

Have Buddha, Will Travel



Question: "A monk asked Master Haryo, 'What is the sword that can cut a hair blown against its blade?'"

Haryo said, 'Every coral branch is supporting the moon.'

Answer: "A broken mirror does not reflect images again; and it is difficult for fallen flowers to go back up the branches."

OR

Answer: "To rage at the moon and sleep in the clouds..."

Alone, by the side of the road I stand. Nameless, universal faceless, you've seen me many times before...As for my physical form, I'm as tall and lean as an Achillean lion, my long dark ringlets of hair falling onto well-muscled shoulders, atop sinewy glory—yet, having learned from sly Odysseus, I'm crafty in my loose-fitting disguise, my beard full to hide my patrician chin and noble cheekbones...so that I'm nearly invisible to most who pass by—as each projects what is feared most onto myself, none ever see me and give me wide berth...

So, here in the cold moonlit night I stamp barren cinders for warmth; about me shards of corn, gleaming as metal, jut from rough earth. Two headlights pierce towards me, then are gone—faint oil gleams upon the battered macadam...

(Now, dear listener, I doubt very much that you will believe what I have to say, but a short while ago I left a warm bed and a very fine woman—one engaged, as I am, in battle with words; so let me run the Situation through your ears and I'll let you be the Judge, you make the Choice—remembering, as Jean Paul Sartre once said, that you always have One...Herein lies the Scene: a King-sized bed, replete with a down comforter and plenty of pillows, in mon amour's basement apartment beneath a huge Gothic Victorian high on the hillside overlooking the sleepy little town of Ithaca, New York, nestled at the end of Cayuga Lake—the house just past a cemetery, through which my lover and I stroll full moon evenings, pausing at quaint head markers, composing story lines for the long deceased, reveling in our broad quietus, as so many fear the dead...These walks most often taking place after long ecstatic hours of drenched with sweat dancing, our favorite pastime...

(Now again, dear listener, one must take pause, as the Situation demands that you recall and imagine said ecstatic dancing, waves of universal *shabda* vibrating your very essence as you and your partner recreate mystery—and if you've never felt said matter, why leave right now and experience, as said Evidence is most essential to understanding your Koan of Choice...)

As for my partner and myself, we have nearly perfected the Art of Movement through the New Wave chordals of our favorite band, one-from-somewhere-else-but-now-local, like us—our being together again after self-imposed absence having inspired us to further endeavors, *mon amour* and I have arrived at said bedside having said little, this time, on the way, and as her cat purrs between my legs she remarks, "well, I see my Familiar likes you, as usual" (Furthering my puzzlement, Does she think herself a Wicked Witch from whom I should draw back? Or is she jealous at my communication, an envy ill-founded, and mistaken in Nature?) Still, I dismiss the remark as nothing but loose ends since our last meeting several weeks back, both of us having been awash in brooding work, myself seemingly chained to my workbench, spot-lamp on a silent typewriter; aside from a basketball league my only respite having been a very boring Graduate School Drinking Party, our Teacher-Host drunk-elephantly holding forth, the hunch-shouldered, rat-eared skewed-eyed Students hugging the walls in nervous clusters, occasionally rising to dart an annoyed glance at said Teacher-Host's back, then

bobbing back amongst the safety of the herd to discuss the latest in academic writers (i.e., how So and So is far superior to say, Julio Cortazar, who's become simply outmoded, his stories all Deconstructed now and Signifying Nothing), the type of party that, despite the Mandatory Nature of its attendance, makes myself—stepping into Character, that is—makes me almost with I were some misanthrope like Mark Twain, maneuvering one's Cast of Characters into bottomless woodchuck holes...

Obviously, then, not the most romantic mode to bring to mon amour for our Encounter; my complete and thorough disenchantment with said infamous Graduate School having troughed, so to speak, so that now, with Her, I'm at pains to make amends, tugging her back onto the bed, her head upon my arm, in the way I love to watch my woman sleep, such peaceful breathing, her cheeks glowing with our lovemaking...But now, seeing her distracted moodiness, her eyes twitching away from me, the intimacy of our dancing replaced by Something Else...I tease her with kisses; she resists, annoyed, until I trace her breasts with my tongue, feeling the taste of her sweat, her long nipples tensing for release beneath the cumbersome bra—at her asking now, her large soft breasts falling free...finally her hands gripping my hair in spastic rhythm, urging me lower; as kisses rain upon her sweet stomach she begs pause and quickly strips jeans and panties...taking my time, I kiss the smooth insides of her wonderful dancer's legs, her long thighs loosening corded muscles, my tasting her magnificent, lotus-shaped cunt spreading gentle joy, her skin tensing and fluttering, like doves taking flight...then again, and a mystical third...My hands, cupping her Parisian derriere, feeling her satiation through her skin, made thick and impervious as an elephant's through our tantric orgasm...

(And then, dear listener, to mine eyes' despair, seeing her eyes open and register a slight startlement at seeing my head between her legs—i.e., not her supposed "ex," a precious wimp of a *puer* always conniving to steal my comfort—then, in that Look maddening in a Woman to a Man, her shrugging, Well, have at it...

(Now, here, one must ask, and as a Man—or a Woman imagining herself as a Man—answer honestly: What would you do?...Take your pleasure?...If so my heart grieves for you, as pleasure cannot be taken, only granted—and only the Fool knows otherwise...No, dear listener, with nary a kiss on her cheek I arise, dressing in haste, seeing her drift off to sleep as I lock the door behind me and hike the hill leaving town to where I have a good clear view... The hour and the distance give me little hope for a ride to my house...)

Alone by the side of the road I stand. Nameless, universal faceless, you've seen me many times before...

Yet, as two new headlights race towards me, you hit the high beams and roar off in your Fire Chariot, drawing back in disgust upon identifying me and my outstretched hand; inside your truck the heat blasts beneath the pressed cardboard dash, a puffy, curled hand turns up the radio, blaring that music peculiar to our area, "*C and W,*" i.e., "*If you don't leave me I'll find somebody who will...*," then you reach for that-there flask of Jack Daniels whiskey to further besottle your woodchuck-fat-cheeks and weasel-squinty eyes...

Again, two new headlights approach me...Nearer, you see that my hand is not held in the traditional hitch-hiker's mudra...Instead, my damaged-index finger points...Now remember that whether one oil spot or all on the tarmac reflects, the moon shines, and, I ask you, for the last time, quick before you think, Do you see the finger or the moon?



