

Current 93

"Passing Horses"

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Gate gate paragate parasamgate bodhi svaha
Emptiness

Nothing rests on the mirror

Nothing to rest

Nowhere to rest

Clouds do not obscure

Passing horses

White snow melting

Snowflakes falling

Turn back into air

The end is painless

Already full we are

Although empty

Passing horses

White horses ripple

Throughh the blue sky

"Who would have thought

A dewdrop would last so long"

He said

"Your end which is endless"

He said

"As a snowflake melts

Into air"

He said

Trust yourselves

Your cup is full

Overflowing

Floating

Passing horses

Shining hooves

Emptiness is moving

And dancing

Sky-clad

Rainbow-coloured

And crystal-faced

"A net of fireflies"

Freedom itself

And motion itself

And suffering itself

And pain itself

And laughing itself

And shot through

With nothing
No one hearing
"And the foam on the last water
Has dissolved" he said
"I lean against the stove
And emptiness - lo! eternity"
He said
And where are they now
These passing horses?
In which wood
In which star
In which stream
"Alone into the alone"
She said
Not realising
Oh how alone
She already was
Dancing in between
The worlds
The swallow dips
The eagle hovers

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