



Our body, our mind, is a model.  
A model of all that surrounds the form and field we are.  
Ourselves counterparts of the sequences of forces  
amidst which we move.  
I may search myself to know of that  
which surrounds me, or I may search  
that which surrounds me to know  
the nature of myself.

The light of the sky must penetrate  
so I must be clear enough for it to shine deeply.

The adamant forms which tumble  
at the bottom of the depths  
are moved by shifting streams.  
Each form gives fragments of its substance  
with its rounded slow death  
and its resurrection in the silt and sands  
from which compassionate roots  
draw these substances into the life of green.

In all the searching, within or without the form  
and field of my being I model a larger domain.  
I create and am created.  
I am between all the member portions  
of the universe within which I move  
and I am their mediator.  
This is all so because I am living.

I artfully must place myself at the crossing  
of ever more streams, becoming the bed  
through which they flow, blessing them all  
with the blending of each converging water.

A CURIOUS NOTION PLACED BEFORE YOU