

# Zen Poetry: Lin Ho-ching [965 - 1026]

## MOUNTAIN VALLEY TEMPLE

Just getting  
Into the Zen Grove,  
I'm still less inclined to leave.  
Massed peaks and deep gorges  
Circle a loft cliff.

Tower and terrace  
Pierce into the cold  
Past cloud and vegetation.  
Bell and chime  
Rap clearly  
Along creeks and rock,  
Lifting tea-trays,  
A boy takes them to clean.  
Leaning on his staff,  
The old monk relaxes.

A solitary chamber -  
I read the inscriptions here,  
Nearly make a title out,  
Brush the dappled moss.