

## An Introduction to Creation of the New

There are a lot of questions a person faces when they do something like a course of love – some that are different for me for having written it – some that are common to all of us who accept its Source.

When one of my old writing teachers, the ethicist Carol Bly died a couple of years ago, I felt a bit of sorrow for never having dared broach my own course-related questions with her – questions I consider to be of an ethical nature.

She was a somewhat scary writing and ethics teacher, one of those people sure of herself in a certain way, and uncompromising about what she was sure of. She was, at the same time, incredibly open-minded and strove for this in her students – also in a certain way.

The story that opens one of her many books, *Changing The Bully Who Rules the World*, is a perfect example. She writes of a family whose treasured dog runs into a porcupine and comes home full of quills. The parents lovingly explain to their children that their canine friend must be put to sleep. There's nothing that can be done. Then the vet comes and says that's not the case – the quills can be removed and the dog will live.

Carol had this way of making us question what we think we know as well as that way of being uncompromising.

My favorite memory of her is from when I published my first books. The publisher made “samplers” for the American Booksellers Association annual conference, and I sent these out to former teachers with that unstoppable excitement of having achieved my dream of being published. To remind her who I was, I told her she was the only writing teacher from whom I'd gotten less than an A. (I'd gotten a B of some sort, whether a plus or minus I can no longer remember.) I said that this was probably because of my grammar. She was a stickler for grammar. She wrote me back and said she's found her records of the class (one I'd attended many years prior) and that I had gotten a B because I wasn't a short story writer and it was a short story writing class. I hooted when I read that because it was so “her.” Others might say you shouldn't tell a person they're not a short story writer. Who says they can't become one? But she responded with that assurance she had about certain things she knew, and me not being a short story writer was one of them.

Okay, so that's a long prelude into the ethics of having written a course received from Jesus. There's no way of getting around that. If it makes me or anyone else squeamish to talk about it, then it does. Leaving my own experience of it and feelings for it aside, there's too much within the text that is clearly “from Jesus” to call it anything vague like divine inspiration.

I recall that when I began reading *A Course in Miracles*, I was not convinced that it was from Jesus – not by a long shot. Once I started reading it, I figured it didn't matter where it came from, it was clearly so true and so helpful to me that it's source was immaterial. Then at some point in my first reading, I accepted that it was from Jesus and it became a non-issue. It was what it was. I quit worrying over it.

I imagine that this is the feeling that most readers of *A Course of Love* eventually come to as well, and that the issue is a non-issue.

Why does it remain an issue for me? Well, I confront it in one way when I share of myself. I wonder how much anyone cares to know about me and whether what I say about my own experience or the inner knowing that must be uncompromising to me (as our own knowing must be to each of us), holds, for some, an authority I do not rightfully have, and for others could be an add-on, an impediment to their own way of receiving and understanding what Jesus has to say to him or her. Sometimes I feel as if I should have a degree of separation from this course, a website that is “mine” as opposed to combining my writing and ideas with the fundamentals of this course.

You could take what is found under the tabs for Center and Writer as my own ideas, for the most part, and the others as the more common informational tabs. And yet.... This degree of separation, of ourselves from what we receive, is a matter of concern to me of late. If we separate “the books” and the knowledge, wisdom, messages of the books from who we are, we're not quite “carrying it” as Jesus asks us to do. We are to become it.

I say all of this for the greater purpose of sharing *Creation of the New* with you. Jesus speaks of creation of the new throughout the Course of Love series, but when this writing on creation of the new came, it didn't come in the Jesus voice. It was not dictated. It wasn't quite “of me” either. I sometimes call it mystical writing for want of a better way to say it, even while I have the feeling that it is not for me to call it that. That when read, each reader will see in it what they will.

It came to me in 2006, beginning in the early days of a retreat I was taking out in my back woods cabin. I was “doing” the Forty Days of The Dialogues when I felt the inspiration to begin this writing. I marveled over it from the get go. It was like nothing I'd ever written before and yet didn't have the sense of coming from anywhere other than from within my own being. Eventually this led me to the realization that there is a combining of the great, or one voice that is heard in Jesus, and that, as Jesus says at the end of The Dialogues, we are to hear the voice within ourselves and each other; indeed, in all that lives.

I am offering this description of the way this writing came so that *Creation of the New* is not assumed to be of Jesus, at least not in the same way that *A Course of Love* is from Jesus. How you see it, knowing the process by which it came, is up to you.

## CREATION OF THE NEW

Is there  
anything  
that can be said  
in words  
about creation  
of the new?

There must be,  
for words  
are flesh  
again in newness.

As melodiously  
as a bird  
sings  
and brings forth  
bird song,  
so are  
words  
impressed  
upon the heart  
that sings the new.

These words  
are written  
on the heart  
and expressed  
in the breath.

To breathe  
is to be spiritual.

The newness  
being created  
is more than  
this  
but not less.

It is  
for the here  
and now of life  
and the living.

The new  
is  
of the earth,  
the ground,  
the physical ground  
of being.

The cherished  
and beloved sacredness

of being alive.

The new  
is where,  
joined  
with the Architect  
of Peace  
on Earth,  
there is  
a settling  
into physical  
being  
and physical  
being  
is offered  
to the earth  
and all her creatures.

Joined as one  
being  
in the physical plane,  
there is  
restoration  
-- restoration  
to union.

The sublime  
is  
the texture  
of tree bark,  
grace is the pail  
of water,  
heaven is the fabric  
of the tapestry  
of leafs.

The sounds  
and sights of the man-made  
do not alter  
or diminish the reality  
of the sacred.

Is there  
a single  
word  
that can represent  
this majesty?

Or is  
such a word  
an unspeakable mystery?

Only  
an opaque quarry of symbols

piled  
in endless shapes  
upon the God  
of many names  
who is written  
on each heart?

It is only  
here in physical  
form that a heart  
can be written on,  
or that one  
has  
a need  
of an imbedded word  
sent out  
upon its pulse,  
a signal heralding that  
which is beyond words;  
the ineffable.

The power  
of being human  
is  
as ephemeral  
as a butterfly with  
fragile translucent wings  
and as solid and unyielding  
as rock  
that once was molten,  
lava  
erupted  
as spitting fire.

The knowledge  
of all things,  
of flight  
and fancy,  
is the phoenix  
that rises  
from the ash.

An enchantment like intoxication rises,  
mind  
numbing  
and ebullient  
with spirit.

Thoughts and  
cares  
tossed away,  
the jewel of humanity  
raises its head  
from slumber and

in bathrobe  
and slippers,  
arises  
to a new day.

She looks out  
in wonder.

Restored.

The she  
of humanity rises.

A swollen wave,  
pregnant  
with new life,  
gathered  
in kitchens  
and on forest lawns,  
sweet  
with morning dew  
and mother love,  
full breasted and round bellied,  
a gestation soon to pass.

With cries  
of terror  
new life  
is birthed  
of blood  
and water  
and the breath  
of spirit.

It is physical creation  
on divine soil,  
sweet and sticky and odorous.

With wailing  
and breast-beating  
the dead  
are laid  
to rest and  
unrest leaves the earth  
that  
once gave it succor.

Buried deep,  
where  
no light comes,  
eternal  
rest  
is granted and  
the grace

that is  
the pail  
of water  
attends not  
its thirst.

Unrest  
is quieted  
and finally stilled.

No more plaintive sighs  
echo  
in the night.

What was  
has been let  
go  
and is  
no more.

On this  
hallowed  
ground  
where  
rest  
comes  
to the unrestful,  
feet  
tread  
and tamp  
the earth  
and dig and  
till no more.

The barren  
has  
its place  
across which new life  
marches.

The righteous fall  
to their knees  
and kiss  
the ground  
that spared them.

Night falls.

A leaf  
flutters  
to the earth.

It has begun.

## THE GREAT PASSING

### Lamentations.

#### Lamentations

are  
here  
to pass  
and with their great passing  
is  
the apocalypse complete  
and the dawn  
of the dead  
behind us.

#### The son

rises no more  
in twilight dreams  
as the she  
of humanity births  
anew in dappled light  
of mourning  
fully come  
to pass.

A new day.

#### Shattered

dreams  
are laid aside;  
shards  
of visions too benign;  
a rearrangement  
of parts  
no longer possible.

#### Lying

smashed  
and irretrievable  
they beacon  
no longer.

#### Swept up and

away  
they  
fail to ignite  
the memory  
of what  
once was.

#### Gone

-- they call  
no longer

in the voice  
of the serpent.

The days that  
have come  
and gone  
are no more.

The new day  
is here.

And so the great passing  
runs its course,  
banishing  
the world  
imprisoned  
in thought  
and recollection,  
the days  
of the dead.

No impetus remains  
to stop  
and ask  
why.

There is  
no doubt  
the stinking corpse  
was meant  
for burial...long dead already  
it pined  
for time  
to stand still and swallow  
it  
up.

All is merciful.

Hands  
anoint  
and bless  
and feet  
move steadily aside.

It is time.

Time to lay to rest.

The past  
has passed.

The new

has come.

Buried now,  
the stench of death  
is leaving,  
the freshness  
of sage  
and grasses,  
sap and flowers  
fill the air and  
scent the skin like nard.

One wakes.

Another sleeps.

All is merciful.

Loveliness  
restored  
is  
loveliness restored.

As within/so  
without is the way  
of the physical world.

What is reflected?

Imprisonment  
or mercy?

Unrest or rest?

What is there  
to lose?

All this  
is passed  
in the great passing.

Hunger  
has not been touched  
by what  
has been.

Rejoice  
at the great passing,  
a ship  
already gone  
from shore  
and sailing  
into uncharted waters.

She is steadied only  
by who  
it is  
she carries.

Each new life a mast  
and compass,  
a star  
as brilliant  
as  
that  
of the North,  
fresh  
as the breeze.

One by one  
the great passing  
carries travelers hither  
or yon.

The way  
is set.

The new  
has been birthed.

Unrest  
laid  
to rest,  
grateful soul,  
asleep at last.

Awakened  
rest  
within the newly birthed.

Gratitude reigns for the way  
finally come  
to rest in peace.

Stragglers  
gathered in,  
are embraced,  
set to sleep  
or awakening,  
no longer  
to wander  
in a dream  
of death,  
a cruel dream  
where  
release  
has long

been denied.

Release  
has arrived  
in the great passing.

## Do Not Defend Yourself

There is  
no need to  
prepare for a bitter end.

The end of the old  
will be bitter only  
if it  
is defended against.

Defend the old and it  
is kept  
unto death.

Embrace the new.

It is here  
and sweeping  
across the land,  
moving by way  
of peace.

Joined  
lands  
of peace  
form  
crisscrossed trails,  
spreading  
seeds  
of the new.

It is absolutely physical,  
in the dirt,  
amongst the weeds,  
held back not  
by buckthorn  
or garbage.

Grounds  
held  
fast in peace  
are covered easily  
by the new.

Defended  
territory is not hospitable.

No slave  
or Pharaoh  
will stand in the new.

Be of peace  
and  
the new will come.

Do not fear  
the long hours  
of the night.

Restoration to union  
is not of force,  
coercion,  
argument,  
or words  
used  
as swords.

It is not  
of aggression  
or defense.

Restoration  
is creation  
of the new.

It begins  
with the great passing  
of what was.

Embrace the night  
that washes  
away the former day.

As night  
falls  
the great passing arises like  
the dawn.

Thoughts  
of former days  
are darkened,  
dimmed,  
laid to rest.

Heavy trunks of attachment  
are set down  
as the final evening slumber  
blackens  
the skies  
and reveals

the stars that guide.

The sun  
rises  
on a new day.

The self  
is all  
that can be defended,  
all that  
can be restored,  
all that  
can be laid to rest.

No other self  
exists to defend  
against  
or  
to bring  
to restoration.

No country exists  
that is not contained  
within the universe  
of the self.

All divisions end  
with joining  
the sacred  
to the profane.

The jewel of humanity  
is caked  
in mud,  
poor and desolate,  
suffering  
under tyranny,  
awaiting deliverance.

Those  
who would be saviors  
make weapons  
of deliverance.

No more.

These days  
have come  
to pass.

Do not defend yourself.

Dimension -

The dimension of the new  
is not new.

It is that  
which  
has been  
in truth  
and proceeds  
in truth.

That  
which  
doesn't come  
to pass.

The new  
is that  
which  
is always  
fresh and surprising  
-- the burning Cause  
of hope alive  
within the heart  
when  
no cause  
is left  
for hope,  
the light  
of a flame  
darkness wholly conceals.

The new  
is  
that  
which still brings  
the twinkle and the tear  
to the eye.

This bemusement,  
wonder,  
and  
curiosity is  
the hidden Cause  
of life,  
its meaning  
and purpose,  
sensed  
with that faculty  
that has no name;  
the sense that knows  
what  
the physical  
cannot see.

This is  
the non-physical dimension  
joining  
the physical.

The greatest bemusement  
of all is reserved  
for the self  
that  
cannot see and cannot fail  
to sense with the sense  
that has no name.

Curiosity  
and hope  
and the light  
that flames in darkness  
do not reveal the jewel  
to the jewel.

Curiosity  
and hope  
and the light  
that flames in darkness  
reveal the hidden  
to the hidden.

What is  
is alluded to.

What is apparent  
is  
a representation.

What reveals  
the hidden  
to the hidden  
is  
of the dimension  
of the new  
that is not new.

The dimension of the new  
that is new  
is the dimension  
of creation  
of the new.

It is that  
which is reserved,  
the pure essence,  
finding  
rest  
on physical soil,

in the physical ground  
of being hidden.

The apparent  
teaches.

The hidden  
draws forth.

That  
which is alluded  
to is.

All that is seen  
are as pointers,  
as clear  
as the North Star,  
heralds of what  
lie  
beyond what  
can be seen.

The hidden majesty.

Clothed now  
in bathrobe  
and slippers,  
she nonetheless awakens  
within the hidden majesty.

Seeing  
her is  
no form of test.

Not seeing  
her is  
no skill either.

She is hidden.

Shrouded  
in peace  
and restfulness.

See restfulness  
amidst unrest.

This is  
the hidden grandeur  
of the dawn  
of the new day.

Everywhere is  
she hidden  
from eyes

that do not see.

Only  
the sense of the faculty  
that has no name  
is true.

There is  
nothing to see  
that has not been seen.

Await nothing  
that is not hidden  
from the body's eyes.

What is seen  
has come  
to pass.

And still  
what is seen  
is the jewel  
that hides the jewel,  
its place  
of safe-keeping and of rest.

Outside of the dimension  
of the physical lies  
what  
the physical  
conceals,  
the pulse that spells out  
the name  
of the unnameable.

The melody  
of the new.

What  
is trusted in,  
beyond  
what appears  
to be,  
despite no  
cause for trust,  
is Cause.

That such trust  
is there,  
a trust unfulfilled  
by appearances,  
a trust curiosity  
cannot be sated by,  
is a measure  
of the power

of the unnameable joined  
with the nameable.

There is no Cause  
but this.

Behind the appearance  
of unrest is rest.

Beyond the appearance  
of war  
is peace.

Beyond the effect  
of effort  
is the effect  
of ease.

What is  
behind and beyond  
is the dimension  
of the new.

Faith  
has always rested  
here;  
the air breathed  
by the naïve and  
innocent no matter  
that  
they appear foolish.

The fool of the world  
is the beloved of what  
is beyond the world.

## Dignity

The voice of the new  
is neither meek  
nor railing.

It stands  
in silent dignity  
that will not be abashed...no  
more than  
the open wound  
of pillaged trees  
or pocks  
of craters  
dug  
by bombs.

These appearances  
stand  
in silent dignity  
alluding  
to more than words  
can say.

Fear  
not  
death faced  
with silent dignity.

This is  
the only way  
to live.

Self-respect pales  
beside the silent dignity  
of the oak,  
the Cedars  
of Lebanon,  
the olive tree,  
the stalk  
of corn.

Dignity is a spot  
of sunlight  
in the shade  
of these...

completely  
gratuitous...simply  
there.

Silent dignity  
stands  
in light  
and casts  
no shadows.

It cannot be put asunder.

It is the marvel  
of the hidden.

There is  
no  
cause  
for it  
save this  
-- what is hidden cannot be despoiled.

What is alluded  
to is not touched  
by all

that would be heaped  
upon her.

Dignity's absence  
is  
as majestic  
as its presence.

Silent dignity  
stills the plight  
of the mournful  
in the great passing.

It is never lost,  
but passes  
down generation  
to generation,  
bearing no  
shame  
or humiliation,  
always remaining  
as true  
as sunlight  
on a shaded path.

It is beheld.

It is  
no sacrifice  
and no defense.

Nor is  
it martyrdom.

It is beauty,  
depth,  
and  
intelligence kept  
under the wrap  
of the hidden,  
unquestioned and unquestionable.

It hides out  
in obviousness.

It is distilled.

Silent dignity  
comes  
to haunt  
the hearts  
of the hardened.

It cannot be razed.

The hidden  
has been glimpsed  
and once glimpsed  
cannot be ignored.

It haunts.

Troubled spirits long  
to be laid  
to rest  
and mercy comes.

It will not be denied.

Silent dignity  
is the voice  
of the new.

It is  
a loud voice.

#### Outside of Obviousness

How do creation  
of the new  
and restoration  
go together?

The question  
can be asked  
but  
the answer  
is known.

It is known  
with the sense  
that has no name,  
the original knowing,  
the memory that wafts  
on the breeze  
and calls  
forth those  
who will be delighted  
by this remembrance.

If  
life  
is not  
as it  
is meant  
to be,  
what is

it meant to be?

What is it  
to be restored to?

New life  
is being  
present "to."

Not just being present,  
but being  
present  
to the dimension  
of the sacred,  
the nameless,  
the mystery  
that wafts forth  
on the breeze,  
the sacred that lives  
not "with"  
but beyond,  
"outside of"  
the common,  
set apart  
in unity,  
beyond the understanding  
of those  
not initiated  
into the inner mysteries  
of esoteric knowledge.

This is the mystery  
of the hidden.

The hidden  
in the obvious.

The truth  
in the representation.

The silence  
in the thunder  
of cicadas  
and crickets,  
the background drone  
of the pulse  
that is the heartbeat  
of the world.

The mystery hidden  
in the apparent.

The mystery,

the hidden,  
the pulse,  
is unknown  
until it  
is known,  
set apart until  
it is apprehended,  
and apprehended,  
accepted  
as a given  
the mind  
does not know  
and cannot classify.

The stunning reality  
of the new dimension  
is  
that it takes  
hold  
of the mind.

The mind  
does not  
and cannot take  
hold of it.

It is held;  
captured,  
immersed  
in a freedom  
it cannot comprehend.

Met finally  
by way  
of introduction  
with what  
is like itself,  
it is  
no longer like it was.

Alien  
now from itself,  
a dot  
in the cosmos  
of history,  
it drifts,  
unfettered  
and unbound  
in a dimension  
it knows not.

How is  
this dimension made intimate?

It's  
broad dreamscape

shores  
of unanchored vastness  
at first feel  
trapped  
within a body  
whose physicality  
is  
now suspect  
and yet more actual  
than before...a body  
within a body  
within the "to"  
to which  
the body is present.

Loyalty  
is threatened  
and a threat.

The "to"  
to which  
the body now belongs  
is incongruous  
with the "to"  
to which it once belonged...the body  
of the world...the obvious.

It is now the hidden  
in the obvious.

In its hiddenness  
is  
its brethren found.

The obvious  
is eschewed.

Alive  
in realness,  
the obvious  
lets  
off the stench  
of death  
-- the great passing  
has come  
to be replaced  
by the newly restored.

As a snake shedding skin,  
the obvious loses layer  
upon layer  
of appearance,  
a reverse creation.

A world  
has been traversed  
through time  
from shame  
to shamelessness.

What was clothed  
has been unclothed.

Obviousness  
has graduated  
into nakedness.

Naked obviousness  
is loyal  
only to naked obviousness.

What you  
see  
is  
what you get.

This is the time  
that has come  
to pass.

From shame  
to shamelessness  
the world  
has walked,  
then ran,  
then marched.

What you  
see  
is  
what you get.

The new awakens  
outside of obviousness  
in the dimension  
of the hidden  
and there is captured  
and held  
without the bars  
or chains  
of the world  
but by way  
of being taken  
from it.

Snatched away,  
it flounders in intimacy given.

The new

is intimate  
before it  
is known.

Familiar  
before it  
can be named.

Glimpsed  
before it  
is seen.

Bedecked  
with the sublime  
before it  
shows itself.

It has overpowered  
without being  
power over.

It drenches  
the physical  
in the jewel  
of hiddenness.

There is  
sun  
falling  
through the trees  
and leafs  
descending  
to the earth like stars.

### An Impassioned Regard

Still,  
creation  
of the new implies  
a newness  
that goes beyond restoration.

How can  
creation  
go beyond restoration  
when restoration  
is  
the return  
to what is true?

As new life  
becomes  
hidden

in the obvious,  
there is newness  
in the dimension  
where the non-physical  
joins the physical.

Another jewel of humanity  
is added  
to the hidden dimension  
of the sacred,  
birthed  
into the truly real  
of the great  
beyond,  
loosed to be  
at play  
in the fields  
where  
those like  
unto like meet  
and mingle,  
a oneness far more intricate  
and creative  
than the fields  
of the mind.

The new life form  
alludes to what  
is hidden  
and joins the ranks  
of beauty  
and wonder  
and  
all  
that inspires the awe  
that is  
the glimpse behind death's door.

Standing  
in dignity,  
free  
of lamentations,  
clothed no longer  
in the obvious,  
new life alludes.

She alludes to.

Is present to.

Is at play  
in the fields  
of the hidden oneness.

She is the North Star,

always pointing  
to that  
which is with that  
which is not,  
a walking hymn  
of praise  
to that  
which  
has captured  
her  
and stolen  
her  
away from life  
lived  
among shameless satisfaction  
with what appears to be.

No longer blinded  
by the obvious  
she sees only  
the hidden  
where  
the meaning  
of what  
appears  
to be is present.

She is  
present  
to the meaning.

What is  
the threat?

A world  
handed over  
into indignity  
and meaninglessness.

Indignity  
and meaninglessness steal away  
the will  
to live and so  
bring death.

Beset  
by indignity  
and meaninglessness  
the will to live  
perishes.

There is  
nothing  
to live  
"for"

because there is nothing  
to consecrate life "to."

The great "to"  
which is the presence  
of the unnameable...the dignity  
and meaning.

The hopelessness  
of indignity and  
meaninglessness  
is overcome  
by one thing only:  
faith.

Faith  
is  
the abiding sense  
of meaning and  
dignity  
that is the unnameable...the hidden.

Not  
one can show a faith  
that will appear  
to the body's eyes.

Not  
one can show  
meaning  
as she  
would  
a glove.

But dignity  
can be seen  
in the eyes  
by the eyes.

One look of dignity  
can flatten  
a soldier's will to kill.

Dignity  
is  
an impassioned  
regard for life.

Those  
who oppress  
cannot be made  
to shine with dignity.

Nor can  
those

who repress the dignity  
that abides within them.

To die  
a meaningless death  
is to live  
a meaningless life.

To stand still  
and look  
to the sky,  
to hear bird song,  
to view the moon,  
to feel  
the earth beneath one's feet,  
and not be standing  
in meaning  
is  
to not see  
the jewel hidden  
in plain sight.

The sacred  
is alluded to.

Children  
have innocence.

The earth has meaning.

The human person  
grown  
to maturity  
has dignity  
or  
she has nothing.

Dignity is faith  
in the abiding sense  
of meaning  
that is  
life as it is.

Life as it is,  
is the North Star  
guiding like  
a compass  
to the ground  
of being  
that is present to it.

Consecration

In consecration  
is  
new life  
joined with the sacred.

To not be joined  
with the sacred  
is to be dead.

Consecration  
is the "making"  
of the sacred,  
the joining  
of the sacred dimension  
with the physical dimension.

What is not held sacred  
is held  
in a death grip.

Held  
and embraced,  
the sacred,  
being  
sacred "to"  
is  
present "to."

It abides  
in hidden splendor,  
sacred to sacred.

Like to like.

What is not like  
unto the sacred  
is meaningless.

There is  
no other meaning  
than sacred meaning.

What sense  
does  
it make  
for the given world  
to have  
no  
meaning apart  
from the sacred?

The given world  
is sacred  
in the Giver

it reveals.

Sacred  
by revelation  
that the great  
she  
of humanity is not alone.

The Giver  
stands  
behind the given,  
arms outstretched,  
welcoming  
the recipient  
of life  
into the mystery  
of the sacred  
via a world  
that expresses  
love  
on every wing  
and feather,  
in each light-soaked day,  
and dark-filled night.

The sacred world  
reveals  
the Sacred,  
there...provided...to  
be soaked  
into every pore  
of being.

It came  
with you  
and before you  
to fill you like  
a sponge.

The unnameable  
is not the unknowable  
but knowing come.

This knowing comes:  
an aria that brings tears,  
a sunset that lights  
a place of depth,  
a skeleton  
amidst plenty.

Knowing  
comes  
to bring  
into existence  
your awareness  
of it.

Aware,  
the Kingdom of Heaven  
has come  
to the Queendom  
of the Earth.

Come  
to plumb  
your depths  
so that  
what is hidden  
will rise and  
greet the new day.

So that  
the unnameable communes  
with the unnameable.

Sacred  
to sacred.

No light  
lights  
the eyes of those  
who  
deny the sacred.

It is denial  
of the true nature  
of being and  
the light  
fails  
for want  
of a hospitable home.

The sacred  
is  
a beacon  
cast out  
into the cosmos  
and  
singing  
in a pebble;  
calling  
for response  
in a universal mother tongue;  
the tongue  
of the timeless  
and universal  
that is there  
to be called up from  
within what  
appears to be,  
a seed

calling  
from the ground  
the splendor  
of the apple tree.

To think  
nothing  
is asked  
is to never be born.

Birth is being asked,  
a seed  
come  
to bloom  
and bear fruit.

To never bloom  
and bear fruit  
is to languish  
in meaninglessness.

Ahhh...such depth denied.

Such beauty forsaken.

Life is consecrated.

Just  
as life  
is pushed  
through the birth canal,  
removed  
from the belly  
of the great  
she of humanity,  
the mother  
of love,  
so the sacred  
is pushed through  
into the world,  
a miracle  
of skin  
and bone  
and the seed  
of the divine.

Sacred.

Can any newborn  
be denied  
its divine light?

Its place  
among the gods?

Its miraculous nature?

What child  
sleeping,  
earthly angel,  
can fail  
to summon  
grateful response  
"to".

A mother  
knows  
her gratitude  
is going out "to"  
even  
if  
she knows not  
where or  
what  
to call  
the "to"  
whom she addresses.

Where and  
who matter not.

The great "to"  
matters essentially.

Gratitude "to"  
is  
a consecration.

Gratitude "for"  
is  
on shaky ground.

With gratitude "to"  
she accepts no ownership  
of the timeless  
and eternal  
placed  
into her hands  
and knows  
this bit  
of life  
in her  
keeping  
belongs  
to another realm.

It is simply so.

Felt  
in every mother heart.

Placed not,  
perhaps,  
in words,  
but acknowledged;  
a deeply evident recognition  
of simply undeniable truth.

She may keep  
her gratitude hidden,  
telling no one,  
bearing in secret  
the divine jewel  
she sees  
beyond the appearance  
of the boy  
or girl she names.

She is honored  
and indebted  
at once,  
raised  
up and yet set  
upon a torturous path  
of caring  
for this jewel  
she gives  
back "to" the One  
she sends gratitude,  
the life  
only shortly  
hers to tend,  
the world  
and the great "to"  
joined  
in anticipation  
of new life  
that is  
their joint concern,  
faithful  
in the abiding sense  
of meaning.

This  
secret of motherhood  
is the secret  
of the new.

Unity  
and Distinction

The physical world  
makes the sacred

in distinction  
to itself.

As if this  
is here,  
and that is  
there.

Here a tree,  
there a pond.

Here a stone,  
there a cloud.

Here a man,  
there a woman.

Here a husband  
with his roles.

There a wife  
with hers.

Here  
is  
the Creator, God,  
the unnameable;  
there is  
where the Creator, God,  
the unnameable  
is not.

Here  
is  
the role  
we  
assign to the deity;  
there  
a role assigned  
to a mortal.

And so  
the babe  
born  
into the world  
from the other realm  
and given  
back  
to it  
through its life,  
is the secret way  
of coming  
to understand  
what cannot be understood,  
the burden

and the gift  
of life  
and its distinction  
in unity  
and relationship.

Each one  
is  
that babe,  
living  
in distinction  
to give  
back the sacred  
to the sacred,  
to pour itself  
out of the urn  
of life  
into the pool  
of the divine.

The divine  
empties itself  
into the natural world  
and the natural world  
empties itself into the divine.

Only in humans  
has  
the natural  
become unnatural.

In one,  
stopped  
up like  
a clogged stream,  
its  
banks  
flood  
with debris.

In another,  
unpassable  
and clenched,  
the clouds  
cease to bring  
rain  
and the ground  
of being  
is parched.

What is asked  
is not heard.

What is not heard  
is not given

response.

The human spirit  
drowns  
in garbage  
or dies  
of thirst,  
surrounded  
by things  
of reeking  
decay  
or gone to dust  
in search  
of security.

Compacted  
and forgotten  
in the drive  
to acquire  
is the desire  
to give,  
to return  
like for like.

Forgotten  
in the desire  
to give  
is the desire  
to give  
"to"  
rather than "for."

A great  
purposefulness shrouds the intentions  
and piles them  
one  
upon another.

Humanity  
provides  
for itself,  
giving to one  
another  
in wantonness,  
a giving  
of like to like  
that excludes the sacred,  
misers  
to its own kind.

Erring  
in what  
it believes  
is like  
unto itself,

giving one  
false representation  
to another,  
it feasts  
on a diet  
of cardboard,  
as if no real meal  
is to be found.

Give the sacred  
to the sacred.

Distinctness  
to unity.

Fruits that are wines  
to the deity  
in each.

Give the true  
to the true,  
the heart  
to the heart.

Where  
there is  
heart  
there is still  
a trickle longing  
to become a stream,  
a flood,  
a pouring forth.

Like not  
unto beasts  
of labor,  
yoked  
and shackled,  
is the human heart,  
but like  
is  
she  
unto the babe,  
a hidden messenger  
of the divine.

Each heart  
carries coded divinity  
that,  
like an open channel,  
sends  
out its distinction  
in its pulse,  
an answer

to the One  
who awaits her response.

Holy to holy.

It is  
time  
to take  
back  
the sacred nature  
of life  
from the unholy  
and the false.

To increase the hidden  
and  
diminish the obvious.

To flow into the pool  
of the divine.

To return  
distinction  
to unity  
and unity  
to distinction.

This is  
the only dignity.

Spend a lifetime  
in bitter fights,  
minor irritations,  
and senseless tasks,  
fed up  
with the littleness  
of what you  
do  
while longing  
to bust out,  
a seed meant  
to rise  
up  
and praise the almighty  
with its bloom.

Or bake  
a loaf  
of bread and  
send  
the aroma to the one  
who gave wheat  
to grow  
upon the land.

The bread  
too is  
the babe,  
the pouring  
out, the delight,  
the grateful appreciation  
to.

The relationship.

Holy to Holy.

Spear the fish  
and  
praise the waters  
who gave this bounty.

It seems  
a little thing.

In a life  
of littleness  
there is no reflection  
of the magnitude  
of the naturalness  
of appreciation,  
the voice  
of the holy  
to the holy.

The babe bequeathed.

The new,  
passing  
on the hidden language,  
a pre-language naturalness,  
the great bowing down  
of those  
who stand in awe.

Appreciation,  
gratitude,  
and praise  
are the natural abode  
of the unnameable.

The whole  
of the given world,  
in the speech  
of the unnameable,  
praises  
the distinct unity  
that is humanity.

Unity  
bows down

to her distinction.

Her distinction  
is  
the gift of union  
poured forth.

Only man  
has risen so high  
in his own  
estimation that  
he sees no need to  
bow or praise.

A fish  
is  
a dollar sign  
paid  
in cost  
or wages  
or the expense  
of rod and reel.

Duly paid for  
with time  
or recompense,  
that is  
all there is.

No sacred fish.

No sacred waters.

No giver  
but his own hand.

Leisure  
is  
his right,  
a gift  
of his toil.

Church going,  
if he does it,  
his tithe  
for tat.

His God  
may provide  
for him,  
but  
he provides as well,  
and so  
he feels  
no need to return

solace for solace.

He knows not  
what eats away  
as his own heart.

But  
even  
he can look  
upon the babe and  
feel awe  
at the giver of life  
behind the life,  
the sacred door  
opened.

He  
who has  
a heart  
and not too much satisfaction  
in his own  
loins  
can give  
praise  
and adoration  
and sense,  
if not name,  
what is hidden  
in the babe.

With new life  
consciousness  
he can raise  
his eyes  
from babe  
to grandmother,  
to plaster  
walls and  
to a glass  
of water  
and see  
the same gift  
in each...not something  
for his pride  
or his thirst...not gratitude  
for,  
but gratitude  
to.

He has deciphered the language  
of the unnameable and unsayable.

It is there  
in his heart,

a beauty and a pleasure  
and a song long denied.

A bursting  
forth he  
can let time feed  
or squelch.

It is not  
for divine edification  
that there is gratitude  
to.

It is  
for the release  
of the language  
of the heart that lights  
the eyes  
with dignity,  
a properness  
returned  
to the improper.

Truth  
returned  
to the imposter.

In it is  
his glory revealed,  
and  
littleness vanquished.

His eyes  
have seen  
the glory  
and only dullness  
of mind  
and  
heart  
will relieve him  
of it.

Oh  
how  
he wants  
to shine,  
brilliantly,  
like the son.

It is his inheritance  
and his joy.

Soul

The body  
is now connected  
to the soul.

While  
nothing matters supremely,  
the body  
is not connected  
to the soul.

Soul is there,  
but different  
from the body.

The body's actions  
and the soul  
are  
together  
but not in union,  
inseparable  
but separate  
for having  
separate lives,  
one hidden,  
one obvious,  
the obvious standing  
in the way  
of the hidden.

Imagine  
cutting  
a plant off  
at the ground  
and expecting  
it  
to live  
without its roots.

A friendly relationship  
with the soul  
is like  
putting  
the cut-off plant  
in a glass  
of water.

It is tended  
to separately,  
allowed  
its separate life.

New roots  
grow and  
it is transplanted here

or  
there  
-- in the ground  
of religion  
or the pot  
of spirituality.

There  
it is watered,  
lighted,  
viewed.

There is  
happiness  
at its thriving.

It is tended  
with satisfaction.

Meanwhile  
the soul's friend  
carries  
on its life  
without it.

What  
the soul's friend  
does  
"on her own time"  
is not connected  
to the friendship.

The soul  
is forgotten  
save  
for the tending.

Although occasionally missed,  
it is not carried here  
and  
there  
where  
it would be a burden  
-- or to places  
it would be inappropriate  
for it to be.

It is not enslaved  
to time  
and occupation,  
to repression  
or to struggle.

It simply sits  
where  
it was placed,

in the yard  
or on the window's ledge.

When the soul  
joins the body this  
is not the case.

The body  
can no longer run around  
without the soul.

It has accepted  
that it  
is the soul's sacred charge.

The body itself  
becomes  
the babe,  
the innocent one  
tended,  
named,  
and poured out  
on the world.

It lives now,  
hidden  
in the shadow  
of the soul.

Dimmed  
by the soul's own  
light it shape shifts,  
moving  
into the dimension  
from which it came.

What Matters Absolutely  
is the Absolute

What is the secret  
of vulnerability,  
sorrow,  
overwhelmedness,  
of that  
which  
is  
more than can be endured?

It is  
present every day,  
every hour,  
an overflow,  
a passionate resonance

of the heart  
in the inescapable nature  
of the body's life.

There,  
beyond any reason,  
is the desire  
to escape the inescapable,  
to abide  
in a dimension  
untouched  
by that  
which cannot be endured.

What can  
no longer  
be taken,  
like  
weights piled  
on weights,  
bricks on bricks,  
stones on stones,  
crushing  
the sweetest and most tender  
is the making  
of the wine  
of the spirit.

The unmaking  
of the inescapable.

The cup  
passing over  
in the great passing.

When  
something  
matters absolutely,  
the beginning of the end  
is in sight.

Oh it is,  
yes,  
an excruciating blow,  
a foreign object  
hurled  
at the opaque glass  
of the trivial and meaningless.

With trembling  
and  
trepidation the absolute has come.

It is  
at the door.

It is asking  
the question.

What do you stand for?

Where art thou?

The moment  
has come.

This is like nothing else.

This matters  
absolutely.

So unknown  
is  
this absoluteness  
that the mind reels.

It has been taken over  
by meaning.

It doesn't know it.

It cries out.

What happened  
to those carefree days?

The days  
when nothing mattered?

When  
one's life was one's own?

What has happened?

Where did this  
come from?

How can it be avoided?

Avoid it  
at the cost  
of peril.

If  
one's life  
remains one's own,  
it is lost.

The absolute

comes  
in a thousand ways.

Hidden ways.

This is  
why  
one must stay awake,  
awaiting  
the moment  
when the absolute comes.

It is always  
a surprise;  
that  
which  
matters absolutely.

The first blow of it  
is received in such innocence.

Only  
then is  
innocence  
truly known by itself.

Before the encounter  
with what  
matters absolutely  
life was very simple  
in that  
complicated way known  
as busyness  
and mirth and  
cares  
free of meaning.

When  
the absolute comes  
there is  
an absoluteness  
of care,  
of regard.

There is  
a tension  
and a stringing  
out of hopes  
and fears like none  
ever possessed before.

There is  
a being possessed.

Uncomfortable,  
agitated,  
alarmed,  
what is one  
to do?

Further  
than a surprise it  
is a shock.

The whole system  
is in panic.

There is  
nothing to be done  
and a preciousness  
of doing.

Rock the boat  
and nausea comes.

This is not something one  
is up for.

Over the top.

Excruciating.

Intense.

Where went  
the life  
of dullness,  
there so long?

What is  
to be done?

It is unliveable,  
this feeling.

The absolute  
has come.

Physical not Practical

The feeling  
of absolute necessity  
of attention  
is often of the physical.

The attention  
of the pregnant woman  
is

to that  
which grows inside her womb.

Attention "to."

This attention "to"  
does not exclude herself.

Briefly,  
there is  
an unawareness  
of this and that.

The awareness  
of this  
and that is  
the awareness  
that does not allow  
knowing  
of the unnameable.

Thinking "of"  
is not knowing  
the unnameable.

Being known  
"to"  
the unnameable  
by the unnameable  
is being possessed.

Possessed  
by the ultimate care  
of the unnameable,  
called the unnameable  
because  
it cannot be distinguished,  
is an overwhelmedness  
of care  
and meaning  
hidden  
within the subject  
of the care.

She is called  
"to" the ultimate  
sacrifice of the body  
to new life  
... without the conceptual fallacy  
that there is more than  
one.

No  
"this or that"  
exists

within the hidden realm  
of the womb  
where the babe  
is formed of union.

Likewise  
is  
the soul formed  
and carried until  
its birth,  
the body  
a physical necessity  
for its entrance  
to the dimension  
of the physical.

Fully  
birthed as the hidden jewel,  
neither this nor  
that,  
the journey  
has begun.

The absolute  
has come  
as a necessity  
of care.

Hidden  
within the care given  
to this  
or that is  
care  
for the absolute.

Care  
of the physical  
is given  
to the absolute.

The birth of the soul  
attended to  
by the angels.

Enswamped  
with ultimate meaning,  
devoid  
of human choice,  
there is  
a taking-over of the physical.

The call heard,  
the answer sounded,  
the announcement goes out

to the heavens,  
a new star  
bursts forth  
from the void  
and shines  
with light-wrapped dignity.

The physical,  
never in  
charge  
of the spiritual,  
the soul,  
realizes its futility  
in the overwhelming burst  
of its possession,  
being known  
in the field  
of the absolute,  
neither this nor  
that.

At the same time  
there is  
that care,  
that  
which the physical  
is now dedicated to,  
and in service of.

Death  
matters not.

Only care for  
that  
which the physical form  
is here to attend:  
the soul  
of a child,  
a nation,  
a place of peace,  
a body of water,  
a way of change,  
one historical day  
within the finite days  
of the world.

This is  
the sanctuary  
that is  
the care  
of this soul.

Soul to soul  
there is attendance,  
shelter,

a refuge  
hidden  
within the physical world,  
a spirit that permeates  
if only  
for an hour.

The cost of time  
is eternity.

There is eternity  
in the hour  
in which  
neither this nor  
that is given reign.

The way  
of the spirit  
joins  
the way  
of the land.

The Word  
given flesh.

#### A Lesson in Object Relations

The constructing  
of edifices  
that join  
the physical and the sacred  
has not been  
in vain.

This is  
where  
the alchemy  
of the hidden  
and the obvious  
is borne  
witness to.

Here on this soil  
where  
the physical dimension  
is joined  
with the hidden dimension  
stands  
a completely impractical edifice.

A way that remains  
a way

of the mind,  
with no  
physical manifestation,  
is a way  
that is mute.

The witness that edifies  
need  
not be permanent  
or man-made  
to point like  
the North Star  
by way  
of evocation.

To be  
a shrine  
outside of the world  
within the world.

A house  
of truth.

The edifices  
of ancient man  
gave splendor  
to splendor  
and now are scoffed at  
as temples  
of jewels  
amongst squalor.

They stand  
with no  
seeming  
purpose  
and become  
accusatory fingers  
pointing  
at wealth  
amidst poverty.

Edification  
of an unnameable splendor  
come  
at the expense  
of nameable splendor  
-- the human person.

Statues  
and icons that  
glorify the human saint  
fall also  
to disrepute.

Monuments to politicians rise.

Capitals  
and Cathedrals  
grace opposite hills  
at the center  
of physical life,  
a proclamation that says Give  
to Caesar  
what is Caesar's;  
to God  
what is God's.

That edifices no longer  
speak  
does not mean  
that they  
are mute  
and is not the consequence  
of brick  
and mortar  
but  
of eyes  
that no longer  
see  
and arms  
that no longer offer refuge.

Tending  
to the body  
has surpassed  
tending  
to the soul  
and entitlement  
has surpassed appreciation.

No "thing"  
is objectified more than  
the physical body.

A Belonging That is Everywhere  
and Nowhere

The making  
of the home  
for the new babe  
is the new construction,  
be it church,  
studio,  
shrine,  
garden  
or soup kitchen.

It is

where the practical matters  
not,  
and  
the labor  
is  
a labor of love  
offered "to"  
and  
not "for"  
the glory  
of the unnameable other realm.

Such structures  
rise  
to feed  
the soul  
that  
infuses  
the physical  
with its newly hidden light.

A construction  
led  
by soul  
in service  
to the physical action  
of the North Star  
that points the way.

Life matters.

What living  
goes on  
in homes  
left empty of life?

Life  
comes  
before soul.

Soul  
is nurtured  
into being life.

Life  
comes  
before home.

Home  
matters  
as the birthplace  
of awe,  
wonder,  
attention and  
care

to the awe-inspiring.

When  
soul comes  
to life a blanket  
of leafs  
is home to it.

A place  
to lay one's head.

A crumb  
to keep  
the body alive.

A sip of water.

A bit of cloth.

Death  
matters not  
in regard to life;  
to regard  
life  
comes  
before death.

Care  
and concern  
for the birth  
of the soul's mission  
in the physical world  
is the passionate influx  
of the unnameable  
come  
to the distinct.

The soul  
is sent.

The question asked  
and its response,  
the meaning  
sent out  
to rain upon the forests.

Belonging  
that is not  
to a family,  
nation,  
or  
a triangle  
of ground but to what  
these represent.

North Stars  
of imagination,  
inspiration that takes  
the breath  
beyond the lungs,  
the soul  
beyond the body,  
not in death  
but in life,  
the incarnation  
of a new age  
hidden  
in the old.

The dawn of it  
amongst the blackest  
of nights,  
where  
concern  
for life  
has gone dark  
and does not light  
the eyes  
of the jewel.

Concern  
rests  
not  
on life  
but on its imitation.

Tourists  
to life gawk  
at living  
as if it  
is an edifice raised  
for their amusement.

There  
it be  
in sport  
and leisure and  
in entertainment,  
on mountain peak  
and ocean wave,  
standing apart  
from those  
who view it like  
the soul  
left  
back  
in its home  
of religion or  
pot

of spirituality.

Life  
has ceased  
to be carried  
by the body that holds it.

And so  
it  
is that life is  
in need of  
edifying  
but cannot be made so  
in full view,  
for  
in full  
view  
the tourists  
to life  
are attracted  
and  
the audience roars  
past what  
is there  
to guide  
and light  
the way  
beyond what  
can be seen.

Be no  
tour  
guides  
for the edification  
is wrongly placed.

The tour,  
bought and  
paid for,  
is meant  
to edify its guests  
and  
added  
as one more thing  
that is  
their due,  
not sacred fish  
of sacred water,  
but fish  
bought  
to pay  
the wages  
of a fisherman  
to pay  
the bill

for his mortgage,  
all tithes  
for that  
in the great  
and sorrowful edification  
in which  
that which lives  
is prized  
as rare  
and viewed  
as oddity,  
a quaint magic  
on the slate  
of tour destinations.

Aborigines  
are viewed  
with yaks  
and yutes,  
one more commodity  
in an endless stream.

Tourists  
pay  
to see the natural  
and still do not see  
what  
it could reveal,  
for it  
is not seen nor  
shown  
as sacred  
on the tour circuit.

What is  
holy and sacred  
is revered  
as private  
and secret  
and the admission  
to the private  
and  
secret realm is not  
by way  
of tourism  
but by way of living.

To make  
a way a way  
of living  
is the heartbeat  
of religion.

The organic necessity  
of the soul

is  
appreciation.

Practices  
obscure  
the living nature  
of what  
is practiced.

Taught and learned  
they go the way  
of attraction,  
as time-filler or  
exercise  
in self-improvement,  
rarely,  
and  
then only by way  
of devotion,  
pointing to what  
the practice  
represents.

There is  
no way other  
than  
living  
that can substitute  
for life.

No way  
of physical life  
that can substitute  
for the life  
of the soul.

No babe constricted  
to a physical world  
of imitation  
living  
can long  
be kept  
by the soul into whose realm  
she is born.

"I am"  
... Islamic, Catholic,  
Lutheran, Jewish,  
Indian, Buddhist,  
Muslim...  
"I am"  
mother,  
brother,

priest,  
father,  
lama,  
monk,  
guru

...  
"I am"...

am"...means not faith  
or practice  
or role.

"I am"  
means  
"I live."

But  
what is living?

Living  
is  
the edification,  
the supreme care,  
the high regard,  
the love  
of life.

It is being  
the sacred live-er,  
the verb of life,  
moving  
in the presence  
of the sacred giver  
of life,  
the arms  
and legs,  
mouth and ears,  
heart and soul  
of the unnameable.

Glorious  
as the new babe.

The secret jewel  
hidden  
in swaddling clothes.

Into every life  
this recognition comes,  
a handmaid  
of the stars that guide.

The door  
opens

to the hidden dimension.

Some lie  
down  
and die  
in ecstasy,  
full-bellied  
or not.

Others,  
called  
by a reeling mind  
into dimensions  
they know not,  
go insane  
with meaning  
in an insane world.

Some,  
glimpsing  
what lies beyond,  
quickly shut the door.

Others  
become tourists,  
observers,  
experiencers,  
or guides.

The way  
is perilous  
with deceptive  
routes away from living.

The physical  
is  
the living.

Into the mind  
the music  
of the spheres  
can draw...away  
from the physical  
to the cerebral.

Many  
perish there,  
starved  
for intimacy.

Physical life  
is  
intimate  
with needs.

The soul  
addresses  
these needs  
with the regard  
of the holy  
that planted them  
but is not deceived  
by the fear  
of death that guides  
the mind's care  
of the body  
away from living.

What is  
death to she  
who has lived  
and birthed new life?

What be life for  
if not for living?

Living  
-- natural and sacred and true --  
in sacred form  
on sacred  
ground  
-- is to be  
the home,  
the edifice  
of the new.

Pure hearted living  
is attached  
to the soul  
and is resplendent.

The soul  
will make  
its home here.

Alive,  
hidden  
within it's home,  
as cared for  
as a newborn,  
it fears not  
a death  
of starvation  
or eviction  
or homelessness.

Fearful  
not of the bombs  
of war or swords  
of politics.

Giving not  
to Caesar  
what is God's.

Indigenous people,  
the sacred  
of the land,  
simply know how  
to live and  
how to die,  
at one  
with the soul  
and the soil,  
with the sacredness  
of existence  
and the sacredness  
of that which rests  
beyond existence.

Afraid  
not of  
dying nor  
of birthing.

The secret  
lies  
in what matters  
now being replaced  
by what matters  
absolutely.

This is the secret  
and hidden  
coming  
of the absolute.

Stay awake  
for that  
which  
matters absolutely.

The soul  
knows  
what  
to do  
and the way  
to give  
life  
to the absolute through living.

The soul  
makes  
known

the unknowable mystery  
that rests  
in absoluteness.

Follow  
Without Farewell

Absoluteness  
come  
is the end  
of choice  
and the beginning  
of sanctification  
to the Holy One.

Each will try,  
at first,  
to reject the absolute.

She will say,  
"This  
should not matter so much  
to me.

What is  
wrong  
with me?

My attention  
needs  
to be elsewhere."

No matter  
where  
she places  
her attention the absolute  
will not leave  
but will compel her life  
toward birth  
of the soul,  
absoluteness  
come into living.

Five years or twenty fighting  
the absolute  
is easily done.

"I have a family  
to provide for.

A job.

Bills to pay.

Food  
to put on the table,"  
he may say.

He will know an absoluteness  
that matters  
more than mate  
or romance,  
mother or father,  
and do all  
he  
will to disclaim it.

The absolute that matters  
more than anything,  
more than life  
itself,  
will simply continue  
to call  
in its  
hidden  
and mysterious voice:  
Follow me.

The voice  
might say  
Go to Africa  
as loudly  
as it says Go  
to church.

It might say Make music  
as loudly  
as it says,  
Make peace.

The one  
called  
to music  
may desire  
the call  
to be a peacemaker.

The peacemaker  
may see herself  
as a musician.

None of  
these things that matter  
absolutely may look sacred  
at all.

The sacred  
comes  
in hidden ways,

unnameable  
for its diversity.

Beseeched  
toward senselessness  
by an inner voice  
come  
to silence  
the noise  
of unrest,  
when  
it matters absolutely  
it is the absolute.

Likewise is a compelling  
that comes by circumstance:  
to be a child's keeper,  
to read a book,  
to be  
a keeper  
of the peace,  
the waters,  
the farmland,  
the prevention  
of another injustice.

Driven  
by what matters  
absolutely,  
sometimes for  
cause personal  
and  
near,  
sometimes for no  
reason than  
can be explained,  
the absolute  
has come.

Made nearly mad  
by the insistence  
of an inner  
voice  
that may say  
Stop  
to one  
as loudly  
as it says Go  
to another,  
the foreign uncontrollability  
of the way  
in which  
it is known  
that this matters

absolutely is the coming  
of the absolute  
and the invitation  
to the life  
of the soul  
and its intimacy  
in an alien dimension.

Granted,  
this coming  
is disguised.

A carpenter  
turned preacher  
calling a fisherman  
to abandon his nets,  
to leave his home,  
to follow  
without so much as  
a farewell to the life  
being left behind.

"I will regret it  
always"  
if  
I do not...is so great  
an underestimation  
of the call  
of the absolute  
it may  
as well be said  
"let me  
die now."

For one  
who  
does not follow  
the call  
of the absolute  
loses  
his own heart.

Rather than  
look foolish,  
his heart withers,  
dead  
to the divine vine.

More Questions  
than Answers

There is always  
a desire

for permission  
-- a permission  
to  
"do  
what you  
have to do to be  
who you are"  
-- a desire  
for permission  
that comes  
of the relationships  
that are like  
sun  
and water and soil.

There is always  
a desire  
for a sympathetic understanding.

For questions  
to be asked.

For the root  
to be dug  
in deep  
and for an intimacy that burrows  
in,  
root-to-root.

There is  
a desire  
to be  
able  
to stand  
one's ground  
of being and  
grow and flourish  
as meant to,  
and  
for this  
to be allowed  
and accepted.

Allowance  
and acceptance follow dignity,  
the conviction  
in the eyes,  
the plantedness  
of the feet.

Never  
before  
has there been  
a sense of such

"meant-to-be-ness."

It is absolutely simple.

This is it.

And yet  
it is absolutely unknown.

It comes with no  
why fors.

No explanation.

Just go.

Just do.

Just  
pick up  
and give  
care  
to that  
which  
matters absolutely.

The babe.

The call  
is complicated  
by the life and  
the relationships  
that were,  
those that hovered  
around the potted soul,  
tending it all  
this time,  
oneself included.

To live  
the life of the soul  
feels like  
the original transplanting,  
the ripping up  
of roots,  
being tossed  
to the wind.

The new tendee  
is unknown and unseen.

The life  
given over  
to the mystery  
that is still

the surest thing  
of all  
-- meant to be.

What matters  
absolutely.

What matters  
absolutely is a torture  
to the life  
of the physical one unused  
to such concern,  
concern  
that can't be quantified  
or fit to reason.

It is so thoroughly disguised  
it can't be seen  
in a way  
that makes  
sense  
to the senses,  
the mind,  
the other  
from whom  
permission  
is sought.

The practical world.

The desire to be  
a mother  
is incomprehensible.

One's life  
is no  
longer one's own.

Enslavement  
to the practical world,  
perhaps not seen before,  
now is seen  
and felt,  
part  
of the torture  
of the life  
of the physical one  
yearning  
to burst  
free  
of the bubble  
of the practical world.

The practical  
is not

the physical.

Bounded  
not by sky  
and earth  
but  
by practical expectations,  
she struggles.

Can  
she schedule  
the birth  
in,  
put a Caesarian section  
on the calendar  
and be  
back  
to work two-weeks later?

Then  
it might be considered.

Clean  
and given over  
to the calendar  
rather than the angels.

Held  
within the tending arms  
of physical  
to physical.

Holy  
to holy  
does not work  
this way.

The time of the birth  
is a secret.

It cannot be slept  
through or  
anesthetized.

The new babe  
is not so neatly displayed  
in rounded belly.

It is awaiting birth  
from the mysterious  
to the mysterious.

The unnameable  
is a master  
of disguises.

## Availability

Can there be  
great willingness  
and  
still a lack  
of availability?

To be willing and  
to do nothing?

To be the fool  
and  
not in dignity stand?

Willingness  
speaks  
to force  
being of no avail.

That is all.

Without willingness  
there is  
no availability,  
no openness,  
because  
availability  
and openness  
simply cannot be forced.

Willingness  
does not assure  
availability.

Beyond willingness  
is the sun that rises,  
not a matter  
of willingness but of naturalness.

It is  
the practical man  
who says Maybe  
if  
I had time,  
then I would shine.

The new mother,  
graced  
with the light  
of the babe,  
knows no willingness

apart from availability.

Choice is gone.

Giving  
care  
to the babe  
is an absolute availability  
of care.

An absolute commitment  
of the whole  
being  
to that care.

Oh yes,  
the heart  
can be true,  
the love  
can be strong and constant,  
a willing partner  
to the physical,  
and  
still  
the grace  
can be absent  
that provides  
for an absolute commitment,  
an absolute availability  
of care.

Physical availability  
is a precarious notion  
in a world gone mad.

With death  
at the door,  
with soldiers knocking,  
with illness pending,  
with intruder intent  
on stealing,  
the attendance to the babe  
would never waver.

With life  
at the door,  
with bills  
knocking,  
activities calling,  
depression lurking,  
availability of attendance wanes.

Attention is split.

There is

this  
and there is  
that.

The babe.

The world.

"This" that requires attention  
and care  
and "that"  
which requires attention  
and care.

There is  
availability  
to what  
is called  
life  
-- a constancy  
of split attention.

There is the life  
of the mother  
and the life  
of the babe.

There is  
a split.

Diversity  
disguised  
as separation.

Separation  
disguised  
as life.

Life  
disguised  
as a constancy  
of split attention.

Being  
a fool  
is hard  
until it  
is no longer.

When  
the fool  
finds  
enough acceptance  
she is

no longer  
a fool,  
but  
to which  
life  
has  
she been accepted  
as mother and as queen?

The life  
of split attention  
or the life  
of devotion?

The flower  
is the flower today  
that it  
was yesterday  
and a thousand years ago.

It does not cry  
out and say,  
To be  
a flower today  
is different!

I can  
no longer stand  
here attached to my roots!

Blooming  
for the sake  
of beauty!

The mother  
of the new babe,  
the new life,  
also does not cry  
out and say,  
It is different today!

I cannot tend to just  
this babe!

Neither  
do  
the mothers of the new  
expect  
that the new babe rests  
on her breast alone.

She is tending  
to  
and tended  
by the jewel sent

from the other realm,  
the unification  
of the physical  
with that  
which supports the physical,  
the hidden dimension  
of the sacred.

The physical  
is the consequence  
of the sacred,  
the newly birthed physicality  
now dedicated  
to what it is.

In a billion different ways it  
points the way  
to the One,  
to the All  
that is  
neither this nor  
that.

Newly living  
as neither  
this  
nor  
that  
but  
as one  
dedicated  
to the One  
hidden  
in the many;  
devoted  
without division  
of attention;  
the sacred  
is being lived  
-- living --  
in a radically new way.

Ah yes,  
there is still  
what looks  
the same.

Still  
what feels  
the same.

Still the mind,  
the doubt,  
still the body

with its shape  
and size,  
the aches the pains.

Still the needs that  
provide for intimacy.

Still loneliness  
and restlessness  
and impatience  
with change  
that  
does not come  
fast enough,  
with injustice  
not brought  
to justice,  
with evil  
not brought  
to good,  
with hate  
not brought  
to love.

None of  
these will pass without reconciliation,  
restoration.

Can  
the hungry  
be fed fast enough?

In the new  
the urgency  
is simply seen  
as real and present.

The new babe  
cannot be fed  
fast enough.

## Universal Truth and Differences

What is there  
to not understand about those  
who  
neglect  
the body and its needs?

It can be done  
to care  
for the metaphysical  
and

it can be done  
to care for physical vice.

But it  
is most often done  
due to lack  
of attention.

Urgency  
is not seen  
as real and present.

The serpent  
too comes  
in disguises.

Vices are as real  
as virtues  
but fewer and different  
than  
those often seen.

There is  
no  
lack of wisdom,  
of guidance  
for the basics  
of ethical living  
-- not in literature,  
philosophy,  
religion,  
the social sciences.

But there is  
much  
lack  
of demonstration  
and  
many signs  
pointing  
in the wrong direction.

These signs  
cannot be countered  
without radical dignity,  
the radical dignity  
of the fool,  
the light  
of the North Star,  
a compass point  
in a wilderness  
of the lost.

Point the way.

The return of dignity  
can come  
in many forms.

It is not the same  
for all!

The need for dignity  
is the same  
but not  
the way  
in which  
it comes about.

Needs are provided  
for the intimacy  
that comes  
of the meeting  
-- physical  
to physical  
can still be  
the work  
of the divine.

The form is different.

The spearing  
of a fish  
from sacred waters  
can be the gaining  
of a factory job  
if such  
is  
the need.

What is the circumstance  
of the life?

This cannot be avoided!

Born  
into a particular life  
and time  
the particular  
needs are different,  
the strivings different,  
and yet  
what is not accomplished  
without loss  
of dignity  
is still  
the meeting  
of the wrong need.

There are  
times dignity

calls the fool to starve,  
and times  
dignity calls  
the fool  
to eat.

Do not confuse dignity  
with ego.

If  
the factory  
job  
is needed  
there is dignity  
in taking it.

Such is the way  
of the world  
at this time.

The factory job  
is  
then  
the babe come  
in the secret guise  
of the almighty,  
what matters  
absolutely.

Then there is appreciation  
and new life.

Life  
is disguised  
as a constancy  
of split attention.

Those  
raised  
to such  
a life  
in plenty  
not only do not see  
the hidden  
in the obvious  
but cannot see  
the urgency  
in the circumstance.

The sense  
of real need  
in which  
intimacy  
is met

with intimacy  
is circumvented  
and denied.

Tending  
to is replaced  
by placating.

Care  
is replaced  
by catering.

Those  
raised  
to such  
a life in poverty  
may not see the obvious  
in the hidden  
but can always see  
the urgency  
in the circumstance.

Attention  
is split  
by more needs  
than  
can be attended  
and yet there is  
more  
chance  
of intimacy  
being found in attention  
given  
to what  
is real  
than  
to imagined needs  
that supplant those  
that are urgent.

Beware those you  
deem lucky  
and the unlucky meek.

See dignity  
where  
it lies  
in realness  
and not  
where  
it hides out  
in a satiation  
that comes  
of a feast

of cardboard.

Which  
is  
the more hungry?

Which urgent hunger  
is  
in greatest need  
of being filled?

The disguise of life  
is seen rather than the disguise  
of the Almighty hidden  
there.

There is preciousness  
in all of life  
and every form  
of hunger.

Every form  
of hunger  
is the mother  
of new life's holy cross,  
that  
which can be met only circumstance  
to circumstance,  
each to each,  
One to One,  
Holy to Holy.

How does each feed  
the hunger that lies  
on their plot  
of sacred ground?

Only by  
pointing the way  
to that  
which  
will truly nourish  
the dignity  
and preciousness  
of life.

The Great Division

How is  
the new babe  
seen and welcomed?

As an extension

of the physical self  
and the physical world?

Then such  
shall it be.

As an extension  
of the sacred  
and the sacred world?

Then such  
shall it be.

Thus  
shall  
it  
be in the eyes  
of the beholder.

It appears  
a small miracle  
to watch  
a bird  
feed the babies  
in her nest.

It is  
an apparently physical struggle,  
an obvious demonstration  
of tending,  
an innate and inherent  
and  
natural activity carried out  
with no  
thought or aspiration.

New life  
is given  
and new life  
is tended to.

The chicks  
are there and  
then gone,  
the nest  
soon emptied.

New eyes  
of new beholders  
who  
see the hidden splendor restore  
the splendor  
of dignity  
and preciousness

to those beheld.

Tending  
to the great division  
increases  
the divide.

What is joined  
cannot be put asunder.

The physical  
makes the sacred...or not.

What is tended  
to is increased.

What is neglected  
diminishes.

It is the way  
of the physical  
and  
it is the way  
of the divine  
in the physical dimension.

The sacred  
is honored  
and respectfully placed  
beyond the physical,  
given  
to its own dimension,  
where  
it remains  
what it  
is and  
where  
it is,  
the heaven,  
Eden,  
or Nirvana of the mind  
that imagines it.

The physical one  
seeks  
to join  
it's god  
there,  
as if  
it was not  
its god  
that sent it out  
into the paradise  
of physicality,

to live  
as a companion  
to the stone  
and the arch  
of sky,  
to be  
awash  
with all  
that its god is,  
blanketed  
by its god's own flesh,  
tied together  
with its god  
by the sinew  
of its life.

The placing  
of the human here  
and the sacred  
there,  
the secular world here  
and the heavenly world  
there,  
the practical here  
and the spiritual  
there,  
is  
a fallacy of perception  
that is exasperated  
by the separation  
then,  
of needs.

Human  
needs  
-- the needs  
of the physical,  
needs urgent  
to living --  
take precedence.

The physical  
is tended to  
with the diligence  
of necessity.

In the physical dimension  
it cannot be otherwise.

The living physical form  
is a cry  
for care,  
a miracle  
of care,  
a constancy

of care.

Restored  
to its sacredness,  
this constancy  
of care  
of the physical one  
is a song  
of praise  
to the Holy One.

A never ceasing hymn  
to the unnameable.

A tending to,  
given with mother love.

The motherless divinity,  
forever unbirthed,  
is birthed  
and birthed  
again.

Loved  
and loved again.

Seen  
and seen again.

Named  
and named again.

Known and known again...in all  
and each.

The great unknown  
that is all and  
everything  
is known  
in all  
and everything...or  
not.

If not,  
the unnameable  
is relegated  
to neglect  
and unknowing,  
to not being seen  
for what  
it is,  
to remaining always  
the hidden one,  
the master

of disguises,  
unbirthed.

Not orphaned  
but unbirthed.

Not subject to misery  
but subject to mystery.

Not subject to separation  
but subject to  
its own divine union.

Not distinguished  
but set  
apart and revered,  
all that life  
is not rather than all  
that life is.

The book,  
the tobacco,  
the aroma,  
the sound,  
all are  
what  
the holy One is,  
the bread  
of life,  
all that is consumed  
and all that is nourished  
by the consumption.

The sacred  
cares  
to live  
and lives  
to care.

Unbirthed  
into being,  
into being fully human,  
rejected  
by the temporal,  
the unnameable rests  
in the sacred hiddenness  
of eternity,  
awaiting.

Awaiting acceptance,  
joining,  
union  
in relationship.

The great friendship

of life  
in common equality,  
like to like,  
Holy One  
to Holy One.

Care to care.

Love to love.

## THE GREAT CROSSING OVER

Wings  
dipped  
in golden wonder,  
drenched  
with the majesty  
and  
meaning  
of absolute care,  
the new  
is born.

The sacred lives  
without proclamation,  
the human Holy One.

The awaiting  
continues until human  
Holy One  
meets human Holy One,  
the awaiting  
of the equality  
of like to like.

To be  
in unproclaimed glory,  
the hidden Holy One,  
is still only half  
of the gain  
that is  
the sacred increase  
of the new.

The seeing  
of the holy  
in the hidden  
is incomplete  
without the being seen.

The marriage  
of the physical  
to the divine

is unconsummated union.

The marriage  
of the physical Holy One  
to the physical Holy One  
is the way  
the new  
comes into being.

The new birthing  
of the new babe.

Like to like.

The new avatar  
comes  
when two  
are joined together  
in the great crossing  
over.

Holy One  
to Holy One,  
God to God,  
unnameable  
to unnameable,  
aloneness  
is forever shattered  
in the love  
of like to like,  
the sacred  
in relationship  
with the sacred,  
beloved  
to beloved One.

Loneliness  
to loneliness understanding comes.

Yearning  
to yearning it is met.

Heartbreak  
to heartbreak  
it is held.

Incomprehensible mystery  
to incomprehensible mystery,  
comprehension dawns.

It is  
a new day.

Like to like  
is  
the great crossing  
over.

Blessing  
to blessing,  
appreciation  
to appreciation,  
sacred life  
to sacred life,  
the great divide  
is spanned  
by the great crossing  
over.

One to One.

Union  
with what  
is like  
unto itself.

Incarnation.

Endowed  
with human bodies,  
each  
have  
the divine nature fully  
and equally.

In great rejoicing,  
the living Holy One  
is poured forth,  
Holy One  
to Holy One.

Life to life.

Sacred Increase

Bathed  
in sacred protection  
the new life  
is concealed in the old.

It flourishes.

Joy  
to unending joy,  
consummated union births  
the new.

Quietly it reigns.

Stillness to stillness come.

One world  
at last  
created out of two.

Creation  
of the New.

Come  
in Secret

Peace  
be to you  
who enter here.

The dwelling place.

The home made  
of divine marriage  
on earthly soil.

Enter here.

There is  
no other entry.

There is no other home.

Come in secret,  
hidden holy one  
to hidden holy one.

First in death,  
then in birth,  
then in union  
-- the union  
of the great marriage.

The reborn  
come in secret,  
hidden jewels,  
birthed  
under the North Star,  
glittering like falling leaves.

Settling in  
upon the ground.

Great mother  
to great mother,  
life to life.

Sacred  
to sublime and sublime  
to sacred.

Attendant  
to what  
is real,  
mercy to mercy.

A great exchange  
takes place.

Words  
become flesh.

Flesh to flesh  
there is nourishment.

Mother's milk.

The meek  
are fed and elevated.

The mighty plummet.

Not in vengeance  
but in mercy,  
the dying  
ones are allowed  
their rest,  
the birth continues.

Come  
in secret  
to the banquet.

The wake  
of the great passing  
is the celebration  
of the great marriage.

Gather  
at the table  
where  
joy  
and sorrow  
mix  
in pain  
of birth  
and death,

blood to blood,  
flesh to flesh,  
for all  
a peace surpassing.

Gather  
at the table.

Feast  
without regret.

Trust  
in the mercy  
of the unnameable.

Love  
to love  
is all there is,  
all that remains.

Last days  
are the first days  
of the new,  
where  
peace has entered.

Concealed  
for a short  
while  
as the light  
that will not shine  
in darkness,  
come in secret,  
new life  
to new life.

Abiding light.

Do not judge  
death.

It comes  
in secret.

Holy One  
to Holy One.

Thus  
is  
the restoration:  
Holy One  
to Holy One.

Death to Death.

New Life  
to New Life.

Do not be fooled  
by what appears to be.

The Holy One  
is restored  
in death  
and in New Life.

Two

Finally,  
and at last,  
One comes together  
with One.

Two unities arise,  
wholeness  
to wholeness,  
and meet face-to-face.

No more burning bushes  
disguise the face  
of the Holy One  
from the face  
of the Holy One.

The great birth  
is the birth  
of oneness  
into twoness,  
the explosion  
of a new creation  
where union to union,  
all to all,  
there is relation.

Knowing  
that was  
of different aspects  
of Oneness  
becomes the knowing  
of discovery  
between the great Two,  
the happy marriage  
of like to like.

This is

the final joining  
of distinction  
to distinction.

The living Holy One  
is joined  
in the great partnership,  
One to One.

The loneliness of Oneness  
shattered,  
the physical Holy One  
has fulfilled the need  
for which  
it was birthed.

Birthed  
into its own divinity,  
its divinity  
joins the Holy Living One  
with great rejoicing.

The unnameable,  
unbirthed Holy One is birthed  
in twoness.

The unnameable Holy One  
came  
to Earth  
in physical form  
and new Itself  
and its Creations,  
and left  
behind the secret  
of succession,  
the way  
to the great birth.

Still,  
all that  
was physical  
remained extensions  
of the unnameable's own self.

Unity.

Restored  
in death  
to union,  
the unnameable One  
quested,  
whispered,  
urged

and protected  
the jeweled seedlings  
planted in each heart.

The divine fruit.

One by one  
they sprouted,  
grew,  
returned  
to their home  
within the One.

Relegated  
to teacher,  
Father, God,  
Goddess,  
or gentle human soul,  
each  
kept apart  
in time  
and space,  
die and return,  
Holy One  
to Holy One,  
knowing  
to knowing,  
like to like,  
still yearning,  
still searching,  
for the living Holy One  
through which  
the birth  
of two  
will come.

Unity to Unity.

Creation of the New  
is the birth  
of unity to unity,  
living holy one  
to living to holy one,  
the joining  
in relationship  
of two...divinity  
to divinity.

Divine one  
to divine one.

The death of the physical  
is the death

of all that is known as  
"not sacred."

The birth  
is the birth  
of all that is sacred.

The union  
is  
the union  
of two sacred babes  
newly consecrated  
in blessed maturity.

Equal to equal,  
like to like,  
with no subservience,  
with no distinction  
of separation,  
but  
as two distinct unities.

More than one  
joined  
in one ultimate reality,  
unity to unity.

The acceptance of the death  
is  
the first step...oneness  
regained.

The acceptance of the birth  
is  
the second step...oneness  
recognized.

The coming together  
of two newly  
birthed divinities is  
the third step...oneness  
to oneness.

Then  
in hidden secretness,  
there is communion,  
holy one  
to holy one:  
mind to mind,  
spirit to spirit,  
heart to heart,  
consciousness  
to consciousness.

This

great sharing of union  
is creation,  
the first creation  
of the new,  
formed not through extension  
but  
through union  
of oneness  
to oneness.

Companionship  
is birthed.

Hell  
is left behind.

### A True Duality

The aloneness and the oneness  
of the unnameable one  
is the same.

It is the same  
in each.

It is  
the sacred privacy  
and the sacred union,  
the "time"  
shared and  
the "time" spent  
within one's own being.

It is union  
and union  
with.

What is  
wrong  
with duality?

As a doctrine  
that describes  
the two natures  
of man:  
physical and spiritual,  
it is  
no more than doctrine,  
a description  
of a perceived reality.

As a perception  
and a description it

is accurate enough.

It is  
what is felt.

There is physical nature  
and there is  
spiritual nature.

There is good.

There is evil.

Spiritual descriptions  
of duality  
do not negate  
the doctrine  
but only expand it.

They exceed more than one reality.

There is  
physical nature.

There is  
spiritual nature.

There is only union  
and communion.

The birth of the new  
is  
where two or  
more  
are joined together  
in unity...a true duality.

Heaven

The attributelessness  
of being  
is the achievement  
of some yogis,  
some enlightened Ones.

It is a way  
beyond the needs  
and pleasures  
of the flesh,  
a leaving

of the realm.

Duality  
is  
no longer experienced.

All is One,  
One is All.

There is  
no false duality.

No true duality.

No new life  
but a return  
to truth as it exists.

It is  
a great feat.

Here  
is  
your charge:  
bring heaven  
to Earth;  
bring the unnameable  
to the named.

Join the worlds,  
not through ascension,  
not through  
the leaving  
of the Earth,  
not through mystical union  
with the unnameable Holy One,  
but  
by physical union  
with the Holy One;  
making the Holy one  
with creation...with  
the Earth  
and all her creatures.

The coming of Christ  
is the coming,  
the birth,  
of the new people  
of unity.

The truth  
can change.

Creation of the new

is the changing  
of the truth.

## One Reality

What is represented  
by the world  
you see?

It is one world  
with many parts.

A vibrant mob  
of contrast,  
a coat  
of many colors,  
and still  
one mob,  
one coat,  
one world.

Within this world  
there is agreement:  
a tree  
is  
a tree;  
a human being  
is  
a human being.

Disagreements  
arise like  
fire  
and are extinguished  
by the watery hose  
of agreement.

There are bodies  
of thought and  
bodies  
of knowledge  
that  
all grow  
out of the same field,  
the same world,  
the same substance:  
grasses  
blowing  
in the wind.

There is  
a field  
called

the known truth,  
and  
it is  
what it  
is by agreement:  
there is  
a field of grass  
blowing  
in the wind.

There is also a field  
of substantive thought;  
a field  
of substantive feeling.

There is  
a substantive field  
of spirit.

There is  
substantive reality...or the truth.

It is what is,  
despite agreement.

This substantive truth,  
and a reaching  
of the substantive truth,  
as it is,  
in its actuality,  
is the experience  
that occurs  
with the faculty  
that has no name.

It is  
the surprise.

It is  
the unexplainable.

It is  
the mystery,  
the unknown knowing.

It is unquestionable.

These two fields  
of truth-that  
of agreement and  
that  
of substance-give reality  
to two worlds,  
two realms.

Both  
are experienced  
as real.

Those who  
discover the substantive truth,  
the unknown knowing  
see  
these two worlds,  
some clearly,  
some obscurely.

That  
they can be seen  
separately does not mean  
that they  
are  
separate  
in truth.

The truth  
reveals  
one ultimate reality.

#### What it Means to Be Living

Life  
is not  
as it  
appears to be,  
but life,  
as if  
appears  
to be,  
is still life.

What does  
it mean  
to be living?

This is  
the new question.

The imagination  
allows  
that  
when  
"this world"  
is left,  
one will meet God face-to-face.

The Kingdom they have entered  
may still be surrounded  
by a moat,  
on the other side  
of which  
is the suffering  
of the people  
left behind  
in that other world.

Somehow  
they imagine happiness  
and peace despite  
this view  
of the suffering.

They  
will imagine  
the lives  
of those "below"  
going by  
in the blink  
of an eye,  
so temporary  
as to be inconsequential.

In this new reality,  
only  
the eternal will matter.

The temporal  
will be  
as dust  
beneath their feet.

Yet still  
they may imagine  
having "earned"  
their way  
to heaven  
with the inconsequential life  
they left behind.

And  
they may imagine a place,  
a hell,  
where  
those  
who did not earn  
their way  
to heaven  
now dwell...another  
"separate" reality.

Many realities.

## One Unity.

Take  
as the start  
of creation  
of the new the idea  
of one reality  
and more than one unity.

Heathenistic and profane  
as this idea may be,  
give  
it credence.

One "unity"  
is the substance  
of life.

It is the energy  
of creation,  
constantly creating.

It is real.

It is a reality.

It is  
one reality.

It is impartial.

It does not pick  
and choose.

It is  
a physical reality  
manifesting  
in storms  
and draughts  
and mountains  
and lagoons,  
in humans  
and in animals,  
in the cosmos  
and in a grain  
of sand.

It is  
a physical reality  
of more than one  
held together  
in unity.

There is

no physical,  
or created reality  
to heaven.

No created reality  
to hell.

There is  
no temporary reality  
and no eternal reality.

There is  
one reality.

All that is life,  
lives  
in the same reality.

This reality  
may appear  
as different  
as Guatemala  
and Chicago,  
but it  
is  
the same reality.

That which lives  
may appear  
as different  
as a house  
and a cow,  
but it  
is made  
of the same substance.

That which lives  
is that  
which differentiates.

That is the nature  
that rests  
at the center  
of union,  
a reality that will differentiate  
and yet be held  
together-that it will create endlessly  
what is like  
unto itself.

That is  
-- what is physically real.

Reality

is  
one substance  
given to many forms.

It is the actualness  
of life.

The flesh  
and blood,  
the cells  
and atoms,  
and the heart  
and soul  
of it.

Reality  
is not  
a thing.

It is the nature  
of life.

What's the difference  
between one God  
and One Reality?

Living.

Living  
in multiple realities  
is the disease  
that ravages the home  
of being,  
the earth,  
the land,  
her peoples.

But  
what is living?

What is the difference  
between life  
and living?

What it Means  
to Be a Living Holy One

What is the difference  
between biochemical activity  
and living?

Living is the transcendence

of life.

The unnameable Holy One  
is the Transcendent...the nature  
of reality  
rather than reality  
itself.

The unnameable Holy One  
is not formless  
because  
form  
is evil,  
but is formless  
because  
formlessness  
is the nature of that  
which is living.

The Holy One  
may live  
in form  
but is not  
the form,  
she is the living.

The reality  
itself.

Love is not form,  
it is loving.

In the same way,  
life is not life,  
it is living.

Being lifelike  
is appearing  
to be real;  
having the properties  
of life  
but not being alive.

Not living.

A living God  
is  
a living reality  
that is not different  
from physical reality,  
but is not  
physical reality.

A living God  
is  
a unity,  
the unifying force  
of the living.

This is  
a different essence,  
a different union,  
than the union  
of creation.

It is  
a union that is  
love in action,  
that is  
a thing  
of movement.

The unity of nature  
is that of a reality  
that differentiates into form,  
into thoughts  
and feelings,  
into heart and soul.

It is like  
the substance  
of reality  
that creates  
storms and draughts.

It does not choose  
between one and another.

It is  
that which is the same.

It does not act  
with intent.

It is creation,  
pure and simple.

Creation is the nature  
of life,  
not living.

Creation  
is  
the way creation is,  
constantly creating anew  
out of the same substance.

Creation  
is  
time  
bound evolution,  
mutations,  
changes  
in the original form  
but still made  
of the original form.

It does not create  
in terms  
of good or bad,  
better or worse,  
it is simply  
a constant unfolding,  
one step toward  
growth becoming  
a cancer,  
one step toward  
growth becoming  
a new species.

The unity  
that is  
creation is incapable  
of partiality.

It cannot spare  
one  
and take  
another.

Its  
nature is to live  
but it  
is not living.

It has  
no will.

It has  
no substantial reality other  
than  
as what  
it is,  
continual change  
begun  
and never-ending.

Like  
an alphabet it is capable  
of producing  
endless variations  
of separate  
letters

but it  
is still  
the alphabet,  
not the maker  
of words.

This reality  
was  
birthed  
out of the unnameable maker  
of words  
given flesh,  
but  
also out of this reality,  
was  
the unnameable birthed  
as a God  
of many names...birthed  
as words  
are  
birthed from the alphabet...as meaning.

What is  
Meaning?

What is the meaning  
of anything-a tree,  
a bee,  
a human  
person-beyond definitions,  
beyond facts  
of physical existence,  
the physical existence  
and what  
comes  
of it  
the only knowns  
on which  
facts  
are based  
and  
existence  
assumed and verified?

What is it  
to say  
what  
it truly means  
to be living?

If the substance,  
even of heart  
and mind,

is the same substance  
as creation,  
the same substance  
as the tree,  
unintentional and  
without meaning,  
alive  
in an impartial way  
that will cause  
it to grow and cause  
it as well to decay,  
what is  
it  
that makes  
for the meaning  
of living?

What is meaning?

To be  
meaningless  
is  
to have no significance.

Meaning  
has  
to do  
with significance.

Significance  
is suggestive and expressive.

It is not concrete  
but it is actual.

There are  
feelings  
that are  
essential and not emotive.

Being essential  
they are actual.

They  
have substance.

They have  
meaning.

They are like  
the emotive feelings  
but they  
are not emotive,  
not reactions.

They exist  
in the living  
and are true  
states of being.

There are thoughts  
that are essential  
and  
not reiteration  
or commentary  
or chatter.

They  
have substance.

They have  
meaning.

They are like  
the thinking  
of the mind  
but they  
are not reactionary.

They exist  
in the living  
and are true revelations  
of true states  
of being.

Mind,  
heart,  
soul,  
all are created  
means  
through which  
the actual essential substance  
that is  
the living Holy One  
can flow  
through the living,  
giving  
meaning  
to life.

Continual change  
is not meaningful.

The movement  
and expression  
of being through living is.

It is not meaningful  
because it

is purposeful or intentional  
but is meaningful  
because it  
is loving.

It is living love;  
the unity  
of love  
brought  
to the unity  
of creation.

What Need Has  
the World?

The word artist  
is suggestive  
and acknowledging  
of more than hands  
that work  
with paint.

Hands  
that work  
with paint  
are living hands.

Hands  
given to living.

Art is expressive  
of wonder.

What need  
has the world  
for expressions  
of wonder?

A tree  
gives coolness  
and shade.

Water  
quenches thirst.

A bee  
produces honey.

The loss  
of any of these,  
the smallest  
to the largest,  
would mean loss

and destruction  
on a grand scale.

But  
where is the definition  
for what  
the human being  
is here to give?

What,  
in the eco-system  
of life  
is the function  
of the human being?

By being alive  
in concreteness,  
the tree,  
the water,  
the bee,  
are producing  
that  
which  
maintain  
the conditions of life for the concrete forms  
of that which live.

What  
loss  
would there be  
to the world  
if  
humans became extinct?

There is  
no field  
of knowledge  
that answers  
the question of what  
the human being  
is here to give;  
no agreement has been reached.

There is  
no answer  
that can be seen,  
no evidence,  
no proof  
except for that of self-perpetuation,  
perpetuation  
of the species.

But why?

Why does  
human life matter?

Why does  
the entire physical realm  
appear to support  
the life  
of the human  
that  
often chooses not  
to be supporting in return?

The innate intelligence  
of nature,  
of creation  
as it is,  
is an acknowledgment  
of what  
the human one  
will not acknowledge:  
that life  
sustains  
the living Holy One  
as the living Holy One sustains  
life.

Life is magnificent.

Living is sublime.

Living is a Defiance  
of Meaninglessness.

Awaken  
to stand beneath  
a dull gray sky,  
stay  
to watch  
the wind  
push  
the dullness  
aside  
and brighten the day.

Metaphors  
abound  
for the wind  
of spirit,  
the grace  
of the new day,  
the light that comes  
when  
dullness

is swept away.

The life  
of the natural world  
can be dull,  
boring,  
mechanized-only in the mind  
that sees it  
in such a way,  
a mind  
habituated  
into false familiarity,  
leading  
the physical self  
to a false humanity.

Humanity's great distinction  
is this:  
it can be false  
to its nature.

The mind  
can only see  
the world  
as it sees itself.

Guided  
by the mind,  
one can live  
in illusion,  
and live illusion  
to illusion.

The world  
made  
with the mind  
is  
an illusion  
of a mind that is  
an illusion  
of a mind.

It lives  
within itself,  
alive  
but not engaged  
in living.

Life is life,  
as creation  
is creation.

Each life

is  
  what it is,  
a thing  
  of nature,  
given  
  to storms  
  and sunny days.

One is born  
  as bendable,  
as supple  
  as the willow.

Another  
  life comes  
  as brittle  
  as a thorn bush.

Each life  
  comes  
  into a situation  
  and is  
  a situation.

Surrounded  
  by creation  
each life  
  is acted on by creation,  
influenced  
  and impacted  
  and dependent,  
a tree that lives  
  and dies  
  by the light  
  of the sun and  
  rain that fall  
  from the sky.

There are genetics  
  that make one tall  
  and one short,  
one dark  
  and one light.

There are  
  unchangeables.

A willow a willow,  
  a thorn bush  
  a thorn bush.

All equally alive.

All different.

All the same

only in terms  
of being alive.

All one life.

One  
in truth and one  
in stature.

No two alike.

Standing  
in ultimate aloneness,  
nothing like  
onto itself,  
all that lives  
lives as one,  
and all that is living  
is one  
in it's stature.

One is not  
the other.

The life of the one  
is all  
that can be living.

It is  
the totality  
of what  
can be lived.

There is  
no other living.

There can be a mass  
of humanity  
but not  
a mass of living.

All that is living  
lives  
as itself...as a one.

Even mother love  
cannot make  
for the circumstance  
in which  
she can exchange  
her life  
for the life  
of her child.

What mother,  
seeing a child  
in pain,  
would not say,  
"I would take  
this pain  
from you  
if I could?"

I would live  
this circumstance  
for you?"

What father,  
seeing his child  
in troubled circumstances,  
does not desire  
more than life  
itself  
to give  
his child the wisdom  
that is his,  
the wisdom that would see  
his child  
through the difficulty?

Such is the impartialness  
of creation  
and the dignity  
of the one.

One's living  
is one's own.

From the youngest babe  
to the oldest elder,  
care is given,  
circumstance  
to circumstance,  
living one  
to living one.

Life is tended.

Living  
is  
the tending.

Heroes  
and saints are born  
of large circumstances  
and small,  
from failures  
and from accomplishments  
of living.

They arise from  
among the weak  
as often  
as  
from the strong,  
the babe  
saved  
is the hero  
of the circumstance,  
the prisoner  
the grace of he  
who frees him.

One is not  
the other.

Only in  
living  
is  
this oneness  
demonstrated  
in such  
a way  
that it  
has nothing to do  
with otherness  
or thingness.

In life,  
as in creation,  
all is  
intertwined,  
connected,  
dependent.

Life is form,  
bio-chemical and destructible.

In living  
there is only  
the one who is living.

There is  
no other one  
who  
can do  
the living that is given  
each to do.

True living  
is the action  
of the divine.

The action of the divine

can act  
upon creation,  
change the inevitable,  
bring  
love  
that is partial  
to the impartial.

United  
with creation  
and not subservient  
to it,  
the living Holy One  
can create  
the new.

True living  
is the only accomplishment  
of life.

It is  
life  
given to meaning.

It is  
life  
transcending itself  
through living.

No Other

Living is not the loss  
of self  
but the discovery  
of the oneness  
of the self.

Whole and complete  
in oneness  
there is no other.

In newness  
it is seen  
that the old self  
was the other.

Those  
who are alive  
but not living  
see otherness;  
the others  
of form,  
because

they see themselves as form.

Their lives  
are  
their bodies,  
their names,  
their roles,  
what they  
do  
"for a living"  
-- the life  
of the physical one  
as it appears  
to the eyes  
and the senses  
of itself and others.

Actions are consistent  
with perception  
rather than with the truth  
of the living Holy One,  
the action  
of the divine.

New ways  
of living  
may look the same  
as the old  
but are not  
the same.

This sameness  
hides  
the living  
holy one  
from those  
who cannot see.

The difference  
of the living  
holy one  
is revealed only  
to the living holy one.

What better argument  
can there be  
for more than one Holy One?

The Word Made Flesh

The holy unnameable one  
is manying,  
pouring  
forth like

words  
from a poet,  
dripping and shushing and racing,  
spinning and leaping,  
mingling and cavorting.

The way  
of knowing  
encountered  
between unities  
is like  
to poetry  
and dissonant  
to fact,  
so different  
than the way of knowing  
that was before,  
that words,  
even of the poet  
or mystic  
fail to convey  
the way it is.

Instead  
it is  
in the shushing  
and leaping  
that the brook carries  
the stream  
along,  
meandering  
into the heart  
that knows not  
its source  
and  
cares not  
to dissect its content.

It is a spring  
of bubbling water.

Likewise,  
the idea  
of meeting one-to-one  
in unity,  
can be taken  
to be  
the same  
as meeting  
separate  
to separate.

This is not so.

Words become flesh  
as two unities share like-to-like,  
a communion  
of meaning  
come  
into the physical,  
streams  
brooking  
over rock  
and glistening  
the moss  
with beaded jewels.

Gladness  
of heart  
tumbles  
forth  
even amidst the profound heaviness  
of an elation that,  
unlike the weight  
of separation,  
binds together.

This is  
no temporary experience,  
no quick  
and dazzling  
light that preys  
upon the senses,  
leaving  
a light-weight giddiness  
and a tickle  
of acquaintance  
with that  
which abides.

Nor is  
this the weight  
of a storm cloud,  
hovering  
with immense power  
and bringing  
a pressure  
behind the eyes.

This is  
gladness  
mingling  
with the hefty heart  
of truth,  
profundity  
come to what  
was  
before as silly  
as a game  
of make believe.

This is  
true sharing.

Making a unity  
of herself,  
she enters a different dimension,  
a new way  
of knowing,  
and joins one-to-one.

The birth  
of two  
allows  
that two  
may join together  
as one.

### The Challenge

The world  
comprised  
of the ego  
and its achievements,  
the separate "reality"  
that  
those  
who  
are not in unity inhabit,  
is not true,  
but it is actual.

In it there is the right  
and wrong,  
good and bad  
that is  
as actual  
as storms and draughts.

The challenge  
of those  
who exist  
in this reality  
is not battling the unity  
of creation  
but seeing  
what separates them  
from the true nature  
of their own unity.

This is  
no longer

the challenge  
of the unified.

For a long while,  
those encountering  
the challenge  
of unification,  
may not know  
in what  
endeavor  
they are engaged.

Some  
continue  
to see  
unity  
incorrectly until  
the very last moment.

Ideas of what  
it means to be  
unified interfere.

Great difficulty  
and lack  
of understanding  
go hand-in-hand.

Spiritual ideals  
breed  
attempts  
to elevate  
in an unnatural  
way - to elevate  
beyond form  
into a "higher" state  
in a hierarchical reality.

Yet,  
as longer periods  
of unity  
are experienced,  
comprehension  
begins  
to dawn even  
if  
this dawning  
is not held  
within the mind.

It is not even experienced.

It is  
something new,

something that  
will make  
the bearer of newness exclaim,  
What is so different?

Suddenly  
she realizes  
she is  
in the stream  
and is  
the stream.

The current  
cries out for her,  
singing mightily  
its siren song.

All she has known  
stands  
on shore.

The challenge  
now is  
to see  
there is  
no feeling  
of heartbreak  
or disloyalty.

To linger on the banks  
as the stream moves along  
is too painful  
to endure and  
the heartbreaking cause  
looked  
for will not surface.

Grasping  
at branches  
and tufts  
of earth,  
waiting to feel  
a tug  
on her heart  
that will change  
her mind  
she only becomes bloodied  
and broken.

Despite  
the lack  
of sentiment  
she found  
in her final search  
for proof

of the shore's enticement,  
letting  
go  
feels like  
letting  
go  
of life itself.

And  
then it  
is perhaps the unity  
of a beloved fellow traveler  
who lessens  
her hold  
and whispers,  
Just  
open your fingers.

It will all still be there  
when you  
return.

What  
before  
was not transformed  
by love  
is seen anew  
in love's sterling light.

What stands  
on shore  
has remained  
the same.

No flood  
gates  
opened  
to consume all passers-by.

And yet  
she  
who has gone  
the whole way  
sees all  
as herself.

### The Whole Way

Those  
who go the whole way  
do not land  
in the arena  
of no-self  
but in the arena

of no-other.

The mode of union  
is union.

It is the abode  
of the inseperable.

It is  
a way  
of union  
in relationship  
with what  
is like itself.

There is  
nothing unlike  
the self  
of union.

The great unity  
of the unnameable  
holds all  
together  
as one.

The great passage into union  
that is  
the birth of the new  
does not occur outside  
of the great unity  
of the unnameable Holy One.

It is union  
within union.

Two  
within one  
and one  
within two.

And so  
she walks now  
in a new field.

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