BARELY AFLOAT
摩訶般若波羅蜜多心經

KAN-JI-ZAI BO-SATSU GYO JIN HAN NYA HA RA Avalokitesvara bodhisattva practice deep prajna paramita

密多時照見五蘊皆空度一切若空

SHAI-RI-SHI SHIKI FU I KU KU FU Sariputra, form not different (from) emptiness. Emptiness not

異色即空空即是色

Sensation, thought, active substance, consciousness, also like this.

受想行識亦不復如是

Sensation, thought, active substance, consciousness, also like this.

METSU FU KU FU JO FU ZO FU GEN annihilated not tainted, not pure, (does) not increase, (does) not decrease.

滅不垢不淨不增不減

Therefore in emptiness no form, no sensation, thought, active substance,

是故空中無色無受想行
SHIKI MU GEN NI BI ZETS SHIN NI MU SHIKI SHO consciousness. No eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, mind; no color, sound,

KO MI SOKU HO MU GEN KAI NAI - SHI MU smell, taste, touch, object; no eye, world of eyes until we come to also no

香味觸法無眼界及至無

I - SHIKI - KAI MU MU - MYO YAKU MU MU - MYO JIN world of consciousness; no ignorance, also no ignorance annihilation,

意識界無無明亦無無明盡

NAI - SHI MU RO SHI, YAKU MU RO SHI JIN until we come to no old age, death, also no old age, death annihilation of

及至無老死亦無老死盡

MU KU SHU METSU DO MU CHI YAKU MU no suffering, cause of suffering, nirvana, path; no wisdom, also no

無著集滅道無智亦無

TOKU I MU SHO TOK KO BO - DAI - SAT - TA E attainment because of no attainment. Bodhisattva depends on

得以無所得故菩提薩埵依

HAN - NYA HA - RA - MIT - TA KO SHIN MU KE - GE projña paramita because mind no obstacle

般若波羅密多故心無罣礙

MU - KE - GE KO MU U KU - FU On - RI IS - SAI Because of no obstacle no exist fear; go beyond all

無罣礙故無有恐怖遠離一切

TEN - DO MU SO KU - GYO NE - HAN SAN - ZE (topsy-turvey views) attain Nirvana. Past, present and future every

顛倒夢想究竟涅槃三世諸
仏仏依般若波羅密多故

TOKU A NOKU TA RA SAN MYAKU SAN BO DAI attained supreme, perfect, enlightenment.

得阿耨多羅三藐三菩薩

KO CHI HAN-NYA HA-RA-MIT-TA ZE DAI SHIN Therefore I know Prajna paramita (is) the great holy

故智般若波羅密多是大神

SHU ZE DAI MYO SHU ZE MU-JO-SHU ZE mantram, the great untainted mantram, the

咒是大明咒是無上咒是

MU-TO-DO SHU NO JO IS-SAI KU incomparable mantram. Is capable of assuaging all suffering.

無等等咒能除一切苦

SHIN-JITSU FU KO KO SETSU HAN-NYA HA-RA-MIT-TA True not false. Therefore he proclaimed Prajna paramita

真実不虚故説般若波羅密多

SHU EOKU SETSU SHU WATSU GYA-TE GYA-TE HA-RA mantram and proclaimed mantram says gone, gone, to the other shore

呪即説呪日羯誦羯誦波羅

GYA-TE HARA SO GYA-TE, BO DHI SOWA KA. gone, reach (go) enlighten-ment accomplish

羯誦波羅僧羯誦菩薩説薩婆訶

NEGAWAKUWA KONO KUDOKU O MOTTE AMANEKU ISSAINI What we pray (is that), this merit (with) universally all existence

願はくはこの功德を以て普く一切に
OYOBOSHI WARERA TO SHUJO TO MINA TOMONI BUTUDO O
Pervade, we and sentient being all with Buddhism
及ぼし我等と衆生と皆共に仏道を
JOZEN KOTO O
achieve (what we pray is) this
成ぜんことを
(What I pray is that this merit pervade universally and we Buddhists and all sentient beings achieve Buddhism.)

JI HO SAN - SHI I-SHI HU SHI SON
Ten directions past, present and future all Buddhas The world honoured one.
十方三世一切仏至尊

BU - SA MA - KO SA MA - KA HO - JA HO - RO - MI
Bodhisattva, great Bodhisattva, great Prajna-paramita.
菩薩摩訶薩摩訶般若波羅蜜

FOR THE MEMORY OF SHINSANSHIKI
ZEN CENTER
THE FLOATING BEAR

Quarterly

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PROCRASTINATION

I feel tomorrow it may be. Tonight. Later
ah when the world is ripe then will descend
o letters on fire fall on my head.

Not now with my arm against the hard brown desk.
Go on; it has begun. The old beat is in the heart.
This is the new start you long awaited.

The pattern of feelings interlock the chest.

The eyes become bright and hard as diamonds.
Night falls at noon.
Too soon the leaves break from the branches.

And whistle in the air of your ears.
The spirit is near, and dear
the grasping of the mind upwards

towards the full sun, wheeling in the heavens.
At one with the cosmos, you are a star shining
in the blue of the day time sky light.
PROCRASTINATION

I feel tomorrow it may be. Tonight. Later
ah when the world is ripe then will descend
o letters of fire fall on my head.

Not now with my arm against the hard brown desk.
Go on: it has begun. The old heat is in the heart.
This is the new start you long awaited.

The traceries of feeling interlock the chest.

The eyes become onyx and pearl.
The night falls at noon.
Too soon leaves break from their branches.

They whistle in your ears.
The spirit is near, and the mind
grasps upward to the full sun
wheeling in the heavens.
At one with the cosmos, you are a star shining
in the blue of the day-time sky-light.
PROCRASTINATION

I feel tomorrow it may be. Tonight. Later
ah when the world is ripe then will descend
o letters on fire fall on my head.

Not now with my arm against the hard brown desk.
Go on: it has begun. The old heat is in the heart.
This is the new start you long awaited.

Traceries of feeling interlock the chest.
Eyes become bright, and wet at their edges.
Night falls at noon.

Too soon the leaves break from the branches.
And whistle in the air of your ears.
The spirit is near, and dear
The grasping of the mind upwards

Towards the full sun, wheeling in the heavens.
At one with the cosmos, you are a star shining
In the blue of the day-time sky-light.

God make me humble,
God forgive me
God with my head against the hard desk
Release to me the powers.
That dwell in your breast.
NIGHT BOAT TO CAIRO

swirling down the Nile to reach Egypt
forbidden city of the Fatimmas.
Incense drifts out of the sunrise saffron and cinnamon sandalwood and musk.

murky streets cloud the white buildings jutting against the sky.
Ride under the gate:
   Egypt, Cairo: "Your name is
   on my brow
   forever now"

Ivory and ebony inlay.

   Taste again the stale
dust of kingdoms gone.
   Fallen walls and marble halls;
limestone streets and morrocan stucco steeples
alabaster towers and minarets with steel spires.

   Men pass unaware of kings
and courts; secret treasures,
guarded ruins;
   filthy pictures
   too priceless to own.
   Gone the gain of loot. Jades
and precious emeralds, pearls and rubies;
The Empire bracelets, sapphires, cruel diamonds of conquest.

   In their place put rugs
and handmade bazaars
pottery shops, art falls
to artisans, lost the
prized collections and
careless evening parties
where the guests swam in gold.
Led the old tales
of wise men
and soothsayers in the market place
harp again with eyes wide open
to wonder; splendours entirely destroyed.

Empty stands the throne
harem the palace
and purple under the
coming dusk
Stands the lonely man
Singing in his mosque

The hymns of
Egypt to the
fading Eastern world

Oh; your name is on my brow
my tongue forever young
now.
THE MOLE PROPOSES SOLITUDE

Women, acacia and bluebells
These haunt the evening's afterglow.
Would they were near
Who have been a long time now
Gone, with the wind, and hyacinth
Dreamy under the spell of a poem by F. T. Prince
my fingers lightly rest on his Doors of Stone
listening for the right word to answer
The cricket's monotone.

2.
Evening discloses none,
I chain-smoke burn a hole
in the blanket, ache under
the light, as a mole burrows
in the morning towards the sun—
although his hole discloses none, but
one—before his face: Two eyes glare in the darkness
and dirt. They are his own. They are mine.

3.27.63
SONG LYRIC for "Shoot the President"

Time slips by
in the wink of an eye
one hour has gone
and you're ready to fly.

off your rocker at dawn.
Riders in the sky, born
with horse, sense here's
a brand new baby that's born

up, time on my hands, stop the clock, the years
run out in a day, the fears
of the future turned around
to hope now in your soul wears

wings. The ground the ancients found
why walk when you can fly — grey hound
who's hot on the track of a fast rabbit
after the man, Father Time out bound
with an oil burner habit.

At Forty-eighth and Madison, Babbitt
takes his train to Jersey by
the sea, five twenty nine, grab it

man, the ride's on me.

JOHN WIENERS
NOTES from a reading at the Poetry Center, San Francisco, March 1, 1959

A DISCLOSURE. In the announcement of this reading I am described as a first-rate poet. It is meant, I think, as an honor and as an advertisement, but it is mistaken. The Roman Catholic Church very early recognized that priesthood was an office not a personal achievement; thus what might have been a fraud became a sacrament. There is no such thing as a first-rate priest, and, because a poem is a service of the Divine, I would maintain that there is no such thing as a first-rate poet. My view of what a priest is differs somewhat I believe from that of the Church, for it is my belief that whoever enacts the sacrament in the name of God is ordained in that Name, for the sake of the sacrament. Likewise, wherever a man writes in the name of Poetry, he writes in the office of the Poet in order that there be a poem, and if he claim personal honor for the act he usurps the honor.

Thus, my hope is that, as audience, you will be an audience of poetry, not my audience; that you will refrain from appreciating, enjoying, or admiring "what I have done", for to do so is to mistake the event. The poem exists in order for you to enter therein, not for your approval or disapproval. To applaud after a poem is to put up a thunderous wall of acclaim for the performer against the music where the poem exists in the heart of God. The audience of poetry does not clap; it endures whatever excitement or pleasure, and seeks to dwell thru the performance in the mystery performed. In hell the damned clap continuously against the silence in which they fear there is no God.

MEMOIRS OF MY TIME AND PLACE. My life as a poet has passed thru a series of alembics where what poetry is for me was wedded to certain forces out of Poetry and divorced from others. In declaring that there is a Poetry, a man in order that there be a poet seeks to open his mind and heart to be a dance-floor where a new, an Other, life may come to dance in this world. A poem is news of an other life. And from childhood I have been seeking the lore of that other life, with a faith that everything that is realized here is there, and real only there—thus I call it the real world; that everything we do here, each act, the actual world, is a sign, an omen of the real, and an enactment of its reality, as the actual words in actual script or print on the actual pages are signs of a real spiritual world. This is the mystery of the stage; it is the magic of writing; it takes place in the transubstantiation of the Host; and is contained in the doctrine that Christ is the Word. Thus in the actual world, this world as we call it, men have "found" or founded signs of God, perceived or believed, and in this realized, that this Being was all, and that one's own existence was but part among such a multitude, inconceivable, of parts in the Universe of that Being, coexisting thru time and space as Eternity, that self existed only in terms of that Being. The realized world will return in being made real entirely to God-ness, for the real world is God.

The poet Louis Zukofsky writes in BARELY AND WIDELY: "God is / but one's deepest conviction— / your art, its use." Just because it is a use of my deepest conviction, I consider Poetry not to be a literary achievement or an affect of gentility (tho gentleness has its part in the real) and particularly not to be a commodity of cultured taste, but to be a process of the Process that is the culture or tillage of souls that there might be and is a spiritual reality. We appear in this world in order to perform certain acts of the real. Thus in order to be masters of the actual we must be servants of the real or we know not what we do.
I know myself, Robert Duncan, to be mortal. Before 1919 certain likenesses of what I am appeared over and over again among animals as Man, within the species as racial variety, as Iberian and Celt; and among my forefathers hints even of what I was specifically to be had life and died. Paracelsus tells us: "What lies in the remotest corner of the earth casts its shadow on man, and man is suffused with what lies in the depth of the sea." This is the meaning of evolution that thru process we have our share in all of creation and thus are of God, I have a likeness in the Fish. But what I am is only an instance of a series of me that moves thru time precisely because it continually dies away from itself in being born into itself. This is what it means to be mortal: to wax and wane, to have genius in the moment and to perish therein, to come into being and pass out of being in order to be at all, and to enact this drama in a period of gestation (which restates the multitude of evolution toward one mortal fact), in the throws of birth itself (which enacts the uniqueness of this fact), in the throws of death itself (which enacts the mortality of this fact), and in dissolution and decay (which falls away from in order to admit that there is immortality only in God). Paracelsus tells us again: "As soon as a child is conceived, it receives its own heaven." I have my own life and my own time because I am utterly mortal; it is indeed by the virtue of these boundaries of birth and death which are the grace of God that I have this tenancy of myself. Thus I know that I am not the Poet. As a "poet" I am only an instance and instrument of the Poet that I imagine—that is, Who is real, and Whose work is immortal Poetry, is Reality.

ROBERT DUNCAN
Stinson Beach, 1959
EDITORS NOTES:

Of the three versions of John Wieners' poem Procrastination:

    the first appeared in *Signal* No. 1, Fall of 1963;
    the second appears in *Ace of Pentacles*, the Wieners poem book
        published in 1964;
    and the third is from a manuscript prepared for a reading at the
        Cafe Le Metro in September 1964.

"Shoot the President" was a musical commissioned by the American Theatre
for Poets. John Wieners and Diane di Prima were to have collaborated on
the lyrics, and Joel Oppenheimer was to have penned the book. The project
was dropped after someone shot the president of the U.S.

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