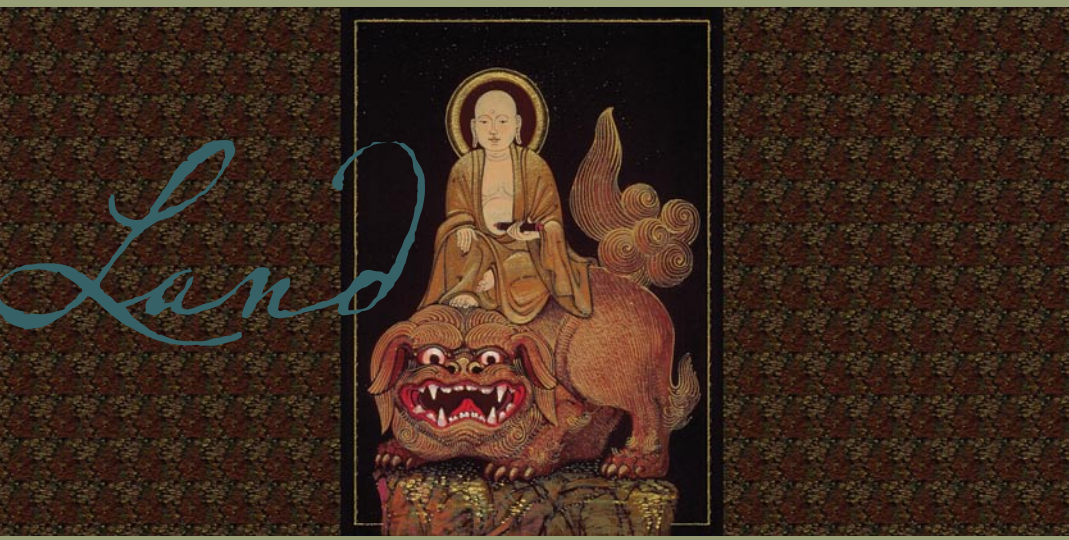
BuddhaLand

Buddhist Paintings, Prints
and Poetry
by Richard Wehrman

Buddha



Manjusri Bodhisattva
3.25″ X 5.0″
Acrylic on panel

Road-Kill Bodhisattva
18″ X 28″
Acrylic on canvas

Billions and Billions listen for a Bell

Bright lights blind.
Each pebble bound in blacktop
leaps forward
out of shadow.
Brakes and blood
slide forward;
Lovers leap into the arms
of liberation.
So hard,
so hard,
impossible I say:
Steel, fur and bone
held tight in brilliant red
Embrace.

Bodhidharma
3″ x 7″
Wood engraving

Bodhidharma Faces the Wall

For

forty years,

no one blinks.

No one gains anything.

At last,

Nothing is

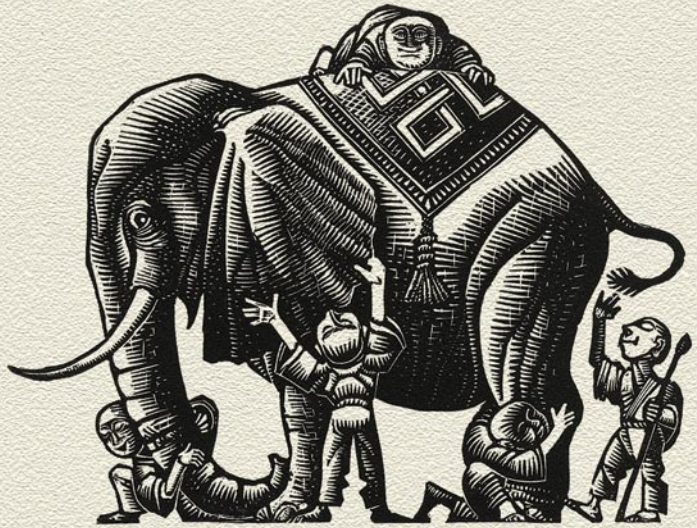
attained,

at all.

Open Window, Three A.M.

So many bones
gnawed night after night;
Homes pillaged,
lives ground into dust.
Years ago,
the Moon broke through the window
of my destruction.
Now my only relief,
this Emptiness
where the night wind
blows.

Demon Sitting in Zazen
10″ X 13″
Etching and aquatint



The Elephant and the Blind Men
10″ X 13″
Wood Engraving

The Elephant and the Blind Men

Once a king gathered five blind men around an elephant, and asked them what it was.

The first felt the point of the tusk and said it was something like a spear. The second touched an ear and said that no, an elephant was more like a fan. Another touched the trunk and said that he disagreed. An elephant was clearly like a thick vine. The next, who had touched a leg, laughed. “Friends,’ he said, ‘ you are mistaken. An elephant is like a tree trunk.” The fifth who grasped the tail said that was impossible. From his own personal experience he could attest to the fact that an elephant was almost exactly like a rope.

So too we only know partial aspects of Reality and take the small bit we know for the whole.

Retold from a story from ancient India
by Rafe Martin

Feng-kan and his Tiger

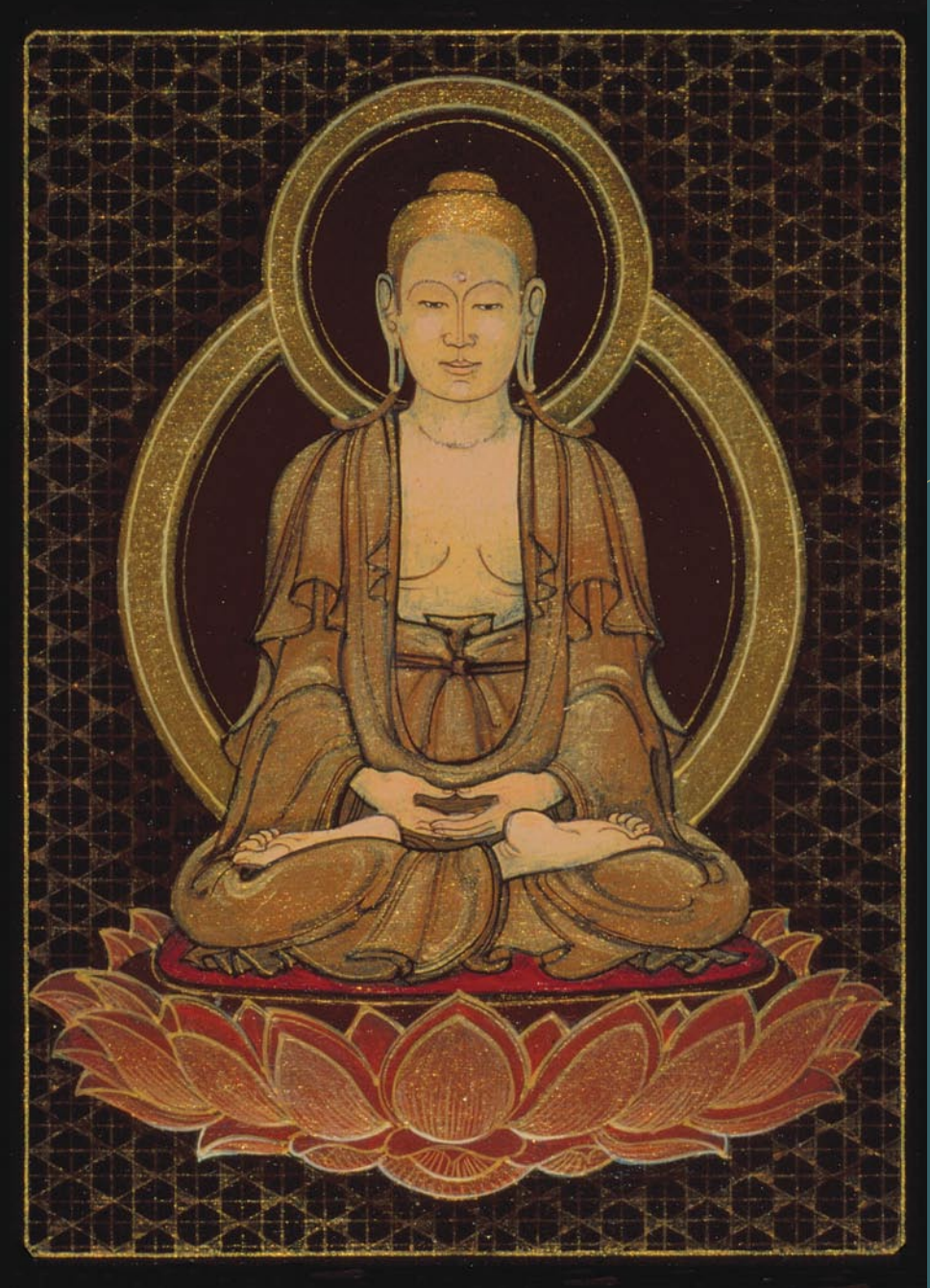
shhhh...

Feng-kan and his Tiger
are fast asleep,
dreaming of Dragons
and Butterflies.

Perhaps a sharp stick
will wake them up...

Who will roar loudest,
do you think?

Feng-kan and his Tiger
4″ X 7″
Wood Engraving



Perfect Bound

When I read *Shambhala Sun*
or *Tricycle*, I wonder
who these people are.

They admit to an occasional
random thought,
but it's clear they are enlightened,

or at least able to dwell constantly
in clear and empty space.

Or those *Yoga Journal* people—
Where everyone is thin, composed
and bends in all directions.

Or *Fortune*, where
everyone's a millionaire,
a captain of success.

So where, I ask, is
the magazine for Failure?

For thirty years of falling
and recalling, "Be Here Now"?

For the continual recovering
from the storming—
from the endless repairing of the ship
and broken sails?

For this thick and heavy body
barely bending?
For the immense gratitude

in meeting once again,
next weeks payroll,
next months rent.

Buddha In Meditation
3.25" X 5.0"
Acrylic on panel

Giclée archival prints on heavyweight 100% rag paper are available of the color images in this brochure. Also, in very limited availability are limited edition prints of the wood engravings, which are hand printed on a Vandercook proof press. All prints are signed and numbered in limited editions by the artist. Prices available upon request.

Merlinwood Books

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Left:
Light and Shadow
4″ x 4″
Wood engraving

Text for *The Elephant and the Blind Men*
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