

PREFACE III.

從聲得入見處逢源
 六根門著著無差
 動用中頭頭顯露
 水中鹽味
 色裏膠青
 眨上眉毛
 非是他物

SEE OX

<i>Follow</i>	<i>sound</i>	<i>able</i>	<i>to-enter</i>
<i>See</i>	<i>place</i>	<i>encounter</i>	<i>source</i>
<i>"Six</i>	<i>Roots"</i>	<i>gate</i>	
<i>all</i>	<i>perceptions</i>	<i>without</i>	<i>error</i>
<i>Within</i>	<i>all</i>	<i>actions</i>	
<i>all</i>	<i>sources</i>	<i>become</i>	<i>apparent</i>
<i>Water</i>	<i>in</i>	<i>salt</i>	<i>flavor</i>
<i>Paint</i>	<i>within</i>	<i>binder</i>	<i>blue</i>
<i>Low /</i>	<i>high</i>	<i>eye</i>	<i>discerns</i>
<i>is</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>separate</i>	<i>thing</i>

SEEING THE OX

Follow the sound and the way opens; see the place and come to
 the source.
 At the root of each sense is a gate: perception there is
 not muddled.
 Inside all actions the source becomes clear.
 Like the salt in sea water,
 like the binder in blue paint.
 The eyes distinguish first and last
 and see: "it" is not a separate thing.

A GLIMPSE OF THE OX

If he would only listen to everyday sounds he would get it in a
 second. As for the senses: it was the cicada that made the ear! The
 thing itself is there no matter what we do. It is like the salt in water
 and the binder in paint. Rightly opened, the eye sees no difference
 between the worthy and the worthless.

POEM III.

黃鶯枝上一聲聲
 日暖風和岸柳青
 只此更無回避處
 森森頭角畫難成

SEE OX

<i>Yellow</i>	<i>oriole</i>			
	<i>branch</i>	<i>on</i>	<i>call</i>	<i>call</i>
		<i>one</i>		
<i>Sun</i>	<i>warm</i>			
	<i>wind</i>	<i>gentle</i>	<i>willow</i>	<i>green</i>
		<i>shore</i>		
<i>Just</i>	<i>this</i>			
	<i>more</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>meeting</i>	<i>place</i>
		<i>avoid</i>		
<i>Full-grown</i>	<i>full-grown</i>			
	<i>head</i>	<i>horns</i>	<i>difficult</i>	<i>to-complete</i>
		<i>painting</i>		

SEEING THE OX

Yellow oriole on a branch—call after call.
 Warm sun, gentle wind, green willows on the riverbank.
 Just this and no more: the meeting is unavoidable.
 Stately head and stately horns: hard to finish that painting!

A GLIMPSE OF THE OX

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.