## of time and eternity



Seen by the eye of faith the cherry blossoms are always about to fall.

be born

ife,
achieve it?
— Echu

It is a rare privilege to be born as a human being, as we happen to be.

If we do not achieve enlightenment in this life, when do we expect to achieve it?

Some acts have been considered bad for generations, and now we do not see anything wrong with them. It may take centuries to clarify rules of behavior. Therefore it is foolish to expect immediate approval.

—Zengetsu

There is that which precedes heaven and earth. It is formless, nameless. The eye cannot perceive it. To speak of it as mind or Buddha is inexact, then it becomes again something in our imagination. The Tao cannot be expressed in words.

—Dai-o-Kokushi



There is no here, no there. Infinity lies before our eyes. -Sengtsan

A man who has seen into his Self-Nature, sees it whenever questioned about it.

—Hui Neng

Do not compute eternity as light-year after year.
One step across that line called Time:
Eternity is here.

The rose that with my mortal eye I see flowers in God through all eternity.

How fleeting is this world . . . yet it survives. It is ourselves that fade from it and our ephemeral lives.

Were I to lose myself in Him I'd find again the Ground that held and nurtured me before this earthly round.

Eternity is time,
Time, eternity.
To see the two as opposites
is mind's perversity.



Man has two eyes.

One only sees what moves in fleeting time, the other
what is eternal and divine.

I have known wealth and fame poverty and utter shame.
Yet all was transitory.
Beyond time I found bliss and glory.



The man in harmony with God is with himself at ease. He is content to be here, now in perfect peace.

Timelessness
Is so much part of you, of me—
We cannot hope to find
the Self
until aware of our eternity.

Time is of your own making, its clock ticks in your head. The moment you stop thought time too stops dead.

Just one step out of time I enter God's eternity, and I am wholly freed from human transiency.

Until you lose your Me you cannot see God's face—
The moment you recover it you fall from grace.

How short our span!

If you once realized how brief,
you would refrain
from causing any beast or man
the smallest grief, the slightest pain.

I am God's alter ego.

He is my counterpart.

In timelessness we merge—
in time we seem apart.

Most sacred: The Void's immobility that makes all move, retaining its tranquility.

At the end of that which we call history God is who IS: for Him there is no past nor future yet to be.