

Wu poems

(悟詩)

of

Ho ' Lin

Translated by

ziwèi

(**自慰**)

Poems by c

Dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2017

Translators introduction

So what is the *Wu* poems

(悟詩)

of

Ho ' Lin about well they are a mixture of Taoist and Ch'an Buddhism they are full of spiritual metaphors such as "clouds" symbolizing thoughts cranes symbolizing Taoist immortals dust symbolizing sensations/thoughts ♪ translate the Taoist word "tzu-jan" as ablaze meaning the ten thousand things springing spontaneously from the generative source or in other words the mechanism of the process of Tao the "self-so" or "the of-itself" ♪ translate the Taoist word "wu-wei" as idleness a profound

serenity quietness "doing nothing" in
 the sense of not interfering with the
 flawless self-sufficient unfolding of
 "tzu-jan" a non-doing egoless action
 where "wu-wei is the movement of
 tzu-jan and idleness is the non-doing
 that does not interfere with this
 movement ♪ translate the Buddhist
 term 空 as emptiness/void ie the
 non-being of reality the emptiness
 that underlines reality form is
 emptiness and emptiness is form ♪
 translate the Taoist word 理 as
 inner pattern it can mean the natural
 law that governs tzu-jan 理
 weaves non-being into being it can
 mean insight or prajna the realization
 that all is sunyata or emptiness
 Now how does 老 林 in his
Wu poems

(悟詩)

achieve this well his approach is
 three pronged 1) he like Wang Wei
 weaves consciousness into the
 subject to try and capture the inner
 spirit of the subject 2) he like

Wo Chu-j (Bai Juyi)

interioizes the subject where
 Wang-Wei empties the self into the
 subject *Xo ' Lin* like *Wo Chu-j*
 weaves the self into the subject
 emptying the mind that mirrors the
 subject the poetry of an ego-less ego
 3) he like Yang Wan-Li captures
 an immediate experience of the
 subject ending in a moment of
 enlightenment or Satori with
 resounding clarity and startenly
 images

preface

**the *Way* to the gate stopped by
tangled vines
oh how to pass
oh how too to the gate face to the
gate thee place
the more we strive cut untangle
the more the tangles tangle
oh can we discern the inner pattern
oh can we discern the original
source of the ten thousand tangles
or not doing with intention just
float in idleness that is the
*Dark-Enigma***

Along pathWay tangled in vines
 to the brothels gate came 丿 feet
 not touching the ground leaving no
 trace 丿 into the brothel slinked 丿 oh
 looked 丿 around and found 丿
 girles sweet lovely of face
 flowered hairdos of Shu with
 racemes in place rouge o'er lips
 fromst 丿 en sheerest silk panties
 laced with red and purple pink-
 colored cheeks like immortals oh
 the perfume fromst their cunts
 didst waft to the nose of 丿 ast 丿
 didst examine each of eachs girly
 cunties bright like the heart of
 lotus blooms

She in Butterflies in Flight

**In idleness In valley deep slant
light o'er folds flicker flames
shoot across curves oh in this
idleness ablaze moonlight silver
frost-like coats the white hairs
of In**

She in Mandarin Ducks
Entwined

**In idleness The boat of In
sliding down the river of heaven
thru mist pink cloud-like o'er
folding curves ablaze oh the gaze
of In drifting into shadows indigo
that coat folds like curtains of
crimson silk disappearing into
emptiness in idleness float In**

She in the Fish Sunning Itself

**In idleness look √ out upon the
folds pink clouds lace along the
curves whenst hear √ the pool far
below bubbling scattering
cascades of light bubbles like
petals into the void of emptiness
echos the sighs of √**

She in the Unicorn's Horn

**In idleness √ gazing mist rises
fromst the river of heaven far
below rainbow arcs fromst fold to
fold clouds disperse oh pool
limpid far below hangs in the mind
of √**

She in The Mounting Turtle

**In idleness blink ♪ oh ablaze the
folds sweep across the skies face
exquisite flowering flowing into
emptiness the moons slant rays**

She in the Mating Cicadas

**In idleness wow folds ablaze
whilst far below into emptiness
gleams pool kingfisher-pink
ripping fromst the sighs of ♪**

She in the The Jumping Monkey

**In idleness I gaze into the void
folds curves towering above the
clouds watch I cranes sweep thru
emptiness ast descend I into the
pink mist below**

She in The Flying Dragon

**In idleness I bathing in
moonlight gazing at folds
waterlilies blooms glimmer pink
hues scattering light like petals on
fire into the void mind clear as
mirrors face**

She in the The Tiger's Walk

**In idleness the river of heaven
crimson slit far below into the
pool of emptiness light scatters
each beam reflecting off the mind
of ♪ in the voids perfect clarity**

She in Swallows in Love

**In idleness ablaze gazing at pools
liquidity ast crystalline moon
hanging in the void cranes fly o'er
folds curves no clouds in view but
moonlight bright in sky of pellucid
clarity**

She in A Phoenix Playing in a Red
Cave

**In idleness in light quiet folds
flutter like cinnamon petals wow
moonrise startles the mind of √
rippling o'er the emptiness of the
pools liquidity**

She in Butterfly Clings to
Branch

**In idleness gaze √ along the
folds curtains of crimson silk
wow the inner pattern mirrored in
the mind of √ clear and empty like
the dome of the sky**

She in the The Lute String

**In idleness see ♪ folds like
crimson terraces reach above the
clouds curved ridgelines
kingfisher-pink slicing the sky oh
how the inner pattern burns on my
mind in emptiness bright stillness**

She in The Black Pearl

**In idleness savor ♪ those folds
furled in blooms that moonlight
coats in light like snow wow a
crane sits upon a rainbow that
slants across the folds reflecting
in my mind the voids boundless
space silver-pure clarity in
perfections stillness**

She in The Peach Blossom

**In idleness I gaze ablaze the
limpid pool crystal on fire
breathing out pink mists that rise
licking the folds curtains of
crimson light wow looking up the
valley see I no sky all melts into
emptiness bright and serene**

She in the The Little Stream

**In idleness empty I my gaze
into the void of silence amongst
folds coated in pink frost far
above the worlds tangles of dust
serene silence above the cloud**

She in The Valley Proper

**In idleness on folds above the
clouds gaze √ into the emptiness
of dazzling depths below the pool
polished gem incandescent bright
in the mind of √ hanging in the
void like a silver moon**

She in The Deep Chamber

**In idleness gaze √ at the whirls
of mist curls around folds deep
pink hued view √ the sky above
the clouds deepening into
emptiness the mind of √ still
serene like the limpid pool below
quite waters**

She in The Inner Door

**In idleness oh look those folds a
butterfly taking flight into the
emptiness of space wow ablaze
with the inner pattern embossed
upon those wings**

She in The North Pole

**In idleness look ablaze the folds
in moonlight gleaming pink
roughed folds blossoms perfect
clarity mirrored in the mind of √
empty no trace of dust**

She in Mandarin's Dance

**In idleness gorgeous 'neath
moons brilliant light folds billow
like crystalline waves oh how
exquisite be the limpid pool void
full of pink mist**

She in The Lotus Blooms

**In idleness pink light ripples o'er
folds swelling froth into
emptiness skyward wow how they
ripen like ripe fruit ablaze frosted
with moonlight**

She in Rowing the Boat

**In idleness light pirouettes on
folds tip bursting into bloom the
mind of √ a silver moon reflecting
limpid pools inner pattern of
ripples o'er empty face**

She in Somersaulting Dragons

**In idleness the gaze of √ sits
upon the folds crimson curve the
mind of √ empty a polished mirror
hanging in the sky oh the scent
wafts up ten thousand blooms in
the emptiness**

She in Stepping Tigers

**In idleness above the dust atop
 the folds into the valleys void
 gaze √ ablaze empty space
 foaming froth forming dispersing
 oh look the inner patterns etched
 on the pink mist rising cohering
 flowing**

She in Wrestling Apes

**In idleness see √ the folds
 flutter like butterfly wings
 scattering dew gleaming pearls of
 light oh look moonlight drips into
 limpid pool listen plop**

She in Cleaving Cicadas

**In idleness the folds jut into
emptiness the moon is bright
ablaze just the purple void look
the pool bubbles its wetness coats
the crimson curtains in clarities
perfection**

She in Soaring Phoenix

**In idleness see a bright moon
slant thru folds gap the pools face
indigo ripples mist rises fromst
emptiness listen hear the serene
silence ablaze crystalline**

She in Cranes Entwining Necks

**In idleness behold the moons
glow along the folds illuming the
worlds four quarters oh look such
radiance filling emptiness oh how
effortless perfections
limitnessness**

She in Mounting Tortoises:

**In idleness sit here In atop the
folds vastness engulfing the four
worlds the mind of In hangs like
an autumn moon mirroring the
limpid pool but then ah look only
the pool in emptinesss vastness**

**In idleness atop the folds peaks
crane alights Wowww
crane takes flight on back J up
furrows valleys o'er folds lip then
off to Mount Penglai**

jsbn 9781876347686