

## Sway

by dulcimer *Thursday, Dec 21 2017, 9:13am*

international / poetry / post

how great are the mighty Himalayas  
and how small are grains of sand  
from which the ranges are made

how mighty the tectonic force that thrusts them upward  
and how soft the water that scours through the hardest rocks

all that is small becomes great and all that is great becomes small  
ceaseless births, deaths, renewal

as a child i remember a small seedling in the crevice of huge  
boulder as a man i return to see a healthy tree  
between two boulders which were once one --  
the soft overcomes the hard --  
with patience and unrelenting perseverance all is possible

the moon appears in the afternoon sky in season  
the sun ebbs slowly beneath the horizon to return the next dawn,  
the tribulations of men are self-inflicted if nature's harmony and  
cycles  
are any indication  
everything manifest is produced without effort by allowing  
competing forces  
to yield and dominate in turn

sway with me as life and all existence sways and renews itself  
in never ending patterns of perfection devoid of the slightest  
discordant perturbation