

PREFACE II.

依經解義閱教知蹤
 明眾器為一金
 體萬物為自己
 正邪不辨
 真偽奚分
 未入斯門
 權為見跡

SEE TRACKS

Following sutras understanding meaning
reading teachings perceiving footprints

clear multiple vessels are one gold

understand all things are one's self

right / wrong unable to-distinguish

true / false how to-separate

not-yet enter this gate

merely achieve "see tracks"

SEEING THE TRACKS

By relying on the sutras and reading the teachings understand the meaning, perceive the footprints.

As it is clear that multiple gold vessels are a single metal, so understand that all things in the world comprise one's self.

If unable to distinguish true from false how to tell the real from the fake?

This gate has not yet been entered.

Only get this far: "Seeing the tracks."

SEEING THE TRACES

Reading the sutras and hearing the teachings he can sense its presence. No gold vessel is like any other, but all are made of gold. This man and this world, they are formed from the same stuff. Still, he wonders, shouldn't good and evil be set apart? Trying to separate out the truth he ends in confusion. If there is a gate, he has not gone through it. Was there really something there, or is this just a joke?

POEM II.

水邊林下跡偏多
 芳草離披見也麼
 縱是深山更深處
 遼天鼻孔怎藏他

SEE TRACKS

River beside trees under tracks unexpected many

Fragrant grasses scattered about does not see?

Although in deep mountains even deeper recesses

Distant heavens that nose how conceal it?

SEEING THE TRACKS

By the waters, under the trees, many surprising tracks. Sweet-smelling grass scattered about—isn't it obvious? Even in dark mountains or hidden valleys, how could that heavenly nose be concealed?

SEEING THE TRACES

In the woods, along the riverbank, strange marks all around. What has bent the sweet grass down just there? The deepest canyons, the highest peaks—nothing can hide that constellation, the Nose of the Ox.