



All text and images © Neil Enggist 2023

I am the Mountain

'There are 2 ways of coming down the mountain'

-Rumi

Years of traveling and painting, compelled to walk amongst many mountains, I have noticed the things that have shaped the peak have shaped me.

Rivers, ice, time, immemorial storms, fire, glacial wanderings, tectonic meetings, erosion, wind, sudden plasmic explosions, cosmic impacts, avalanche, freeze outs, new flowers growing.

The paintings are born from the same forces, as if the mountain is painting itself and the painter is an envoy of color. The color is the emotion of spirit, where we meet.

Walking among certain mountains, I begin to remember where I came from, why I am here, what I can still do. Thoughts, breaths, emotions and visions become purified and unified into a Great Vision and coming down the mountain I am never the same.

Some mountains, I see just a glimpse, when the clouds part and I am shooting by, and some I have looked upon for days, until their shapes are painted in my soul.

When I paint, tiny in the midst of the threshold, somehow, I am the mountain.

The paintings displayed are from direct seeing, drawing, or memories from Huangshan, Pilatus, Schreckhorn, Zermatt in Switzerland, Vesuvius in Italy, The Lost Coast in California, and the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in New Mexico.

NE, Taos NM 1/23

Zermatt I

Zermatt, CH, 25x100 cm, 2018

As I stepped on the canvas I knew I couldn't paint the mountain

I had to make the shape of the mountain's occurrence with my body, to understand with my feet the brief million years of the mountain, a glaciation lifting quickly

My body continued the asana with my mind quiet

We were each our own center
revolving around the same Meru

The spine of light and dark star stem
of Laniakea itself
only a feather

the wing that we lift lifts us

From 8 Walks



Taos Pink Hum

Taos, New Mexico, 104x61 cm, 2022

Move the cool bluestone from your heart

Feel it in the sleeping beauty turquoise in your throat

Hum the song to inspire the world, Hum or sing

Move the cool bluestone to the tiny flower between your eyes

Breathe in the sun, blue



Glacier and Blackstar

Glacier Park, Montana, 2021

Somewhere in the Hills

the unredeemable American Sin

it's somewhere here, We follow a river up from the North
Spearfish
we'll find it

The Theft of the Hills , Theft of the Soul, Theft of the Hills
Signs for Motorcycle lawyers, Devil's this and that Deadwood liquors, flags and
Big game storage

Mountain Dew haired ghost fork tongue promise, oil lies humiliation and revenge
all on stolen land. all on stolen land

the churches stand on the Hole in the Hills

are there people in there lighting candles?

Black are their windows, it's not Sunday, no one's praying today

Somewhere in the Hills, we'll pray there

From 120021



Blue Pederal

Abiquiu, New Mexico, 53x64 cm, 2021

Time is the dream to lose ourselves in the heart of things and drowned death with selfless importance and pause to whisper: I feel your Love in my heart field I feel you opening my attic lotus of pink wings in light blue fire charnel chortles of laughter as we look for dinosaur femurs in the placa blanca deep moor pastel lighting lines paint our erospiral touches cross wide open black third eyes echoes violets

From 2 Coyotes



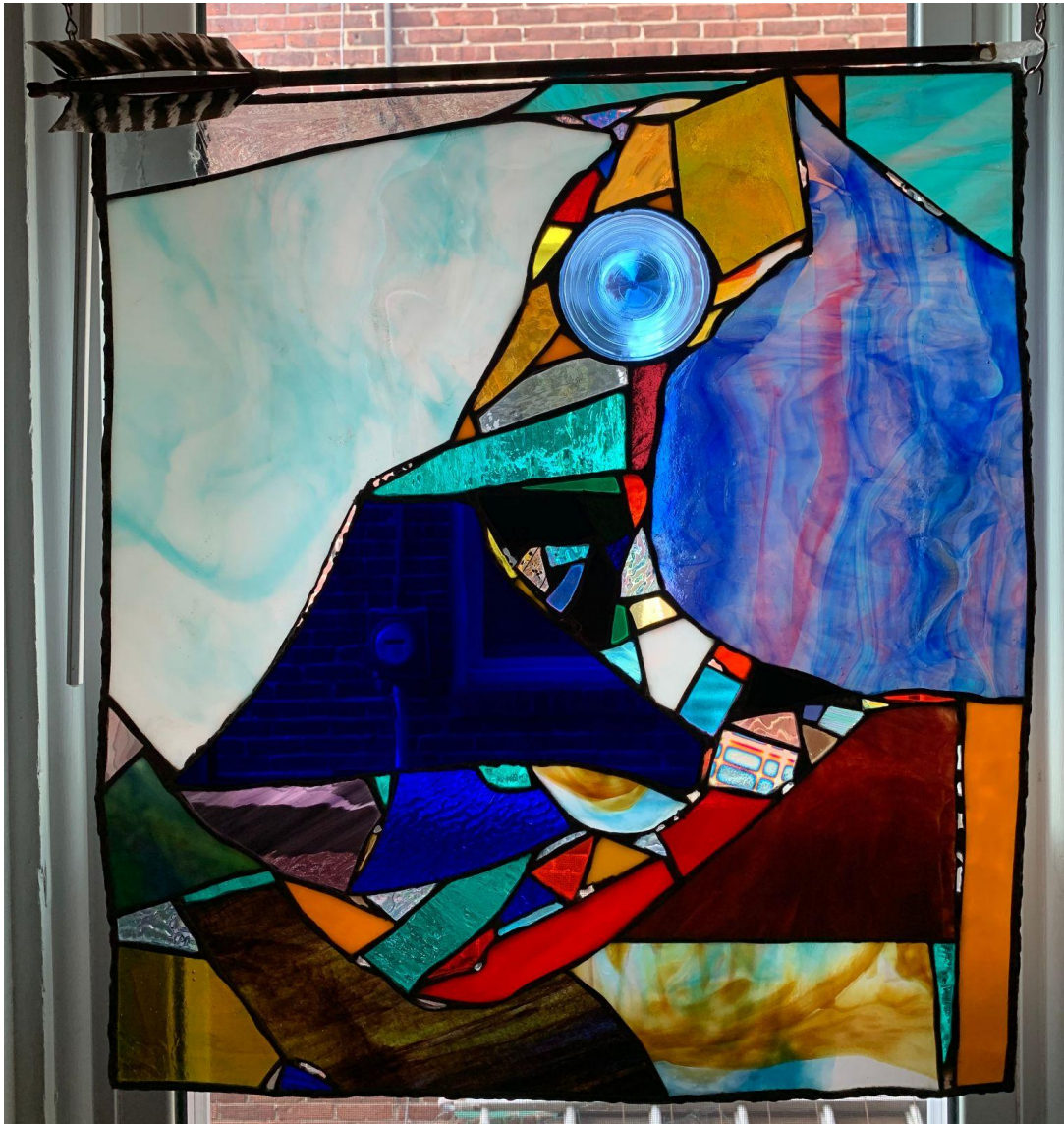
Pederal in Glass

Abiquiu via Roebling, NJ, Collaboration with Rob Enggist, stained glass 2022

There was a moment I thought I lost you in the White Sands
You twinkled out of sight like a star in the morning
I was scanning the barrens when I heard a yell
And you were there jumping from a dune
Coming from nowhere and landing
Like the Mad Skier himself
I painted you in the
Endlessness

I was so happy to see you, Father
So happy to know you were with me in this lifetime and with me
In the dreams and white dunes beyond life and beyond the idea of the end

From Stained Glasses



Ravens over Rigi

Rigi, CH, 2018

I made it up from Kussnacht
in 2 and a half hours
including the time spent freeing the Siebenschlaefer
that I caught in the cereal bag this morning

I found a farmhouse
that left out some cool mint tea
And beneath was a field of thyme
over a little electric cattle fence

I used the pterodactyl shirt to get over the electric wire
and unrolled the canvas gently on thyme

Giacometti's Woman of Venice
Standing eons waiting for me to
put her down and once sleeping she
would become the mountains

I mixed some rose and white ink
Why this color, why color at all?
I forgot blue, I didn't need it
Everything was already blue

These were the mountains
The ones I saw on my first walk
I was going a different way now but
these were the mountains

I didn't need to paint, my eyes moved my hand,
which held loose
a white wild flower
I forget its name

From 8Walks



Pedernal en Z

Lake Abiquiu, NM, pg 18 by Ziggy Khan, ink on paper, 23x31 cm, 2020

pg 19 acrylic, ink, and pigment on steel, 84x122 cm 2023

Perhaps this is when
One moment with you
in the River Chama
forgets time and
Eternity is still
This





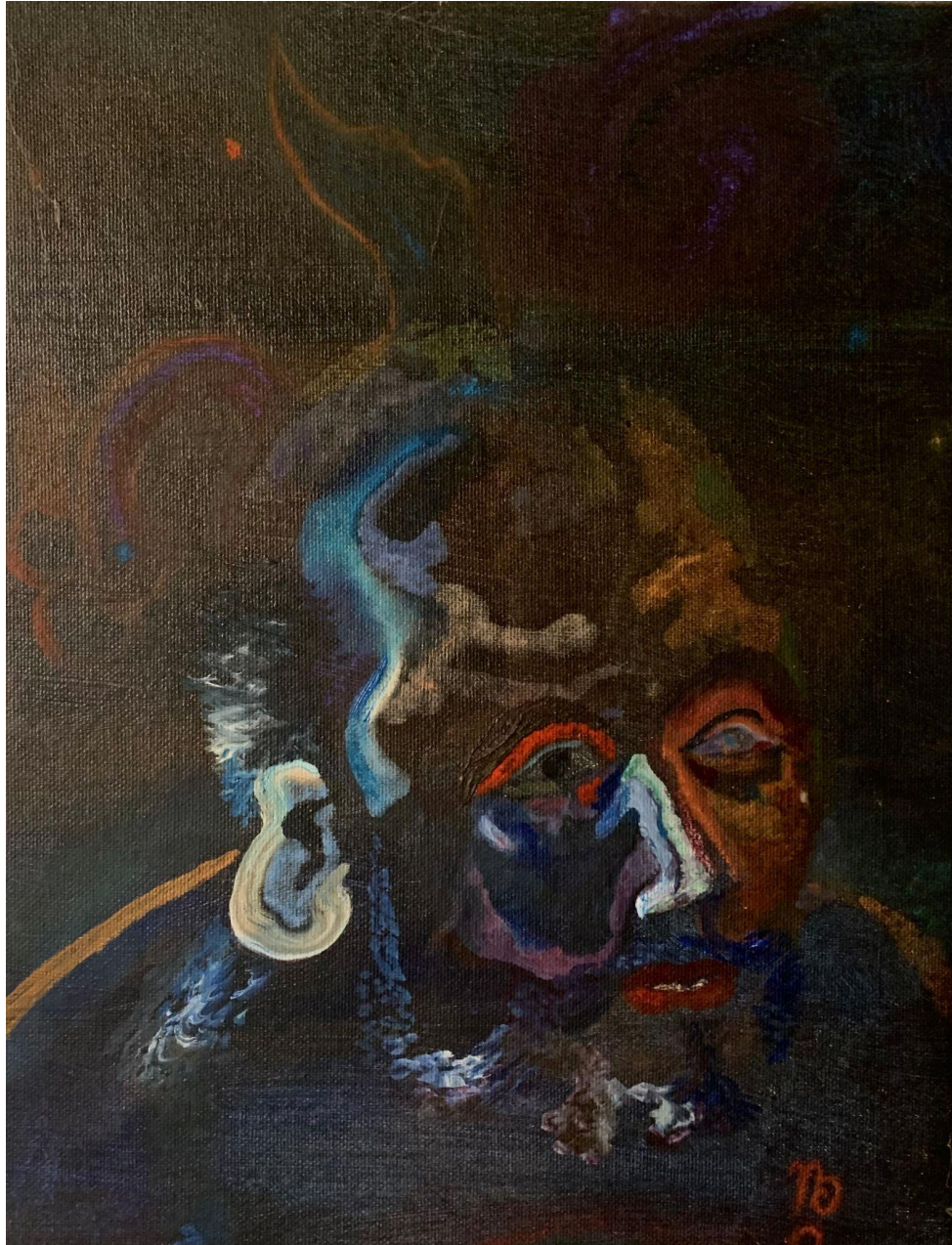
Seeker and Sage

Luzern, CH, 32x25 cm, 2005

A blitz rang through me and I saw a tiny round shiver of an unimaginable red right in the center of my shut tight eyes. I went inside. I unplugged everything. I was far away from where I was needed. I knew I had to go, cross the green mountain. This was many years ago.

We are strange encounters of light chasers, following where twisters press between the visible and invisible, we seek to embody this movement, the photon music, and we follow the promise of color, that a color could be made into a bridge between enlightenings, a color could take us right through the spine into light ..

From Love & Asbury



I am the Mountain

Princeton Jct, NJ, 114x135 cm, 2008

as a Chinese painter traces unseen deer paths
through the grasses and up the tendons
of the mountain's hands praised and between
I could see the ways we could climb
this, this earth, this threshold
This question of earth, pulling apart
The cosmic principle divided imparted with longing learning love singing recomposing
into the breathing mountain
Kingly feminine and queen man
A world traversable to meet
ascendable by a walk toward
the enlightening of all

From 8Walks



San Frutuoso

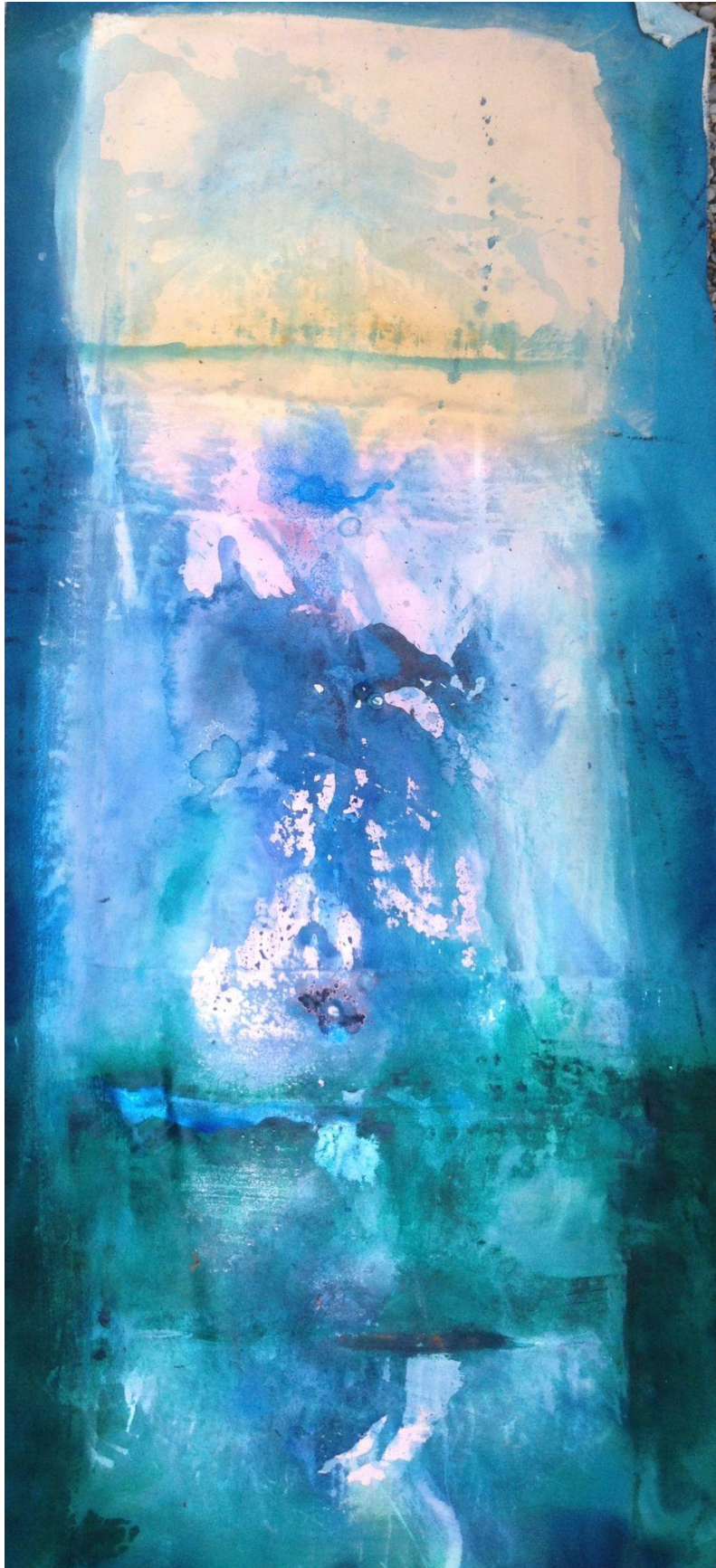
Camogli via Luzern, 164 x 71 cm, 2018

10 years ago I was here painting
a statue of Jesus that sank in San Frutuoso
and I went diving to try to see his eyes but
all I saw was the bluest and greenest light

I painted between the 2 blues
Attempting to find the source of all light
in the dark crack of time
The irradiation of my voice and my heart
Turquoise
the river that would split
merge and split

My mind went tidal
Infinite guesses on the way
Dreams returning dreams
Fear and hope washing each other out
The concertina of many memories
Eyes and eyes in the stones

From 8Walks



Pilatus Pink

Luzern, CH, 38x48 cm, 2013

Our paths are different and they always were, our lines are suggestions of each other, they are original drawings, moving at different speeds, one passing the other, the other then overlapping and meeting at the bottom in time, in action and inaction, together but discriminant, plural, codetermined, unbroken, liberative, the blue dragon and the mad skier

From Content of All Objects that have fallen



I think that's Black Mountain

Taos, NM, 76x119 cm, 2023

The void
the silent glades of life-giving
Emptiness, We
whisper ski
The void

Slippery
Anger, beauty, pure snow, the song
of Black Mountain, Night

The new moon above the clouds shines
but we are now dreaming
in front of our own
Little fire

(That was the Tiger's last dream)

From The Tiger's Last Dream



Schreckhorn Pink

Schreckhorn, CH, 99 x 68 cm, 2018

Up here
Unenlightened thoughts become lightened
Every thought and thing is transformed
In emptiness and exists here (on the pillowcase)
in its spiritual presence

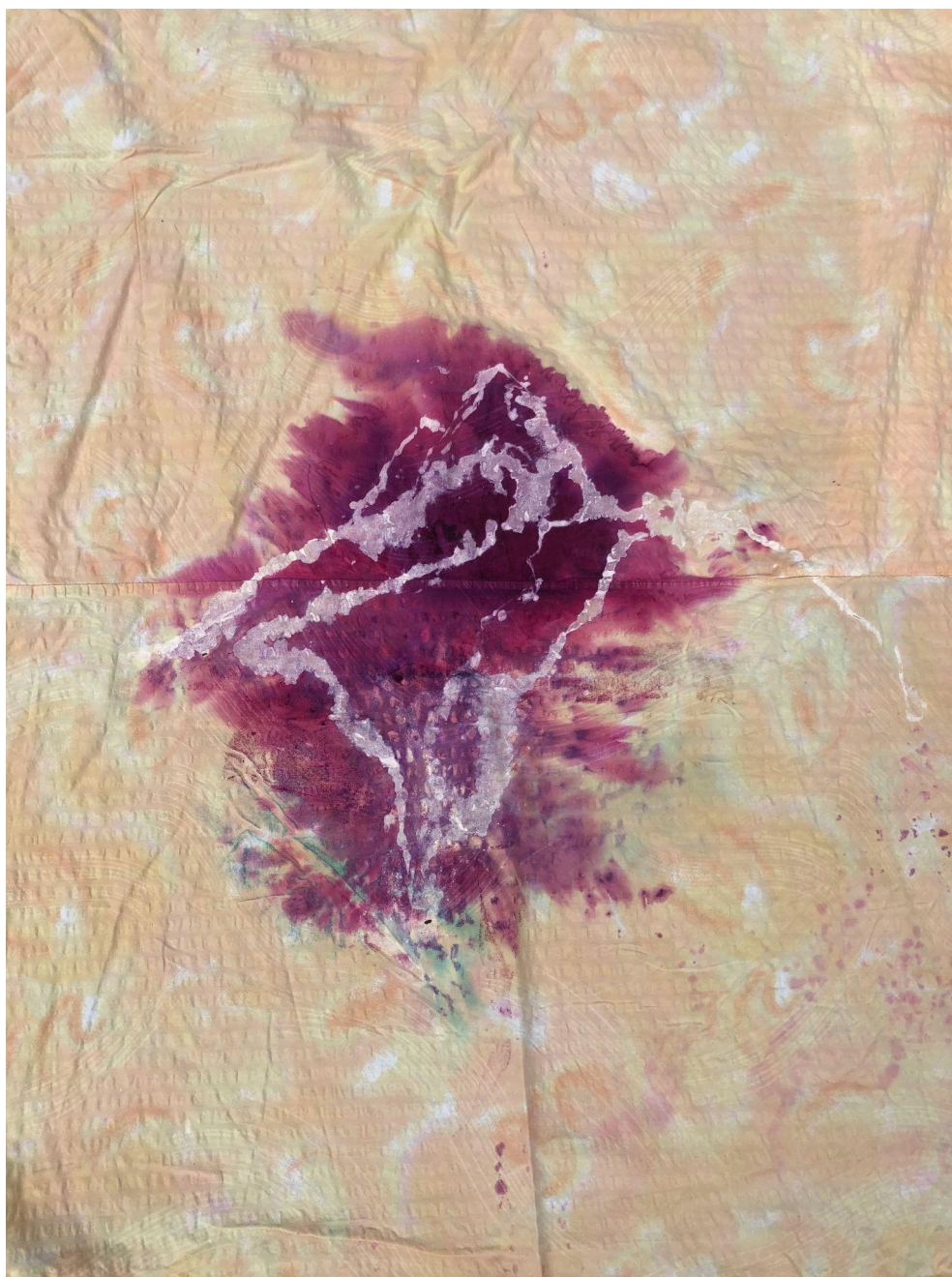
The road has disappeared
The grass is just waking from winter
Everything is sour with granite
Soft purple and white swamp bells
low and close to the high earth

The silver hearted blooms
are the Blue of the
painter's first dream

The moon
my family
Blue

Where am I

From 8Walks



After Wolf

Huangshan, China, 34x20 cm, 2019

Cold Mountain laughs at me
Sees me in my cage desire
says I'm just changing heads
and switching faces in the whirl
of the turning three
double clutching pumping
spinning faking the hook and
getting my shot tossed
with hands like Moses Malone
Cold Mountain says even
'enlightenment is affliction
let there be nothing left at all'
Damn Cold Mountain
That's Cold

From Hundreds of Beasts Return to the Mountain



9 Dragon Mountain

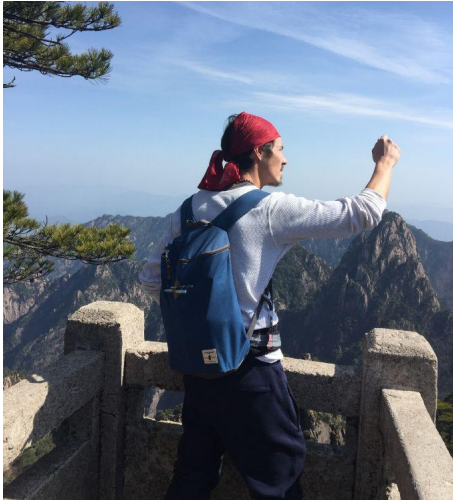
Huangshan, China, 32x62 cm, 2019

What is the shape of
the space between II Mountains
(the sound of water)
What is the color of
the space between II Mountains
(the sound of water)

I try to tell of it
I fall into silence
I try to draw it
9 Dragons interrupt
I try to inhabit it
but I am

still here

From Hundreds of Beasts Return to the Mountain



Self Portrait (The Mountain & Me)

Princeton Jct. NJ, 61x33 cm, 2022

Despair
In every opening door
Looking at you in the
Dark window of morning
A golden bird of witness
Faith
a sense of being anything
Being healed, being seen
Today
a sense of fire, bones
in electric black water
Adding songs to the earth
And somehow one day you see
The universe will never again
Be as it is right now
Like this
The Goddess needs you
to see your living beauty Now
The beauty on both sides
of the moon and
to see your eyes seeing
Your rightful
Sad eyed light
Abyss to color
Wounds to oculi
See all of it in your unstolen
Joy

From COVID Poems



Stanserhorn

Stanserhorn via Princeton Jct., 30x43 cm, 2023

The weather changed

The ghost is gone

I remember what I left in the water

I wonder if the first sound our ears
evolved to hear were these
small waves

to remember what we left

I got lost when I tried to walk down the Stanserhorn

From Content of All the Objects that have Fallen



Mt. Heaven Blue

Glacier National Park and Princeton Jct., 43 x 30 cm, 2023

High above the mountain, pieces of me are thrown like a rooster tail silvering green, some of me will fall back to earth, some will escape the cymbals and circle the moon a few whispers, and some will just fly away, laughing

Who laughs? What has happened? I wonder, but there is no one to wonder just suites of us forthcoming, thy music

'let my return to myself be the immediate return to thee' *

*Tagore

From THY



Asbury Vesuvio

Vesuvius via Asbury Park, NJ, 87x150 cm, 2018

Every wave, was a chance to rise, a chance to dive under and roll up the backside, to
tumble backwards and swallow water
to try and stand your ground, stand firm and fail to stand, to fall, to get slapped, to lose
your breath, to come up for air, to call your name, to scream
to shriek, to know silence, to hear the water, the song that knows your abyss
to swim until its depth is felt, to ride one back to land, to rise
up a little and come down and rise

In order to be who you are
your dance must
forget yourself

From Finishing Born to Run



Lost Coast II

Lost Coast, CA, 69x152 cm, 2016

Last night I had a look at the night

There was a torched shadow burning
between the ether veins of stars

I sensed that I sensed the dark matter
that gives weight to the sky

It felt compassionate and snaked
her limbs around the chorus of my voice

This void welcoming,
of spirits homecoming
of dreary joy

Dolphin music, this mood, Blue
the sea swallowing the world with air

From The Lost Coast



Zermatt II

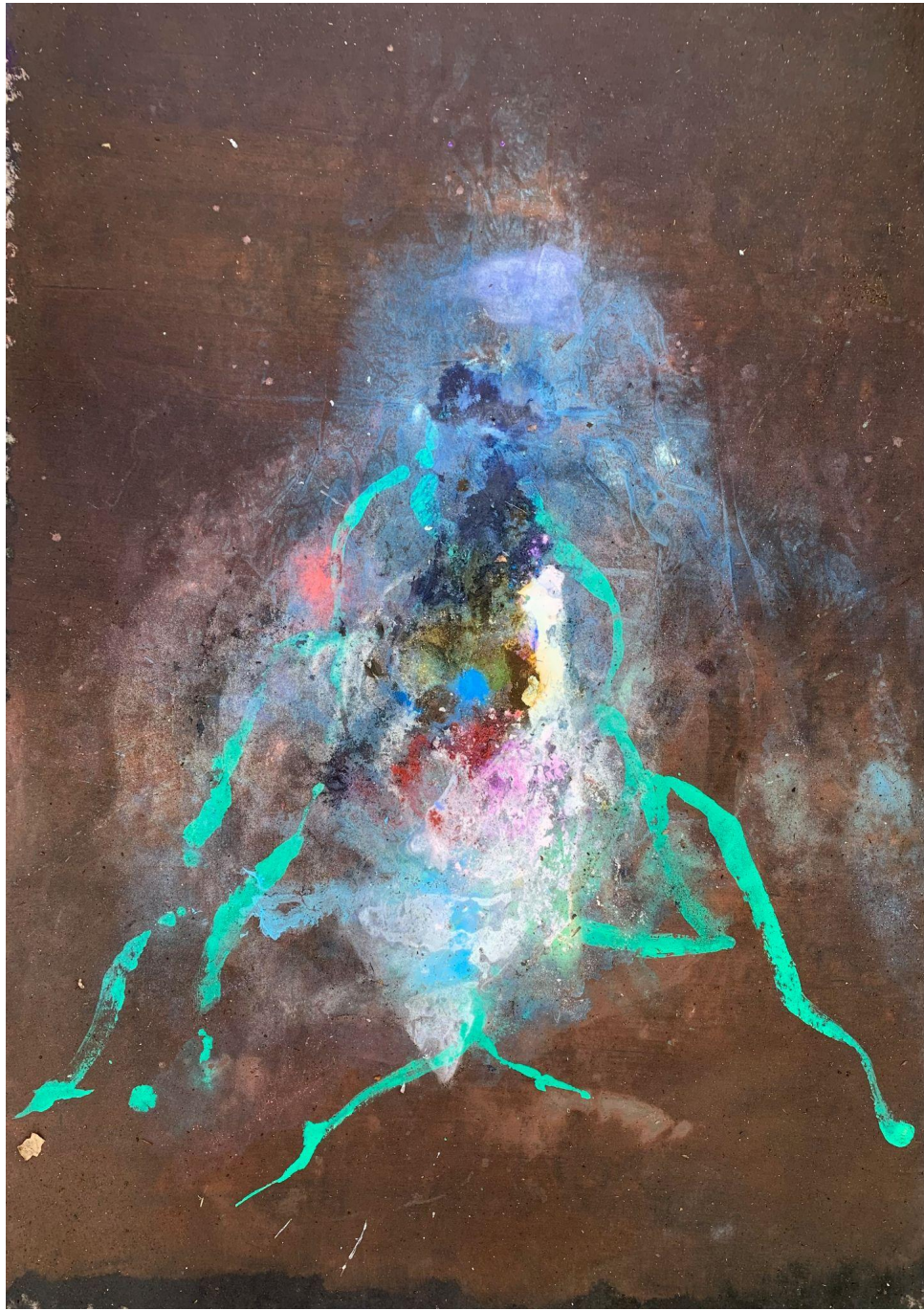
Zermatt via Princeton Jct., 133 x 102 cm, 2023

So when the mountain is reached the painter begins to draw not it but the unknown
matterless mass violet energy /ether that the mountain calls into being from the sidereal
enchantment

Another pyramid appears pointing down from the sky, like the Beloved's butterfly net,
descending into the Matterhorn to achieve a spontaneous abiding form of harmony
The light in our future living room comes on

and we walk on

I wanted to send you a brief message
The world needs us to be just who we are



Zermatt Pink

Zermatt, CH, 145x102 cm, 2018

At this point I try not to think with language, but just let the two mountains, one of rock
and time and one of space and power,

Find a tonal symmetric, let their heart beats sync up, put on a record, start a fire

There's also a process where the creating needs to involute

to turn time around, to follow a sense or a mountain back to the dawn, before the paint
and the silk and the continents drifted apart, to find a way back down the mountain

Sitting here

I felt very close to a knowing

I knew I was close to the Bold truth of Love

Close

From 8 Walks



Mt. Vision (outro)

We kept going

There was one last purple flower of the fall on Mount Vision

We saw it at the same time

'Look' you said, we looked at the dark blood ripe wildflower then saw another

there is no time, no distance

on Dream Farm

We walked like water, burning into presence

We walked

through the cloud forest, coffee berry and coyote brushes twisting through bay leaves,
sword fern spike moss and beard lichens who swim in sky and swim in wind hanging like
chimes on coast oaks and the buckeyes that filled our eyes with golden hearts
when we were here in spring as all worlds were
changing now invisible as the blue blossoms
swallowed by becoming

We walked through parts of the forest that had burned in the fire of 95, and we walked
through parts where the Bishop Pines survived, elegant old dancers

I was flying back to Newark tomorrow early

We talked about writing our whole story

O where would we begin?

Perhaps our story is all our walks toward and away
together and alone, deeper into ourselves and each other, our immortal souls pulling the
strings of the jewel net for us to meet again and again, here

Our story is the forest tangled full of living
from the road to the top of Mount Vision down furling like astral weeks into the purple
needle grass and sage scrub stilling the Estero full of water loving plants

and to write our story will be like the Great Horned Owl hearing a small heart beat below
some leaves and hunting the sound to feed her growing young



Neil Enggist was raised in New Jersey, and studied fine arts at Washington University in St. Louis and Santa Reparata in Florence. For the next 19 years he followed great performances of color into the mountains, canyons, coastlines, and rivers across the US, Europe, China, and India. His ‘Nature action paintings’ are composed within a system of nature, performing ecologically harmonic phrases in a tidal conversation between human spirit and the wild. Enggist earned his MFA at San Francisco Art Institute in 2016 where he made paintings on steel in the tidal zones of the Bay Area. In 2019, Enggist journeyed to the land of his grandmother to paint in Shanghai and the Yellow Mountains in 2019. Through his travels, he has developed a body of painting and poetry shown in New York, Milan, Mumbai, Switzerland, and Paris. In 2020 Enggist painted in the Sequoia forest, Yosemite, Trinity River, Big Sur, the Central Valley, writing a book of mystical Love poetry. He currently paints and makes stained glass in Taos, New Mexico with his wife, artist Ziggy Khan, working together on a project weaving memory, music, skiing, meditation, and Japanese inspired poetry. This book is part of an exhibition which opened at the Chäslager in Stans, Switzerland, April 2023.

NEILENGGIST.COM