

The Meanderer: the Woman and the Little Mirrors

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The day her mirror broke into tiny pieces
Her life changed.
She stared at her many reflections:
"So many of me!"
Which one was the truth?
This one or that?

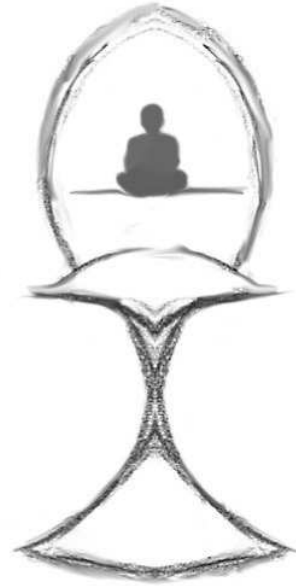
Penetrating their sameness
She chose the other side
And again she wondered: can one be many?
Can many be one?
What is what?
And where am I?

The question brought realization -
Myriad things were not as they appeared!
The emptiness that was the Whole
Cleared her understanding.
The whole was both nothing,
... and everything.

No longer distinguishing
Between "self" and "other"
She saw that all things interpenetrate
In the One.
As many varieties of flowers grow in the same soil
Of the great earth of the great One;
As islands, looking different from above
Unite under the water:
All are connected together to a single great earth.

Suddenly a violent wind raised a cloud of dust.
Transported in the vortices
She drifted with all the little mirrors --
So high in the sky she could see the stars
Reflecting reflections of reflections ...
One world reflecting another, infinitely.
The infinite and infinitesimal as One.

No-thing else to see,
No-thing to do or to desire
All is done and complete.



Time, light, space and dharmas
All harmonious
Past, present and future
All overlapping,
Interpenetrating.

No-thing ever changes,
So how can 'It' be?
Only conditions and circumstances
Create the impression of change --
Worldly things do not exist
In the way we see.

For her, time ceased.
There was no "here" and no "there"
All was Endless,
Eternal: One.
She was not, and yet she was,
Eternally part of the 'Whole'
The Whole
Eternally part of her.

Oh! In that splendid state,
A tiny bird alighted
On her shoulder
To sing a song
And bring her back.

A cloud gently landed
On the shining sand,
Each grain reflecting the eternal Light
Of the Unborn.

The end of one journey –
The beginning of another
From the Avatamsaka Sutra:
"All streams lead to the ocean
And are all of the same salty flavor."

