

## Calligraphy

I saw an old man treading a slow pace  
On the sky-gray terrace of ancient slate  
at the edge of a glistening silver lake.  
Wearing a loose peasant jacket and pants,  
He shambled slowly, bent forward with age.  
A rough oaken bucket held by a rope  
And a mop like a paintbrush in his hands.  
He searched to measure a frame with his steps.

I watched him as he dipped his handmade brush  
Into the bucket with lake water half-filled.  
And in his careful strokes of skillful grace  
He created his vision in verse.  
He wrote in the script of both words and art,  
Singular words made of water and heart.  
On occasion he'd stop for inspiration  
Thoughtful eyes on his calligraphy.

I asked a passerby what was written.  
He smiled and looked down at the figures.  
He said, "This is a place of quiet beauty,  
Especially these peaceful gardens  
When new leaves and cherry blossoms spring forth  
Beside this Lake of Heavenly Repose.  
The old man tells of his love and wonder  
At the still waters and wakening trees."

I knelt beside his quiet creation.  
I mused as characters started to fade.  
Dried by the breeze and the warmth of the sun.  
At first I thought what a shame to be lost.  
Then my soul understood, this was written  
Not for others to hold tight and to judge  
But rather an old man's poem was told  
Then carried in a memory on the wind.