

A traditional Chinese ink wash painting. In the center, a small figure of a person is seated in a meditative posture (lotus or similar) on a small patch of ground. Above the figure, a large, dark, billowing cloud or smoke rises, dominating the upper half of the composition. To the left, faint, misty outlines of mountains are visible. The background is a light, textured wash of ink on paper. The overall mood is contemplative and somber.

Why do I worry to survive
what may never arrive.

蒼
讀





I picture each danger;
I plan every way,



yet fear of tomorrow
steals peace from today.



I hold each outcome
as tight as I can,

韋宜





as if life must follow
the shape of my plan.



The tighter I hold,
the less I can rest;



I carry tomorrow
like stones in my chest.

老堂





Who tells the birds
where to find their share?



Who feeds their young
when no parent is there?

蔡葉





Who tells the flowers
when it's time to grow?

茅盾





Why do they open
as if they just know?



What tells a caterpillar
it is meant to fly?



When to enter the darkness,
then emerge a butterfly?

玄明





Who shows a seed
the great tree it will be?



Why break through its shell
when it still cannot see?

A traditional Chinese ink wash painting of a river winding through misty mountains. The river flows from the foreground towards the background, curving between two large, dark, forested mountains. The mountains are rendered with varying shades of ink, creating a sense of depth and texture. The background is filled with a light, hazy mist, suggesting a vast, open landscape. The overall style is minimalist and evocative, typical of classical Chinese landscape art.

Who tells the river
which turn is the way?



Why does it trust just
one bend for today?



If nature can trust
what it cannot yet see,

晨
漢
後





why must I control
what is waiting for me?

宸棟





I give my heart to
the work I must do,

清車齋





and trust that the rest
will unfold as it's due.

未嘗



A traditional Chinese ink wash painting on aged, textured paper. A lone figure, seen from behind, stands in the center of the frame. The figure is dressed in a long, flowing robe and has their hair tied in a topknot. A sword is visible, tucked into a scabbard at their waist. The figure stands on a small patch of ground, possibly a path or a clearing. Above them, a large, dark, swirling mass of ink represents a storm or a heavy, dark sky. Numerous vertical, thin lines of ink fall from this mass, creating a sense of rain or falling ash. The overall mood is one of solitude and contemplation amidst a powerful, overwhelming natural force.

Faith never promises
freedom from pain;

齊雲





it gives me the strength
to stand in the rain.

齊嘉慶





I carry this moment
and let tomorrow be;

袁養奇





when I stop carrying life,
life carries me.

庚寅
筆

