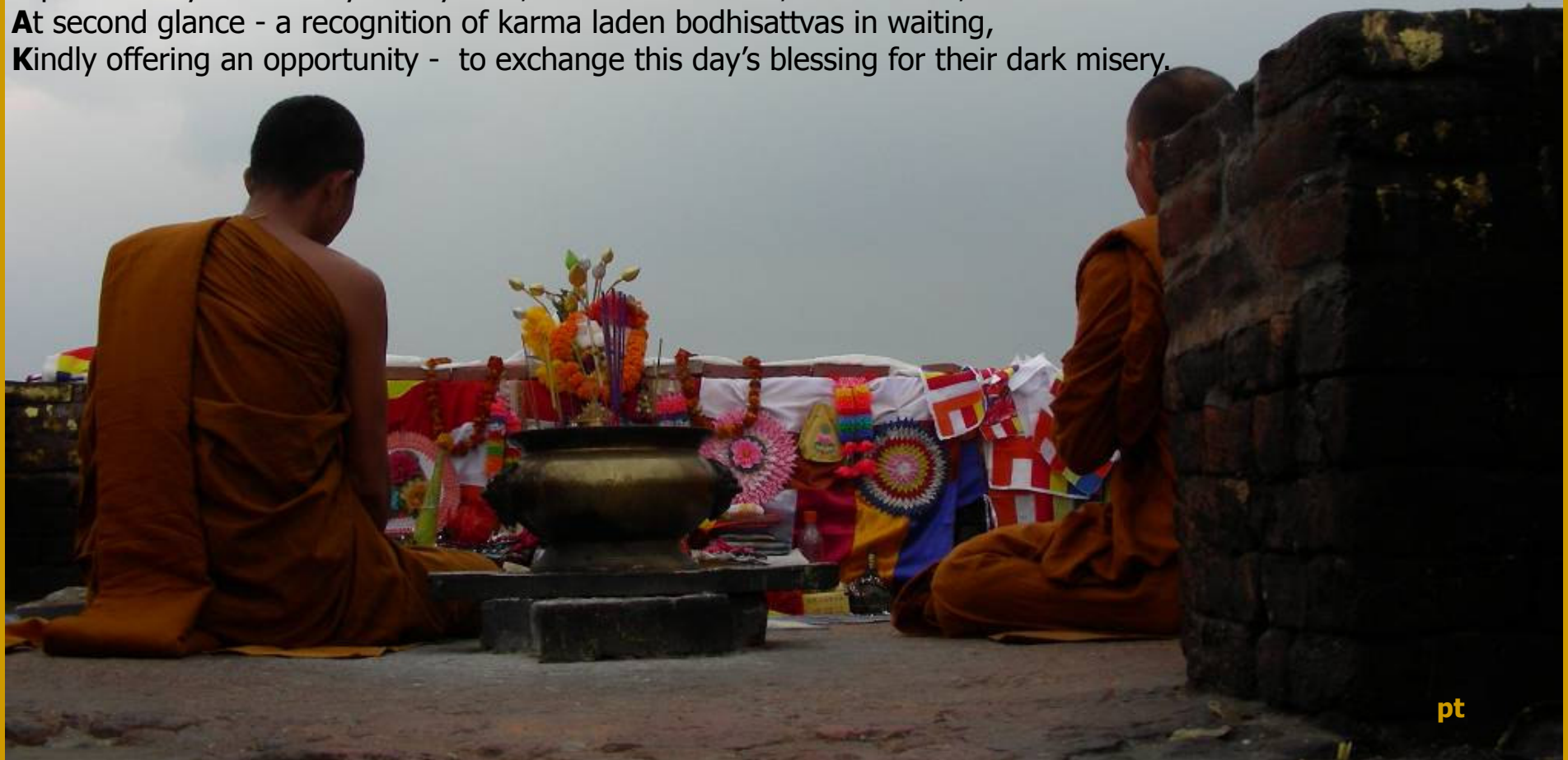


Venerable Ajahns we bow to you and the Tri Ratna.  
Unerringly, impeccably, you have guided the assemblage of our attention:  
Links of vital energy, mind full of happiness  
Together in this pure realm of dharma wheel turning.  
Under similar privilege, the Aryasangha of the Bhagava were lately gathered here;  
Respectfully acknowledged by Devas, who, even now  
Enthusiastically reciprocate the greetings we convey from eastern cousins.  
Squirrel hops up - pondering the heartbreath harmony of parami pilgrims

Puja being finaléd by an empowerment of rain, we dribble downslope,  
Equanimously assailed by the eyeless, the twistedlimbed, the scorned, the wasted.  
At second glance - a recognition of karma laden bodhisattvas in waiting,  
Kindly offering an opportunity - to exchange this day's blessing for their dark misery.





Laboured painlessly, a bodhisattva baby here trod first footsteps of the final round.  
Under flag clad branches the perplexed heaviness of relicgazing is lifted  
Magically by Uncle Dorje's karunabell intonations.  
Blackrobed Auntie Pema studiously circumnambulates the shrine tree.  
I see this is a moment of -  
No more to be said:  
Iti pi so Bhagava Araham Sammasambuddho







**Booming bass vajra melody, augmented by megaphone crackled lankan descant:**  
**Our invitation to the seat of enlightenment's silent teaching.**  
**Dharma rooted earthpower**  
**Heartfully transformed,**  
**Gifted to boundless space, blooms in the clarity of emptiness**  
**Attendant on our robe offering process - a topknotted twinkling taoist, ashwood tilaked saivite,**  
**Yantracasting yogis, taciturn tantrikas, doodledandy souvenir snappers, grey zen priest -**  
**All safely havened in the shelter of this wakening tree.**