

# Zhuangzhi

I settle my body like a tree stump.

I hold my arm like the branch of a withered tree; out of the vastness of heaven and earth, the multitude of the myriad things, I am only aware of cicada wings.

I don't wander or waver, and I would not take all the myriad things in exchange for the wings of the cicada.

How could it be that I'd fail to succeed?

Source: <https://www.idonthaveacoolname.com/zhuangzhi/>