



(Image: Looking East, Urnerland—the Alps)

On Sayings in Prose and other Metaphysical Miniatures

The problem is to bring thought into its proper relationship with the natural world by surrounding it with an abundance of space and quietude.—the song of the woodthrush is always followed by silence. Who is to say which is more important, the song or the quiet interval before and after?

The task is to find a language which is deeply visceral in its movement of meaning, and speaks with clear resonant images:—when from a precipice the chamois stamps its hooves, thrusts its chest into the open air, and sounds its hoarse whistle, who would not admire the seriousness of his message?

The goal is to refuse to separate Art from Science and Religion by confronting head on the contradictions that have for centuries divided them:—when three different paths meet at the same mountain spring, who among us would not share the epiphany of eagle's eye that there is really but one pilgrim, but one path?