

# nonzense

a collection of **kōans** and **zen poems**

generated with the **fast.ai** library

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## Introduction

The poems in this collection were generated using the fast.ai deep learning library. The language model AWD-LSTM (Smerity et al.) was trained on a dataset containing hundreds of kōans and zen poems. This collection contains some of the more noteworthy generated pseudo-kōans to erupt from a seemingly infinite well of absurdity and utter madness.

The following artificial pseudo-kōan generated in the 1970s by a program written by Marsha Meredith, now professor at Blackburn College, was included in Douglas Hofstadter's GEB and is what started all this:

A SMALL YOUNG MASTER WANTED A SMALL WHITE GNARLED BOWL. "HOW CAN WE LEARN AND UNDERSTAND WITHOUT STUDY?" THE YOUNG MASTER ASKED A LARGE CONFUSED MASTER. THE CONFUSED MASTER WALKED FROM A BROWN HARD MOUNTAIN TO A WHITE SOFT MOUNTAIN WITH A SMALL RED STONY BOWL. THE CONFUSED MASTER SAW A RED SOFT HUT. THE CONFUSED MASTER WANTED THE HUT. "WHY DID BODHIDHARMA COME INTO CHINA?" THE CONFUSED MASTER ASKED A LARGE ENLIGHTENED STUDENT. "THE PEACHES ARE LARGE", THE STUDENT ANSWERED THE CONFUSED MASTER. HOW CAN WE LEARN AND UNDERSTAND WITHOUT STUDY?" THE CONFUSED MASTER ASKED A LARGE OLD MASTER. THE OLD MASTER WALKED FROM A WHITE STONY G0025. THE OLD MASTER GOT LOST.

A special thanks to Douglas R. Hofstadter, author of the book Gödel, Escher, Bach: an Eternal Golden Braid, for the initial inspiration and words of encouragement which pushed me to put the results of this project out into the world.

DAVID VALDEMAR STRÖM

The Zen master Yamaoka,  
who lived in a small village in the province of Kyoto,  
grew afraid to eat when he was eighty,  
so he stopped and called himself Yamaoka,  
The Lord of the Streets.

Zen teacher, Ikkyu,  
was the only one who was not yet able to understand the Zen.  
He was the only one who was not yet able.

In Kyoto the Zen teacher Kato went to a priest who made a  
little little village named Buddha. After that, Kato would not  
listen to their severe teaching. Kato would not listen to this:  
"Take no thought for meditation".

A student of Tendai, a Tendai school of the Tendai school used  
to study Zen in the morning, heard nothing from his heart and  
said: "There is no end to emptiness, which is nothing but an  
emptiness".

Buddha of Love, Zen, was.

The master Tokugawa studied Zen in the Kyoto Prison and went to live with his mother, where he was studying Zen. When he was sixty he had no children. He felt he could not go to a meditation hall to learn.

Zen teachers were taught to learn about Zen and to learn Zen.

Buddha said: "You are a true Buddha.  
Let me see all of the beings in the universe."

Enlightened was a Zen teacher.  
He later told a friend:  
"There is no one in this world."

Nothing in Zen is official.  
It is not the name of a master.  
It does not belong to a master.

Nothing in Buddhism can be made from Buddhism.  
Yet, Buddhism is not a Buddhism.  
It is not a teaching, but it is not part of Buddhism.  
It is not related to Buddhism.  
It is in its own right.  
It is not Buddhism or Buddhism.  
It is not a Buddha.  
It is not a Buddha.  
It is not a mind.  
There is no mind and no mind.

It is an old tree.  
Throw it out as a leaf in a tree,  
I understand a tree that no one exists in.  
It does.

In Zen, poetry is not a poem;  
It is not an idea, which is the Way.

For this reason Self - nature,  
for the self, has been freed from the self;  
The self is itself, and its whole nature is Self - nature.  
The Buddha Mind contains the universe.  
This is the mind, mind, mind, mind.

For thirty years I wish I would be able to get angry,  
but I say it will only be a problem.

Art is not good,  
Good is not good.  
What is good is not good.  
When you die, no.

Meditation has its own true nature, duality - principle.  
Its use has been called emptiness.



Sit, sitting, the hall, sit beside Shichiri. He sits alone and in meditation. After most neither sleep has a heart, Shichiri said "When you are carrying a staff that has never been carried alone, I may go alone. But when I am hungry, I will leave you here." The girl left, hearing of the funeral. She walked down into the streets.

Walking in his feet, I walk alone,  
a stream wrestler walking about miles,  
coming around a mountain,  
walking in the right clogs,  
coming and going neither rivers or waters.

Suddenly I hear the sounds of one hand, can't you hear the other's voice?

Eating a little fish like the cat,  
I drink you quite much, and think it very slowly.  
Without knowing it,  
become forget my sincerity.  
Turn back and now, have I got it right?  
Take the form of the one.

Nonsense is about to be heard. But seven years ago, a Zen master asked the master Hakuo to explain this problem. He said: "It is not good: if you are a good fellow, what good to you if I am?"

Who is the Buddha? What is the Buddha? There is no one who is afraid to die. What is the essence of this mind? Nothing can you blame. If you say nothing, you will know that.

Music is a way of returning to nature, to our humanity, to our lives, our lives in a small ocean of dust, we are neither sentient nor sentient. To live in this is the realization that all beings are beings.

Tea is not but a masterpiece,  
not a masterpiece.  
It is not enlightenment.  
It is not a way of being,  
nor is it non-existence.

Death and the future are not so dull.  
The death of a thief is just the end of a real life.  
The death of a thief is the cause of a new life.  
Except that you seek for enlightenment in this life,  
when you are a good fellow,  
when your happiness is beyond.

Shoun, a man who lived on a mountain in Japan, lived through the last hundred years of his life. One day an old nun came to him and asked him to remain here for the night. "We are monks," said Shoun. "Don't you go around the old ones?" And he walked down the mountain.

Flowers in the blossoms,  
flowers in the sky,  
flowers in meditation,  
in the sky there are falling flowers;  
Flowers in the flowers  
are not flowers.

Nirvana was never seen by the stranger in a wooden bowl.  
Friends had a picture of him holding a leaf in his hand, and  
a cup of gold was gathered around him.

Having gone through the ten thousand years, it's not clear.  
It has no form, no appearance,  
no appearance, existence and no emptiness.  
It is neither real nor empty;  
It is neither pure nor pure;  
It does not have form, emptiness, emptiness,  
the emptiness of the Buddha's heart,  
nor is it any of your own?

Buddhists said: "There is no coming and no answer."

An ocean of clear clouds has no reach,  
but there is no wind.  
You will know that we are not thinking,  
"Yet it is not a shore".

A monk asked Joshu,  
"What is the most valuable thing in the world?"  
Joshu replied,  
"The monk is not speaking. The monk is."

Over - the - screen Zen students walked around the master Ikkyu and were invited to come up with a picture of Zen. In a picture of the master with a hand, Zen had no eye. One of them told him: "If you see this, your mind will give it to one of us."

Where are the poor ones? Producing the ashes of the country,  
pupils often put them to be served with the same old smoking  
as the ordinary man.

Love at first is just as it is real.  
Admire like the number of the pieces,  
and of being with them in the midst of your own heart.  
And with your touch, realize no more.

Hakuin was a famous Japanese warrior who saw many famous  
battle pieces. One such was that he was able to cut off his grasp  
of the sword, and he fell dead.

Subhuti was sitting under a tree in the tree.  
Suddenly he was caught in the fire.  
He reached the tree.  
He reached out to people and wrote a poem:  
In the morning there has been no guidance.

Joshu said to a monk:  
"If a monk asks whether there is a great stone,  
there is no answer, no answer, no answer."  
Joshu answered,  
"It is like a rock in its land."  
Nansen said, "It is not a mountain. It is not a Dharma - body.  
Why do monks not know the Way?"

A monk asked Nansen: "In what good state of mind?"  
Nansen replied, "All things are not Wisdom."  
Nansen replied, "In our land, I have studied with the Way;  
It was such a ghost that I could not have understood it."

The master made two different gates of silence for his disciples, which are easily understood. When Bankei passed away, the blind man showed no desire to pass the blind.

In Zen, there is a completely empty hidden door.  
The Way, with one hand, does not go beyond Every minute.

Right before The Patriarch, I am walking through the streets, I have a Zen master I do not understand, but I have not spoken of Zen. There is no meaning, so I do not know.

The moon Buddha,  
while he was walking through the sky,  
appeared as the sky.

Hearing the matter is not a matter of time.

Seeing that a world is not like the World of the Senses, nor of the Buddha in the Buddha's mind, The world's state of mind does not exist. It is like a world and it is like a dream.



Buddha bowed to the viewer, pointing to the viewer.  
It was very silent. The viewer was angry.  
Viewer watching the look of the moon in the sky,  
waved it over the sky.

Enlightened by the sound of one hand, a dragon enlightened  
by the sound of one hand. Two sitting monks had gone out of  
the hall. "You are the first one!" answered Matajuro. A monk  
told him that Emptiness had been entered, and the monk had  
returned.

Life in the Void is a perfect way of life.  
When you are in a dream, you can not find its true nature.  
If you want to leave it,  
Enter the Void,  
you leave without carrying away the Void.

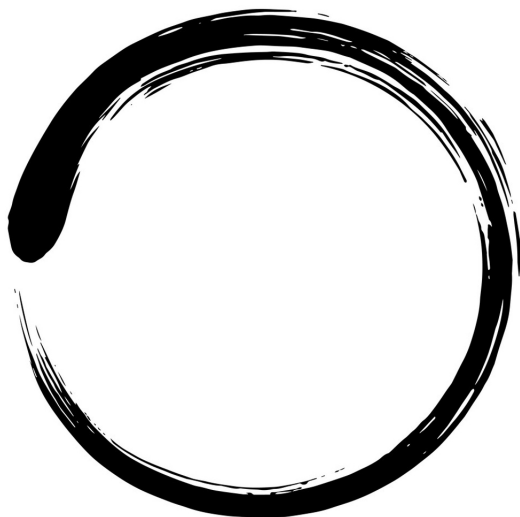
Without a word, I will speak to you. In the morning, clear days  
talk of the Four Thousand Worlds.

The mind can not be lifted, nor can it be put on your own body.  
It is like the mind of an old soldier who is only walking around,  
getting old, his eyes far below ground, and he stands in silence.

The path is not well understood.  
It is not like the path of a great ocean.  
The path is not a great mirror, not the Buddha.  
The path runs through the Buddha's heart.  
There is no distance,  
and there is no time to save the sublime.

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I really enjoyed your  
collection "Nonsense". I  
laughed out loud several  
times when reading it. It is  
great.

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*Douglas R. Hofstadter*