The Person and the Ox Both Forgotten

All worldly emotions fall away; all sacred sentiments are empty.
No need to linger in places where the Buddha is;
in places where there is no Buddha, quickly pass by.
Neither side exists.
A thousand eyes could not detect him.
A hundred flower-offering birds:
that scene would be one long farce.

Self and Ox Forgotten

This serenity scatters no light. No holiness appears. If he thinks he
is a Buddha, it passes quickly. Proud that he is not a Buddha, that
goes too. Five hundred fully-enlightened ancient ones cannot see
anything special in the man. If a hundred flower-bestowing birds
circled his room, he would feel the deepest shame.

Whip and rope, person and ox: all are empty.
Words cannot reproduce the vast blue sky.
How could snowflakes survive the flames of a forge?
One can only join the ancestors by getting to this place.