

Storm

by kwang *Thursday, Mar 31 2016, 9:40am*

international / poetry / post

i only gained what i have
when i ceased pursuing gain
what i have is fleeting and temporary
yet remains with me, as i have ceased
attempting to claim anything as my own

from a trickle of existence my life
has become a raging river
its power and volume increased
by abandoning increase or struggling
to accumulate

the essence of Tao
is to achieve non-action via action,
a paradox to many
but after decades of using intellect
to understand the impossible
i allowed intuition to reveal the
meaning of this contradiction/paradox

my only wish is that i had understood it sooner
though that is only a fleeting thought
of no significant consequence

in some far away place
undiscovered by civilisation
a butterfly sets down on a flower
to imbibe its nectar

the mental image appears fleetingly, a daydream
perhaps, yet it leaves a lasting impression;
i do not know whether it's a fanciful imagining
or more real than the choking city
in which i now reside

slowly and deliberately the butterfly
withdraws and retracts its proboscis
and flutters into the air

a storm is approaching from the west

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2184.html>