

# Bone of Space

POEMS BY ZEN MASTER SEUNG SAHN

*"Bone of Space* is in the remarkable tradition of Zen poetry begun in China in the T'ang dynasty, and today — on the evidence of these poems — as much alive as ever. As with the ancient poems, the best of which reveal wisdoms too deep for prose, these poems startle with their boldness, freshness and sharp intuitions. The collection should be thrust at once into the face of Western Zen, and well beyond." — Lucien Stryk

---

## An Extract from "Bone of Space"

BY ZEN MASTER SEUNG SAHN

Some days mist rises from the ocean floor.  
Some days rocks hail from the sky.

Bodhidharma doesn't know anything.  
Liang Wu Ti understands happiness.

You make me a builder of Zen centers.  
I only have two empty hands.

Originally no dharma, no coming, no India.  
Lose tongue, there is no bone.

In America, already everything is complete.  
All mountains are high. All rivers flow into the ocean.

---

*This article copyright © 2008 Kwan Um School of Zen*