77. Clean Shirt (It Never Entered My Mind)

All nice mornings wear a clean shirt.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

& all nice December Cascadia mornings wear flannel, layers &   no umbrella, strive not for thinking or for not thinking but for without-thinking   (take a kind attitude toward your lack of thoughts).   Here, pure presence, hear things as they are.   Here moss grows fat on the walk, greens the wood stairs.   Here an hostile takeover just so slow no one notices.

Without-thinking neither affirms nor denies, accepts nor rejects, believes nor disbelieves... an unobjectified presence... a non-conceptual or prereflective mode of consciousness Kasulis says of the Zen of Dogen who says

Because reality/Hardly seems real/Why assume/That dreams/Are really dreams?

May be ongoing presences or the madroño reaches out another inch for a slice of the widening December Cascadia sun. May be the movement of moss up the stoop steps or the green of the winter madrone leaves hide behind red berries or at least your prehension of it (fully penetrated) the cultivation of surrender's what he might've been after   the quivering hand made to quiver by a presence controll'd by someone (thing?) else, same as it always is when prehended (apprehended) by the force superior always gets another record on (sin aire muerto) maybe Miles this time *It Never Entered My Mind* trumpet mourning that you're not *there again to get into my hair again* or so it would be sung in the dream/not dream where one is not   not thinking but without-thinking again (prehending) -- a clean flannel shirt. And every 5:27 you re-cue Miles and Trane, Mr. PC, Red and Philly Joe and

they go again as in 1956 because the dream has no
end if you are with out thinking and it's no dream.

      Thinking about not thinking
          dirties the shirt. Wait
               'til there's no

    thing   here

First quote from T.P. Kasulis "Zen Action, Zen
Person."

Dogen quote from "The Zen Poetry of
Dogen" (Ed: Steven Heine).

Last quote from the song "It Never Entered My
Mind," lyric by Lorenz Hart.

               11:12P - 12.26.12
               4817 S Lucile B