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The wind of simplicity

"How glorious is
The purposeless life.
Events occur in
Their natural course and
One need not do anything or
Be anything in particular.

Can there be

A greater freedom than this?"

Wu Hsin

With the face towards the sun

all shadows fall behind

In the beauty of simplicity

the wind of silence

clears the view

all is fresh and new

The song of a bird

is truly heard

In contentment with what

is

appreciation blooms into bliss

A cup of black tea

or the laugh of a child

is now a (w)holy moment

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