

*Anonymous for Saraha Arrow Newsletter Vol. i. a Feb. 11, 2013*

*Inner and outer degenerate times; shrines in rented rooms perched on silk-draped produce boxes, the cut-off bottoms of cans to hold candles.*

*Thumbtacks holding thankgas against peeling or vibrant paint, childhood gift of pink embroidered Yeshe Tsogyal mantras nailed delicately to whatever space would allow it.*

*Haphazard daybreak Ngondro while roommates crashed dishes and I crashed my head on the walls for hunched attic-sized prostrations; daily afflictive emotions thicker than Skagit Valley fog.*

*Lama Tharchin Rinpoche taught outer circumstances as "...a thorn for the Samadhi meditation."*

*Gingerly sitting on barbed thorns, flying every which way down tributaries of distraction once the little teeth bit and sunk in.*

*Now—still precious little wisdom or discipline. But—late afternoon light beaming like amber over the vulture shoulders of a room full of seven-point postures; Junction City prayer flags laid out all five colors in ripstop fabric before evening session.*

*Blessed space and even breath on all sides. Burning off of winter and movement toward Losar; the slow removal of thorns.*

*From oak trees and soft carpet at the peak of a neighborhood hill, receiving back an outer support for a grateful return to educated practice.*