

# THREE HIMALAYAN POEMS

Payson R. Stevens

## Between

Somewhere between the  
Mountains and meadows  
Angular boulders  
Lie scattered  
A mirror of a life:  
Soaring peaks,  
Tumbled ridges,  
Grasses swaying,  
Shafts bent;  
Wild fragrance  
Here...gone.

Tremble Monal pheasant  
Flicker Viper tongue  
Flutter Oak leaf  
Dance golden Goral\*,  
Dance.

In darkening forest  
Bear and leopard roam.

The Sainj River\* trickles,  
From glacial melt source.  
Then,  
Gaining,  
Twisting,  
Roaring,  
Scouring,  
Polishes clean  
The sharp edges,  
In the journey down.

All around and between:

The Mighty Himalayas  
Swallowed by the fog.

\* rare Himalayan antelope  
\*major river with source in the  
Great Himalayan National Park, India  
Rakti Sar, Sainj River Source, GHNP, 14 May 06

## Stillness

Take me to the place  
Where the oaks  
Knarl and twist  
Where their dusky trunks  
Catch cords of light,  
And velvet Himalayan meadows  
Undulate and throb.

Take me to  
Where sheep graze to live  
And hungry foxes die  
Waiting on cold slopes,  
Their bones all merging  
With the rich forest litter.

Take me to the place  
Where I can sit under  
The high gaze of  
Himalayan griffins  
Indifferent to my wandering presence.  
While the fluttering shadows  
Bounce off the shimmering moment:  
Off rock and skin  
And leaf and bark  
And bone and moss  
And lichen and petal  
And thought...  
Then none.

As the silence is broken  
By falling leaf  
By wind in oak  
By bird in song  
By blood in brain  
By silence in stillness,  
By stillness in oneness.

For CvM  
Lambri Peak, 28 May 06

## Creation

They do not attain position  
Nor come to you in dreams.  
They are not borne by time  
Nor its passage.  
They are not found  
in the work of others.

When they come  
The mind is open, often empty  
Waiting from all the previous effort,  
thought, and focus.

A whisper or a word  
A fragment or a breeze  
Light fracturing or flowing  
An image recalled or revealed  
A sound or a note floating.

Within and without  
The great mystery embraces you  
And for a moment  
You are transported  
Beyond this mortal moment.

For KKK  
Behta Pani, 12 Sept 06