

FLOWER GARLAND FROTH

For Zenshin Ryufu, Philip Whalen

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Philip Whalen

THROUGH THE SKANDHAS, THE BUNDLES
OF BRIGHTNESS AND HUNGERS,

arises

more FOAM

making foam with no origin

but mutual reflection

Taste hunger perception thought

NO

JOKE

not even traps

gorgeous manacles

((physical form-bubbles
sensation-bubbles
perception-bubbles
conditioning-bubbles
consciousness-bubbles

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MALLARME'S HUGE PASSIONS AND

FRANCESCO CLEMENTE'S

tiny, skinny dark figures in the joy of their excrement

and bright excitement, and Blake's fairies

and caterpillars

swimming in nada, right where we breathe

The Circus of Celebration runs away

with us

(not us with the circus!)

pulling us out of the big top

like kernels from

a wrinkled shell

more foam



FOAM POPPING BY THE SIDE OF THE RIVER

rainbow bubbles burst, while reflecting all
things

from a black smooth rock
made of bubbles

A white hand
reaches
TO FILL A VASE
from the cool stream

Bronze vase clinks
on a stone

foam

More foam



FOAM WHERE A SKUNK DRINKS

from the trickle elegant black and white
fur of foam

Sound of the water

foam bubbles

FUR
OF
A
MOVING TRUCK
in the wet forest Paint chips
on mulch

A huge presence and purpose
bursting into being
with everything

Solid nothing

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... SOLID FOAM-BUBBLES BURSTING
INTO OLD SHOES NEW SHOES
black with high tops
bubbles of iridescent soil on
the soles

Smell of redwood and wet mulch
in countless realms of
reflections

IN

JUST
one body

or none
trickling over the mirror

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HERE IS THE TRUE CONTENT OF EXPERIENCE

THE UNTRUE CONTENT OF EXPERIENCE

silver raindrops falling on bubbles
Words spill from sleep
Hungry ghosts behind trees
push over dreams NOT

TRUE

Tiny black seeds
rattle in an envelope

BIG SCARLET FLOWERS

Bubbles

Foam



A SWORD WITH EDGES OF FLAME

slashes the walls

BLACK ANTS CIRCLE A BUBBLE OF HONEY

Zerbras, wildebeeste,
at the waterhole

Smell of red dust in the air

is foam

Uncoiling fiddle-neck ferns,
astroturf,
voices of wisdom

BLADE THROUGH A RAINBOW MEMBRANE



EVERYTHING SMILING

with haloes and imaginary radiance

ALL FOAM

real

as delusion

and the sunyatta physics of pond plants
and hot air ducts

blowing into outburstings
of snow banks

These caves

are inhabited by nothings constructed
of bubbles

I drive them around
and eat them



FALCON SHAPES WOVEN IN GRAY SILK

Tension of plum buds
 in night fog
Stars a trillion years
 from the mist

BUBBLES

all in one
 ONE
 IN ALL

Hidden in moss
in the redwoods
 near a Butterfinger wrapper



THE SOUND OF THE DOWNPOUR ON WALLS

is bubbles bursting
into stuff of delusion,
fine as a new chip on an old tooth

 LIKE
 THE TECHNICOLOR MOVIE
of smells projected between raindrops
on a screen of touches and tastes

The message of flannel is foam
for the shoulders
in the perfume
while floorboards shine

Perfectly clear



I RISE PROUD TO BE BEING

as
I
am

and I

lie

silent

NOT
KNOWING

I
Know

I
know

the long-gone delicacy
and meat of apricots
sun-heated on branches,
and waves and caverns of fuel
smashing the earth
in the arising
and pouring
of patterns

I love those who fight this

I

HAND
THEM
the primate crown

shimmering
with hunger and automobiles
and velvet and contracts and postage
and duck weed and emeralds
and jazz

THIS IS NOT MINE
THIS WILL NOT BE MINE

THIS IS NOT MINE
THIS WILL NOT BE MINE

This is not mind
This will not be mind

THIS IS NO BODY
THIS WILL NOT BE BODY

Me
is
not
mine

It appears on the tip of an eyelash

A bubble

Foam