

Anonymous for Arrow vol i. a 2-11-13 edition

The Archer

Archer, quiver, arrow, bow,
Archer, draw and target, fly
Just the arrow-point and sky
Fsssh...Zoop!

The Point

Narrowing the arrow down to nothing,
By becoming so unequivocally specific,
At the unseen moment it disappears completely
Immediately, naturally the point emerges

The Bow

For we are made as bows
Bows that are to targets made
And to the target pointing back
Our arrows of intention fly

Penetrating paradox
A river of ice
Lacking (having) nothing
A mountain of gold
Happening so discretely
Every tendril of fire
Infallibly perfecting, oh!
The wind which blows

Arrow flies, they fly
In the unmoved sky
It's great, clearly
Here we are! Let's go!

The Quiver

Mind's inexhaustible quiver
Of thoughts trembling out
Taking form as arrow words
Aim it once with pure intent