise, the Yang can't stop
Pirouetting like a top.

217

Appearing and seeming, dancing and gleaming,
What do they occur within?
I look and I find, instead of a mind,
"A hole where a head should have been."

218

Awareness here, appearance there,
Between the two no boundary.
Now I have a quiet mind.
Goodbye doubt and quandary.

219

Don't tell me that I stink of Zen
When I show you where It's at.
If you refuse to look, my friend,
You're smellin' like a civet cat.

220

Don't denigrate the body,
For it's the one in charge
Of thoughts and deeds and feelings,
Of consciousness at large.

221

I is the eye that eyes the world.
I is the universe eyeing.
Know it or not, the live long day,
Eye am it without even trying.

222

Consciousness and circumstance,
It takes them both, it's true,
To live a life of wholeness
And drop all bugaboo.

223

St Catherine of Genoa

I'm not a morsel, piece or chunk,
Or portion of Divinity,
For I am whole, and I am free,
And "God is all of God in me."

224

It's what I'm always on about.
I'll say or scream or whisper it:
If you would see the Unity,
You have to see the disparate.

225

No verse is ever perfect.
I'm sure I've never read one.
And even if I never do,
It won't disturb my head none.

226

Assume or exclude a world out there,
It doesn't matter a bit.
It's the seeing itself that requires due care
And to which I am pleased to commit.

227

Absolutely certain, without a single doubt,
This is my condition when I do the turnabout.
When I do the big one eighty
I put the world aright.
When I see the ground of life
I live in pure delight.

228

Seeing's only here and now.
It knows no future tense.
So please don't put the looking off
With verbal flatulence.

229

When I become a guru
I'll give the teaching gratis
And never raise an issue
Over monetary status.

Nor will I ask for fancy cars
But if by chance some schmoozer
Wants to get in good with me,
I'd take a PT Cruiser.

230

Tell me does the Moon exist
When no one's looking at it?
When someone says it doesn't,
Believe me, Bro, I've had it!

231

I don't know the source. I don't know the course.
I don't know the reason for being.
But I know the whole is one single flow,
And what-must-be is what I am seeing.

232

Keep it simple.
Keep it sensible.
Keep it Factual,
Not ostensible.

233

Please don't be a splitter.
Prefer to be a lumper.
Take it as a motto,
And stick it on your bumper.

234

Conjecture, guess, and speculation:
These I do not need.
Story and confabulation:
These I do not heed.

235

One who doesn't like my views
I figure for a dope.
Here is my advice to him:
Go away. Piss up a rope.

236

From what I see to what I am
The distance measures naught.
When I look from here to there
The line of sight is but a dot.

237

One doesn't earn one's headlessness.
One has it for a glance.
Nor does one have to practice
What's given in advance.

238

Ten thousand hours are not required
To see one cannot see one's face.
It happens on the instant.
It disappears without a trace.

239

I'm to you what you're to me.
Let's call it reciprocity.
If I'm a man then so are you.
If I'm a planet you are too.
If I'm a star you are as well.
And on and on till who can tell.

240

Do I go for honesty?
Or do I go for hope?
The former is the one for me.
The latter's for the dope.

241

There I am impermanent.
Here I am immutable.
The lack of boundary 'tween the two
Is clearly indisputable.

242

The side I see from is perennial.
It's the void I'm seeing through.
The side I look to is ephemeral,
A never ending change of view.

243

There is no what, there is no who,
And nothing does the seeing.
That's the way it looks from here.
I hope you are agreeing.

244

I am the great allowance
One calls capacity,
The seat of observation
And room for things to be.

245

Some people say I'm pain in the neck.
Some have a lower opinion.
It's okay by me because I can see
That over my mood they have no dominion.

246

Present to the present,
To this and here and now,
I am all that ever is,
So to myself I bow.

247

Some who see they have no head
Remain completely terrified
To execute the doer,
To commit homuncularicide.

248

There was a time when I was Naught.
That time is coming soon again.
I will not mind it very much.
Just look where I have been!

249

Why disagree with ghosts in a dream?
With mere apparitions that ain't what they seem?
Why be disputing with what isn't there?
Why do I ask? And why do I care?

250

There's not a single brain in sight,
Nor do I see a neuron.
I'm pretty sure I have it right,
But what's this trip that you're on?

251

The Void and the View are ever not two.
One doesn't arise from the other.
For some it is very easy to see.
For some it's a bit of a mother.

252

I live in a vacant dwelling.
I walk through an empty door.
I look through an open window.
How could I want for more?

253

It all began with a fabulous bang
That set the whole trajectory.
The rest of all this *Sturm und Drang*
Is wholly complementary.

254

They tell me I'm the Doer,
But I can plainly see
That who I really really am
Is but the Absentee.

255

Only this and this alone,
Oh what a bloody bore!
If you don't see the two-in-one
You oughta get what for!

256

Instrument of Peace

What's the story with Francis
Preaching naked to the birds?
A scandal to the stuffy and stodgical
Even though his birds were ornithological.

Still they reprimanded,
For whether warm or chilly out
Francis of Assisi preached
To birdies with his willy out.

257

Do you desire to not desire?
Such a silly contradiction!
Such a wish will only lead
To a life foolish fiction.



258

Headlessness — you've got it!
There's nothing more to get.
The only getting left for you
Is getting used to it.

259

Douglas Harding is my hero
For showing me the one eight zero
Linda Blair is not
Though she could do a three six aught.



260

Please Stand By

We're having trouble with transmission
There's going to be a slight delay
It's just a technical condition
So please don't go away

We know it's been an imposition
So here is what we've done
We've scheduled Nirvana for early mañana
And put off Samsara till half past tomorra
So please come back! We've barely begun!

261

Now I lay me down to sleep
If I wake up I'm going to weep
When conscious life ain't really real
It's only sleep has much appeal

262

Excuse me! Excuse me!
Am I missing something here?
Could you please enlighten me?
Make it very clear?

I sincerely want to know.
This isn't a rebuff.
When I see that I am everything
Isn't that enough?



"As soon as I recognize that my voluntary and purposeful action happen spontaneously by itself, just like breathing, hearing, and feeling, I am no longer caught in the contradiction of trying to be spontaneous. There is no real contradiction, since trying is spontaneity." — Alan Watts

"All this choosing one thing in preference to another is illusory, a great cover-up. Separate individuals, as such, are powerless to make the slightest difference in a universe where every one of them is tightly controlled by the rest. Pretending otherwise, pretending that, as our sole selves, we exercise free will, is as absurd and dishonest as it is vainglorious—and stressful." — Douglas Harding

Panegyric

I'm the biggest fan
of the Great God Pan
Though I know he's got
a reputation.
I'm pushing his agenda
And spouting adulation.

Pan and I are buddies
I hope you will ignore what's said
By all those fuddy-duddies
He's a real thoroughbred.

His intentions are quite simple
Really not much more
Than see Big Pan
Look right here
Show little pan
the door.

Though you may see
my mortal pan
I tell you here I see
The Empty Pan
the Spacious Pan
And there his panoply.

So listen up
I say again
You know I really am a
Fan of Pan
the Vacant Pan
And of his panorama.

Master of the West

I am the master of the west
 I live in the center of the best
 And if you're in my neighborhood
 It'd do you good to look me up and give me a call
 The two of us will have a ball

I'm the guru of the east
 I can help you tame the beast
 Just bring me a flower and a piece of fruit
 I'll give you a robe and a horn to toot

I am the keeper of the gate
 So what do you say?
 Do we have a date?
 Get your ticket and don't be late
 Enlightenment is really great

I'm the king of the world
 My flag is unfurled
 I'm riding on clouds
 I'm wowing the crowds
 So come and see me anytime
 Just sign right here on the dotted line

The capital fact of headlessness
 Is that I haven't got one.
 And isn't it a mighty shame
 That I ever sought one?

I do not have a head I said
 But I have a face in the bathroom mirror.
 And when I go to have a peek
 I'll tell you what — the boy's got cheek.
 But he ain't got class in the looking glass.

He always looks in my direction
 'cause he doesn't know no better.
 And the face is very funky
 on this cheeky little monkey.

So I wash my clarity
 as I stand before my vanity.
 And as I clean my emptiness
 his face is somewhat less a mess.

I rub and scrub right here
 it's clear
 his face will
 never disappear.
 But I don't worry
 I don't care.
 Now he looks presentable
 I'd take him anywhere.

I lived in a world where I didn't fit in
 Until I came to see
 There's all the room in the absent face
 For all the world to fit in me.

268

There is no God in Heaven
All dressed up in His Finery.
God's the Naked Center,
The Near Side of the Binary.

269

In the place
You see my face
I see naught
But empty space

270

What I see Here, I see of course.
It needs no explanation.
If I deign to call it Source,
That's pure confabulation.

271

Experience the center
And it will see you through
Words will not connect you
Explanation will not do

272

Looking in to see myself
I find I disappear
Inwardly I see the depth
Outwardly I see veneer

273

I'd really like to stay alive
To breathe and to metabolize
So till the day that cannot be
I'll ride the wave of entropy

274

If here you say you see your face,
You've reached the height of vanity.
Why not let it seek its place
And thus restore your sanity?

275

Seeing's straight and simple,
And so it makes me quizzical
When seers want to go beyond
And make it metaphysical.

276

Do you want to hold control,
Oh you of little trust?
And will you ever realize
That way of life's a bust?

277

Headless seeing shows it all,
But ego asks for more.
Ego's never satisfied.
It's such a dreadful bore.

278

Here I see my empty core.
There I see my circumstance.
If I say that I need more,
What I need is a kick in the pants.

A kick in the pants metaphorical—
A boot on the butt oratorical—
That's all that I ask. Are you up to the task?
Can you give me that kind of tutorial?

279

Determinism doesn't doubt.
The course of life is certain
From the day that you were born
Till the day they drop the curtain.

280

Everything happens spontaneously.
It happens the way that it has to.
Be one of the first to see the light
Rather than one of the last to.

281

I'm giving up on argument
And disputatious chatter.
At present it is my intent
To minimize the matter.

282

Look for yourself
If you have the moxie.
There isn't a way
To see it by proxy.

283

This-here-now is born again,
Over and over and over again.
Seeing this is always new.
Talking of it soon wears thin.

284

Nothing persists. Nothing recurs.
Nothing returns. Nothing repeats.
The moment is new. The moment is now.
The moment is fresh and alive and unique.

285

Look where you think your head should be,
And don't reflect upon it.
If you're looking honestly,
There's Nothing 'neath your bonnet!

286

Life is unfolding energy.
That's all I have to get.
More than this will never be.
That's quite the end of it.

287

I'm always seeing the face of the Whole
If only my local part of it.
Looking within and seeing a hole
Is surely the way to the heart of it.

288

Each moment I'm an expression
Of what the Whole is up to.
That's a way of putting it
I'm able to say yup to.

289

I missed your comments for a time.
That's all I've got to say.
I love the way you make a rhyme.
So never go away. (Robert Saltzman)

Once I tried to go away,
But, damn, it didn't work.
It seems I'm here and now to stay —
A happy little quirk. (Jim Clatfelter)

I've tried the same myself you know,
Oh my, oh gee, oh dear.
No matter what I do or say,
I seem to be right here. (Robert Saltzman)

290

I think I think reflectively
When I think I am I-Am.
When I say I see I-See,
Mary had a little lamb.

291

Life has served up quite a feast
Of beauty and of hurt.
Why not top this meal off
With Nothing for dessert?

292

You can't annihilate Nothing
Or kill what doesn't exist
Or do away with Empty.
What is it that I've missed?

Maybe you've not thought about it.
Maybe the topic's taboo.
Maybe the answer is silence,
And I will hear Nothing from you.

293

Don't put down the world I see.
It's quite a lovely part of me.
Denigrate the One I am,
And I do not give a damn.

For I'm the low point of it all,
A vale of tears and joy.
And if the same applies to you,
Attagirl! Attaboy!

294

This-here-now is all you get.
Stop expecting more.
If someone tells you otherwise,
Katy bar the door.

295

And how are you? What's up? What's new?
Exchanging commonplaces
Is such a lovely thing to do
When we see we're trading faces.

296

Void and view arise together.
Void and view are what I am.
Some will say these words are blether,
Some a tidy epigram.

297

Pretend I never have, my friend,
To wisdom or to wit,
But say you have the Answer,
And I do not care a bit.

298

Would've never happened.
Could've didn't either.
Should've is a fantasy.
Relax and take a breather.

299

When time has called my number up,
I don't intend to lumber up.
I'm going where the timeless hides
And laugh until I split my sides.

300

I am not in the driver's seat.
Therefore consequentially,
I will count it pretty sweet
To tag along with destiny.

301

What is the Source of everything?
— the primal question begs.
It's one of daddy's swimmers,
And one of mommy's eggs.

302

I once was a gleam in the big bang's eye
And now I'm a part of the sizzle,
In which the decades pass me by
Till I'm a part of the fizzle.

303

At center I'm the empty space
In which this all is happening.
The show appears and moves apace
In me who is the packaging.

304

I do not know what makes it go.
I don't know how it got here.
I know that I can see the flux.
That ain't all but that's the crux.

305

24/7 I don't see my face.
It's an indisputable fact.
It isn't a task for which I must brace.
It's something that's easily tracked.

306

Here is a void and never a face.
It's powerfully nice to notice.
But notice or not it stays in place.
It sits in the heart of a lotus.

307

A single way to straight and narrow,
Stiff and upright like an arrow.
Nature goes for ways that bend,
Not for ways that condescend.

308

Evie's snake and Adam's apple,
Jonah's whale and Noah's ark.
With such myth I cannot grapple.
The whole damned cult has jumped the shark.

309

A path to here? A street to now?
A road to this? A route to Dao?
A track to the moment? A lane to being?
No way is required for genuine seeing.

310

What one is is this-here-now.
One is it automatically.
It isn't acquired. There is no how.
Nor is it given erratically.

311

Experience is simple
One sees with little fuss
There isn't any doer
And no homunculus

312

Spiritual seekers seem to think
Duality's a load of rot.
Of number two they raise a stink.
They say that One is all we've got.

313

Some of these poems might appeal,
While others might even appall.
Even though it's a package deal,
No one's required to like them all.

314

When Laozi says do nothing,
He means there is no doer.
And that's the way the fellow's felt
Since he was just a little puer.

315

We split the thinker from the thought,
The agent from the action.
We split the doer from the deed
And get no satisfaction.

316

Some have the thought that all that one does
Is done by a purposeful agent.
I won't say the thought is so wrong that it stinks,
But I will say the attitude's fragrant.

317

I am I in all who've lived,
In all those yet to be,
In everyone who's living now.
Sweet immortality.

318

Some people say what wasn't born
Will never have to die.
But neither will it ever live.
Such reason's gone awry.

319

I see the inner simple
I watch the outer flow
It brings me satisfaction
And makes the moment whole

320

When you're noticing the two,
The inner void and outer view,
Then life is being smoothly run
In you who are the whole in one.

321

Pure awareness at the hinge
All appearance at the fringe
When you see the two as one
Then your task and charge is done

322

To live and not be curious?
Don't even get me started.
To live the unexamined life
Is for the chicken-hearted.

323

It's all just arising
And passing away.
It's not of my doing
Or under my sway.

324

The void is simple
The view is spontaneous
Picking and choosing
Are wholly extraneous.

325

In any situation
There's just one thing to do.
See the absence of your head
So plainly Here on view.

326

Please try looking for yourself.
You are the sole authority
On who and what and where you are
The singular majority.

327

My soul is a hole in the plenum,
And yours is on show on a face.
My life carries on in between 'em,
These places of glory and grace.

328

Isn't it encouraging
That all you have to do
Is not ignore the emptiness
Within that's really you?

You're not like your reflection.
You're clearer, and you're nearer.
You do not bear resemblance
To the stranger in the mirror.

You're Absolute Proximity,
Capacity and Clarity.
I've said it, and I now repeat,
You are the Singularity.

329

You ask me how they're hangin'.
I do not mean to clown,
But ever since I lost my head,
I find 'em hangin' upside-down.

330

What is God? And Who am I?
These questions are identical,
Though countless generations
Have called them antithetical.

331

If there were no language,
There wouldn't be a need
To posit separation
Of the doer and the deed.

332

There is no truth in labels.
They do not point the way.
The Dao is but a nickname
And God a sobriquet.

333

Between the near side and the far
I see no similarity
Nor any separation —
And that's the Truth and Verity!

334

Here's the outside in.
There's the inside out.
That each one is the other
I see without a doubt.

335

What I seem to be for you
Can leave me quite deflated.
Since I see it isn't true,
I will not be intimidated.

336

At center I am absent
Yet present all around.
Here I'm missing, lost for good.
It's there that I am found.

337

I don't mind that fellow
Appearing in the mirror.
He always keeps his distance
And never comes much nearer.

He seems to know where he belongs.
I'm sure he knows his place
Is in my human region
And never in my face.

338

When outwardly appears the All
And inwardly Vacuity,
Between the two, it's obvious,
There's no discontinuity.

339

I have the All. I am the Naught.
It's really quite an awful lot.
I've little need for other stuff.
The Naught and All are just enough.

340

I have the View. I am the Void.
And yet I do not get annoyed
When people offer other stuff.
The Void and View are just enough.

341

I am who sees and what I see.
I am the two together.
I'm both sides of a unity
And shall remain forever.

342

That old deceiver Laozi
Wrote quite a tidy gospel
In which he wrote "To capture Dao
In words is quite imposs'ble."

343

You must try looking for yourself.
Don't take me at my word.
You say you're much too busy?
Ain't that the best I've heard!

You say you'll have a look someday
When you can find the time.
I trust the little birdie more
Who told me that's a load of lime.

The only time to see is now.
The only place to look is here.
Don't gamble living will allow
Another day, another year.

344

The past isn't real.
The future's conceptual.
The present is now,
And now is perpetual!

345

This that is cannot not be,
So please be very wary
Of anyone who ever says
"That wasn't necessary."

346

I am what I am.
I do what I do.
And I understand
That goes for you too.

347

I don't know how I do it.
I don't know how I'm Aming.
In light of such unknowing
I guess I'll keep on jamming.

348

Balancing seeing of Void and of View
Will lead to a life harmonious.
Deny or promote just one of the two
And all will be quite cacophonious.

349

Here's the void. There's the plenum.
I'm so lucky to have seen 'em.
Seeing two I must be wary
Not to miss the unitary.

350

Trusting in the here and now,
Allowing is my only ploy.
This is all I can avow:
I'm being drawn to truth and joy.

351

I have no mind of any kind,
And that is why I've smiled,
For I know all there is to know
About the Undefined.

352

Is emptiness for seeing?
Am I the one to do it?
Or is it really only that
I'm always seeing through it?

353

All my thoughts, all my feelings,
All my doings come to me.
I see I'm naught in essence but
This empty receptivity.

354

When I look sincerely,
When speculation ceases,
My energy divides between
Potential and kinesis.

I like the situation.
I look for no improvements.
I am the unmoved mover
And the unmoved mover's movements.

"It is whole: empty awareness and this expansive presence of existence. It is a single tissue. And to dwell here in the beginning, before all words and explanations, empty mind mirroring the ten thousand things with perfect clarity—that is complete and whole. It is to know existence open in its fullest dimensions, to *feel* all of that depth." — David Hinton

355

I lost my head and can't save face,
Can't see my two blue peepers.
But I have found my Single Eye,
And the rule is finders keepers.

356

Fightin' and fussin' and spittin' and cussin'
Are part of wholeness too.
Even when someone bites your ass,
What're you going to do?

357

Nothing's missing, nothing's lost.
Life happens as it should.
Would I change a single thing?
You're goddamn right I would!

358

Am I free to change my mind?
I look within and see
It isn't I who does the work.
But mind that changes me.

359

One thing is sure
If any is sure:
One's not a First Cause
In miniature.

360

Opinions are fine,
And so is philosophy.
Just keep in mind
They're full of bogosity.

361

The Fact we seldom notice
Is vanishingly odd:
Within we see the spirit,
Without, the bones, of God.

362

As life emerges from the Naught
One sees what Nothing's doing
And looks at the Inscrutable
In process of unscrewing.

363

Death may take my future,
And rob me of my past.
But I live in eternity —
It's time that doesn't last.

364

There's never been a single thing.
Then where's defiling dust to cling?
If you can reach the heart of this,
Why talk of transcendental bliss?

365

The living truth I enter
When seeing I'm the Center
Isn't whole until I see
That you are my Periphery.

366

Respect no opinion.
Reject all persuasion.
Truth doesn't hang
On time or occasion.

367

It seems that you know nothing.
Well I know nothing too.
Still I'm happy Nothing
Is ever in my view.

368

Some see one. Some see two.
Some see three together.
It doesn't matter what you see.
It only matters whether.

369

No one's lost in emptiness.
No one's lost in form.
No one's ever lost at all.
Wholeness is the norm.

370

There's in here,
And here's in there,
And that accounts
For everywhere.

371

Yin and yang are one in Dao.
This is my persuasion.
I neither know the why or how
But witness the equation.

372

One needn't try to make it stick.
Attention is no glue.
Practice can be pretty slick
While adding nothing new.

373

Without I see the matrix.
Within I see the kernel.
Without is temporality.
Within is sempiternal.

These are not exactly one,
And not exactly two.
If I want to know the Word,
Experience will do.

374

The body lives at one remove.
The head resides at two.
The Presence at the Center is
The very Heart of you.

375

When I look me over
I fail to find a face.
Where one ought to be I see
The ever-present root of grace.

376

The various religions —
I'm not inclined to rate 'em.
I'm going to put my money on
The seeing of the Datum.

377

Emptiness becoming things
Is never seeing true.
Abandon all opinion
To get a proper view.

378

Everything's before you,
And nothing's everywhere.
Awareness of the never two
Is whole and not a share.

379

This human world I think I see
—astonishingly weird—
Is not the world that's given me
But one I engineered.

380

Once it's pointed out to me,
I view it on my own.
To see my head is missing,
I need no chaperone.

381

Some call it God. Some call it One.
Some call it 'I don't know.'
Some others turn and see the Ground
That makes the whole thing go.

382

What's given is what's needed
For the circumstance at hand.
I'm given all I need to be,
To do, to know and understand.

383

Within I find eternity.
Where everyone's immortal.
I hope you look and find it too
Before you laugh or scoff or chortle.

384

Mad and crazy thoughts arise.
The process never ends.
When I ignore each one of them,
They don't invite their friends.

385

It seems to me infinity
Could never have a center
That's other than ubiquity,
And here is where I enter.

386

Looking in and outward too
You find no separation
Without you see appearance
Within origination

387

Knowing that one never knows
Knows knowing as a fiction.
Knowing that is certain sure
Is surely an affliction.

388

Do I see I see from Glory,
From the wholly absent Face?
If I do I know my story
Will be one of Love and Grace.

389

Presence of the timeless here
And the momentary there
Make it absolutely clear
I am present everywhere.

390

There's only one thing necessary —
See the truth that sets you free.
Of more than This — or less — I'm wary.
Truth admits of no degree.

391

You have me covered.
The Void has my back.
When This is discovered,
There's Nothing I lack.

392

Is awareness where you are?
I go to have a look and see
That when I go I don't go far,
For all that goes goes on in me.

393

There is no separate who who sees.
There is no separate scene that's seen.
Both you and I are free as bees,
Both here and there and in-between.

394

I am not what I look to be.
I'm not as I appear.
In Truth and in Reality,
I'm Absolutely Clear.

And yet I'm full of everything,
For Nothing can escape me.
Both joy and terror on the wing
Surround and clothe and drape me.

And this arrangement satisfies
By leaving Nothing lacking.
I have the world as it flies,
The Void I have for backing.

395

Within is found the Steady State.
Without is evolution.
Please feel free to quote me, mate,
With proper attribution.

396

Seeing here and there as One
Is my singular agenda.
There is no more to say! I'm done!
Absolutely no addenda!

397

The very Truth is surely said
On each occasion that you
Raise a glass on high and say
"Here is looking at you."

398

Life goes on so very merrily
When I act involuntarily.
When I act with good intention
In come fear and apprehension.

399

The moment is nothing but flux and change,
Birth and death its constituent parts.
Nothing within it remains the same.
It's simply the flow of endings and starts.

400

I can see I have no head.
I see Nothing Here instead.
I see there all that I've got.
Here I see What Is is Naught.

401

That Way I see Function.
This Way I see Principal.
When I see both Ways at once,
I see I Am Invincible.

402

Here is the skinny on ultimate matters.
Those who say that they know do not.
Don't be a ninny and follow their natters.
Don't be a sucker and swallow their rot.

403

Conditioning can never end,
Yet I am not downhearted,
For I'm in the position
Where conditions never started.

404

Does a dog have consciousness?
Think about it! Don't give up!
You may see what Joshu saw:
Consciousness has got the pup.

Does a doggy have free will?
Think about it! Don't give up!
You may see what Joshu saw:
It's will that's got the pup.

405

I am the light above all things.
I am the all and everywhere.
Split the wood, my spirit sings.
Lift the stone, and find me there.

406

If I'm defined by what I own,
Then everything I lack
Will be my definition too,
A monkey on my back.

407

With nothing to do
And no one to do it
There's never a need
To get around to it.

408

It doesn't take a who to see,
A God, a Dao, a you or me.
When only Seeing is what is
It isn't mine or hers or his.

409

My view of you
And your view of me
Have nothing in common
And never agree,

But my view of me
And your view of you
Are always the same
And never are two.

410

Seeing neither knows a past
Nor looks to future days
But always holds the Infinite
Eternal in its gaze.

411

The Present isn't ever split,
Needs no repair or suture.
The Present is the Whole of it.
There is no past or future!

412

No one ever hollers
At Zhuangzi's empty dinghy
Because the boat does not contain
The slightest "I am" thingy.

414

When first I saw my Nothingness
You could have tipped me with a feather.
Others are for show and dress.
I'm always in the All Together.

415

How do you manage all those legs?
The dragon asked the centipede.
I see they manage on their own,
And that's the way my will is freed.



416

Higgledy-Piggledy
Douglas E Harding
Surrendered his seat
In the sapient race.

In spite of unmerciful
Begging and pleading,
This fellow from Nacton
Just wouldn't save face.

417

Here and there and everywhere,
Now and then and ever,
I am every when and where.
How could I be more clever?

418

Seeing I am emptiness,
Capacity and room.
Surrender I cannot finesse.
Who's to surrender? What and to whom?

419

There's nothing else in all the world
Upon which everyone agrees,
For seeing's always total and
Admits of no degrees.

420

To say deep sleep is ultimate
To me it kills the deal
By draining all the life from what
I see is really real

421

What-isn't really really is.
What-is can only seem.
What-isn't isn't Nothing
Without the presence of a dream.

422

Who am I to say I see?
An article? An entity?
When Seeing from the Vacant dome,
There's simply Seeing. No one's home.

And if you hear me say I see,
It doesn't mean I think a me
Is needed when I see or say
Or think or pass the time away.

423

The Void is a void you shouldn't ignore.
And sure it leaves you wanting more.
And more it is happy to provide.
Just take a look to the other side.

425

There I am the temporal.
Here I am eternal.
There I am peripheral,
Here the nut and kernel.

426

How could I merit praise or blame
Or be ashamed or proud,
When seeing I'm the mystery
Behind unknowing's cloud?

427

For when I drop the lump of self,
Let want and expectation go,
I see that all is Oneness
And I'm living in creation's flow.

428

I'd rather See the One I Am
At center indestructible
Than focus on periphery
And battle with the ineluctable.



429

I see that I am Oneness.
You see that you are too.
If I am One, and you are One,
Then I am One with you.

430

If you can see you have no head,
Then you command my full respect,
For you are honest, brave and true,
And anatomically correct.

431

Here I see the singular.
There I see plurality.
And happily I revel in
My asymmetricality.

432

See when it occurs to you
To see. That is the ritual.
For if you see repeatedly
It soon becomes habitual.

433

There's Nothing here to think about,
No mind to change or make up
Or analyze or deconstruct.
The thing to do is wake up!

434

If you can see your nothingness,
You see it whole and clearly.
You cannot see it partially
Or see it pretty nearly.

435

Are you always wanting more,
More things, more life, more stuff?
Do you see you're One and All?
Why isn't that enough?

436

All but This must perish.
Each is born and lives and dies.
But I'm not each. I'm everything,
The Void in which the Plenum lies.

437

What is has two directions,
And both are necessary.
What is within is permanent.
Without, it's temporary.

"I don't believe anything is accidental, in the larger sense. There's a beautiful pattern. Not plan—plans always have to be thought up. But the universe works together; everything connects. Otherwise it would fall apart."

— James Broughton

438

I'd like to be a puppeteer
In charge of pulling strings.
I'm sure I'd find my happiness
In rearranging things.

Alas I find no strings to pull,
And though it gives me pain,
I've ample compensation
In pulling Ryan's chain.

439

This is how I summarize
The headless way: I've got no top.
When I look in to see my head,
There's nothing there. Full stop.

But, looking out, I see the world,
The manifest, the myriad.
And so I always look both ways.
And that's the method. Period.

440

There is but one existence.
No matter how I try,
I cannot split the One in two.
Everything I See is I.



441

One's face is a mask,
A lovely façade,
Designed to slip over
The image of God.

One looks for oneself,
Surveying the span,
And sees God is under
The image of Man.

442

The near side gets the stillness.
The far side gets the action.
How could I count myself with those
Who get no satisfaction?

443

Everything's spontaneous
Including hesitation.
Words are all extraneous.
End of conversation!

444

Zero in on Nothing,
The vacant and the null.
Now you have the Plethora,
The occupied, the full.

445

This is really Nothing but
The Timeless Eternality,
The One that makes it possible
To manifest plurality,

The One that has Potential
To hold all things in view,
The One whose true identity
Is no one else but You.

446

If you want my best advice,
Listen up. I'll give it twice.
Don't abhor the throb and hum.
Don't ignore the Vacuum.

447

To you my face is real.
To me it's but a sham.
For Here Within I see the One
I really really really am.

And here I'm not opposed to you,
For here I lack a face
To spoil our relationship.
I'm gone without a trace.

448

How do I see my innerness,
My core and central locus?
I do not strain. I settle back,
Let go, relax, unfocus.

449

It's really very easy.
You need not look askance
To See just what and where you are.
You are the whole expanse.

Both everything and Nothing,
The total field of view,
The One Eternal Sameness
That holds the ever new.

450

Experience is total
When seen through proper prism.
Within I see the Stasis,
Without, the dynamism.

451

See you are the Seer.
See it without let up.
See it when you're chillin'.
See it when you're het up.

See it always here and now,
And please ignore the foolish cry
That tells you that you have to wait
To see it in the bye and bye.

452

I see the open window.
I spot the common ground.
I'm going to keep on looking.
I don't intend to mess around.

453

Make all haste to see both ways,
To see the whole disparity,
To see within, to see without,
To see your bipolarity.

Do it now. Behold within.
Proceed with all celerity.
Don't overlook or disregard
The central Void and Verity.

454

Within is bare awareness,
Without, the things of time.
I see the two together,
And I shift my paradigm.

Without, I'm clad in splendor,
The dazzling contrapuntal.
Within, I'm pure awareness,
Uncovered and full-frontal.

Within, I see my nakedness,
Without, the world I'm wearing,
And when I'm seeing both at once,
I cannot lose my bearing.

455

Now that I am eighty two
I may come off a little gruff.
No longer will I hold my tongue
When I think you're full of stuff.

456

Ask—it's given. Seek—it's here.
Knock—it's open. Look—it's clear.

457

Whatever I say,
It doesn't much matter
Words only serve
To add to the chatter.

458

You have had a cephalectomy.
Still you are a horse's necktomy.

Always sending out a blastomy,
Acting like a horse's asstomy.

This whole thing is just a farstomy.
Don't be such a horse's arstomy.

Never ever giving trumptomy,
Always such a horse's rumptomy.

Please be honest and directomy.
Don't be acting horse's rectomy.

You have had a cephalotomy.
Why are you so horse's bottomy?

There's no way you're gettin' shutomy.
You can't make a horse's buttomy!

I can do that for myself!

459

One who has wisdom keeps silent.
One who has none prattles on.
One who de-faces the center
Is one we can all count upon.

460

Headlessness stands on its own.
No *Pherd merde* need be added.
Such a thing I don't condone.
Seeing looses when it's padded.

461

Here is doing-nothing
There is all-is-done.
See the two together
And you've found the whole-in-one.

462

Living's always nonvolitional.
Void and View are appositional.
If this is all you ever know,
I would say you're good to go.

463

Can you see your center?
And when you look around.
Do you see your circumstance
Emerge from common ground?

464

If you can see the two-in-one
I would say your work is done.
If Seeing leaves you wanting more
Here's your hat and there's the door.

465

Here I have awareness
Where once I had a head
There I have appearance
Far better seen than said

466

Looking in I see I Am
Arising from the I Am Naught.
Looking out I see the world,
And that is everything I've got.

467

Point within to Emptiness,
A mark you cannot miss.
You've seen the splendors of the world.
Now get a load of This!

468

Up The Yin-Yang

We have so many problems,
It sends the mind to spinning,
For most of us are yanging
Where we should be yining.

469

No one's looking in to see.
No one's looking out.
Looking's life in full degree,
And that is my redoubt

470

I'm this in which all arises
And all that arises in it.
I'm all that the present comprises
And certain I've always been it.

471

Half the view's transparent.
The other half's opaque.
If you want to have it whole
Just do a double take!

472

Spiritual authorities
Are known for spouting twaddle.
Still one must respect them —
It's a damn good business model.

473

Mixed Weaves

America will go to hell
Unless it makes amends
For all its years of wearing of
Those cotton-polyester blends.
How do I know? The Bible tells me so!

474

Parity

Both near and far are visible,
So see them if you dare.
Conquer your resistance.
It's time to grow a pair.

475

A Brief History Of Zen

All of a sudden all fell into place
When Hui Neng saw his original face.
Centuries later and out of the blue
Ernst Mach drew its likeness both honest and true

Then Douglas E Harding with minimal fuss
Revealed its location to each one of us.
The saga is over and history's done
Now we can see this original one.

476

An undivided wholeness
Is present here and now
In the Void and in the View
That constitute the Dao.

And in the flow of wholeness
I see I'm at the heart
And find it most agreeable
To play my given part.

477

I've lived as it has pleased me.
I have to say I've no regrets.
Living with the ups and downs
Is just about as good as it gets.

478

Humans go the way of Earth
And Earth the way of Heaven.
Heaven goes the way of Dao,
While Dao is it's own leaven.

479

Pie in the sky when you die is a lie.
Pie in the now is on offer.
I'm hereby rejecting your alibi.
It's time that you open the coffer.

480

I realize that some of you
Will find my verses dodgy.
But I figure none of you
Will find them timid, weak or stodgy.

But if somehow you find them so,
I find it quite bizarre
That you're still here, and holy joe,
Why the hell'd you read so far.

481

I do what I will.
I will what I am.
Opposing ideas?
Delusion and scam!

482

He broke down the lines
And made us all equal.
His followers though
Make me long for a sequel.

483

Do I make decisions?
Or do I simply do 'em?
When I'm watching carefully,
I see I'm coming to 'em.

When choice is coming to me
And I investigate it,
I find it given through me.
I needn't fabricate it.

I find it quite a bother
To have to make my mind up.
But if I don't they question me
And wonder where I'll wind up.

It's then I have to tell them
That I'm already wound up,
And freedom is in seeing
Where Nothing's ever bound up!

484

I used to have a point of view
I thought was quite undoubtable.
Now I see reality
Is never figureoutable.

485

If you want to give your life
A wholly new sensation,
Here's what I commend to you:
Revise your sensory orientation.

486

That is there, and this is here.
I hope that solves your problem, dear.

487

Moses went to the mountaintop
and told us what to do.
Douglas Harding went to the valley
and asked us what we see.

Which approach to life do you want,
from the top down or the bottom up?
One based on a divine skyhook
or one that stands on firm ground?

488

These poems are meant to capture truth
And put it in a bottle.
I know they will not all succeed,
But I'm hoping that a lot'll.

489

All presence is here.
All power is there.
I'm only just saying.
I know you don't care.

490

My facelessness is naked
My panorama's dressed
The latter brings excitement
The former gives me rest

491

Sometimes I have to ask myself
What means the headless trek to me?
Not so much I must admit
With no homunculectomy.

492

If you claim to have free will,
No argument is keener
Than the one that starts and stops
With neener neener neener.

493

Here below the bottom line
I'm absolutely humble.
There where you can see my face
I do not shun the rough and tumble.

494

Reading and writing and posting and stuff
Are dangerous paths to tread.
They usually don't amount to much.
Seeing is better done than said.

495

Will is desire.
Desire is will.
I've said it before.
I'm saying it still.

496

Is there a there to get to
When it's clear it's here I am?
Those who show a way to go
Are setting up a nasty scam.

There isn't any coming soon,
No soon to be or next in line.
When someone offers such as that,
There's just one word: Decline!

497

I've seen my bare awareness.
I've seen the naked circle.
No one has said it's not the truth,
But I know someday some jerk'll.

498

I tell it like it is for me.
I never like to pull my punches.
If your views don't jibe with mine,
You know you're free to play your hunches.

499

If I believe 'cause it's absurd
Then where is rationality?
Dead and buried and interred
Along with all that's truly me.

500

Thanks for tagging along with me.
I hope it wasn't your last resort.
Take it from here. You're on your own.
All the balls are in your court.



The Positional Self

“We experience the world with our body as its center, center of vision, center of action, center of interest. Where the body is is here; when the body acts is now; what the body touches is this; all other things are there and then and that...The body is the storm center, the origin of coordinates, the constant place of stress in all the experience-train. Everything circles round it, and is felt from its point of view. The word I then is primarily a noun of position, just like this and here.”

— William James



Jim Clatfelter, June 2022

The rewards of Faceless Seeing are in the seeing itself, in the conscious living from your faceless presence, not in any words about it. But words can inspire and even bring you back to the here and now seeing of wholeness, to the Dao itself. So I will list a few resources that offer material that I consider basic to this vision and the understanding the poems express.

Douglas Harding, On Having No Head, Zen and the Rediscovery of the Obvious

Alan Watts, TAO: The Watercourse Way

Witter Bynner, The Way of Life according to Lao Tzu

David Hinton, TAO TE CHING Lao Tzu

Robert Saltzman, The Ten Thousand Things

Robert Saltzman, Depending on No-thing

The Headless Way at headless.org

No-Facebook at facebook.com/groups/richardlang

Robert Saltzman at dr-robert.com

501

I raise my glass to Douglas
And wish him a happy ninety first.
I see my beverage disappear
And feel it quench my thirst.

Others take their beverages
And pour them down a toothy slit.
And though they make them disappear,
They do not taste a bit!

And now I raise my glass again
To say another toast for you.
Enjoy your day, dear Douglas.
Tomorrow you'r pushin' ninety two.

502

It's a headless take on Laozi
And a Daoist take on Harding
Some will find it valuable
Others wouldn't give a farthing

503

Creation is eternal.
God's sleeve is very tricky.
There's always something coming up.
Thank God that God can't stand a quickie!

504

Why does God create the world
From God's Abyss and Chasm?
Thank God that God creates Big Joy.
Thanks God for God's Orgasm!

505

I'm glad to see the *Ding an sich*
Is really not a *Ding* at all.
It's not a thought or mental toy.
It's really Nothing but Big Joy!



What is Big Joy? It's a term used by James Broughton.
I take it to be Life itself lived to the Hurrah, the play's the thing.
The thing's the play and drama fullest.



506

God is not a scholar,
A monk or musty mystic.
God's the Big Big Bang Man.
Thank God that God has gone ballistic!

507

These poems are just my little way
To share a Truth and leave a
Crumb or two as I proceed
Along the *Via Positiva*.

508

Hurrah, the play's the thing.
The thing's the play and drama.
For that I have to praise Big Joy
And Hail to Big Joy's Mama.

509

My poems are quite ridiculous.
Your poems are *tres* sublime.
But here's the deal, Dear Reader,
You show me yours; I'll show you mine.

510

Perhaps these poems are nothing more
Than smoke blown up a chimney,
But so far at least it seems
I have no *magnum opus* in me.

511

The headless way is quite the best
If you want to See your block off.
Zen's good too, though some might say
It's just and Eastern Asian knockoff.

512

Here's how I write a haiku:
Summer evening, wide awake,
Under spell of Zinfandel,
Plop, a frog jumps in the lake.

513

I cannot solve my koan.
I do not have a clue.
When I ask the expert,
The roshi isn't saying mu.

514

I know I am laconic,
Succinct and brief and true.
It's up to you to flesh it out.
I simply lay the pith on you.

515

If nothing else has helped so far
To show you Seeing's total,
I hope I am correct somehow
In thinking that a goad'll.

516

This seeing is rewarding,
A job you cannot botch.
It isn't really work at all
To keep the quiet watch.

517

Life and death are grand events
This Emptiness contains.
While living things must perish,
The Nothingness remains.

So I take my identity
From what I see within.
How could Awareness ever end
That never did begin?

518

The world is so delightful
When I can truly See
I'm not a being in the world.
The world's a happening in me.

The truth is always here and now,
And so I take my ease.
I never have to miss anything
Or overlook the One who sees.

519

Can you see your missing head?
You're lucky if you care to.
I hope I can encourage you.
Be brave, buck up and dare to.

Look to see your open Heart
Is noble and magnanimous.
Don't say you can't. Don't look away.
Don't be so pusillanimous.

520

I have no need to travel time.
I've found the open portal
That leads into the true sublime,
The timeless and immortal.

And when I'm truly present
I am not in a dither,
For here within the timeless now
I see both whence and whither.

521

There is no doctrine to promote.
That's why I'm rarely talkative.
The only terms that I employ
Are negative or locative.

I don't mind saying where to look
Or telling what you will not see:
Look in at voidness all the while
With dedication, ardently.

522

At center I am openness
And absolutely ample
To take on board what's given,
To welcome what's on sample.

523

With Nothing here to call my own,
No thing that could oppose you,
The only thing that I can do
Is welcome and enclose you.

524

I am not small and motionless
And flat and set in borders,
But I am headless, upside down,
And terminate in shoulders.

That's the truth and falsity
On offer in the photo
Designed to show reality
And fact in brief and toto.



525

Everything's enough for me.
Everything will nicely do.
And when I see I'm Nothing,
It's then I have enough times two.

526

The Grand Design is orderly.
The setup's neat and tidy.
And I can see it for myself
With no one's bona fide.

527

Nothing is and Nothing was
And Nothing ever will be,
And when the world has lost its buzz,
Nothing's gonna still be.

528

One is for unity.
I say with impunity
That Eight's for infinity
And Naughts for vacuity.
I think that it's plain to see
We've found just the right degree
To view creativity
Without ambiguity.

529

My speech is iambic
In anglic and gallic.
And that isn't bad
For an acephalic.

530

Objects always jump around,
And do so with a will.
They never hold their horses.
They never can be still.

People go to sleep at night.
But let me make it clear,
I never sleep or move or jump
Or go away from here.

531

Attention! About face!
Attention! At ease!
That's all there is to it.
Now do as you please.

532

Dougie took off Jimmy's head
Leaving him a blank instead
Jim was looking most perplexed
Really Doug!—he said—What's next?

533

Every Doggy Has His Day

I'm no fool. I've been to school
And twice around the block.
And now I'm writing doggerel
Dismissing poppycock.

534

Who is Jim? Who is Sylvia?
Does anybody know?
Are they each an aberration?
Are they God on a short vacation
Looking at a picture show?

535

Non-duality's overrated
It doesn't give me much to do
One can be fun
But it's kinda lonely
I'd rather have a second
Than be myself my one and only
I'm promoting number two

I see I'm boxed in a paradox
And stuck in a conundrum
If I could extricate myself
I'm sure I'd still be hum drum
I'm promoting number two

It isn't very puzzling
I'm not about to panic
I do not mind dilemma
I'm remaining panoramic
And promoting number two

536

I know I'm not a poet.
My verse is free and loose.
I take my rhyme from Gertrude Stein
And a rose from Mother Goose.

537

I tell you I'm a Looker
And ask you if you would
To merely turn your Eye around
And see I'm looking pretty good!

538

Am I am or am I ain't?
Do I query in a manner quaint?
Am I am? Am I Jim?
Is he me? Am I him?
Is he I? Am I he?
Or am I am an Absentee?

All my actions all spontaneous?
Are my thoughts extemporaneous?
Am I ain't or am I am extraneous?

Am I stranger? Am I kin?
Am I am the Great Within?
Do I reside beneath my skin?
Am I ain't or am I subcutaneous?

539

How are you?

Thanks so much for asking.
I'm very glad you thought of me.
I'm feeling so much better
Since I had my cephalotomy.

540

It's never either either/or
Or this and that together.
No periphery or core.
No now and then and no forever.

541

You are what is already
Just see you have no head
And keep the Inner Steady.
Why wait until you're dead?

542

Need one take a path to here?
Need one find a way to now?
Don't the questions make it clear?
One needn't ever wonder how.

543

I know I'll never perish.
I'll give the reason why.
When I see, I see that there
Is no one here to die.

I am who sees and what I see.
I am the two together.
I'm two sides of a unity
And shall remain forever.

544

Here I'm living totally.
Here I'm absent, empty, faceless.
Here I'm only what I see.
Here I'm living timeless, spaceless.

545

One thing comes, another goes
Yet emptiness remains.
As both the ground and origin
Of all that it contains.

546

I see that present emptiness
Has room for friend and foe.
And I see that purity
Is spread for weal and woe.
And yet it is not present tense
But judgment makes it so.

547

Some say my verse is elegant.
Some others say it's funky.
The former say I tell the truth.
The latter say I pound the monkey.

To me this verse is but a way,
If I may speak with candor,
To give myself a goose to give
My vacancy a gander

548

I was born without a head.
It took me many years to get one.
And many, many more it took
To see it doesn't fit one.

549

I see the scene and seer meld
But never see them mix.
A paradox I needn't mend,
A split I needn't fix.

550

I say with utmost gravity
As well as wild exuberance,
I am the world's concavity
As well as all protuberance.

551

I look both ways to see it all,
And afterwards insist a
Careful look will show you are
Space and content, room and vista.

552

The headless void you see within
Embraces all external.
No need for worry or chagrin,
You've got the nub and kernel.

553

See the near side and the far
And fortify composure.
When you've seen the two as one,
At last you've come to closure.

Well, that's the way it worked for me.
It just might be the same for you.
Since now you've come to wholeness,
There is no kind of follow through.

554

The last time I said that I hadn't a head
The rejoinder was inquisitorial.
Just what do you mean? I know you were seen
On Saturday last in a parlor tonsorial.

555

Life can go on. Continue the game.
I don't mind extending the story—
On the condition that I remain
Compos mentis and ambulatory.



The Song of Presence

by Seng-T'san, the Third Patriarch of Zen

Seeing isn't difficult
Unless you pick and choose,
Unless it isn't obvious
That what you gain you lose.

You will not find division
Where Naught and All abide.
You're never going to see the Truth
By choosing up your side.

Liking this! Rejecting that!
Diseases of the mind!
See the truth and never try
To leave your thoughts behind.

In clearness nothing's missing,
And nothing's added to.
When you make a judgment,
You are not seeing true.

Far side, don't get tangled.
Near side, don't get lost.
When you let the whole divide
Confusion is the cost.

Be still and see that stillness
Moves everything about.
The two are never opposites.
Just see and banish doubt.

If you cannot see the whole,
You never understand
How the near and far proceed
Together hand in hand.

The more you run your mind and mouth,
The more you lose the Way.
The truth is here for all to see
And not for one to say.

So if you want to see the truth
Then point and look within,
And you will see the clarity
Where sight and scene begin.

Emptiness becoming things
Is never seeing true.
Abandon all opinion
To get a proper view.

Don't engage in judgment,
And please be ever wary.
Make the right and wrong appear
And everything's contrary.

The two originate as one,
Yet neither of them clings.
When your sight replaces thought
There is no fault in things.

No fault, no things, no world at all,
And never thought or mind.
When you're seeing truly
There's nothing here to bind.

One thing comes, another goes,
Yet emptiness remains
As both the ground and origin
Of all that it contains.

Here and now the all is naught.
At present naught is all.
See the two are really one
And neither great or small.

Seeing's never difficult.
It's really quite a breeze.
You truly cannot do it wrong.
So take it at your ease.

When you strive, you go amiss,
And from the Dao you stray.
Let it flow if you would see
That naught will always stay.

Follow nature, find the Way,
Free and easy, undisturbed.
Follow thinking, lose the Truth,
Find health and wholeness curbed.

Confusion over wholeness
Is not the way to go.
Only trust your vision,
And don't be in the know.

Not despising what you see,
Already you have found
The wise are never doing,
And fools are ever bound.

Truly this and that are one
And plainly in your sight.
Chasing after what you have
Is hiding from the light.

Peace and trouble? Just ideas!
Now here's amazing news.
All these kinds of opposites
Arise from faulty views.

Grasping at a passing scene
That isn't meant to stay
Is wanting what is never whole
And lands you in the fray.

You're never stopped from presence.
You've never left the source.
The attitude you must annul
Is unity's divorce.

Everything's before you,
And nothing's everywhere.
Awareness of the never two
Is whole and not a share.

No boundaries or borders,
No judge and no divide,
No need to cut or measure
Where all who are abide.

What's naught depends on all that is.
And being needs what's naught.
When you see the naught and all
You've landed on the spot.

Wholeness is the naught and all,
The near side and the far.
When you can envision this,
You have it in a jar.

Trust and grace are never two.
The same are grace and trust.
Both beyond the reach of time,
Immune to moth and rust.

