**The Book of Broken Haiku 3:**

Group consciousness is evidenced by food choices and clothing choices

Often the people I know (unrelated) simply choose the same things

I’m a dreamer; my dreams are a wall I daily beat my head against

Mantras are a bulldozer removing the excess debris of thought

Your walking stick is helping you get there; it too must be relinquished

The World comes with forfeiture, which clings like napalm

or

Get used to it

Necessarilessness and unnecessarilessness juxtaposed

What should I know? Everything. What should I No? Everything. Are you sure?

What should I know? Nothing. What should I No? Nothing. Are you very sure?

Zen koans come very very close. But still way too far away from here

I count mantras and days and efforts and breaths and all of them fall short

Are we doing the right things?

or

You can’t help not doing the right things

Protector and inhibitor are simply two sides of the same shell

I want to sit down with, and talk with, all of my readers

or

All One

Guessing intent is throwing darts at night with blindfolds at what’s moving

If I told you, you wouldn’t believe me. If you knew, I wouldn’t you.

The orbit of thinking remains just the orbit perpetually

This way, that way, wayward, a way, away, weighing the way

or

No way!!

I have come this far, and never left where I started

or

Why hurry?

I have read the Huang Po commentaries; I am no further along

I Am Perfection and always have been

or

Everything is perfect

There is nothing out of sorts with The Way

or

Liberation’s a dream

The Great Void can hardly have been deduced from laws governing the world

When understanding and knowledge are integrated they cease being

There is only The One Mind or The Universal One: OM TAT SAT

There is no dualism: that path is nothing but dead ends and loss

Those who seek the Dharma, the Buddha, the Sangha, should seek from nowhere

Knowing that, in truth, not a single thing exists which can be attained

The ultimate is a goal that is within you and has not left you

Why is it that true enlightenment is so hard to achieve while here?

It has zero relationship to materialization here

The approach is the Gateway of the Stillness beyond activity

Not till your thoughts cease all their branching here and there for all externals

Not till you abandon all your thoughts of seeking for something out there

Not till your mind is motionless as wood or stone will you know the Gate

Seeking for a Buddha possessed of form has nothing to do with you

In search of your Buddha: a hermit crab seeking a better dwelling

Sentience doesn’t exist; it’s a movie of the One Mind for itself

What will be will be. Everything is out of my hands, and yours; you know?

To put a clock on upcoming events is just pure hilarity

I know absolutely nothing. I never have. I must be dreaming

The weight of the world is the wait of the world

or

Illumination

Words are just like mud; children enjoy playing with it to make mud pies

Describing the indescribable is like counting beach sand backwards

Three hundred trillion galaxies and I’m concerned about cash for gas

“Earn Rewards” is not oxymoronic. Maybe it’s “Displainable.”

The world is a dumpster fire without a handy extinguisher

And yet, perhaps a dumpster fire was what was called for, for learning

Nothing’s easy; Everything’s hard; or is it the other way around?

Oh, I get it: Easy is hard and nothing is everything: simple

Optimism and pessimism are just two eyes on the same path

Leave it up to “any bard in a storm” to herald safety measures

Folks who need help don’t ask for it, and folks who don’t need it stand in line

It’s not fun being old; it’s just really funny; there’s a difference

Being handed stuff from the beyond is a strange curiosity:

You never know what to share and what to bury or

What’s real or not

Develop a mind which rests on no thing whatever

or

Simply be

Sentient beings bound to the wheel of life and death are re-created

If you achieve a state of non-intellection, causation will snap

If you do not meet with a teacher able to transcend the worlds….damn!

If you could keep your mind motionless you’d become firmly unattached

Pure and passionless knowledge implies putting an end to ceaseless thoughts

Dharmas purporting to lead to Bodhi possess no reality

The words of Buddha were intended for leading folks out of darkness

Ending the formation of concepts: shoveling away manure

All of the entire realms of all the Buddhas are equally void

The “Tathagatas” are a silent voidness containing no dharmas

The entire realms of all of the Buddhas are as equally void

When you happen upon someone who has no understanding just smile

Teachings!: Put out of mind even the principle from which action springs

Your true nature is never lost to you in moments of delusion

Nor is it ever gained at the moment of your own Enlightenment

The Void is without dimensions, passions, activities, delusions

It is all-pervading spotless beauty; it is the uncreated

From morning until night we should never rely on a single thing

Zen absorption leads to “one” and “other” being no longer valid

Those who desire The Way must first cast out dross acquired learning

Buddha-Mind: The highest forms of enlightenment can be transcended

Walt Kelly was so right: “We have met the Enemy, and They are Us”

The original source of Buddhas is that self-existent nature

The Buddha is not Enlightened, nor are sentient beings ignorant

Think of life on a merry-go-round trying to describe life off it

Phenomena and no-phenomena are One, so they don’t exist

Sentient beings are the Buddha. The Buddha is one with them: us too

When the nature of things is an identical Thusness: game, set, match

All things imaginable are just that, without any exceptions

Let me please repeat that Enlightenment cannot be bodily grasped

How can you use the Buddha to grasp the Buddha: formlessness to grasp?

Knowledge can’t be used to destroy knowledge, nor swords to destroy a sword

If you form a concept of the true nature of anything, you’re lost

Clock hands of a clock have zero perceptual conception of time

Adepts who enter Nirvana do not perceive nor are they perceived

Why would you attempt to purify what has never been defiled?

The comfort of delusion can become habitual and preferred

The Way of Truth is neither perceptible nor imperceptible

It is ignorance which turns the wheel of causation, thus we have worlds

If you go on seeking for wisdom outside yourselves, new thoughts arise

Saints are only proficient in casting off worldly activities

There are no differences between searching and seeking and finding

I play lotteries to test my Higher Knowing: if I win, I’ll cry

Those who are vowed to become Bodhisattvas neither reject nor grasp

Nevertheless, choosing neither this nor that, nor within nor without

That Great Void, neither Unity nor multiplicity, is not void

Flocking to the One Who is already there for possible blessing

Asking is Stepping Forward without moving; so, yes, “Mother, May I?”

A U.S. Mail truck delivering invitations, replies, and dreams

Consciousness and no consciousness, thoughts and no thoughts, altogether One

Who are you? One. What is this? One. Where are we? One. What have we? One. Done!

Post Script:

Becoming and Destroying of the World are One with Eternity