Ride Ox Return 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 the Ox Back 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.

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.