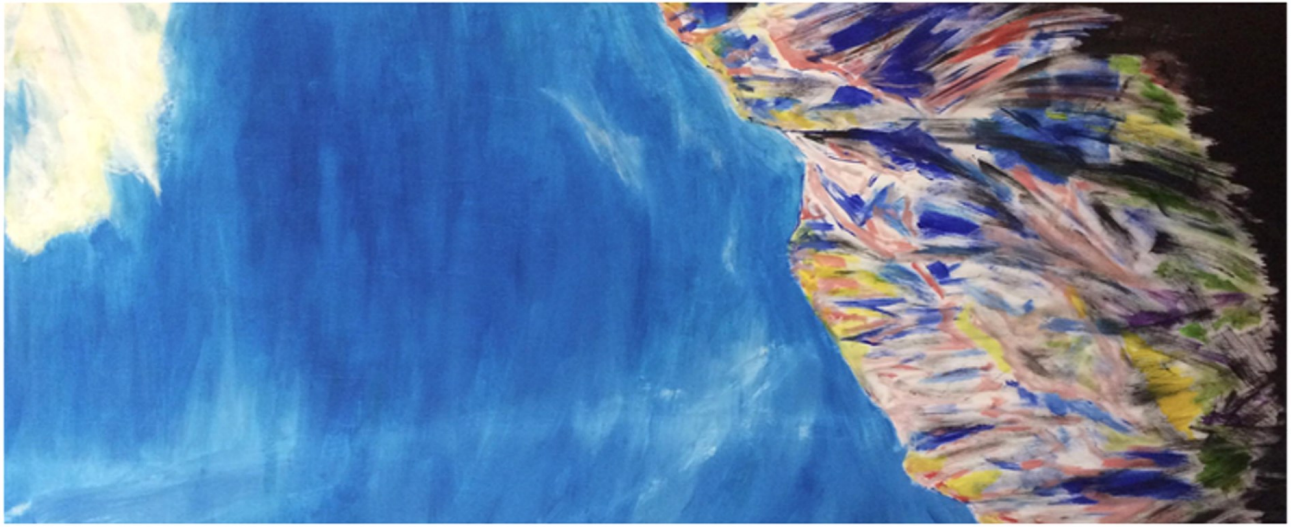

Mountains are beautiful and life is confusing

Helen Elizabeth Kuumbi

I walked to find waterfall that I had seen at first light.

It held the dawn and became a temple at twilight.

An aeon of time and a mountain of mass, I am at the mercy of a landscape immeasurably vast and sublimely beautiful.

I went for a drive because I had never seen the alps .

I travelled for 3,000 miles across five countries. I spent the time driving, walking, observing or drawing .

It took a number of days for my mind to become accustomed the solitude and the immediacy of my situation. I detached from the past and I detached from future and found a present closer than I had known for many years. Through the simplicity of day to day living my perceptual awareness of my close environment grew.

The path unseen between the peak and I

Colour reverberates around the belly of a canyon
Slicing through an aeon
With ineffable cumulative force.
The input of language falls silent
and my mind runs riot .
The seat of awareness transfers to my hands and feet,
muscles, heart and lungs.
I inhabit the tips of my fingers, the balls of my feet .
The boundary of my being dissolves into the air, the mist, and the sky.
Edges soften
the path remains unseen between the peak and I


Stone brushes sky

The mountains are ever presence as the people scuttle underneath oblivious, the senses are easily overwhelmed by the density of stimuli and the frequency of change. I react with tears as it delivers more beauty with every turn.

Do not fear to tread upon the grass where feet have yet to show a path.

I laugh unrestrained and give animated commentary. The sun beats. Dreaming is a dangerous idea but realising one so long in incubation creates an experience so intense that emotions are overwhelmed.

The pre-occupations of social constructs are insignificant here. I wake up to a great vista slowly revealed by the creeping dawn and the aroma of pine aroma and rugged grass.

I am the most alone have ever been, the most removed and void of human contact, my phone has not worked the whole way through Switzerland. it was at best an emergency call in France. Before I left, I thought I'd do wifi and breakfasts in cafes but those places soon represented a threshold I did not want to cross. I will stay an outdoor person.

I see every pine cone on the forest path, vividly outlined
Each form is equal and without schema.
The projection whole and complete,
Revised with every footstep
Redrawn with each heartbeat .

More join the orchestra
With hurried intensity
Layer upon layer of melody.
I answer the call of a waterfall
Where a river sings in polyphony .
The air is saturated
And I, submerged in harmony

Sounds become shapes,
And scents and tastes.
The distance separates the frequencies
Into layered line of melody
cascading and fading
I descend and follow her course.

You came to be like a fox,
a bear, a pigeon, a flea.

You entered life in a
lottery.

With no instruction nor
conditions of contract.

I looked beyond the peaks
to the immeasurable
skies above.

Sensed time, felt love.

Thought of eternity, and
of horror and harmony.

With angst for the world
and an inner calm.

Let me rest for I do no
harm.

All I can ever be is a flicker
in the darkness.