Kenneth White

AUTUMN AT LUK WU TEMPLE

Twelve miles along the coast

now in the evening mist

the red gates

Why did Buddha come from the West?

– a bowl of noodles

and this amber – coloured tea

A temple in the mountains –

the sound of sweeping

the sound of sweeping

Wind in the pines

the roof – bell tolling

through the mosquito net, the moon

Leaving at dawn

after rice gruel and beans –

the call of a wood-pigeon

*(Lantao /Island, South China Sea.)*