Following 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.

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.

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.