

A butterfly dream

Once, I dreamed that I was a butterfly, a butterfly flitting and fluttering about, happy with himself and doing as he pleased. Suddenly I woke up and there I was, me. But I didn't know if I am me who had dreamt that he was a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming that he was me.

Transience

The sound of the Gion Shōja bells echoes the impermanence of all things; the color of the sāla flowers reveals the truth that the prosperous must decline. The proud do not endure, they are like a dream on a spring night; the mighty fall at last, they are as dust before the wind.