



## The painter of rivers

What do you want? - from inside the hut asked the old man.

--I have no desires, hopes, or attachments – answered the painter of rivers, and added with indifference – I came to paint this river, and maybe I should talk to you first –

--Have you bathed in it? Have you fished in it? Have you eaten their fish whose meat tastes like mud and the others that are tastier and more dangerous? Have you seen the twilight that dwarfs it, the storms that shake it, the birds that adorn it, the rains that cloud and shake it? Have you heard him sing, cry, and murmur? Asked the old man almost bored, already seated, but still without any intention of opening the door.

--That's what I wanted to talk to you about - Almost smiling answered the painter, and added - I have a carafe of sweet wine, bread, tofu, oranges and peaches, I think you'll like to chat with me -

The old man opened the door, looked carefully at the painter and his bag, and said:

--We'll be more comfortable outside, let's have lunch – Then he asked him almost hopefully:

-- I have a flute and many have said that I know how to play it. Do you know any of the old songs of the Sh'Han tribe? Do you like fried fish?

Next to him a river was looking for the sea, but without much effort.

To Edgar

Li Tao Po

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