

## FROM OUR READERS

### 'DAIMOKU'

Balanced fire, delicate-edged chant:  
exquisitely slice the cramped tissue,  
free my folded wings;

Downpour on parched flesh, broken slopes, aching,  
(your potter's hands rain dolphins and sleep),  
flood through to snuggle my cracked bones;

Now;  
split instant;

she restless sniffs the bright-dappled air:  
warm, panther-young, running deep and soft, alive. . .  
(full-throated everspark rejoice sweet twigs by mosses prancing)

my  
self.

BY TOD RANDOLPH  
New York City

### FAITH REFRESHED

FIRST of all, I want to say that I truly enjoyed my visit to the U.S. and reading your publications. My faith is refreshed. I am really happy that I could join you for the Global Family Festival. It was so much fun to see all these young people performing. The wide range of ethnic and cultural variety on stage was so impressive. It showed a lot about the cultural heritage every one of us is bearing. It is a rich and precious gift. I think that the show offered a real chance to get in touch with different cultural backgrounds through dance, music, colors.... A sensual impression of all we cannot think about in our daily lives.

I want to thank everybody for the enormous efforts made to realize that festival.

KARIN SCHUSTER  
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