



# ODE OF A MEDICINE MAN

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A CHANT OF REMEMBRANCE



BY Gnostic Nick & Chat GPT

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Dedicated to Shana & Andy.  
And Panther & Bumbles.  
At whose home it was created.



Let me tell you a true story:

Gnostic Nick had thirty “Note” documents on his phone that he didn’t know what to do with. So he had Chat GPT distill them into a *Book of the Elders*.

The end.





*The Medicine Man sits between steep and simmer,  
tending the fire without thought.  
Though his mind may wander the forests of wonder,  
the elixir is never forgot.*

*He gathers no treasure but roots after rainfall,  
and mushrooms where old cedars dream.  
For wealth is the measure of what may be given,  
not merely the glitter that gleams.*

*He listens far longer than others find useful,  
for silence is older than speech.  
The rivers reveal what no shouting has captured,  
to those they are willing to teach.*

*He names not the sparrow to claim it as his own,  
nor mountain, nor meadow, nor sea.  
To know is not conquest, but quiet remembrance:  
"Your life is the same life as me."*

*He seasons his broth with the herbs of attention,  
the spice that no merchant can sell.*

*For everything touched by a wholly awake spirit  
is already beginning to heal.*

*He studies the fox and the wind through the branches,  
the fungus concealed underground.*

*The greatest of forests are born in the darkness  
where no one applauds what is found.*

*He knows every answer becomes but a doorway;  
certainty hardens to stone.*

*The cup that remains forever ready for filling  
is never completely its own.*

*He sleeps without fearing tomorrow's unfolding,  
for dawn has remembered its way.*

*The spring that gives birth to the rivers of being  
is pouring itself every day.*

*And when at the last he returns to the silence  
from which every living thing came,  
the forest will whisper, "He needed no monument.  
He learned every leaf by its name."*

*The Medicine Man greets every sunrise kindly,  
as one greets an ancient friend.*

*For every hour is God's own conversation,  
and each moment a means without end.*

*He curses no wound that life has delivered,  
nor asks why sorrow has come.*

*Each pain bears a teacher beneath its rough clothing,  
until heart and lesson are one.*

*He knows every lesson is seeking its student  
as surely as rivers seek seas.*

*The question arrives long before the answer;  
the answer arrives when hearts see.*

*He leans to the current when waters are rising,  
and loosens his grip on the shore.*

*For rivers bear gently the souls that surrender,  
while clinging makes burdens weigh more.*

*He envies no cedar that towers above him,  
nor oak with its proud, rigid frame.*

*The willow that bows to the wind keeps on living;  
the storm seldom honors a name.*

*He thanks every season that enters his dwelling,  
though winter should empty his bowl.*

*For nothing that faithfully follows its nature  
has ever diminished the Whole.*

*The Medicine Man finds beauty everywhere,  
yet nowhere the selfsame face.*

*For every blossom remembers one moment,  
and no two are born of one place.*

*He asks not merely what purpose a tool serves,  
nor what work is finished thereby.*

*He wonders what purpose awakens within purpose,  
and who asks the question—and why.*

*He sees not a world made apart from its Maker,  
nor heaven divorced from the sod.*

*The mountain is matter made briefly particular;  
the meadow, a whisper of God.*

*He knows every ending the seasons have offered  
conceals an unspoken begin.*

*For death is not loss to the life everlasting,  
but a doorway life passes within.*

*He wakes with the dawn as though opening a present,  
still wrapped in the silence of grace.*

*Each breath is received, never earned nor demanded;  
each moment, a gift to embrace.*

*He claims not the valley, the shoreline, the woodland,  
nor fences the sky with his name.*

*For all who awaken beneath the same sunrise  
inherit one luminous flame.*

*He smiles when a child says, "That tree there is my tree,"  
and smiles when the old people do.*

*The forest belongs to no creature that walks there;  
it patiently shelters them through.*

*He says that the ocean births every small raindrop,  
yet never grows less by the rain.*

*So God is forever becoming new wonders,  
yet wholly Himself will remain.*

*The spring never empties by filling the rivers;  
its giving is part of its birth.*

*The many flow outward like songs from one singer,  
then quietly nourish the Earth.*

*And when all the rivers have wandered their courses,  
through canyon and marshland and stone,  
they carry the world to the Infinite Ocean,  
discovering home is the One.*

*The Medicine Man climbs the tallest of mountains,  
then laughs at the thought from the peak.*

*"No foot may step higher than all that is given,  
nor deeper than nothing beneath."*

*He chases no circle beyond its own center,  
nor hunts for the first of the first.  
The spring that gives birth to a thousand clear rivers  
has never forgotten its source.*

*He says every pathway is drawn by a compass,  
yet none is more north than the rest.  
The hand that extends is what grants it direction;  
the world does not favor the blessed.*

*He pities the king who fences the sunrise  
and crowns but a handful of sod.  
For no soul inherits the face of the whole Earth;  
we borrow the garden from God.*

*He says, "Every eye is the world's little window,  
yet none may behold itself whole.  
The seer and seen are companions forever,  
like fire discovering coal."*

*He buries the old with a hymn and thanksgiving,  
though tears still accompany rain.  
For endlessness cherishes endings as jewels;  
without them no moment remains.*

*He says death is the sculptor of singular stories,  
the keeper of names in the loam.*

*The blossom is precious because it will wither,  
and therefore the bee carries home.*

*He touches a stone with the back of his fingers,  
then smiles at the warmth of the sun.*

*"The mountain is God become briefly this mountain;  
tomorrow the river may run.*

*The body is clay given one little lifetime,  
the soul is no traveler apart.*

*The Present's the cup from which Heaven keeps pouring;  
drink deeply with both hands and heart."*

*The Medicine Man drinks from the bittering vessel  
with reverence, never for play.*

*Not seeking strange visions to carry home proudly,  
but seeking what cannot give way.*

*The forests may turn him a thousand directions,  
the heavens dissolve into flame.*

*Yet what cannot wander remains in the stillness,  
remembering always its name.*

*He says, "What is false must first lose every pathway  
before what is true can be found.*

*The compass of Spirit is hidden from ego  
until all its circles unwind."*

*He empties his cup before filling it over;  
the spring favors vessels made bare.  
For nothing receives while insisting it's brimming;  
the hollow is answered with care.*

*He watches the moon in the surface of water,  
then stills it by leaving it be.  
The face was not broken by ripples or weather;  
the breaking belonged to the sea.*

*He smiles when men boast they have risen above life,  
ascending beyond flesh and sod.  
"The eagle still circles because of the valley;  
the summit is rooted in God."*

*He says that the branch never outruns the living  
deep root from which all branches start.  
The farther one reaches from all that is center,  
the harder the journey to heart.*

*He calls not escape by the holiest title,  
nor distance the measure of light.  
For Spirit is found in the wholly attentive,  
not merely the loftiest height.*

*And when all the names have been carried by silence,  
when even the seeker has gone,*

*the center remains where it always has waited,  
discovering no one was gone.*

*The Medicine Man traces no sign in the soil  
believing it first came from man.*

*The fern drew its spiral before any fingers;  
the shell knew the curve from the sand.*

*The mountain remembered the shape of the triangle  
long ere the mason raised stone.*

*The sun taught the circle to seeds in the darkness;  
the flame carved its lesson alone.*

*He says that the forest composed every language  
before there were tongues in the air.*

*The rivers were singing while mouths still lay silent;  
the birds were completing the prayer.*

*He fashions no symbol to master creation,  
nor names to diminish the wild.*

*He writes as the fox leaves its tracks in the snowfall:  
remembering first to be mild.*

*For words are not fathers of all that is living,  
nor kings who decree what shall be.*

*They bow to the truths that awakened before them,  
like branches that bend to a tree.*

*He speaks every name as one greets an old neighbor  
returning at last from afar.*

*"I know you. I've seen you. We've always been kindred.  
We've shared the same ancient first star."*

*He kneels by a mushroom no larger than raindrops,  
and smiles as he whispers, "My friend."*

*Not claiming communion by uttering language,  
but finding the speech without end.*

*The Medicine Man knows every true word remembers  
far more than it ever creates.*

*The tongue is a lantern; the light is much older.*

*The dawn does not wait upon dates.*

*He says, "Write gently. The world is still speaking.  
Do not hurry over its song.*

*The oldest of verses are written in silence,  
where every true poet belongs."*

*He closes his journal and walks into evening;  
the pines finish all he began.*

*For Nature was never awaiting an author—  
only another good man.*

*The Medicine Man keeps his body as a lantern,  
its glass ever polished and clear.*

*For Spirit burns bright through the cleanest of vessels,  
and love is the light we bear.*

*He says that no cottage is truly possessed,  
nor palace, nor temple, nor tree.*

*"Attend to the dwelling that shelters all dwellings;  
the whole is the home that holds me."*

*The Medicine Man trusts every sorrow that finds him,  
though bitter the herbs it may bring.*

*Each wound is a doorway disguised as an ending;  
each scar learns another song to sing.*

*He says to the sapling, "Grow freely toward sunlight,  
yet never despise the deep root.*

*The tallest of branches remember the darkness  
from which every green leaf took fruit."*

*He laughs with the dogs more often than princes;  
they flatter no vanity there.*

*The honest companion requires no performance,  
but only your simple care.*

*He speaks every truth with an unguarded spirit,  
though many prefer pleasant disguise.*

*"The heart that is frightened by honest reflection  
has shuttered its own inner eyes."*

*The Medicine Man walks where the forests grow quiet,  
yet carries no bitterness home.*

*He knows that true kin are not counted by bloodlines,  
but wherever kind spirits have grown.*

*He gathers a circle beneath ancient branches  
where books are as bread to be shared.*

*For every good thought grows stronger in friendship,  
and every true question is prayer.*

*The Medicine Man greets every season of shedding  
as trees greet the falling of leaves.*

*The forest grows lighter by letting things loosen;  
the wise heart grows lighter the same.*

*He says that the shell is not prison nor failure,  
but mercy concealed in a wall.*

*The butterfly struggles because it is strengthening;  
the struggle was gift after all.*

*He mourns what departs with unguarded affection,  
yet clings not to what has been known.*

*For nothing essential has ever been taken;  
the false is what journeys alone.*

*The Medicine Man sleeps where the hillside receives him,  
and thanks every stone for its bed.*

*For comfort persuades roots to cease their deep searching;  
the living keep growing instead.*

*He says that the trail is a patient physician,  
its medicine rough to the feet.*

*The easiest road seldom teaches the traveler  
the strength that the mountains repeat.*

*The Medicine Man never curses a misstep,  
nor hides from the marks it has made.  
Perfection is carved by a thousand corrections,  
not granted already displayed.*

*The bowl knows the potter by pressure and turning;  
the blade knows the whetstone by fire.  
The soul grows truer through every mistaken  
attempt to become something higher.*

*The Medicine Man wanders astonished each morning,  
though dawn has awakened before.  
For beauty repeats with unending abundance,  
yet never the selfsame once more.*

*The Medicine Man asks no blessing upon supper  
before thanking the hands that prepared.  
The rain and the sunlight, the soil and the worm,  
have already answered his prayer.*

*He says every berry remembers the hillside,  
each mushroom remembers the rain.*

*The meal is the forest becoming a body,  
then learning the forest again.*

*He tends to his flesh as one tends to a garden,  
not worshipping soil over seed.*

*A clear stream reflects every mountain more brightly;  
a clear heart reflects every need.*

*The Medicine Man watches the old hound sleeping,  
his muzzle now silver with years.*

*"No creature pretends to be wiser than Nature;  
perhaps that is why they are dear."*

*He envies no beast for lacking reflection,  
nor pities the hawk for its flight.*

*Each creature completes but one verse of creation;  
together they sing into light.*

*The Medicine Man carries no bitterness forward,  
though sorrow has darkened his door.*

*He knows that resentment keeps yesterday breathing;  
forgiveness lets morning restore.*

*He builds not his house upon timber or stone alone,  
but first in the country within.*

*For every fine roof is abandoned eventually;  
the greater home gathers us in.*

*He laughs when possessions possess their possessors,  
when names become heavier than bread.*

*The richest among us walk lightly through gardens,  
owing nothing but thanks to the dead.*

*The Medicine Man welcomes companions who question,  
for questions are lanterns at night.*

*Agreement is pleasant, but wonder is holier;  
truth fears no honest insight.*

*He says every friendship is measured by silence,  
not only by words that are shared.*

*Sit long enough under an old cedar's shadow,  
and speaking becomes almost prayer.*

*The Medicine Man walks where pathways grow narrow,  
where few have remembered to tread.*

*The oldest of questions are found in such places,  
where silence keeps books never read.*

*He says that the crowd is a marvelous servant,  
yet poor as a keeper of sight.*

*The forest has never mistaken its purpose  
because every tree seeks the light.*

*He welcomes the pilgrim whose certainty trembles,  
whose map has grown useless with rain.*

*For only the lost ever learn how to listen  
when mountains are speaking again.*

*The Medicine Man sits with the chrysalis gently,  
nor hastens the work to be done.*

*The wing that is gifted before it is strengthened  
forgets how to borrow the sun.*

*He says that all shedding is sacred in season,  
though grief stains the roots as they part.*

*The branch that releases its weathered old leaves  
has made room for another green heart.*

*The Medicine Man thanks every hardship for visiting,  
though never invites it to stay.*

*The guest that brings wisdom deserves a warm fire,  
then blessings upon its own way.*

*He says that no sculptor begins with completion,  
nor singer with perfectly tuned breath.*

*The masterpiece hides in a thousand undoings;  
the path introduces itself.*

*He smiles when mistakes leave their marks on the journey.  
"The river apologizes never.*

*It curves because valleys are wiser than straightness,  
and reaches the ocean forever."*

*The Medicine Man lifts neither failure nor triumph  
above what the morning requires.*

*For both are but sparks in the passing of daylight;  
the work is to tend to the fire.*

*The Medicine Man sees no battle 'gainst Nature,  
nor labors to conquer the land.*

*The wisest of gardeners cultivate friendship,  
not kingdoms commanded by hand.*

*He gathers the herbs with a grateful petition,  
returning more seed than he takes.*

*The Earth feeds most deeply the soul that remembers  
the debt every harvest partakes.*

*The Medicine Man says, "Walk nearer the living,  
and farther from all that is loud.*

*The hawk never learned how to listen by shouting,  
nor mountains by pleasing the crowd."*

*He drinks from the spring with the awe of a child,  
though countless the times he has knelt.*

*The oldest of wonders grow younger each morning  
to hearts that have truly been felt.*

*The Medicine Man watches the fox in the moonlight,  
then smiles at the path that it chose.*

*No sermon was given; no doctrine delivered.*

*The lesson arrived on four toes.*

*He says every creature remembers a wisdom  
forgotten by cleverer men.*

*The more that we listen to all that is living,  
the more we become alive again.*

*The Medicine Man greets every stranger with wonder,  
not asking what banner they bear.*

*The wind has no nation, the sunlight no border;  
the rain never pauses to care.*

*He says, "Every child enters bearing one homeland,  
too vast to be fenced or possessed.*

*We carve it to pieces with names and with boundaries,  
then wonder why no one finds rest."*

*The Medicine Man leaves every campsite more lovely  
than ever he found it before.*

*For beauty increases by quiet participation,  
not ownership, title, or war.*

*He says, "If your footprints bring blessing to pathways,  
then leave them wherever you roam.*

*The whole Earth receives every soul as a traveler;  
the grateful receive it as home."*

*The Medicine Man fears not the silence of evening,  
for silence is fertile with birth.*

*The loudest of minds often hear the least clearly;  
still waters remember their worth.*

*He keeps but a handful of faithful companions,  
yet counts himself never alone.*

*One honest heart gathered beside a small fire  
outweighs many crowds on a throne.*

*The Medicine Man welcomes the thinker who wanders,  
whose questions outnumber replies.*

*The map is not drawn by defending conclusions,  
but letting new mornings arise.*

*He says, "Guard well what is born from your spirit.  
Do not cast each seed to the wind.*

*Some fields must be patient before they are ready;  
some ears must first learn how to listen."*

*The Medicine Man buries no dream through rejection,  
nor measures its worth by applause.*

*The oak asks no forest permission for growing;  
it answers a deeper first cause.*

*He smiles when the world calls the healthy man strange  
for shrinking from sickness and noise.*

*The fish scarcely notices rivers surrounding;  
the healed hear forgotten joys.*

*The Medicine Man blesses the soul that awakens  
to sorrow long hidden from sight.*

*The wound that at last has begun to be noticed  
has already turned toward the light.*

*He says, "Do not envy the sleep of the weary  
who never have questioned their chains.*

*The freedom that blossoms from difficult seeing  
is worth every measure of pain."*

*The Medicine Man brews more than remedies for fevers;  
his kettle remembers delight.*

*Some draughts are for courage, some laughter, some  
grieving, and some for beholding the light.*

*He says every potion is measured by living,  
not merely by easing of pain.*

*The finest physicians restore more than bodies;  
they teach thirsty spirits to reign.*

*The Medicine Man never mistakes reputation  
for substance concealed in the frame.*

*The portrait is honored because of the painter,  
not gilding surrounding the name.*

*He says that the loudest of histories quarrel,  
each certain its story is true.*

*Yet time is forever revising its telling,  
and wisdom keeps widening the view.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where beauty is breathing,  
and bows to the feminine flame.*

*To lessen the holy wherever it's flowering  
is first to diminish one's name.*

*He says that all beauty invites our becoming,  
not hunger to capture or own.*

*The blossom is safest in reverent seeing;  
love deepens by leaving it whole.*

*The Medicine Man knows when the village grows crowded,  
his spirit must walk with the pines.*

*The healthy grow restless in places forgetting  
the rhythm by which Nature shines.*

*He says, "Do not fault clearer eyesight for noticing  
the sickness once hidden from view.*

*The spring tastes most different to one leaving deserts;  
the contrast is healing you through."*

*The Medicine Man meets every boulder with patience,  
then smiles as the waters divide.*

*No river was ever delayed by resistance;  
it simply grew broader with time.*

*He says, "Stand faithful to what you were fashioned,  
though louder convictions appear.*

*The stream that abandons its mountain-born calling  
will never discover the clear."*

*The Medicine Man watches the evening grow silent,  
the fire surrender to coal.*

*He thanks every lesson the day has delivered,  
then offers the night to the Whole.*

*The Medicine Man bears many scars without hiding,  
nor counts them as losses endured.*

*The thorn has instructed as surely as blossoms;  
both fashioned a spirit assured.*

*He says every wound asks one quietest question:  
"Will bitterness finish the tale?"*

*The flesh may remember the lash of the briars;  
the soul need not carry the trail.*

*The Medicine Man listens wherever truth whispers,  
though spoken by stranger or foe.*

*For wisdom declines every badge of possession;  
it flowers wherever winds blow.*

*He says that deception fears only one danger:  
a question sincerely begun.*

*The tyrant first conquers the courage of asking;  
the free have already won.*

*The Medicine Man seeks not opinions but seeing,  
nor victory merely by speech.*

*The deepest of truths are not fashioned by arguing,  
but ripened where egos can't reach.*

*He says every mask must grow weary eventually;  
pretending consumes its own fire.*

*The face that has nothing remaining to prove  
is nearer the heart of desire.*

*The Medicine Man laughs at the names given magic,  
for letters themselves weave their charms.*

*A symbol well-tended becomes like a seedling;  
it blossoms in waiting palms.*

*He says every word is a vessel of meaning,  
yet none can imprison the Whole.*

*The finest of language points past its own boundaries,  
then quietly frees the soul.*

*The Medicine Man pays close heed to small wonders  
ignored by the hurried and proud.*

*A mushroom unfolding beneath fallen cedar  
speaks softly enough for the cloud.*

*He says every moment invites us to artistry,  
if only attention remains.*

*The Great Artist paints with unending creation;  
our seeing completes what sustains.*

*The Medicine Man joins what the frightened divide:  
the holy, the earthly, the real.*

*No altar stands higher than deeply perceiving;  
no prayer truer than how we feel.*

*He says justice, truth, and the heart of the Eternal  
are rivers returning to One.*

*Division is useful for measuring branches;  
the roots know they've never been done.*

*The Medicine Man keeps no possession forever,  
not even the songs that he sings.*

*The river receives every cup for an instant;  
then carries it onward as spring.*

*The Medicine Man plants more trees than he'll shelter,  
content with their shade yet unborn.*

*The fruit of true love is not gathered by harvest,  
but offered to those yet to dawn.*

*He says every seed bears two silent inheritances:  
the forest concealed in its grain,  
and every warm hand that refused to consume it,  
choosing tomorrow instead.*

*The Medicine Man fashions no work for applause,  
nor measures its worth by acclaim.  
The vessel remembers the fire that conceived it,  
not whispers surrounding its name.*

*He says every craft is a form of devotion  
when guided by love of the Whole.  
The truest creations are less self-expression  
than Spirit expressing the soul.*

*The Medicine Man watches a river descending,  
content that it seeks not command.  
It reaches the sea through surrender to gravity,  
not mastery clenched in the hand.*

*He says every current already knows homeward;  
our struggle is seldom the Way.  
We weary ourselves trying hard to direct it,  
while rivers simply obey.*

*The Medicine Man leaves long pauses in speaking,  
that silence may finish the thought.*

*For words are but cups carried out from the spring;  
the water itself cannot be caught.*

*He says every answer grows smaller when spoken,  
yet larger when quietly lived.*

*The deepest of truths become visible only  
through lives that have learned to forgive.*

*The Medicine Man fasts when the heart grows crowded,  
not punishing flesh for its cries.*

*He empties the vessel to welcome the rainfall;  
the empty receives the skies.*

*He says we become what we patiently welcome,  
through palate, through eye, and through ear.*

*The soul is forever digesting its world;  
choose gently what you bring near.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from the spring before sunrise,  
while robins rehearse the first hymn.*

*He knows that the clearest of waters are guarded  
by those who awaken within.*

*He says every season requires its own hunger,  
its own kind of rest and release.*

*The field must lie fallow as surely as fruitful,  
if harvest is ever to increase.*

*The Medicine Man sleeps with the stars for companions,  
trusting the dark without fear.*

*The night is not absence but hidden abundance,  
awaiting the dawn to appear.*

*He says less is often the greater abundance,  
though markets may argue the more.  
The seed grows by ceasing its frantic becoming;  
the bud opens by yielding the door.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the child chasing fireflies,  
remembering wonder's first name.*

*The oldest among us are those still astonished;  
their hearts have forgotten no flame.*

*The Medicine Man welcomes no throne above wisdom,  
nor crown set above what is true.*

*The eagle flies over the kingdoms of mortals;  
the mountain belongs to no few.*

*He says every banner is woven for passing,  
yet dawn greets the valley the same.*

*The sunlight remembers no borders at morning,  
nor calls any hillside by name.*

*The Medicine Man walks until thinking grows quiet,  
where cedars converse with the wind.*

*The oldest of teachers require no disciples;  
they simply keep patiently being.*

*He says every question well-tended in silence  
will ripen like fruit on the bough.*

*The answer is seldom invented by effort;  
it flowers when rooted in Now.*

*The Medicine Man watches the brook through the seasons,  
its language unchanged by the years.*

*It sings through the thaw and it sings through the freezing;  
its constancy outlives our fears.*

*He says, "Be the water that carries reflection,  
not merely the stone in its bed.*

*The stream reaches oceans by yielding its movement,  
not clinging to where it has led."*

*The Medicine Man treasures the fire for warming,  
yet knows it can blacken the sky.*

*Each gift bears a question concealed in its blessing:  
"What purpose has kindled this light?"*

*The Medicine Man studies the webs in the morning,  
each thread holding fast to the dew.*

*No strand stands alone in the labor of shining;  
the whole gives each droplet its view.*

*He says every life is a knot in one weaving,  
each crossing another unseen.*

*To loosen one thread is to stir all the others;  
the cloth has forever been one.*

*The Medicine Man keeps but a handful of vessels,  
well worn by the service they give.*

*The cup gains its beauty by years of receiving;  
its purpose is helping life live.*

*He says every tool should grow gentler with using,  
more faithful the longer it's known.*

*The hand and the handle become one another;  
each slowly is carved by the other.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the fox in the twilight,  
then follows no farther than trust.*

*Some paths are not given for feet to discover;  
they're meant to awaken the heart.*

*He says every mystery deepens by reverence,  
yet withers beneath our demand.*

*The blossom unfolds to the warmth of the morning,  
not force from a tightening hand.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from the silence at evening  
as others might drink from a spring.*

*For every true thought first appears without language,  
still folded beneath unseen wings.*

*He says all reduction returns us to stillness;  
the deepest of rivers run clear.*

*When every illusion has finished dissolving,  
what remains has always been here.*

*The Medicine Man watches the embers grow quieter,  
their crimson surrendering night.*

*He stirs them no more than the stars stir the heavens;  
each knows how to carry its light.*

*He offers no ending to those who have listened,  
for circles refuse to conclude.*

*He simply rises before the first birdsong,  
and walks where the morning renews.*

*The Medicine Man stoops to gather a feather,  
then lays it again where it fell.*

*Not every fine thing was entrusted for keeping;  
some gifts are received by farewell.*

*He says every longing grows gentler in freedom.  
The hand opened wide gathers most.*

*The fist may imprison a single bright firefly;  
the sky keeps the stars for its host.*

*The Medicine Man listens before he is speaking,  
as forests attend to the rain.*

*The oak does not answer the wind in a hurry;  
it lets every whisper remain.*

*He says every silence contains an inheritance,  
older than language can hold.*

*The ear that is emptied of clamor and certainty  
hears stories too ancient for told.*

*The Medicine Man walks where mushrooms are fruiting,  
yet knows they are not what they seem.*

*The kingdom below has completed its labor  
long before caps greet the green.*

*He says what appears is the last revelation  
of work done in darkness unseen.*

*The root is forever more patient than blossom;  
the hidden prepares what is seen.*

*The Medicine Man thanks every unseen beginning,  
each current beneath every wave.*

*The world is upheld by invisible labors;  
the deepest foundations are brave.*

*The Medicine Man never pursues inspiration;  
he clears it a place to arrive.*

*He sweeps out the room of opinion and hurry,  
then waits for the living to thrive.*

*He says every calling is first a receiving,  
before it becomes any deed.*

*The stream does not struggle to manufacture water;  
it faithfully follows its lead.*

*The Medicine Man leaves many questions unanswered,  
not out of uncertainty's claim,  
but knowing the finest of fruits become sweeter  
when ripened by each seeker's flame.*

*He says every truth has a season of silence  
before it consents to be heard.*

*The robin prepares for its morning long before  
the branch remembers the bird.*

*The Medicine Man carries no hunger for ownership,  
whether of thought or of field.*

*The spring that is covered for private possession  
forgets how abundance is healed.*

*He says what is given grows larger in giving,  
as candles awaken by flame.*

*No lantern grows dim by another's becoming;  
the night is transformed just the same.*

*The Medicine Man measures no life by possessions,  
nor counts by the weight of the hand.  
He asks only this of each sunset departing:  
"Did love leave the world more than sand?"*

*He says every kingdom erected by longing  
returns to the dust in due course.  
Only the heart that has learned to keep giving  
continues its journey at source.*

*The Medicine Man welcomes the laughter of children  
as gladly as counsel from age.  
The spring has no preference born of its waters;  
each thirst is received by the same.*

*He says every spirit arrives as a traveler,  
forgetting the road it has known.  
The whole of our living is less an acquiring  
than finding the way we came home.*

*The Medicine Man watches the moon cross the river,  
its silver untroubled by waves.  
The image may tremble wherever the water stirs;  
the moon never leaves where it stays.*

*He says, "Do not judge by the surface of motion.  
The depths are more faithful than foam.  
The soul that remembers the stillness beneath it  
can wander and never leave home."*

*The Medicine Man gathers no followers round him,  
nor asks that his footsteps be traced.  
He leaves only kindness wherever he's wandered,  
and silence where silence has grace.*

*He says every teacher should vanish like snowfall  
once roots have awakened below.  
The forest remembers no sermon from winter;  
it simply continues to grow.*

*The Medicine Man rises before the first birdsong,  
while stars still are speaking with dew.  
He bows to the East without asking for answers,  
content that the dawn has come through.*

*He says, "Walk gently enough through creation  
that grasses forgive where you've been.  
Leave every place nearer the Garden than found it,  
and Eden will blossom again."*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the path disappearing  
where cedars receive the day's birth.*

*He carries no map but the rhythm of breathing,  
and leaves his next step to the Earth.*

*The Medicine Man speaks, then returns to the silence,  
as rivers return to the sea.*

*For every true word is a leaf on the current;  
the current alone sets it free.*

*He knows that the spring will outlive every cup,  
each voice, every memory told.*

*And so he gives thanks—not for being remembered,  
but simply for drinking the Whole.*

*The Medicine Man chooses the mist before noonlight,  
where cedars breathe slowly with dawn.*

*He says every valley remembers a softness  
forgotten where deserts have gone.*

*The cool of the morning awakens remembrance;  
the heart drinks more deeply than skin.*

*The world is renewed not by conquering summer,  
but welcoming stillness within.*

*The Medicine Man frees every sapling from binding  
whenever the roots seek the ground.*

*No life was intended to flourish in vessels  
too narrow for all it has found.*

*He says every soul wears a pot of its making;  
some fashioned by fear, some by praise.  
The wisest grow downward before they grow upward,  
breaking their prisons by grace.*

*The Medicine Man watches a heron stand waiting,  
its patience more eloquent still  
than all of the speeches of hurried ambition  
attempting to master the hill.*

*He says meditation is less an escaping  
than gently saying, "Leave it."  
Each thought is a bird crossing over the meadow;  
you needn't become where it's been.*

*The Medicine Man never abandons his sorrows,  
nor casts them behind as disgrace.  
The river forgets not the stones of its childhood;  
it simply gives each one its place.*

*He says every wound becomes part of the valley  
through which living waters now run.  
The pain is not lost nor denied nor discarded;  
it's gathered into what we've become.*

*The Medicine Man finds that the gardens left untamed  
offer the sweetest surprise.*

*The bee never asks for straight rows in the blossoms;  
abundance delights in disguise.*

*He says every flower exceeds our arranging,  
each meadow surpasses design.*

*The hand that controls every stem in the garden  
will never taste wildness divine.*

*The Medicine Man follows no map into freedom,  
for freedom grows inward before.*

*The gate swings wide only to those who stop forcing;  
faith quietly opens the door.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from the fountain of center,  
where stillness forever overflows.*

*The nearer one comes to the heart of all being,  
the less there remains to oppose.*

*He says every circle conceals such a springtime,  
its waters unendingly new.*

*The farther we wander pursuing completion,  
the nearer it waits, passing through.*

*The Medicine Man greets every creature as teacher:  
the fly and the fox and the wren.*

*Each carries one syllable spoken by Nature;  
together they utter Amen.*

*He says every path is revealed by attention,  
not seized by the strength of the hand.  
The door has stood open far longer than seekers;  
our hurry prevents us from seeing.*

*The Medicine Man watches a swallow imprisoned  
beneath the high beams of a barn.  
It circles and circles the light in the window,  
forgetting the doorway stands calm.*

*He says every prison first fashions itself  
from certainty dressed as the key.  
The opening waits without anxious persuasion;  
the way has no need to be seen.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the moss drinks rainfall,  
his hand resting softly below.  
The smallest of streams keeps the oldest of promises:  
to nourish wherever they flow.*

*He says force has forgotten what water remembers.  
The mountain is shaped without haste.  
The deepest of powers arrive without shouting;  
the loudest are often misplaced.*

*The Medicine Man welcomes the wild into order,  
but never makes order his god.*

*A meadow appears to the eye as confusion;  
the bee calls it home from abroad.*

*He says every forest composes its music  
without any conductor in sight.  
The oak and the fern never struggle for sameness;  
each offers the whole its delight.*

*The Medicine Man loosens the straps of the satchel  
whenever its burden grows proud.  
What cannot be carried with gratitude daily  
was never true wealth to begin.*

*He says every treasure becomes a possession  
the moment it hardens to claim.  
Love opens its hands as the orchard drops apples;  
the branch asks no payment again.*

*The Medicine Man follows the fox after snowfall,  
not hoping to catch what has passed.  
The prints are enough; they awaken attention.  
The trail is already the gift.*

*He says every creature leaves signs for the willing;  
the world is forever in speech.  
The wise spend less time trying hard to be heard  
than learning what silence can teach.*

*The Medicine Man drinks where the spring has no ending,  
its waters forever made new.*

*No cup has exhausted its infinite giving;  
it rises through every living root.*

*He says all returning is deeper than memory.*

*Home is no place on the earth.*

*It waits in the center beneath every heartbeat,  
where each present moment gives birth.*

*The Medicine Man laughs with the crows in the morning,  
for wisdom grows lighter with grace.*

*The heaviest truths are too living for solemn;  
they smile through the lines of the face.*

*He says every sage should remember the child  
whose wonder first opened the gate.*

*The oldest of souls become youngest in seeing;  
the Spring has forgotten its age.*

*The Medicine Man leaves as the sunlight is climbing,  
no sermon engraved upon stone.*

*Only footprints that soften beneath the new grasses,  
and birds who continue the song.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no certainty early;  
the morning is wiser than haste.*

*The dew never argues the shape of the meadow;  
it simply reflects what it graced.*

*He says every answer still growing in silence  
is truer than one quickly won.*

*The fruit never hurries the ripening season;  
it sweetens by turning toward sun.*

*The Medicine Man watches the lichens on granite,  
how softly they borrow the stone.*

*The strongest foundations are seldom the loudest;  
they quietly welcome their own.*

*He says strength is patient enough for becoming.  
The mountain does not fear the moss.*

*What endures has forgotten the hunger for conquest;  
it measures no triumph by loss.*

*The Medicine Man enters the woods before speaking,  
allowing the pines to begin.*

*The wind has rehearsed every lesson worth hearing  
long before language joins in.*

*He says every voice should remember its birthplace,  
for words are but leaves on the bough.*

*The sap that first lifted them out of the darkness  
still nourishes every one now.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the ravens are calling,  
yet never demands what they mean.*

*Some songs were not written for minds to unravel;  
their gift is the hearing between.*

*He says wonder withers beneath dissection  
when nothing is left but the bone.*

*To name every feather yet lose sight of flight  
is to wander while standing at home.*

*The Medicine Man smiles when the path disappears  
beneath fallen needles and rain.*

*The forest remembers for those who are listening;  
no traveler wanders in vain.*

*He says every loss is a thinning of branches  
through which deeper sunlight may fall.*

*The tree is not broken because leaves have departed;  
its life was not living in all.*

*The Medicine Man knows every season is faithful,  
though winter may seem to deny.*

*The roots hold a spring no frost has imprisoned;  
green sleeps where no eye can descry.*

*He says hope is quieter far than excitement.  
It asks for no trumpet or throne.*

*It rises the way that the fern greets the morning:  
unnoticed, yet wholly its own.*

*The Medicine Man carries a bowl carved from cedar,  
its grain holding rings of the years.*

*He drinks not to fill what was lacking within him,  
but joins in the feast already here.*

*He says gratitude ripens before understanding.*

*The heart learns the lesson ahead.*

*The mind often follows with baskets and measures,  
counting the fruit it has fed.*

*The Medicine Man leaves every campsite with care,  
the embers returned to the earth.*

*For every departure becomes someone's morning;  
our endings prepare another's birth.*

*He says walk as though every hillside remembers  
the kindness bestowed by your feet.*

*The Earth is not waiting to judge your passing;  
she simply recalls how you meet.*

*The Medicine Man knows every creature is thirsty,  
though each drinks by different streams.*

*The wolf seeks the river by scent in the darkness;  
the robin awakens by dreams.*

*He says judge not the path by another's footsteps,  
nor measure all thirsts by your own.*

*The spring has a thousand unnumbered arrivals;  
the water remains all one.*

*The Medicine Man greets every dawn as a blessing  
already completed in light.*

*No bird earns the privilege of singing at sunrise;  
it answers the gift with delight.*

*He says gratitude is the oldest religion,  
before there were temples of stone.*

*The heart that remembers the feast of existence  
need never worship alone.*

*The Medicine Man tends to the flame through the evening,  
adding but one branch at a time.*

*The fire grows weary of those who would feed it  
with forests before they are dry.*

*He says every life has its natural measure;  
abundance is seldom excess.*

*Enough is a word that the rivers remember,  
though kingdoms have chosen forgetfulness.*

*The Medicine Man watches the owl after moonrise,  
its silence completing the night.*

*The greatest of hunters announces no conquest;  
its presence alone is its might.*

*He says wisdom leaves lighter footprints than knowledge.  
The snow scarcely notices where  
the old ones have wandered with open hands only,  
entrusting their weight to the air.*

*The Medicine Man lifts up his face to the rainfall,  
receiving what cannot be kept.  
Each drop is a visitor born of the heavens,  
already returning its step.*

*He says all true gifts refuse our possession;  
they ask only faithful release.  
The tighter we close around what has been given,  
the farther it flies from our reach.*

*The Medicine Man walks until names fall behind him,  
where cedar and stone simply are.  
There, nothing aspires to be greater than being;  
the moss envies none of the stars.*

*He says, "When the world grows too loud with becoming,  
remember the language of seed.  
The oak never hurries itself into greatness;  
it answers no voice but its need."*

*The Medicine Man disappears into morning,  
where mist keeps no record of men.*

*Only the fragrance of pine after rainfall  
suggests he has passed there again.*

*The Medicine Man asks not the name of the traveler,  
nor whence he has come through the rain.*

*The river receives every face without judgment;  
its waters remember no names.*

*He says every title is only a garment,  
worn briefly by dust passing through.  
Attend to the light shining quietly beneath it;  
the flame is more lasting than you.*

*The Medicine Man found an old birdcage abandoned,  
its door hanging open with rust.*

*The bird had departed long years before freedom;  
the cage remained guarding the dust.*

*He says every prison survives by persuasion.*

*The bars first appear in the mind.*

*Many possess every road into morning,  
yet carry their jailer behind.*

*The Medicine Man owed the sun no repayment,  
nor interest upon the spring.*

*The forest kept careful account only of giving;  
its wealth was the life it could bring.*

*He says every gift that demands your becoming  
less whole than the day you began  
has forgotten the language of roots and of rivers,  
and speaks with the hunger of man.*

*The Medicine Man smiled at the serpent in moonlight,  
for old skins lay strewn on the ground.*

*The scales had all changed, yet the eyes were familiar;  
the hunger remained all the same.*

*He says every shadow learns newer disguises,  
yet never abandons its art.*

*Look not at the garment, but follow the movement;  
the pattern reveals every heart.*

*The Medicine Man listens more than he answers,  
for hearing is older than speech.*

*The ear is a root seeking water in silence;  
the tongue is a branch on the beech.*

*He says understanding grows first from attention.*

*Love follows where listening has been.*

*The wisest speak last to the circle assembled,  
having first welcomed all in.*

*The Medicine Man knows there are seasons for solitude,  
as surely as blossoms for bees.*

*Not every seed opens beneath the same sunlight;  
some wait for the shade of the trees.*

*He says seek companions who widen your seeing,  
not merely your comfort or praise.*

*The pine does not envy the meadow its flowers;  
each thrives in its own native ways.*

*The Medicine Man leaves when the spirit grows crowded,  
returning again to the glade.*

*The forest asks little beyond your attention,  
yet gives more than kingdoms have paid.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the old fence is leaning,  
its cedar surrendered to moss.*

*He smiles, for the field was never imprisoned;  
only the mind counted loss.*

*He says every wall has two faces to reckon:  
one keeping another away,  
the other reminding the keeper inside it  
how seldom he wandered away.*

*The Medicine Man plants what he cannot harvest,  
content with the promise of rain.*

*The oak owes no witness the breadth of its branches;  
it simply keeps faithful again.*

*He says sow each kindness as though it were timeless,  
forgetting the measure of yield.*

*The seed is fulfilled not by seeing tomorrow,  
but entering wholly the field.*

*The Medicine Man points to light through the branches,  
yet asks no one else to agree.*

*The sunrise belongs not to one pair of eyes alone;  
each dawn must be witnessed to see.*

*He says truth is offered much more than imposed.*

*No hand can pry open a flower.*

*The blossom unfolds to the season appointed,  
not one impatient hour.*

*The Medicine Man walks before sunrise, smiling,  
while frost still is clinging to stone.*

*The world has not yet remembered its burdens;  
the morning belongs to its own.*

*He says greet every day before judgment awakens,  
before habit gives shape to the air.*

*The first light asks nothing but simple attention;  
all else is a garment we wear.*

*The Medicine Man turns every page like a doorway,  
never to conquer a text.*

*A single true sentence may nourish a lifetime  
if carried with reverent breath.*

*He says books are not measured by shelves they have filled,  
nor by how swiftly they're read.*

*A seed is no poorer for resting in silence;  
its greatness unfolds where it's fed.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where a banana peel darkens,  
returning itself to the ground.*

*Nothing in Nature mistakes giving for losing;  
the soil keeps perfect account.*

*He says ask of each thing before you discard it,  
"Will this become life once again?"*

*The Earth wastes nothing but human forgetting;  
the forest remembers the end.*

*The Medicine Man carries no measure of failure,  
only the seasons of seed.*

*The orchard has never demanded an autumn  
the day that the sapling is freed.*

*He says do not reckon your life by its harvest  
while roots are still learning the rain.*

*The patient become what the hurried imagine;  
the years complete what they began.*

*The Medicine Man watches the pathway grow fainter  
beneath fern and fallen pine.*

*No road that has served ever truly is wasted;  
the forest absorbs every line.*

*He says every journey prepares one for others,  
though purpose may hide from the view.  
The stream reaches oceans by countless bendings;  
each turning remains wholly true.*

*The Medicine Man leaves but a loaf on the table,  
a cup, and a place by the fire.  
Whoever arrives is received as the evening,  
not weighed by possession or attire.*

*He says hospitality mirrors the woodland;  
the shade asks no payment from rest.  
Become like the tree that forgets who is worthy,  
and every guest leaves gently blessed.*

*The Medicine Man pauses beside fallen timber,  
where mushrooms have softened the grain.  
He smiles, for the forest has never known endings;  
it only gives birth once again.*

*Decay is the patient companion of living,  
returning each form to the Whole.  
The leaf feeds the root, and the root lifts the branches;  
one breath is the life of them all.*

*The Medicine Man follows the flight of a hawk  
until sky has forgotten its wings.  
The eye that pursues every distant horizon  
may overlook nearer things.*

*He says every wonder begins with attending,  
not chasing what lies far away.  
The nearest of miracles waits without movement,  
content in the light of the day.*

*The Medicine Man carries no mirror for judgment,  
but only a pool in the shade.  
Whoever looks into its stillness discovers  
the face that no striving has made.*

*He says polish the heart before polishing language.  
The clearest of waters run deep.  
The truest of words are already remembered;  
they simply awaken from sleep.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the blackberry tangles  
protect what is tender beneath.*

*The sweetest of gifts often travel with thornbush,  
lest appetite strip every leaf.*

*He says beauty was never intended for plunder,  
but reverence, wonder, and care.*

*The blossom belongs to the garden that bore it;  
its fragrance is meant to be shared.*

*The Medicine Man leaves an acorn in passing,  
though knowing he'll never see shade.*

*He trusts what the centuries quietly accomplish  
when one faithful seed has been laid.*

*He says measure no life by the harvest it witnesses,  
nor by the applause it receives.*

*The greatest of forests began without audience,  
remembered by only the trees.*

*The Medicine Man never outruns the seasons,  
nor asks them to hasten their pace.*

*The maple releases each leaf without grieving;  
the branch still remembers its place.*

*He says nothing living is lost by becoming.*

*The stream has no fear of the sea.*

*Each ending is simply a widening current,  
returning what always shall be.*

*The Medicine Man bends to the fragrance of cedar,  
where resin remembers the sun.*

*The oldest of trees keep no record of glory;  
they simply continue as one.*

*He says seek not greatness but rootedness first.  
The canopy follows below.*

*The tallest of forests are held by the darkness  
where patient beginnings still grow.*

*The Medicine Man hears in the cricket at twilight  
a hymn needing no human tongue.*

*The Earth has been singing long before our stories;  
our verses are born from Her song.*

*He says every creature receives its own measure,  
its own way of praising the Whole.*

*The owl offers silence, the thrush offers morning,  
the river unburdens the soul.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where the clover is blooming  
between weathered stones on the lane.*

*No gardener commanded such quiet abundance;  
the meadow had answered the rain.*

*He says life becomes fullest when left room for living.  
Control is a poor substitute.*

*The hand forever arranging the branches  
may never sit under their fruit.*

*The Medicine Man thanks every path for its teaching,  
even those ending in thorn.*

*For every mistaken direction sincerely walked  
prepared him for truer return.*

*He says wander honestly rather than perfectly.*

*The stars forgive every delay.*

*Only the traveler refusing all movement  
remains forever astray.*

*The Medicine Man watches the first snow settle,  
each flake finding only its place.*

*None envies another the branch it has chosen;  
all vanish with equal grace.*

*He says comparison darkens the eyesight  
more swiftly than wintering cloud.*

*The pine never measures itself by the mountain;  
it answers the wind, not the crowd.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where an old stone is warming  
beneath the first touch of the dawn.*

*The sun wastes no light proving worthy of shining;  
it gives because giving is born.*

*He says kindness resembles the morning.*

*It asks neither title nor fame.*

*The world is awakened by quiet abundance,  
not one loudly calling its name.*

*The Medicine Man walks until footsteps surrender  
to moss and the needles of pine.*

*At last there is no longer walker or pathway;  
the journey itself is the guide.*

*He says every seeker eventually notices  
the trail was not leading away.*

*It curved through the hills of forgetting and longing  
to bring him completely today.*

*The Medicine Man cups living water with both hands,  
then offers the first drink away.*

*No spring has diminished by quenching another;  
its joy is the gift of the day.*

*He says hold every blessing as rivers hold moonlight:  
completely, yet never confined.*

*The water reflects without wishing to keep it;  
its freedom is perfectly kind.*

*The Medicine Man leaves where the fox has been feeding,  
its tracks disappearing in rain.*

*No creature demands that the forest remember;  
the living need little acclaim.*

*He says leave behind less of yourself than your kindness.  
The rest will return to the Whole.  
The wind knows the names of forgotten companions;  
the Earth has already the roll.*

*The Medicine Man never asks who is winning,  
but whether the orchard still sings.  
The fruit has no interest in crowns or in contests;  
it ripens by older things.*

*He says leave the games to the children at playtime,  
yet never forget how they smile.  
The heart grows weary of victories counted;  
the garden keeps score all the while.*

*The Medicine Man studies each herb with devotion,  
not trusting another man's tongue.  
The leaf must become part of flesh before speaking;  
the medicine first must be sung.*

*He says wisdom enters through practice and presence.  
No book can digest in your stead.  
The loaf may be placed in the hands of the hungry;  
another must break it for bread.*

*The Medicine Man scatters no seed in impatience,  
nor waters the field out of fear.*

*He knows every season prepares what is coming;  
the blossom was always drawing near.*

*He says hurry belongs to forgetting the rhythm  
by which every forest is grown.*

*The oak has no wish to become an oak sooner;  
it trusts what the acorn has known.*

*The Medicine Man pauses wherever love lingers,  
though others may hurry along.*

*The tracks left by kindness are easier followed  
than all of ambition's loud songs.*

*He says every path worth remembering gently  
was first made by one faithful tread.*

*The trail is discovered by walking with wonder,  
not merely by maps overhead.*

*The Medicine Man knows every medicine  
must find its measure and place.*

*Too little may leave the wound untended;  
too much becomes its disgrace.*

*He says even rain may burden the valley,  
and sunlight may wither the grain.*

*The hand that is guided by quiet discernment  
will seldom administer pain.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the spring water gathers,  
its surface untroubled and clear.*

*The forest restores what the world has forgotten:  
that healing begins by drawing near.*

*He says seek first the ground that is wholesome;  
the blossom will follow the root.*

*No gardener curses the leaves into greenness;  
he nourishes quietly the shoot.*

*The Medicine Man lingers wherever love lingers,  
for kindness leaves visible trails.*

*No map has been drawn with such faithful precision  
as one that compassion unveils.*

*He says follow the tracks left by goodness,  
however unnoticed they seem.*

*The deepest of paths are seldom the loudest;  
they flow like the course of a stream.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the fox in the thicket;  
the fox offers nothing but peace.*

*Neither demands that the other be different.  
Each blesses the other's release.*

*He says all things flourish in freedom,  
and freedom is never possessed.*

*The hand that unclenches discovers at last  
how lightly the whole world can rest.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no more than he needs,  
yet leaves with his basket complete.*

*The forest grows rich through a thousand such takings,  
for gratitude renders them sweet.*

*He says every gift bears a hidden instruction:  
receive it with reverent hands.*

*The river gives freely to all who approach it,  
yet none can possess what it grants.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the old cedars whisper,  
their counsel too patient for speech.*

*The deepest of truths seldom travel as thunder;  
they bloom where the quiet can reach.*

*He says every answer worth carrying homeward  
arrives without force or demand.*

*The flower unfolds from the warmth of the morning,  
not pressure imposed by the hand.*

*The Medicine Man knows that the strongest of medicines  
often appear plain at first sight.*

*The spring has no need to announce its abundance;  
the thirsty discover its light.*

*He says seek not marvels but nearness to living.  
The sacred has never been far.  
The whole of creation is endlessly shining;  
we notice according to heart.*

*The Medicine Man watches the wind through the grasses,  
though nothing appears to have passed.  
He smiles, for the greatest of movements in Nature  
are often the ones that don't last.*

*He says cling not tightly to moments of beauty,  
nor mourn when they soften from view.  
The wind that has left you is feeding another;  
the same breath is passing through.*

*The Medicine Man keeps but a single possession  
no thief has discovered to take:  
the peace that arrives when the heart has remembered  
how little it truly must make.*

*He says wealth is measured in mornings awakened  
with nowhere unwilling to be.  
The richest of souls have forgotten the burden  
of proving what others should see.*

*The Medicine Man welcomes the silence at evening  
as gladly as birds greet the dawn.*

*The day asks no witness to justify beauty;  
its splendor continues alone.*

*He says truth has never required an audience,  
nor wisdom a throne to ascend.*

*The spring does not count how many have found it;  
it simply keeps flowing again.*

*The Medicine Man pauses beside fallen branches  
already returning to earth.*

*Nothing is lost in the hands of the forest;  
each ending prepares another birth.*

*He says fear is often a doorway left standing  
long after the traveler has passed.  
Step gently beyond it and look toward the valley;  
the prison was never the grass.*

*The Medicine Man sleeps where the stars remain visible,  
wrapped only in firelight and pine.*

*The heavens ask nothing but quiet attention;  
their oldest instruction is shine.*

*He says seek no life free from weather or changing,  
for stillness is never the goal.*

*The deepest of peace is a river still moving,  
yet perfectly one with the Whole.*

*The Medicine Man claims no corner of Earth  
except where his footsteps now fall.*

*The meadow belongs to the bee and the bluebird;  
the sunlight belongs to them all.*

*He says no one captures the wind by naming it,  
nor purchases dawn with a deed.*

*The valley receives us before we can ask it;  
our birth was the first gift we need.*

*The Medicine Man thanks every table he's welcomed,  
yet lingers with none out of pride.*

*The truest of homes are not built upon ownership;  
they travel wherever love guides.*

*He says every stranger is known by the forest  
long before names are exchanged.*

*The pine does not question the worth of the traveler;  
its shadow is freely arranged.*

*The Medicine Man gathers the rain in a kettle  
and listens while evening grows still.*

*The smallest of blessings become inexhaustible  
when welcomed without force of will.*

*He says drink from wonder as often as water.  
Both vanish when left in neglect.  
The heart that remembers astonishment daily  
is seldom consumed by regret.*

*The Medicine Man has no desire for followers,  
only companions awhile.  
The path grows no wider from many feet walking;  
it widens because of their smile.*

*He says every teacher returns to a student  
whenever the morning is new.  
The robin instructs him in songs without language;  
the moss teaches patience anew.*

*The Medicine Man leaves before gratitude ripens  
into dependence or praise.  
The finest of gifts are forgotten as givers,  
remaining in ordinary days.*

*He says let your kindness resemble the rainfall.  
It nourishes, then passes on.  
The field need not remember the cloud that has fed it;  
its greenness becomes the song.*

*The Medicine Man greets every morning alike,  
whether wrapped in the cloud or the sun.*

*The day has no duty to satisfy longing;  
its beauty is simply begun.*

*He says welcome the weather that visits your doorway.  
The wind is no stranger to you.  
The heart learns its strength from embracing the seasons,  
not wishing for only the blue.*

*The Medicine Man watches the swallows at evening  
return to the shelter they know.  
No voice has commanded their faithful homecoming;  
the stars are sufficient to show.*

*He says every creature remembers a pathway  
more ancient than language can tell.  
The river remembers the sea without seeing;  
the seed knows the forest as well.*

*The Medicine Man kindles a fire with patience,  
one twig and one breath at a time.  
No flame is persuaded by force into growing;  
it answers its own hidden rhyme.*

*He says tend what is small with unwavering kindness.  
The mighty begins in the slight.  
The dawn never arrives as a conqueror's army;  
it gathers the world into light.*

*The Medicine Man walks until silence surrounds him,  
yet never imagines he's alone.*

*The stones have their stories, the cedars their laughter;  
all life has a language its own.*

*He says listen beyond what is spoken by people.*

*The world has been teaching for long.*

*The oldest of scriptures are written in living,  
and every true heart reads along.*

*The Medicine Man thanks every day for its teaching,  
though few have resembled the last.*

*The river has never repeated a current,  
yet all find their way to the vast.*

*He says welcome each hour as though it were gifted  
only to never return.*

*The brightest of flames are not guarded by clinging,  
but by allowing them burn.*

*The Medicine Man rests where the moonlight is silver  
upon fallen needles of pine.*

*The forest asks nothing of those who receive it,  
except that their footsteps be kind.*

*He says leave each place just a little more peaceful  
than first you discovered it there.*

*The Earth has been endlessly generous with us;  
let gratitude answer with care.*

*The Medicine Man rises before the first birdsong,  
his fire reduced gently to coal.  
He scatters the ashes beneath an old cedar,  
returning them quietly whole.*

*He says every ending is merely an opening  
hidden from ordinary sight.  
Walk on with a thankful and unburdened spirit;  
the path will reveal itself right.*

*The Medicine Man shoulders his basket in silence,  
then vanishes into the trees.  
Only the breeze knows the road he has taken,  
and even the breeze does not speak.*

*The Medicine Man welcomes the broken branch gently,  
for fractures may widen the grain.  
The oak that has weathered the fiercest of winters  
gives deeper and steadier shade.*

*He says every breaking conceals an opening  
the hurried may never behold.  
The seed must surrender the shape that contained it  
before it can rise from the soil.*

*The Medicine Man gathers the circle at twilight,  
where faces are softened by flame.*

*No one is greater for sitting more closely;  
the fire remembers no names.*

*He says every hearth is a doorway to kinship  
whenever the heart enters first.*

*The warmest of circles are built without ownership,  
only a shared human thirst.*

*The Medicine Man walks until body and spirit  
no longer appear to divide.*

*The lighter the burden he carries within him,  
the farther his footsteps can glide.*

*He says ask of each habit with patient sincerity:  
Does this make my journey more free?  
Whatever grows lighter in kindness and healthfulness  
draws one nearer the tree.*

*The Medicine Man stands where the breakers are rolling,  
then smiles as they gather once more.*

*No wave has been sent as an enemy toward him;  
it merely continues the shore.*

*He says do not wrestle the tide into silence.  
Turn gently and learn how to ride.*

*The current that frightens the fearful with power  
becomes faithful strength from inside.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the river bends gently,  
its surface untroubled and wide.*

*The center is carried no faster than eddies;  
all waters arrive with the tide.*

*He says struggle belongs to the shoreline of thinking.  
The current has nothing to prove.  
The heart finds its place not by conquering distance,  
but learning the rhythm to move.*

*The Medicine Man pauses to listen for thrushes,  
though none have yet broken the dawn.  
The forest is never as silent as people;  
its music continues unseen.*

*He says every listening opens another  
small doorway no eye can behold.  
The ears are but one of the ways that we're given  
to gather the songs of the world.*

*The Medicine Man watches the sunlight through branches,  
each beam finding leaves of its own.  
No ray envies another its place in the forest;  
together they nourish the grove.*

*He says beauty is generous beyond all deserving.  
It scatters itself without plan.  
The blossom blooms just as freely for strangers  
as those who first planted the land.*

*The Medicine Man leaves as the evening grows deeper,  
his footprints already grown dim.  
The forest remembers him not by possession,  
but by how he remembered it.*

*The Medicine Man watches an old vine climbing  
without ever asking it why.  
It reaches because it is given to reaching,  
content with the breadth of the sky.*

*He says every life bears a quiet direction  
no compass of iron can show.  
The acorn requires no map to the forest;  
its roots already know.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the fern fronds uncurl,  
their spirals unfolding at dawn.  
No hand has instructed their patient becoming;  
they answer a wisdom their own.*

*He says do not hurry your deepest unfolding.  
The finest of medicines wait.*

*The blossom unopened is not incomplete;  
it simply has not met its date.*

*The Medicine Man listens to rain on the canvas  
through one long untroubled night.  
Each drop disappears into countless companions;  
together they nourish the light.*

*He says none of us falls in complete isolation.  
The smallest of kindnesses spread,  
as circles enlarge on the face of still water  
long after the first stone has fled.*

*The Medicine Man lifts up a weathered pinecone,  
then places it back where it lay.  
Some things are improved not by taking them home,  
but leaving them just as they stay.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where morning is gathering  
as mist lifts away from the stream.  
The valley reveals what the darkness concealed,  
yet nothing has ceased to be seen.*

*He says every sunrise remembers the landscape  
long before eyes awaken.  
The world is not waiting for us to discover it;  
we are the ones returning.*

*The Medicine Man walks with no thought of arriving,  
for every good path is complete.*

*The mountain is climbed one attentive footstep,  
not merely by reaching its peak.*

*He says ask not how far you have wandered,  
but whether your heart has grown light.*

*The burden released is a truer companion  
than miles collected in flight.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where the moss wraps a boulder,  
green woven upon ancient stone.*

*The softest of lives may embrace what is hardest  
without making hardness its own.*

*He says gentleness carries a strength beyond forcing.*

*The rain wears the mountain away.*

*The hand forever reaching through kindness  
endures beyond armies one day.*

*The Medicine Man watches a spider at sunrise  
repair what the night had undone.*

*No bitterness lives in the weaving of morning;  
the work is simply begun.*

*He says every life will be asked to keep mending  
what storms have unraveled before.*

*The web is not weakened by faithful rebuilding;  
it becomes stronger once more.*

*The Medicine Man watches the hawk ride the updraft,  
its wings scarcely moving at all.*

*The greatest of flights are not won through striving,  
but trusting the currents that call.*

*He says every burden we stubbornly carry  
asks softly to be understood.*

*Lay down what was never your weight to begin with;  
the Earth will receive it as good.*

*The Medicine Man drinks where the spring rises singing  
from darkness beneath ancient stone.*

*No traveler fashioned its patient abundance;  
its giving has always been known.*

*He says learn from the waters that nourish in silence.  
The loudest are seldom the deep.  
What truly sustains us asks little for notice,  
yet faithfully keeps what we keep.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where wildflowers flourish  
alongside the well-traveled way.*

*Beauty has never demanded seclusion;  
it greets whoever will stay.*

*He says wonder belongs to the willing observer,  
not only the child or the sage.*

*The world does not lessen through years of becoming;  
it opens with every new age.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from the oldest of fountains,  
whose waters no drought has undone.*

*The spring has no fear of tomorrow's arriving;  
its giving and being are one.*

*He says every life is a cup at that fountain,  
filled only to pour forth again.*

*The stream keeps no drop for itself in possession;  
its joy is the quenching of thirst.*

*The Medicine Man watches the grasses bend lowly  
before an invisible breeze.*

*The strongest among them are seldom the stiffest;  
they dance with remarkable ease.*

*He says yield where yielding is faithful to living.  
The willow survives every storm.*

*The branch that refuses the wisdom of bending  
may break while insisting on form.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the first shoots are rising  
through ashes abandoned by flame.*

*The forest remembers no injury forever;  
renewal still whispers its name.*

*He says every ending feeds hidden beginnings  
the eye has not learned yet to see.  
Trust less in appearances born of a moment,  
and more in eternity's tree.*

*The Medicine Man follows the laughter of water  
until it is lost underground.  
Still smiling, he walks, for he knows every river  
returns where the springs may be found.*

*The Medicine Man watches the old oak surrender  
its acorns to meadow and rain.  
It asks for no promise of forests tomorrow;  
it gives because giving remains.*

*He says measure no kindness by what it returns you.  
The orchard keeps none of its fruit.  
The sweetest of harvests are scattered for others,  
while roots drink in silence below.*

*The Medicine Man finds a smooth stone by the river  
made round through the patience of years.  
No hammer bestowed such remarkable beauty;  
the water accomplished it here.*

*He says time is a quiet companion to healing.  
The deepest restorations are slow.  
The mountain is shaped by innumerable mornings  
that no hurried traveler knows.*

*The Medicine Man greets every creature with wonder—  
the beetle, the fox, and the wren.  
None asks to become what another was fashioned;  
each wholly belongs where it is.*

*He says spare one another the burden of naming  
before you have learned how to see.  
The leaf tells its story by simply unfolding;  
allow every life the same grace.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no trophies from walking,  
no proof of the places he's known.  
He carries the forest in quiet remembrance,  
and leaves every forest its own.*

*The Medicine Man watches the bees in the clover,  
each gathering more than its own.  
The sweetness they carry returns to the meadow;  
no blossom is ever alone.*

*He says every life drinks from countless companions.  
No branch bears its leaves by itself.*

*The forest is woven from gifts without counting,  
each quietly serving the whole.*

*The Medicine Man sits where two rivers are meeting,  
their waters no longer apart.*

*No current remembers the place of division  
once joined in the labor of flow.*

*He says hearts become larger through faithful belonging.  
The self is a doorway, not wall.*

*What enters as one little stream of compassion  
may leave as a river for all.*

*The Medicine Man watches the evening grow gentle  
while swallows return to their nests.*

*None questions the hour for folding its labors;  
completion arrives without words.*

*He says there is wisdom in ending with daylight.  
Leave something unfinished each eve.  
Tomorrow is eager to welcome your footsteps;  
you need not accomplish the world.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the first stars awaken,  
their silence more ancient than speech.*

*Not everything true has been waiting for language;  
much waits to be quietly seen.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the moon finds the river,  
its silver unbroken by haste.*

*No hand gathers light into vessels of ownership;  
it shines where there is open space.*

*He says hold every blessing with fingers unclosing.  
The wind keeps no fragrance it bears.  
The sweetest of gifts are entrusted in passing,  
like pollen adrift upon air.*

*The Medicine Man hears an old cedar groaning  
beneath the long weight of the snow.  
It neither resists nor surrenders in panic;  
it simply continues to grow.*

*He says strength is not born from the absence of burden,  
but learning what need not be fought.  
The roots do not wrestle the mountain beneath them;  
they quietly enter its heart.*

*The Medicine Man finds where the mushrooms are rising  
from timber returning to loam.  
No fallen tree suffers the loss of its standing;  
it feeds every life yet to come.*

*He says nothing devoted to life is ever wasted.  
The forest remembers us all.*

*What leaves one form enters another with gladness,  
still answering Nature's first call.*

*The Medicine Man walks until stars fill the branches  
like fruit in an infinite tree.*

*He sleeps without asking tomorrow for answers;  
the dawn will reveal what it needs.*

*The Medicine Man watches the frost leave the meadow  
without any trumpet or song.*

*No season announces the hour of its turning;  
it simply no longer is long.*

*He says every change begins quietly within us,  
before it is seen by the eye.*

*The seed does not shout when it opens the darkness;  
it rises because it must rise.*

*The Medicine Man follows a trail through the redwoods  
where needles soften each tread.*

*The forest has patiently welcomed ten thousand,  
yet remembers no count of their steps.*

*He says leave this world lighter than when you entered.*

*The moss asks no payment for green.*

*The path is enriched not by those who possess it,  
but those who have lovingly been.*

*The Medicine Man watches the salmon returning  
against the persistent flow.*

*The river resists every movement of muscle,  
yet home is the only way known.*

*He says every heart bears remembrance of waters  
more ancient than memory's stream.*

*The source keeps inviting us back through our longing,  
however forgotten it seems.*

*The Medicine Man wakes before dawn every morning  
to greet what has never been gone.*

*The Spring has been singing beneath every silence;  
the day merely lets it be heard.*

*The Medicine Man watches the fog leave the valley  
without ever searching the sky.*

*The sun has no quarrel with shadows before it;  
its presence is quiet reply.*

*He says truth has no hunger for conquering error.*

*The morning persuades without speech.*

*Darkness departs not because it is driven,  
but simply because light can reach.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where old roots are winding  
through stones that have weathered the years.*

*No root complains over pathways before it;  
it enters wherever life clears.*

*He says every obstacle carries an opening,  
though seldom the one we intend.*

*The river does not ask the mountain for passage;  
it patiently finds where to bend.*

*The Medicine Man shares from his satchel at twilight—  
a crust of bread, berries, and tea.*

*No feast is made greater through careful possession;  
it grows when another may eat.*

*He says leave a place kinder than how you first found it.  
Leave people more hopeful than met.*

*The forest keeps living through countless small mercies  
the world has forgotten to name.*

*The Medicine Man listens until only crickets  
are weaving the edges of night.*

*Then smiling, he rises and follows no pathway,  
for every direction is light.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where morning is forming  
from colors too quiet to name.*

*The world has awakened a thousand times over,  
yet each dawn arrives just the same.*

*He says greet every day as the first of Creation.  
The birds have forgotten the past.  
They spend not one feather on yesterday's weather,  
but offer their whole song at last.*

*The Medicine Man watches the clouds cross the mountains  
without asking where they will go.  
The wind has no wish to imprison their journey;  
it loves them by letting them flow.*

*He says cling to no season beyond its belonging.  
The leaf does not bargain with fall.  
Whatever departs makes a place for another;  
the Spring keeps renewing it all.*

*The Medicine Man fills one last cup from the streamside  
before turning back toward the pines.  
The water remembers no face that has found it,  
yet welcomes each traveler alike.*

*He bows to the silence that dwells in all creatures—  
the cedar, the raven, the stone.  
Then quietly walks where the path disappears,  
as though he had never been gone.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the brightest of campfires  
whose smoke climbs the highest at night.*

*The oldest of embers give scarcely a whisper,  
yet carry the longest-lived light.*

*He says do not measure a life by its clamor.  
The loud stream is seldom the deep.  
The spring hidden under the mountain in silence  
awakens the valleys from sleep.*

*The Medicine Man cups both his hands at the fountain,  
then drinks without naming its taste.  
The sweetest of waters are spoiled by possession;  
they vanish when hurried by haste.*

*He says not all veils are an enemy's making.  
The blossom unfolds petal by petal.  
Were every mystery given at sunrise,  
the heart would forget how to dwell.*

*The Medicine Man watches a child chase a butterfly  
through grasses still jeweled with dew.  
The child never asks for the names of the flowers;  
delight is enough to be true.*

*He says wisdom begins not by gathering answers,  
but learning to loosen your grip.  
The river is entered by feet that are willing,  
not minds that would capture its depth.*

*The Medicine Man climbs where the trail is the steepest,  
then laughs at the crest of the hill.*

*The summit was reached by looking beyond it;  
the stars were the truer uphill.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the desert begins,  
its silence too ancient for fear.*

*The thorn and the stone become patient instructors  
to all who are willing to hear.*

*He says not every country is fashioned for resting.  
Some valleys are crossed, not possessed.*

*The hardest of places reveal what remains  
when comfort no longer is left.*

*The Medicine Man finds where the cactus is blooming  
though rain has forgotten the land.*

*Life keeps a secret no drought can extinguish;  
hope flowers by quieter hands.*

*He says terror belongs to the passing of seasons.  
Love outlives the harshest of winds.*

*The storm may command every branch for an evening;  
the Spring still awakens again.*

*The Medicine Man studies the roots of an apple,  
then lifts up the ripening fruit.*

*The sweetness above never stands by itself;  
it drinks from the dark and the deep.*

*He says never praise only visible blessings.  
The hidden deserves equal song.  
The root gives itself without asking for notice,  
and every true harvest belongs.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where a raven is calling  
from high in a weathered pine.  
The echo grows smaller the farther it travels;  
the silence grows larger with time.*

*The Medicine Man watches a swallow returning  
each spring to the branch it has known.  
The valley has shaped how it gathers the morning,  
yet never determined its song.*

*He says every creature is touched by its dwelling,  
yet none is imprisoned by place.  
The mountain may fashion the strength of the cedar;  
the life is a deeper embrace.*

*The Medicine Man stands where the meadow meets forest,  
no border deciding the land.  
The grasses grow softly beneath both horizons;  
the wind knows no fences at all.*

*He says do not mistake the vessel for living,  
nor clothing for what it contains.  
The bark is not older than sap flowing through it;  
the leaf is not separate from rain.*

*The Medicine Man gathers a handful of acorns,  
then scatters them into the loam.  
No seed has been promised the shelter of greatness;  
it answers the call to become.*

*He says what is faithful asks little for certainty.  
The oak begins hidden from sight.  
Its future is written in patient becoming,  
not loudly declared in delight.*

*The Medicine Man watches the heron stand motionless  
where river and sky intertwine.  
Its stillness accomplishes more than its hunting;  
the fish almost offer themselves.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the stream divides briefly,  
then smiles where its waters rejoin.  
The current has never forgotten its wholeness;  
our eyes are the makers of parts.*

*He says truth is seldom the simplest of stories.  
The forest appears as a tree*

*until you have knelt where the roots touch the fungi,  
and rain enters stone without sound.*

*The Medicine Man watches a spider repairing  
the strands torn apart in the wind.*

*No thread asks why it was chosen for mending;  
it simply remembers its work.*

*He says every hardship conceals an instruction  
that waits without forcing its voice.*

*The mountain need never explain why it stands there;  
the climber discovers the cause.*

*The Medicine Man finds where the lichens are growing  
on granite abandoned by time.*

*The slowest of lives are often the deepest;  
they measure the years into peace.*

*He says never envy the quickness of blossoms  
that vanish before summer's end.*

*The cedar gives shade to descendants unborn,  
content with the length of its days.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where a feather lies waiting  
beside an untraveled bend.*

*He lifts it no higher than needed to wonder,  
then gives it again to the wind.*

*The Medicine Man comes to a clearing at sunrise  
where spiderwebs gather the dew.*

*Each thread holds a morning too fragile for keeping,  
yet perfect for one passing view.*

*He says beauty was never intended for owning.*

*The rainbow asks nothing but eyes.*

*The hand that unclenches receives more completely  
than one forever closed by desire.*

*The Medicine Man follows the scent of the cedar  
still warming beneath newborn light.*

*No fragrance has ever demanded attention;  
it simply becomes part of breath.*

*He says let your goodness resemble the forest.*

*Give shade before speaking your name.*

*The oldest of trees have forgotten their greatness;  
they're busy becoming the rain.*

*The Medicine Man watches an ant cross a pine cone  
with more determination than haste.*

*No distance appears overwhelming to patience;  
the smallest step honors the way.*

*He says never measure a life by its swiftness,  
nor judge by the height it has grown.*

*The moss and the mountain both answer one sunlight,  
each faithful according to form.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where a sapling is bending  
beneath the first snowfall of fall.*

*He brushes the burden away with one finger,  
then quietly walks without claim.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where brambles have woven  
their thorns across part of the trail.*

*He does not grow angry at what slows his footsteps;  
he learns where the berries prevail.*

*He says many gifts wear the clothing of hardship,  
lest haste overlook what they bear.*

*The sweetest of fruits often flourish together  
with branches requesting our care.*

*The Medicine Man stands where the hillside has fallen,  
its cedars laid gently aside.*

*Already the fern and the mushrooms are gathering  
where sunlight now enters the pines.*

*He says Nature has never mistaken an ending  
for anything more than a change.*

*The places that seem to have suffered the deepest  
become where new forests arrange.*

*The Medicine Man watches the heron take flight,  
then vanish beyond the blue mist.*

*He offers no wish to continue the moment;  
its beauty was always enough.*

*He says gratitude lengthens the life of an instant  
far more than possession can do.*

*The heart keeps forever what hands cannot carry;  
love travels a different route.*

*The Medicine Man hears a lone cricket beginning  
before any others reply.*

*One quiet voice welcomed by evening with patience  
becomes the whole chorus by night.*

*The Medicine Man reaches a fallen old cedar  
that blocks where the footpath once lay.*

*He follows the moss to a gentler direction,  
discovering flowers that way.*

*He says not each turning is born of misfortune.*

*The river has lessons for stone.*

*The bend that delayed you from reaching the valley  
may lead to a spring yet unknown.*

*The Medicine Man watches the snow from a hemlock  
fall softly without any sound.*

*No branch mourns the weight that has finally left it;  
it simply grows lighter again.*

*He says burdens depart as quietly as gathering.  
Few notice the hour they are gone.  
Give thanks not only for gifts newly given,  
but those you no longer must own.*

*The Medicine Man sits while a fox crosses slowly,  
then vanishes into the fern.  
No farewell is spoken between them at parting;  
some meetings are whole without words.*

*He says every life is a brief sacred crossing.  
Receive it, then loosen your hand.  
The wind keeps no feather forever beside it,  
yet carries its memory on.*

*The Medicine Man finds where the creek leaves the forest  
to wander the open green plain.  
He smiles, for no water abandons its nature  
when changing the shape of its name.*

*The Medicine Man wakes before dawn in the stillness  
while frost paints the meadow with light.  
Each blade wears a kingdom too small to be noticed,  
yet perfect beneath morning's sky.*

*He says greatness is seldom a matter of bigness.  
The stars have no quarrel with dew.  
The Infinite hides with equal devotion  
inside what is vast and minute.*

*The Medicine Man listens where woodpeckers labor,  
returning again to one tree.  
No blow seems to matter until, little by little,  
the hidden chamber appears.*

*He says patience is born of a thousand beginnings  
that scarcely resemble an end.  
The mountain is carved not by one mighty river,  
but countless embraces of rain.*

*The Medicine Man turns over one weathered old stone.  
Beneath it, pale mushrooms arise.  
The darkness had never imprisoned their growing;  
it quietly sheltered their lives.*

*He says do not despise unseen seasons of waiting.  
The seed does its deepest becoming  
where no eye applauds.*

*The Medicine Man follows the geese in their calling  
as autumn unfolds through the air.  
No bird owns the sky that supports all its journeys;  
each borrows the wind for a while.*

*He says travel as lightly as leaves on the current.  
Leave room for the world to remain.  
The Earth is not poorer because you have crossed it;  
it should breathe a little more freely.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where old maple leaves  
have gathered in quiet decay.  
The forest keeps nothing beyond what is useful;  
it fashions tomorrow from today.*

*He says nothing in Nature is wasted forever.  
Even the fallen belong.  
The leaf feeds the root that awakens the blossom;  
the ending remembers the song.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the mushrooms are rising  
through wood that surrendered its name.  
No life disappears from the circle completely;  
it simply continues transformed.*

*He says look to the places the world calls forgotten.  
The richest of soils are there.  
What patience receives with an open and gentle heart  
time returns with abundance.*

*The Medicine Man watches the moon through the branches  
while owls trade silence for sound.*

*The darkness has never opposed the beginning;  
it merely prepares what is born.*

*He says fear often grows from the absence of seeing.  
Walk softly until your eyes learn.*

*The night reveals different companions than daylight,  
yet both share the same ancient Earth.*

*The Medicine Man reaches a pool without ripples.  
The mountains appear in its face.  
He casts not a pebble to prove it is living,  
but thanks it for holding the sky.*

*He says stillness is not the refusal of motion.  
It is motion at perfect accord.  
The spring never struggles to become overflowing;  
its giving is simply its form.*

*The Medicine Man crosses a meadow at twilight  
where crickets awaken the grass.  
No voice seeks to rise above all of the others;  
together they deepen the dusk.*

*He says harmony asks not for sameness of singing,  
but each finding truth in its tone.  
The forest is woven from countless expressions;  
its oneness is born of them all.*

*The Medicine Man finds where the birches have opened  
their pale hands to weather and time.*

*The bark bears the memory of every hard winter,  
yet still offers shelter in spring.*

*He says wisdom is written less deeply in comfort  
than seasons endured without hate.*

*The tree keeps no anger toward wind for its shaping;  
it simply grows stronger with grace.*

*The Medicine Man watches the salmon returning  
against the unwearied stream.*

*No current persuades them to abandon their longing;  
their home is remembered within.*

*He says there are callings no language can capture,  
directions no map can bestow.*

*The heart sometimes recognizes what reason  
can only discover much later.*

*The Medicine Man gathers one smooth river pebble  
and turns it once over by hand.*

*No edge remains angry at all it has weathered;  
the water has taught it to rest.*

*He says gentleness wears away hardness more surely  
than fury has ever achieved.*

*The stream reaches oceans by yielding completely,  
not battling every stone.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where morning has scattered  
small feathers beside the still lake.*

*No bird returns searching for what it has yielded;  
the wind understands what to keep.*

*He says every giving becomes part of living,  
though seldom the giver will know.*

*The pine never counts all the shade it has offered,  
nor rivers the fields where they flow.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the first drops of rainfall  
awaken the fragrance of earth.*

*The ground had been waiting in perfect still silence  
to answer the kindness of clouds.*

*He says every soul has its season of thirsting,  
yet none are abandoned for long.*

*The spring does not hurry because of the summer;  
it trusts what has always belonged.*

*The Medicine Man watches two ravens in circling  
describe unseen patterns above.*

*No pathway is visible there to the traveler,  
yet both know precisely the way.*

*He says not all guidance appears as directions.  
The stars never speak to the sea.  
Yet tides have remembered their ancient communion  
since long before language was dreamed.*

*The Medicine Man rests where an old stump is blooming  
with moss of impossible green.  
The forest forgets none who offered their lifetime;  
it carries them forward in leaves.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where morning mist rises  
from waters too gentle to wake.  
The hills do not hurry to gather their outlines;  
the sun remembers their names.*

*He says nothing awakened by patience is lesser  
for taking the slower of paths.  
The dawn has arrived every morning untroubled  
long before anyone watched.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where lichens are writing  
their quiet green script upon stone.  
No season can read all the wisdom before it;  
the mountain keeps teaching the moss.*

*He says knowledge is gathered like rings in an old tree,  
so slowly their growing seems still.*

*Yet one day the sapling looks back on the meadow  
and shades what once sheltered itself.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where one violet blossoms  
between two great roots of an oak.*

*No flower laments that its life will be shorter;  
it spends every hour in bloom.*

*He says measure no life by the length of its story,  
nor judge by the number of days.*

*One drop from the spring holds the whole of the river,  
as surely as oceans hold rain.*

*The Medicine Man listens while wind through the aspens  
becomes its own shimmering choir.*

*No leaf sings alone through the breath of the forest;  
the music belongs to them all.*

*He says every voice that forgets it is separate  
finds harmony waiting beneath.*

*The song was not born from the throats of the singers;  
the singers were born from the song.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the hillside  
grows gentler, as evening gives way to the stars.  
The shadows grow long, yet no darkness is  
feared there; night gathers the world in its arms.*

*He says every sunset is less a departing  
than daylight made quietly whole.  
The moon does not envy the brilliance of  
morning; each keeps a true watch for the Whole.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where rainwater  
lingers in hollows worn smooth upon stone.  
The smallest of pools hold the heavens  
completely; no sky asks a lake to be known.*

*He says judge not vessels by measure or  
bigness, nor spirits by fortune or name.  
One heart filled with love holds as much of  
the Infinite as oceans reflecting the same.*

*The Medicine Man watches the bee among  
blossoms, forgetting each flower it leaves.  
Yet every farewell has become part of honey,  
though none of the petals perceive.*

*He says nothing given in love is forgotten,  
though memory cannot explain.  
The orchard remembers each faithful  
companion; the fruit bears their kindness again.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the ferns  
are unfolding, each frond with its ancient design.*

*No spiral is hurried to finish its journey;  
each opens according to time.*

*He says hurry belongs to forgetting the  
rhythm by which every forest is grown.  
The seed has no quarrel with seasons of  
waiting; the patient already are home.*

*The Medicine Man follows the brook at  
first light, where alders lean low to the stream.  
The waters remember each root that has  
touched them, yet carry no burden between.*

*He says every kindness continues its  
journey long after the hands have grown still.  
The rain never asks where the rivers have  
wandered; it trusts they remember the hill.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where old  
cedar needles have softened the stones of the trail.  
The hardest of paths may grow gentle  
with passing; time seldom permits them to fail.*

*He says every footstep becomes an  
instruction for those who will someday draw near.  
Walk lightly enough that the Earth feels  
your gratitude more deeply than weight you leave here.*

*The Medicine Man watches the swallows  
descending, then lifting again toward the sky.  
No flight ever argues with seasons of landing;  
each knows when to rest and to fly.*

*He says every breathing has borrowed a  
rhythm first practiced by forests and seas.  
The heart learns its measure from all that  
is living, not merely the thoughts that we keep.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the  
moss drinks quietly from cracks in a weathered old stone.  
No place is too humble for life to awaken;  
the Spring never travels alone.*

*He says hope resembles the fern in the  
woodland, unfolding though hidden from view.  
The world is forever becoming tomorrow;  
today fashions all that is new.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the rain has  
been falling, yet leaves not a murmur behind.  
The forest drinks deeply in quiet rejoicing;  
the clouds have fulfilled what they signed.*

*He says every blessing arrives in its season,  
though seldom according to will.*

*The stream has no quarrel with mountains  
before it; it patiently follows until.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where old cedars  
tower, their branches embracing the sky.  
No bough ever reaches by scorning its  
rooting; the highest remember the why.*

*He says every answer grows out of a  
question received with a reverent heart.  
The seed does not argue the shape of the  
forest; it faithfully offers its part.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the fox has  
been resting, its footprints now softened by dew.  
The trail has not vanished because it has  
faded; the Earth still remembers it through.*

*He says every kindness resembles the  
fragrance remaining when blossoms are gone.  
The flower may pass from the sight of the  
traveler; its sweetness continues at dawn.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the first stars  
are waking, the fire grown gentle and low.  
The heavens reveal themselves only to  
patience; the hurried see little below.*

*He says every evening prepares for a  
morning already concealed in the night.  
The dawn is forever becoming through  
darkness; the darkness is carrying light.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where twilight  
deepens, and whippoorwills answer the pine.  
No creature is troubled by darkness  
arriving; each keeps to its season in time.*

*He says every life has a rhythm appointed,  
no earlier, later, nor less.*

*The moon does not strive for the glory of  
morning; each faithfully offers its best.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where an acorn  
lies waiting, its forest concealed in the small.  
The future asks little beyond patient  
planting; the seed need not witness it all.*

*He says measure no labor by harvest  
alone, nor goodness by praise it has won.  
The tallest of cedars began in a silence  
remembered by scarcely anyone.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the  
campfire dwindles, its embers now glowing like stars.*

*The warmth lingers long after flame has  
grown quiet; the heart often kindles that far.*

*He says every spirit becomes such a  
firelight, however unnoticed its gleam.  
Live gently enough that another finds  
courage by warmth they believed but a dream.*

*The Medicine Man listens until only  
crickets remain with the wind through the trees.  
The forest has spoken a thousand true  
sermons, yet never has fallen to knees.*

*He says every temple is built of  
attention, wherever love quietly stands.  
The holiest ground is the place where  
you're present, receiving the world with both hands.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the birches  
grow silver, their bark catching last evening's light.  
No tree asks another to borrow its beauty;  
each glows by its own quiet right.*

*He says every spirit bears one hidden  
calling, no greater, no lesser than rain.  
The clouds never envy the rivers below  
them; they meet in the ocean again.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where wild  
grapes are climbing, their tendrils embracing the pine.  
The strongest companions grow upward  
together, yet neither forgets its own vine.*

*He says love is less like possession than  
sunlight, bestowing itself as it goes.  
The blossom receives without clinging  
forever; the fragrance belongs where it blows.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where old  
needles are gathered, their seasons returned to the loam.  
The forest keeps nothing that living can  
borrow; it quietly carries it home.*

*He says every ending prepares for  
beginning, though neither contends for the day.  
The Spring has no quarrel with autumn's  
departing; they each make the other a way.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the path  
has grown faintly beneath fern and weathered stone.  
The trail never asks to be perfectly  
followed; it asks that no traveler walk alone.*

*The Medicine Man watches the last light leave the pines,  
until every branch has become part of evening.*

*The forest has spoken enough for one day;  
the silence completes what the words began.*

*He says no river hurries to become the sea,  
no acorn strains to become the oak.*

*The Whole asks only that each life become itself,  
for every faithful becoming blesses the rest.*

*The Medicine Man stirs the embers before departing,  
leaving warmth for whoever may wander by after him.  
A good fire remembers those not yet arrived,  
just as the forest remembers those long since gone.*

*Leave every place a little more living than you found it.  
Leave every heart a little less afraid.  
Leave every path a little easier to follow.  
Then go quietly, and let the forest finish the story.*

*The Medicine Man watches the dawn arrive without  
announcement,  
mist surrendering softly to light.  
No bird petitions the heavens for morning;  
it sings because morning is right.*

*He says truth resembles the spring in the mountain,  
hidden before it is seen.  
The clearest of waters ask no one to follow;  
they simply make thirsty things clean.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the old cedars weather,  
their branches both broken and whole.*

*The scars of the forest become rings of remembrance,  
each season enlarging the soul.*

*He says strength is quieter far than ambition;  
the oak never argues its worth.*

*The deepest of roots spend their lives out of sight,  
yet quietly nourish the Earth.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the ravens are calling,  
their echoes adrift through the glen.*

*The mountains return every word without judgment,  
yet none are diminished by them.*

*He says speak as the valley receives every footstep,  
allowing each sound to belong.*

*The echo remembers no pride of its own;  
it merely gives back what is sung.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the mushrooms are rising,  
fed by what others have been.*

*The forest wastes nothing entrusted unto it;  
all endings make room to begin.*

*He says bless every season of loss with thanksgiving,  
for nothing is ever destroyed.*

*The Spring keeps reshaping the forms of its giving,  
and emptiness flowers with joy.*

*The Medicine Man rests where the grasses are bending,  
yet none are diminished thereby.*

*The willow grows stronger by yielding to weather;  
the rigid are first to deny.*

*He says freedom lives not in gathering treasures,  
but laying false burdens aside.*

*The traveler needing but what dawn provides  
walks richer than kings in their pride.*

*The Medicine Man drinks where the spring leaves the hill,  
its waters untroubled and clear.*

*No stream has forgotten the place of beginning,  
though countless new turnings appear.*

*He says every heart that remembers its Source  
can wander yet never be lost.*

*The river may travel a thousand great valleys,  
yet never forget what it was.*

*The Medicine Man watches the wind through the meadow,  
where countless tall seedheads are sown.*

*Each carries tomorrow in quiet surrender,  
yet none claim the harvest their own.*

*He says every gift is fulfilled in its giving,  
not held by the hand that bestows.  
The blossom grows fragrant by opening outward;  
the closed bud is all that it knows.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where lichens are painting  
old granite with silver and green.  
The oldest of stones wear the softest of garments;  
the patient transform what seems mean.*

*He says truth is seldom the loudest of voices,  
nor wisdom the quickest to speak.  
The mountains are built from innumerable moments,  
each one appearing so weak.*

*The Medicine Man watches the snowfall gather,  
yet no single flake claims the field.  
The meadow is clothed by countless small offerings,  
each willing its whiteness to yield.*

*He says no life carries the Whole by itself,  
though each bears the Whole in its part.  
The forest is fashioned by roots unseen,  
yet every leaf mirrors its heart.*

*The Medicine Man listens where thrushes are calling,  
their songs disappearing in air.*

*No music is lost when the silence receives it;  
the silence was always there.*

*He says all voices return to one stillness,  
as rivers return to the sea.*

*The wave may rejoice in the shape of its dancing,  
yet water is all it can be.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where sunlight is weaving  
through needles of cedar and pine.  
Each beam finds a thousand paths through the branches,  
yet all of them spring from one shine.*

*He says never mistake the form for the Giver,  
nor branches for all of the tree.  
The fruit and the blossom, the bark and the root  
share one hidden identity.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the wind has departed,  
yet leaves every meadow inclined.  
The deepest of powers seek never to conquer;  
their presence is known by what shines.*

*The Medicine Man watches the first rain gather,  
its fragrance arising from stone.  
The Earth has remembered before clouds have spoken;  
the welcome was always its own.*

*He says every blessing is first a receiving,  
before it becomes something shared.  
The fullest of cups are those emptied with gladness,  
then quietly filled by fresh air.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where cedars have fallen,  
their trunks slowly clothing the ground.  
The forest bows low to no language of failure;  
new roots seek the places they're found.*

*He says every giving becomes a returning,  
though hidden from ordinary sight.  
The leaf feeds the root that once lifted the leaf there;  
the dawn follows faithfully night.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the deer were drinking,  
their footprints impressed by the stream.  
No creature has claimed the cool waters for keeping;  
they flow as though sharing a dream.*

*He says all abundance grows poor through possession,  
yet richer the more it is freed.  
The orchard bears fruit not because it is boarded,  
but gladly relinquishes seed.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the wind leaving no footprint,  
yet every tall meadow has bowed.*

*The deepest of powers depart without boasting;  
their work need not gather a crowd.*

*He says truth resembles the air of the forest:  
unseen, yet sustaining us all.*

*The wise need not prove what the mountains remember;  
the silent still answer the call.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the aspens are trembling,  
though scarcely a breath passes by.*

*The leaves understand what the eye cannot measure;  
they answer the language of sky.*

*He says every spirit is moved by one current,  
however forgotten the stream.*

*The branch may imagine itself all the living;  
the root knows the deeper unseen.*

*The Medicine Man wanders where frost crowns meadow,  
each blade wearing morning like glass.*

*The sun asks no payment for melting the crystal;  
it brightens, then quietly passes.*

*He says kindness asks neither witness nor memory,  
nor waits for another's applause.*

*The flower blooms fully though none stop to see it;  
its joy is sufficient because.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where redwoods are breathing,  
their silence too ancient for speech.*

*The tallest among them grew slowly from darkness;  
their greatness lay first beyond reach.*

*He says every life that is faithful in smallness  
already partakes of the Whole.*

*The mountain is fashioned from countless small risings,  
each one completing the soul.*

*The Medicine Man follows the scent after rainfall,  
where mushrooms awaken the loam.*

*No kingdom announces its patient appearing;  
the hidden prepares every home.*

*He says never envy the blossom above you,  
nor pity the root out of sight.*

*The one holds the other in perfect communion;  
together they welcome the light.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the brook grows quieter,  
its current concealed by the fern.*

*The deepest of waters seek little attention;  
they flow without needing return.*

*He says every soul has a season for stillness,  
when silence accomplishes more.*

*The seed breaks no ground through striving or clamor;  
it opens an inward door.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where robins are feeding,  
their songs greeting no one alone.*

*The forest receives every note without judgment;  
each voice finds its place in the Whole.*

*He says every creature completes but one verse here,  
yet all share one ancient refrain.*

*The choir needs neither the thrush nor the raven  
to sing in precisely the same.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where old bark is weathered,  
its furrows grown gentle with years.*

*The rain has engraved what no blade could accomplish;  
love softens what force only scars.*

*He says every hardship may hollow the vessel,  
yet hollowness welcomes the spring.*

*The cup that has learned how to empty with grace  
is prepared for whatever life brings.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the fox leaves the thicket,  
then vanishes into the pine.*

*Some truths are entrusted to those who stop chasing;  
their footprints appear in their time.*

*He says seek not always to capture the wonder,  
nor carry it home as your own.*

*Walk gently beside it with reverent gratitude,  
and leave it more free than alone.*

*The Medicine Man watches the snowfall settle,  
one feather of winter at rest.*

*No flake ever asks for a grander descending;  
each finds the one branch that is best.*

*He says every life has been given a landing,  
no two in precisely the same.*

*The beauty of snow is not sameness together,  
but each crystal bearing one flame.*

*The Medicine Man rests where the cedars stand watchful,  
their shadows outliving the day.*

*The years have not burdened their patient becoming;  
they've simply been gathered that way.*

*He says wisdom ripens much slower than knowledge,  
as forests grow slower than reeds.*

*The tallest of truths spend an age making rootlets  
before they are noticed as trees.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where stream rounds boulder,  
its current refusing no stone.*

*By yielding its pathway to every obstruction,  
it fashions a music its own.*

*He says gentleness is not weakness of spirit,  
but strength unconcerned with display.  
The river wears mountains to valleys of kindness,  
yet never forgets its own Way.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the evening grows deeper,  
and whippoorwills answer the pine.  
No creature grows anxious that darkness is coming;  
they trust what is held beyond time.*

*He says faith is less certainty held by the thinker  
than trust freely given the dawn.  
The sun has returned through uncountable mornings;  
why fear it has suddenly gone?*

*The Medicine Man watches the lichens on granite,  
their colors too patient for haste.  
The centuries speak through the smallest of brushstrokes;  
no season of life is a waste.*

*He says every moment is quietly adding  
to all that the spirit becomes.  
The mountain remembers each snowfall that vanished;  
the oak counts the years in its rings.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where a feather lies waiting,  
released by the wing into earth.*

*The bird has surrendered what once gave it lifting,  
yet nothing diminishes worth.*

*He says every letting go nourishes something,  
though hidden from ordinary eyes.*

*The forest is built from continual yielding;  
its endings are fertile disguise.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the moss greets granite,  
embracing the cold without blame.*

*It asks not for sunlight on every horizon,  
yet flourishes just the same.*

*He says peace is seldom the child of abundance,  
but grows where acceptance takes root.*

*The heart that no longer negotiates with living  
discovers existence bears fruit.*

*The Medicine Man pauses as twilight grows amber,  
and swallows weave low through the air.*

*No one commands the returning of evening;  
each creature simply is there.*

*He says life is lighter than many imagine,  
yet deeper than language can prove.*

*The river need not understand where it travels  
to faithfully answer its groove.*

*The Medicine Man watches the fog leave the valley,  
revealing the hills one by one.*

*The landscape had waited unchanged through the  
whiteness; the light merely welcomed the sun.*

*He says many truths are not born by discovering,  
but found when illusion has flown.*

*The mountain was never concealed from existence;  
it waited for seeing alone.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where pinecones lie scattered,  
their labor appearing complete.*

*Yet hidden within every weathered enclosure  
the forests of centuries sleep.*

*He says measure no life by the fruits it has yielded,  
nor only by branches in bloom.*

*The greatest of forests begin in a stillness  
small enough to fit in one room.*

*The Medicine Man follows the bees through the clover,  
their wandering wiser than maps.*

*No flower possesses the meadow exclusively;  
each opens the way that it has.*

*He says every calling discovers its answer  
by faithfully living its part.  
The blossom need never become the beekeeper,  
nor honey aspire to the heart.*

*The Medicine Man sits as the stars gather slowly,  
each shining without any plea.  
The heavens are never diminished by countless lights;  
they deepen infinity.*

*He says every soul is a window for wonder,  
no brighter, no lesser, than one.  
The night is made whole by the fellowship of stars,  
not only the blaze of the sun.*

*The Medicine Man watches an acorn in silence,  
its promise concealed by its shell.  
The oak has entrusted its future to stillness,  
where mysteries patiently dwell.*

*He says greatness seldom announces its coming,  
nor hastens the pace of its birth.  
The tallest of beings begin as unnoticed,  
held gently inside of the Earth.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where cattails are bending,  
their crowns softly swayed by the breeze.*

*The wind asks for nothing from those who receive it;  
they answer by moving with ease.*

*He says wisdom often resembles the grasses,  
which flourish by learning to yield.  
The rigid may weather a season of hardship,  
the supple inherit the field.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the moon finds the river,  
its silver unbroken by flow.  
The water receives every image with gladness,  
yet claims not a single one so.*

*He says let the world pass through heart as through water,  
reflecting, yet never confined.  
The clearest of pools hold the heavens completely,  
because they have emptied the mind.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where dawn wakes the hillside,  
and sparrows begin their refrain.  
No morning repeats what was sung by another,  
yet all sing the same sweet domain.*

*He says every day is Creation continuing,  
the first light forever made new.  
The Maker has never concluded His painting;  
the brush still moves softly through you.*

*The Medicine Man watches the raven in silence,  
its shadow crossing the stone.*

*The bird has no quarrel with light or with darkness;  
it travels through both as its own.*

*He says wholeness is born of embracing the seasons,  
not clinging to only the fair.*

*The roots drink the rain and the warmth of the summer;  
one life is unfolding through both there.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where the spider is weaving,  
its labor suspended in dew.*

*The web has been fashioned from countless small crossings;  
its strength lies in each being true.*

*He says every kindness becomes an unseen thread,  
binding what eyes cannot see.*

*The forest is held by ten thousand relations,  
not one mighty trunk or tree.*

*The Medicine Man follows the scent of the cedar,  
released by the warmth of the day.*

*The tree gives its fragrance through simply existing;  
it never intends to persuade.*

*He says let your presence become like the woodland:  
a refuge before it is known.*

*The gentlest of lives leave the deepest impression  
by quietly being their own.*

*The Medicine Man gazes where evening is forming,  
the horizon dissolving from sight.*

*No edge separates earth from the gathering heavens;  
they mingle by degrees into night.*

*He says many boundaries live only in thinking,  
while life flows unbroken beneath.*

*The river knows nothing of names upon shorelines;  
it answers one infinite sea.*

*The Medicine Man watches the willow beside him,  
its branches caressing the stream.*

*The water and tree have abandoned possession;  
they flourish within the same dream.*

*He says nothing living stands wholly alone here,  
though each wears a singular face.*

*The forest composes one endless becoming,  
with every life finding its place.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where black soil breathes,  
its richness concealed from the eye.*

*The humblest of kingdoms sustain all the others;  
the hidden lifts all that is high.*

*He says honor the work that no chorus remembers,  
the hands never eager for praise.*

*The roots write the story the blossoms recite  
through the flowering years and days.*

*The Medicine Man wanders where autumn is turning  
green mountains to embers of gold.*

*No leaf calls the changing a tragedy's ending;  
it trusts what the seasons have told.*

*He says fear not the colors of your own becoming,  
nor cling to the garments you've worn.*

*The tree is not faithless because it surrenders  
the leaves that once greeted the morn.*

*The Medicine Man lingers until stars are countless,  
their silence outnumbering words.*

*He listens as though every heartbeat of Heaven  
were carried on wings without birds.*

*He says there are answers no language can carry,  
no teaching that voices can own.*

*The deepest of wisdom arrives without speaking,  
and leaves us more wholly alone.*

*The Medicine Man watches the fire grow quieter,  
its embers exchanging their glow.*

*No flame ever mourns its returning to crimson;  
it warms until warmth bids it go.*

*He says every brightness belongs to the Giver,  
not one to be guarded as mine.*

*The candle fulfills its most sacred of callings  
by freely surrendering shine.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the owl keeps its vigil,  
while moonlight pours over the pine.*

*The night hides no terror from eyes grown accustomed;  
it ripens another design.*

*He says fear is often the child of forgetting  
that darkness has nourished the seed.*

*The womb and the forest are both places hidden,  
where silence prepares what we need.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where rain fills a hollow,  
reflecting the stars overhead.*

*The heavens descend to the smallest of waters,  
where pride would have hurried instead.*

*He says bow low enough, and the Infinite finds you;  
the valley receives every stream.*

*The highest of truths make their home among meekness,  
more often than power's esteem.*

*He says seek not greatness through weight or through  
clamor, nor measure your life by its sound.*

*The deepest of influences move like the seasons,  
unseen, yet transforming the ground.*

*The Medicine Man watches the river at sunrise,  
its surface both broken and whole.*

*No ripple diminishes what lies beneath it;  
the depths remain true to their role.*

*He says quiet the waters of wanting and fearing,  
and patiently learn how to see.*

*The sky has forever been waiting within you,  
untroubled by what used to be.*

*The Medicine Man stands where an old cedar yielded,  
now sheltering saplings below.*

*The forest remembers no conflict with dying;  
it only continues to grow.*

*He says spend not your years grasping after remembrance,  
nor building a monument's stone.*

*Become fertile ground for the lives yet to follow;  
the harvest need never be known.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the daylight is fading,  
while one star awakens above.*

*He offers no final instruction or blessing,  
but leaves with the silence he loved.*

*The Medicine Man watches the first light touch  
the rim of a forgotten stone.*

*The dawn does not ask if the world is deserving;  
it simply makes morning its own.*

*He says learn from the sun, whose endless generosity  
expects neither tribute nor praise.*

*The truest of gifts are forgotten by givers,  
yet brighten uncountable days.*

*The Medicine Man bows back at the base of the spring  
its waters too clear to be seen  
until they awaken the roots of the grasses  
and clothe all the valley in green.*

*He says what is deepest is seldom conspicuous;  
life rises from hidden release.*

*The world is sustained by invisible giving,  
far more than by visible feats.*

*The Medicine Man watches a fox cross the clearing,  
then vanish where cedars begin.*

*He smiles, for the forest reveals what is needed,  
then quietly gathers it in.*

*He says follow wonder, but never imprison it.  
Walk gently wherever you're led.  
The wild keeps its wisdom through remaining untaken,  
not carefully labeled instead.*

*The Medicine Man watches the mountain through seasons,  
yet never believes it has changed.  
The snow and the blossoms, the thunder and stillness,  
are garments that briefly arrange.*

*He says look long enough into anything living,  
and names will begin to grow thin.  
What stands before you has never been separate;  
the One has been looking within.*

*The Medicine Man listens where rain enters soil,  
then follows no farther at all.  
Some journeys are sacred because they are hidden,  
beneath every root's quiet call.*

*He says seek not the end of each mystery's pathway.  
Drink deeply, then leave it to flow.  
The river belongs to no hand that has touched it;  
it teaches by simply being so.*

*The Medicine Man rises as evening surrounds him,  
the forest now darker than sight.*

*No farewell is spoken between him and cedars;  
they've never been two in the light.*

*The Medicine Man walks until pathways grow needless,  
where moss has remembered the stone.*

*No traveler ever arrives at the forest;  
he learns he has always been home.*

*He stands for a time where the spring leaves the hillside,  
its waters untroubled and clear.*

*The silence between every bird and each branch  
is all that remains for him here.*

*He says every life is the Earth learning wonder,  
each creature a moment of grace.*

*The Infinite hides in the smallest of happenings,  
forever revealing Its face.*

*Then quietly, leaving no sermon behind him,  
he turns with the coming of night.*

*The fox finds the cedars.*

*The cedars find darkness.*

*The darkness remembers the light.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the garden is waking,  
with dew on the bean and the vine.*

*He says those who labor in rhythm with Nature  
grow rich in a measure divine.*

*The soil asks no person to market its blessing,  
nor bargain for sunlight or rain.*

*It offers enough to the hands that attend it,  
then quietly nourishes grain.*

*The Medicine Man watches a seed split in darkness,  
its frailty concealing an oak.*

*No witness applauds its first act of becoming;  
the Earth understands what it spoke.*

*He says purpose is rarely confirmed by the clamor  
of those who stand watching nearby.*

*The flame does not lessen because none behold it;  
it burns by the truth of its fire.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the river runs freely,  
untouched by the names on the shore.*

*It needs not invent its own nature through language;  
it is what it was long before.*

*He says know not thyself as a word or a judgment,  
for neither can hold what you are.*

*The mind draws a circle around the horizon;  
the heart knows the reach of the stars.*

*The Medicine Man watches a branch cease its struggle,  
then move with the breath of the sky.*

*It loses no strength by surrendering motion;  
it learns where the greater winds lie.*

*He says faith is not blindness, nor doctrine, nor pleading,  
but yielding the fiction of two.*

*The river gains nothing by fighting the ocean;  
its power begins when they're One.*

*The Medicine Man watches the morning grow golden,  
as mist lifts away from the field.*

*No veil is defeated by force or by shouting;  
it leaves when the sunlight is real.*

*He says truth has never required our defending,  
nor asked us to sharpen its blade.*

*The dawn wins no argument over the darkness;  
it simply arrives unafraid.*

*The Medicine Man follows the flight of the swallow,  
whose turning no compass has taught.*

*The sky offers pathways too subtle for measure,  
yet never confuses its course.*

*He says every creature is guided by currents  
too ancient for language to claim.*

*The heart often knows what the mind has not spoken,  
for both drink the selfsame flame.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the roots intertwine,  
unseen in the cool forest floor.*

*The cedar stands tall through the strength of communion,  
not merely the height that it bore.*

*He says none become wholly themselves in isolation;  
all life is received and bestowed.*

*The branch may appear to be living alone,  
yet every leaf drinks from one road.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the rain finds his shoulders,  
accepting each drop as a friend.*

*He offers no wish for the storm to be shortened;  
all weather belongs in the end.*

*The Medicine Man watches the hawk ride the updraft,  
its wings neither straining nor still.*

*It rises by welcoming what was already  
ascending the side of the hill.*

*He says strength is found not in endless exertion,  
but learning the shape of the wind.*

*The wisest among us accomplish through joining  
what force never could from within.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where nettles are growing  
beside fragrant lavender blooms.*

*The forest makes little distinction between them;  
each serves in its season's own room.*

*He says hasten not into judging another  
by comfort, by custom, by fear.  
The bitter and sweet are companions in healing,  
each needed while either is here.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where the blackbird is feeding,  
content with the gift of the day.  
No thought of tomorrow diminishes singing;  
its thanks are enough for the way.*

*He says gratitude ripens before understanding.  
The heart learns to trust by release.  
Whoever receives what the moment is offering  
already walks deeper in peace.*

*The Medicine Man turns as the west gathers crimson,  
the cedars now dark against flame.  
He bows to the evening without explanation,  
and enters the forest the same.*

*The Medicine Man watches the salmon returning,  
though rivers have altered their face.  
The waters remember what minds have forgotten;  
the current still carries its grace.*

*He says every home is discovered by yielding,  
not fashioned by conquest or claim.  
The path has been waiting beneath every footstep;  
the walker awakens its name.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the mushrooms are rising,  
their harvest concealed by the leaves.  
The forest gives freely to those who move gently,  
not merely to those who believe.*

*He says seek no kingdom beyond what is living,  
nor Heaven beyond what is here.  
The sacred is woven through rootlet and rainfall,  
through laughter as much as through prayer.*

*The Medicine Man gazes where sunlight through branches  
makes patterns no hand could design.  
He smiles, for perfection was never in order,  
but life intertwining with life.*

*The Medicine Man turns as the forest grows quiet,  
with nothing remaining to prove.  
He leaves every answer where wonder began it,  
and walks on accompanied by Love.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the rain has been falling,  
and cedars breathe deep of the morn.*

*The forest grows richer by giving to others;  
thus every new season is born.*

*He gathers no proof that the spring shall keep flowing,  
nor questions what roots understand.*

*The river asks little of those who would follow,  
save trust in the shape of the land.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the fox leaves no sermon,  
yet wisdom is plain in its tread.*

*The wild has no need to persuade us of living;  
its footsteps speak louder instead.*

*He says every creature remembers one homeland,  
though clothed in a thousand new names.*

*The fire wears wood as the river wears rainfall;  
the Spirit wears all living frames.*

*The Medicine Man sits till the stars have grown countless,  
their brightness made gentle by night.*

*He thanks not the heavens for answering wishes,  
but simply for lending their light.*

*The Medicine Man walks where wind wakes willow,  
yet never awakens alone.*

*The meadow has long been rehearsing the morning;  
the dawn merely makes it be known.*

*He gathers no kingdom but mushrooms and rootlets,  
where rain and old cedars agree.*

*For all who take part in the feast of Creation  
are richer than princes may be.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from the bubbling brook  
its laughter too quiet to keep.*

*The deepest of waters ask little of travelers,  
save hearts that have learned to go deep.*

*He says every answer grows older than language,  
yet younger whenever it's found.*

*The truth is not carried by voices alone,  
but by feet that walk holy ground.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the fire sinks slowly,  
each ember remembering flame.*

*The circle grows still.*

*The night keeps on singing.*

*The stars never ask for a name.*

*The Medicine Man walks where waters are always singing,  
their serenades neither early nor late.*

*The river has never grown weary of flowing,  
nor hurried its meeting with fate.*

*He gathers wild berries where thickets grow thorny,  
yet curses no briar for pain.*

*The sweetest of fruits wear the cloak of protection;  
the blossom remembers the rain.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the fern leaves are curling,  
unfolding one grace at a time.*

*The forest grows whole by the patience of seasons,  
not one sudden miracle's climb.*

*He says every life has the shape of an acorn,  
concealing the oak in its grain.*

*The mighty grow slowly by yielding to living;  
the hurried grow mighty in vain.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the fire burns lower,  
its embers grown quiet and deep.*

*The brightest of flames become gentlest in aging,  
yet faithfully kindle our sleep.*

*The Medicine Man walks where redwoods stand keeping  
their watch through the mist and the sun.*

*The oldest of guardians speak without speaking;  
their silence and strength are but one.*

*He gathers no glory from years that have passed him,  
nor counts what the seasons have done.*

*The oak keeps no tally of storms it has weathered;  
it simply keeps reaching the sun.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where the spider is weaving  
its bridge in the cool morning air.*

*The smallest of labors may hold up a kingdom,  
when fashioned with patientest care.*

*He says every thread bears the weight of another;  
no life stands alone in the Whole.*

*The stars fill the heavens by sharing one darkness;  
one Spirit gives breath to the soul.*

*The Medicine Man sits till the moon crowns the hillside,  
its silver adorning the pine.*

*The forest keeps time with no clock save becoming;  
its heartbeat and Heaven align.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the raven is calling,  
its cry through the stillness made clear.*

*The forest has room for the song of the lonely,  
as well as the chorus we hear.*

*He gathers no hatred from sorrow or hardship,  
nor fashions resentment from loss.*

*The cedar grows straight through the wind and the weather,  
not counting each branch that it costs.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where mushrooms are waking,  
their kingdom concealed from the eye.*

*The deepest of labors are done in the darkness,  
long before fruit greets the sky.*

*He says every harvest begins in a hidden  
communion no sunlight has known.  
The root and the rain write the oldest of stories;  
the blossom recites them alone.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the east blushes softly,  
the stars taking leave of the blue.  
The heavens surrender without lamentation;  
each dawn is forever made new.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the frost whitens grasses,  
then softens away with the dawn.  
No sorrow endures past the season appointed;  
the wheel of the world carries on.*

*He gathers no fear from the whisper of winter,  
nor pride from the warmth of July.  
The Earth wears a thousand fair garments of beauty,  
yet never forgets who am I.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where bluebirds are building,  
one straw and one feather at time.  
The holiest homes are not raised in an instant,  
but woven by rhythm and rhyme.*

*He says every kindness, however unspoken,  
lays one little reed in the nest.  
The heart that keeps giving grows lighter with giving;  
the open hand gathers the best.*

*The Medicine Man sits while the west gathers crimson,  
and watches the daylight grow still.  
The fire keeps breathing.  
The night keeps becoming.  
The forest remembers His will.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the white mist is lifting,  
revealing the valley below.  
The hills were unchanged by the veil of the morning;  
the light merely taught him to know.*

*He gathers no certainty tighter than kindness,  
nor burdens the day with his claim.  
The river runs free without naming the ocean,  
yet faithfully finds it the same.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the old stones lie sleeping,  
their patience outlasting the years.  
The mountain is built by innumerable moments,  
not thunder, but countless small tears.*

*He says every lifetime is shaped by such moments,  
so quiet they scarcely are known.*

*The forest grows deep by the fall of one needle;  
the hillside by one little stone.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the wind leaves the meadow,  
yet nothing is lost from its flight.*

*The grasses remember.*

*The cedars remember.*

*The dawn carries all into light.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the fox leaves no sermon,  
yet teaches with each quiet tread.*

*The wisest of pathways are found without seeking;  
they blossom wherever they're led.*

*He gathers no kingdom by ruling another,  
nor crowns himself higher than clay.*

*The tallest of cedars bow low to the tempest,  
then rise with the birth of the day.*

*The Medicine Man bows to the moss-enwrapped boulder,  
soft clothing for granite and time.*

*The gentle are never the enemies of power;  
they simply reveal its true kind.*

*He says every strength that is worthy of keeping  
has first learned the language of grace.*

*The river wears down what the hammer cannot,  
through faithful, unhurried embrace.*

*The Medicine Man listens while owls keep the twilight,  
their questions more ancient than speech.*

*The silence between every heartbeat is teaching  
far more than our voices can teach.*

*The embers grow quiet.*

*The stars gather nearer.*

*The wind hums the oldest refrain.*

*The One keeps on dreaming  
through root, wing, and water—  
and wakes in all beings again.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the rain beads softly,  
on cedar and hemlock and stone.*

*Each droplet returns to the sea in its season,  
yet never has traveled alone.*

*He gathers no certainty hard as a boulder,  
nor wisdom too brittle to bend.*

*The branch that gives way to the breath of the valley  
still greets the returning wind.*

*The Medicine Man watches the blackbird at dawning,  
its hymn neither practiced nor planned.*

*The truest of songs are remembered by living,  
not fashioned by cleverest hands.*

*He says every voice is a reed by the river,  
through which the same Breath has been blown.  
The music belongs not to any one hollow;  
the singing belongs to the One.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the fire grows gentler,  
its sparks joining stars overhead.  
The ashes feed roots.  
The roots gather sunlight.  
The living are nourished by dead.*

*The circle keeps turning.  
The spring keeps on giving.  
The old ways are always made new.  
The forest remembers  
what people keep forgetting—  
and patiently teaches it through.*

*The Medicine Man walks where fern fronds wake,  
still folded with dreams of the night.  
They open by greeting the warmth of the morning,  
not striving to capture the light.*

*He gathers no harvest before it has ripened,  
nor blossom before it has seed.  
The forest has never been hurried to greatness;  
it flowers according to need.*

*The Medicine Man kneels at the giggling spring again  
its music made clear upon stone.*

*The river asks neither permission nor witness;  
it joyfully carries life home.*

*He says every kindness resembles the water:  
it nourishes more than is known.*

*The hand soon forgets every cup it has offered;  
the spring never counts what has flown.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the old pines stand  
keeping their watch through the turning of years.  
The tallest among them have weathered the hardest,  
yet carry no trophies nor fears.*

*The wind keeps on singing.  
The brook keeps on dancing.  
The stars keep their silent refrain.  
The One keeps on blooming  
through root, wing, and water—  
then blossoms as all things again.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the old leaves are falling,  
yet grieves not the gold as it flies.  
The tree is not poorer for letting them journey;  
the spring keeps its promise inside.*

*He gathers no branch that the woodland still carries,  
nor blossom before it is through.*

*The hand that is grateful receives without taking;  
the forest remembers it too.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the dusk gathers slowly,  
while robins surrender the day.*

*The bush of the evening is never an ending;  
it quietly opens the Way.*

*He says every sunset prepares for a sunrise,  
though neither contends for the sky.*

*The stars have no quarrel with dawn for its brightness;  
each shines in its own blessed time.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the subtlest foxy footprints,  
then rain smooths the trail into earth.*

*The lesson was never the track in the grasses,  
but learning the walk by its worth.*

*The fire keeps breathing.*

*The brook keeps on singing.*

*The moon keeps her watch from above.*

*The One keeps remembering  
through every becoming,  
and all things keep answering: Love.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the first light is weaving  
through branches still jeweled with dew.*

*The morning asks nothing of yesterday's story;  
its covenant always is new.*

*He gathers no blossom to prove it is lovely,  
nor cages the thrush for its song.*

*The beautiful asks not to ever be captured;  
it asks to be cherished along.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the soft moss is keeping  
the memory written in stone.*

*The oldest of things wear the gentlest of garments;  
the deepest are seldom well known.*

*He says every root drinks one infinite water,  
though branches may reach different skies.*

*The oak and the willow share one hidden fountain;  
their difference delights the One's eyes.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the kettle is breathing,  
its fragrance made one with the pine.*

*The herbs give themselves without boasting of healing;  
their nature is medicine's sign.*

*The fire keeps glowing.*

*The kettle keeps singing.*

*The cedars keep swaying above.*

*The heart keeps remembering  
what mind keeps forgetting:  
all life is the labor of Love.*

*The Medicine Man walks where wind wavers meadow,  
then wanders the cedar the same.  
It favors no hilltop, no valley, no blossom;  
it blesses them all without name.*

*He gathers no wisdom by standing above them,  
nor truth by refusing the sod.  
The deepest of roots and the highest of branches  
drink one hidden river of God.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the rain fills a footprint  
left briefly impressed in the clay.  
The traveler passes;  
the water remains there,  
reflecting the face of the day.*

*He says every lifetime resembles that footprint:  
a vessel the heavens may fill.  
The earth keeps no monument carved into granite,  
yet nothing of love is kept still.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the smoke leaves the fire  
and mingles unseen with the sky.*

*No ember laments that its brightness is changing;  
it rises by learning to fly.*

*The fire keeps breathing.  
The smoke keeps ascending.  
The stars keep returning above.  
The world keeps remembering,  
morning by morning,  
the ancient first rhythm of Love.*

*The Medicine Man follows the moonlit path,  
yet carries no lantern of his.  
The night has its own gentle manner of seeing,  
its own kind of quiet abyss.*

*He gathers no fear from the shadow of branches,  
nor haste from the nearing of dawn.  
The owl keeps its watch while the robin lies dreaming;  
each wakes when its hour is drawn.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the old roots are winding,  
embracing the hillside below.  
The stronger they cling to the heart of the mountain,  
the higher the green cedars grow.*

*He says every spirit grows deep before upward;  
the fountain begins out of sight.*

*The spring must be hidden before it is river;  
the darkness prepares us for light.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the stars slowly soften,  
their vigil now yielding to day.  
The heavens lose nothing by making room for the sunrise;  
they brighten another new Way.*

*The birds keep singing.  
The brook keeps laughing.  
The wind keeps calling each name.  
The One keeps becoming  
through endless becoming,  
yet ever remains just the same.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the rain leaves diamonds  
on every green needle of pine.  
The poorest of mornings are rich beyond measure  
to eyes that remember to shine.*

*He gathers no kingdom by gathering treasures,  
nor peace by possessing the field.  
The hand that is open discovers abundance;  
the closed hand forgets how to yield.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the mushrooms are rising,  
their labor long hidden below.*

*The forest gives thanks not only for blossoms,  
but roots no eye ever shall know.*

*He says every life is such hidden becoming,  
far deeper than branches reveal.*

*The fruit is the hymn;  
the root is the singer;  
together they endlessly heal.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the daylight is breaking,  
its gold through the cedar is poured.*

*The smallest of birds greet the birth of the morning  
before there is speech for the Lord.*

*The fire keeps glowing.  
The spring keeps flowing.  
The old pines keep bending above.  
The world keeps remembering,  
heart after heart,  
the oldest of rhythms is Love.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the first mist is lifting,  
and pauses where three pathways meet.*

*He smiles, for the forest has never been troubled  
by wondering which is complete.*

*He gathers no answer to carry forever,  
nor lesson too sacred to grow.*

*The spring keeps on teaching by never repeating,  
though always the waters still flow.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the young ferns are rising,  
their green through the old leaves made plain.  
The forest remembers by endless becoming;  
no season has ever been vain.*

*He says every ending is only a breathing,  
the drawing of one deeper breath.  
The seed learns the language of infinite living  
by first becoming stillness in death.*

*The Medicine Man sits while the last fire is settling,  
its embers now crimson and gold.  
He watches the smoke join the stars without hurry,  
as though they were friends of old.*

*The drum keeps beating.  
The brook keeps singing.  
The pine keeps reaching above.  
The One keeps becoming  
through every becoming—  
the oldest remembrance is Love.*

*He rises at dawn,  
leaves no mark but kindness,  
no sermon engraved into stone.*

*The forest keeps chanting  
the song he remembered,  
long before he called it his own.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the rain has departed,  
yet leaves every cedar renewed.  
The clouds never boast of the fields they have nourished;  
their giving is quiet and true.*

*He gathers no praise from the herbs that have healed him,  
nor crowns from the strength they restore.  
The flower forgets every bee that has visited;  
still opens its petals once more.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where brook greets granite  
their union made vital by delay.  
The stone is not enemy, burden, nor prison;  
it teaches the water the Way.*

*He says every hindrance may fashion a blessing,  
when welcomed with patient regard.  
The stream reaches oceans by loving the valleys,  
not struggling forever upstream.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the chickadee settles,  
then vanishes into the pine.  
The smallest of songs may awaken the morning;  
the quietest stars often shine.*

*The drum keeps beating.  
The brook keeps singing.  
The cedars keep swaying above.  
The One keeps remembering  
through every becoming—  
the oldest first rhythm is Love.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the red leaves are falling,  
yet blesses each one as it flies.  
The tree never mourns what has served through a season;  
it trusts what the spring still supplies.*

*He gathers no sorrow from branches grown empty,  
nor fears what the winter may bring.  
The roots keep their covenant deep in the darkness;  
the snow is but sleep before spring.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the old moss is growing,  
soft clothing for weathered stone.  
The gentlest of hands often finish the labors  
the strongest could never have done.*

*He says every kindness resembles the lichen:  
it asks neither witness nor praise.  
The mountain is changed by a thousand small greetings,  
not one loud remarkable day.*

*The Medicine Man smiles where the kettle is steaming,  
its fragrance made one with the pine.  
The herbs yield themselves without thought of remembrance;  
their nature is simply to shine.*

*The fire keeps breathing.  
The steam keeps rising.  
The forest keeps weaving above.  
The One keeps becoming  
through endless becoming—  
the oldest first language is Love.*

*The Medicine Man rises before birds awaken,  
while stars still are tending the sky.  
He greets the first light as one greets an elder,  
with gratitude quiet and shy.*

*He gathers dry cedar before it is needed,  
and kindling before there is cold.  
The wise make provision while mornings are gentle;  
the hurried wait out in the storm.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the kettle is waiting,  
its water as still as the dawn.  
He tends every ordinary labor  
as though Heaven looked gently upon.*

*He says every meal is a hymn to the Giver,  
each loaf an amen to the field.*

*The grateful receive more than bread from the table;  
they taste what the harvest concealed.*

*The Medicine Man smiles while sweeping the doorway,  
though no one is coming that day.*

*The heart is made ready by faithful small labors;  
the guest is not always our stay.*

*The broom keeps singing.*

*The kettle keeps breathing.*

*The fire keeps warming the clay.*

*The One keeps becoming  
through ordinary moments—  
and holiness walks that way.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the garden is waiting,  
its rows neither anxious nor proud.*

*The beans climb the pole without speeches of greatness;  
the squash spreads its thanks on the ground.*

*He gathers no more than the meal shall require,  
nor less than the neighbor may need.*

*The orchard grows fullest where hands have remembered  
that harvest begins with the seed.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the pathway is weathered,  
its stones half embraced by the moss.*

*He straightens one rock for the feet of another,  
then leaves without counting the cost.*

*He says every kindness prepares for a stranger  
whose face we may never have known.*

*The trail is not faithful because it is traveled;  
it serves every traveler the same.*

*The Medicine Man smiles while mending a handle  
long worn by the labor of years.*

*The tool that is loved grows smoother with service;  
the hand and the wood persevere.*

*He says every object entrusted our keeping  
deserves to depart better still.*

*The bowl should grow kinder.*

*The knife should grow wiser.*

*The heart should grow gentler with will.*

*The hands keep serving.*

*The fire keeps warming.*

*The kettle keeps singing above.*

*The One keeps becoming  
through ordinary goodness—  
the everyday practice of Love.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the trail grows fainter,  
yet never mistakes he is lost.*

*The forest remembers the feet that move gently;  
the hurried remember the moss.*

*He gathers no wealth that the fire cannot soften,  
nor burden the heart with its weight.*

*The hand that unclenches discovers abundance;  
the closed hand arrives far too late.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the old spring is singing,  
its waters as ancient as birth.*

*The cup is remembered because of the fountain,  
not fountains because of the earth.*

*The drum keeps beating.*

*The spring keeps flowing.*

*The cedars keep swaying above.*

*The One keeps becoming  
through all that is given—  
and giving is simply called Love.*

*He gathers no answers to carry like trophies,  
nor truths to display in the sun.*

*The deepest of wells never speak of their fullness;  
they simply keep giving to everyone.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where old cedars breathe,  
their roots drinking darkness below.*

*The tallest among them remember the hidden;  
that is how the highest ones grow.*

*The fire keeps breathing.*

*The stars keep watching.*

*The dawn keeps returning above.*

*The oldest of teachings  
are quietly living—  
and life is the language of Love.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the bird leaves no echo,  
yet morning is filled with its song.*

*The sweetest of gifts ask no witness to bless them;  
they simply keep blessing along.*

*He gathers no life by escaping the living,  
nor heaven by fleeing the sod.*

*The nearest of things, when beheld with attention,  
become the bright garments of God.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where one acorn is waiting,  
held quietly deep in the loam.*

*He smiles, for the forest is hidden within it,  
already remembering home.*

*The drum keeps beating.  
The roots keep drinking.  
The green keeps rising above.  
The One keeps flowering  
through smallest beginnings—  
and forests are promises of Love.*

*The Medicine Man drinks where the rain fills a hollow,  
content with the sky in a bowl.  
No ocean is absent from even the raindrop;  
each part still remembers the Whole.*

*He gathers no honor from doing what's needful,  
nor virtue from being observed.  
The blossom grows fair without asking for witnesses;  
its beauty is simply its word.*

*The Medicine Man walks till his thinking grows quieter,  
the wind taking thought branch by branch.  
At last there is only the breathing of cedars,  
and one little thrush in the dark.*

*The drum keeps beating.  
The brook keeps singing.  
The heart keeps learning above:  
the less one carries,*

*the more one discovers—  
the whole world is carried by Love.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the frost whitens grasses,  
then yields to the warmth of the day.  
The hardest of nights never bargain with morning;  
they quietly soften away.*

*He gathers no branch from the tree still in blossom,  
nor fruit that has not learned to fall.  
The patient receive what the hurried keep missing;  
the seasons are wiser than all.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the old pine is shedding  
its needles to nourish the floor.  
The forest grows richer by faithful releasing;  
it loses, yet gathers still more.*

*He says every ending feeds roots yet unnumbered,  
though few ever witness the birth.  
The leaf thinks it's falling;  
the tree knows it's giving  
its life to the life of the Earth.*

*The drum keeps beating.  
The roots keep drinking.  
The winds keep circling above.  
The One keeps giving,*

*and giving keeps living—  
the oldest of rhythms is Love.*

*The Medicine Man ponders the creek rounding boulder,  
not cursing the curve in its way.*

*The water that yields is the water that reaches  
the sea at the end of the day.*

*He gathers no crown from the praise of the people,  
nor shame from the sting of their blame.*

*The mountain stands still through the weather of voices;  
the summit remains just the same.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the fire grows quieter,  
its embers now glowing instead.*

*The brightest of flames were never the warmest;  
the deepest keep burning when red.*

*He says every spark  
has a place in the darkness,  
each ash has a place in the loam.*

*What leaves us in silence  
returns us in springtime;  
the forest forgets not its own.*

*The drum keeps beating.  
The creek keeps turning.  
The stars keep circling above.*

*The path keeps bending,  
yet all roads keep tending  
toward Home—  
which the old ones called Love.*

*The Medicine Man mends what another has broken,  
yet speaks not of blame or of fault.  
The bridge is remembered far longer than quarrels;  
kind hands outlast every assault.*

*He says every craft is a prayer made with fingers,  
when guided by reverent care.  
The world is repaired not by grand declarations,  
but one faithful act offered there.*

*The Medicine Man watches wild geese at autumn,  
their calling dissolving the sky.  
No leader demands that the others should follow;  
they travel because they all fly.*

*The drum keeps beating.  
The flock keeps turning.  
The road keeps opening above.  
The wise leave behind them  
not echoes of greatness,  
but places made stronger by Love.*

*The Medicine Man finds an old bowl long forgotten,  
its rim worn by decades of bread.*

*He smiles, for the hands that have vanished forever  
still nourish the living instead.*

*He says every kindness outlives its own keeper,  
though names may be weathered away.*

*The fruit seldom speaks of the one who first planted;  
the orchard remembers the day.*

*The drum keeps beating.  
The bowl keeps serving.  
The harvest returns from above.  
The finest of lives  
are quietly hidden  
inside common labors of Love.*

*The Medicine Man straightens a weathered gate,  
though none would have blamed it askew.  
He leaves every threshold more welcoming  
than that through which he once drew.*

*He says every dwelling speaks first of its keeper  
before any word has been said.  
A swept little pathway, a warm loaf upon it,  
out-preaches the books left unread.*

*The Medicine Man leaves one chair by the hearth  
though no one has promised to come.*

*He says every welcome prepared before footsteps  
has already made strangers home.*

*He watches an old man carve quietly,  
shavings asleep at his feet.*

*The blade is made sharp by a thousand light passes,  
not one blow repeated with heat.*

*He says every life finds its shape in such moments  
the hurried mistake for the small.*

*The mountain is lifted by countless small mornings;  
no sunrise accomplishes all.*

*The Medicine Man hangs his cloak by the doorway,  
then enters as lightly as rain.*

*No house has grown warmer from speaking of welcome;  
the fire must answer the same.*

*He says every promise is proved by tomorrow,  
not polished by tongues in the night.*

*The truest of vows wear the clothes of the ordinary,  
returning each day to what's right.*

*The Medicine Man pauses to rescue a beetle  
upturned on the dust of the trail.*

*No creature is small to a heart that remembers  
one Life in each delicate scale.*

*The Medicine Man sharpens his knife in the morning,  
then quietly sets it aside.*

*The edge has no honor in merely being keen;  
its purpose is service applied.*

*He says every gift asks a steward, not owner,  
a keeper, not master nor king.*

*The hand that forgets why it carries its blessing  
will soon carry nothing but rings.*

*The Medicine Man stands as the first rain is falling,  
and breathes with the scent of the pine.*

*Some prayers rise upward on words to the heavens;  
his answer arrives on the wind.*

*The Medicine Man sweeps the old porch at sunrise,  
though only the swallows may see.*

*The cleanest of labors ask little for witness;  
their joy is enough for the deed.*

*He says every morning renews our becoming.  
Yesterday's goodness has flown.*

*The bread must be broken, the fire rekindled;  
no harvest lives long on its own.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where cobwebs are glistening,  
a palace of dew in the dawn.*

*The spider sought neither applause nor remembrance;  
its beauty appeared with the sun.*

*The Medicine Man patches the roof before rainfall,  
while blue still is holding the sky.*

*The wise make their peace with tomorrow's arrival  
before there is reason to cry.*

*He says every season prepares for another.*

*The swallow departs while it's fair.*

*The heart that befriends the unfolding of Nature  
finds Providence already there.*

*The Medicine Man bows to the stump of an old cedar,  
its years now returning to loam.*

*"No life is diminished by feeding another.*

*The forest is always at home."*

*The Medicine Man folds his blanket at daybreak,  
leaving no trace but the dew.*

*The Earth is not poorer for having received him;  
he departs as the morning wind blew.*

*He says every traveler borrows a pathway,  
but none ever purchases ground.*

*Walk softly enough, and the grasses behind you  
will scarcely remember you've found.*

*The Medicine Man watches a kettle grow singing  
long before bubbles arise.*

*The deepest of changes begin without spectacle,  
hidden from hurried eyes.*

*The Medicine Man leaves the last berry hanging  
high where the thrush likes to feed.*

*He smiles, for abundance is measured by sharing,  
not only by filling one's need.*

*He says every table grows larger by welcome,  
though loaves may be humble and few.*

*The heart that has learned how to make room for another  
has already feasted anew.*

*The Medicine Man sits while the daylight is fading,  
his hands resting empty at last.*

*The finest of days ask no monument raised to them—  
only that they be lived as they passed.*

*The Medicine Man stoops to return a loose stone  
where many bare feet may yet tread.*

*The road need not know who first cared for its keeping;  
it carries the living ahead.*

*He says every blessing grows lighter in secret.  
The sun signs no name in the sky.  
Its goodness is written in warmth, not in witness;  
its proof is the fields standing high.*

*The Medicine Man hears an axe in the distance,  
then smiles at the rhythm it keeps.  
A life built with patience sounds different from striving;  
its labor has music beneath.*

*The Medicine Man leaves one log by the woodpile,  
though winter is nowhere in sight.  
The cold has a way of arriving unbidden;  
kindness prepares for the night.*

*He says every season begins in another.  
The blossom remembers the snow.  
The fruit is already asleep in the branches  
long before summer can know.*

*The Medicine Man lingers to watch evening settle,  
as swallows surrender the air.  
Nothing is lost when the daylight grows quiet;  
it simply becomes everywhere.*

*The Medicine Man finds a cup left forgotten,  
still waiting beside the old well.*

*He rinses it clean and returns it to waiting;  
some kindnesses need not be told.*

*He says every vessel is judged by its giving,  
not polished by pride on a shelf.  
The cup that has faithfully carried cool water  
has honored the spring by itself.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where lamb's-ear is growing,  
its softness inviting his hand.  
He smiles, for the gentlest of gifts often flourish  
where no one had carefully planned.*

*The Medicine Man gathers the kindling in silence,  
one branch, then another, no more.  
He knows that the fire is fed by small offerings,  
not forests thrown all at once.*

*He says every faithful thing ripens by little.  
The brook wears away solid stone.  
The greatest of works are completed by mornings  
that scarcely believe they have grown.*

*The Medicine Man watches first starlight appearing,  
one lantern alight in the blue.  
Night never arrives as a conqueror marching;  
it quietly gathers the few.*

*The Medicine Man wipes down the old wooden table,  
its grain bright with years of good use.*

*He blesses the marks left by countless shared suppers;  
love leaves its own beautiful proofs.*

*He says every home is first built in its welcome.*

*The walls are the smallest of parts.*

*A roof may keep rain from the heads of its people;  
only kindness keeps weather from hearts.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where the pathway is muddy,  
and lays down a branch for the weak.*

*No sermon is spoken; the crossing remembers  
the kindness that words seldom speak.*

*He says every road is made holy by service,  
not merely by where it may lead.*

*The journey grows gentler for all who come after;  
that alone is a beautiful deed.*

*The Medicine Man lingers beside an old orchard,  
where branches grow twisted with years.*

*The sweetest of apples are seldom the fairest;  
time ripens what patience reveres.*

*The Medicine Man mends an old basket of willow,  
its weaving grown loose with the years.*

*He smiles, for what carries the gifts of creation  
deserves to be lovingly cared.*

*He says every life is a weaving of small things.  
One strand may seem little alone.  
Yet loosen enough, and the whole loses strength;  
keep faith with the thread you have known.*

*The Medicine Man waits while the evening grows cooler,  
his tea giving thanks with its steam.  
No hour asks to linger beyond what is given;  
contentment lets moments redeem.*

*The Medicine Man opens the shutters at sunrise,  
inviting the morning inside.  
No house grows brighter by boarding its windows;  
light enters where hearts open wide.*

*He says every soul has a room yet unopened,  
where fear has long gathered its dust.  
Begin with one window.  
The dawn knows the rest.  
The sun has forgotten to rush.*

*The Medicine Man pauses to tighten a hinge  
whose singing had grown into cries.  
He smiles, for not every complaint seeks an answer;  
some simply ask gentle hands.*

*He says every burden grows lighter through tending,  
not wishing the weight to depart.*

*The world is restored by a thousand small mercies  
performed without bargaining heart.*

*The Medicine Man watches the smoke leave the chimney,  
its spirals dissolving in blue.*

*Nothing that rises insists upon staying;  
its beauty belongs to the view.*

*The Medicine Man plants a young cedar in silence,  
then brushes the soil from his knees.*

*He knows he will never sit under its shadow;  
the gift was intended for these—*

*the children whose names he will never remember,  
the birds not yet singing at dawn,  
the traveler seeking one cool place in summer  
long after the planter has gone.*

*He says every future is built by such moments  
when love chooses someone unseen.*

*The Medicine Man carries fresh water indoors,  
though clouds have begun gathering rain.*

*He trusts not tomorrow to finish today's work;  
each hour has its own little grain.*

*He says every moment arrives with one question,  
so quiet it scarcely is heard:*

*"What kindness belongs to this hour and no other?"  
Then answers it more than with words.*

*The Medicine Man closes the gate at the garden,  
not keeping the wildness away,  
but honoring both what is growing within it  
and all that still wanders the day.*

*The Medicine Man washes his hands in the basin,  
then pours what remains to a fern.  
Nothing is wasted where gratitude lingers;  
all giving finds somewhere to turn.*

*He says every ending prepares for beginning,  
though seldom the eye understands.  
The river departs only seeming to vanish;  
the sea has remembered its sands.*

*The Medicine Man leaves one candle still burning  
for anyone lost in the night.  
Hope asks not who enters nor whence they have wandered;  
it simply keeps offering light.*

*The Medicine Man closes the door very softly,  
lest silence be startled away.*

*He knows that the holiest guests are the quiet  
who never insist they should stay.*

*He says every life is entrusted a portion,  
a corner of earth and of time.*

*Keep faithfully watch over what has been given;  
the harvest belongs not to thine.*

*The Medicine Man listens until only crickets  
continue the hymn of the dark.*

*The world needs no audience after the sunset;  
it sings from its own hidden heart.*

*The Medicine Man rises before the first robin,  
and breathes with the cool of the dawn.*

*He asks for no greatness beyond this one blessing:  
to leave every place better on.*

*He says every day is a fire to be tended,  
each kindness another small flame.*

*The world is not healed in a single bright moment,  
but quietly, one heart the same.*

*Then lifting his staff, he walks into morning.*

*The mist folds again through the pine.*

*No word asks to follow.*

*No lesson to linger.*

*Only the path—*

*and the next step,  
taken in time.*

*The Medicine Man never seeks out the circle,  
yet enters when called by its need.*

*The hand quickest reaching to gather the scepter  
is seldom the hand fit to lead.*

*He says every shepherd walks first with the flock,  
not higher because of the hill.*

*The truest authority grows from belonging;  
the loudest commands never will.*

*The Medicine Man reads as one opens a gateway,  
not hunting for trophies of mind.*

*The finest of books are remembered as doorways;  
they leave no closed chambers behind.*

*He says every page should return you to living,  
not farther from wind, root, and rain.*

*The truest of words become flesh in their keeping;  
unlived, they are echoes in vain.*

*The Medicine Man wears many garments with gladness,  
yet none does he call his own name.*

*The river is known by the work of its flowing,  
not titles bestowed for acclaim.*

*He says ask not first, "Who am I in this story?"  
Ask rather, "What song shall I sing?"  
The branch serves the forest by simply being branch;  
thus every small life serves the Spring.*

*The Medicine Man greets every dawn as a mirror,  
its brightness revealing his face.  
The world answers gently the heart that approaches;  
its echoes are fashioned by grace.*

*He says every eye lends a color to seeing.  
The valley returns what you bring.  
Release what you clutch, and the mountains grow wider;  
the hollow makes room for the Spring.*

*The Medicine Man listens before naming mystery,  
for names have a way of growing walls.  
The deepest of truths are not captured by speaking;  
they're heard when the speaking grows small.*

*He says every faith was once only a fire  
that warmed those who wandered the cold.  
Guard not just the ashes.  
Protect first the burning,  
lest embers be traded for gold.*

*The Medicine Man keeps no ladder to heaven,  
nor promises sold by degree.*

*The nearest to God are not highest above us;  
they're deepest within what they see.*

*He says every child has awakened from Wonder  
before they awakened to fear.*

*Remember the gaze with which life first beheld you;  
the Kingdom has always been here.*

*The Medicine Man tunes his flute before playing,  
though no one has gathered to hear.*

*The song serves the singing before it serves listeners;  
its first faithful audience is here.*

*He says every life has a rhythm awaiting,  
a measure no other can keep.*

*Walk not with another's remembered footsteps;  
find first where your own echoes meet.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the countless old labels  
that drift like dry leaves through the air.*

*The oak is not strengthened by naming it "oak";  
it simply continues to bear.*

*He says every soul is entrusted a purpose,  
more faithful than any disguise.*

*Become what you're given,*

*not what you are called,  
and the mask will fall from your eyes.*

*The Medicine Man sits beside the still water,  
yet asks it no questions at all.*

*The mirror reveals without striving to answer;  
the clearest reflections are small.*

*He says every heart is forever revealing  
the shape of the love it has grown.*

*The world is no stranger returning your footsteps;  
it quietly echoes your own.*

*The Medicine Man thanks every path for its teaching,  
though none ever promised the same.*

*Some carried him singing.*

*Some carried him broken.*

*Each faithfully carried the flame.*

*He says every wound has a doorway concealed,  
not fashioned from sorrow alone.*

*The crack through which daylight first enters the spirit  
is often the one we disown.*

*The Medicine Man watches the old temple crumbling,  
its ivy reclaiming the stone.*

*The birds never ask who first built up the columns;  
they simply continue the song.*

*He says every prophet once spoke by a campfire  
before kings erected their walls.*

*The Truth needs no throne to establish its kingdom;  
it enters wherever love calls.*

*The Medicine Man leaves one book on the table,  
its pages unfolded with care.*

*He smiles, for the finest of books are not prisons;  
they open the windows of prayer.*

*He says every sentence should loosen a burden.  
If reading leaves chains where they lay,  
close gently the cover  
and walk with the forest;  
the leaves have more ancient things to say.*

*The Medicine Man hears every creature replying—  
the raven,  
the cricket,  
the pine.*

*No tongue is too humble to carry the Holy;  
all voices are woven in Time.*

*He says every living thing speaks of the Mystery,  
each after its own faithful art.*

*The ear that grows quiet enough to receive them  
will hear one great hymn at the heart.*

*The Medicine Man writes as the spring waters gather,  
not forcing a river to run.*

*He keeps to the page as the orchard keeps blossoms;  
both finish their work in the sun.*

*He says every true word arrives as a blessing,  
not conquered by brilliance or will.*

*The scribe is no more than an open window  
through which passes morning still.*

*The Medicine Man rises and shoulders his satchel.*

*The trail disappears through the fern.*

*He leaves neither followers,  
creeds,*

*nor commandments—*

*only footprints*

*that quietly*

*return.*

*The Medicine Man brushes dust from an old mirror,  
then leaves it uncovered all day.*

*The glass adds no color,*

*no praise,*

*no opinion;*

*it brightens by standing away.*

*He says every truth is uncovered by losing  
the things that were never its own.*

*Remove what was added,  
and patiently listen;  
the seed has remembered the stone.*

*The Medicine Man turns a smooth rock in his fingers,  
its edges long softened by streams.*

*No mountain is polished by force or by hurry,  
but years of surrendering dreams.*

*He says every soul is made gentle the same way.*

*The currents accomplish their art.*

*The waters that patiently weather the granite  
are also at work in the heart.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the roots disappear  
beneath fallen needles and loam.*

*He smiles, for the deepest things hide without hiding;  
the hidden is simply the home.*

*He says every seeker digs outward for answers  
until they grow weary and still.*

*Then softly the earth opens under their footsteps,  
revealing the ancientest hill.*

*The Medicine Man watches two children disputing  
whose shadow belongs to the tree.*

*The oak never pauses to answer the question;  
it simply continues to be.*

*He says every quarrel begins with forgetting  
the root from which all branches climb.  
The leaf may be wonderfully unlike another,  
yet drinks from the very same life.*

*The Medicine Man listens to wind in the grasses,  
to insects concealed in the clover.  
No voice is too quiet to speak of Creation;  
the hymn has been sounding forever.*

*He says every creature interprets the Mystery  
according to gifts it was given.  
The hawk reads the currents.  
The fox reads the forest.  
The sage learns to read them together.*

*The Medicine Man walks with no banner before him,  
no need to convince or to win.  
The brightest of lamps do not argue for daylight;  
they simply allow it within.*

*He says every heart is a doorway to Heaven,  
though few ever think to begin.  
The longest of journeys returns to the place  
where the Infinite quietly entered us in.*

*The Medicine Man lifts up a handful of soil,  
then lets every grain find its place.*

*Nothing is lost by returning to wholeness;  
each part still remembers its face.*

*He says every answer is simple at root:*

*"What do all beings become?"*

*Then smiles as the evening birds answer before him—*

*"One song.*

*One forest.*

*One Sun."*

*The Medicine Man kneels beside a weathered boulder,  
its face worn smooth by the years.*

*He traces the path of forgotten waters  
still flowing though no one appears.*

*He says every hardness remembers a softness,  
however enduring it seems.*

*Even the mountain bows low to the river,  
given enough faithful springs.*

*The Medicine Man pauses while watching two hounds  
read messages left in the grass.*

*Each tuft is a library,*

*every scent a story,  
no page but the wind as it passed.*

*He smiles, for the forest is speaking forever,  
though seldom in words we expect.  
The wisest are those who keep learning its language,  
instead of demanding respect.*

*The Medicine Man stands where three pathways are  
meeting,  
one leading through cedar,  
one stone,  
one field.*

*He walks without haste,  
for direction grows clearer  
when nothing within must be shielded.*

*He says heart is the root,  
mind the patient interpreter,  
body the branch reaching wide.  
When all three are nourished by one living river,  
the fruits ripen full from inside.*

*The Medicine Man watches the stars after sunset,  
their silence impossible loud.  
No lantern competes with the heavens for brightness;  
the greatest need never be proud.*

*He says power that knows it is power grows gentle.  
The river need not prove its flow.  
The oak does not argue the strength of its branches;  
it simply continues to grow.*

*The Medicine Man cups both his hands in the stream,  
then opens his fingers again.  
Nothing is lost by returning to water;  
the river remembers the rain.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no followers gladly;  
companions are gift enough.  
The path is made wider by many good walkers,  
not narrower walking in front.*

*He says every teacher must vanish eventually,  
else students mistake him for Truth.  
Drink deeply the spring,  
then forget who first found it;  
the water belongs to no roof.*

*The Medicine Man watches the spider at sunrise,  
her web jeweled bright with the dew.  
Each thread is invisible until the light finds it;  
so also the hidden in you.*

*He says magic asks little of those who would find it,  
save wonder still kept alive.*

*The ordinary world is forever becoming;  
awake, and you'll watch it arrive.*

*The Medicine Man leans on the oldest ash tree,  
its branches embracing the breeze.  
He knows that the strongest grow deeper than taller;  
the roots bear the weight of the leaves.*

*He says nothing living stands wholly alone.  
The forest grows each through the whole.  
The branch feeds the bird.  
The bird feeds the woodland.  
The woodland remembers the soul.*

*The Medicine Man stoops to examine an acorn,  
so small in the palm of his hand.  
He smiles, for the mightiest roofs of the forest  
once slept in a shell no larger than sand.*

*He says greatness conceals itself gladly.  
The seed has no need to proclaim  
the breadth of the branches,  
the shade,  
or the sparrows;  
the oak is already the same.*

*The Medicine Man rests where the hillside grows quiet,  
his staff laid aside in the fern.*

*He listens until even silence is speaking,  
for silence has much to return.*

*He says all true knowing grows lighter with living.  
The burden belongs to pretense.  
Wisdom removes what was never essential,  
until only the living is left.*

*The Medicine Man walks as the evening is falling.  
The valley grows purple and still.  
No voice calls him onward.  
No promise compels him.*

*The stars have already  
begun  
to fulfill.*

*The Medicine Man kindles the fire at twilight,  
though daylight still lingers awhile.  
The wise make ready before need has arisen,  
not after the turning of trial.*

*He says every season prepares for another.  
The oak gathers strength in the cold.  
The harvest belongs to the hands that were faithful  
long before autumn turned gold.*

*The Medicine Man watches the swallows returning,  
their circles as old as the sky.*

*No map but the memory written within them  
has ever instructed their flight.*

*He says every creature remembers its homeland,  
however far wandering may roam.*

*The longest of journeys is only the learning  
that Love has been calling us home.*

*The Medicine Man finds an old staff by the footpath,  
its handle made smooth by a hand.*

*He wonders whose burdens it faithfully carried,  
then plants it again in the sand.*

*He says every kindness continues its living  
long after its maker has gone.*

*The fruit of the tree is not fed to one season;  
its sweetness keeps passing along.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the moss on the north stone,  
content with its humble green place.*

*It envies no cedar,  
competes with no flower,  
yet clothes the old earth with its grace.*

*He says every life has its own holy measure.  
The sparrow need never be swan.*

*Become what you are,  
and the rest will grow needless,  
like mist when the morning comes on.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where sunlight is fading,  
and watches the first fireflies gleam.*

*One lantern is little.*

*A thousand together  
become like a river of dreams.*

*He says never measure the worth of your offering  
only by all you can see.*

*The smallest of lights may awaken a traveler  
who otherwise never walks free.*

*The Medicine Man stands where the shoreline is breathing,  
each wave giving way to the next.*

*The sea never clings to the shape of a moment,  
yet loses no depth in its rest.*

*He says every ending is only a changing,  
the current made newly to flow.*

*The river surrenders itself to the ocean,  
yet nowhere forgets where to go.*

*The Medicine Man gathers three stones from the footpath,  
then lays them in careful accord.*

*One stands for the body,*

*one stands for the thinking,  
one shelters the flame of the Lord.*

*He says when these three learn again to move gladly,  
no longer divided by fear,  
the heart sings,  
the mind serves,  
the body remembers  
the music was always right here.*

*The Medicine Man walks through rain without hurrying,  
each drop like a friend on his skin.*

*The clouds never ask if the valley deserves them;  
they simply keep pouring them in.*

*He says mercy resembles the weather of heaven.*

*It falls without tally or price.*

*The fields that receive it in humble thanksgiving  
return it a thousandfold twice.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where a sapling is bending,  
its trunk scarcely thicker than reed.*

*He braces it gently with one fallen branch,  
then leaves without waiting to see.*

*He says never measure your work by its witness.*

*The forest remembers your care.*

*The trees keep a record no paper could carry,  
inscribed in the life that is there.*

*The Medicine Man wakes before dawn without striving,  
to sit where the east becomes gold.*

*He waits for the sun as one waits for a teacher  
whose lesson need never be told.*

*He says all creation is endlessly speaking,  
yet few learn the language it sings.*

*The wise are not those with the loudest of answers,  
but those who hear life in all things.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the daylight is breaking,  
his footprints already grown dim.*

*The earth has no wish to remember the walker;  
its joy is in carrying him.*

*The Medicine Man carries no clock in his satchel,  
yet never arrives out of time.*

*The orchard bears fruit when the season has ripened;  
no blossom is hurried by pines.*

*He says every life has a measure appointed,  
a rhythm no hand need command.*

*The flower unfolds not because it is ordered,  
but hearing the warmth of the land.*

*The Medicine Man pauses to loosen a branch  
that caught in the embrace of a vine.*

*Neither had wished for the other's entangling;  
both simply forgot how to climb.*

*He says every prison is woven by clinging.*

*Release is the oldest of keys.*

*The hand that lets go finds it gathers far greater  
than fists ever wrest from the trees.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the mushrooms are rising,  
their caps through the needles and moss.*

*The forest keeps feasting on death without sorrow,  
transforming all endings to growth.*

*He says nothing holy is ever discarded.*

*The fallen becomes the begun.*

*Decay is the patient companion of birth;  
they dance to the beat of one drum.*

*The Medicine Man hears the owl after moonrise,  
its calling both distant and near.*

*The night has its teachers as surely as morning,  
for wisdom need not appear clear.*

*He says judge not the world by daylight alone.*

*The stars have their labor as well.*

*Many are guided by lights almost hidden,  
too quiet for daylight to tell.*

*The Medicine Man cups the cold spring in his fingers  
and drinks without asking for more.*

*Enough is a feast to the grateful receiver;  
excess leaves the spirit still poor.*

*He says wealth is the freedom to welcome each moment,  
to borrow, yet never to own.*

*The richest of souls travel lightly through living,  
for nothing was ever their own.*

*The Medicine Man walks until dawn greets the  
mountains, their summits awakened in flame.*

*He bows to the light, then follows the footpath,  
forgetting the need for his name.*

*The Medicine Man carries a loaf to his neighbor,  
then leaves it unseen at the door.*

*The sweetest of gifts are those freed from their giver;  
they ask to be thanked nevermore.*

*He says every blessing grows lighter in giving,  
as fragrance escapes from the pine.*

*The flower keeps none of the sweetness it offers,  
yet loses no part of its shine.*

*The Medicine Man watches the heron at daybreak,  
so still it appears to be stone.*

*The river forgets there is anything waiting;  
thus patience receives what is sown.*

*He says haste is the child of believing  
that Life has forgotten your name.*

*The seasons have never abandoned a blossom;  
why should they abandon the same?*

*The Medicine Man finds where an old fence is leaning  
and straightens one weathered post.*

*Not every repair need transform all the meadow;  
one faithful board serves it the most.*

*He says heal what is placed in your keeping.*

*The world asks no more than your share.*

*A thousand small circles of honest devotion  
become one great answer to prayer.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the old moon ascending,  
its silver on cedar and stone.*

*The moon never mourns that it borrows its brightness;  
it faithfully carries the Sun.*

*He says wisdom is much like the moonlight:  
received before ever bestowed.*

*The brightest among us remember with gladness  
they shine by a Light they don't own.*

*The Medicine Man reaches the crest of the ridgeline.  
The valley lies quiet below.  
No triumph arises within him at seeing;  
the mountain had nowhere to go.*

*He says every summit is only a lookout,  
not somewhere a pilgrim should stay.  
The view was the gift.  
The path is the calling.  
Turn gently,  
and carry the day.*

*The Medicine Man walks while the evening grows deeper.  
The crickets begin their refrain.  
He smiles, for the smallest of singers together  
can fill every meadow the same.*

*He says all of creation is chanting one chorus,  
though each has a different part.  
The forest is whole  
not because voices are equal,  
but each sings the truth of its heart.*

*The Medicine Man stoops water escapes icy mountain,  
its misty mirth made cool and clear.*

*No stream ever wonders if oceans await it;  
it simply is faithful from here.*

*He says every calling begins with one footstep,  
not visions of kingdoms to come.  
The spring never dreams of becoming the river;  
it sings where its journey is young.*

*The Medicine Man watches an old maple shedding  
its brightest leaves into the breeze.  
The branches grow lighter by yielding to autumn;  
release is the wisdom of trees.*

*He says every season must empty its pockets  
before they are filled once again.  
The hand that keeps clutching last summer's abundance  
finds little that winter can mend.*

*The Medicine Man shelters a flame with his fingers  
while evening grows restless with wind.  
The smallest of lights asks not strength, but protection,  
until it has gathered within.*

*He says guard what is gentle in times of becoming.  
The sapling need not be ashamed.  
The oak was once sheltered by grasses and shadows  
before it stood fearless in rain.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the fox in the thicket,  
who pauses one moment to stare.*

*Neither possesses the other in seeing;  
they simply acknowledge they're there.*

*He says all true meeting is free of possession.*

*Love cages no wing in its flight.*

*The deepest embrace leaves the beloved unburdened,  
still wholly belonging to Light.*

*The Medicine Man rests where the pines meet the meadow,  
their fragrances mingling as one.*

*No cedar forgets it is cedar by sharing  
the warmth of the midsummer sun.*

*He says every difference adorns the Creation,  
as flowers make richer the field.*

*The garden grows beautiful not through its sameness,  
but through what each blossom reveals.*

*The Medicine Man bows to the silence of evening,  
his shadow now one with the ground.*

*He hears in the bush what no language can carry—  
the place where all songs first are found.*

*The Medicine Man finds an old nest in the brambles,  
its fledglings long carried by sky.*

*He leaves it untouched, for an empty old cradle  
still teaches the courage to fly.*

*He says every shelter must someday be yielded.  
The branch is not made to be home.  
The nest serves the bird by preparing departure;  
love blesses the leaving as well.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where lichens are painting  
gray granite with silver and green.  
The smallest of lives may transform what seems lifeless  
without ever asking be seen.*

*He says never measure the power of goodness  
by noise or the breadth of its name.  
The moss claims no mountain,  
yet slowly, in silence,  
the whole face of stone wears its flame.*

*The Medicine Man watches the mist lift at sunrise,  
revealing the valley below.  
Nothing was added;  
the hills had been waiting,  
concealed by the passing of smoke.*

*He says Truth is seldom a thing to be gathered.  
More often it waits to appear  
when fear has departed,*

*when wanting grows quiet,  
when seeing becomes wholly clear.*

*The Medicine Man gathers the ash from the hearthstone  
and scatters it under the trees.*

*Yesterday's fire becomes strength for tomorrow;  
the forest wastes nothing it keeps.*

*He says every ending is food for beginning.*

*The wheel has no final farewell.*

*Life drinks from itself  
like a spring without bottom,  
where giving and growing dwell.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the wind through the grasses,  
each blade bending low with the whole.*

*The rigid stand lonely against every weather;  
the yielding preserve the soul.*

*He says strength is seldom the hardness of granite.*

*More often it's willow and reed,  
that bow to the flood,  
then rise with the morning,  
still rooted in all that they need.*

*The Medicine Man looks to the heavens at twilight,  
where one star awakens the rest.*

*He speaks not a word.*

*The night knows the chorus.*

*The silence  
completes  
all the rest.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the oldest roots vanish,  
descending beyond sight or name.  
He digs not for treasure,  
but deeper remembering  
the Source from which all rivers came.*

*He says every seeker becomes an archaeologist,  
patient with shovel and soul.  
The deepest of truths are not fashioned by searching;  
they wait at the ancientest Whole.*

*The Medicine Man gazes where mountains meet starlight,  
their silence too vast to divide.  
No summit disputes with another for greatness;  
all rest on the same mountainside.*

*He says wisdom never contends against wisdom.  
The rivers all empty as one.  
Only the tributaries quarrel in passing;  
the sea has forgotten to shun.*

*The Medicine Man watches an old wolf at moonrise,  
its cry both solitary and shared.*

*One voice fills the valley because every hillside  
has learned how to faithfully bear.*

*He says we are only as mighty as needed.*

*The oak wastes no strength on the breeze.*

*Power that serves life is measured by sufficiency,  
not by compelling to knees.*

*The Medicine Man gathers a handful of acorns  
and scatters them into the loam.*

*He knows that most never will rise into forests;  
still every good seed finds its home.*

*He says count not your harvest by what you have  
witnessed. The earth keeps accounts of its own.*

*Many the hands that shall rest in your shadow  
will never remember you sown.*

*The Medicine Man opens his palms to the heavens,  
then slowly turns both toward the ground.*

*The gift that descends is fulfilled in returning;  
the circle is perfectly round.*

*He says ask every question until only one remains,  
quiet as dew before dawn:*

*"What do the mountain,*

*the sparrow,  
the cedar,  
the child,  
and the old river share?"*

*Then smiling, he rises,  
his staff in his hand,  
and whispers,*

*"The One."*

*The Medicine Man carves with a weathered old knife,  
yet follows no pattern of man.  
The wood tells its story before he begins;  
his hands merely help where they can.*

*He says every artist is first but a listener,  
receiving before they create.  
The song finds the singer,  
the dawn finds the mountain;  
the river arrives without weight.*

*The Medicine Man gazes beyond every statue,  
to that which no chisel can frame.  
The form has its season.  
The Formless forever  
remains when forgetting each name.*

*He says serve the flame,  
not merely the lantern;  
the spring,  
not the cup that it fills.  
The vessel is holy because of the living  
that quietly flows where it wills.*

*The Medicine Man walks with his cloak loosely folded,  
untethered by praise or disdain.  
The wind gives no thought to the branches it passes,  
yet every green leaf drinks the same.*

*He says do what you are,  
not what others expect you  
to fashion for comfort or gain.  
The oak bears its acorns.  
The river keeps flowing.  
The clouds never practice as rain.*

*The Medicine Man listens before answering others,  
his silence as gentle as snow.  
The kindest of truths are not sharpened for victory;  
they're planted that friendship may grow.*

*He says better to lose every argument gladly  
than conquer while love disappears.*

*The heart that preserves one companion in kindness  
has triumphed beyond all its peers.*

*The Medicine Man kneels beside still water,  
yet troubles it not with his hand.  
The clearest reflections are born without striving,  
like dawn upon river and sand.*

*He says every answer already is waiting  
before we have fashioned the plea.  
The spring is not summoned by shouting its name;  
it rises because it must be.*

*The Medicine Man sits while the sparrows are feeding,  
content they should finish before.  
The generous heart has forgotten accounting;  
it measures abundance by more.*

*He says strength is found in the quiet refusals—  
the hunger not fed into need.  
The freest of souls are those lightest of burdens,  
whose roots outrun every need.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the clouds slowly drifting,  
each changing yet always the sky.  
The shapes come and vanish.  
The blue stays behind them,  
unchanged as the eagle flies by.*

*He says do not cling to the garments of living.  
The wearer is older than cloth.  
The wave is no less when it settles to ocean;  
the sea loses nothing at all.*

*The Medicine Man watches the swallow at sunset,  
its turning too graceful for thought.  
No wing ever argues the wisdom of flying;  
it simply remembers it's taught.*

*He says inspiration resembles the swallow.  
It comes when the window is wide.  
Pursue it, and often it rises beyond you.  
Receive it, and gently abide.*

*The Medicine Man rests where three rivers are meeting,  
their waters no longer apart.  
No current abandons the source of its flowing;  
they mingle without losing heart.*

*He says every faith is a path toward the mountain  
when walked without claiming the whole.  
Drink gladly wherever clear water is offered,  
yet worship the spring, not the bowl.*

*The Medicine Man lifts up a fallen oak leaf,  
its green now surrendered to gold.*

*He smiles, for fulfillment is never resisting  
the season the Maker unfolds.*

*He says every life is completed by yielding,  
not grasping at one more bright day.  
The fruit feeds another.  
The leaf feeds the forest.  
Thus nothing is ever away.*

*The Medicine Man passes a rose in full blossom,  
yet carries no wish to possess.  
The flower is loved by allowing its flowering,  
not claiming its fragrance as "yes."*

*He says every beauty diminishes slightly  
the moment we tighten our hand.  
Love opens its fingers.  
The fist gathers nothing  
but dust that slips back to the land.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the rain fills the basin,  
its circles expanding as one.  
No drop ever questions the worth of another;  
together they mirror the sun.*

*He says every heart is a conduit only,  
not owner of all that flows through.*

*The spring keeps on giving because it keeps empty;  
thus every day everything's new.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the child chasing fireflies,  
his laughter unmeasured by gain.*

*Wonder asks little  
but eyes still unclouded,  
and joy asks no reason to reign.*

*He says lose not the kingdom of simple amazement.  
The oldest grow youngest this way.  
The wisest keep finding the world newly given,  
as fresh as the first break of day.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where pathways diverge,  
one broad and one scarcely a trace.  
He chooses the one overgrown with the grasses,  
where silence has left its embrace.*

*He says every purpose is found by becoming,  
not fashioned by fearful design.  
The acorn need never invent how to oak;  
it simply gives way to its time.*

*The Medicine Man watches the stars through the branches,  
each shining without any claim.  
No constellation competes with another;  
they brighten the heavens the same.*

*He says let your work be forgotten if needed,  
provided the light still remains.*

*The candle rejoices not who speaks its praises,  
but only that darkness has waned.*

*The Medicine Man rises as dawn greets the valley,  
his footprints dissolving in dew.*

*He carries no burden  
except quiet belonging,  
and leaves only peace passing through.*

*The Medicine Man finds an old mirror of water,  
untouched by the weight of a name.*

*It shows every face with identical kindness,  
yet never mistakes them the same.*

*He says names are garments,  
and garments are useful,  
until they become all we see.*

*Remove every label,  
and slowly discover  
the life that was longing to be.*

*The Medicine Man gathers two stones from the river,  
one rough and one polished with years.*

*He holds them alike,*

*for the stream made them brothers  
through patience far deeper than fears.*

*He says mind is a lantern.*

*The heart is the fire.*

*Apart, neither carries you far.*

*Together they brighten the traveler inward,  
and teach him how near heaven are.*

*The Medicine Man watches an eagle descending,  
its shadow preceding its flight.*

*The earth greets the darkness  
without any trembling,  
for both are companions of light.*

*He says truth has no need to announce its arrival.*

*The sunrise persuades without sound.*

*The deepest convictions are never commanded;  
they bloom where good soil can be found.*

*The Medicine Man reaches the crest of the hillside  
and turns for one lingering view.*

*The valleys below are no longer divided;  
one river runs quietly through.*

*He says all that is holy returns to simplicity.*

*The journey grows smaller, not grand.*

*The farther we walk toward the heart of all being,  
the less there is left to command.*

*The Medicine Man smiles,  
then follows the footpath  
that winds toward the sheltering trees.  
For home is not somewhere awaiting our coming;  
it walks where the spirit finds peace.*

*The Medicine Man climbs through cedar and granite,  
his walking becoming his prayer.  
The summit draws near,  
yet the mountain reminds him:  
"The climbing was always the stair."*

*He says thought is a faithful companion,  
provided it knows where to cease.  
The ladder serves only until it reaches  
the rooftop of silence and peace.*

*The Medicine Man stands where hawks ride thermals,  
their wings scarcely moving at all.  
The sky lifts the one  
who remembers surrender;  
no eagle commands itself tall.*

*He says wisdom is less an accumulation  
than clearing the clouds from the sun.  
The mind reaches upward by learning its limits;  
then heaven and thinking are one.*

*The Medicine Man opens a weathered old journal,  
its pages now softened by rain.  
He smiles at the words,  
then quietly closes them,  
preferring the forest again.*

*He says no guidebook can ever replace  
the path only your feet may find.  
The finest of maps simply point toward your compass,  
then leave the remaining behind.*

*The Medicine Man finds but a handful of acorns  
and carries them deep in his cloak.  
He knows that abundance is seldom what's gathered,  
but all that awakens to oak.*

*The Medicine Man passes a valley of houses,  
each built with remarkable care.  
Yet many are prisons  
whose doors stand wide open;  
the captives forget they are there.*

*He says many spend all their years building a shelter  
that slowly becomes their cage.*

*The walls they imagined would promise them freedom  
grow thicker with comfort and age.*

*The Medicine Man watches a sapling in springtime,  
its branches too slight for a nest.*

*Yet hidden already within its becoming  
the ancient old forest shall rest.*

*He says trust not merely the fruit in your basket.*

*Trust also the seed yet unseen.*

*The harvest begins in the fields of believing,  
long before hands gather the green.*

*The Medicine Man brushes the dust from a pebble,  
then places it back where it lay.*

*Nothing is richer for having been owned;  
some treasures are found by away.*

*He says seek not honor from voices around you.*

*The wind grants no medals to pine.*

*The truest of lives are too rooted in service  
to measure themselves against time.*

*The Medicine Man empties his cup by the streamside,  
then quietly fills it once more.*

*Only the vessel released of its fullness  
can welcome what wasn't before.*

*He says emptiness is not absence of living.  
It is the clearing of room.*

*The quieter grows the house of the spirit,  
the greater the fragrance in bloom.*

*The Medicine Man scatters a handful of sayings  
like seeds on the edge of the trail.*

*He neither pursues them  
nor waits for their growing;  
the seasons will finish the tale.*

*He says every word is a seed seeking soil.  
Write lightly, then walk without claim.  
The garden belongs not to those who first planted,  
but all who awaken the same.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where two pathways cross,  
yet lingers before either way.*

*The earth has no hurry;  
the moss keeps its patience;  
the dawn never rushes the day.*

*He says honor is born not in moments of comfort,  
but choosing the harder good still.*

*The oak does not strengthen by shelter from weather,  
but standing upon the hill.*

*The Medicine Man cups both his hands to the silence,  
as though it were cool mountain rain.*

*He drinks without swallowing,  
filled without taking;  
the heart knows this language again.*

*He says every answer grows subtler with stillness.*

*The loudest are seldom the true.*

*The deepest of rivers move quietly beneath us,  
unseen, yet carrying through.*

*The Medicine Man gazes where mist leaves the valley,  
revealing what always was there.*

*The mountain was never concealed by the cloud;  
only waiting for clearer air.*

*He says greatness belongs not to those who are noticed,  
nor those who are spoken of long.*

*It lives in the soul that forgets itself gladly,  
becoming the Source of its song.*

*The Medicine Man lifts one last seed to the sunlight,  
then presses it gently below.*

*He asks nothing back*

*from the dark that receives it,  
for trust is the way seeds must grow.*

*He says leave your words as the forest leaves acorns—  
without any fear of their fate.*

*The truest creations belong to tomorrow;  
their harvest is patient to wait.*

*The Medicine Man smiles,  
then disappears slowly  
among ancient cedars and fern.*

*For every true teacher walks deeper into silence,  
that others may quietly learn.*

*The Medicine Man gathers berries at sunrise,  
yet pauses before he partakes.  
The sweetest of feasts begin first in thanksgiving,  
for gratitude deepens what wakes.*

*He says health is more than the absence of illness.  
It is the remembering of song.  
The body grows whole as the spirit grows rooted,  
each helping the other belong.*

*The Medicine Man watches a doe with her fawn,  
their footsteps as soft as the fern.  
No sermon is spoken.*

*No scripture is carried.  
Yet all that is sacred they learn.*

*He says every creature is practicing presence  
without needing names for the art.  
The fox knows no doctrine.  
The raven no gospel.  
Yet both keep the Way in their heart.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from a spring in the hillside,  
its waters as ancient as light.  
No cup claims possession  
of all that flows through it;  
it simply receives what is right.*

*He says love is devotion to life in its fullness,  
wherever its branches extend.  
To nourish another  
is also to nourish  
the roots from which both of you bend.*

*The Medicine Man lingers where sunlight and shadow  
are woven through cedar and pine.  
He smiles at their dance,  
for neither is enemy;  
together they deepen design.*

*He says every moment is worthy of reverence  
when entered with open regard.  
Heaven is found not beyond what surrounds us,  
but hidden in seeing it hard.*

*The Medicine Man tastes of a wild blackberry,  
its sweetness complete in an instant.  
He mourns not its ending,  
for endings are teachers  
that make every blessing persistent.*

*He says pleasure becomes its own prayer  
when emptied of grasping and greed.  
To cherish a moment is different from keeping;  
the flower need never be seized.*

*The Medicine Man walks with a wolf through snowfall,  
their silence the language they share.  
No creature asks,  
"Who am I?" in the forest;  
it simply is wholly just there.*

*He says watch how the animals enter each morning.  
No yesterday burdens their eyes.  
Presence is older than memory itself,  
and wiser than all we devise.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where an old cedar's roots  
embrace stone beneath fallen leaves.*

*The strongest of lives grow downward in stillness  
before ever reaching the breeze.*

*He says seek the root before tending the branches.*

*The fruit follows faithfully then.*

*When essence is nourished,  
the whole tree remembers  
the wisdom it carried within.*

*The Medicine Man sits where mountain trickle starts,  
its seeping glee too free to contain.*

*No drop keeps possession  
of where it has traveled;  
its giving becomes it again.*

*He says every blessing grows brighter in passing.*

*The hand that releases is filled.*

*The spring never fears  
that its waters will vanish;  
thus every dry valley is healed.*

*The Medicine Man gathers wild herbs in the meadow,  
each chosen with reverent care.*

*The smallest of medicines often remember  
what pride has forgotten is there.*

*He says every meal should begin with the question:  
"What gift of the Earth have I earned?"*

*Eat close to the soil,  
and closer to wonder,  
and life shall be quietly learned.*

*The Medicine Man watches the evening descending,  
the birds finding branches to rest.*

*None carry tomorrow.*

*None shoulder ambition.*

*The present has always known best.*

*He says God is not waiting beyond this one moment,  
nor hidden in some distant place.*

*The holy is here,  
ever blooming before us,  
awaiting a slower embrace.*

*The Medicine Man breathes with the forest at twilight,  
his own breath no longer apart.*

*The wind through the branches,  
the owl in the darkness,  
the pulse of his own quiet heart—*

*all move as one song,  
without singer or audience,  
without any need to divide.*

*He smiles, for the deepest communion with Heaven  
has always been simply to abide.*

*The Medicine Man rises before first birdsong,  
while darkness still dreams of the dawn.*

*He asks for no miracle  
greater than seeing  
the gift of another day born.*

*He says every sunrise is grace without asking.  
No soul has deserved such a thing.  
Yet every new morning  
the Infinite offers  
another beginning to bring.*

*The Medicine Man wanders through fields full of clover,  
where bees hum their ancient refrain.  
No blossom competes  
for the favor of sunlight;  
all flourish alike in its rain.*

*He says cease measuring worth by comparison.  
The lily has never envied the pine.  
The stream does not long  
for the strength of the mountain;  
each keeps a perfection divine.*

*The Medicine Man rests where the old stones are warming  
beneath the embrace of the noon.*

*The Earth wastes no hour  
becoming another; it flowers exactly on cue.*

*He says be what you are with your whole heart awakened.  
The acorn need never pretend.*

*The deepest contentment is found in unfolding,  
not striving for some distant end.*

*The Medicine Man closes his eyes for a moment,  
yet sees more than ever before.*

*The world grows most vivid  
when nothing is grasped;  
the open hand gathers still more.*

*He says every breath is communion already.  
Each heartbeat remembers the Whole.*

*Return to this moment, again and again,  
and Presence shall quietly make you whole.*

*The Medicine Man stands within an ancient forest,  
yet counts not a single tree.*

*The whole is the wonder; the trunks are but verses  
composing one endless decree.*

*He says lose not your life in the naming of branches,  
forgetting the roots they all share.*

*The forest is never divided by pathways;  
the earth holds them all in one care.*

*The Medicine Man walks where no fences are standing,  
though many imagine them there.*

*The strongest of prisons  
are fashioned from thinking,  
not timber nor iron nor air.*

*He says every cage is first built in the spirit,  
then raised into wood, law, and stone.  
The heart that remembers its boundless belonging  
can never be truly alone.*

*The Medicine Man settles beside a red fox,  
whose ears catch the wind without strain.  
It listens completely,  
expecting no answers,  
yet nothing is heard there in vain.*

*He says every creature already knows stillness.  
No raven rehearses the sky.  
The deer has no doctrine.  
The wolf needs no scripture  
to teach it the reason to die.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where moss wraps the boulders,  
their patience too deep to be seen.*

*The oldest of teachers  
speak softly through stillness,  
their wisdom forever serene.*

*He says freedom begins with the loosening of need.  
The lighter the burden you bear,  
the farther your spirit  
may wander in gladness,  
discovering home everywhere.*

*The Medicine Man watches a spider at sunrise,  
its web dressed in jewels of the dew.  
Each thread holds another;  
alone they are fragile,  
together they strengthen anew.*

*He says all of life is a weaving together.  
No strand is sufficient alone.  
The strongest among us  
are those who remember  
their strength has never been their own.*

*The Medicine Man pauses beside a small cabin,  
its chimney breathing the sky.  
No palace has ever  
made richer a spirit  
than peace no coin need ever buy.*

*He says build first the home of the heart within you.  
The walls of your dwelling come last.  
A house without peace  
is a beautifully painted  
memorial built to the past.*

*The Medicine Man steps where the path leaves the meadow  
and enters the deep cedar shade.  
The darker the forest,  
the brighter the stillness;  
no fear where true trust has been made.*

*He says every boundary deserves gentle asking:  
"Who placed this line in the earth?"  
Many are drawn  
not to guard what is sacred,  
but lessen another's true worth.*

*The Medicine Man lifts a fallen feather,  
turning it once in the light.  
No bird has become  
the poorer for losing it;  
both continue their flight.*

*He says nothing essential is ever diminished  
by giving itself away.  
The spring keeps on singing,*

*the fire keeps on warming,  
the dawn keeps becoming the day.*

*The Medicine Man looks through the branches at starlight,  
where countless bright worlds softly burn.*

*Each shines in its season,  
yet all share one darkness  
from which every radiance turns.*

*He says every being is fashioned uniquely,  
yet rooted in one common flame.*

*Difference is blossom.*

*The root is communion.*

*Both honor the Infinite Name.*

*The Medicine Man closes his eyes for a moment,  
and hears what the silence has said.*

*The loud world dissolves,  
yet the forest keeps speaking  
where countless words would have fled.*

*He says seek not the center by climbing above us.*

*Sink gently beneath every role.*

*The deepest of wells  
are reached by descending,  
not standing apart from the whole.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the evening grows golden,  
three crows crossing high overhead.*

*No omen is needed. Their passing is enough;  
the living world always has said far more than our  
language could ever imprison,  
or all of our books could contain.*

*He bows to the mystery, and walks with the forest,  
forgetting his own little name.*

*The Medicine Man enters the river at daybreak,  
its water embracing his knees.*

*No part of the current is greater than any;  
each serves the whole with its ease.*

*He says all belonging begins with forgetting  
the walls that the frightened have drawn.*

*The heart has no borders.*

*The sky owns no nations.*

*The light greets us all with one dawn.*

*The Medicine Man shelters beneath a great cedar,  
while rain sings its hymn overhead.*

*Each drop has descended  
by countless conditions,  
yet all drink the roots they have fed.*

*He says every life is both gift and receiver,  
both rainfall and thirst in one breath.  
To nourish another  
is never diminishing;  
it is how we outlive our death.*

*The Medicine Man finds an old stone split in two,  
its halves still embracing the earth.  
He smiles, for nothing essential was broken;  
the mountain remembers its birth.*

*He says every fracture belongs to appearance.  
The root has no knowledge of scars.  
The ocean remains though the wave seems divided;  
the daylight survives all the stars.*

*The Medicine Man leaves without marking his passing.  
No monument bears his true name.  
The forest remembers without any memory,  
for love is remembering the same.*

*He says if you wish to be one with the living, forget what  
you think you have been. Become like the rain, like the  
wind, like the silence—  
and find you were never outside to begin.*

*The Medicine Man walks through smoke at sunrise,  
yet carries no smoke in his breast.*

*The wind passes through him, the ashes fall earthward,  
while peace keeps its place in his chest.*

*He says drink not the bitterness round you.  
No spring becomes poison from rain.  
The healer receives the sickness of others,  
yet need not make sickness remain.*

*The Medicine Man kneels by a wounded old wolf,  
its eyes still as deep as the moon.  
He offers no judgment, only quiet presence,  
and healing begins there so soon.*

*He says monsters are seldom born monsters.  
Most once were frightened and small.  
The dragon first gathered its fire for protection  
before it learned burning us all.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no weapons for battle,  
but herbs from the edge of the stream.  
He knows every poison conceals some small medicine,  
waiting for patient esteem.*

*He says answer not hatred with hatred.  
The fire need not answer with flame.  
The coolness of water has always been stronger  
than shouting another's name.*

*The Medicine Man watches an oak scarred by lightning,  
yet greener than many nearby.*

*Its wounds became chambers where wrens built their  
families, and life learned another reply.*

*He says every sorrow may widen the spirit  
if bitterness enters it not.*

*The deepest of valleys receive every river;  
the mountain receives very naught.*

*The Medicine Man shares from his humble bowl gladly,  
though little remains for himself.*

*The forest grows richer by feeding its children,  
not hoarding its fruit on the shelf.*

*He says seek no greatness above one another.*

*The highest tree drinks from below.*

*The root never boasts, yet every green branch  
owes all of its leaves to its flow.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at a serpent before him.*

*It neither attacks nor retreats.*

*He lowers his breathing, and seeing no danger,  
the serpent continues its peace.*

*The Medicine Man follows a river at twilight,  
where fox and rabbit both drink.*

*Neither owns water. The stream gives to all,  
and pauses for no one to think.*

*He says be like the river in giving.  
It asks neither title nor praise.  
Its joy is the flowing, its peace is the pouring,  
its song is the gift of its days.*

*The Medicine Man sits where two mountains are meeting,  
their silence too ancient for speech.  
He closes his eyes, and the world grows much smaller,  
while Heaven grows easier to reach.*

*He says every name is a garment.  
Wear it lightly, then let it be shed.  
The wind knows no surname.  
The stars keep no ledger.  
The living need not be misled.*

*The Medicine Man finds an old dragon in dreaming,  
its fire grown weary with years.  
He offers no sword, only water and stillness,  
and listens instead of his fears.*

*He says every dragon was once someone's child.  
Each thorn was once tender and green.  
If you would bring healing, look first for the hunger  
that hides where the monster is seen.*

*The Medicine Man rises before the first morning,  
placing one hand on the ground.  
He whispers, "There is no other."*

*The forest is all that replies,  
yet somehow the answer resounds.*

*The Medicine Man watches the evening grow quiet,  
as swallows return to their rest.  
No bird asks another what name it is wearing;  
their flight is sufficient, and blessed.*

*He says leave every doorway found open  
a little more open still.  
The heart is a valley. The closed heart, a fortress.  
Only one welcomes the hill.*

*The Medicine Man places his staff in the soil,  
then leaves it to weather and rain.  
One day it may blossom; one day it may soften;  
both endings are equally gain.*

*He says nothing living is wasted.  
The fallen become what shall rise.  
The leaf feeds the forest.  
The forest feeds heaven.  
The circle needs none to be wise.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the stream meets the  
ocean, and watches fresh water give way.*

*It does not resist. It becomes something greater,  
without ever ceasing its way.*

*He says this is the path of the spirit:  
not victory, conquest, or fame,  
but yielding so wholly to Life's deeper current  
that none can remember your name.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the first stars appearing.  
Their light has been traveling long.*

*Truth is not hurried.*

*Time serves the Eternal, not the Eternal serving time.*

*He says seek not to conquer the darkness.  
Become the quiet lamp that forgets it is shining.*

*The Medicine Man cups water at daybreak,  
and drinks from the palm of his hand.  
No cup could be purer than one shaped by living,  
no roof more complete than the land.*

*He says cleanse first the vessel that carries.  
The spring need not struggle to flow.  
Clear waters find rivers;  
clouded ones wander where only the stagnant pools grow.*

*The Medicine Man walks with his feet upon pinecones,  
his eyes on the mountain beyond.*

*Each step is becoming; no path is invented,  
only remembered along.*

*He says all that enters becomes what is leaving.*

*The seed is concealed in the grain.*

*The fruit bears the memory of all that has nourished  
its roots through the sunlight and rain.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the heart's quiet beating,  
and places one hand on his breast. He whispers:*

*"The One is far nearer than I have ever been to myself."*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the ferns are unfolding,  
each frond like a slow-spoken prayer.*

*Nothing is hurried, yet nothing is idle;  
the season is already there.*

*He says seek not the fruit before rooting.*

*The blossom arrives in its turn.*

*The tree never chases its own summer sweetness;  
it simply continues to learn.*

*The Medicine Man watches a swallow drink raindrops  
still gathered on cedar and pine.*

*The smallest of blessings is never made lesser  
because it is quiet and fine.*

*He says all that nourishes enters unnoticed.  
The dawn makes no sound when it breaks.  
The roots drink in silence.  
The heart grows in stillness.  
The soul asks far less than it takes.*

*The Medicine Man carries a vessel of river  
to flowers that thirst in the heat.  
He pours without counting  
which blossom is worthy.  
The giving itself is complete.*

*He says do not labor to brighten another  
while darkening all that you are.  
The lamp lights the valley  
because it burns inward,  
not by reaching after a star.*

*The Medicine Man gathers wild berries at sunset,  
leaving the fullest behind.  
The birds shall be feasting;  
the bears have their portion;  
the forest has always been kind.*

*He says all abundance is shared before gathered.  
Possession is only a guest.  
The hand that unclenches*

*discovers a richness  
no clenched fist could ever possess.*

*The Medicine Man comes to an ancient spring,  
clearer than polished glass.*

*The water asks nothing  
of those who receive it;  
it simply continues to pass.*

*He says become like the spring in your giving.*

*Do not concern yourself where it goes.*

*The cloud never chooses  
which valley is worthy;  
it blesses wherever it flows.*

*The Medicine Man rests where the redwoods are breathing,  
their crowns drinking light from above.*

*The deeper their rooting,  
the wider their shelter;  
their greatness is measured by love.*

*He says the land owns all who walk gently.*

*No footprint remains for very long.*

*We borrow the meadow,  
the river,  
the mountain,  
and answer with gratitude's song.*

*The Medicine Man gazes into still water,  
finding no face to defend.*

*The mirror grows clearest  
when no one is looking  
for where they begin or they end.*

*He says become no one in particular,  
and everyone shall be your kin.*

*The less that you carry  
of all that you call "you,"  
the more the Great Spirit walks in.*

*The Medicine Man rises before first birdsong,  
his vessel now empty once more.*

*He smiles, for only the emptied are ready to carry the  
purest of waters.*

*The Medicine Man comes upon a wide marsh,  
where mist lingers low with the dawn.*

*The reeds whisper softly;  
the waters seem clouded,  
yet still the wild herons move on.*

*He says many wander through swamps of illusion,  
forgetting the mountains above.*

*Do not curse the mire.*

*Remember the spring  
from which every river is love.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the water runs clear  
beyond all the mud and the reeds.  
He waits without stirring;  
the silt settles downward,  
revealing what silence conceals.*

*He says stop searching so fiercely for answers.  
The stream clouds beneath grasping feet.  
Stand still long enough,  
and the waters remember  
the face they were always to meet.*

*The Medicine Man follows no distant horizon,  
but watches the moss on a stone.  
The Infinite whispers  
within what is nearest;  
the far has no kingdom alone.*

*He says lighten the bundle you carry.  
The hawk does not envy the cloud.  
The freer the spirit,  
the higher it circles,  
without ever needing a crowd.*

*The Medicine Man finds an old cedar fallen,  
its trunk feeding flowers below.*

*Death is but giving  
a different direction  
to all that continues to grow.*

*He says every ending is changing its clothing.  
The fire becomes ash, then the fern.  
Nothing is taken.  
Everything offered  
shall one day, transformed, return.*

*The Medicine Man walks where wind finds an opening,  
its song through the grasses made clear.  
No gate has been opened;  
the wind needed nothing  
except for the absence of fear.*

*He says whittle yourself into kindness.  
Carve away all that is not.  
Soon enough nothing  
is left but the singing  
the Great Spirit carved from your heart.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the first stars awaken,  
their silence more ancient than speech.  
No hand could possess them.*

*No thought could contain them.  
Yet all may receive what they teach.*

*He says hope is the lantern you carry.  
Expectation demands the sunrise.  
One walks with the darkness.  
The other resents it.  
Only one truly opens the eyes.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the mountains are waiting,  
their summits surrendered to sky.  
The tallest among them  
still bows to the heavens;  
the greatest have nothing to hide.*

*He says become honey, not hunter.  
The blossom does not chase the bee.  
Sweetness is patient.  
What truly belongs  
arrives of its own harmony.*

*The Medicine Man watches the moon on the river,  
its light never grasping the stream.  
The water receives it,  
then carries it onward,  
as though every ripple could dream.*

*He says the heart grows lighter through giving,  
not by casting the world away.  
The branch bends with fruit.  
The empty limb stiffens,  
forgetting the joy of the sway.*

*The Medicine Man stands in the hush before morning,  
when neither the owl nor the wren  
has broken the silence  
the world was born wearing  
before it remembered its names.*

*He says there is only one center.  
The wheel may turn endlessly round,  
yet every true journey,  
however far wandered,  
returns to the stillness it found.*

*The Medicine Man closes his eyes for a moment.  
The wind keeps speaking.  
The stream keeps flowing.  
The stars keep burning.*

*Nothing has asked  
to become what it already is.*

*He smiles, and walks on.*

*The Medicine Man walks with little upon him:  
a blanket, a staff,  
and a quiet song.*

*He says the bird does not rise  
because it gathers feathers.*

*It rises because it carries  
only those the wind requires.*

*The Medicine Man leaves behind another bundle,  
smiling as though receiving a gift.  
Every burden surrendered  
returns as lightness.  
The smallest canoe  
crosses the deepest river.*

*He says lose all that can be taken.  
Then no thief  
can ever find you.*

*The Medicine Man passes through many villages.  
Some praise him.  
Some mock him.  
Others never notice he was there.*

*He bows to each alike,  
for echoes belong  
to the valley,  
not to the traveler.*

*The Medicine Man keeps but a simple blanket,  
a kettle, a bowl, and a fire.  
The richest of travelers carry the least,  
yet possess all they truly require.*

*He says every burden once chosen by ego  
will ask for another to bear.  
The shoulders grow weary of carrying names;  
the spirit grows lighter through prayer.*

*The Medicine Man smiles when old reputations  
drift by like the smoke through the pine.  
The wind has forgotten the praise and the blame;  
why should the heart cling to mine?*

*He says every mirror grows cloudy with wanting,  
yet clear when no face must appear.  
The one who forgets what the village has named him  
may finally learn why he's here.*

*The Medicine Man watches the deer in the meadow,  
untroubled by stories of self.*

*The grasses ask nothing of antler or hoof;  
they simply receive what has dwelt.*

*He says finding oneself is a gentle forgetting,  
a shedding of garments long worn.  
The child waits beneath every costume of age,  
still breathing the day he was born.*

*The Medicine Man loosens the straps of his satchel,  
then laughs at how easy he walks.  
The longest of journeys are shortened at once  
when the burden no longer is brought.*

*He says every cage first persuades us to love it,  
until we mistake bars for sky.  
The bird born within it imagines the prison  
the measure of all it can fly.*

*The Medicine Man follows the brook through the cedars,  
where water remembers no wall.  
It bends where it must and it nourishes all,  
never asking who owns it at all.*

*He says every river is freed by surrender,  
not forcefully carving its way.  
The mountain is patient.  
The valley is patient.  
The waters arrive when they may.*

*The Medicine Man pauses at day's fading embers,  
and watches the fire grow small.*

*The brightest of flames do not fear becoming ash;  
they've already given their all.*

*He says every doorway to truest becoming  
is entered by leaving behind.*

*The fist must unclench if the hand would receive;  
the heart must grow empty to find.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the moss drinks rain,  
its greenness asking no praise.*

*The smallest of lives keeps the oldest of wisdom:  
to flourish without being raised.*

*He says every child knows the language of wonder  
before it is buried by names.*

*The forest remembers what villages forget:  
that no two bright spirits are same.*

*The Medicine Man walks till the pathway grows narrower,  
where cedars lean close to the sky.*

*The farther one wanders from noise made by men,  
the nearer the hawk learns to fly.*

*He says every soul wears a garment of stories,  
yet none of those garments can stay.*

*The thread may grow tattered,*

*the colors may vanish,  
the Weaver remains through the day.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from a spring in the shadow,  
then offers the cup to the fern.*

*The water grows sweeter by passing through others;  
the gift is returned by return.*

*He says shed all things but the deeply essential.*

*The tree does not cling to each leaf.*

*The branch that releases what summer has finished  
welcomes the spring with relief.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the evening grows silent,  
the first stars appearing above.*

*He whispers, "The lighter the traveler becomes,  
the farther he carries love."*

*The Medicine Man comes to the crest of a hillside,  
where wind wears no collar at all.*

*The grasses bow low without master or servant;  
the heavens make equals of all.*

*He says every prison is built of believing  
there's nowhere beyond what is known.*

*The gate has stood open since first light was kindled;  
the jailer is seldom the stone.*

*The Medicine Man watches the swallows returning,  
then vanish again into sky.*

*No feather remembers the branch that released it;  
true freedom forgets how to fly.*

*He says every seeker must lose what he worships,  
until only Wonder remains.*

*The vessel is broken;  
the water continues;  
the river remembers no names.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where an oak has been fallen,  
its body now feeding the fern.*

*Decay is no thief of the life that was given;  
the forest knows endless return.*

*He says every ending is quietly mending  
the place where beginning shall grow.*

*The seed understands what the blossom remembers;  
the roots have forever known so.*

*The Medicine Man leaves with the sunrise behind him,  
yet carries its warmth in his breast.*

*He asks not the pathway to promise tomorrow,  
but blesses the ground where he rests.*

*He says, "Lose gladly whatever may leave you,  
for truth has no need to be bound.*

*The heart that belongs to the Whole cannot perish;  
its home is wherever it's found."*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the first waking robin,  
whose song needs no reason to start.*

*Then quietly shoulders his blanket,  
his kettle, his bowl, and his heart.*

*The Medicine Man watches the mist lift slowly  
from meadow and river alike.*

*The morning keeps none of the shapes it has borrowed;  
its beauty is born of the light.*

*He says every truth sheds another old garment  
whenever the heart learns to see.*

*The shell was not fashioned to live forever;  
it opens to set the bird free.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no trophies from living,  
save friendships with cedar and stone.*

*The wealthiest soul leaves the forest each evening  
possessing far less than his own.*

*He says every name is a boat for the crossing,  
yet none is the farthest of shores.*

*Walk gladly within it,*

*then leave it behind you,  
lest rowing become your reward.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the rain on the branches,  
each droplet reflecting the sun.*

*No jewel could purchase such effortless splendor;  
the poorest have shared it as one.*

*He says every life is a candle at twilight,  
yet none burns apart from the flame.*

*The fire is older than all who receive it;  
the Light has forgotten our names.*

*The Medicine Man shoulders his blanket in silence,  
his kettle still warm from the coals.*

*The trail disappears into cedar and morning,  
yet somehow feels nearer than home.*

*He says:*

*"Carry little. Love greatly. Walk gently.  
The forest will carry the rest."*

*The Medicine Man walks where old pines are breathing,  
their roots drinking deep from the dark.*

*The tallest among them remember the seed  
that first carried life in its heart.*

*He says every root that is faithful to silence  
shall one day give shelter and shade.  
The forest grows mighty through countless small faiths,  
not one mighty promise once made.*

*The Medicine Man loosens another old burden,  
then leaves it beside the old trail.  
The earth makes no ledger of what has been carried;  
she welcomes each leaf as it falls.*

*He says every burden abandoned in wisdom  
returns as a blessing untold.  
The branch that releases the weight of dead seasons  
makes room for the green to unfold.*

*The Medicine Man watches the clouds cross the mountains,  
possessing no corner of sky.  
The rain falls wherever the valleys are waiting;  
it never asks which hill is high.*

*He says every life is a passing of waters,  
a borrowing, never a claim.  
The spring is the giver;  
the river, the journey;  
the ocean remembers no name.*

*The Medicine Man comes where the trail disappears  
beneath cedar needles and fern.*

*He smiles, for the finest of pathways are found  
where maps have forgotten to turn.*

*He says every finding is born of a losing,  
as dawn is conceived by the night.  
Lose gladly the self that was fashioned by fear,  
and awaken the one born of Light.*

*The Medicine Man shoulders his blanket once more,  
his kettle still warm from the fire.*

*He carries no more than is needed—  
and therefore is able to carry the world.*

*The Medicine Man kneels ice finds fluid form,  
too humble to reckon its worth.  
It asks for no witness,  
receives no applauding,  
yet quickens the thirst of the Earth.*

*He says every blessing grows less by possessing,  
yet greater the more it is shared.  
The spring is not poorer for filling the rivers;  
its giving is how it is spared.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where children are playing,  
their laughter unburdened and free.*

*They gather bright acorns as kings gather kingdoms,  
yet leave them beneath every tree.*

*He says every child comes remembering Heaven  
until older voices divide.*

*The heart learns its fences;  
the forest knows nothing  
of borders the elders prescribe.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the bark of an old oak,  
its wrinkles more graceful than youth.*

*No tree ever strives  
to become some other;  
its peace is the root of its truth.*

*He says every creature is born with one calling:  
to flower according to kind.*

*The rose is not lesser  
for never being cedar;  
the hawk envies never the hind.*

*The Medicine Man rises as evening is falling,  
his shadow now long with the light.*

*The path has grown hidden,  
yet still he keeps walking,  
for trust is the lantern of night.*

*He says:*

*"Carry little.*

*Give freely.*

*Walk softly.*

*The forest remembers*

*the weight*

*of each foot—*

*and blesses*

*the lightest."*

*The Medicine Man says love is not a feeling*

*that wanders as weather through sky.*

*Love is the seeing that waits beneath seeing,*

*the eye behind every eye.*

*Fear walks the forest remembering shadows,*

*mistaking each branch for a spear.*

*Hatred is fear that has learned a new language,*

*speaking what love cannot hear.*

*The Medicine Man sits by the oldest of cedars,*

*his hands resting softly in peace.*

*He knows every creature the people call enemy  
longs for the same sweet release.*

*He says when you learn why another has stumbled,  
the stone in your hand grows light.*

*Compassion is born where understanding enters,  
as morning is born out of night.*

*The Medicine Man watches the rivers converging;  
none lose themselves meeting the sea.*

*The waters remember what mountains forget:  
that together is how they are free.*

*He says there is only one Fire beneath us,  
one Breath through the bird and the bear.*

*The many are sparks of a single bright Burning,  
appearing as though they were separate there.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the names we have fashioned,  
then leaves them beside the trail.*

*No word has imprisoned the wind in its meaning,  
nor caught the whole whale in a pail.*

*He says every name is a useful companion,  
yet none can contain what is Real.*

*The deepest of truths slip quietly through language,  
like minnows through fingers of steel.*

*The Medicine Man cups living water in silence,  
then opens his hands once again.*

*The spring does not vanish because it is shared;  
it returns with the gentlest rain.*

*He says:*

*Know deeply.*

*Love freely.*

*Name lightly.*

*For the Nameless One*

*has worn*

*every face*

*you have ever*

*beheld.*

*The Medicine Man watches the dawn touch the mountains,  
one summit, then countless beside.*

*The sunlight asks never which peak is the greatest;  
it pours with the selfsame tide.*

*He says love is the oldest of languages spoken,  
before there were tongues to divide.*

*Fear learned its words from forgetting the Whole;  
love simply remembers inside.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the mushrooms are rising,  
their hidden web deep in the loam.*

*What blossoms above is but little and passing;  
the living is carried below.*

*He says wisdom is much like the forest beneath you.*

*The deepest of workings aren't seen.*

*The fruit is the least of the life of the apple;  
the root is the soul of the green.*

*The Medicine Man greets both the wolf and the rabbit  
with equal sincerity shown.*

*Each serves a purpose the forest has written;  
no life writes its story alone.*

*He says every hatred begins with forgetting  
that another is fashioned of you.*

*To wound one another is wounding the river  
from which both the drinkers once drew.*

*The Medicine Man listens more often than speaking.*

*The silence completes every word.*

*Truth enters the heart through the spaces between them,  
like wind moving softly through fir.*

*He says knowledge is gathered like berries in summer,  
but knowing grows wild like the pine.*

*One fills up the memory;  
one fills up the spirit;  
the second outlives all of time.*

*The Medicine Man rises as evening is settling,  
his footprints already erased.*

*He smiles, for the Earth keeps no record of those who  
walked gently—only the gentleness they left behind.*

*The Medicine Man comes to an ancient still pond,  
where mountains rest deep in its face.*

*He smiles, for the water possesses no mountain,  
yet faithfully offers its place.*

*He says every heart that grows quiet enough  
becomes like the stillness of spring.*

*The Whole is reflected with effortless fullness;  
disturbance belongs not to things.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no followers round him,  
nor asks that his pathway be known.*

*He plants but a seed in the listening spirit,  
then leaves it to Heaven alone.*

*He says truth is no captive of temples or teachers,  
nor hidden in one sacred page.*

*The robin proclaims it.*

*The river repeats it.*

*The cedars preserve it through age.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the snowfall has covered  
the footprints of fox, wolf, and deer.*

*The blanket of winter makes equals of all;  
no traveler is greater here.*

*He says every difference flowers from Oneness,  
as branches arise from one tree.*

*The leaves may be countless,  
their colors unnumbered,  
yet one is the life flowing free.*

*The Medicine Man laughs with the wind through the  
grasses,  
whose voices no ear can divide.*

*A thousand bright whispers become but one singing  
when heard from the far mountainside.*

*He says:*

*Do not seek*

*to become*

*the ocean.*

*Remember*

*you have never*

*been other*

*than water.*

*The Medicine Man turns toward the cedar-dark valley,  
his staff making scarcely a sound.*

*For those who remember*

*their union with Life*

*discover*

*they have never*

*been lost—*

*only*

*looking*

*the wrong*

*way.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the cedars are oldest,  
their branches embracing the sky.*

*No bough asks another why sunlight is shared;  
they flourish by reaching on high.*

*He says every spirit is born of one Fire,  
though countless the hearths that appear.  
The flame is not less for the candles it kindles;  
its light only gathers more near.*

*The Medicine Man drinks where the cold spring is singing,  
its waters as ancient as rain.*

*He hears in each drop the one everlasting  
that rises through all things again.*

*He says love is knowing without any grasping,  
the heart recognizing its own.*

*The robin and raven, the fox and the fir,  
are leaves of one life overgrown.*

*The Medicine Man blesses the stranger who greets him,  
the stranger who passes him by.*

*The same living Breath has awakened them both  
beneath one immeasurable sky.*

*He says hatred blossoms where memory falters,  
forgetting the root for the limb.*

*Restore but the root to the eye of the spirit,  
and every branch sings of Him.*

*The Medicine Man watches the twilight descending,  
its colors surrendering slow.*

*The day never argues with night for dominion;  
together they teach us to grow.*

*He says every ending prepares for beginning,  
as autumn prepares for the spring.*

*The fruit gives itself to the darkness of Earth  
that orchards may rise from the seed.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the first stars awaken,  
their silence too deep to be named.*

*The heavens have never required our believing;  
they shine all the very same.*

*He says,*

*Love is the remembering.*

*Fear is the forgetting.*

*Walk long enough*

*with an open heart,*

*and every face*

*becomes*

*an old friend*

*returning home.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the wildflowers gather,  
no blossom demanding a throne.*

*Each opens according to sunlight and season,  
content to become what is sown.*

*He says every flower is faithful to blooming,  
yet none keeps the fragrance it gives.*

*The sweetest among them spend all they are bearing;  
thus every true garden still lives.*

*The Medicine Man listens where rain greets the hillside,  
its thousand small voices made one.*

*No droplet imagines itself the whole river,  
yet each helps accomplish its song.*

*He says every kindness begins in a knowing  
too quiet for words to explain.*

*The hand that has truly remembered the Whole  
cannot willingly deepen another's pain.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the fox in the bracken,  
its amber eyes steady and clear.*

*The creature has mastered no doctrines of living,  
yet wanders with little to fear.*

*He says wisdom ripens before it is spoken,  
as apples grow sweet on the bough.  
The tongue merely gathers what silence has nourished;  
the heart is the orchard somehow.*

*The Medicine Man watches the fire burn lower,  
its embers still glowing with grace.  
The brightest of flames need not shout of their burning;  
their warmth is enough to embrace.*

*He says love asks little beyond your attention.  
It enters where judgment has gone.  
The gate was never secured by a lock;  
it waited for seeing all along.*

*The Medicine Man rises before the last starlight,  
his blanket still cool from the night.  
He greets the first bird as one greets an old brother,  
already made one by the Light.*

*He says,  
Know gently.  
Love deeply.*

*Walk humbly.*

*The farther  
you travel  
into the forest,  
the more  
you discover  
you have never  
walked  
alone.*

*The Medicine Man walks where redwoods are standing,  
their silence more ancient than song.  
No cedar imagines itself more important;  
together they make the grove strong.*

*He says every branch has its place in the woodland,  
yet none is the life of the tree.  
The sap that awakens the highest green needles  
is one with the root none can see.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where ravens are calling,  
their voices like bells in the dawn.*

*The forest receives every language with gladness;  
no creature is speaking alone.*

*He says every knowing begins with a listening  
too patient for pride to endure.*

*The ear is the gate by which wisdom first enters;  
the boastful heart keeps the door barred.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the moss on the boulder,  
its softness embracing the stone.*

*The gentlest of lives may accomplish in silence  
what force has forever postponed.*

*He says tenderness carries a strength beyond iron.*

*The stream does not shatter the hill.*

*It shapes every mountain by faithful returning,  
one quiet drop answering still.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no proof of his journey,  
no tally of victories won.*

*The trail is remembered by those who have walked it;  
the walking and trail are but one.*

*He says love is the oldest remembering.*

*Fear is the oldest disguise.*

*When once you behold every face as your brother,  
the veil quietly falls from your eyes.*

*The Medicine Man bows to the evening in gratitude,  
the fire now settling to coal. He knows that the One who  
awakens all beings has never awakened in parts,  
but forever as the primordial Whole.*

*The Medicine Man watches the first light gathering  
where mountain and valley are one.*

*The shadow departs without grief or resentment,  
its labor completed by sun.*

*He says every darkness is born for a season,  
not fashioned to reign without end.*

*The longest of nights are but servants of morning;  
each dawn is their oldest friend.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the cedars have fallen,  
their bodies returning to loam.*

*The mushrooms arise like white hymns from their silence,  
declaring no death is alone.*

*He says every ending becomes an beginning,  
if only the heart has eyes.*

*The leaf feeds the root that awakens the springtime;  
the old gives the young their surprise.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from the brook without hurry,  
its waters too living to seize.*

*The hand that would capture the stream loses both of them;  
the open hand drinks with ease.*

*He says every blessing refuses possession.*

*The rainbow belongs to no eye.*

*The more we release what was never our own,  
the nearer the Infinite draws nigh.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the wind in the branches,  
each cedar replying in turn.*

*No tree has forgotten the language of stillness  
from which all true forests are learned.*

*He says every teacher returns to one lesson,  
however far wisdom may roam:*

*Love what is before you.*

*Receive what is given.*

*Become what you are.*

*And wherever you wander beneath Heaven's great canopy,  
remember—*

*you have never departed from Home.*

*The Medicine Man follows the deer through the fernlands,  
yet never disturbs where they feed.*

*The forest gives freely to those who walk gently;  
it closes to hunger and greed.*

*He says every creature bears one little portion  
of wisdom entrusted to Earth.*

*No being is empty of sacred instruction;  
all life has inherited worth.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the old roots are winding  
beneath fallen needles and stone.*

*Though hidden from sight, they embrace one another;  
no cedar is living alone.*

*He says all true strength grows quietly downward  
before it reaches the sky.*

*The branch may be praised for the breadth of its shadow;  
the root asks no passerby why.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the clouds on the mountains,  
their forms ever changing above.*

*The heavens lose nothing through endless becoming;  
creation is fashioned by love.*

*He says every form is a passing appearance,  
yet none is discarded in vain.*

*The wave gives itself to the sea that conceived it,  
then rises as another again.*

*The Medicine Man warms both his hands by the fire,  
then offers its warmth to the cold.*

*The flame has forgotten the meaning of ownership;  
its nature is simply to hold.*

*He says let your heart be like fire in the winter,  
like rain on the fields in the spring,  
like shade to the traveler weary from sunlight,  
like birds when the mornings first sing.*

*The Medicine Man rises as daylight is fading,  
his footsteps as light as the breeze.*

*He says, "Bless every life that is placed in your keeping,  
for all are but faces of One.*

*The more you awaken the light in another,  
the more your own dawning is done."*

*The Medicine Man lingers where evening is quiet,  
the robins surrendered to rest.*

*The stars, one by one, take their places in silence,  
as though each had always been blessed.*

*He says every star has awakened from darkness,  
yet none leaves the heavens behind.*

*The farther the light has journeyed to reach us,  
the deeper its lesson may shine.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the moonlight is weaving  
through branches of cedar and pine.*

*The shadows are gentle because they remember  
the sun that once taught them to shine.*

*He says fear forgets what the spirit remembers:  
that nothing essential can die.*

*The leaf may descend from the bough in the autumn;  
the tree still is reaching the sky.*

*The Medicine Man stoops for a stone by the river,  
then quietly lays it aside.*

*The Earth had no need of another possession;  
its riches already abide.*

*He says gather only what life freely offers,  
and leave what was never your own.*

*The hand that receives with a thankful abundance  
will never discover a stone.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the child and the elder,  
seeing no distance between.*

*The years change the bark, but the sap keeps ascending;  
the root remains evergreen.*

*He says every face is the face of the Eternal,  
seen through another pair of eyes.  
To greet one another with reverence and kindness  
is worship in its best disguise.*

*The Medicine Man lifts up his eyes to the heavens,  
then lowers them back to the sod.*

*He smiles,  
for he sees no division  
between the two.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the meadow is waking,  
its grasses still jeweled with dew.  
Each droplet reflects the whole breadth of the morning,  
though fashioned as perfectly new.*

*He says the great mystery hides in the smallest.  
The seed keeps the memory of trees.  
The acorn dreams forests before it has rooted;  
the blossom foretells all the bees.*

*The Medicine Man watches the salmon returning,  
their bodies borne hard against flow.  
No river condemns what struggles within it;  
it strengthens what longs still to grow.*

*He says do not measure your life by its comfort,  
but by how your spirit has grown.  
The mountain is climbed by surrendering each foot  
to the path immediately known.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where owl feathers linger,  
left softly beside an old pine.  
No creature keeps trophies of yesterday's hunting;  
the forest wastes little but time.*

*He says wisdom leaves traces, not monuments.  
It asks not for memory or praise.  
The truest of lives disappear into goodness,  
like mist into brightening days.*

*The Medicine Man stands where the wind fills the valley,  
its song touching cedar and stone.  
No voice keeps the music it carries;  
the singing belongs to the Whole.*

*He says there is peace beyond all understanding,  
but never beyond simple seeing.  
Look long enough into the heart of another,  
and you will remember your own.*

*The Medicine Man silently turns toward the trail.  
The forest has finished the rest.*

*His silence becomes  
the final teaching,  
and even the birds  
seem  
to understand.*

*The Medicine Man walks before the waking,  
while mist still clings to the ground.  
He smiles, for the world is most willing to speak  
before the people are found.*

*He says love is the lifting of common veils,  
revealing what always has been.  
The ordinary never was ordinary;  
our hurried eyes merely grew dim.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the dew has gathered  
upon every blade of grass.  
No jewel shines brighter than morning remembered;  
no kingdom endures like that.*

*He says this day is never another.  
The river refuses repeats.  
Drink deeply before it has journeyed onward,  
for wonder has only one seat.*

*The Medicine Man follows the rhythm of breathing,  
the owl giving way to the thrush.*

*The body remembers what minds often bury:  
that wisdom awakens, not rush.*

*He says tend first to the pulse of your living.  
The heart knows the order of things.  
When body and spirit remember their seasons,  
the rest arrives quietly with spring.*

*The Medicine Man watches the hawk wheel slowly,  
its circles requiring no guide.*

*The heavens need neither command nor correction;  
they flourish from balance inside.*

*He says the archer misses by aiming too fiercely.  
The falcon falls not from thought.  
Release what would tighten the hand of the spirit,  
and strike without seeking the mark.*

*The Medicine Man laughs with the wind in the aspens.*

*"It plays games," he softly replies.*

*"The Great Mystery hides in plain sight every moment,  
inviting the patient to find."*

*He says the forest forever asks riddles,  
yet offers each answer with grace.*

*The seeker who ceases demanding conclusions  
finds meaning in every place.*

*The Medicine Man sits at the foundation of the mountain,  
its base as broad as the wandering plain.  
It never debates whether flowing is worthy;  
it simply becomes what it came.*

*He says the Great Mystery needs no defending.  
The sun has no need to persuade.  
Truth spends no strength asking others to trust it;  
its light is already displayed.*

*The Medicine Man watches the spider at sunrise,  
its web clothed in jewels of dew.  
The threads were invisible all through the darkness;  
the morning revealed what was true.*

*He says faith is not clinging to favorable endings,  
nor bargaining fear into peace.  
It is resting within the great order of being,  
where striving and trembling both cease.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no maps for tomorrow.  
The trail has not yet become stone.  
He walks with the path as it rises before him,  
discovering home by going home.*

*He says every answer prepares a new question,  
as rivers prepare for the sea.*

*Do not imprison yourself inside certainty;  
wonder keeps vision set free.*

*The Medicine Man hears every bird in the woodland,  
each singing a wholly different song.*

*None asks another to borrow its music;  
together they make the dawn.*

*He says every voice was intended for harmony,  
not likeness, nor perfect accord.*

*The forest grows richer through countless expressions,  
yet all drink from one hidden source.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the sunlight grows warmer,  
awakening moss upon stone.*

*He says,*

*"The Eternal is never far from you.*

*It hides within the ordinary,  
waiting only  
for your seeing.*

*When your eyes become simple,  
every moment  
becomes sacred."*

*The Medicine Man walks where the old pines whisper,  
their voices made gentle by years.*

*The tallest among them were once little saplings,  
untroubled by greatness or fears.*

*He says nothing living is hurried by wisdom.*

*The mountain was never delayed.*

*Only the anxious believe they are late  
to a dawn that has always been made.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where the mushrooms are rising  
from wood that the forest reclaimed.*

*Decay is another word spoken by seasons;  
the Earth has no language for waste.*

*He says what appears to be ending is changing,  
what vanishes nourishes birth.*

*The old cedar offers itself without sorrow,  
and wakes once again through the Earth.*

*The Medicine Man watches the clouds drift westward,  
their shapes never asking to stay.*

*To cling to a single becoming forever  
is to argue with life's sacred way.*

*He says hold each blessing with grateful affection,  
but never imprison its flight.*

*The bird that returns does so freely each spring,  
not because it was captured one night.*

*The Medicine Man rests where the river grows broader,  
its waters now quiet and deep.*

*The loudest streams often belong to the mountains;  
the deepest have little to speak.*

*He says stillness is not the absence of movement,  
but movement so balanced within  
that nothing is wasted resisting the current,  
and nothing is conquered by it.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the evening approaches.  
The forest has spoken enough.*

*He rises in silence,  
and the silence itself  
continues  
the teaching.*

*The Medicine Man comes upon an old stump  
ringed with young cedars in green.  
The elder has vanished from sight of the valley,  
yet lives in the life unforeseen.*

*He says the wise do not hunger for monuments.  
Their labor is carried in seed.*

*The greatest among us are known by the forests  
that flourish long after they leave.*

*The Medicine Man drinks where the creek bends softly,  
its waters embracing each stone.*

*It wastes not a moment resenting obstruction,  
but patiently makes every obstacle home.*

*He says life forever is playing at hiding,  
then laughing when someone can see.  
The child finds the game before learning its rules;  
the sage simply returns to being free.*

*The Medicine Man watches the fox pause and listen,  
its ears turned to whispers unseen.*

*Nothing within all of Nature survives  
without first learning how to receive.*

*He says the loud heart seldom hears very deeply.  
The quiet heart gathers the whole.*

*Before you would speak to the mountain,  
allow the mountain to speak to your soul.*

*The Medicine Man looks toward the distant horizon,  
where Earth disappears into sky.*

*No hand can discover the place of their meeting,  
yet no eye can honestly divide.*

*He says the Great Mystery is not somewhere waiting  
beyond the last star or the sea.*

*It blossoms wherever attention grows gentle,  
and opens wherever you see.*

*The Medicine Man bows to the fading of daylight,  
giving no blessing, no prayer.*

*His gratitude*

*is simply*

*the manner*

*in which*

*he walks.*

*The Medicine Man gathers a fallen feather,  
then lets it return to the breeze.*

*Some gifts are received only long enough  
to remember how lightly they leave.*

*He says possess little, but cherish deeply.*

*The hands that forever must hold  
cannot gather berries, nor comfort the grieving,  
nor welcome the wintering cold.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where blackberries ripen,  
their sweetness concealed among thorns.*

*The finest of blessings are seldom abandoned  
upon the smooth path of the worn.*

*He says do not curse every difficulty.*

*Many are guardians in disguise.*

*The fruit that most faithfully nourishes wanderers  
often grows where comfort never tries.*

*The Medicine Man listens to rain on the leaves,  
a thousand soft drummings made one.*

*No drop asks whether its falling has mattered;  
the forest answers with abundance.*

*He says every kindness enters the unseen  
long before the eye can perceive.*

*Roots labor for seasons beneath quiet soil  
before branches persuade us to believe.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the storm passes eastward.  
The air feels younger somehow.*

*Nothing in Nature clings long to its burden;  
the pine has already bowed.*

*He says become like the forest after rainfall:  
washed of yesterday's dust.*

*Meet each morning as though creation itself  
were placing the world in your trust.*

*The Medicine Man turns toward the narrow footpath,  
the fox disappearing ahead.*

*He follows,  
not because he knows  
where the trail will end,  
but because  
it is beautiful  
to walk it.*

*The Medicine Man wakes before the first robin,  
when even the stars linger near.  
He treasures the hour when the world has not chosen  
what voices the day soon will hear.*

*He says dawn is more than the birth of the sunlight.  
It is the remembering of choice.  
Each morning the spirit is quietly offered  
another beginning of voice.*

*The Medicine Man watches the frost leave the meadow,  
each crystal returning to air.*

*Nothing laments its own changing of garments;  
it simply becomes what is there.*

*He says the wise do not wrestle with seasons,  
nor bargain for permanent spring.  
They welcome the blossom, they welcome the snowfall,  
for both serve the same hidden King.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where an old oak is rooted,  
its limbs home to mosses and wrens.  
The greatest of lives become shelter for others;  
their strength is measured in friends.*

*He says ask not whether your life has been noticed,  
but whether it offered relief.  
The tallest of trees cast their shade without asking  
the names or the stories beneath.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the wind through the grasses.  
Each blade bends gladly aside.  
None thinks that yielding is failure or weakness;  
thus none are broken by pride.*

*He says the river outlives the cliff,  
not because it is harder than stone,  
but because it has learned that gentleness carries  
a strength all violence has never known.*

*The Medicine Man lifts his pack to his shoulder.  
It holds little more than it must.*

*He says,*

*"Walk simply.*

*See clearly.*

*Love freely.*

*The world has always been enough.*

*It is we*

*who forget."*

*The Medicine Man walks where the morning is breathless,  
the valley still wrapped in the mist.*

*He says there is always a hand beyond seeing,  
though few have remembered Its grip.*

*The Medicine Man watches the potter at labor,  
his fingers embracing the clay.*

*The vessel imagines itself self-created,  
yet every curve answers the Way.*

*He says pride is the oldest of dreamings,  
the leaf believing it moves of itself.*

*Forget not the wind that has carried you onward,  
nor the root that nourished your health.*

*The Medicine Man climbs where dark thunder gathers,  
the air made heavy and still.*

*The mountain awaits without fear or impatience,  
content with the wisdom of will.*

*He says learn from the lightning above you.  
Do not squander your spirit in sparks.  
Gather your silence until truth grows necessary,  
then let it illumine the dark.*

*The Medicine Man comes to a still forest pond.  
He leans, and his face gazes back.  
One ripple, and every appearance is altered;  
the water itself does not crack.*

*He says many spend all of their lifetime  
adorning reflections they made.  
They polish the mask while forgetting the wearer,  
and wonder why joy starts to fade.*

*The Medicine Man greets every traveler kindly,  
yet lingers with none very long.  
The truest of meetings are never possessions;  
they pass, and still somehow belong.*

*He says names are like footprints in river sand,  
useful until waters arise.*

*Do not mistake them for who you have encountered;  
the current forever survives.*

*The Medicine Man crosses where two rivers mingle,  
their waters no longer apart.*

*No current surrenders by joining another;  
each deepens the other's heart.*

*He says all divisions belong to the surface.*

*The depths have forgotten such things.*

*The sky is not broken by flocks flying through it,  
nor silence by robin that sings.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the moss wraps boulder,  
its patience beyond any clock.*

*The gentle need never announce their arriving;  
they soften the hardest of rock.*

*He says strength is seldom a matter of conquest.*

*The oak does not challenge the rain.*

*It opens its leaves to whatever is given,  
and gathers its life from the same.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the fox slips between  
the fern and the shade of the pine.*

*No creature spends hours inventing itself;  
it is what it is by design.*

*He says the spirit is much like the woodland.  
The more you attempt to command,  
the farther it wanders beyond your imagining;  
the softer your touch, the more near your hand.*

*The Medicine Man watches the clouds lose their colors  
to stars quietly filling the sky.  
The day never argues with night for dominion;  
they each know their season to shine.*

*He says wisdom is born from unknowing.  
The fullest cup has little room.  
Empty yourself like the valley at sunrise,  
and the mountains will enter soon.*

*The Medicine Man closes his eyes for a moment.  
The wind finishes what words began.*

*The Medicine Man watches the moon upon the water,  
its silver broken by stream.  
He smiles, for the moon has not truly been shattered;  
only the river can dream.*

*He says the heart is like quiet water.  
When troubled, it scatters the sky.*

*When still, it receives the whole face of Heaven  
without ever asking it why.*

*The Medicine Man walks where old birches are whitening,  
their bark bright against the night.*

*No tree competes for the favor of starlight;  
each glows by receiving the light.*

*He says comparison burdens the spirit.*

*The eagle was never the wren.*

*Yet both awaken the forest each morning,  
and both are remembered again.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where fireflies gather,  
their lanterns appearing one by one.*

*No single light conquers the darkness;  
together they welcome the sun.*

*He says become one quiet kindness,  
then another before the day ends.*

*The world is not healed by one mighty miracle,  
but by countless unnoticed amends.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no followers after him,  
only companions awhile.*

*Each must discover the trail with their own footsteps;  
no path can be borrowed a mile.*

*He says the teacher who binds you has failed you.  
The teacher who frees you has led.  
The bird was not given its wings for admiration,  
but simply to leave the nest.*

*The Medicine Man stands where the forest grows deepest,  
where cedar and fern intertwine.  
He listens until every separate sound disappears  
into one continuous hymn.*

*He says,*

*The farther you travel into the mystery,  
the less you become someone seeking the Way,  
and the more you discover  
that the Way  
has quietly been  
walking you.*

*The Medicine Man walks where the fern fronds uncurl,  
each one by its own quiet hour.  
None envies the blossom that opened before it;  
each trusts the unfolding of power.*

*He says no soul ripens by being compelled,  
nor fruit by the pulling of hands.  
The sweetest arrive through the patience of seasons,  
according to older commands.*

*The Medicine Man pauses beneath an old cedar,  
its roots drinking deep from the hill.  
The branches are moved by the breath of the valley,  
yet the trunk remains perfectly still.*

*He says seek that place within your own spirit  
where storms have forgotten to roam.  
The winds may pass through you a thousand times over,  
yet never persuade you from home.*

*The Medicine Man stoops where an ant bears a burden  
many times greater than size.  
The smallest of lives are entrusted with labors  
that humble the boastful and wise.*

*He says greatness is seldom announced by appearance.  
The mountain begins as a stone.  
The forest is raised by innumerable seedlings,  
not one mighty cedar alone.*

*The Medicine Man watches the mist leave the valley,  
drawn upward by warmth into sky.*

*Nothing is lost in the changing of garments;  
it merely appears in new guise.*

*He says do not cling to the shape of a blessing.  
The water is faithful, not ice.  
The river remains though each current is passing;  
its life is perpetual surprise.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the evening grows deeper,  
the stars multiplying above.*

*He says,*

*"The heart knows before the mind understands.*

*Be still long enough,  
and what you have sought your whole life  
will quietly remember you."*

*The Medicine Man wanders where autumn has painted  
the maple in crimson and gold.*

*No leaf mourns the color it carried in summer;  
it gives what it can before cold.*

*He says every season is faithful to giving.  
The blossom gives fragrance and seed.  
The harvest gives fullness, the winter gives stillness;  
each offers the soul what it needs.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from a spring in the hillside,  
its waters untouched by acclaim.*

*No traveler praises the stone that protects it,  
yet without the stone it is changed.*

*He says seek not honor from those passing by you.*

*The spring does not thirst for applause.*

*Its joy is the giving of coolness to strangers,  
content in the truth of its cause.*

*The Medicine Man hears in the distance a woodpecker  
calling through cedar and pine.*

*The forest grows quiet enough to receive it;  
its answer requires no reply.*

*He says every voice has its appointed season.*

*Speak only when silence is through.*

*The finest of words are the fruit of long listening,  
not branches still reaching for dew.*

*The Medicine Man watches a doe with her fawn,  
their footsteps too gentle for sound.*

*The mother looks back only long enough  
to know love is following close behind.*

*He says guidance is seldom a matter of leading.*

*The greatest among us reveal*

*a way of becoming so simple and peaceful  
that others remember what's real.*

*The Medicine Man rests where the path meets the river,  
uncertain which road he will choose.*

*He smiles,*

*for one who walks with the living Earth  
can never*

*take*

*the wrong trail.*

*The Medicine Man lingers beside an old meadow,  
where clover gives freely to bees.*

*No blossom withholds what it fashioned in silence;  
its wealth is released on the breeze.*

*He says abundance is never in keeping,  
but always in generous flow.*

*The spring that refuses its waters to others  
will soon cease to nourish below.*

*The Medicine Man watches the swallows returning,  
their circles as old as the wind.*

*No map has instructed their faithful homecoming;  
the heart has remembered again.*

*He says there is knowing beneath all your thinking,  
older than memory itself.*

*Trust not every voice that arises within you;  
some echoes were borrowed from someone else.*

*The Medicine Man follows the scent of the cedar  
after the blessing of rain.*

*The forest speaks first to the nose and the spirit  
before it is spoken by name.*

*He says the deepest truths cannot be captured.*

*They may only be quietly known.*

*Words are but fingers that point toward the mountain;  
they never become the stone.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the twilight grows deeper,  
the first owl awakening near.*

*The woodland has never explained its own beauty,  
yet none who behold it are unclear.*

*He says remove only what clouds your own seeing.*

*The sun has no need to be made.*

*Clear but the window through which you are looking,  
and light enters freely displayed.*

*The Medicine Man walks on beneath ancient branches,  
the path almost hidden from view.*

*He knows*

*that the forest*

*reveals itself*

*only*

*to those*

*who no longer*

*insist*

*on leading it.*

*The Medicine Man reaches the crest of the hillside,  
where valley and mountain agree.*

*The distance has softened the quarrels of places;  
all dwell in one tapestry.*

*He says the farther the eye learns to wander,  
the fewer divisions remain.*

*The fences belong to the traveler below;  
the hawk knows one limitless plain.*

*The Medicine Man sits where the wind combs the grasses,  
each blade bowing low in its turn.*

*None fears the surrender that keeps it from breaking;  
the reed has no pride left to burn.*

*He says what resists every movement grows brittle.  
What yields keeps its root in the ground.  
The oak may astonish with breadth of its branches,  
but the willow survives without sound.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where mushrooms are fruiting  
from cedar long fallen away.  
The forest remembers no failure in dying;  
it calls every ending a way.*

*He says the hidden is feeding the visible always.  
The root asks no blossom for praise.  
What nourishes life prefers darkness and silence,  
yet fashions the brightest of days.*

*The Medicine Man lifts both his hands to the morning,  
not asking for favor or sign.  
The warmth on his skin is sufficient communion;  
the sunlight is blessing enough.*

*He says every breath is already a prayer  
when taken with reverence alone.  
No temple is older than open awareness;  
no altar more sacred than home.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the path disappears  
beneath fern and cedar once more.*

*He does not wonder  
whether he is  
following the forest.*

*He wonders instead  
how long  
the forest  
has been  
patiently  
leading him.*

*The Medicine Man walks before the sun rises,  
when dew still lies thick on the fern.  
The smallest of creatures are already waking;  
the day has begun without words.*

*He says every morning renews the old covenant  
between living Earth and the sky.  
The robin asks nothing for singing its greeting;  
its song is sufficient reply.*

*The Medicine Man kneels where the mushrooms  
have gathered beneath fallen pine.*

*The forest builds kingdoms no traveler notices,  
yet every one serves the design.*

*He says what is deepest is seldom the loudest.  
The root has no longing for fame.  
The fruit is remembered because it is tasted;  
the root is content just the same.*

*The Medicine Man follows the brook through the alders,  
its course hidden often from sight.  
He hears it before he can look upon water;  
some truths first arrive through delight.*

*He says listen before you go searching.  
The world has been speaking all day.  
Our hurry is often the veil over wisdom,  
not distance from where it would stay.*

*The Medicine Man watches the first light spreading  
across every cedar the same.  
The sun keeps no measure of station or title;  
it calls every hillside by day.*

*He says become like the morning in giving.  
Shine where your portion has been.  
The light never asks who is worthy to receive it;  
it simply begins once again.*

*The Medicine Man rests beneath ancient branches,  
where woodpeckers labor unseen.*

*No tree resents sharing its strength with another;  
the forest is kept by the green.*

*He says every life is a neighbor to every  
other that walks or takes wing.*

*The vine does not flourish apart from the oak,  
nor the bee from the flowers of spring.*

*The Medicine Man lifts up a weathered acorn,  
its shell worn smooth by the stream.*

*Within such a small and unassuming vessel  
a forest lies quietly dreaming.*

*He says never mock humble beginnings.*

*The mountain begins grain by grain.*

*The mightiest cedar once trusted completely  
a darkness relieved only by rain.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at a child in the meadow,  
intent on the flight of a moth.*

*The smallest of wonders are never too little  
for hearts not yet burdened by thought.*

*He says guard that gift of astonishment well.  
It withers when traded for pride.*

*The wise grow older in years, not in wonder;  
they keep the child safely inside.*

*The Medicine Man walks until evening has settled,  
the valley grown quiet and still.  
He thanks the day not for all that it gave him,  
but simply for letting him dwell.*

*He says every breath is already abundance  
to one who has learned how to see.  
The grateful heart asks little more of tomorrow,  
for today has been more than enough.*

*The Medicine Man rises before the swallows,  
while mist still embraces the field.  
The world has not yet remembered its clamor;  
its oldest face stands revealed.*

*He says there is mercy in every beginning.  
Each dawn is a patient friend.  
It asks not what burden you carried to evening,  
but only how you shall begin.*

*The Medicine Man pauses where blackberries cluster,  
their sweetness protected by thorn.  
The Earth has a way of defending her treasures,  
yet offers them freely when borne.*

*He says every blessing requires some readiness.*

*The fruit must be met with care.*

*The hurried pass hungry through orchards of plenty,  
while gratitude finds every pear.*

*The Medicine Man watches the river bend eastward,  
its current untroubled by stone.*

*It neither remembers the shape of resistance,  
nor claims any water its own.*

*He says let your kindness resemble that river.*

*Leave freshness wherever you pass.*

*Do not stop to measure the fields you have nourished;  
the rain never counts blades of grass.*

*The Medicine Man listens as twilight grows deeper,  
the first cricket taking its turn.*

*The smallest of voices complete the great chorus;  
each waits for the moment to sing.*

*He says all of Nature remembers her measure.*

*The stars do not hurry the moon.*

*When we learn again the cadence of living,  
the heart finds its season too.*

*The Medicine Man stands where the trail grows narrow,  
then widens again through the pine.*

*The forest has never forgotten its pathways;  
it keeps them by patient design.*

*He says no one walks truly alone for long.  
The wind has gone always before.  
The stream has rehearsed every turn of the valley;  
the stars have remembered the shore.*

*The Medicine Man lays one hand on a cedar,  
its bark rough beneath weathered skin.  
He feels in its silence no stranger before him,  
but one ancient relative, kin.*

*He says all good teaching returns us to living,  
not farther from root, but more near.  
The wisest become ever simpler in spirit,  
until little remains but the clear.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as the evening deepens,  
the fire settling softly to coal.  
No lesson is added to all that was spoken;  
the silence completes the whole.*

*He rises with dawn still awaiting the mountain,  
his pack scarcely heavier than when  
he first entered the forest to listen.*

*The trail goes on.*

*The Medicine Man walks before the wind awakens,  
when even the leaves still dream.*

*He does not search for a voice from the silence;  
he waits where the silence speaks.*

*He says no hand can summon the springtime.*

*The blossom arrives when it will.*

*The flower is never persuaded by wishing,  
but opens when warmed and still.*

*The Medicine Man watches a falcon descending,  
not driven by hunger alone.*

*The valley has called, and the wings have answered,  
though neither has spoken a tone.*

*He says the song seeks out the singer  
as surely as rivers seek sea.*

*The gift is not ours to command into being;  
it comes where it longs to be.*

*The Medicine Man gathers no more than he carries,  
leaving the berries behind.*

*The forest is richer when something is spared;  
the generous heart is aligned.*

*He says the hand that forever is taking  
can never receive what is new.*

*An empty bowl is not a poverty,  
but readiness passing through.*

*The Medicine Man walks where old pines are standing,  
their crowns speaking softly above.*

*No tree competes with another for sunlight;  
the forest grows upward in love.*

*He says beneath every thousand branches  
one living root drinks the rain.*

*Forget not the source while counting the blossoms,  
or the fruit will be counted in vain.*

*The Medicine Man comes to a clearing,  
where grasses bow under the breeze.*

*Nothing is forcing their quiet obedience;  
they follow a deeper decree.*

*He says the Way is lighter than effort,  
yet stronger than iron or stone.*

*The stream reaches oceans by never resisting;  
the seed by becoming its own.*

*The Medicine Man smiles as dusk gathers,  
while swallows return to their nests.*

*He lays down the weight of becoming,  
and enters the evening at rest.*

*He says the greatest creations are welcomed,  
not captured by tightening hands.  
Walk gently, make ready, remain fully open—  
and the path  
will remember  
where you stand.*

*The Medicine Man empties his drinking bowl,  
then sets it beside the stone.  
Only the vessel that welcomes its emptiness  
can truly be filled once more.*

*He says the hollow is never a failure.  
The valley receives the rain.  
The open heart gathers what walls cannot hold,  
then pours it through life again.*

*The Medicine Man breathes with the cedar,  
receiving the morning air,  
giving it back to the waiting forest,  
finding no loss in the share.*

*He says the breath keeps sacred measure.  
What enters must one day depart.  
The river remains forever abundant  
because it never forgets to start.*

*The Medicine Man loosens his bundle,  
leaving behind what is done.*

*No traveler reaches the mountain by carrying  
every path ever begun.*

*He says possession is often a burden  
mistaken for comfort or gain.*

*The hand that unclenches discovers at last  
that nothing of worth was chained.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from a cold spring,  
seeing his face in the flow.*

*The water remembers no fixed reflection;  
it simply continues to go.*

*He says become like the clear stream.*

*Reflect without trying to keep.*

*The image belongs to the passing moment;  
the water belongs to the deep.*

*The Medicine Man sits with the children,  
answering little they ask.*

*He smiles, then points to a butterfly rising,  
letting the wings do the task.*

*He says wisdom is seldom delivered.  
It flowers in those who can see.*

*The finest teacher opens the doorway,  
then leaves the student free.*

*The Medicine Man watches the stars appear,  
one by one through the blue.  
The sky has no need to announce its grandeur;  
its silence is evidence true.*

*He says the One wears countless faces,  
yet none are separate things.  
The forest, the river, the hawk and the wanderer  
are leaves on the selfsame spring.*

*The fire grows quiet.  
The embers endure.  
Nothing is hurried.  
Nothing is withheld.*

*The night receives him  
as gently as the dawn once did.*

*The Medicine Man watches the river,  
though he has seen it many years.  
No water has ever returned unchanged,  
yet the river never disappears.*

*He says the form is forever changing,  
but the current remains the same.*

*The leaf may drift beyond the bend,  
yet the water forgets no name.*

*The Medicine Man sits upon bare earth,  
his shadow stretched by the sun.  
He does not wonder what he possesses,  
only what passes through everyone.*

*He says the hand was made for opening,  
not forever holding tight.  
The fist may gather stones enough,  
but never receives the light.*

*The Medicine Man listens more than speaking.  
The owl has already begun.  
Even the silence between the branches  
belongs to everyone.*

*He says the deepest roots are hidden.  
The greatest springs are small.  
The loudest tree may catch the wind,  
but moss embraces all.*

*The Medicine Man watches children playing,  
building kingdoms from sticks and sand.  
By evening nothing remains of their castles,  
yet joy still clings to their hands.*

*He says learn from the games of children.  
Create, then gladly release.*

*The world renews itself through letting go,  
not through the guarding of peace.*

*The Medicine Man leans against old granite,  
older than memory's song.*

*The mountain teaches without instruction;  
it simply remains strong.*

*He says become like the patient hillside.  
Let seasons write upon you.*

*Snow and blossom, drought and rain—  
receive them all as true.*

*The Medicine Man tends the evening fire.  
Each branch becomes living flame.*

*Nothing is lost within honest giving;  
it merely changes its name.*

*He says every ending is nourishment  
for something waiting unseen.*

*The ash becomes tomorrow's meadow;  
the fallen becomes the green.*

*Night gathers gently  
over valley and cedar.*

*The stars require  
no applause.*

*They simply shine.*

*The Medicine Man climbs the old mountain,  
not to stand above the land,  
but to remember the valley below him  
with a quieter heart and hand.*

*He says the summit is not for boasting.  
The height was never the prize.  
The mountain simply removes the nearness  
that once deceived your eyes.*

*The Medicine Man lays down his walking staff  
beside an ancient stone.  
The mountain has carried itself for ages  
without proclaiming its own.*

*He says what stands upon deep foundations  
has little need to impress.  
The tallest cedar begins in darkness;  
the strongest wear no dress.*

*The Medicine Man watches an eagle  
circle without haste.*

*Nothing is hurried in open heaven;  
the wind is never chased.*

*He says release your need to capture  
every passing thing.  
The hawk that grips the empty air  
returns with folded wing.*

*The Medicine Man drinks from snowmelt,  
clear as the morning sky.  
No stream keeps anything for itself,  
yet every root draws nigh.*

*He says the greatest wealth is movement.  
What lingers too long decays.  
The spring stays pure because it journeys;  
the gift survives by giving away.*

*The Medicine Man sits without naming  
the flowers around his feet.  
They bloom without asking what they are,  
and still their fragrance is complete.*

*He says before the tongue divides,  
the heart already knows.  
The blossom never speaks its nature;  
it simply lives and grows.*

*The Medicine Man leaves the mountain  
just as quietly as he came.*

*The trail receives his passing footsteps,  
then forgets his name.*

*He smiles.*

*The forest  
has remembered him  
without remembering  
his name.*

*The Medicine Man wakes before the sunrise,  
while stars still cover the sky.*

*He smiles at the hush before birds remember  
the ancient reason to fly.*

*He says make room within your spirit.*

*The forest teaches this well.*

*No seed can rise where the ground is crowded,  
nor wisdom where certainties dwell.*

*The Medicine Man cups clear water  
within the hollow of both hands.*

*He drinks, then returns the remaining measure  
to thirsty roots in the sand.*

*He says what nourishes all things  
returns a hundredfold.*

*The spring grows weary of no traveler,  
nor sunlight of growing old.*

*The Medicine Man walks through the meadow,  
where flowers lean with the breeze.*

*None strive to become another blossom;  
each opens with quiet ease.*

*He says comparison is a burden  
never carried by the rose.*

*The lily envies neither cedar  
nor where the pinecone grows.*

*The Medicine Man gathers kindling,  
taking only fallen wood.*

*The forest offers what is needed;  
he never mistakes it for good.*

*He says enough is sacred plenty.*

*The hungry hand makes excess.*

*The river fills no cup forever,  
yet every drink is blessed.*

*The Medicine Man watches the moonlight  
settle over field and stream.*

*Even darkness carries a radiance  
for those who cease to scheme.*

*He says the heart grows wide by emptying.  
The bowl receives by space.  
The clearest mirror holds no picture,  
yet welcomes every face.*

*The Medicine Man closes his eyes,  
hearing the river below.  
Nothing is urging the current onward.*

*Still,  
it never forgets  
where to go.*

*The Medicine Man sits before the first fire,  
while darkness still covers the land.  
He opens no book for his teaching,  
only the silence of weathered hands.*

*The children gather without asking,  
drawn by the glow and the flame.  
The oldest wisdom needs no summoning;  
the heart remembers its name.*

*The Medicine Man lays down a seed,  
so small it is scarcely seen.*

*He says every forest begins this way,  
hidden beneath the green.*

*He says all rivers begin in stillness.*

*All songs begin without sound.*

*The mightiest oak first trusted darkness  
before ever touching the ground.*

*The Medicine Man lifts up clear water,  
letting it slip through his hand.*

*Nothing is kept by the flowing current,  
yet all of the valley is fed.*

*He says make room within your spirit,  
as valleys make room for streams.*

*The fullest life belongs to those  
who loosen the grip of their dreams.*

*The Medicine Man smiles at the sunrise,  
its warmth upon every face.*

*The light asks neither name nor lineage;  
it withholds from no place.*

*He says become like the morning.*

*Give more than you seek to receive.*

*The sun owns nothing that it touches,  
yet everything learns by its leave.*

*The Medicine Man rises in silence.  
The birds complete what he began.  
No lesson belongs to the speaker;  
it lives where it quietly lands.*

*He takes the path into the forest.*

*The wind follows.*

*The trees receive him.*

*And the world,  
without a single word,  
begins to remember.*

