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For poetic souls the world over

Foreword

In the thirteen years I lived and breathed in a Zen Buddhist Temple, I wrote the seven poems you will find in the 'Shaved Head' section. As you might expect from such a grounding in Zen, some of these offerings tend toward the abstract—some more so than others.

Once I returned to lay life, I discovered a novelist hidden inside just waiting to burst free. What I hadn't noticed so much was the poet tunnelling deep, looking for gold. As you will see in the 'Short Hair' section, only four poems made it up to the surface at that time.

It seems the more my hair grew, the more my inner poet grew. Although I list only eight poems in the 'Long Hair' section, the reality is that all of the poems in the following sections were written in this longhaired stage. So, excepting the initial eleven poems in the first two sections, this whole book leapt into existence in the space of about six weeks. Of course, it was much longer in the germinating and nurturing ...

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Slices of Soul

THE PATH

The ten directions all merge into one this winding road leads nowhere and goes straight there Slices of Soul

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ENOUGH

Energy moving life expressed what more do you want

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CLARITY

A clear brightness of mind Dream images flashing by No connection with them For the moment, no sticky bits on the mirror Peacefully aware

(In this poem, the 'mirror' refers to the mirror of the mind.)

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GRATEFUL

Life offering no more taking without thinking

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Slices of Soul

*UNSUI (free as clouдs and water)

The mountain softening the edges of the clouds

> *Unsui is the Japanese word for novice monks, and means to be free and unbindered as clouds and water.