

If you retrain the light of the true mind back upon yourself, if you don't seek anymore, if you come to know that your very selves, as you are, are no different from the buddhas who are our ancestors, if you immediately have nothing-to-do, then it's called catching on to the dharma....It's best to have nothing-to-do, a pure oneness without adulteration.

Linji

Linji. The Record of Linji: A New Translation of the Linjilu in the Light of Ten Japanese Zen Commentaries. Translated by J. Broughton, & E. Y. Watanabe. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013.

...[T]he soft prevails over the hard
And the weak prevails over the strong.

Daodejing

Lao-Tzu's Taoteching. Translated by R. Pine. Port Townsend, WA: Copper Canyon Press, 2009.

Imagine that we were wandering in the palace of No-Place.
Harmony and unity would be our themes, never ending, never failing.
Join with me in actionless action.
In simplicity and quietude.
In disinterest and purity.
In harmony and ease.
My intentions are now aimless.
I go nowhere and have no idea how I got there;
I go and I come and don't know why.
I have been, I have gone.
I have no idea when my journey is over.
I wander and rest in limitless vastness.
Great knowledge comes in and I have no idea where it will all end.

Zhuangzi

The Book Of Chuang Tzu. Translated by Martin Palmer and Elizabeth Breuilly. Penguin, 1996.

To find a buddha all you have to do is see your nature. Your nature is the buddha. And the buddha is the person who's free: free of plans, free of cares. If you don't see your nature and run around all day looking somewhere else, you'll never find a buddha. The truth is there's nothing to find.

Bodhidharma

Bodhidharma. Zen Teaching of Bodhidharma. Translated by R. Pine. New York: Weatherhill, 1987.

Those who seek learning gain every day
 those who seek the Way lose every day
 they lose and they lose
 until they find nothing to do
 nothing to do means nothing not done...

Daodejing

Lao-Tzu's Taoteching. Translated by R. Pine. Port Townsend, WA: Copper Canyon Press, 2009.

The Buddha of our mind,
 the free flowing Tao,
 tells us this:
 Believing it, there is no need to search outside yourself.
 Doubting it, and searching outside the self
 is like driving north to go south.
 You will never arrive.

Ryokan

Ryokan. Dewdrops on a Lotus Leaf: Zen Poems of Ryokan. J. Stevens, trans. Boston and London: Shambhala, 2004

Now I travel throughout all ten directions with nothing to impede me. My spiritual powers were revealed and are now esteemed as unsurpassed....[buddhas] praise me for the perfect clarity, purity, ease and fearlessness with which I exercise my spiritual powers....I used the method of returning the mind-consciousness to its pure source so that the light of my mind shone forth and revealed the turbid flux within. That flux gradually subsided until it became brilliantly clear.

Śuraṅgama Sutra

Śuraṅgama Sutra with Excerpts from the Commentary by the Venerable Master Hsüan Hua. Translated by Śuraṅgama Sutra Translation Committee. Ukiah, CA: Buddhist Text Translation Society, 2009.

So, full understanding can come to you through an inexpressible mystery. The approach to it is called the Gateway of the stillness beyond all activity. If you wish to understand, know that a sudden comprehension comes when the mind has been purged of all the clutter of conceptual and discriminatory thought-activity. Those who seek the truth by means of intellect and learning only get further and further from it. Not till your thoughts cease all their branching here and there, not till you abandon all thoughts of seeking for something, not till your mind is motionless as wood or stone, will you be on the right road to the Gate.

Huangbo

Huangbo. The Zen Teaching of Huang Po: On the Transmission of Mind. Translated by John Blofeld. New York: Grove Press, 1958.

I watch people in the world
 Throw away their lives lusting after things,
 Never able to satisfy their desires,
 Falling into deep despair
 And torturing themselves.
 Even if they get what they want
 How long will they be able to enjoy it?
 For one heavenly pleasure
 They suffer ten torments of hell,
 Binding themselves more firmly to the grindstone.
 Such people are like monkeys
 Frantically grasping for the moon in the water
 And then falling into a whirlpool.
 How endlessly those caught up in the floating world suffer.
 Despite myself, I fret over them all night
 And cannot staunch my flow of tears.

Ryokan

Ryokan. *Dewdrops on a Lotus Leaf: Zen Poems of Ryokan*. J. Stevens, trans. Boston and London: Shambhala, 2004

Without desire everything is sufficient.
 With seeking myriad things are impoverished.
 Plain vegetables can soothe hunger.
 A patched robe is enough to cover this bent old body.
 Alone I hike with a deer.
 Cheerfully I sing with village children.
 The stream under the cliff cleanses my ears.
 The pine on the mountain top fits my heart.

Ryokan

Kazuaki Tanahashi and Tensho David Schneider, ed. *Essential Zen*. Castle Books, 1996.

Maintain the same state of mind in every moment of thought, in every phase of mental activity. Do not enjoy the present while planting the seeds of future suffering – by doing so you only deceive yourself and others and cannot escape from the realm of birth and death. Make effort! Make effort! Although it may seem futile now, your present efforts constitute the causes for your future enlightenment. Do not let time pass in vain while only wasting energy.

Treatise on the Essentials of
Cultivating the Mind

In McRae, J. R. *Northern School and the Formation of Early Ch'an Buddhism* (Studies in East Asian Buddhism 3 ed.). Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1986.

Theme

Without Intention, Aimlessness, Wishlessness, No Desire or

One experiences emptiness, brightness and purity. Inwardly, one's mind is delighted. One feels tranquil and blissful. There are no situations wherein one is covered over by the hindrances. The mind of goodness comes forth and manifests. One's faith and reverence increase and grow. One's mirror of wisdom becomes clear and bright. The body and mind become supple and pliant. One experiences a subtle and marvelous emptiness and quiescence. One develops a revulsion for and abhorrence of the world. There is nothing which one feels needs to be done and one remains free of desires. One remains sovereignly independent in one's ability to emerge from and enter into

Zhiyi

Zhiyi. *Essentials for Practicing Calming-and-Insight and Dhyana Meditation*. Translated by B. Dharmamitra. Seattle, WA: Kalavinka Press, 2008.

no going
no coming
at root transparent

not inside
nor outside
but in the centre
a pure crystal
without flaw

brightness reaches out
beyond man and heaven

Shide

Clouds Thick, *Whereabouts Unknown: Poems by Zen Monks of China*. Translated by Charles Egan. Columbia University Press, 2010.

It is not necessary to try to discard the mind of a sentient being. And searching for something like "correct" dharma [teaching] is also a big mistake. Simply strive to keep your true self from becoming defiled—that is all. "Seeking" and "discarding" are both mistakes.

The Mirror of Zen, #30

Joeng, B. *Mirror of Zen: The Classic Guide to Buddhist Practice by Zen Master So Sahn*. Translated by H. Gak. Boston, MA: Shambhala, 2006.

Theme

Without Intention, Aimlessness, Wishlessness, No Desire or

I reached Cold Mountain and all cares stopped
no idle thoughts remained in my head
nothing to do I write poems on rocks
and trust the current like an unmoored boat

Han Shan

Han Shan. The Collected Songs of Cold Mountain. Translated by R. Pine, Trans. Port Townsend, WA:
Copper Canyon Press, 2000.

When water is clear it sparkles
you can see the bottom without effort
when your mind doesn't have a goal
no circumstance can distract you
once your mind doesn't chase illusions
even a kalpa holds no changes
if you can be so aware
from such awareness nothing hides

Han Shan

Han Shan. The Collected Songs of Cold Mountain. Translated by R. Pine, Trans. Port Townsend, WA:
Copper Canyon Press, 2000.

There is nothing to be grasped. We simply teach you how to understand your original Mind.

Huangbo

Huangbo. The Zen Teaching of Huang Po: On the Transmission of Mind. Translated by John Blofeld. New
York: Grove Press, 1958.