

The forest does not know it is burning until the winds turn.
The mountain does not curse the storm for breaking the trees.
What has risen too quickly must fall with weight.
What consumes without end finds limit anyway.
The sage does not grasp at fire to stop the winter.
He gathers what warmth he can, and lets the seasons pass

—

Alright, here we go:

When the path grows steep and the sun burns low, the wise do not rush to build ladders to the sky.
They sit beneath the fading light and listen. Not to prophets. Not to kings. But to the shifting of the wind across the valley.

To see the future clearly is not to control it.

To know that collapse is near is not to hasten it, nor to flee. The Tao does not hurry, yet all things are done.

In times of great expansion, the world forgets the still center. In times of contraction, the still center returns—not by decree, but by necessity. The tree that has grown too tall bends in the storm. The stream that overflows its banks carves a deeper channel.

The sage does not demand the flood recede. He builds his home upon the high stone, and offers dry bread to travelers.

That is enough.