

Enduring mountain,  
give serene repose  
to this lost wanderer.  
Bind him, now and forever,  
to your eternal spirit  
and the writings  
of stone and water.

Consider the lament  
of this poor wanderer,  
It has cost him much to know  
that not everything continues  
living outside the flesh,  
nor that everything within it  
does not die.  
That the ages do scribe  
the writings  
of stone and water.

Return me to the earth,  
Return me to your heart,  
Return me to the clouds,  
Return me to the winds,  
Return me to the heavens,  
Return me to the dreams,  
of stone and water.

They have no rubies,  
nor do they eat lightning  
or understand the writings  
of stone and water.  
Who will teach me how  
to read the writings?  
Who will give me  
the rope of wisdom?  
Soon, I will hang  
by the thread of madness.

It is I, the wanderer  
who fled the landscape  
of cement and brick,  
deaf-mute mountains  
that know nothing,  
emptiness in their being,  
devouring and starving souls  
with no nourishment to offer,  
no ages hidden within,  
nor seeds of planets,  
nor rivers of gems and iron,  
nor marriages of time  
and perseverance.

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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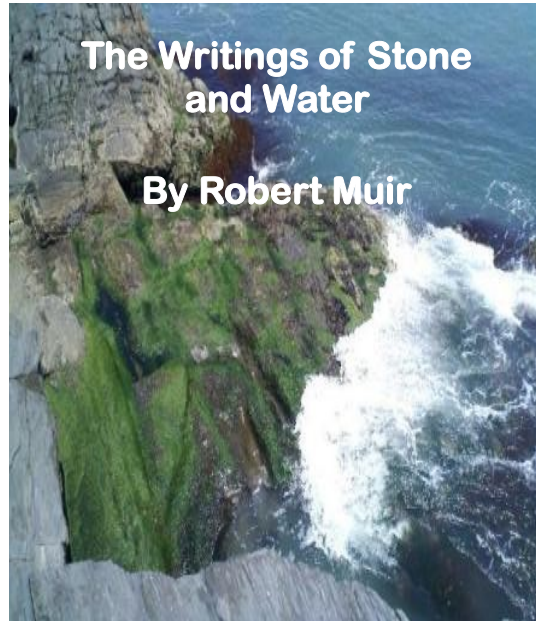
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Cover Photo by Kevin Keough

*Origami Poetry Project*

**The Writings of Stone and Water**

**By Robert Muir**  
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Based on *Las Letras*  
by Robert Muir

Agéd Mountain,  
at your foot I stand,  
bearing many burdens  
seeking your earthly secrets  
of peace, and the writings  
of stone and water.  
I want to find myself  
in the base of your being,  
in the dream of ages,  
your knowing of eternity.