

LEWIS HYDE

Oxherding

Translations of Kakuan Shion & Jion

從來不失何用追尋
 由背覺以成疎
 在向塵而遂失
 家山漸遠
 歧路俄差
 得失熾然
 是非鋒起

SEARCH OX

<i>From</i>	<i>start</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>lost</i>
<i>what</i>	<i>use</i>	<i>search</i>	<i>for</i>
<i>Because</i>	<i>abandoned</i>	<i>awakening</i>	
<i>so</i>	<i>become</i>	<i>scarce</i>	
<i>Living</i>	<i>near</i>	<i>dust</i>	
<i>and</i>	<i>therefore</i>	<i>loss</i>	
<i>Home</i>	<i>mountain</i>	<i>gradually</i>	<i>distant</i>
<i>Branched</i>	<i>roads</i>	<i>suddenly</i>	<i>strange</i>
<i>Gain</i>	<i>loss</i>	<i>blazing</i>	<i>up</i>
<i>Right</i>	<i>wrong</i>	<i>blade</i>	<i>rising</i>

SEARCHING FOR THE OX

From the beginning nothing was lost; there is no need
 to search.
 Turning away from awareness, that's how neglect arises.
 Move toward dust: loss will follow.
 The family mountain grows more distant,
 the forking roads are useless now.
 "Gain" and "Loss" catch fire;
 "Right" and "Wrong" sharpen swords.

SEARCHING FOR THE OX

The Ox is never really lost, so why hunt for it? No oxherd can see
 what he has turned his back on. Six kinds of hunger have led him
 this way and that. What was home a moment ago is now a con-
 fusion of crossroads and dirt paths. Desire for gain and fear of
 loss circle like tongues of fire. An obsession with right and wrong
 marks everything, like a blade sharpened on both edges.

茫茫撥草去追尋
 水闊山遙路更深
 力盡神疲無處覓
 但聞楓樹晚蟬吟

SEARCH OX

<i>Without</i>	<i>bounds</i>	<i>grasses</i>	
	<i>stirring</i>	<i>tracking</i>	<i>down</i>
	<i>leaving,</i>		
<i>Waters</i>	<i>broad</i>	<i>distant</i>	
	<i>mountains</i>	<i>more</i>	<i>obscure</i>
	<i>road</i>		
<i>Strength</i>	<i>exhausted</i>		
	<i>spirit</i>	<i>weary</i>	
	<i>no</i>	<i>place</i>	<i>to-hunt</i>
<i>But</i>	<i>hearing</i>	<i>trees</i>	
	<i>sweetgum</i>	<i>cicada</i>	<i>song</i>
	<i>evening</i>		

SEARCHING FOR THE OX

Searching, pushing through endless underbrush.
 Wide waters, distant mountains, darkening path.
 Strength exhausted, spirit weary, no hint of where to hunt.
 Just hear the evening cicada sing in the sweetgum grove.

SEARCHING FOR THE OX

Alone in the deep woods, despairing in the jungle,
 searching in darkness!
 Flood-swollen rivers, mountains beyond mountains
 the trail endless and unchanging.
 Bone-tired, heart-weary, the whole thing seems hopeless.
 No sound but the evening cicadas singing in a grove of
 maple trees.

依經解義閱教知蹤
 明眾器為一金
 體萬物為自己
 正邪不辨
 真偽奚分
 未入斯門
 權為見跡

SEE TRACKS

<i>Following</i>	<i>sutras</i>	<i>understanding</i>	<i>meaning</i>
<i>reading</i>	<i>teachings</i>	<i>perceiving</i>	<i>footprints</i>
<i>clear</i>			
<i>multiple</i>	<i>vessels</i>	<i>are</i>	<i>one gold</i>
<i>understand</i>			
<i>all</i>	<i>things</i>	<i>are</i>	<i>one's self</i>
<i>right /</i>	<i>wrong</i>	<i>unable</i>	<i>to-distinguish</i>
<i>true /</i>	<i>false</i>	<i>how</i>	<i>to-separate</i>
<i>not-yet</i>	<i>enter</i>	<i>this</i>	<i>gate</i>
<i>merely</i>	<i>achieve</i>	<i>"see</i>	<i>tracks"</i>

SEEING THE TRACKS

By relying on the sutras and reading the teachings understand the meaning, perceive the footprints.
 As it is clear that multiple gold vessels are a single metal, so understand that all things in the world comprise one's self.
 If unable to distinguish true from false how to tell the real from the fake?
 This gate has not yet been entered.
 Only get this far: "Seeing the tracks."

SEEING THE TRACES

Reading the sutras and hearing the teachings he can sense its presence. No gold vessel is like any other, but all are made of gold. This man and this world, they are formed from the same stuff. Still, he wonders, shouldn't good and evil be set apart? Trying to separate out the truth he ends in confusion. If there is a gate, he has not gone through it. Was there really something there, or is this just a joke?

水邊林下跡偏多
 芳草離披見也麼
 縱是深山更深處
 遼天鼻孔怎藏他

SEE TRACKS

<i>River</i>	<i>beside</i>	<i>under</i>	<i>unexpected</i>	<i>many</i>
	<i>trees</i>	<i>tracks</i>		
<i>Fragrant</i>	<i>grasses</i>	<i>about</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>see?</i>
	<i>scattered</i>	<i>does</i>		
<i>Although</i>	<i>in</i>	<i>mountains</i>	<i>deeper</i>	<i>recesses</i>
	<i>deep</i>	<i>even</i>		
<i>Distant</i>	<i>heavens</i>	<i>nose</i>	<i>conceal</i>	<i>it?</i>
	<i>that</i>	<i>how</i>		

SEEING THE TRACKS

By the waters, under the trees, many surprising tracks.
 Sweet-smelling grass scattered about—isn't it obvious?
 Even in dark mountains or hidden valleys,
 how could that heavenly nose be concealed?

SEEING THE TRACES

In the woods, along the riverbank, strange marks all around.
 What has bent the sweet grass down just there?
 The deepest canyons, the highest peaks—nothing
 can hide that constellation, the Nose of the Ox.

從聲得入見處逢源
 六根門著著無差
 動用中頭頭顯露
 水中鹽味
 色裏膠青
 眨上眉毛
 非是他物

SEE OX

<i>Follow</i>	<i>sound</i>	<i>able</i>	<i>to-enter</i>
<i>See</i>	<i>place</i>	<i>encounter</i>	<i>source</i>
<i>"Six</i>	<i>Roots"</i>	<i>gate</i>	
<i>all</i>	<i>perceptions</i>	<i>without</i>	<i>error</i>
<i>Within</i>	<i>all</i>	<i>actions</i>	
<i>all</i>	<i>sources</i>	<i>become</i>	<i>apparent</i>
<i>Water</i>	<i>in</i>	<i>salt</i>	<i>flavor</i>
<i>Paint</i>	<i>within</i>	<i>binder</i>	<i>blue</i>
<i>Low /</i>	<i>high</i>	<i>eye</i>	<i>discerns</i>
<i>is</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>separate</i>	<i>thing</i>

SEEING THE OX

Follow the sound and the way opens; see the place and come to
 the source.
 At the root of each sense is a gate: perception there is
 not muddled.
 Inside all actions the source becomes clear.
 Like the salt in sea water,
 like the binder in blue paint.
 The eyes distinguish first and last
 and see: "it" is not a separate thing.

A GLIMPSE OF THE OX

If he would only listen to everyday sounds he would get it in a
 second. As for the senses: it was the cicada that made the ear! The
 thing itself is there no matter what we do. It is like the salt in water
 and the binder in paint. Rightly opened, the eye sees no difference
 between the worthy and the worthless.

黃鶯枝上一聲聲
 日暖風和岸柳青
 只此更無回避處
 森森頭角畫難成

SEE OX

<i>Yellow</i>	<i>oriole</i>	<i>on</i>	<i>call</i>	<i>call</i>
	<i>branch</i>	<i>one</i>		
<i>Sun</i>	<i>warm</i>	<i>gentle</i>	<i>willow</i>	<i>green</i>
	<i>wind</i>	<i>shore</i>		
<i>Just</i>	<i>this</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>meeting</i>	<i>place</i>
	<i>more</i>	<i>avoid</i>		
<i>Full-grown</i>	<i>full-grown</i>	<i>horns</i>	<i>difficult</i>	<i>to-complete</i>
	<i>head</i>	<i>painting</i>		

SEEING THE OX

Yellow oriole on a branch—call after call.
 Warm sun, gentle wind, green willows on the riverbank.
 Just this and no more: the meeting is unavoidable.
 Stately head and stately horns: hard to finish that painting!

A GLIMPSE OF THE OX

In the woods, along the riverbank, strange marks all around.
 What has bent the sweet grass down just there?
 The deepest canyons, the highest peaks—nothing
 can hide that constellation, the Nose of the Ox.

久埋郊外今日逢渠
 由境勝以難追
 戀芳叢而不已
 頑心尚勇
 野性猶存
 欲得純和
 必加鞭撻

GET OX

<i>Long</i>	<i>hidden</i>	<i>distant</i>	<i>places</i>
<i>this</i>	<i>day</i>	<i>encounter</i>	<i>it</i>
<i>Because</i>	<i>there</i>	<i>superior</i>	
<i>so</i>	<i>difficult</i>	<i>to-pursue</i>	
<i>Loves</i>	<i>sweet</i>	<i>greenery</i>	
<i>so</i>	<i>without</i>	<i>discipline</i>	
<i>Stubborn</i>	<i>heart-mind</i>	<i>still</i>	<i>strong</i>
<i>Wild</i>	<i>nature</i>	<i>still</i>	<i>lively</i>
<i>Want</i>	<i>to-get</i>	<i>pure</i>	<i>harmony?</i>
<i>Must</i>	<i>add</i>	<i>whip</i>	<i>hitting</i>

GETTING THE OX

Today come upon it, long hidden in distant places.
 Because it rules these regions it isn't easy to chase.
 Its love for sweet foliage has left it untamed.
 Its stubborn heart is still strong,
 its wild nature still lively.
 If you want true domestication
 you must really apply the whip.

CATCHING THE OX

Today the oxherd laid his hands on the Ox. That beast, free since birth in high and uncut meadows, would rather go its own way. Sweet-smelling grasses muscled its back; no ring has ever pierced its nose. If the herder hopes to ride this Ox he will have to use his whip.

竭盡精神獲得渠
 心強力壯卒難除
 有時纔到高原上
 又入煙雲深處居

GET OX

<i>Exhaust</i>	<i>entire</i>	<i>energy</i>			
	<i>vital</i>	<i>get</i>	<i>hold</i>	<i>it</i>	
<i>Heart-mind</i>	<i>strong</i>	<i>vigorous</i>			
	<i>strength</i>	<i>finally</i>	<i>difficult</i>	<i>to-subdue</i>	
<i>Some</i>	<i>times</i>	<i>arrives</i>			
	<i>just</i>	<i>high</i>	<i>land</i>	<i>summit</i>	
<i>Also</i>	<i>enters</i>	<i>clouds</i>			
	<i>hazy</i>	<i>deep</i>	<i>regions</i>	<i>to-dwell</i>	

GETTING THE OX

All vital energy spent, get it!
 Its heart is strong, muscles vigorous: these are ultimately
 hard to erase!
 Sometimes it appears in the high mountains,
 Other times goes settles in the clouded, misty valleys.

CATCHING THE OX

He must hold the rope with all his might
 for the Ox is two-thousand pounds of old habit.
 One moment it runs to the high meadows,
 then gets lost in fog-bound riverbottoms.

前思纔起後念相隨
 由覺故以成真
 在迷故而為妄
 不由境有
 唯自心生
 鼻索牢牽
 不容擬議

HERD OX

<i>First</i>	<i>thought</i>	<i>just</i>	<i>rising</i>
<i>next</i>	<i>thought</i>	<i>close</i>	<i>behind</i>
<i>Because</i>	<i>awakened</i>		
	<i>There-</i>	<i>fore</i>	
		<i>Become</i>	<i>truth</i>
<i>In</i>	<i>confusion</i>		
	<i>There-</i>	<i>fore</i>	
		<i>Become</i>	<i>false</i>
<i>Not</i>	<i>from</i>	<i>circumstances</i>	<i>had</i>
<i>Only</i>	<i>from</i>	<i>heart-mind</i>	<i>born</i>
<i>Nose</i>	<i>rope</i>	<i>firmly</i>	<i>pull</i>
<i>Not</i>	<i>allow</i>	<i>other</i>	<i>impulse</i>

HERDING THE OX

First thought just rising, other thoughts follow behind.
 Being awakened, one comes to embody the truth.
 Being confused, one embodies delusion.
 Delusion does not arise from the outer world;
 Only the mind can give it birth.
 Pull the nose-rope firmly.
 Do not let it wander at will.

TAMING THE OX

One thought rises in the mind, then another and another. When the oxherd is rightly awake, he observes their coming and going. When he sorts them right from wrong, a great confusion gathers. That tangle of crossroads lies inside the skull, not outside. Hold the nose rope firmly, or every rising thought will set it wandering.

鞭索時時不離身
 恐伊縱步入埃塵
 相將牡得純和也
 羈鎖無拘自逐人

HERD OX

<i>Whip</i>	<i>rope</i>			
	<i>all</i>	<i>times</i>		
		<i>not</i>	<i>distant</i>	<i>self</i>
<i>afraid</i>	<i>it</i>			
	<i>leap</i>	<i>away</i>		
		<i>enter</i>	<i>dust</i>	<i>dirt</i>
<i>join</i>	<i>together</i>			
	<i>herding</i>	<i>achieve</i>		
		<i>pure</i>	<i>warm</i>	<i>harmony</i>
<i>halters</i>	<i>bindings</i>			
	<i>without</i>	<i>constraints</i>		
		<i>willingly</i>	<i>follows</i>	<i>person</i>

HERDING THE OX

Always keep the whip and rope close at hand
 for fear it might leap into the dust and dirt.
 In true herding they are joined in warm harmony.
 Unfettered by halters and ropes, it follows the person by itself.

TAMING THE OX

If he doesn't keep the whip and rope near at hand
 the Ox will soon find out the nearest muddy wallow.
 Bu—care for it properly and it becomes gentle, clean,
 following the herder willingly, the rope gone slack.

干戈已罷得失還空
 唱樵子之村歌
 吹兒童之野曲
 身橫牛上
 目視雲霄
 呼喚不回
 撈籠不住

RIDE OX RETRUN HOME

<i>Shield</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>pear</i>	<i>already</i>	<i>ceasing</i>
<i>gain</i>		<i>loss</i>	<i>return-to</i>	<i>emptiness</i>
<i>Sing</i>		<i>rustic</i>	<i>song</i>	
<i>of</i>		<i>wood-</i>	<i>cutter</i>	
<i>Play</i>		<i>wilderness</i>	<i>tune</i>	
<i>of</i>		<i>child</i>	<i>child</i>	
<i>Body</i>		<i>across</i>	<i>ox</i>	<i>back</i>
<i>eyes</i>		<i>look</i>	<i>clouds</i>	<i>heaven</i>
<i>called</i>		<i>back:</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>turn</i>
<i>lured</i>		<i>surrounded:</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>stop</i>

RIDING THE OX BACK HOME

When struggle ceases, gain and loss return to emptiness.
 Singing a woodcutter's rustic song,
 Piping a simple children's tune,
 Lying across the ox's back,
 Looking up at floating clouds:
 If called back, he will not turn,
 If lured or baited, he will not stop.

RIDING HOME

The struggle is over. As for gain and loss, he can't remember what the problem was. Lying on the Ox's back, he hums a forest tune; he plays flute songs learned in childhood. The sky seems larger than the earth. None of the six hungers can turn his head. Call to him, offer him anything—he will not hear you.

騎牛迤邐欲還家
 羌笛聲聲送晚霞
 一拍一歌無限意
 知音何必鼓唇牙

RIDE OX RETRUN HOME

<i>Riding</i>	<i>ox</i>	<i>along</i>		
	<i>meander</i>	<i>return</i>	<i>home</i>	
	<i>soon</i>			
<i>Bamboo</i>	<i>flute</i>	<i>sound</i>	<i>sound</i>	
	<i>sound</i>		<i>accompany</i>	<i>sunset</i> <i>clouds</i>
<i>Each</i>	<i>beat</i>	<i>song</i>		
	<i>each</i>	<i>un-</i>	<i>limited</i>	<i>meaning</i>
<i>Knowing</i>	<i>harmony</i>	<i>what</i>	<i>need</i>	
			<i>flap</i>	<i>lips</i> <i>teeth</i>

RIDING THE OX BACK HOME

Wandering along, soon to return home riding the ox.
 The bamboo flute song echoes with the sunset clouds.
 Every beat and every tune unlimited in feeling.
 Knowing this harmony, what need is there to talk?

RIDING HOME

He is riding home but seems to be in no hurry.
 Evening mist absorbs the flute tones. Their harmony
 carries his heart to the horizon line.
 Talk about grass is not what keeps this Ox alive.

法無二法牛且為宗
 喻蹄兔之異名
 顯筌魚之差別
 如金出鑛
 似月離雲
 一道寒光
 威音劫外

FORGET OX REMAIN PERSON

<i>Dharma</i>	<i>without</i>	<i>second</i>	<i>dharma:</i>
<i>ox</i>	<i>temporary</i>	<i>was</i>	<i>purpose</i>
<i>Analogy:</i>	<i>snare /</i>	<i>rabbit</i>	
<i>have</i>	<i>different</i>	<i>names</i>	
<i>Clarify:</i>	<i>fish-trap /</i>	<i>fish</i>	
<i>have</i>	<i>different</i>	<i>qualities</i>	
<i>Like</i>	<i>gold</i>	<i>emerging</i>	<i>ore</i>
<i>like</i>	<i>moon</i>	<i>leaving</i>	<i>clouds —</i>
<i>one</i>	<i>whole</i>	<i>cold</i>	<i>light</i>
<i>mighty</i>	<i>sound</i>	<i>beyond</i>	<i>time</i>

THE OX FORGOTTEN, THE PERSON REMAINING

The dharma doesn't have a second dharma: the ox served a temporary purpose.
 By analogy: the snare and the rabbit are two different things.
 To clarify: the fishtrap and the fish have different qualities.
 Like gold coming out of the ore,
 Like the moon leaving the clouds,
 One cool light already shone
 Before time came into being.

OX FORGOTTEN

What was that all about? Alone now, the oxherd feels quite at home. On this path, one thing is not two things. When the rabbit is caught, the snare may be abandoned. When the fish is caught, why stand there holding the net? See: like gold drawn from dross, like the moon risen from clouds, this world has always given off a simple light.

騎牛已得到家山
 牛也空兮人也閑
 紅日三竿猶作夢
 鞭繩空頓草堂間

FORGET OX REMAIN PERSON

<i>Riding</i>	<i>ox</i>	<i>obtains</i>		
	<i>already</i>	<i>home</i>	<i>mountain</i>	
	<i>arriving</i>			
<i>As-for</i>	<i>ox,</i>	<i>!</i>		
	<i>empty</i>	<i>as-for</i>	<i>person,</i>	<i>idle</i>
<i>Red</i>	<i>sun</i>			
	<i>late</i>	<i>afternoon</i>		
		<i>still</i>	<i>day-</i>	<i>dreaming</i>
<i>Whip</i>	<i>rope</i>			
	<i>idle</i>	<i>stopped</i>		
		<i>thatch</i>	<i>room</i>	<i>within</i>

THE OX FORGOTTEN, THE PERSON REMAINING

Riding the ox he has already arrived at his mountain home.
 As for the ox, it is empty! As for the person, he is at rest.
 Late day's red sun, and still he is lost in dream.
 The whip and the rope lie idle under the thatched roof.

OX FORGOTTEN

He could not have gotten home without that animal,
 but oh, the Ox has disappeared and the man sits by
 himself, content.
 His reverie does not bear the red mark of solar time.
 The rope and whip lie forgotten under the cabin thatch.

凡情脫落聖意皆空
 有佛處不用遨遊
 無佛處急須走過
 兩頭不著
 千眼難窺
 百鳥啣華
 一場懨羅

PERSON OX ALIKE FORGET

<i>Worldly</i>	<i>desires</i>	<i>drop</i>	<i>away</i>
<i>Holy</i>	<i>intentions</i>	<i>all</i>	<i>empty</i>
<i>Having-</i>	<i>Buddha</i>	<i>place:</i>	
<i>no</i>	<i>need</i>	<i>seek</i>	<i>out</i>
<i>Without-</i>	<i>Buddha</i>	<i>place:</i>	
<i>urgent</i>	<i>must</i>	<i>pass</i>	<i>by</i>
<i>Either</i>	<i>side</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>touch</i>
<i>Thousand</i>	<i>eyes</i>	<i>difficult</i>	<i>peering</i>
<i>Hundred</i>	<i>birds</i>	<i>offering</i>	<i>flowers,</i>
<i>one</i>	<i>scene</i>	<i>shamed</i>	<i>heart</i>

THE PERSON AND THE OX BOTH FORGOTTEN

All worldly emotions fall away; all sacred sentiments are empty.
 No need to linger in places where the Buddha is;
 in places where there is no Buddha, quickly pass by.
 Neither side exists.
 A thousand eyes could not detect him.
 A hundred flower-offering birds:
 that scene would be one long farce.

SELF AND OX FORGOTTEN

This serenity scatters no light. No holiness appears. If he thinks he is a Buddha, it passes quickly. Proud that he is not a Buddha, that goes too. Five hundred fully-enlightened ancient ones cannot see anything special in the man. If a hundred flower-bestowing birds circled his room, he would feel the deepest shame.

鞭索人牛盡屬空
 碧天遼闊信難通
 紅爐焰上爭容雪
 到此方能合祖宗

PERSON OX ALIKE FORGET

<i>Whip</i>	<i>rope</i>	<i>person</i>	<i>ox</i>	
	<i>all</i>	<i>all</i>	<i>belong</i>	<i>emptiness</i>
<i>Blue</i>	<i>sky</i>	<i>wide</i>	<i>deep</i>	
	<i>words</i>	<i>cannot</i>	<i>penetrate</i>	
<i>Red</i>	<i>stove</i>	<i>flame</i>	<i>above</i>	
	<i>how</i>	<i>survive</i>	<i>snow?</i>	
<i>Arriving</i>	<i>here</i>	<i>only</i>	<i>then</i>	
	<i>join</i>	<i>ancient</i>	<i>teachers</i>	

THE PERSON AND THE OX BOTH FORGOTTEN

Whip and rope, person and ox: all are empty.
 Words cannot reproduce the vast blue sky.
 How could snowflakes survive the flames of a forge?
 One can only join the ancestors by getting to this place.

SELF AND OX FORGOTTEN

Empty whip, empty rope, empty Ox, empty human being.
 "The vast blue sky" is not at all the vast blue sky.
 Think of snow falling on a blazing fire. Just there
 the spirit of the ancient masters is fully present.

本來清淨不受一塵
 觀有相之榮枯
 處無為之凝寂
 不同幻化
 豈假修治
 水綠山青
 坐觀成敗

RETURN ROOTS GO-BACK SOURCE

<i>Since</i>	<i>origin</i>	<i>pure</i>	<i>clean</i>
<i>not</i>	<i>receive</i>	<i>one</i>	<i>dust</i>
<i>Observe</i>	<i>formed</i>	<i>things</i>	
<i>their</i>	<i>thriving</i>	<i>withering</i>	
<i>Dwell</i>	<i>non-</i>	<i>interference</i>	
<i>its</i>	<i>still</i>	<i>quiet</i>	
<i>Not</i>	<i>identify</i>	<i>illusory</i>	<i>change</i>
<i>How</i>	<i>require</i>	<i>more</i>	<i>improvement?</i>
<i>Water</i>	<i>green</i>	<i>mountain</i>	<i>blue</i>
<i>Sit</i>	<i>watch</i>	<i>success</i>	<i>defeat</i>

RETURNING TO THE ROOTS, GOING BACK TO THE SOURCE

It was originally pure and clean and has gathered no dust.
 See the thriving and withering of forms;
 Live in the still and quiet of non-action;
 Do not identify with illusion and change.
 How could anything be improved?
 The waters are blue, the mountains are green.
 Sit and watch success and defeat.

GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING

The dust never had any dust. Bodies grow and decay, delusions form and dissolve, identities come and go.... Live in the still place between; it needs no improvement. The waters are blue. The mountains are green. Change without end: sit and watch.

返本還源已費功
 爭如直下若盲聾
 庵中不見庵前物
 水自茫茫花自紅

RETURN ROOTS GO-BACK SOURCE

<i>Return</i>	<i>root</i>	<i>source</i>		
	<i>go-back</i>	<i>cost</i>	<i>effort</i>	
	<i>already</i>			
<i>How</i>	<i>equal</i>	<i>down</i>	<i>blind</i>	<i>deaf?</i>
	<i>directly</i>	<i>as-if</i>		
<i>Hut</i>	<i>inside</i>	<i>see</i>	<i>outside</i>	<i>things</i>
	<i>not</i>	<i>hut</i>		
<i>Rivers</i>	<i>naturally</i>	<i>bounds</i>	<i>naturally</i>	<i>red</i>
	<i>without</i>	<i>flowers</i>		

RETURNING TO THE ROOTS, GOING BACK TO THE SOURCE

Returning to the roots, going back to the source--that already took effort.
 Better to have been, right away, as if blind and deaf.
 Sitting in the hut, see nothing outside the hut.
 The rivers overflow by themselves, the flowers bloom red.

GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING

Seeking the Source, the One True Origin: why all this hard work?
 Better to stay at home as if ears and eyes had never opened.
 He sits in the cabin. There is nothing to hunt for beyond the gate.
 The streams flow and flowers open, vividly red.

柴門獨掩千聖不知
 埋自己之風光
 負前賢之途轍
 提瓢入市
 策杖還家
 酒肆魚行
 化令成佛

ENTER MARKET HANGING HANDS

<i>Scrapwood</i>	<i>gate</i>	<i>just</i>	<i>shut</i>
<i>thousand</i>	<i>sages</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>know</i>
<i>Bury</i>	<i>nature</i>	<i>scenery</i>	
<i>of</i>	<i>one's</i>	<i>self</i>	
<i>Leave</i>	<i>road</i>	<i>ruts</i>	
<i>of</i>	<i>old</i>	<i>worthies</i>	
<i>Carry</i>	<i>gourd</i>	<i>enter</i>	<i>market</i>
<i>Walk</i>	<i>cane</i>	<i>return</i>	<i>home</i>
<i>Wine</i>	<i>shop</i>	<i>fish</i>	<i>shop</i>
<i>Influence</i>	<i>make</i>	<i>become</i>	<i>Buddhas</i>

ENTERING THE MARKETPLACE WITH HANGING HANDS

His makeshift gate is closed; a thousand sages wouldn't know him.
 He has hidden from view the beauty of himself.
 He leaves the beaten path of the old worthies.
 He enters the marketplace carrying a gourd
 and goes home with a walking stick.
 In the wine shops and fish stands
 people are transformed into Buddhas.

ENTERING THE VILLAGE WITH HELPING HANDS

He has closed the cabin gate behind him. Not even the teachers notice him as he walks by. He has left all the apparatus of spiritual life behind. He follows the path before him, not trying to match the footprints left by ancient masters. He carries a gourd into town and comes home leaning on an old stick. Drinkers in taverns and butchers in meat shops see him and wake up.

露胸跣足入塵來
 抹土塗灰笑滿顙
 不用神仙真秘訣
 直教枯木放花開

ENTER MARKET HANGING HANDS

<i>Reveal</i>	<i>chest</i>			
	<i>bare</i>	<i>feet</i>		
	<i>enter</i>	<i>market</i>	<i>arrive</i>	
<i>Apply</i>	<i>soil</i>			
	<i>smear</i>	<i>ashes</i>		
	<i>smile</i>	<i>fill</i>	<i>cheeks</i>	
<i>Needing</i>	<i>not</i>			
		<i>immortal</i>	<i>ones</i>	
		<i>deep</i>	<i>secrets</i>	<i>riddles</i>
<i>Just</i>	<i>teach</i>			
	<i>withered</i>	<i>tree</i>		
		<i>release</i>	<i>flowers</i>	<i>open</i>

ENTERING THE MARKETPLACE WITH HANGING HANDS

His chest uncovered, barefoot, he comes into the marketplace.
 Smear'd with mud and ashes, he smiles broadly.
 He does not need the coded secrets of the immortals.
 He just shows the withered trees how to release their flowers.

ENTERING THE VILLAGE WITH HELPING HANDS

Barefoot, bare-chested, he walks into town.
 Dusty, spattered with mud, how broadly he grins!
 He has no need of magic powers. Near him
 the withered trees come into bloom again.