

# Poetry

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## Dragon – Kakuzo Okakura

*He is the spirit of change, therefore of life itself.*

*Hidden in the caves of inaccessible mountains*

*Or coiled in the unfathomable depth of the sea,*

*He awaits the time when he slowly rouses himself to activity.*

*He unfolds himself in the storm clouds;*

*He washes his mane in the blackness of the seething whirlpools.*

*His claws are forks of lightning ---*

*His voice is heard in the hurricane*

*Which scattering the withered leaves of the forest,*

*Quickens a new spring ---*



Rising Celestial Dragon entwined around a pearl from embroidered silk robe - Ch'ing dynasty