

## THE IDENTITY OF RELATIVE AND ABSOLUTE

The mind of the Great Sage of India  
Is intimately conveyed west and east.  
Among human beings are wise ones and fools  
In the Way there is no teacher of north and south.  
The subtle Source is clear and bright;  
The branching streams flow in the dark.  
To be attached to things is primordial illusion;  
To encounter the absolute is not yet enlightenment.  
All spheres, every sense and field  
Intermingle even as they shine alone,  
Interacting even as they merge,  
Yet keeping their places in expressions of their own.  
Forms differ primally in shape and character  
And sounds in harsh or soothing tones.  
The dark makes all words one;  
The brightness distinguishes good and bad phrases.  
The four elements return to their true nature  
As a child to its mother.  
Fire is hot, water is wet, wind moves and the earth is dense.  
Eye and form, ear and sound, nose and smell,  
Tongue and taste, the sweet and sour:  
Each independent of the other  
Like leaves that come from the same root.  
And though leaves and root must go back to the Source  
Both root and leaves have their own uses.  
Light is also darkness, but do not move with it as darkness.  
Darkness is light; do not see it as light.  
Light and darkness are not one, not two,  
Like the foot before and the foot behind in walking.  
Each thing has its own being  
Which is not different from its place and function.  
The relative fits the absolute as a box and its lid.  
The absolute meets the relative  
Like two arrow points that meet in mid-air.  
Hearing this, simply perceive the Source, make no criterion.  
If you do not see the Way, you do not see it even as you walk on it.  
When you walk the Way you draw no nearer, progress no farther.  
Who fails to see this is mountains and rivers away.  
Listen, those who would pierce this subtle matter:  
Do not waste your time by night or day.