Tenborin Zoom - 10 October 2026

Our own heart is the source of light.

We must reflect seriously on what is implied in this statement. It is within our heart-mind that the world is seen and perceived. Our gaze springs from this source and illuminates what we see. When this gaze is fully conscious, we see things *as they are*. When it is not conscious, it means that it is filtered by the mind.

In the *Kōmyōzō Zanmai*, Koun Ejo tells us:

> *'It also happens that ignorant people - when they hear of light - think of the light of fireflies, of a lamp, of the sun or the moon, or of the lustre of gold and precious stones; they grope about in search of comparisons, trying to perceive a radiant light.*
>
> *They focus on the words, picturing this light through the intellect, imagining a realm of absolute emptiness and total silence."*

And you - how do you see this light, or how do you understand it?

Go beyond words. We know that it is the reality they point to that matters. A reality that merges with the invisible and the inconceivable. If we think about what light is through the lens of words, we will see nothing and remain enslaved by them. If we accept only what words define, we remain in ignorance. We become victims of an intellectual, reductive, materialistic dogmatism that distances us from our own light. Let us place our trust in zazen, which naturally leads us to the realm beyond words, towards our own light.

Not to depend on one's own personal intelligence means not relying on that 'self' which interprets everything through conceptual notions, and constantly produces theories and imaginary scenarios. By depending on nothing, by grasping nothing, we reunite body and mind in a single instant; we kindle the light. This reunification means that it is understood, without a shadow of a doubt, that *'all that is'* is always already there. Everything shines!

During zazen, in the silence, when we allow ourselves to be absorbed in the pure awareness of Presence, we realise that we *are* light and we know with certainty that light is what we are. This realisation itself is light. There is no longer any need to rely on thought; it is always direct and immediate. It unfolds right here, right now. There is no other thing that we *could* be.

> *'Komyo,'* explains Master Deshimaru, *'is spiritual light, the essence of satori. It is invisible and yet it is like the sun; it is the very substance of the cosmic order. During zazen, its radiance accumulates within us, subtly, silently, in tenderness. It then shines of its own accord, and our mind becomes* zō*, the storehouse, the dwelling-place of this light. Our Treasure."*

During zazen, we realise that we *are* That which is before the appearance of our knowledge of our own existence.

If we heed the teachings of our masters, we know that we *are* the light of Awakening. The Real is uniquely *Now*. It is no longer necessary to think that we lack something, and we can completely enjoy everything that the present moment brings us. For we realise that we *are* the light that illuminates the arising and passing away of things. Right *here* on this very zafu.

A haiku by Bashō:

> *'The rains of the autumn moon*
>
> *Have fallen, yet they have spared it!*
>
> *My Chapel-of-Light.'*

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