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Gospel of the Mountain

Willis Barnstone
GOSPEL OF THE MOUNTAIN

On a red mountain north of Beijing (where the Chinese hermits banished morning frost by chopping wood) the wisdom of the air washes the silent herons. Time is lost like a smoke wisp hanging over bamboo. Time of no-mind. The mountain cherries bloom by the white hut, and life is never through although the heart can never leave its room. One life, caught on the planet, never with the burning spice of immortality.

On a red mountain, mist and sunlight hold some peaceful lemon trees in their own myth of wisdom. God's disease of history is out of place, and lemon air is cold.