

NONE-SPAC

Falmouth College of Arts

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Cloud says



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Cloud says

I Go...

Close the eyes, walking inward...
Open the eyes, walking outward...
Walk, walk, our hand in hand

III Ask

Some clouds, they are no longer here now,

Where did they go?

Where did they come from?

How did they form?

And how did they vanish?

Cloud is a mystery, its coming, its going, and its existing, all is a mystery.

*Cloud's existence has no source, it's a phenomenon of no source.
It doesn't make any place its source, or it is to say that there's no source to.
But it still exists.*

*The whole existence is like a cloud,
Without any source
Without any cause of karma
Without any ultimate reason
It exist, it exist by a mystery.*

*The cloud, have a road of its own, it only drifts,
There is no place it wants to go, no destination.
There is no fate to full-filled, no ending.*

You cannot foil a cloud, because wherever it goes it's therefore its destination.

*Do not think to conquer !!
You will not succeed.
- You cannot fight.
You cannot conquer.
You cannot defeat the nature.*

Where the wind blows, where the cloud floats to,
The cloud would never resist, the cloud is not a conqueror,
The cloud, is always envelops the whole.

Cloud, doesn't have any place it want go to, it, moves, it, moves everywhere.
All the horizons belong to it,
All the directions belong to it.

Cloud, its journey imply, a road of no road.

*Cloud, shrouds the sky, it, has no home, it has no future.
But every its moment is the entirely eternity.*

In Tibet, there is a type of peaceful mind, -Lamas sit on the mountain in a complete seclusion, in peaceful mind meditate the floating clouds in the sky, continually meditate...meditate.

Gradually merged by the clouds, then together they become one, -as like a cloud, the cloud perch on the mountain, without mind, only exists, without resistance, there nothing to achieve, and nothing to lose, only enjoy the "existence".

Celebrate the present moment, the joy, and the jubilance.

- I think about clouds, float in the sky everyday, no matter where the winds brought it to, the cloud is always quiet, floating, blowing by the winds.

Float and float, follow the wind, not fast, not slow, quietly.

Clouds shall not be view as a difficult problem, once it's viewed as one, it can-never be solved.

*Clouds are mysterious, it suddenly appear then suddenly vanishes, have you ever
thought of the cloud's name?*

Cloud's form is never the same in every moments every minutes, it is always changing, it is moving, it is like the water, always moving.

You can give a form to the cloud, but that is your projection, the cloud, doesn't have form. It is without form, or you can let it be formed continually.

Do you have form? Or you keep changing? A cloud, do you have a name?

*If you are not anything, if you understood this point, you would become a cloud,
(no form, no name, no way), then you will start floating.*

Clouds live with such a taste.

Why don't you have no weight, no direction, no future, no...

- Cloud, is only a symbol been applied, applied by a poem. -

No one can control this cloud no one can see how you vanish.

You just float and float, getting further and further, further and further.