

Kwan Yin at Lytton

Rev. Master Kōten

Someone must have brought You here,
wished for a place and made the wish concrete;
a door to heaven and a place to ask,
to be heard;
where prayer could be valid.
This is the story.

Who brought You here
or were you coming anyway;
assuage the gold lust,
turn a good deed,
listen to the prayers of a prostitute or two?
Or help heal a heart sick, home sick
young man.

Far have You come
yet not so far to You
for whom everywhere is at home,
the ten directions flowering.

Who called to You,
spoke in the night,
dark with fears and
unexpected wants?

I too call.

Quench my uneasy fears,
load my heart with courage
for to journey
and come with me
at least part of the way.

Kwan Yin at Lytton,
rivers flow,
trees escape the rocks,
Jade in the water,
Hear the sad blood mixing
and descend.

On a rock, near the River,
She was seen.
Can you believe-
will you have faith-
going just halfway to meet?
