See Tracks

Following sutras understanding meaning reading teachings perceiving footprints.

As it is clear that multiple gold vessels are a single metal, so understand that all things in the world comprise one’s self. If unable to distinguish true from false how to tell the real from the fake? This gate has not yet been entered. Only get this far: “Seeing the tracks.”

Seeing the Tracks

By relying on the sutras and reading the teachings understand the meaning, perceive the footprints. As it is clear that multiple gold vessels are a single metal, so understand that all things in the world comprise one’s self. If unable to distinguish true from false how to tell the real from the fake? This gate has not yet been entered. Only get this far: “Seeing the tracks.”

Seeing the Traces

Reading the sutras and hearing the teachings he can sense its presence. No gold vessel is like any other, but all are made of gold. This man and this world, they are formed from the same stuff. Still, he wonders, shouldn’t good and evil be set apart? Trying to separate out the truth he ends in confusion. If there is a gate, he has not gone through it. Was there really something there, or is this just a joke?

Seeing the Tracks

By the waters, under the trees, many surprising tracks. Sweet-smelling grass scattered about—isn’t it obvious? Even in dark mountains or hidden valleys, how could that heavenly nose be concealed?

Seeing the Traces

In the woods, along the riverbank, strange marks all around. What has bent the sweet grass down just there? The deepest canyons, the highest peaks—nothing can hide that constellation, the Nose of the Ox.