

PREFACE I.

從來不失何用追尋
 由背覺以成疎
 在向塵而遂失
 家山漸遠
 歧路俄差
 得失熾然
 是非鋒起

SEARCH OX

<i>From</i>	<i>start</i>	<i>not</i>	<i>lost</i>
<i>what</i>	<i>use</i>	<i>search</i>	<i>for</i>
<i>Because</i>	<i>abandoned</i>	<i>awakening</i>	
<i>so</i>	<i>become</i>	<i>scarce</i>	
<i>Living</i>	<i>near</i>	<i>dust</i>	
<i>and</i>	<i>therefore</i>	<i>loss</i>	
<i>Home</i>	<i>mountain</i>	<i>gradually</i>	<i>distant</i>
<i>Branched</i>	<i>roads</i>	<i>suddenly</i>	<i>strange</i>
<i>Gain</i>	<i>loss</i>	<i>blazing</i>	<i>up</i>
<i>Right</i>	<i>wrong</i>	<i>blade</i>	<i>rising</i>

SEARCHING FOR THE OX

From the beginning nothing was lost; there is no need
 to search.
 Turning away from awareness, that's how neglect arises.
 Move toward dust: loss will follow.
 The family mountain grows more distant,
 the forking roads are useless now.
 "Gain" and "Loss" catch fire;
 "Right" and "Wrong" sharpen swords.

SEARCHING FOR THE OX

The Ox is never really lost, so why hunt for it? No oxherd can see what he has turned his back on. Six kinds of hunger have led him this way and that. What was home a moment ago is now a confusion of crossroads and dirt paths. Desire for gain and fear of loss circle like tongues of fire. An obsession with right and wrong marks everything, like a blade sharpened on both edges.

POEM I.

茫茫撥草去追尋
 水闊山遙路更深
 力盡神疲無處覓
 但聞楓樹晚蟬吟

SEARCH OX

<i>Without</i>	<i>bounds</i>		
	<i>stirring</i>	<i>grasses</i>	
	<i>leaving,</i>	<i>tracking</i>	<i>down</i>
<i>Waters</i>	<i>broad</i>		
	<i>mountains</i>	<i>distant</i>	
	<i>road</i>	<i>more</i>	<i>obscure</i>
<i>Strength</i>	<i>exhausted</i>		
	<i>spirit</i>	<i>weary</i>	
	<i>no</i>	<i>place</i>	<i>to-hunt</i>
<i>But</i>	<i>hearing</i>		
	<i>sweetgum</i>	<i>trees</i>	
	<i>evening</i>	<i>cicada</i>	<i>song</i>

SEARCHING FOR THE OX

Searching, pushing through endless underbrush.
 Wide waters, distant mountains, darkening path.
 Strength exhausted, spirit weary, no hint of where to hunt.
 Just hear the evening cicada sing in the sweetgum grove.

SEARCHING FOR THE OX

Alone in the deep woods, despairing in the jungle,
 searching in darkness!
 Flood-swollen rivers, mountains beyond mountains
 the trail endless and unchanging.
 Bone-tired, heart-weary, the whole thing seems hopeless.
 No sound but the evening cicadas singing in a grove of
 maple trees.