

Fairy Tale**Miroslaw Holub**

He built himself a house,
his foundations,
his stones,
his walls,
his roof overhead,
his chimney and smoke,
his view from the window.

He made himself a garden,
his fence
his thyme,
his earthworm,
his evening dew.

He cut out his bit of sky above.
And he wrapped the garden in the sky
and the house in the garden
and packed the lot in handkerchief
and went off
lone as an arctic fox
through the cold
unending
rain
into the world.

Zen Legend**James Kirkup**

'Master, how may I find
the secret of life'?

—'Go into the remotest wilderness,
and when you have found it,
come and tell me'.

The disciple went into
the remotest wilderness.
For one year
he meditated.

But when he came to tell the Master
what he had found, the Master said:
'No, you have not found it'.

So the disciple went back into
the remotest wilderness.
For five years
he meditated.

But when he came to tell the Master
what he had found, the Master said:
'No, you have not found it'.

So the disciple went back again into
the remotest wilderness,
and without seeking for it
immediately found it.

But when he had found it
he did not come to tell the Master.

Then the Master
knew he had found it.

A Black Man's Song**Jimi Rand**

I looked in the mirror.
What did I see?
Not black not white,
but me, only me.

Coal black face
with big bright eyes
and lily white teeth,
that's lil old me.

Yes I looked in the mirror.
What did I see?
I saw a fella *ce now*
who's dear to me.