

Tai Ji Tears

by Danny

Exhausted from the fight
And weary of the journey,
I find rest upon a city bench
Parked, like a statue in the square.
Ignored and invisible to passersby
Who scurry through their lives,
They move with quickness and with ease,
A pace I can no longer keep.

Yet, there is still a hidden place
Where I am king.
A world where every move
Becomes a gift of praise.
A place where tears flow freely
In thanks for heaven's grace.

Stillness is my solace,
And slowness is my sanctuary
Where every muscle, joint, and sinew seeks its rightful place,
And every limb and organ finds harmony in the whole.
Where I am quiet as a mountain,
Yet, flowing like a river great.

With the grace of a white crane spreading wings,
I move,
And with the firmness of a golden pheasant on one leg,
I stand.
Using the guile of a snake creeping down,
I fight,
And with the stealth of a tiger seeking prey,
I conquer.
Like a horse jumping over a stream,
I soar in victory,
And with the surety of a sparrow returning to its nest,
In triumph I fly.

So, if in your daily journey
Rushing from place to place,
You happen upon a man
Dancing an ancient dance,
And diamond drops rest on his cheeks -

Know that he is immersed in tai ji prayer,
Crying tai ji tears of faith,
Worshiping through movement in awe of his Creator.