

柴門獨掩千聖不知
 埋自己之風光
 負前賢之途轍
 提瓢入市
 策杖還家
 酒肆魚行
 化令成佛

ENTER MARKET HANGING HANDS

Scrapwood *gate* *just* *shut*
thousand *sages* *not* *know*

Bury *nature* *scenery*
of *one's* *self*

Leave *road* *ruts*
of *old* *worthies*

Carry *gourd* *enter* *market*

Walk *cane* *return* *home*

Wine *shop* *fish* *shop*

Influence *make* *become* *Buddhas*

ENTERING THE MARKETPLACE WITH HANGING HANDS

His makeshift gate is closed; a thousand sages wouldn't know him.
 He has hidden from view the beauty of himself.
 He leaves the beaten path of the old worthies.
 He enters the marketplace carrying a gourd
 and goes home with a walking stick.
 In the wine shops and fish stands
 people are transformed into Buddhas.

ENTERING THE VILLAGE WITH HELPING HANDS

He has closed the cabin gate behind him. Not even the teachers notice him as he walks by. He has left all the apparatus of spiritual life behind. He follows the path before him, not trying to match the footprints left by ancient masters. He carries a gourd into town and comes home leaning on an old stick. Drinkers in taverns and butchers in meat shops see him and wake up.

露胸跣足入塵來
 抹土塗灰笑滿顙
 不用神仙真秘訣
 直教枯木放花開

ENTER MARKET HANGING HANDS

Reveal *chest*
 bare *feet*
 enter *market* *arrive*

Apply *soil*
 smear *ashes*
 smile *fill* *cheeks*

Needing *not*
 immortal *ones*
 deep *secrets* *riddles*

Just *teach*
 withered *tree*
 release *flowers* *open*

ENTERING THE MARKETPLACE WITH HANGING HANDS

His chest uncovered, barefoot, he comes into the marketplace.
 Smearred with mud and ashes, he smiles broadly.
 He does not need the coded secrets of the immortals.
 He just shows the withered trees how to release their flowers.

ENTERING THE VILLAGE WITH HELPING HANDS

Barefoot, bare-chested, he walks into town.
 Dusty, spattered with mud, how broadly he grins!
 He has no need of magic powers. Near him
 the withered trees come into bloom again.