

New sun shined ecstatic up the eye screaming high walls as a thin Chinese man in black mandarin robe and cap floated into the store from the eternal back room, took my note and read it. He pointed to the counter. He pointed to a calligraphy on the wall. He pointed to my hand. He pointed to me. He said: "WRITE." It was very difficult for me to write and to maintain a connection with counting in my head and sensing my right foot. I opened my briefcase, placed my paper on the counter, ground my ink, and poured all the attention I could collect into trying to get my brush to copy his writing of birds and dragons. I was very clumsy. I was trying to do things from my real Self like my teacher and sacrificed whatever other abilities I had to this work. I was very ignorant and clumsy save that I loved to face the unknown. In a few moments which seemed a very large nervous painted cloud, Gimm Fong Moy placed his chin on my paper facing me. Suns on legs, his eyes were 2 inches from my slow moving inept brush tip. He started to breathe in and out like a fire breathing dragon. He yelled, "CLUMSY. SO CLUMSY B RILLIANT BLINDING!" He closed his eyes. He stopped breathing. My writing changed. He dragged slow and sure over the paper as if I had done it forever. He said, "ENOUGH," took my brush, and stood up. On a new piece of paper, as if he was carving stone, he dead hand dragged some birds that looked like feet holding up a dragon whose body formed an empty circle. He handed me the calligraphy when he stopped. "YOU KNOW WHAT THAT SAY?" He bellowed. "No," I said. "IT SAY, REMEMBER FOOT. STOP AIR. KILL FINGERS. KILL HAND. KILL WRIST. KILL ELBOW. KILL ARM. KILL SHOULDER. KILL BACK. KILL HEART. KILL HEAD. WRITE FROM WHAT REMAINS: BETTER TO REMEMBER THAN FOOT!"

DESPERATE
 INK BIRDS
 LIKE FOOT
 BEARING
 EMPTY
 CIRCLE
 DRAGON:

LOOK UP:
 REAL SELF:
 NO BREATH:
 NO MIND:
 COMPEL
 BRUSH
 DRAG ON: