



Thoughts on Simplicity and Stillness, written by Steph Cunningham

On a summer's day, lying on a warm slab of ancient granite, feeling the solidity of its age beneath me and dissolving into its surface whilst listening to the shore sounds; a rumble of pebbles shifting with the tides breath, the soft shuffle of a limpet finding home again, the Oyster Catchers calling the passing of the day.....

On a mountain side, leaning into rough gabbro, breath taken by the wind and a Raven's rush. The silence that follows, hunkering beneath the ridge, a deep sense of wondrous insignificance amongst the majesty of sleeping giants.....

*' We sit together, the mountain and me,
Until only the mountain remains.' (Li Po)*

The presence of the old horse whose hot breath gently touches my hands as he snoozes after eating his feed, his bottom lip droops and twitches whilst his eyes half close to the warm sunlight. We are together, two statues in stillness, the silence our simple language....

Such influences, memories and moments I seek to explore every day in my work and my yoga practice. To be present but lost at the same time. To find the energy and the stillness. In the clay, to find the simplest of lines that can tell of a creatures spirit, the movement of limb or head that connects it to the earth or sky, a memory or emotion. Each piece a unique soul that contains its own simplicity and stillness in the world.

My practice nourishes and influences my creativity and each sustains the other.

' In small things, delight is intense' (Thomas A. Clark)