

山水

SHANSHUI

**Ink Without Form - A section of poem on brush,
ink and ecology**

Jia Kemu

Ink Without Form - A section of poem on brush, ink and ecology

By: Jia Kemu 贾客暮

Seated on the rock
I absorb its immobility
deceiving small insects
that climb
in search of food and shelter
the body grows cold
the rock grows warm
skin imprinted by the texture of the stones
that sculpt the flesh to their likeness
there is no more body
there is no more rock
only breath carried by the wind

Seated on the rock
I absorb its immobility
deceiving small insects
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ck
mobility
as
better
d.
growing warm
texture of the
flesh of the
other
likeness
body
ve rock
ried by



Man within nature
nature within man

from afar
The mind drifts
Tracing divinity



Subject, object -
moments the wind dissolves
in the breeze

a single breath passes
through trees and waterfalls
telling the lark singing
in resonance with the
cicada song





Man within nature
nature within man
from afar
the mind drifts
tracing divisions
subject, object—
names the wind dissolves
in the haze
a single breath passes
through stones and waterfalls
setting the limbs vibrating
in resonance with the cicadas' song

The leaves of trees tell stories without words
abstract narratives revealing the emotions of the wind
birds sing in the background
and we, attentive disciples, sit in silence
we listen
we learn
the great Teacher
with a thousand voices and a thousand forms
speaks to us
from her, our creativity is born
it comes to life and takes flight
light and free
like a dreaming butterfly

The leaves of trees
of abstract narratives reveal

birds sing in the
and we, attentive
disciples
we listen
we learn

The great Teacher
with a thousand voices
speaks to us
from her
it comes to life
light and free
like a dreaming butterfly

of tall trees without
word
vealing the emotions
of the wind

background
disciples in
silence

other
force and other and
forming

our creativity
is born
and takes
free flight
in butterfly





Ink rain
gives birth to mountain form
dissolving into swirl of empty lines
wind carries lines
twisted, extended
dark, dark
heavy, light
like a night storm
becoming morning breeze





Ink rain
gives birth to mountain forests
dissolving into stains of emptiness
wind carries lines
twisted, extended
sparse, dense
heavy, light
like a night storm
becoming morning breeze

Water crashes
limbs and thought flow into emotions
carried by the evening wind
quenched in invisible hills
painted with the water
of verdant rivers

Water crashes
limbs and thought
carried by the evening
quenched in
painted with the
of verdant rivers



Flow in to
emotions
my wind
visible hills
water





Shadow and mist
things that are going
chance will
control freedom

characters are morning fog
trees and rocks
verges binding heart to mind





Shadows and mist
lines, dots, stains
chance, will
control, freedom
characters are morning fog
trees and rocks
verses binding heart to mind

Green wind on the face
eyes close
leaves on the eyelids
veins carrying sap
inscribed in the skin
reflecting the moon
as it melts shadows
over soft rocks

Green wind
eyes close
leaves on the
veins carrying
inscribed in the
reflecting the
as it melts
over soft rocks



on the face
eyelids
the skin
more
shadowy
dark





Brush
guided by wind
traces the breath of leaves
ever green
Long classic held in tension
leading toward cloud
with no destination





Brush
guided by wind
traces the breath of leaves—
ever green
born from strokes of ink
long, elastic, held in tension
leaning toward clouds
with no destination

ink
without
form

