

Direction

by lao *Wednesday, Jul 3 2013, 1:20pm*

international / poetry / post

a virgin sheet
-- rice paper --
waits, almost quivering
in anticipation
for the first stroke from
my human hair brush
soft, broad and fast

ritual objects of my craft
are scattered about
in reach

i move closer respecting,
the unspoiled nature
of that virgin sheet
in its whiteness

if i alter its state it must
be for the better, an improvement
or i have betrayed myself
the medium
and failed my craft

i must honour the process
of creation with the best of my ability
the first stroke determines the final outcome
it must be rehearsed endlessly in mind
before physical expression,
its course must be true
otherwise an imperfection
or perversion results
and God knows there are far too many
failures on this planet

the first determines the last
and the nature in between --
Obama's first executive order
was a Drone strike that killed
innocent women and children
in Sovereign Pakistan
there is nothing surprising
in his subsequent criminal actions

the narrative was set by that first
official act as a criminal
President

i step (slowly) around the sheet
appreciating its texture and
subtle nuances
all the while building up to
that culminating movement
designed to enhance,
elevate existence
and become an essential
part of universal harmony

the sheet becomes a portal
to a greater reality,
my arm, wrist move
harmoniously
almost in slow motion
but at speed to the onlooker

dancing strokes begin to
take form
on the medium
capturing reality in
its representations

a monk seated,
ponders distant mountains
semi-veiled in morning mist
he sits serene
a small bamboo grove
behind him

a tiny wren watches from
a sprig of bamboo

a narrative is created thru motion,
the ending determined by
the interruptions of flowing strokes,
black ink on rice paper -
so fragile

the wren moves and
takes to the air