



The Search for the Bull

In the pasture of this world, I endlessly push aside the tall
grasses in search of the bull.

Following unnamed rivers, lost upon the interpenetrating
paths of distant mountains,

My strength failing and my vitality exhausted,

I cannot find the bull.

I only hear the locusts chirring through

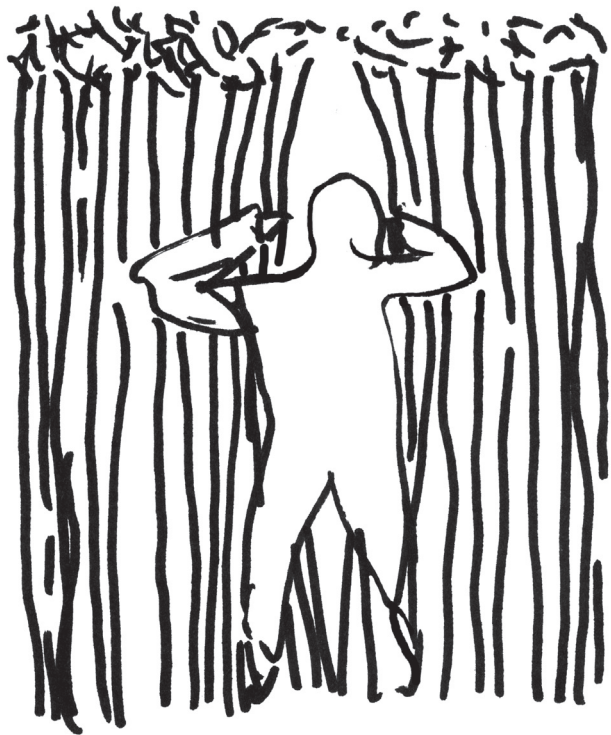
the forest at night.



by Kakuan

Transcribed by Nyogen Senzaki and Paul Reps

Illustration & design by jessë valentine portz



2

Discovering the Footprints

Along the riverbank under the trees,

I discover footprints!

Even under the fragrant grass I see his prints.

Deep in remote mountains they are found.

These traces no more can be hidden than one's nose,

looking heavenward.



3

Perceiving the Bull

I hear the song of the nightingale.

The sun is warm, the wind is mild, willows are green

along the shore,

Here no bull can hide!

What artist can draw that massive head,

those majestic horns?



4

Catching the Bull

I seize him with a terrific struggle.
His great will and power are inexhaustible.
He charges to the high plateau far above
the cloud-mists,
Or in an impenetrable ravine he stands.

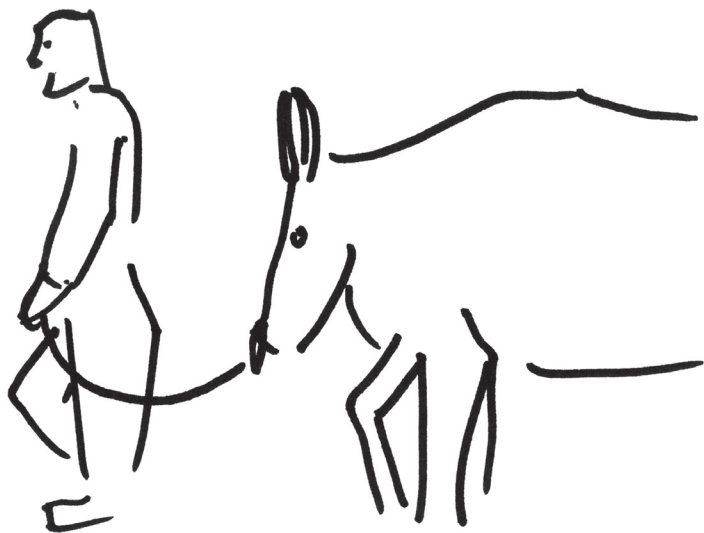


5

Taming the Bull

The whip and the rope are necessary,
else he might stray off down some dusty road.
Being well trained, he becomes naturally gentle.

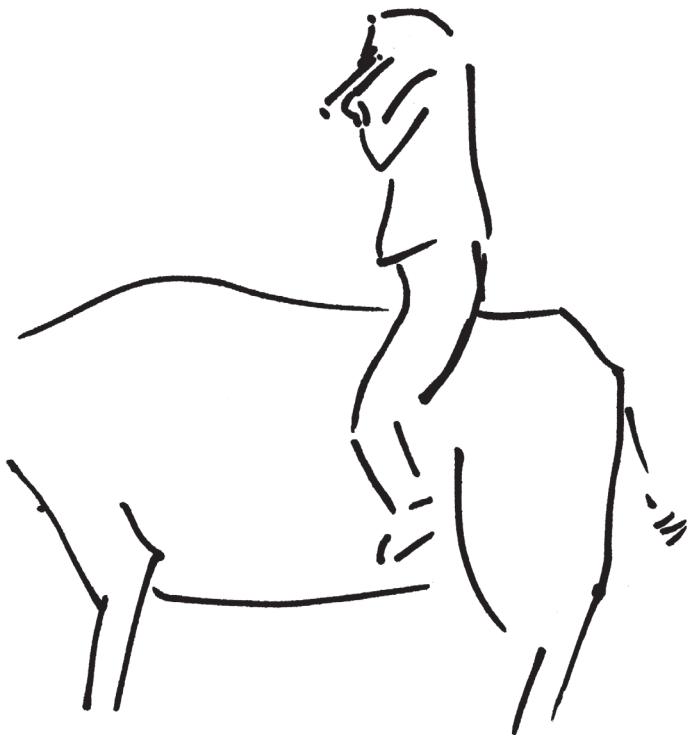
Then, unfettered, he obeys his master.



6

Riding the Bull Home

Mounting the bull, slowly I return homeward.
The voice of my flute intones through the evening.
Measuring with hand-beats the pulsating harmony,
I direct the endless rhythm.
Whoever hears this melody will join me.



The Bull Transcended

Astride the bull, I reach home.

I am serene. The bull too can rest.

The dawn has come. In blissful repose,

Within my thatched dwelling I have abandoned

the whip and rope.



8

Both Bull and Self Transcended

Whip, rope, person and bull — all merge in No-Thing.

This heaven is so vast no message can stain it.

How may a snowflake exist is a raging fire?

Here are the footprints of the patriarchs.

Reaching the Source

Too many steps have been taken returning to the root and
the source.

Better to have been blind and deaf
from the beginning!

Dwelling in one's true abode, unconcerned with that
without—

The river flows tranquilly on and the flowers are red.



10

In the World

Barefooted and naked of breast,
I mingle with the people of the world.
My clothes are ragged and dust-laden,
and I am ever blissful.

I use no magic to extend my life;
Now, before me, the dead trees become alive.



