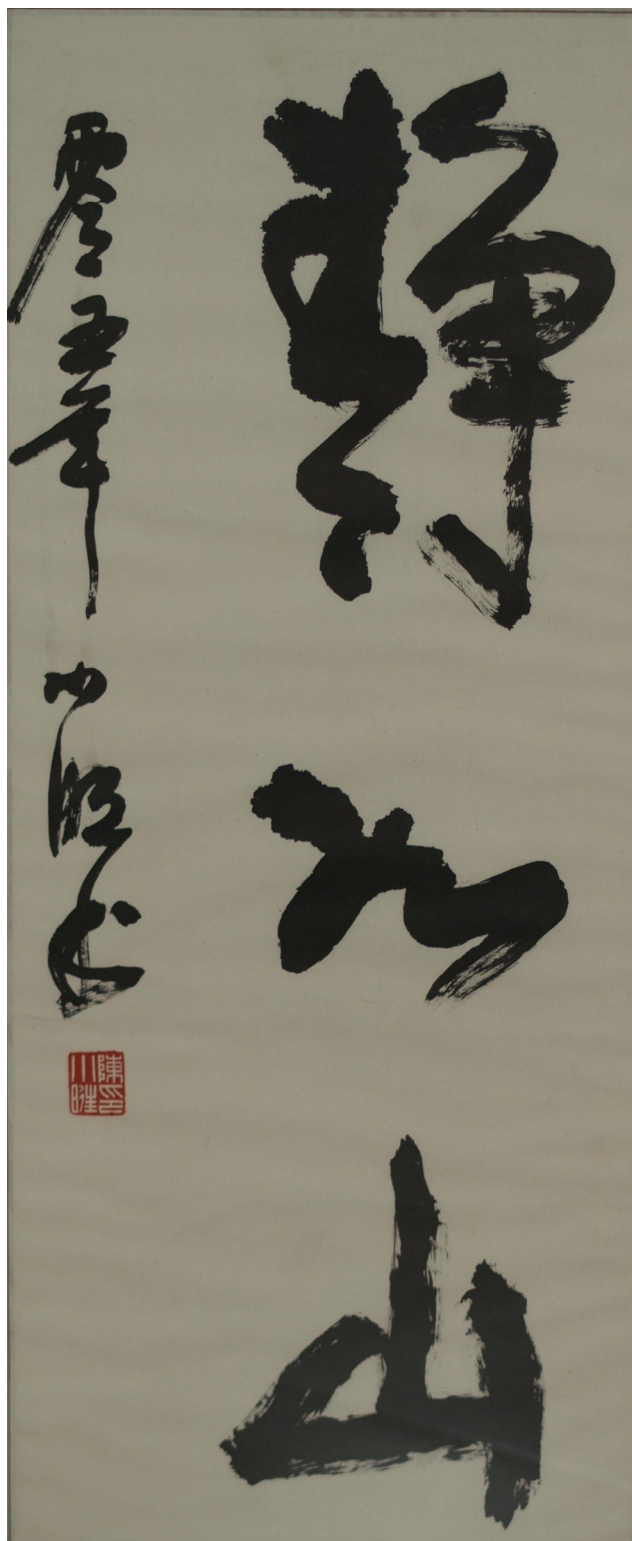


Quiet Like Mountain



静如山

Calligraphy by Chen Xiaowang

Brought to the concept of stillness
by the bold, vigorous strokes
of three Chinese characters,
I recall and absorb the calligraphy.

Yet now the mountain stirs the soil,
gurgling, bubbling endlessly,
bringing to the surface
crystalline treasures
new to any eye.

I still my center
and await the quiet
but there is turbulence
that will not settle.

Releasing tensions where I find them,
relaxed muscles feel new motion,
subtle, incipient motion,
still motion,
not moving yet alive.

The stillness-motion responds
to investigation,
revealing itself in hints
of intent to move,
of waves taking energy
from the deepest currents
of breezes pushing gently
on the mountain.

Smaller now, quieter,
the motion slows
to mountain speed.

Then, a connection ...
to the mountain on which I stand,
to the earth,
to the sun,
to the stars.

My motion is the roiling
of the universe,
my body floating suspended,
impelled by the entangling forces
of the cosmos.

Quiet like mountain.