

TAO OF JEET KUNE DO

武
道
釋
義



A Taoist Priest

*Into a soul absolutely free
From thoughts and emotion,
Even the tiger finds no room
To insert its fierce claws.*

*One and the same breeze passes
Over the pines on the mountain
And the oak trees in the valley;
And why do they give different notes?*

*No thinking, no reflecting,
Perfect emptiness;
Yet therein something moves,
Following its own course.*

*The eye sees it,
But no hands can take hold of it —
The moon in the stream.*

*Clouds and mists,
They are midair transformations;
Above them eternally shine the sun and the moon.*

*Victory is for the one,
Even before the combat,
Who has no thought of himself,
Abiding in the no-mind-ness of Great Origin.*