

## Seeking The Hermit-Sage

I see myself on a mountain, an old man  
loafing in sunlight, who long since came seeking  
the hermit-sage, who not finding him,  
lingered, among the pines, a night, a day,

another night and day, to this very hour.  
Loafing, I finger the beads of incidents past:  
recall the earth-cave found beneath an oak;  
the foraged-food enough; and the learned-fire,

friend against winter; the rude hut built;  
and the quieting of mind, which I compare  
to the slow clearing of muddied water. And now,  
on this ledge, as an old man reflecting, loafing

in sun-warmth, it simply comes to me that I  
am he, found at last—the hermit-sage.

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