

## 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

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