

MY HUT & A COLD night -- Poems from  
ONE ROBE, ONE BOWL, The Zen Poetry of Ryoka April  
2006

(Greg Walkerden Help for Helpers July 29, 2024)

MY HUT lies in the middle of a dense forest;  
Every year the green ivy grows longer.  
No news of the affairs of men,  
Only the occasional song of a woodcutter.  
The sun shines and I mend my robe;  
When the moon comes out I read Buddhist  
poems.  
I have nothing to report, my friends.  
If you want to find the meaning, stop chasing  
after so many things.

A COLD night—sitting alone in my empty room  
Filled only with incense smoke.  
Outside, a bamboo grove of a hundred trees;  
On the bed, several volumes of poetry.  
The moon shines through the top of the  
window,  
And the entire neighborhood is still except for  
the cry of insects.  
Looking at this scene, limitless emotion,  
But not one word.

**ONE ROBE, ONE BOWL: The Zen Poetry of Ryokan.**  
Translated and introduced by John Stevens.  
Weatherhill, London, 2014.  
loc. 565 of 1262.