



*The
Old
Time*

THE SUPREME MASTER CHING HAI

The Old Time


THE SUPREME MASTER CHING HAI



THE SUPREME MASTER CHING HAI

*C
o
n
t
e
n
t
s*

1. Your Love Is a Boring Game.....	01
2. We Don't Live More Than One Hundred Years!	03
3. Go On Home and Marry Someone Else.....	06
4. I Don't Belong to the World That You Do	08
5. What the Heck!.....	10
6. The Masked.....	11
7. Killer and Victim.....	14
8. Convalescence	16
9. Substitution.....	19
10. The Man Who Would Recreate Eden	21
11. The Animal in Me.....	22
12. To Rudolf - About Reinheit	23
13. To Mother-in-Law	25
14. To Germany.....	26
15. T-L-C, Please	27
16. Friendship	28



17. Needed.....	30
18. Screaming Out Loud.....	33
19. Protest.....	36
20. Lend Me Your God.....	38
21. Self Confession.....	40
22. Ich Bereue.....	42
23. The Hypocrite.....	43
24. Suddenly.....	50
25. Letter to a Vampire.....	52
26. Nothing You Dare.....	56
27. The Proud Donkey.....	58
28. The Miffed Miss Migraine.....	60
29. What Kind of Protection.....	64
30. True and False.....	66
31. Tings 2 Do.....	72
32. The Master and I.....	73

Foreword

The Old Time is a rare collection of poems composed by Supreme Master Ching Hai from the time the Poet was a young adult living in Europe to the present day.

Candid and direct in both style and tone, Supreme Master Ching Hai's poems vividly portray the impermanent nature of life. In this collection, tale after tale of disillusionment, profound sadness, stinging betrayal and other disappointments all too common in our romantic endeavors are intimately told. Earnestly affectionate, yet sometimes struck by tragic or unrequited love, the Poet's intrinsic desire for the Truth constantly shines through, like a star sparkling in the night's indigo sky.

The yearning for belongingness, inherent in human beings, is coupled with a yearning for total freedom. Such is the paradox of the heart; it wishes to settle down and yet does not want to feel trapped in an ordinary life. This intense dissonance is indicative of a deep-rooted longing for a greater Love and Freedom. Admonishing against superficiality and hypocrisy, the Poet is impassioned about being Free and True to Oneself:

*I can't live in this confined world,
Where people grab and control!
I want to go beyond and above
All these bondages and limits!*

- Screaming Out Loud

In pain and suffering, one often turns to the Creator. During moments of desperate inner struggles, defiance and compassion resonate in Her verses:

*I am on a hunger strike
To protest the misery
Imposed on humanity
And other beings in the universe.*


- Protest

Supreme Master Ching Hai finds Herself living in austere settings, akin to a lotus flower growing in a muddy pond. And yet, Her abiding Love flourishes in even the harshest of these surroundings. Ultimately, through Her poems, we are drawn into the middle of our own Awakening. This Truth is difficult to imagine in a turbulent world, but in fact lies dormant within us all. Supreme Master Ching Hai offers Her readers the poetic inspiration to search within and reach for these most cherished intimacies of Truth and Freedom.

Biography of The Supreme Master Ching Hai

The Supreme Master Ching Hai was born in Central Aulac (Vietnam). In Her early adulthood, She studied in Europe where She also worked for the International Red Cross. Later, She married a German scientist and doctor and settled in Germany. Although She was happily married at the time, it was with Her husband's blessing that Master Ching Hai left to pursue Her childhood dream of enlightenment. Thus began a time of arduous pilgrimages to many different countries that ended only when She met a perfect living Master in the Himalayas. From Her Teacher, Master Ching Hai received the divine transmission and learned a method of meditation on the Inner Light and Sound, which She later called the Quan Yin Method. After a period of diligent practice, She attained Perfect Enlightenment.

To satisfy the sincere longing of Truth seekers, the Supreme Master Ching Hai initiates people from different nationalities, religions and cultural backgrounds into the Quan Yin Method of meditation. Her message of love and peace brings hope to people throughout the world, reminding them to live in Truth, Virtue, and Beauty.



*A*part from setting a noble example, Supreme Master Ching Hai also encourages others to beautify the world through spiritual practice. Expressing Her inner joy through diverse media such as painting, poetry, jewelry and clothing designs, and musical compositions, Master Ching Hai seeks to enhance the outer as well as the inner beauty of all people with whom She comes in contact. Her artistic creations, displayed at exhibitions throughout the world, remind us of the inner spiritual realms. Her poems have served as a source of inspiration for many renowned composers, who adapted the poems to music and performed the compositions to worldwide acclaim.

*A*t a banquet honoring the Supreme Master Ching Hai in 1993, Mayor Frank F. Fasi of Honolulu, Hawaii proclaimed: “The Supreme Master Ching Hai brings love to places around the world still plagued with hatred. She brings hope where there is despair, and She brings understanding where there is misunderstanding. She is the light of a great person, an angel of mercy for all of us.”

Your Love
Is a
Boring Game



*I am leaving in the morning,
Bored with the game we are playing:
No one moves any further,
It's rather frustrating!*

*We are two such bad players
Both afraid to be losers!
Well, one of us has to give up
It cannot go on forever...*

*I would rather be the one
Who makes the move, or be on the run
Than spending my precious time
Waiting for things to arrive.*

*I have never won any game
In love, in life, in fortune, in fame,
So it's just one more time
I guess I will get by.*

*So come on, move! My fellow player!
Don't just sit there or stand by!
You're stretching my patience too much;
It's surely no elastic rubber!*

*You can either be honest as one should be:
That you are in love and we shall marry
Or if you're not, then the game is over.
Either way, we'll both be free.*

*Life is waiting in some corners:
Another game, another player.
Some may lose, some might win.
But at least be spontaneous and lively,
For the love game is very exciting!*

München
1978

We Don't Live
More Than
One Hundred Years!

*Sorry darling if I could wait no more,
I am not a nun, and never want to be so.
You don't wish to share your life,
So let me go on my way!*

*I know you think I am crazy,
But what difference will that be?
I live my life as I please
No matter what others think.
Everyone has different things!*

*I mean tonight I was nuts!
But so what: Aren't the rest of us!...
Otherwise how could we carry on living,
For life isn't worth a thing!?*

*You know that I am still in love with you!
But that has nothing to do...
I cannot please everybody,
So I will please me!*

*That doesn't mean you are not right;
We all have only one life!
If you read others' philosophies,
It's only theory!*

*You have no idea how it is to be a woman,
From Asia and in Europe alone.
I have a lot to worry
Every day, every night!*

*So I am fed up being a fighter,
To protect myself, against the world!...
Sometimes I just want to die,
Good-bye this meaningless life!*

*But I am just a coward!
Therefore, I am still here!
Standing in all this filth
Shedding all these tears!...*

München
2/1979



Go On Home
and Marry
Someone Else



Go on home!
Marry a secretary.
Marry a sweet-and-twenty,
Or one of your nurses.
I am really through
Waiting for you!

You are a doctor,
A brilliant future!
I'm a poor writer
My work will probably never be in print.

Go on home!
Marry a teacher.
Or a female doctor.
Marry anyone,
Whose wealth and secure future
Will enable you to your throne.

Go on home!
Marry a rich widow.
Many of her Deutsch marks
Will pay all the debts
To keep your "order,"
Your luxurious home,
Your private clinique,
And enormous antique items.

Of course you won't marry me!
You don't want to, and I know why:
There are plenty of other flowers,
On the papillon's way.

So go on home!
Sleep with the big garden,
Sleep with your twelve-bedroom palace,
Sleep with your beautiful fireplace,
Sleep with your luxurious kitchen!...

And find a "married widow"
To sleep with you!...

Rosenheim
1978

I Don't Belong to the World That You Do

- for Thu

*Though I have been acting like a princess or a queen,
I never liked what I said!
And you know quite well what I mean:
That "the world is a bigger stage,"
And "I am no one but a should-have-been"!*

*I'd like to keep the role you want me to play
For a longer time, and for a better life,
All the luxuries, all the glorious titles!
But you know... the game doesn't pay!*

*I am packing, I am leaving today.
Out with the birds I'll fly... fly away.
You'll never catch me!
For you're not born free!*

*There was a time
I thought I would die,
Leaving you and the possessions behind!
But the wild is used to the jungle,
I'll survive...*

*I don't belong to the world that you do!
Oh! It hurts to hear! But it is true:
"You don't belong to the world that I do."
So farewell, Johnny...
We are really, really through!*

München
12/29/1978

What
the
Heck!

*I am so sad, so, so, so sad
Don't know what the hell's going on!!!
Why do I love you and suffer like that?
Oh! I lost my heart! I lost my soul!*

*I want to run, a thousand miles a minute,
I want to shout, shatter mountains,
I want to fly through the universe,
I want to dive into the deep ocean!!!
Just to find the answer to my burning love,
Just to see what else is on earth.
But I am running within my heart
With my soul on my shoulders!
I'm shouting within my head
Dropped on my knees and crying many hours...*

*I want to die
Many a lonely night.
I want to find death
Many an empty day.
Why am I still living,
Waiting, waiting, waiting???*

Berlin, Germany
1977

The Masked

*Either you are a superb actor
Or I am blind,
Being in love!*

*But it was truly difficult to recognize
Under the lambskin
A veritable wolf!
Under the mask of a Prince Charming,
A real bloodsucker!*

*It is unbelievable,
Still.
To think that the person I love
With all sweet passion
And earth-trembling thrill
Turns out
To be... like this!*

*My feeling,
So incredibly perplexed.
It will take a long time
To forget
That the one you trust
Betrayed,
Did all this to you.
Then turned around
Playing “cool”!
(or just pure wickedness?)*

*How on earth can a man change so fast
And have no remorse in his feelings?
I want to know
The essence that made up his being,
Whether it's human or what?
'Cause I have never encountered
Any like that.
I'm both amazed and painfully surprised!*

*Now, every wound heals with time,
Except mine, which is doubtful and hopeless,
For I've given all I had
And more!
Now, it is difficult
To get back.*

*I wonder
How much longer will it take?
Will I ever completely recover
Or remain an invalid?*

*God seems too far...
And the Buddha's vanished!
Left me cold
With the winter of my soul!*

*Everything seems not the way it looks,
The people are not the way they are.
Am I a fool
Trying hard
To understand the world?
Ha!!!*

For Ailien

Killer and Victim

*I'm trembling with shock and panic
When you announce
That you are with another woman.
No matter if she's a princess or queen
Or the ex:*

*How can any man
Be so insensitive
To the feelings of a loved one
Or the once loved,
To hurt deliberately and loud
And feel even proud
Of success?*

*God bless!
God bless!
God bless you ten thousand times
For the things that you do today
And the days ahead!*

*I pray that fate be kind,
This hour and the rest,
Bestowing grace and happiness
Upon you
And the one you choose
To be with!*

*Or else how can a person
Get away with it:
Stabbing the spirit
Killing without murder?*

*I am now half deaf, half blurred,
Half alive,
Half dead!
O God be merciful
Grant me peace and rest.
How can anyone survive
Such hazard?
When the killer cannot be brought behind bars,
And the victim has no visible wounds!*

*Why did you have to torture
Someone who's already shattered
With a stormy life
And hurricanes from all sides?*

*O help me God!
Help me Buddha!
Help m... angels!
Why are Y... so far?...*

Convalescence

*While I am struggling between life and death
In a small hospital room,
You celebrate joyfully the deliberate reunion in a hotel suite!
At the cost of my agony!
Now, the true face of a so-called friendship's emerged, finally!*

*So much for the romance
Talk about real love!
Now, face to face with actuality
Every word seems empty!
When it's really happening
Love amounts to nothing.
Ha ha! To laugh or to cry,
The pain is excruciating!
Seems like the whole world falls apart,
Seems like I never know God.*

*Oh – Delicious is this thing called life!
Bitter, sweet, sour, agony, any taste you like –
Just savour whatever it is,
In tears or in sweat,
In blood or in raw pain.
That's what the theologians explain
To you in an amount of books
That can build thousands of pyramids.*

*But it is useless,
To me,
To anybody,
When they have this special pain in the heart.*



Substitution

*Will you lend me a hand?
Tonight I want to be romantic.
(He never wanted to be.)*

*I don't have the one I love
So I love the one I can.
Any heart that wants to be given,
Please lend me your hand.*

*Life is such a puzzle,
Love is such an addiction.
I am lost in the middle,
Don't know the right direction!!!*

Will you lie by my side?

Tonight, I want to share my bed.

My lover is cold as the winter night,

Left me without fire!!!

Will you walk with me down the aisle,

And say "yes" once for a lifetime?

I cannot marry for love

So I will marry the one by my side...

Will you stay, stay with me,

Rain and shine, in wealth, and in poverty?

I am so tired of falling in love;

Just lend me a hand, and stay with me...

München
Winter 1978

The Man
Who
Would
Recreate
Eden

*Originally in Aulacese:
"Người Dựng Địa Đàng"
Translated by
Supreme Master Television staff*

*My love, do you still remember your words?
O ruby lips like the blood passing through my heart
O eyes so blue like azure clouds on the horizon
O tresses like priceless silk, so fine and golden!*

*You promised me passage from winter to summer
Transforming the cycle of suffering to paradise on Earth
Showing me new passion and enjoyment
With wondrous hands, you would recreate Heaven!*

*But then you took back all the magics,
Leaving me depleted and lovelorn
Eyes wide open, bereft of tears
And my barren heart, only a faint murmur!*

*Please take back, too, your words — empty of all meaning —
It's too late now; the boat has sailed from the pier of old.
Why kneel in repentance, the one who would recreate Eden?
Why cling to the fleeting love that we can't mend?*

Calmbach 1980

The Animal in Me

*I sometimes envy the animals
Making love in nature
Without worrying about anti-baby pills!*

*If we have two or three children
Knock at the door, already residing problem,
To feed and clothe them nowadays, alas!
It's more impossible than one could ever dream!*

*And when money matters come to the front door
Love flies out through the window!
It's depressing how life is,
Don't know where to go.*

*I am in love but I'm so frightened
Of getting married and having children.
Maybe I will run away
Before I get trapped for life!*

Allach
1979

To Rudolf - About Reinheit

*Reinheit** has no residence in the body,
For it is born by the spirit.
In case you did not realize
What the definition of purity is:

Virgin is the wife
Who waits days and nights
Till her man comes back,
No matter how far away.

Virgin is the girl
Who worships her lover
With whole soul and heart,
Married or spinster!

Pure is the widow
Who cares for her child
After disaster
Has taken her spouse!

*Reinheit takes so many forms
Whether known or unknown.
It has all nationalities,
In all persons old and young.*

*So prepare your bouquet of white roses
Or white lilies or whatever white flower.
Marry with a virgin mind,
Marry with a white gown.*

*... But if after all adventures,
You can find no one
To love forever,
Then you live alone
Or live with someone,
But you'll die...
A virgin.*

München
1979

* *Purity*

To Mother-in-Law

*Things go so well, as they could ever be,
We have never been so happy.
Please Mother, stay there with Pop,
We can manage without you and the whole family.*

Rapallo, Italy
7/30/1980



To Germany

*It's so beautiful here, I don't want to go
To face the snow and the cold
In the wet land where the sun freezes!
And the wind cuts ruthlessly wherever you go.*

*Here are light sandals over the sand
Here's golden skin on the beach
Here are bikinis on the promenade
Here are red flowers and blue ocean.
And the green mountains on the left, on the right
And the chapels and the wandering forest ways
And small villages with fresh food restaurants on the beach
And warm sun, sun, sun, every day!*

Rapallo
8/1980

T-L-C, Please

*With every sharp word
The romance bleeds
The heart's injured.*

*Oh! How can the romantic
Survive this world?
The lovers supposed
To talk poetry
Whisper passion
Dream of the stars
And the moon*

*Not money
Not overtime
Not highway traffic.*

*One step over the line,
Love is out of fire.*

*Bring back romance
Bring back peace
Bring back Eden
Amen!*

F
r
i
e
n
d
s
h
i
p

*It's easy to win friends,
They are hard to keep.
Everyone knows it:
A true friend is always near
Even when the whole world disappears.*

*Trust and reliability
Are the nourishments to friendship.
On the contrary,
Selfishness,
Harsh resistance,
Being cold and haughty,
These are true companion's enemies.*

*So we should know,
There are only two things to choose:
The one that keeps friends
Another destroys confidential trust.*

*In life, have friends we must,
Then do take care,
That we treat others
The way we know that is just and fair.
Loyalty and loving heart are the noble virtues
That all wise men cannot ignore.
For without them,
We are no longer human!*

*There is much more,
But let it be another chapter...
Just to cultivate these,
Would now be sufficient for thee!*

Bye till next time
Yours sincerely

Needed

Why do you feel

That you always have to do something

Or be asked to run some errand

In order to feel needed?

You being there

Is sufficient,

Is all there is to be done!

Why do you feel

You have to know every detail

Or to be explained

To be reported of all possible events

In order to feel in charge?

*Just stick around,
You will know anyhow!*

*Don't be hurry
Just be!
Don't be nosy
Just see!
Don't try to control
Just relax
And be whole!
You'll be yourself
And I'll be
Me!*

*Feel free! Feel free...!
Don't worry.
We will have lots of time
To grow wise,
To spend together
If you'll just stand by.*

*Be quiet and observe
Be nice and be loved.*

*Everything we ever wanted to ask,
Is just around the corner.
By walking too fast or running forever,
We might miss it
By even one millimeter!*

*The grass must be grass
And the flowers, flowers.
So are the sun, moon and stars...
They do nothing
They neither feel needed,
Nor ignored!*

*All things in the universe,
Are simply the way they are.*

.....

Relax!

**Lots of love,
Signed
Always yours**

Screaming Out Loud



*I can't live in this confined world,
Where people grab and control!
I want to go beyond and above
All these bondages and limits!
I have to breathe
The air of heaven.
I have to go
Where the wind blows...*

*Let me live,
Let me grow.
Let me be
ME!
However different
However strange it might seem
To thee.
But my life belongs to me.
I shall live the way that I'm pleased!*

*If you cannot help
Then let me be free
I'll fly with the bird,
I'll rise with the sun
I'll dream on the surface of the moon
And I'll write poetry for the petals of orchids.*

*I'll shower in the rain of the first day of summer,
I'll climb trees and float on the waves of the great ocean,
I'll paint the tender blades of the spring grass!
I'll run with the field butterfly barefooted,
I'll play hide-and-seek
With the fish in the river.
I'll sing folk songs in late night of the fall.
I'll stroll in the friendly forest path!
I'll enjoy the succulent garden ripe fruits,
They will just fall from the tree for me!*

*I'll do the things,
That you deem foolish and crazy.
But I'll so very like it!*

*Let me be
Let me breathe!*

*Oh Heaven, Oh God
Hear me!
Oh all Angels,
Lift me!*

Protest

*I am on a hunger strike
To protest the misery
Imposed on humanity
And other beings in the universe.*

*Even if God said that it's only a joke,
A drama, a lesson, a n'importe quoi! *
The pain is still raw
And the flesh hurts with real wounds.*

* Whatever

*If You can not manufacture perfect objects
I'd advise You to stop creating!
You make black holes,
You build time warps and such horrors.
These are plainly mistakes.
It's alright, we forgive You,
But don't condemn us
If we mortals
Fail to measure up to Thee,
We are just like men tossed into the sea
Tied hands and feet!*

*In heaven
Pretty You sit.
Laughing or crying, who knows!
While we agonize
The whole life
Just to survive!*

*And You send sickness,
Disaster,
War,
Hunger!
And much, much more!*

*OK! OK! Some of them are man-made!
But it takes millions of years
For us to awake,
To know some of what You know;
And the sorrows
Are endless!*

*I think it's terrible –
Your poor creative ability!
You can not be
God,
The Almighty!
You are
The Maya!*

Lend Me Your God

*Originally in Aulacese: "Mượn Bút Thiên"
Translated by The SMCHA Book Department*

*Reminiscing an ancient fairy tale
Once upon a time,
The gods sympathized for humans still
An age of innocence,
When I dreamt of Heaven at night
Life was beautiful, and reverie blithe.*

*I long for the days of my childhood
Books from school,
Food and clothing by Mom and Dad.
In melancholy moments,
A god appeared in my imagination
To bestow miracles
And alter the situation.*

*Now that I've come of age, life seems full of turmoil
With empty hands, my own future I must decide.
The dream of old has taken flight
For a distant land, the gods, too, have left human's side.*

*There are times when my sorrow is indescribable
Life is deceptive, and people untruthful!
I yearn for some faith to behold
To nurture hopes, like when I was little.*

*If you have a spare god, please lend me one
To rescue me from this dark realm
This instant; don't promise in a life to come,
I shall languish in a slow demise, waiting!*

Self Confession

*Originally in Aulacese: "Tìi Thú"
Translated by Supreme Master Television staff*

*I've lived through days of deception,
Professing love not felt genuinely!
Sweet utterances from rosy lips,
Passionate words from an ice cold heart...*

*So many times, I've lost and gained,
Waning strength in exchange for an ephemeral existence!
This body, a grave for thousands of beings:
Many lives perished to sustain my existence!*

*I've indulged in many illusions,
Day and night, keeping up with the Joneses.
This ephemeral body, skin burning with passion,
How I writhed, plunging into the fire of lust!!*

*I've passed many shores, clear and muddy,
Washing my face, then painting it again,
Desiring fame, fine houses and wealth,
To enjoy this life, I've abandoned noble ideals...*

*After many struggles, I awake suddenly
Asking myself, "Is that all there is?"
What does it matter, a few extra tens of years,
To chase for fame and gain with efforts so dear!*

*What shall I do in the days ahead,
When hair loses luster and youthful rosiness fades?
When breathing ceases, is it death or rebirth?
Christ and Buddha taught about Heaven and purgatory!*

*I ask myself in this self confession today:
Is this life, or is death close by?*

Italy - 1980

Ich Bereue*



*I would like to count
How many good persons there are in the whole world.
But I think I should not bother,
For there are just so few!*

*The world stinks like a dead fish,
The human race stinks like rotten shrimp.
Yet! I have to live with them,
These stinking creatures from, you know – God!
What they're all talking about
Is sex, money, and adultery...
Soon, I'll be stinking too
If I don't get out! Quickly.*

Or I'll be drowning in filth!

** Ich Bereue: I regret*

The Hypocrite

*Everyone seems to emphasize manners.
I alone seem to be lost!
Or are they just hiding their true nature,
Behind a hypocritical façade?*

*They dare not laugh.
They dare not cry.
They dare not say the things in their mind.
Riding in two boats,
Saying it's hard to decide!*

*Neither ja!
Neither nein!
People do whatever they like
For selfishness' sake.
Then say: "Oh, sorry.
I really can't help it,
Even if I trample on your heart and feelings.
It's your own 'self-created' thing."*

*By the way – you can blame God.
(The poor Guy is just perfect for this sort!)
But I must do my bidding.
So fake and phony,
Their actions are so strange and funny.
But somehow
They bring tears to my eyes.*

*Why do I have to mind
Whatever people do or did?
Why can't I just accept it
And be happy,
Go on with my own destiny –
Whatever it will be?*

*People are the way they are,
Why fret!
But...*

*The tears are shed
By... themselves!
When I am alone in bed,
When I have no one
To talk to.*

*The world is full of people.
Why not just spare the right one for me!
I feel so lonely,
I can't even cry.
Tears are dried up,
Heart is emptied.
Who knows
What is destiny
What is reality
Who are you
Who is me?*

*What is it that's called memory
Which emanates joy and sadness?
Why all this misery?
Yesterday never comes back,
Tomorrow is uncertainty.
What am I to do
In such a time of great upheaval
When wounds seem never to heal
And salvation is just a fancy promise...*

*I can't even quit
The cruel game!*

*Mr. God (if He ever exists)
Must be a cool stupid!
(Sorry for the irreverence)
Can't help it!
In times like this
Cannot think of any better term.*

*Let Him die,
Let Him go where He likes.
Just couldn't care less.
He is utterly useless.
I hate the Guy.*

*He sits somewhere in paradise,
Laughing at our tears and sweat,
Bleeding and pain.
And we thank Thee profoundly
For Thy Grace.*

*And Mr. God,
If You ever want to know –
I hate
The whole creation!
It brings so much pain and frustra-
tion,
So much sorrow and stress.
Ah yes! Little happiness
You miserly old mighty –
We couldn't care less.
Do what You please
'Cause we are helpless
Victims of destiny...*

*Then we are blamed for whatever
Happens to our lot.
Innocent is Herr Gott.
Oh! Yes we know –
You are the best of all,
And we are just wretches!
Born in sin and go to hell after death,
If we dare say something against
Or not believe in Thee*

*Oh! Come on! Set us free
From Your graceful bondage.
Can You just love and not condemn us?
The cross of Your mercy
Is too heavy
For us mortals to carry!
You don't have to do anything for us,
So there is no favor
That we have to so dearly pay for.*

*You gave everything,
But woe to the one who touches.
It costs anything that our innocent brain can figure,
And beyond.*

*So where is the fun?
Where's the grace...
And the eternal damnation and hell and more?
Oh no,
Thanks a lot!
What an awful God
You must be.*

*Even just to think of You
I want to flee.
Help!
Help me!
If You truly exist
Help me to know Your real identity.
I'm tired,
I tell You truly,
Of all and more!*

*I'm so hopeless
Can't even pray...*

Jana, Thailand



Suddenly

*Suddenly,
We have become “enemies”!
Why is that?*

*It's OK to go back to your ex
But why all this fool's play?
You talk about conscience, about the right way,
Is it “right” like this?
You talked as if someone had done you an injustice
Or troubled you!
What did I do?
Just to love and welcome you
Into my abode,
Taking care of you the best way I knew of,
Listening to your past marriage “misery,”
Enduring your mood and personality –
Hoping it all would change for the best.
Everything was good and happy
Till the day you turned your head suddenly,
Overnight,
And good-bye!...
I had some trouble
Understanding the way you acted –
Was it like a hypocrite?*

*Or are people mostly two-faced?
And the fool I was – did not know.
All that tenderness
And pretentious love and care,
Were they all fake?*

*Tell me before from this world I depart
All this happening is just a dream.
So I can bring a smile back to heaven,
Where I first received it.*

*You do not have to love someone,
But you don't have to hate!
What has come over you?
An evil possession?
An urge to play fool?*

*Oh God!
I never know a human's heart
It's so complicated –
People seem to be crazy.
How can they ever elevate to nobility
The way they choose to live?
And You ask the messenger to come down here to teach,
To spread the Truth!...
(One of us must be a fool!)*

Letter to a Vampire



*Every now and then you open a blood bank account
By re-tearing the old wounds from the “exes,”
And stabbing new one(s) into their souls!
So you can feel proud
To see the innocent and trusting ones again lost,
Stumble in the romance battlefield and collapse.
I can imagine your haughty smile
With your cute protruding teeth!*

*Oh, my good looking!
Do you think
You can live
Forever?
Messing around with people’s hearts and true amour,
Sending them to the abyss of a trusting courtship?*

*Let me tell you:
You can do whatever you wish,
'Cause you're the only one who decides the course of your life.
However,
The representation that you created of yourself will stay
A long, long time
In your subconscious!
And it will be difficult to clean off
Should one day
Again, you want to become noble and reclaim your glory.
Then you'll suffer the anguished memory
Of the hell that you've created!
There isn't any God to judge or help you
For you are that very God!*

*Don't be proud and satisfied too soon,
Nor talk so loud as if you're the king of this nation
On the peak of your conquering strategy and force!
You'll cry even louder and in more anguish.
This, I personally guarantee,
And assure you!
Wait, my beloved,
Till the deliberated infliction comes pounding back – a thousand strong!*

*You know by now
The law of cause and effect.
Do not tamper with it,
Honey!*

*The important point is:
What you want to be,
How you want others to see –
The person that represents your highest,
Your noblest and your most cherished
Image of the God within you.*

*Otherwise,
To tell you the truth,
We will all soon perish
From this world we have come to love
And clinged to as the only place of survival.
But no, no! Life is eternal
And there is much to learn from it.
You become lower or higher
With each choice (or non-choice) you make!*

I love you!

So I tell you for your own sake.

Make not an as...hl (you know well!)

Or a bast...(you know too) of yourself.

After some time people will forget,

But you'll feel

Deep down in your heart

That you, your speech and the ways you act

Are not alright...

Well! Take care

Good luck

And good-bye!...

Nothing You Dare

(For Mr. Don't Dare)

*You cannot follow me for fear of ridicule
You can't voice your feelings, for it's the thing men do not!
You don't choose virtue, for to your friends it means weakness
You refuse the Truth, for it goes against social trends!
These are all the advice from family and friends.*

*You arm yourself with them against God,
Against the love that throbs vibrantly within your heart,
Against everything that you know you are!*

*You make your life a misery
Make your dream a broken antique!
Make love wait wearily in a corner
For the elusive promises.
Tomorrow... Friday, Saturday and more tomorrows!
Till all that you desire and cherish withers!
And the Love that you desperately want... so,
Dies!*

*Leaving you alone in sadness
In the dark eternity.
Then you cry lonely!
Then you blame fate,
Blame destiny.*

*Oh! Weak and feeble man,
STOP talking nonsense.
Once and for all get up and stand
NOW!
For everything that you ever hold dear to your heart!
For all that is noble and precious
For a colorful and exciting life!*

*Or? Carry on with your boring style
Your beloved cowardice.
Even go die!*

*Who cares.
It's YOUR life!*



The Proud Donkey

*While people worry about World War Three
And possible collision with galactic comets,
You bray proudly to become again a donkey.
Driving your post-divorced or ex
Around the polluted city,
Shopping for nonsensical items, staring at strangers,
Window nosing, or other such “exciting” activities.*

*Or just to “relax”!
Oh! I can just well picture the boring image
Day in, day out,
How you spend your useless time (anyhow)!
Carrying loads of madame’s laundry,
Bringing in daily meals from outside to her majesty!
Making the bed and cleaning the pots...
Scrubbing the dirty floor in your match-box condominium,
While she has nothing better to do than read gossip columns
And comical garbage!*

*Oh! I was a fool,
To panic!
Thinking I'd lost a precious stone.
Actually, it was only a stupefied moron,
Not worth even once to look at!
Don't worry! You belong to each other in the first place.
Why had I wasted time
Trying to polish brick into mirror!?*

*I hate to say this:
But G-o-d is just a bad old fool,
Creating such a funny-dramatic but boring theater
script,
And making it real as potato chips.
O my!... And I bite every morsel!
To say the least,
This is really sh... (you know it!)*

Thailand

The Miffed Miss Migraine

*The entire planet threatens to collapse,
The whole world is in turmoil;
And you run around worrying about your own freckled a... – you know
what.
Hundreds of thousands of people and children starve every day to death,
While you stuff yourself to constipation!*

*Wasting time and money on your obsessions,
Then interrogating the poor husband
About why he always works late...*

*For trivial and worthless things, you trade
Most of your precious life –
Sleep and awake in a frenzied craze,
Scream around in a vicious circle...
Till your flabby body and spongy brain can take no more,
Drop dead!*

*You raise hell about things that are utterly senseless,
Then crack down when the husband overnights elsewhere.
Or about why he is too tired to drive you on your marathon shopping spree!
And why the kids are not number one in their sports...*

*You goad them into submission and competitiveness,
Belittle the so-called husband and children!
As you grow more and more into a haughty giant
With their pressurized success.
For your opulent life-style – squeezed from tears and sweat –
To the end of their nerves you'd drive them.*

*Using all the tricks and vileness of the fatal femme
You pile yourself on the top,
Whether in the house or on the job,
Controlling others and thereby even restricting yourself!
Centering every possible phenomenon within your little shell,
Feeling ever arrogant – about any worthless straw that you happen to possess!*

*Ah! Little woman
You forget!
One day the windows of your pretty skeleton will be forever...
Closed.
And not a single one of those
You can take with you.
No! Not even a wee-little-tiny-bit
Of dust or gold.*

*For now, you're running around your steaming household,
Prided with the heat and chaos of a babysitter-like but highly paid post;
Thriving on the illusionary nonsense
Of being the boss,
At the expense of your husband's breathing freedom,
And the pure comfort
Of your children;
Using every inconceivable excuse and strategy to submit people to your command...*

*Listen!
Tell you what...
How much more of your life can you afford
To spend?
Solidifying the prison that you created in still cement,
Suffocating your world into a stuffy, stenchy pit!
What is it
That you really want?*

Will you ever stop this whirlwind show for a split second?

Think logic!

*Free yourself and others before the time ticks,
Before your noble ideals (if any) and noble body (if at all)
Lie buried deep under cold ground.*

And the tombstone inscription will be all that is left of you:

“Mrs. So... So from such... such period,

Sorely remembered, scarcely beloved –

Died somehow of something at some sixty... or seventy.

Her wrinkles – forever carved in our memories!”

Alas!

That’s it.

Whatever the powerful figure –

Once dominated –

Gone.

With the... worms!

Cambodia
9/1996

What Kind of Protection

With what kind of protection

*Do you want to shield your relatives and friends
Against God?*

With your feeble moral standards?

Your half-witted intelligence?

Your contaminated and preconceived thinking?

Your Ph.D.?

Your title or your limited finances and energy?

Or anything else, worthy to speak of?

Oh, foolish scholar,

Educated, arrogant idiot!

Does it feel good

To be a temporary hero?

But you and I know –

At the end you'll be a big ZERO,

Just a domestic laborer

At the most!

*Then laugh or cry
You alone will have to bear your lot.
No one will ever know
The pressure and loneliness of your soul!
God alone (perhaps me too),
Understands this!...*

*I pity you
With truthful sadness.
You think you hurt me
But the one who gets hurt is you!*

*I feel sorry
Because I know
You only pretend to feel good
You build up some momentary fantasized excitement and happiness.
Just to look "cool"!
To save your pretty face
While suffering in silence the subtle menace
Of the masked, controlling near ones!*

*Oh God help you! God help you...
My poor fool!*

True
and
False

*OK! OK! "Protect" your marriage
Even though it's a lifeless one!
In which both people use each other for convenience,
One for M...Y, the other S...X*

*The nerve of you to call that love and marriage!
Actually it seems like an enterprise!
Ha ha! I laugh myself to heaven!
At the behavior and strange ways of humans,
How they waste their time at dead-ends of the road...
And boast so loudly as if they own the heavenly abode.
Even children cannot believe!*

*Anyhow, be as stupid as you want to be,
But I know your heart.
That's why I can laugh,
Though my tears flow also at the same time.
'Cause the habit (and trusting nature) cannot be cut asunder overnight.
But after awhile, one gets used to all this.*

*Then I can laugh louder as each day flies past
Amusing myself at the thought of pretending
When people carry out their poor acting
And call it happiness – satisfaction... my foot!*

*Laugh at those who feign to feel good
While chewing at the same old tasteless bones!
The noisier they brag about their perfect contentment,
The louder I laugh!
Oh! The macho...
The coward
Or the insane?
Doing things against their better judgment.
For what sake?
Covering up their feelings, honesty, and daring not to be spontaneous.
Killing themselves,
And torturing others!*

Oh my God!

Is that a so-called spiritual practitioner?

How come the quality is less than that of a ghost?

Every second

Time flows as the river to the coast,

Never to return.

We might die any moment

While we still pretend and brag.

But life is too costly to play idiot.

Don't you realize what you are doing?

If I can split open your rusty brain

And inject some wisdom into your stagnant blood!

Then your heart will be kind, and your intention honest.

But sadly,

You refuse to let go

Of your own sickness!...

Alright then!

I can only wish you the best.

Close my eyes

And stand by.

However, some respect is lost on the way

And what you have done

Is irrevocably damaging to our friendship!

Just don't cry a river

When you come begging my forgiveness.

Maybe then, the river has run dry.

What happened we cannot revive,

For our days are numbered; you know it.

And no one can tell when our time here is finished.

No one can take you to the place you want to be.

But you go where lies your destiny,

Crying or laughing,

We cannot change our course.

*Now that you think
You are on top,
Your career successful,
Women run after you.*

*But one day when your hair grays and your eyes blur,
When the body no longer responds to thoughts,
Your veins no longer contain life force,
The enthusiasm forever leaves you,
Then you will miss the friendship that is true
And regret the days that passed.*

*Come to me when all people depart,
Come to me when you are weak and lonely.
I'll welcome you into eternity,
I'll offer you the everlasting friendship.*



' 71'

Tings 2 Do

*If we can't give pleasure,
Don't create pain.*

*If we can't bestow honour
Don 't throw around shame!*

*If we can't retain happiness,
Do not cause sorrow.
If we can't forget sad yesterday,
Build a better tomorrow.*

The Master and I



*It's all right for a doctor to scream in pain,
But it's not proper for a Saint to cry in anguish,
Is that it?
All the excuses for the crucifixion?*

*Can you really do to Her anything you want,
And expect the Master to bear it?
Inside the chest, a Saint's heart beats
Exactly the same way as yours.
And the substances of His physical core
Are no different than the rest.*

*The Master does whatever in request
For the happiness of others.
But by all means, She must suffer,
While we enjoy in comfort.*

*Jesus died on the cross
So that His disciples live eternal life.
Must they spear Him while He is agonized,
Bathing in red blood!*

*Oh! Humans, you are crueler than most,
With all the excuses to kill.
The gracious, the Son of God
Died in your hands.
How do you judge yourself?*

*Even in modern days, you still continue
Stabbing the Master in the heart,
By slandering and torturing His feeling to the utmost,
Then turning around, blaming your defects on Him.*

*You blame the mirror for the bad image seen.
Know you not,
It is your own image!
While you enjoy spreading the untruthful gossip,
Stop and think!*

*You and the Master are even identical twins.
What hurts Him,
Eventually, you'll soon feel it.
In your soul, in your spirit,
She and you are one.*

*Take care that you go inward with deep reflection
To find the Truth you seek.
Till the day your conscience awakes,
Then you'll cry in sorrow!*

*The remorse will hurt you...
So that even Heaven can't bear it.
It's still never too late.
You and I are in eternity.
Just know that the Master suffers for all humanity,
No matter how you see it.*

*The frog who lives in the well,
Sees the sky as the pit.
Stop now!
Don't make your view limited.
The Master is the same, but not the same.*

*Do not judge Him,
For you do not know Him.
And nothing is really the way it looks.
The Master knows the illusion, but He still gets hurt.*

*Take care of yourself that you are not cruel,
For even the Master is so much more sensitive than you.
But She must bear it for your sake.
If you are not grateful, don't condemn, at least.
For the Master is really your only best friend.*

*When the chapters of our lives end,
The Master is the one who greets us,
And helps in transition from this life to the next,
Brings us Home to where we truly belong.*

*Do not slander Him now, for you'll face Him soon,
When all things are revealed to the utmost.
If you think Jesus died on the cross,
You err.
He forever lives.*

*The Son of God only suffers like all the flesh does,
But His kingdom is the whole universe.
The Master is the King of Kings.*

*If you love Him,
It's good for you.
If you hate Him,
It's you who'll feel it.*

*Go within yourself to see the true knowledge.
Go within yourself to find the true liberation.
Do not look at the appearance
And criticize either that of Master or the rest.
Why waste time condemning the defects
Of others' houses?
It's better to fix your own right now
Before too late!*

*You do not know a thing about yourself,
Let alone about the Master,
Who is not even from this world,
Which is only a hotel for a night rest.*

The Old Time

AUTHOR

The Supreme Master Ching Hai

PHOTOS

Pages 5, 6, 14, 15, 18, 28, 29, 33,
36, 37, 42, 49, 50, 51, 52, 64, 65, 71, and 73
by Corel Professional Photos series © Corel Corporation;
Foreword, Biography, Table of Contents, and Credits pages
by Artville – Earth Pallete © Artville

DESIGN/LAYOUT

Book Department/Binh Q. Diep

PUBLISHER

The Supreme Master Ching Hai
International Association Publishing Co., Ltd.

ADDRESS

No. 236 Soungshan Road, Taipei, Formosa, R.O.C.
Tel: 02-23759688

FIRST EDITION

January 2003

The Supreme Master Ching Hai © 2003

All rights reserved.

The poems from this book may be reproduced
with prior permission from the Author.

Supreme Master Ching Hai is a world renowned philanthropist, artist, and spiritual teacher. Gifted as a poet from an early age, She has long used Her unique creative powers to fashion beautiful and profoundly moving verses, which have been collected and published in numerous languages and set to music by some of America's finest composers.

She expresses both universal truths and touchingly human feelings in Her writings, and through them has inspired countless souls to greater inner peace and spiritual understanding. Since Her earliest years, She has striven to alleviate the suffering of humankind through Her words and deeds, and Her poems reveal the wisdom gained through Her spiritual enlightenment and Her tireless devotion to the education and upliftment of others.

As the distinguished American music director John Barron states, "Supreme Master Ching Hai's life is an inspiration to the people of the world, especially those who have seen life's darkness. Her beautiful poetry, writings and wisdom bring joy and peace to those whose spirits cry out for sustenance."

