

禪林日課

DAILY TASKS IN THE ZEN WOODS

Verse of Repentance

**All the harmful karma I've created
Out of beginningless greed, animosity, and folly
Born of my body, mouth, and thought
I now repent it all completely.**

Vandanā

Namō tassa bhagavatō arahatō sām̐ma sambuddhassa

Ti-sarana

**Buddham saranam gacchāmi
Dhammam saranam gacchāmi
Sangham saranam gacchāmi**

Ma-ka Han-nya Ha-ra-mi-ta Shin-gyō

Kan-ji-zai bo-sa gyō jin han-nya ha-ra-mi-ta

ji shō-ken go-on kai kū do is-sai ku-yaku

Sha-ri-shi shiki fu i kū kū fu i shiki shiki soku ze kū

kū soku ze shiki ju sō gyō shiki yaku bu nyo ze

Sha-ri-shi ze sho hō kū sō fu shō fu metsu fu ku fu

jō fu zō fu gen ze ko kū chu mu shiki mu ju sō gyō shiki mu

gen ni bi zes-shin i mu shiki shō kō mi soku hō mu gen kai

nai-shi mu i-shiki-kai mu mu-myo yaku mu mu-myo-jin nai-shi

mu rō-shi yaku mu rō-shi jin mu ku shū metsu dō mu chi yaku

mu toku

I mu-sho tok-ko bo dai sat-ta e han-nya ha-ra-mi-ta ko

shin mu-kei-ge mu-kei-ge ko mu u ku fu on-ri is-sai ten-dō mu-

sō ku-gyō ne-han

San-ze sho-but-su e han-nya ha-ra mi-ta ko toku a noku-

ta-ra san-myaku san-bo dai

Ko chi han-nya ha-ra-mi-ta ze dai jin-shu ze dai myō-shu

ze mu-jō-shu ze mu-tō-do-shu nō jo is-sai ku shin-jitsu fu-ko

Ko setsu han-nya ha-ra mi-ta shu soku setsu shu watsu

Gya-tei gya-tei ha-ra-gya-tei hara-so-gya-tei

Bō-ji sowa-ka han-nya shin-gyō

Māha Prajnā Paramitā Hrdaya Sutra

Avalokiteshvara Bodhisattva practicing deep prajna paramita, clearly saw that all five skandas are empty, transforming all suffering and distress.

Shariputra, form is no other than emptiness, emptiness no other than form;

form is exactly emptiness, emptiness exactly form;

sensation, thought, impulse, consciousness are also like this.

Shariputra, all things are marked by emptiness - not born, not destroyed;

not stained, not pure; without gain, without loss.

Therefore in emptiness there is no form, no sensation, thought, impulse, consciousness;

no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, mind;

no color, sound, smell, taste, touch, object of thought;

no realm of sight to no realm of thought;

no ignorance and also no ending of ignorance;

no old age and death and also no ending of old age and death;

no suffering, also no source of suffering, no annihilation, no path;

no wisdom, also no attainment.

Having nothing to attain, Bodhisattvas live Prajna Paramita, with no hindrance in the mind. No hindrance and thus no fear.

Far beyond delusive thinking, they attain complete Nirvana.

All Buddhas past, present, and future live Prajna Paramita,

And thus attain anuttara-samyak-sambodi.

Therefore, know that Prajna Paramita is

the great mantra, the wisdom mantra,

the unsurpassed mantra, the supreme mantra;

which completely removes all suffering.

This is truth, not deception.

Therefore set forth the prajna paramita mantra,

set forth this mantra and say:

Gate, gate, pāragate pārasamgate bodhi svāhā!

Sho Sai Myo Kichijo Darani

**No mo san man da moto nan
oha ra chi koto sha sono nan
to ji to en gya gya gya ki gya ki un nun
shifu ra shifu ra hara shifu ra hara shifu ra
chishu sa chishu sa shushi ri shushi ri
soha ja soha ja sen chiri gya shiri ei somo ko**

SUTRA SERVICE DEDICATION

**Buddha nature pervades the whole universe,
Existing right here now.**

In this moment we walk the way with:

**The Seven Ancient Buddhas, dai busso,
Shakyamuni Buddha, dai busso,
Mahāprajāpati Gautamī, dai busso,
Vimalakīrti, dai busso,
Bodhidharma, dai busso,
Hui-neng, dai busso,
Han-shan, dai busso,
Pang Yun, dai busso,
Pang Ling-chao, dai busso,
Lin-chi I-hsūan dai busso,
Tung shan Liang-ch'ieh, dai busso,
Liu T'ieh-mo, dai busso,
Dōgen Kigen, dai busso,
Hakuin Ekaku dai busso,
Kogaku Sōen, dai busso,
Chōrō Nyogen, dai busso,
Hannya Gempō, dai busso,
Dai'un Sogaku, dai busso,
Sōhō Sessō, dai busso,
Haku'un Ryōkō, dai busso,
Satomi Myōdō, dai busso,
Mitta Sōen, dai busso,
Kōun Zenshin, dai busso,
Dawn Cloud Aitken, dai busso,**

**All teachers known and unknown, dai busso,
Let true dharma continue,
Sangha relations become complete:**

**All Buddhas everywhere, past, present, future
All Bodhisattvas, Mahasattvas,
The great Prajñā Pāramitā.**

TŌREI ZENJI: BODHISATTVA'S VOW

When I, a student of the Dharma, look at the real form of the universe,
all is the never-failing manifestation of the mysterious truth of
Tathatagata.

In any event, in any moment, and in any place,
none can be other than the marvelous revelation of its glorious light.

This realization made our founding teachers and virtuous Zen leaders
extend tender care, with the heart of worshipping,
To animals and birds, and indeed to all beings.

This realization teaches us that our daily food, drink, clothes and
protections of life

are the warm flesh and blood, the merciful incarnation of Buddha.

Who can be ungrateful or not respectful to each and every thing,
as well as to human beings.

Even though someone may be a fool,
be warm and compassionate.

If by any chance such a person should turn against us,
become a sworn enemy and abuse and persecute us,
we should sincerely bow down with humble language, in reverent
belief that he or she is the merciful avatar of Buddha,
who uses devices to emancipate us from sinful karma
that has been produced and accumulated upon ourselves
by our own egoistic delusion and attachment
through countless cycles of kalpas.

Then on each moment's flash of our thought there will grow a
lotus flower,
and on each lotus flower will be revealed a Buddha.
These Buddhas will glorify Sukhāvati, the Pure Land, every moment
and everywhere.

May we extend this mind over all beings
so that we and the world together
may attain maturity in Buddha's wisdom.

Emmei Jikku Kannon Gyō

Kanzeon

Namu butsu

Yō butsu u in

Yō butsu u en

Bup-pō so en

Jō raku ga jō

Chō nen kanzeon

Bō nen kanzeon

Nen nen jū shin ki

Nen nen fu ri shin

Four infinite vows

All beings without limit I vow to carry over.

Kleshas without cease I vow to cut off.

Dharma gates without measure I vow to master.

Buddha ways without end I vow to fulfill.

Shigu Seigan Mon

Shujō mu hen sei gan do

Bonnō mu jin sei gan dan

Hō mon mu ryō sei gan gaku

Butsu dō mu jō sei gan jō

HAKUIN ZENJI: SONG OF ZAZEN

All beings by nature are Buddha,
as ice by nature is water;
apart from water there is no ice,
apart from beings no Buddha.

How sad that people ignore the near
and search for truth afar,
like someone in the midst of water
crying out in thirst,
like a child of a wealthy home
wandering among the poor.

Lost on dark paths of ignorance
we wander through the six worlds,
from dark path to dark path,
when shall we be freed from birth and death?

Oh, the zazen of the Mahayana!
To this the highest praise:
devotion, repentance, training
the many paramitas-
all have their source in zazen.

Those who try zazen even once
wipe away beginningless crimes.
Where are all the dark paths then?
The Pure Land itself is near.

**Those who hear this truth even once
and listen with a grateful heart,
treasuring it, revering it,
gain blessings without end.**

**Much more, those who turn about
and bear witness to self-nature,
self-nature that is no nature,
go far beyond mere doctrine.**

**Here effect and cause are the same;
the way is neither two nor three.
With form that is no form
going and coming, we are never astray;
with thought that is no thought,
singing and dancing are the voice of the Law.**

**Boundless and free is the sky of Samadhi!
Bright the full moon of wisdom!
Truly is anything missing now?
Nirvana is right here, before our eyes;
this very place is the Lotus Land;
this very body, the Buddha.**

SONG OF REALIZING THE WAY

Haven't you met someone who's cut off study,
 uncontriving, at ease in the Dao,
 not rejecting false thoughts or seeking truth?
 The real nature of ignorance is none other than Buddha-nature;
 the illusory, empty body is none other than the Dharma-body.
 When the Dharma-body awakens, there's not one thing;
 intrinsic self-nature is the primordial buddha.
 The five skandhas are drifting clouds, empty, coming and going;
 the Three Poisons are bubbles, vacant, appearing and disappearing.
When you realize actuality, there is neither person nor thing,
 instantly extinguishing the karma for Avīchi Hell.
 If these words are lies, spoken to deceive the assembly,
 let my tongue be torn out for kalpas as countless as sands of the Ganges.
 When you suddenly awaken to the *chan* of the Tathāgata,
 the six pāramitās and ten thousand practices are all complete therein.
 Dreaming, the Six Realms are utterly apparent;
 awake, the whole cosmos is entirely empty.
No hardship or good fortune, no loss or gain—
 in the nature of nirvāṇa, there's nothing to ask or seek.
 Dust gathers on a mirror that's not cleaned.
 Right now, you must make it completely clear!
Who has no thought? Who is unborn?
 If we're truly not born, we're not unborn either.
 Put this question to a wooden puppet:
 could it ever become a buddha?
Let go of earth, water, fire, and wind; don't cling to anything.
 Eat and drink in accord with the nature of nirvāṇa.
 All activity is fleeting, all things empty—
 this is the great, perfect awakening of the Tathāgata.
Resolute speech indicates a true monk;
 those who are unsure shouldn't hesitate to inquire!
 Going straight to the root is the hallmark of a buddha;
 I have no interest in gathering leaves and collecting branches.
Most people don't know the Maṇi-jewel,
 intimately received in the treasure-house of the Tathāgata.
 The Six Extraordinary Faculties it bestows are empty yet not empty;
 its perfect radiance has form yet is formless.
Cleansing the Five Eyes, obtaining the Five Powers—
 only with realization can you fathom the inscrutable.
 Seeing reflections in a mirror isn't difficult,
 but can you grasp the moon in the water?

Always practicing alone, always walking alone,
 masters all tread the same road of nirvāṇa.
 Their tone is ancient, their spirits pure and bearing lofty;
 pallid and bony—people scarcely notice.
Though Buddhist renunciates are spoken of as poor,
 in fact their poverty is of the body, not of the Dao.
 Poverty is a body always wrapped in a patched robe;
 the Dao is the mind containing a priceless jewel.
Uses of this priceless jewel are inexhaustible;
 it benefits beings endlessly in accord with conditions.
 The Three Bodies and Fourfold Wisdom are complete therein;
 The Eightfold Liberation and Six Faculties are all impressed on the mind-ground.
In one burst, superior people understand everything;
 The middling and inferior hear much but are sure of little.
 Just strip the filthy clothes from your own breast!
 Who could boast of progress?
Yield to others' criticism, tolerate their denials—
 trying to set fire to the heavens, they'll only tire themselves out.
 I hear them as though I were drinking ambrosia,
 dissolving, suddenly entering the inconceivable.
If we see the merit of cruel words,
 they become the words of wise friends.
 When abuse and slander don't give rise to bitterness,
 doesn't that manifest the unborn power of compassion and perseverance?
To penetrate the purport of the teaching is also to penetrate its expression.
 Samādhi and prajñā are full and luminous, not stagnant and vacuous.
 It's not only I who's reached this understanding;
 it's the same for all buddhas, countless as sands of the Ganges.
A lion's roar, a fearless expression—
 hearing it splits the skulls of other animals.
 Even a rampaging elephant is flustered, its power lost;
 only a heavenly dragon listens serenely, filled with delight.
Traveling rivers and seas, crossing mountains and streams,
 to engage in *chan*, I've sought masters and inquired into the Way.
 Ever since I picked up the path at Caoxi,
 I've realized that life and death are not at odds.
Walking is *chan*, sitting is *chan*;
 speaking or silent, active or still, the body is at peace—
 even at knifepoint, completely calm,
 spared a cup of poison, still utterly tranquil.
 Before our master could encounter Dīpaṅkara Buddha,
 he spent many kalpas as a hermit, patient in the face of abuse.
Many rounds of birth, many rounds of death—
 birth-and-death rolls on with no fixed end.
 Having abruptly awakened to the unborn,
 why would I worry about disgrace or gloat about honors?
Entering the deep mountains, I live in seclusion
 beneath a towering peak and a stand of old pines.

Wandering at leisure, sitting quietly—a wild monk.
In silent and solitary retreat – truly unbound.

With awakening, it's clear: giving has no merit.

This is different from the way of conditioned things.

Abiding in form, offering alms in hope of heavenly birth—
that's like shooting an arrow into empty space.

When its momentum is spent, it falls back,
heralding an unsatisfactory rebirth.

How could this compare to the genuine gate of *wuwei*,
a single leap straight into the realm of the Tathāgata?

Just get to the root, never mind the branches!

It's like the treasure-moon in a limpid crystal.

I now unveil this wish-fulfilling jewel,
benefiting myself and others without limit.

The moon shining on the river, a breeze stirring the pines—
on this endless evening, so clear and dark, what's there to *do*?

The precept-jewel of Buddha-nature is set in my mind;
the dew and fog, the clouds and mist clothe my body.

A dragon-subduing bowl and tiger-parting staff,
its linked metal rings sounding distinctively—
these aren't symbolic, superficial tools of the trade.

The Tathāgata's treasure-staff has blazed a trail!

Don't seek "true" and don't reject "false;"
realize that both are empty and without form.

Formless, neither empty nor not empty—
this is the true mark of the Tathāgata.

The mind-mirror shines brilliantly, without obstruction,
its light impartially pervading worlds countless as sands of the Ganges.

The tapestry of the ten-thousand things is reflected therein,
each fully illumined, no inside, no outside.

Clinging to emptiness, denying cause and effect—
this is a gaping void, an invitation to disaster.

Casting off being and embracing emptiness are mistakes as well,
like escaping from drowning but leaping into fire.

Rejecting false thoughts and clinging to truth,
the mind of clinging and rejecting becomes sharp and deceiving.

Engage in practice without understanding this,
and you'll discover that your own child is a thief.

Loss of Dharma treasure and destruction of merit--
this always stems from mind, thought, and cognition.

The way of Chan is to be done with that mind,
coming suddenly into the unborn power of discernment.

The valiant wield the sword of wisdom,
 a prajñā blade of diamond brilliance.
 It not only shreds the minds of those outside the Dao
 but once disemboweled a celestial demon.
Roll the Dharma thunder, beat the Dharma drum!
 Spread clouds of compassion, shower down sweet dew!
 The stomp of a dragon-elephant brings limitless boons;
 people of the Three Vehicles and Five Natures are all roused and awakened.
In the snowy mountains are meadows of pure pindī grass,
 producing the ghee I continually enjoy.
 One nature fully pervades all natures;
 one dharma completely contains all dharmas.
One moon shines in all waters everywhere;
 all the waters' moons are images of one moon.
 The Dharma-body of all buddhas enters my nature,
 and my nature, in turn, is fused with the Tathāgata's.
One stage wholly encompasses all stages,
 not form, not mind, not activity.
 In a snap of the fingers, the eighty thousand teachings are completed;
 in a single instant, the three incalculable kalpas are obliterated.
 All enumerations and all negations—
 how do they correspond to my marvelous awakening?
It can't be disparaged, can't be praised;
 it's as boundless as the empty sky.
 Never distant, always at rest and transparent,
 if it's sought, even the wise and noble can't see it.
It can't be grasped or forsaken;
 only in non-attainment is it attained.
Silent when speaking, speaking when silent,
 the great gate of generosity is open and unobstructed.
 Should someone ask me which teaching I espouse,
 I reply, "The power of mahāprajñā!"
Maybe true, maybe false—people don't know.
 Opposing or favorable—the heavens can't reckon.
 I've already undergone many kalpas of cultivation;
 these aren't idle images to trick and deceive you.
Hoist the Dharma banner! Set forth the ancestral decree!
 Radiant buddhas have passed down the task to Caoxi.
 From the first transmission of the lamp to Kaśyāpa,
 twenty-eight generations were recorded in India.
Crossing rivers and seas to enter this land,
 Bodhidharma became our first ancestor.
 Six generations have handed on his robe, as everyone's heard.
 Who knows how many later will gain the Dao?
Truth isn't established; falseness is fundamentally empty.
 With being and non-being both banished, the not-empty too is empty.

The twenty gates of emptiness have been ineffable from the first;
in the single nature of the Tathāgata, all substance is the same.

Mind as perceiver, things as perceived—
both are like smudges on a mirror.

Once they're completely removed, the light begins to show.

When mind and things are both eliminated, nature becomes true.

Ah, the end of the Dharma and the depravity of our times!

All beings are unfortunate; they find control and restraint difficult.

The sages have grown remote, and perverse views run deep.

With demons strong and the Dharma weak, resentments and troubles abound.

Hearing the Tathāgata's teaching of sudden awakening,
people hate that it can't be crushed to bits like a roofing tile.

Workings of the mind, adversities of the body—
it's pointless to complain, much less to blame others.

Unless you want a summons to eternal damnation,
don't denigrate the true Dharma of the Tathāgata.

In sandalwood forests, there are no other trees.

Lions live deep in these dense, luxuriant woods.

Solitary and at ease, they prowl the quiet groves;
other animals and birds all keep their distance.

A pack of younger lions follows behind.

Three-year-olds already snarl and roar loudly.

Even if jackals took after the King of the Dharma,
for a hundred years they'd open their ghoulish jaws in vain.

The perfect sudden teaching contravenes social expectations;
any unresolved doubts must be engaged and confronted directly.

These aren't the self-centered presumptions of a mountain monk!

I fear your training will slip into the trap of oblivion or permanence.

Wrong isn't wrong, right isn't right.

Miss this by a hair, and you're off a thousand miles.

Right, a dragon-girl suddenly becomes a buddha;
wrong, the Buddha's own son plummets alive into hell.

In my early years, I accumulated knowledge,
delving into commentaries, searching the sūtras and śāstras,
distinguishing names and forms without thought of rest,
entering the sea to count its sands, exhausting myself in vain.

But this the Tathāgata sharply denounced:

“What profit is there in figuring another's fortune?”

All along, I'd been stumbling and misperceiving,
for many years uselessly adrift and confused.

A bad disposition warps understanding,
denying success in the perfect, sudden discipline of the Tathāgata.
Śravakas and pratyekas are rigorous but lack the mind of the Dao;
outsiders are intelligent but lack prajñā.

Likewise, for the simple and foolish, the young and naïve,
an empty fist or upraised finger leads to suppositions.

Taking a finger for the moon, they squander their energy;
within the pattern of perceiver and perceived, they conjure strange notions.

Not seeing a single thing—that's the Tathāgata!
 Only that can be called "Seeing Freely."
 With understanding, karmic obstructions are empty from the start;
 Without understanding, one's karmic debts still must be repaid.
 The starving attend a royal banquet but can't eat.
 The sick meet the king of doctors. Why don't they recover?
 Those who practice *chan* in the world of desire have the power of discernment;
 they're lotuses blooming unharmed in the midst of fire.
 Pradhānaśūra committed grave transgressions but awoke to the unborn,
 and the buddhahood he realized so long ago endures to this moment.
The lion roar is a fearless pronouncement.
 What a shame to be dull and unsettled, obstinate and callous,
 to know only that grave transgressions impede *bodhi*,
 not recognizing that the Tathāgata has revealed the secret!
 There were two bhikṣus who broke the precepts on sex and killing.
 Upāli, with the light of a glow-worm, only increased their bondage;
 the mahāsattva Vimalakīrti removed their doubts at once,
 as a red-hot sun melts frost and snow.
The inconceivable power of liberation,
 its wondrous functions countless as sands of the Ganges!
 Receiving the Four Offerings, would you dare be indolent?
 Ten thousand pieces of gold might also be expended.
 To smash your bones and break your body isn't repayment enough!
 Clarity about a single phrase goes beyond ten billion.
The king among teachings reigns supreme.
 Tathāgatas countless as sands of the Ganges all realize it together.
 I now convey this wish-fulfilling jewel;
 everyone who receives it faithfully will find accord.
Really seeing clearly, there's not one thing—
 no people and likewise no buddhas.
 The great myriad worlds are bubbles on the sea,
 all worthies and sages like flashes of lightning.
 Even if an iron wheel were spinning on my skull,
 the perfect clarity of samādhi and prajñā wouldn't be lost.
 The sun might grow cold or the moon hot,
 yet demons can't corrupt true expressions of the Dao.
 An elephant carriage sweeps majestically along the road;
 has anyone ever seen a mantis that could block its course?
 A great elephant doesn't travel on a rabbit's path,
 nor is great awakening bound up in trifles.
 Why diminish the deep blue sky by peering through a reed?
 For those who don't understand, I offer you this key.

Mealtime Gathas

Gassho	Buddha, Born at Kapilavastu Attained the way at Magadha, preached at Varanasi, Entered Nirvana at Kuśinagara.
Full Bow	Now as we spread the bowls of Buddha Tathagata We make our vows together with all beings
Spread Bowls	***
<i>INO only</i> Gassho	<i>In the midst of the Three Treasures with all beings, let us recite the names of Buddha –</i>
Serve	Vairochana, pure and clear Dharmakaya Buddha; Lochana, full and complete Sambhogakaya Buddha; Shakyamuni, infinitely varied Nirmanakaya Buddha; Maitreya, Buddha still to be born; All Buddhas everywhere, past, present, future; Mahayana, Lotus of the subtle Law; Manjushri, great wisdom Bodhisattva; Samantabhadra, Mahayana Bodhisattva; Avalokiteshvara, great compassion Bodhisattva; All venerated Bodhisattvas, Mahasattvas; The great prajnaparamita.

Gassho Tea Bow Zazen mudra	First, we consider in detail the merit of this food and remember how it came to us; Second, we evaluate our own virtue and practice, Lacking or complete as we receive this offering; Third, we are careful about greed, hatred, and ignorance, To guard our minds and to free ourselves from error; Fourth, we take this good medicine to save our bodies from emaciation;
Gassho	Fifth, we accept this food to achieve the way of the Buddha
Make offering	Oh, all you demons and spirits, We now offer this food to you. May all of you everywhere Share it with us together.

INO only
Gassho

Breakfast or lunch verse

Hold bowl aloft **The first portion is for the Three Treasures
The second is for the Four Blessings,
The third is for the Six Paths;
Together with all we take this food.
The first taste is to cut off all harm,
The second is to practice all good,
The third is to save all beings;**

Bow and eat **May we all attain the Way of the Buddha.**

Make tea
offering

**We wash our bowls in this water
It has the flavor of ambrosial dew.
We offer it to all demons and spirits;
May all be filled and satisfied.
OM MAKULA SAI SVAHA!**

Clean and
wrap bowls

INO only
Gassho

The world is like an empty sky
The lotus does not adhere to water
Our minds surpassing that in purity
We bow in veneration to the most exalted one

Full bow

Stand
