

Dreaming in the Teahouse of Infinite Light | Ryn Ando

i. Taking tea in silence

Who dreams the dreamer

dreaming of you
in the garden?

Who dreams the *ouroboros*
warming in the sun

watcher of the changing skies
falling into cloud and
shadow?

Who thinks of thought itself
in this glorious light

a morning unfurled

while water boils
on the fire?

We are such stuff
as dreams to the stars

are made of

we are told

the end is the beginning

is the end

and we are shown

to ourselves

in time

wander-lusting

in this empty house

looking for the infinite light

in narrow hallways

and dusty panels

sliding open doors

into new rooms

newly found

It is the looking back

that shows us what

is yet to arrive:

the stardust and the repulsion

the pulse of universal

attraction

pulling all your silence
to me

ii. *A quality of density*

Who dreams your soul aflame?

Hearth fires rise
on high

to the dark ceilings of the night
painted with the violent sighs
of dying stars

and new moons sink
into sleep

and more dreams
of heavy water

for dry wells
bathed in light

but only at the solstice

Dream not of fallen fruit

nor the bitter lotus roots
deformed

nor of dried twig and petal
in that brittle cup you sip

Dream the impossible blue

the untouchable sky

its quality of density
like the dust
that coats a ruin

or a spoonful
of powdered tea

Ad astra per aspera

they say

the faint music
of hidden suns

the low hum
of pale spheres

is too dim to hear
too strong to ignore

iii. *ukigiri* | 浮霧

Who dreams the rose
in the rainstorm

the broken circles
on the pond?

Who sees the garden walls

the turquoise paint
peeling in flakes

the hemmed-in clouds
hanging softly chilled
above us?

The starlight shifts
as mists suspended
in the valley

lift in strands

the slow sway of grass
in the field

the edge and bleed
of a rain cloud's
passage

We hope to dream a place
where certitude no longer
keeps us small

a place where *satori*

悟
り

grows

– through a thousand suns
the mountains
and the mud

the weathered stones
the gentle streams

the dusty panels
and hanging scrolls –

and takes us past
the edge of the night
back into our opened eyes

[L.A./*Saitama* (March – April 2020)]