

HAIKU POEMS AND MEDITATION

A few days ago I received the following eight Haiku 3-line poems from a close relative and dear friend. What is this? I asked myself, as I was concentrating on the market, interest rates, and selecting asset classes. What is the Fed up to?

Wait a minute. Stop. Read. Are you forgetting something? What is happening to you? Where are you going? Don't you remember why you liked reading about Zen, Taoism, and Buddhism?

*Rainbows are just
To look at,
Not to understand.*

*The night is descending,
The birds are silent,
I think of my life that flows.*

*Suddenly a butterfly.
I breathe the fragranced air
Of my youth.*

*The evening haze.
Thinking of past things
How far they are.*

*A life is gone.
The dewdrop
Has returned to the ocean.*

*A dewdrop has returned to the ocean.
Soon it will be a cloud
And rain over my garden.*

*In the evening of a spring day
The trees are shining.
How serene we are.*

*The winds that blow.
Ask them, which leaf on the tree
Will be next to go.*

I found a quiet place. I read and re-read the short eight poems. Slowly I began to understand and see new things. New places. New meanings. The Tao? I remembered the *spirit* of Zen meditation. You will never know unless you *get there*. Why don't you try?

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