

Pebbles From Sukhavati

VI.

Thus the Flute spake:

I am telling your ears the secret of Lord Buddha,

I am telling your ears what Tathagata revealed to Mahakasyapa,

I am a single flute, I am a single flute.

When you hear my music, do not forget:

I am a single flute, I am a single flute.

I am telling your ears the secret of Lord Buddha,

I am telling you what Tathagata revealed to Mahakasyapa;

What Mahakasyapa could not hide from Anada,

I am singing to you now, I am singing to you now.

Glory to the Perfect One. The Wholly Enlightened One. The Most Supreme Buddha.

VII.

Flute of my heart,

That plays the music from the endless scroll of Wisdom,

When I listen to your voice there is no lack.

It is only when these foolish sheep-ears

Stray into foreign pastures that I feel pain.

I want ears that understand.

Flute of my heart.

Whose every note is a voice of some ancient Arhat,

When I closely listen to your noble teachings,

I find I am yourself, flute of my heart.

Glory to the Perfect One. The Wholly Enlightened One. The Most Supreme Buddha.

VIII.

Come to me, all ye Upasakas, and I will tell you the secret of

Sutra-writing,

Come to me, all ye Upasikas, and learn the Wisdom of the

Enlightened Ones.

With a diamond-studded pen dipped in lotus ink,
From the Pure Land of the West,
The Sutra writes and pen and the pen holds your hand;
You erase what you have written.
When the paper is blank it is filled,
And when it is filled there is no paper.
Turn your eyes inside out, and read,
Then forget what you have read, forget everything....
The secret of the Sutra is the Sutra.

Glory to the Perfect One. The Wholly Enlightened One. The Most Supreme Buddha.