

PREFACE IX.

本來清淨不受一塵
 觀有相之榮枯
 處無為之凝寂
 不同幻化
 豈假修治
 水綠山青
 坐觀成敗

RETURN ROOTS GO-BACK SOURCE

<i>Since</i>	<i>origin</i>	<i>pure</i>	<i>clean</i>
<i>not</i>	<i>receive</i>	<i>one</i>	<i>dust</i>
<i>Observe</i>	<i>formed</i>	<i>things</i>	
<i>their</i>	<i>thriving</i>	<i>withering</i>	
<i>Dwell</i>	<i>non-</i>	<i>interference</i>	
<i>its</i>	<i>still</i>	<i>quiet</i>	
<i>Not</i>	<i>identify</i>	<i>illusory</i>	<i>change</i>
<i>How</i>	<i>require</i>	<i>more</i>	<i>improvement?</i>
<i>Water</i>	<i>green</i>	<i>mountain</i>	<i>blue</i>
<i>Sit</i>	<i>watch</i>	<i>success</i>	<i>defeat</i>

RETURNING TO THE ROOTS, GOING BACK TO THE SOURCE

It was originally pure and clean and has gathered no dust.
 See the thriving and withering of forms;
 Live in the still and quiet of non-action;
 Do not identify with illusion and change.
 How could anything be improved?
 The waters are blue, the mountains are green.
 Sit and watch success and defeat.

GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING

The dust never had any dust. Bodies grow and decay, delusions form and dissolve, identities come and go.... Live in the still place between; it needs no improvement. The waters are blue. The mountains are green. Change without end: sit and watch.

POEM IX.

返本還源已費功
 爭如直下若盲聾
 庵中不見庵前物
 水自茫茫花自紅

RETURN ROOTS GO-BACK SOURCE

<i>Return</i>	<i>root</i>	<i>source</i>		
	<i>go-back</i>	<i>cost</i>	<i>effort</i>	
	<i>already</i>			
<i>How</i>	<i>equal</i>	<i>down</i>	<i>blind</i>	<i>deaf?</i>
	<i>directly</i>	<i>as-if</i>		
<i>Hut</i>	<i>inside</i>	<i>see</i>	<i>outside</i>	<i>things</i>
	<i>not</i>	<i>hut</i>		
<i>Rivers</i>	<i>naturally</i>	<i>bounds</i>	<i>naturally</i>	<i>red</i>
	<i>without</i>	<i>flowers</i>		

RETURNING TO THE ROOTS, GOING BACK TO THE SOURCE

Returning to the roots, going back to the source--that already took effort.
 Better to have been, right away, as if blind and deaf.
 Sitting in the hut, see nothing outside the hut.
 The rivers overflow by themselves, the flowers bloom red.

GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING

Seeking the Source, the One True Origin: why all this hard work?
 Better to stay at home as if ears and eyes had never opened.
 He sits in the cabin. There is nothing to hunt for beyond the gate.
 The streams flow and flowers open, vividly red.