

My impression of “Gates”

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All of a sudden,
Familiar colored, shaped gates have appeared in Central Park.
Are they *Torii* gates?
They are dressed in the Buddhist robe color of saffron.
They don't have any meaning, I heard.
No religious significance, I understand.
Yet, they are like the paths to enlightenment in passing through many gates.
No meaning means all kinds of meanings,
Just like water.
Water does not have a color,
So, it can become many colors.
The ocean on a sunny day turns blue.
The ocean on a cloudy day changes to gray.
The ocean at sunset becomes orange.
The ocean at night is black.
Therefore,
The water is blue,
The water is gray.
The water is orange.
The water is black.
No color means all colors.
Colorless water always reflects all colors around it.
This is exactly the way of Buddhist thinking!
It is the teaching of sunyata, emptiness, nothingness, simply Zero!
Nothing sustains everything!
My interpretation,
They are the gates to enlightenment,
Guiding us to true freedom like the open-sky.
As I walk the path through the gates,
I feel like walking on a sacred path.
In the night,
it gives me peace and tranquility,
when a few people are around.
On a sunny day,
They are absolutely beautiful
In balance with nature and blue sky.
Why not walk on the path through gates!
You may see nothing,
You may see gods, devils, maybe yourself.
Whatever we see,
It is a great experience.
Peace and harmony are the element
That I experience
Through this Buddhist-like, Japanese-like gates
In Central Park in New York City!
Am I somewhere in a Buddhist country?
Am I back to Japan where I came from?