Love has taken away my practices and filled me with poetry.

I tried to keep quietly repeating,

“no strength but yours”, but I couldn't.

I had to clap and sing.

I used to be respectable and chaste and stable, but who can

stand in this strong wind and remember those things?

A mountain keeps an echo deep inside itself.

That is how I hold your voice.

I am scrap wood thrown in your fire, and quickly reduced to smoke.

I saw you and became empty.

This emptiness, more beautiful than existence,

it obliterates existence, and yet when it comes,

existence thrives and creates more existence!

The sky is blue. The world is a blind man squatting on the road.

But whoever sees your emptiness sees beyond blue and beyond the blind man.