

# Floating Zendo Newsletter

## Sangha Edition

[www.floatingzendo.org](http://www.floatingzendo.org)

Rain (or Poem of a Jisha)

by Ritu Goswamy

Droplets of water form on the leaves of the ferns.

The moss garden I liked so much glistens.

Brilliant green, soft, velvety moss.

There was a rock formation with a space that collected some of the water.

I saw a picture of a cat drinking from it once.

Last night I remembered.

Remembered the comforting sound of the rain.

The familiar sound on the roof while I slept.

I felt connected with nature.

I remembered waking up to the sound of the patter of the rain,

And then the gentle clang of the bell.

Swiftly layering my clothes and racing against myself to get the coffee.

Pouring the black liquid into the cup and

My swollen eyes watching the color gradually change as I added the cream.

Carefully carrying the cup outside and noticing when the raindrops fell inside.

Running, yes running, down the gravel trail and sometimes spilling a few drops on my finger.

There was just enough time to brush that finger against my lips.

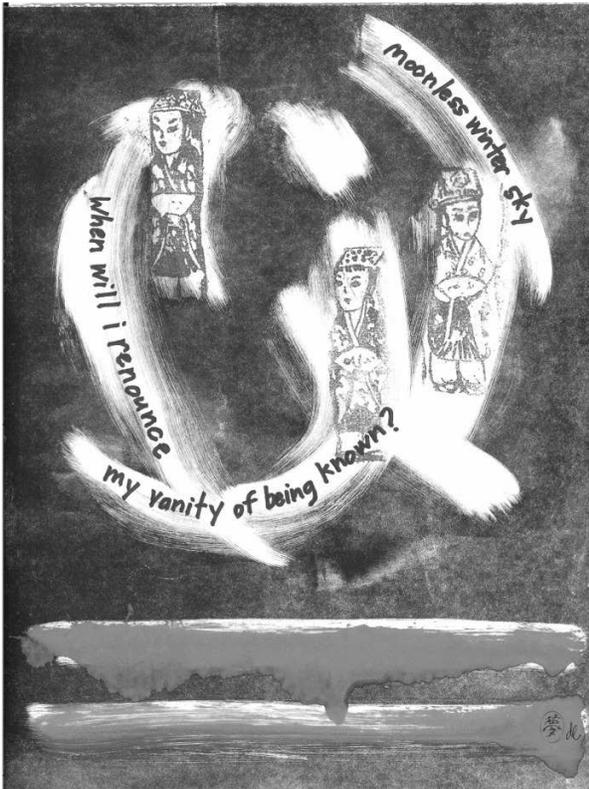
Just enough time to taste the roasted warm treat I prepared so early in the morning.

Just enough time to stop running long enough to appear at your door, remove my shoes, knock, and present the steaming cup with a quiet "Good Morning."





monotype by donnalynn chase



haiga by donnalynn chase

again finding myself  
slumped on top my cushion -  
green-leaved wind

today, forever  
my earrings are taken off -  
winter budding

this morning's robe chant  
sounds sweeter than usual -  
first plum blossom

Haiku  
by donnalynn chase

all dressed in black  
facing the zendo's walls -  
swollen camellia buds

entering silence  
i wonder what will come up  
waxing winter moon

bathing in incense,  
my heart opens and softens -  
waters warming

so much not knowing -  
do the cold sparrows worry  
about being right?



Late March  
by Diana Deering

As if entering a room of dreaming  
across the passage the dark shape of a whale moves just under blue grey water  
the curve of its back surfaces then rolls underneath,  
the seasons thin at both edges  
the way an exhaled breath disappears into a cave of darkness  
before the long turn upward

Yesterday she told me that in the ambulance as she struggled to breathe,  
in that moment being wholly animal,  
submerged,  
as she paused between worlds  
before rounding the corner back into this one,  
her mother had appeared before her and said  
whatever happens you will be okay

My legs were buoyant almost weightless  
as I stepped out into the five o'clock air,  
like falling and being caught,  
the way behind the sky  
the pattern of stars is already shining  
years before they sent out their light  
they have always known this



haiga by donnalynn chase

Lovers console, at night  
by Jane Macdonald

*Beings are numberless, I vow to save them  
Delusions are inexhaustible, I vow to end them  
Dharma gates are boundless, I vow to enter them  
Buddha's way is unsurpassable, I vow to become it*  
*Bodhisattva vow*

She cries and says, "There are too many things.  
They're crushing me."  
You say, "Hush – just meet  
the one thing before you, now."

She shakes her head, vows "I know this is insanity,  
but it's my insanity. It's the only way I can live."  
You say, "Never mind reckoning!  
Try losing your way."

She pushes you away, insisting, "Truth is  
meaningless.  
No one knows what's true!"  
You say, "There's someone outside the door.  
Don't you wonder who is it?"

"The world is too big," she says, her voice small.  
"Why do you ask this of me?"  
You take her in your arms. You say,  
"My love. Love with abandon."



## Angie's and Floating Zendo's 2007 Schedule

Weekly sit and study in San Jose Tuesday 6:30 – 8:00 PM  
 Friends' House, 1041 Morse Street  
[www.floatingzendo.org](http://www.floatingzendo.org)

Dokusan (practice discussion) with Angie is offered during half day and full day sits, sesshins, and by appointment. Please contact Angie [aboiss@earthlink.net](mailto:aboiss@earthlink.net) to schedule



May 10 - 15	Arcata	Sesshin	
May 16 – 20	Willits	Householders' retreat	9:00 am – noon daily
May 12	San Jose	Half day sit	9:00 am – noon
May 23*	San Jose	Vipassana group	7:30 pm – 9:00 pm
May 26	San Jose	Study Group	9:30 am – 11:30 am
June 9	San Jose	Half day sit	9:00 am – noon
June 20*	San Jose	Vipassana group	7:30 pm – 9:00 pm
July 14	San Jose	Full day sit	9:00 am – 4:00 pm
July 19 – 26*	Boulder	Sesshin Hakubai Zendo	<a href="http://www.hakubaitemple.org/">http://www.hakubaitemple.org/</a>
July 28	San Jose	Observance of Kobun's death	Event TBC
August 2 – 7*	North Fork	Sesshin w Grace Schireson	<a href="http://www.emptynestzendo.org">www.emptynestzendo.org</a> Angie will be there Aug. 2 – 5
August 24 – 30	Carmel	Sesshin at Carmel House of Prayer	<a href="http://www.floatingzendo.org">www.floatingzendo.org</a>
September 8	San Jose	Full day sit	9:00 am – 4:00 pm
September 21 – 28	Hokoji	Sesshin	Arroyo Seco, NM
October 13	San Jose	Hungry Ghost ceremony (Segaki); Full day sit	9:00 am – 4:00 pm
November 7 – 11	Arcata	Sesshin	
November 12 – 17	Willits	Householders' retreat	9:00 am – noon daily
November 10	San Jose	Half day sit	9:00 am – noon
December 8	San Jose	Rohatsu; full day sit	9:00 am – 4:00 pm

\* An asterisk marking an event indicates one where Angie will be offering a talk(s)

## Contacts for Events

Arcata, CA	Rose Brewster	707.822.5568	<a href="mailto:iryoku.arcatanet.com">iryoku.arcatanet.com</a>
Hokoji, NM	Arthur Greeno	505.776.9733	<a href="mailto:agreeno@newmex.com">agreeno@newmex.com</a>
Jikoji, CA	Resident staff	408.741.9562	<a href="mailto:info@jikoji.org">info@jikoji.org</a>
San Jose, CA & study groups	Jane Macdonald	408.507.8558	<a href="mailto:janemacdonal@gmail.com">janemacdonal@gmail.com</a>
Willits, CA	Clancy Rash	707.459.1745	<a href="mailto:cerash@saber.net">cerash@saber.net</a>
San Jose Vipassana (San Jose Sangha)	Berget Jelane	408.255.2783	<a href="mailto:bbjelane@gmail.com">bbjelane@gmail.com</a>



Monotype by donnalynn chase

Two for Angie by Carolyn Dille

Snails

Inside  
our shell body hardened  
the selves we can't see  
as if we'd surprise  
or turn back  
our eyes ahead  
of ourselves  
you said  
sometimes I say  
we're like snails

The tentative wave  
sunk, clinging still to  
stalked knobs, and  
smooth our simple  
sticky flesh  
itself trails  
to brilliant slime



In the soup

Fire cradles the wood  
and pot  
onion releases  
aroma's atoms  
celery softens  
and sweetens  
carrot colors  
potato  
ash remains  
itself

Haiku by Emily Bording

Begin barefoot, avert stones  
slow down, step softly  
Your future Buddha lives here.



Floating Zendo

c/o donnalynn chase  
PO Box 320433  
Los Gatos, CA 95032