

**The Divine Breath**  
by kevin saunders

(1)

With but a breath of nature's awe,  
Doth they tumble; like leaves they fall,  
Yellow, red, green and brown,  
Swishing, swirling, gently down.  
Black and blue, they sometimes show  
Swollen limbs, bruised egos.  
Trampled, like leaf litter,  
They adorn the mat,  
Tatami me, ta-ta me that;  
Enduring pain, pleasure sweet,  
Striving, the art to contemplate,  
The hidden ki to  
AiKiDo's mysterious gait.

(2)

Young ones, old ones,  
The weak and the strong,  
Glide in sensuous harmony,  
A ritualistic throng.  
Love is the complexity,  
That binds them as one,  
Where peace, joy and harmony  
Are what they all strive for.  
A conundrum to be unraveled,  
A riddle twixt a mystery,  
That force of nature so  
Enigmatically, AiKiDo.

(3)

A lion's roar inside a tiger's growl  
Dressed as a contemplative buffalo,  
Gentle, relaxed, at peace with the world,  
One with nature, a sight to avow.  
Woe betide the miscreant  
Who dares try move this force,  
For a single breath of wind doth,  
Stir the wrath of nature raw  
And upon the universe unleashes,  
A tempest called AiKiDo.

(4)

The storm vented, abated now,  
Once more no more; but a gentle cow,  
The deluded miscreant, now more  
informed,  
Upon gentleness, neither step nor stir,  
For that is nature's abiding law.  
Respectful homage to harmony holds,  
The price of peace is not bloodshed,  
But love, and more love in its stead.  
The call of pure love conquers all foe,  
As humble aikidoka we truly know,  
The awesome majesty of AiKiDo.