

Zoom Zazen, Saturday 27 August 2022

Today is the last *kusen* on Master Keizan's *Zazen Yojinki*. His last recommendation says:

"So," concludes Master Keizan, "stay in non-action, and stop everything. Relax and live countless years as a moment. Be cold ashes, a withered tree, an incense pot in an abandoned temple, a piece of immaculate silk."

To remain in non-action is an incentive to just stay in a maintained alertness, with no one to *do* it. Attention itself is our very gaze. Let the Eye-Treasury perceive the now and only that, perceive the living that awakens in our bodies in every moment in the form of the sensations and thoughts that come and go in the mind, and in what springs up in the space all around us. This can only be done by leaving our mind open to whatever comes to us, in the moment before anything appears. There is no more *self* claiming perception, but only perception itself, the sound of the river, the cry of a crow, a passing car, a plane in the sky.

The person, the *self* that we believe ourselves to be, could never awaken, because it is an integral part of the manifestation, of this existence which appears only in the ungraspable *now* and disappears there immediately.

Zazen is pure perception. Pure awareness of the Presence of *self*. The body is like a flower that opens and our emotions are its perfume. And we are that space where all this happens and is perceived, consciously and unconsciously. My mind is only an empty mirror where the world is just a reflection and where the sensation of existence appears.

There is no intention in That which looks, and that is why we can speak of non-action.

"Neither existence nor non-existence, everywhere before the eyes!"

The eyes see, the ears hear, but the show happens, arises in an empty room, because there is no one to admire it. And there is no longer any witness able to say that there's no-one there either. A gaze without a person who gazes: *Hishiryō*, untranslatable, unquantifiable, without characteristics, which can only be defined by what it is not.

*"Time without limit is reduced to the useless," says Master Wanshi in the *Mokushōka*, the *Song of Silent Awakening*, "and nothing is discernible. In this light, all effort is forgotten."*

In this absence of effort, in this non-action, Master Keizan invites us to the very moment that contains eternity, the heart of meditation where all effort is forgotten.

*"This one moment when eighty thousand doors are created and eternal time is complete," says Master Yōka in the *Shōdōka*.*

There is nothing more than cold ashes, a dried out tree, an incense pot in an abandoned temple, a piece of flawless silk. It is this zazen which *is* non-duality. Let zazen happen without *self*. The attention is not conscious of itself. It is there without knowing that it is there. It is there without even knowing that '*me*', '*I*' am there. There is only *That which is* - at the same time existence and non-existence - both everywhere and nowhere. It is in the heart of zazen that this understanding is *lived*.

I leave the final teaching to Master Yōka:

"Dear friend, don't you see that person of satori who has stopped studying and is inactive? They seek neither to remove illusions nor to find the truth."
