

MUTANCHI RONG KUP RUM KUP



The silence

**Before there was up,
Before there was down,
Before there was forest
or river or town.**

There was hush.

There was still.

**There was quiet so deep
that even the mountains
were fast asleep.**

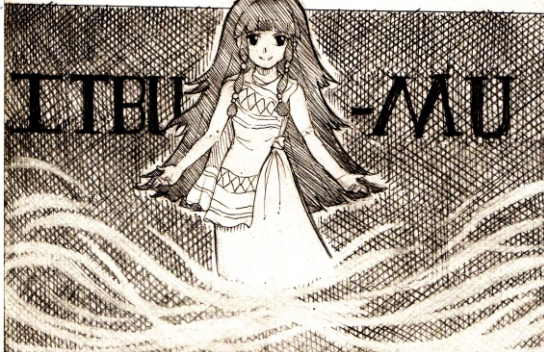
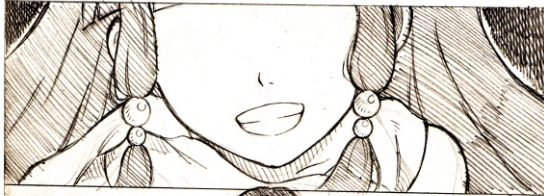
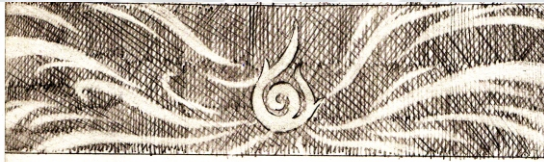


The Awakening

Then something stirred,
not a sound not a shout,
but a soft little feeling
that whispered, "Wake up".

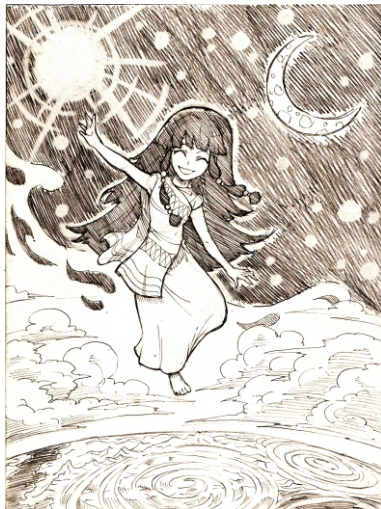
A breath in the dark,
a glow in the air
and the mother of all
was suddenly there.

"ITBU-MU"



The Sun and The Moon

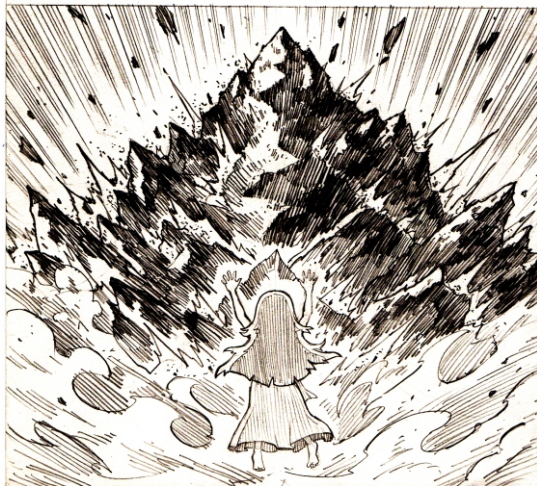
Before the land stood tall,
before the rivers could run,
she first made the when,
and then made the sun.
She spun a bright circle
“Up you go! Shine!”
And morning popped out
right on time.
Then softly she whispered,
“Rest now, be slow”,
and night tiptoed in
with a silvery glow.
she rolled out the moon.



The mountains rise

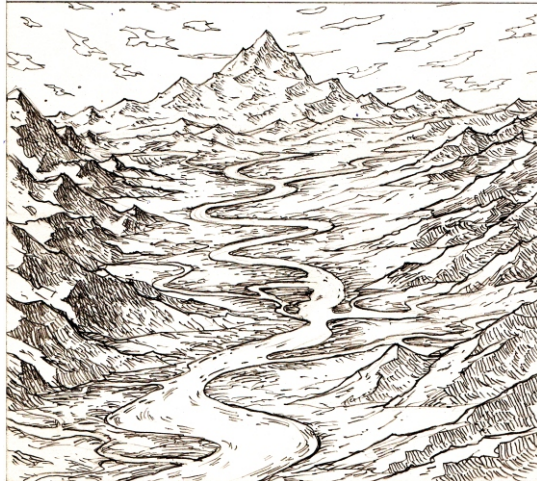
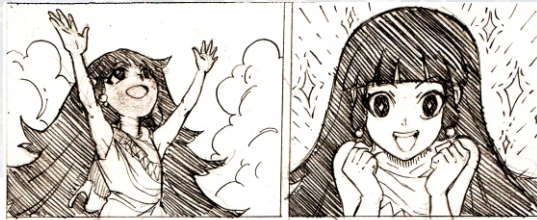
She lifted her hand
not to fight, not to scare,
and the land stood straight up
to stretch and to stare.

Crackity crumble!
Up rose the stone,
Tall backs and sharp peaks
like bones of the world grown.



The water flows

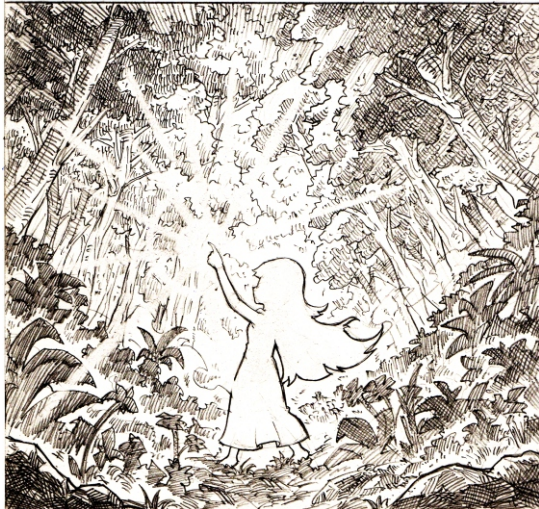
She tipped her palm gently,
just this way, just so
and water remembered
which way it should go.
It slipped and it slid,
it laughed as it ran,
making paths through the valleys
the best way it can.



The Forest breathes

She leaned to the Earth
and she breathed warm and slow,
and roots wriggled happy
way down below.

Trees popped and stretched,
leaves clapped with delight
the land learned to breathe.
And felt alive for the first time.

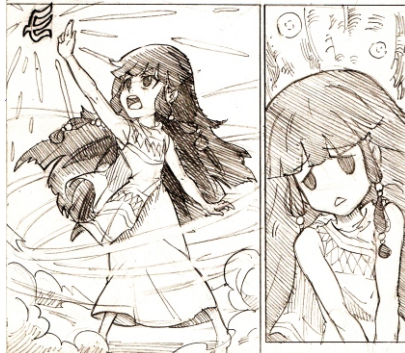


The Goddess Wonders

She listened to roots,
to water, to stone
a world so alive,
yet left alone.

“Growing is good”
she whispered low,
“but someone must watch
where the wild things go“

She rose with a smile,
soft and wise
and thought of helpers
with many eyes.



Spirits Awaken

When mountains stood tall
and rivers could sing,
the spirits peeked out
“Is it time ? Is it spring?”
from bark and from mist,
from ripple and root,
they opened their eyes
the shy and the mute.



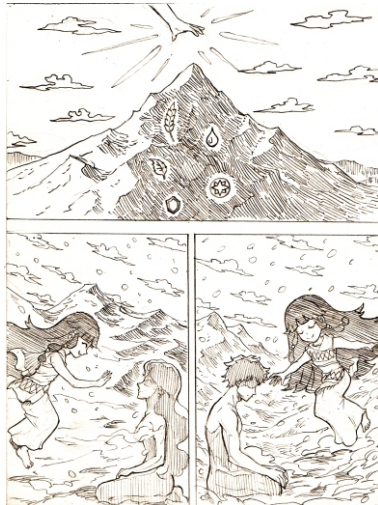
The Great Mountain

At the heart of it all,
quiet and grand,
stood the eldest of elders
the snow crowned land.
Kanchenjunga watched,
did not blink, did not move,
keeping the world in a patient old
groove.



The Five Treasures, The Man And The Woman

Deep in the mountain,
not shiny or loud,
she tucked five promises,
safe in the cloud
food for the hungry,
water for the dry,
Wisdom to wonder,
strength to protect why,
medicine to the injured.
From snow cool and quiet,
the man she created.
From soil warm and kind,
the woman she shaped.



The Telling

The Goddess said gently,
"listen and see
you are not owners of land
or tree.

The mountains are elders.

The forest is home.

The rivers are friends
wherever they roam.

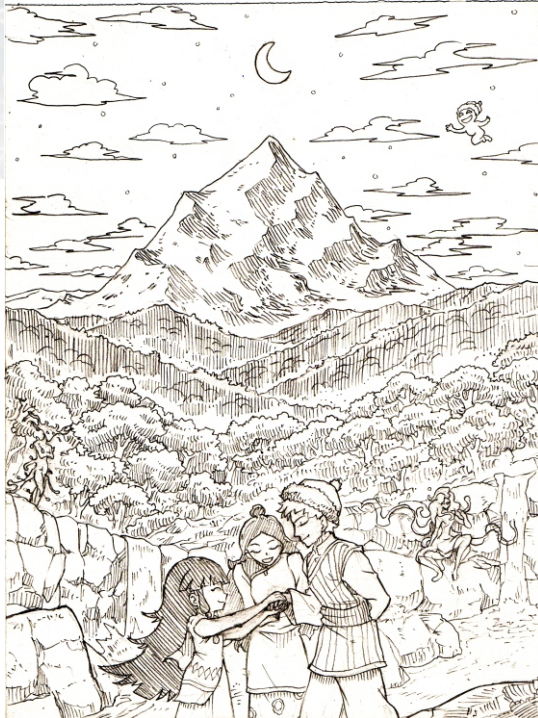
Walk softly.

Remember the balance is you"



The Word

**She didn't make rulers.
She didn't make kings.
She made them the keepers
of inbetween things.
Care for the world,
and the world cares for you.**



Harmony

They listened.

They learned.

They didn't rush through.

They lived with the land

And the land lived with them too.

So rivers ran happy,

and forests grew strong

and humans thrived softly

where they truly belonged.

