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White Mountian: White Light

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(I someday may see the mountain in the mountain Not the metaphor for who I am Nor for what I'll be) I search for an old man among 5 billion backpackers On no souvenir shop mountaintop up which no road races Mirror jettisoned down in the valley I see none not even myself Thousands ahead of me plotted and plodded my trail This day in front of me I've caught up to them Slowly I descend in search of the old man on the mountain Who when found will be the old man in the mirror The old man the mirror of me I pass mountain ash short spruce Farther down conifer fir tall spruce Lower still birch birthing papyrus for my pen In valleys middle-age maple lumbering old oak Trunks masked in mushroom and moss blanketed with Whitman's grass Numen's hair of old men's graves I cross springs flowing into brooks brooks flowing into streams In springs no fish in brooks small fish In streams small fish \& big fish \& big fish eating small fish In rivers small fish \& big \& bigger \& small men \& big men \& old men Fishermen Life came from the sea the sea from the stream the stream from the sky The seed from the soil by the stream and from light of the sun

and the sun from the sky
My life from the seed from sky father's
and earth mother's
converging streams
The old man will come from me

(I today have seen the mountain in the mountain Not the who was I? Nor the what will be)

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