

[This document can be acquired from a sub-directory coombspapers via  
anonymous  
FTP and/or COOMBSQUEST gopher on the node COOMBS.ANU.EDU.AU]

The document's ftp filename and the full directory path are given in the  
coombspapers top level INDEX file]

[This version: 22 July 1993]

-----  
----

TITLE: Hungry Complete Fullness Sesshin, Easter, 1993  
AUTHOR: Susan MURPHY  
SOURCE: Mind Moon Circle quartely, Winter 1993, pp.30-31  
NOTES: Australian Sesshin Poems and other Poems by Members and Visitors  
of/to  
the Sydney Zen Center. This poem is dedicated to John Tarrant, Roshi

i  
A strong alchemy it was  
the dark joy  
rising to radiance  
inside the third that is not given:  
the third is never given  
but is found  
ah  
there!  
beneath the river  
of the heart  
prised open by sesshin

ii  
Sitting turned out at the prow by the great doors of the world  
old friends all but unseen  
but not unfelt  
strung like stars across the  
dark of my body  
hardly raising my eyes

each glimpse  
a leaping into being  
of trees, mist, moon, dog  
verandah thump  
surging so far in like a wave

it took the breath  
to tears  
the sacred salt of sesshin  
its hard sharp flavour  
sparkling on our bodies

iii  
Rising to kinhin I wobble  
and see  
through dark glass  
bodies of my friends  
the coloured wet shuddering jewels  
of most intimate organs

juddering gently every step  
we take along the

cliffedge  
a sudden seeing fierce as  
the lion who looked into me  
the rocks themselves must flow

iv  
the pattern of the days  
hooked on exacting needles  
by numbered supper-cook menus  
secretly slipping off  
into the sense  
of the only time there is:

no resistance, but  
a hedging start  
the time-killer skulking round  
with a new offer:  
having to do things well  
it's called

its image  
dry cicada shell  
clinging to bushes and grasses  
the green cicada  
having shrilled off into elsewhere  
eons ago

this was  
irritant enough  
to tickle some real effort  
from the depths  
(oh, billowing there)  
and then a strange new thing  
back pain like a lodged sword

v  
Calls up a new geography of effort  
its hard sharp flavour  
it's called  
squeezing round the corner  
right against the heart  
until it blazes

into grief to melt the bones  
my own? the body's oldest grief  
is never done  
but always colours joy  
and yet it partly seemed

another weeping woman's  
her upright back before me  
pierced by a death  
I want to hold her  
and to rock her

vi  
But the great slow blaze takes  
even that away  
into its terrible  
delight that leaves

so little of me  
I can weep (at last) for joy

vii  
The pattern finds its form and name  
days later  
half-moon in great wide circle  
new hexagram,  
black-cliff-framed:  
Hungry Complete Fullness.

Susan Murphy  
April, 1993

-----  
----

end of file