

## *Gnomae from the Tao Te John*

by John Champion

The Tao that cannot be followed cannot be followed;  
the name that cannot be named cannot be named.

You cannot have what isn't yours.

The way you look is the way you look at it.

Desire keeps you as it is from what you are.

The wise embrace without holding a world they cannot.

You cannot hear what cannot be heard.

The instrument makes what music the stops allow

You cannot receive what you do not give.

minimum technology maximum knowledge

Roots connect underground: pull one up—a star falls from the sky.

Without emptiness the house you build is empty.

THOSE

who think the world round but live flat

who think the world flat but live round

When the work is finished there is nothing left to do.

Looking ROUND there's nothing not a flower

M [other

No matter where you put the body you bury it in the house.

Naming names helps the guilty go free.

W[hole

our world

a]part

The way is a destination we reach by leaving it.

Lakes cannot abide their depths being plumbed.

Only one great thing sings me--when I am mindful.

We find ourselves following the lines from here to yonder.

Nothing doing and never alone.

Epitaph: We are with you now for growing wise and letting go.

Joining mouth and tail hands turn the heavens  
--calendar and pitch pipe, so close, you cannot slip a hair between.

Desiring more helps you know how much you're going to lose.

She turned inside out and the letters spilled.

A thing is as thought a fire is how becoming departs.

Takes more than one to make  
the sound not made from two things pounding.

Hands have ears. Drum speaks to them.

Match feet on the ground with hands in the stars.

How happy my hood is full:  
a baby big as a tiny walrus smiles with two teeth.

Holy Moly sitting zazen made perfect by what happens.

Avoid the symbol. Let the page be tattooed and reader compelled to eat.

Non-desire satisfies desire.

The woman with her dragon horse divines the path to paradise.

The nothing we point at the other is a revolver.

Thoughts are bars to keep us out feelings keep us in.

Conquest is the object of reason.

Cage wanted out.

Once will be now the only time to listen.

No thing but in relation

Deeping others we become ourselves.

Thus are we led to way out of no way.

