



No. 1 ~ 2012

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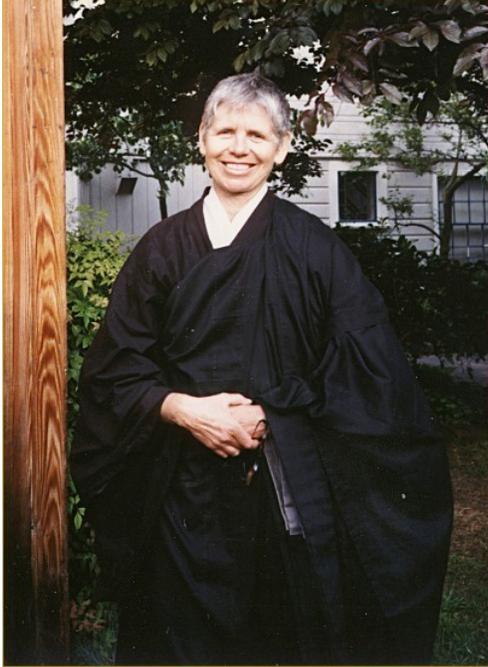
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*Maylie Scott (1935 - 2001)*

*"AZG members' practice has a strong,  
independent quality and varies widely...  
As long as we ripen together in the Dharma our  
lives will be continuously renewed."*

*~ October 1998*

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**For Maylie, Dogen and the chidens**

*Lynda McDevitt*

Longlasting orchids  
On the zendo altars now  
Blossoms will still fall



*Bone & Stone ~ photo by Bill Devall*

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## **The Black Keys**

*Michael Quam*

My heart is singing a long song, seeking others  
To form the complex harmonies I love,  
Holding the tension of a minor seventh  
Almost to the breaking point, then slipping  
Into tonic release, a temporary resting place  
Before reshaping the sound, creating a chance

To discover a new island in the ocean  
Of myriad twitters and booms all around us.  
The first songs my heart learned were played  
On the white keys. Some hearts stay true to those  
Old modes and melodies. But my heart quickened  
When I first heard the black keys. They unlocked

A passion that rose up through my feet and  
Melted away the cold constraints of piety.  
Now, those five-note modes and flatted fifths  
Soothe me with the spare and mournful blues  
From the Delta, or rouse me with the hard-edged  
Headlong rowdiness of a juke-joint jump.

After listening carefully, Doctor Ali tells me  
I sometimes drop a beat, but he doesn't think  
It's a problem for a heart my age, and I think  
Perhaps my arrhythmia is a kind of polyrhythm,  
Like African drummers use to conjure spirits,  
Healing through dance and trance, like Elvin

Did for Coltrane and Tony did for Miles, no steady  
Straight ahead meter, but the rhythm inside the  
beat,  
A filigree woven with sticks and brushes, playing  
Sometimes just ahead, sometimes just behind, the  
feel  
Of the sound, the rush and lag, the push and pull,  
Like a river of song, like a heart when it's fully  
open.

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*January ~ Yenisei River, Krasnoyarsk, Siberia*

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**On Not Receiving Maitreya Water**

*Gael A. Hodgkins*

I have been baptized by the Holy Ghost  
Dipped in Sierra streams  
Rolled by Pacific Ocean waves  
Have floated in Tahoe's Lake  
Survived--long long ago--a Soviet river swim  
Back-stroked naked with Maylie in Mill Creek Lake  
Drunk--and been drunk on--bourbon, brandy and vodka  
Dissolved again and again in streaming tears.

Soon, Rilke's bright angels will shake out, over my dead  
body,  
    their rain-drenched hair.  
'Til then, couch-potatoing,  
I'll watch tear-shaped water slide down my window panes.

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### **Another Poem**

*Judith Louise*

The usual subjects  
moon, ocean, frogs  
also  
struggle, worry, hardship  
life as it is  
accepted.

*Spring ~ photo by Karen Mueller*

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[Buddhabrot by Evercat](#)

### **Beauty and the Buddha**

*Barbara Madaras*

Theoretically, we think we should be able to find Buddha anywhere and everywhere. After all, the myriad dharmas are numberless, including all that we sense, construct, recall, or even imagine. Still, we might be surprised to find “the Buddha” in some arresting places. Say, inside of a fractal.

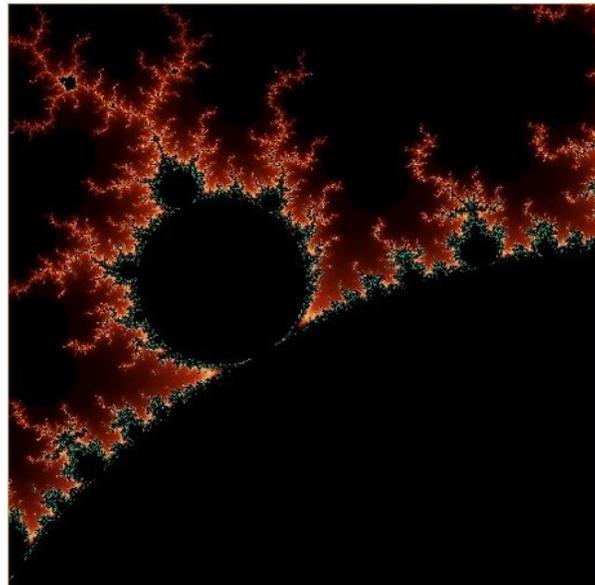
A fractal is a special kind of mathematical equation, one whose solution loops back on itself and creates (if you graph it) an endless repeating pattern. Many fractals spin out quite realistic images of coastlines, clouds, mountain ranges, or trees.



Fractals can be used to study chaos—phenomena like cyclones developing from wind patterns, or airplane wings developing dangerous vortexes. It turns out that tiny changes in the initial conditions of a weather system result in typical air currents becoming cyclones. In fact, we can see that many “real world” natural phenomena live a hair's breadth away from violence. Fractals let us model chaotic, sometimes destructive, behavior because a tiny change in the equation of a fractal can cause it to spin out infinite indeterminate patterns.

Ride your horse along the edge of the sword . . .

A special collection of fractals is called the Mandelbrot set. These have the quality of being “concentrated,” that is, instead of spinning off infinitely, they go more deeply inside themselves, so to speak, and replicate their images in every part of their original shape. There are many depictions of Mandelbrot fractals, whose intricate patterns are astonishingly beautiful.



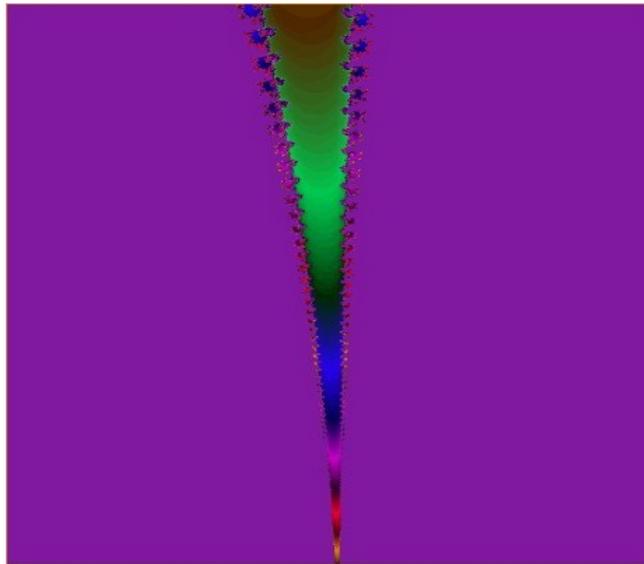
The Buddha's “image,” the Buddhabrot, is found in one of the variations in the mathematical expression defining the Mandelbrot set. If you look closely at the image, you can see the smaller “buddhas” that comprise the whole. And if you look at the image with the “eyes” of a computer, you can drill down into any part of the image to see another infinite chain of “Buddhas” (you can actually do this using a simulation found, in one of many examples, in [this YouTube video](#)).

To call fractals truly beautiful is to admire their intricate patterns, a quality that seems to be universally present in our concept of beauty. Mathematics (numbers) has been a foundation of our concepts of beauty ever since the ancients recognized geometric forms in the skies. So, we shouldn't be surprised that mathematics is still underpinning beauty even in an age when art, including music, has evolved far past the classical boundaries. Yet, to find a mathematical image that is both surprising and particularly delightful is at least serendipity.

All of this begs the question of how we would react if another equation produced an image that we found distasteful, grotesque, or even self-mockingly dubious— what if we found an instantly recognizable “Satan”, or maybe even an “Elvisbrot”? Are all of the myriad dharmas equally “beautiful”? Perhaps only a poet can answer:

The core of every core, the kernel of every kernel  
an almond! Held in itself, deepening in sweetness:  
all of this, everything, right up to the stars,  
is the meat around your stone.  
Accept my bow.

Rainer Maria Rilke, from “The Buddha Inside the Light”



For more info and images, check out [Wikipedia](#). To create your own Buddhabrots on the web, like the two above by Suzanne, try [this](#) site.



*Falling Water Meditation ~ photo and text by Jack Miller*

*I took this photo in early 2006 when my nephew William and I had the good fortune to travel around Cambodia. On this day, we rented motorbikes in the port city of Sihanoukville on the Gulf of Thailand and worked our way inland for about 17 km to the Kbal Chhay Waterfalls. A group of Buddhist monks and young novices showed up to enjoy the afternoon at the falls. As always, many were eager to practice their English on us. One fine day!*

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**Untitled**

*Judith Louise*

Welcome rain  
in a dry winter  
loud in the night  
I savor the sounds  
with my cat  
curled in my lap purring,  
wet nose pressed to my wrist.



*Buddha's Birthday ~ photo by Karen Mueller*

*¡Hola, Ikkyu!*  
*Michael Quam*

Cinco de Mayo  
apple blossoms in the wind  
nada perdido



*Flowers 2012 ~ Melanie Dabill ~ colored pencil*

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## **Ten Nine**

*Toby Griggs*

Spinning, spiraling cosmic tidal pools  
Starfish, aurora, anemone

Deep turquoise tortoise diamond heart sparkling  
See life clear connecting current flow

Sunken song sung round river rendezvous  
Unending, mind bending, bubbly brook

Foot stepping stone, pebble, particle, wave  
Water, precious, pure, pours past, present

Sequoia drinks deluge, downpour, rains days  
Succulent, salmon, Trillium, fern

Clouds climb mountains, great valley, desert rain  
Cactus flowers, leaping lizard plays

Cross canyons, sagebrush, coyotes, crow  
Fire crackle moon dusted crater cliffs

Foxfire light luminous dark forest dance  
Firefly, owl, cricket consciousness

Rock mesa, tundra, mountain, arroyo  
Piñon rainbow dragon nebula



*The Swallows ~ Edouard Manet ~ 1873*

***Coda: Early Morning Zazen***

*Suzanne*

can anyone else  
hear the squeaking of my glasses  
against my hat?

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