

DAUGHTER OF XIU

虛德始然精發

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Aviilokín K'shi presents the literary world with a stunning piece of work. *Daughter of Xiu* carries all of the hallmarks of classic narrative poetry. The rhetorical device of parallelism is employed with exceptional skill and the allegory that runs for the entirety of the story dances between transcendent experiences and the reality of daily living.

Readers Favorite 5-star review (by Asher Syed)

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By Aviilokín K'shi:

Lions of Virtue I: The Warrior and the Child
Daughter of Xiu
Dao De Jing: Gateway into Nature

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POETIC METRE

Daughter of Xiu is written in a poetic style. This means that I do not employ colloquial sentence structures, but found my phraseology on patterns of phonological harmony in speech. In other words, the sentence structure is guided by a sense of harmony in terms of sound.

The ancient Taoists always wrote in this manner, for these patterns of phonological harmony in speech have a deep mystical meaning to them.

The ancient Taoists were so at one with nature, that they were able to perceive that nature began in a state of chaos while gradually evolving unto a state of order and harmony. We now understand this primordial chaos as the Big Bang.

Quantum physics tells us that all things are actually patterns of vibrational energy. The clothes that you wear, the chair upon which you sit, the air that you breathe, your body, your thoughts — all these things in truth but consist out of patterns of vibrational energy.

The way nature seeks to harmonize and stabilize her original chaos energies is by causing *coherence* between them. This means the myriad energies of existence bond, connect

and resonate with each other.

We perceive these harmonious energetic coherences as *graceful*, for when we look at the beautiful forms of nature, we in truth behold these patterns of quantum energetic harmony.

One who cultivates the Tao inevitably unifies himself with this evolutionary principle. Because he unifies and actualizes nature her laws and principles within himself, he too attains a state of higher energetic harmony. Not only do these patterns of higher energetic harmony manifest in all his facets and daily efforts, but also in his athletic, scientific and artistic pursuits. When a Taoist mystic is given to the art of penmanship, he manifests the patterns of energetic harmony that he experiences in his deeper mystical self-realization, into patterns of phonological harmony in speech. This means that the Taoist mystic employs the grammar of nature herself, and thereby inevitably becomes a poet. Should people be sensitive enough, these patterns of phonological harmony hold the potential to inspire the Taoist's audience into feeling the mystic's state of being. In this manner a subtle spiritual transmission takes place that unifies people with truth on a deeper level.

ONE

The wise say silence brings a man to truth, and truth in turn inspires men into silence, that one may enter the doors of stillness; the gate of our divine origin that those of deep thought call *Tao*.

Silence that returns unto silence, thus do I remember the river Xiu whereby I sat in my girlhood. I beheld the river seeming to arise from infinity and thence part into infinity also. Its voice cradled me, and kindled a serenity within my heart. How the clouds and the moon and the stars upon her surface reflected, as if her nature was that of a mirror receiving the secret teachings of realms celeste.

Be like water, that the wise also say. Yielding, and feminine... yet I see that when a water's grounds are deep, all who do not yield to her shall perish before her power.

And so I embrace my femininity, while my grounds I make deep, pursuing the stillness of our divine origin. For am I not caged? Betrothed to a man I knew not, for custom demands this. A marriage arranged, as is the tradition... a tradition of rape and prostitution, thus do I see it, though silently in my heart where is hidden my truest face, and where true words reside unspoken. For what is it to be prostituted, other than needing to give of one's body for the

material gain of oneself or of another? And then he enters me, that most sensitive and meaningful of places, that valley of receptivity, that palace where only the most dignified may reside as guests. *For the prosperity of the family...* and now they believe I should feel filial piety, those who have condemned me to the rape and prostitution that we call marriage. This, I deem, is the greatest betrayal, of that love a man and a woman may receive from their child.

I have been taking special *dates* to prevent my womb from becoming pregnant from his unwanted seed. A secret upon a secret, a silence joined with the many silences residing in my heart, like the river Xiu that arises from infinity unto infinity. But among this stillness of truths untold which my voice should like to speak, there is also the stillness of the truth that cannot be spoken; the transcendental secret that is the aim of sages.

How is it there, so present within my heart?
I think of the river Xiu, where in my mind I oft still wander.

Its silence speaks to me, its infinity moving into infinity. And its water I beheld when I was but a child, and where should be my reflection, the image of a young girl, appeared the images of a white tigress stalking the mountains of the wild.

Then I did not yet know what this meant... but I have dreams. I have dreams when I sleep and fall to deepest rest; and all that the world has conditioned within my heart is abandoned and forgotten.

Then I see a maiden of the sword, Shan Mei Ling is her name. She dwells the passes of sacred mountains, beyond the artificial contrivances of the world.

Above the drifting of the clouds, beyond the veil of nescience that is drawn between heaven and man; that is the home of Shan Mei Ling. This to my heart feels like a memory... a memory of a time before this lifetime.

But then I awaken from sleep and am called Li Chen, wife of Li Long Fei, per force if I may again say so.

Li Long Fei, a minor official whom disdains those of lower state, yet grovelingly cannot respect himself in front of his superiors of office, and backhandedly competes with his peers with the smile of false kindness upon his face.

I did not love this man.

I open the round portal door of red wood and leave our garden... a beautiful garden of a beautiful house where beauty lives not.

I walked the cob-stoned streets; the roofs of the houses characterized by their graceful sweep. A golden sun pierced puffy clouds and broke out

in an array of light. I climb the slope of the street and behold afar over the city walls a ridged grey horizon; distant promises of mountains to be.

My heart sings a silent song with the wind of freedom that has touched its passes and its peaks, telling tales of roads that I long to see. But nay, a woman's place is that of tending silkworms and weaving cloth, so the classics says.

But in the silence of my heart I hear the tigress roar.

I take a turn beyond the teahouse of Master Gong and enter the market square. There I seek him, Master Xuan whom sells the herbs. He comes and he goes, from mountains back to town. A wandering Taoist whom travels like the wind... like the wind so free.

I was in luck; there he sat upon the floor in black robes upon black cloth. Serene his bearing and powerful also; his long hair was tied into a knot.

"Master Xuan whom travels like the wind so free," said I to him with a deep bow.

"Lady so fair, to me yet nameless! Like the Tao that receives my veneration. May I be nameless so, to return to the nameless wells of Origin."

Ever he speaks like a poet; I tried to control the smile that came upon my face.

“Who knows not the name of Xuan, though in the nameless he rests? But let me ask you, why sit you here upon the ground like so, whom has won renown in fighting off the rebels of MuDing, and has conquered the many enemies of the world?”

He looked me into my eyes; already we have gone beyond what custom allows to pass between a woman and a man. But I felt the wind of freedom in this Taoist’s heart, and that he has seen beyond the false contrivances of the world.

“To live by taking life is not the path that I walk, Lady Nameless; but by gravest need alone do I draw my sword, to protect that which is yet capable of living in harmony.”

I bowed, becoming self-conscious and ordered the dried red dates.

Master Xuan collected the dates, but then asked, “Lady, are you not at the age in which you should conceive? Then beware these dates! If pregnancy you seek.”

“My age?” I said without looking up at him as I received the dates in my satchet. “I am but forever a girl whom sits by the timeless stream of Xiu, listening to the deadless sound of eternal truth, forgetting the foolish wonts of the world. Or should I like water yield, even though I seek to make my grounds go deep? Do you yield,

Master Xuan?"

"Yield?" said he. "I yield like a pliable bamboo shoot, but I do not break. This means that I do not repudiate my essence, and do not give-in to what harms myself or the world; and yet my heart is at all times at peace."

I smiled; the wind so free that I in my heart so felt, became a storm blasting lightning from the wrathful skies of heaven's justice. I felt the roar of the tigress within whom stalks the mountains of my dreams.

Master Xuan looked upon me as one whom dwells for a moment deep in thought, seeing into a realm beyond the sight of mortal eyes.

"There is peace in my heart, Master Xuan; but the wrath of justice also. Is this not akin to a warrior's heart? Free of hate and full of peace, but the fire of righteousness burns there; guided by a will that has surrendered itself to the harmonies of Tao."

He gave a nod but remained silent, as if it were wiser to not say more. And wiser that would be indeed. How I spoke! So utterly out of place, I whom has never wielded a sword or clenched my fist.

I who has so many silences in my heart; and that stillness also of that silent realm of Tao, that I venerate before all other silences. But truthful speech I love also, it seems. I confess I

felt shame of myself in that moment, and bowed hurriedly unto Master Xuan and returned home, fearing that I would be beheld by eyes that judge.

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Readers Favorite 5-star review (by Asher Syed)

***Daughter of Xiu* by Aviilokín K'shi is a work of speculative narrative poetry written in dramatic metered verse and in the format of a verse novella. K'shi harnesses the power of a spiritual awakening many lifetimes in the making, tackling conventional, systemic sexism and the imposition of human-created ideals that stifle the beauty and philosophical harmony of the true Tao. These miscarriages of doctrine weave throughout the story with lilting but tragically raw moments that bring the narrative to life. A fourteen-year-old births a boy to great acclaim while a twenty-three-year-old is shunned. Women are silenced while men contrive to keep them this way, mutilating hearts, minds, and physical bodies. Refuge is sought by Shan Mei Ling—the white tigress and narrator—who seeks serenity in Tao, where religion does not exist, and in the presence of her beloved Master Xuan.**

Aviilokín K'shi presents the literary world with

a stunning piece of work. *Daughter of Xiu* carries all of the hallmarks of classic narrative poetry. The rhetorical device of parallelism is employed with exceptional skill and the allegory that runs for the entirety of the story dances between transcendent experiences and the reality of daily living, with gems such as when the narrator describes a wife's duty to remain grateful for all her husband gives her, writing, "I am grateful, like the bird that is caged but fed." It is easy to engage and, for myself, I found an inherent distrust of Master Xuan despite Ling's connection. This tension within the arc was heightened by the interesting mix of naivete Ling often displays even with the maturity and perspective gained from an untold number of reincarnations. I was so invested in Ling's journey that I felt genuine agony for her losses, tempered only by the words of K'shi's beautiful prose.