

Notes from Talk 5:

1. The neurosurgeon's book Gail mentioned is: *When Breath Becomes Air* by Paul Kalanithi (Random House 2016).

2. To be completely involved in what you are doing without thinking about various things is Dogen's way. This kind of composure--thank you very much, I have no complaints whatsoever--is reached, he insists, through actual practice, not through words.

A few years ago I wrote a whimsical poem to this same point:

*at my crazy behest*

and he fires the valley  
with a great roar and loud (loud) explosions  
and the valley, clogged with smoke,  
allows nothing but hiding my eyes

suddenly it dies  
though the god is offended  
(he does not like anyone cutting green branches  
and is even offended if locals cut dry wood)

*crows cawed, crows barked*  
*loudly (loudly) all day long,*

say friends say friends from far away

*to appease the god*

*we make a black tea offering*

next morning at Tsirab's temple

I say I am sorry, ask forgiveness and

make a black tea offering

Tsirab is not angry

in fact he is quite pleased

Tsirab is definitely on your side

he is not upset at all

--Gail Sher (New Year's Greeting, 2007)