

## THREE TEMPLES IN THE COSMIC DUST

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A transient flow of the spring sky at dawn  
streaming into silky mist  
evokes threads of my religious aspiration  
and a story emerges in the quiet temple of my thoughts

I remember the story of a Japanese architect, working in India  
building a temple with native people  
struggling between racial animosity and a burning thirst for pure water  
Under the imperial sun and dry dusty heat  
a slow, dull spirit engulfed them  
Only his thirst for spiritual water became intensified  
every succeeding moment  
as the dry, dull frustration spread into eternity

One day, driven by an obscure, yet, intense desire  
he partook of their muddy brown water  
The water imbued with the pure native soil and spirit  
emitted its brown hues into eyes gazing at the architect's enraptured  
soul,  
quenched finally by the spirit of a primal harmony

The story creeps into my religious aspiration  
like a silk worm  
chewing the leaves of my imagination

The completed temple  
the symbolic edifice of the oneness of spirit  
shines in the dusty heat  
embracing dry echoes of human struggle  
transcending time  
Here, the brown water purified by the depth and strength of spirit  
gushes in the well of human experiences

I close my eyes and swim into the ocean of time  
with memories of religious architecture  
weaving the tapestry of my vision

Wet pavements in Vienna  
lead to a cathedral  
with its lofty grey steeple crowded by pigeons and the passionate eyes of  
tourists' cameras  
absorbing the stream of people kneeling down  
to the awe and pride of history and art  
The expression of Jesus Christ in his agony of love  
lingering through centuries  
casts pale eyes into dim space between columns  
yet recognizing few spiritual eyes among joyful pilgrims  
shining like pebbles on a rain-washed street

The pearly hues of redemption  
gently arise from the artistic framework of imagination  
The ardent eyes of religious aspiration  
calmly burn in dark corners  
gazing into the unwritten time-space  
seeking for a well of love and resource of creativity

While numerous spiders are weaving time  
in every crevice of human strife  
the cathedral gathers silver webs  
that gently caress scars of sins  
redeeming  
weaving  
re-creating every dynamic moment  
the visions of spiritual sensitivity  
responding to the echoes of creative imagination  
a temple in a Japanese village  
frogs chant to the starry night  
Yet ancient silence prevails  
over the mossy rocks growing alive  
under the peaceful slumber of a temple bell

Forces of contrasts and complements  
assert their innate powers  
merging and vanishing  
into a gigantic spiral storm of time-space  
then  
re-emerge as exquisite reflections of the illusion of life  
Arranged in a simple garden,  
the mystery evokes a universal cry of awe  
and penetrates hearts gazing into the cosmic mirror

Heavy temple bells reverberate in my deep memory  
echoing in the tunnel of my conscious search  
for a passage to unity  
for the wholeness of my spirit  
bringing harmony in the infinitely chaotic current of life

One solitary morning in the silky mist of spring  
sitting in the small living room of a Victorian cottage  
which my family is laboring to restore,  
I concentrate on time through the visions of temples  
gathering the vivid force of re-creation  
amidst the scents of dust, the crowds, rain, pigeons, moss-covered  
rocks, frogs  
and the resounding bells  
with an earnest desire to invert time,  
to drink brown water in a ritual  
to return to Oneness in the cosmic dust . . . .  
through the labor of creation . . . .  
to construct a religious edifice  
that embraces all spirituality  
aspiring for the beauty of life