



(Image: Little Bluestem, Prairie Sky—perfect fit of flower, form and light)

Way of Culture . . .

There are those cultures that go
the way of gold, and those that go
the way of oil;

They don't last.

The cultures that last go
the way of soil, of forest,
of living water;

Only they find the love-
energy
that endures.



Intelligence is the natural state of the mind.
We do not have to teach water how to move;
we must only take away the arbitrary dams or
blocks which disrupt its natural, harmonious flow.



(Photo: *Fall Storm, Glacier Run-off*; The braided central flow of the river is emerging from beneath the main body of glacier ice.)

Form emerges out of movement; it is the outward envelope of the rhythmic pulse of life. The river creates itself the boundaries of the bed that order and give structure to its flow.



Warrior of the Watercourse Way

The path of violence;
And the path of peace:

*nowhere—
do they cross.
nowhere—
do they meet.*