



A message to the universe

On the verge of death one revisits the joyful moments of lifetime. Ones eyes are opened widegazing into the palm seeing death, life, joy and sorrow with the sense of tranquility. This daily studying of the soul, is this the beginning of the journey?

I sit bewildered in the playground of death.

Here I wish to dance and dance and dance,
and dance the life of the universe.

That metamorphosis is the cosmology
and the study of the soul. In the
abundance of nature I see
the foundation of dance.

Is this because my soul wants
to physically touch the truth?

When my mother was dying
I caressed her hair all night long
without being able to speak one
word of comfort. Afterwards

I realized that I was not
taking care of her but
she was taking care
of me. The palm of
my mothers hands are
precious wild grass to me.

I wish to dance the dance of wild
grass to the utmost of my heart.

Kazuo Ohno , 24. april 1998