Silently and serenely, one forgets all words,
Clearly and vividly, it appears before you.
When one realizes it, time has no limits.
When experienced, your surroundings come to life.

Singly illuminating is this bright awareness,
Full of wonder is the pure illumination.
The moon’s appearance, a river of stars,
Snow-clad pines, clouds hovering on mountain peaks.

In darkness, they glow with brightness.
In shadows, they shine with a splendid light.
Like the dreaming of a crane flying in empty space,
Like the clear, still water of an autumn pool,

Endless eons dissolve into nothingness,
Each indistinguishable from the other.
In this illumination all striving is forgotten.
Where does this wonder exist?

Brightness and clarity dispel confusion
On the path of Silent Illumination,
The origin of the infinitesimal.
To penetrate the extremely small,
There is the gold shuttle on a loom of jade.

Subject and object influence each other.
Light and darkness are mutually dependent.
There is neither mind nor world to rely on,
Yet do the two interact, mutually.

Drink the medicine of correct views.
Beat the poison-smeared drum.
When silence and illumination are complete
Killing and bringing to life are choices I make.

At last, through the door, one emerges.
The fruit has ripened on the branch.
Only this Silence is the ultimate teaching.
Only this Illumination, the universal response.
The response is without effort.

The teaching, not heard with the ears.
Throughout the universe, all things
Emit light and speak the Dharma.
They testify to each other,
Answering each other’s questions:
Mutually answering and testifying,
Responding in perfect harmony.

When illumination is without serenity,
Then will distinctions be seen:
Mutually testifying and answering,
Giving rise to disharmony.

If within serenity illumination is lost,
All will become wasteful and secondary.
When Silent Illumination is complete,
The lotus will blossom, the dreamer will awaken.

The hundred rivers flow to the ocean,
The thousand mountains face the loftiest peak.
Like the goose preferring milk to water,
Like a busy bee gathering pollen,
When Silent Illumination reaches the ultimate,
I carry on the original tradition of my sect.

This practice is called Silent Illumination.
It penetrates from the deepest to the highest.

Translation from Getting the Buddha Mind,