Herd Ox

First thought just rising, other thoughts follow behind.
Because awakened, one comes to embody the truth.
In confusion, one embodies delusion.
Not from circumstances had, only from heart-mind born.
Nose rope firmly pull, not allow other impulse.

Herd Ox

Whip rope all times not distant self
afraid it leap away enter dust dirt
join together herding achieve pure warm harmony
halters bindings without constraints willingly follows person

Herding the Ox

One thought rises in the mind, then another and another. When the oxherd is rightly awake, he observes their coming and going. When he sorts them right from wrong, a great confusion gathers. That tangle of crossroads lies inside the skull, not outside. Hold the nose rope firmly, or every rising thought will set it wandering.

Taming the Ox

If he doesn't keep the whip and rope near at hand, the Ox will soon find out the nearest muddy wallow. Bu—care for it properly and it becomes gentle, clean, following the herder willingly, the rope gone slack.