

my death poem:

breathing in....thank you  
letting go now....breathing out  
one final thank you 1/2000

Zen perspective of death: Conrad Hyers:

do all activities with undivided attention as if that activity at that moment were supremely worth doing. This is emptiness.

take hold of each moment as it presents itself, and in the form it presents itself:

drinking tea, eating rice,

passing time as it comes  
looking down at the stream  
looking up at the mountain pao-tzu

eating bagels with cream cheese  
walking on the beach and doing yoga  
writing in my journal and thinking  
holding hands with Johanna  
watching tv.!

*zen*

Deane lined verse?!!)

4/00

Exploding like visual  
popcorn. kernels  
Playful peach blossoms  
in spring