

An Assembly of Splendid Warriors

Resting in a meadow on this moist, cushion-like earth
I am free from doubt
The heavenly rain of unceasing wisdom soaks the waiting
earth with elixir.

Looking up as grass does—sprouting, lifting, rising
As heaven touches the cheek of a small baby
I pay homage to the ancestral Rigden Fathers.

The warmth of the sun heats my skull
Carrying a pack slung loosely over my shoulders
The moist earth between my toes
I am alone.

The assembly of warriors
The sky filled with millions of stars
The progress from stone to stone is a celebration of goodness.

An Assembly of Splendid Warriors: A Commentary

An Assembly of Splendid Warriors

This poem is dedicated to unceasing Ashe in the hearts of all.

Resting in a meadow on this moist, cushion-like earth

I am free from doubt

These lines refer to unconditional purity. The meadow is the playground of our life. The earth is wedded to our dreams, so that our fulfillment as human beings is dedicated to the earth. Because of that, we have no doubt about heaven or about being here.

The heavenly rain of unceasing wisdom soaks the waiting earth with elixir.

Moisture comes from heaven; the wisdom of the rain is the natural nourishment that comes from the simple fact of our life, our world, our existence.

Looking up as grass does—sprouting, lifting, rising

The image of grass growing, reaching up towards heaven, is like opening to the vast expanse of one's mind.

As heaven touches the cheek of a small baby

When we open up to that expanse, the heavenly rain moistens our aspiration and wakes up the infant warrior.

I pay homage to the ancestral Rigden Fathers.

When we become genuinely uplifted, paying homage is the posture of dignity. This is like remembering our own birth.

The warmth of the sun heats my skull

The Great Eastern Sun is creating the warmth of genuineness in all of us, so that we don't have to pretend.

Carrying a pack slung loosely over my shoulders

The moist earth between my toes

I am alone.

The carefree warrior does not experience the obligations of warriorship as a burden.

The assembly of warriors

The sky filled with millions of stars

The sky is the vast domain of the warriors; the brilliance of the stars is their presence, lighting our path.

The progress from stone to stone is a celebration of goodness.

Following that path is like dancing on stones in a mountain stream. It is refreshing because we are light on our feet and sure of our step, and as we step, the cool water splashes and proclaims the eternal goodness of every one of us.

*Kalapa Assembly
Lake Louise, Alberta
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