I clean my teeth in water drawn from a cold well;  
And while I brush my clothes, I purify my mind; 
Then, slowly turning pages in the Tree-Leaf Book,  
I recite, along the path to the eastern shelter.  
...The world has forgotten the true fountain of this teaching 
And people enslave themselves to miracles and fables. 
Under the given words I want the essential meaning,  
I look for the simplest way to sow and reap my nature. 
Here in the quiet of the priest's templecourtyard, 
Mosses add their climbing colour to the thick bamboo;  
And now comes the sun, out of mist and fog,  
And pines that seem to be new-bathed;  
And everything is gone from me, speech goes, and reading,  
Leaving the single unison.

Byner 34