Kukai on Koya

["Alas! Men, unaware of the treasures they possess, regard their deluded state of madness to be the state of enlightenment"

Introduction to the Precious Key]

that last day

Kukai did not eat or drink i read

turning the pages: Kukai's poems

Buddha took pity on diseased minds

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earthquake in Kobe.....TV pictures

the desolation

gas attack
on the subway
police

look for some obscure
religious cult — i read
the newspapers rollout fresh
on the streets

the sky rains down leaflets the shrivelled modern man cowers and shivers night comes – it's cold, cold

.

On *Koyasan* the last day of the fifth month of *Jowa Kukai*

calls his disciples
"I am returning to the mountains"
says he, bliss dancing in his eyes
(bliss dancing on his eyes?)

Subway shooting in Manhattan Gunman gets away the police are still looking, however

(still looking?)

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In the early part of the ninth month the master chose his burial place

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floods in Bangladesh take 100,000 lives in Guatemala innocents are tortured and killed

(flooding and killing---the present continues in the future imperfect)

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From the first month of the second year the master drank no water (a dry mouth... index of a dry soul?)

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in the Mulvinas a once mighty lion kicks a rather nasty mouse (here the sun also rises---- and sets)

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Screams of a bloody beast slouching from a modern Bethlehem to the post-Columbine Europe and America (chief Seattle's sad ghost hovers in the clouds)

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At midnight on the twenty-first day of the third month, Master *Kukai* breathed his last he was lying on his right side

his face showed no pain (no pain at all?) only a dream was ending... (what a dream!..... only a dream?)

Others like us have to live With unending nightmares.
We call this history

haider a. khan Dec. '99

Kukai on Koya II

...before I die one thought a prayer

love made me whole

in a world

of

fragments...

Let that be the *reality*

in a world of Maya into which the I that dissolves will never come again

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