

FPSN: SPOKEN WORD MEDITATION & THE SANCTUARY OF GIVING

PREAMBLE:

I HAD A DREAM
THAT I FELL INTO THE OCEAN...
ONLY IT WASN'T THE OCEAN,
BUT THE SKY...

I FLOATED, WEIGHTLESS
IN AN ETERNITY OF CALM...
AND THE TOTALITY OF PRESENCE WAS ALL AROUND ME
AS I SWAM...

JOURNEY BY MEANS OF THE SPOKEN WORD:

AS I WONDERED,
GALAXIES PASSED BY IN THE OUTERLIMIT LANES,
AND IN THAT GREAT NOTHINGNESS
WAS SOMETHING ALIVE THAT LIVES IN THE BLOOD
AND SOUL OF ALL LIVING THINGS...

THE MIND BECAME THE UNIVERSE
AND THE UNIVERSE BECAME THE MIND;
THE MACROCOSM EMBODIED WITHIN,
AS THE 'WITHIN' EMBODIES EVERYTHING
WITHOUT:

THE COSMOS ENFOLDED IN A MORTAL SHELL;
A MERE BARRIER OF TEMPORARY SUBSTANCE...

QI LIFEFORCE CHARGED THE ELECTRIC SOUL
AND THE PLASTIC IMITATIONS OF EVERYTHING
THAT 'SEEMED' TO BE IMPORTANT
FELL AWAY...

THIS THREADED COAT,
STYLED BY THOSE LISTLESS MUSINGS,
HAD ENCUMBERED THE PERFORMER...
AND WHEN IT WAS SLOUGHED,
LIKE A CREATURE SHEDDING ITS OWN SKIN,
THE DANCER AWAKENED...

TO THE DANCE,
TO THE RHYTHM!
TO THE MOVING SPIRIT OF LIVING...

AND ITS VERY RESONANCE
SHOOK AND SHIMMERED
THE INCONCEIVABLE SUPRASTRUCTURE
OF THE DEMIURGE'S GRAND UNDERTAKING,
WHICH FLUXED AND RESHAPED
AS ITS CRYSTALLINE ARCHITECTURE WAS MOVED,
AS A LISTENER IS SO MOVED,
BY THE DRUMS IN THE DEEP
AND THE CHOIR OF CHAOS
FORMED BY THE UPENDING OF
METATRON'S CALAMITOUS CUBE...

ONWARD BOUND,
AND ACROSS THE VAST VOID,
THE PATH LED THROUGH
A CAVALCADE OF STARS
BESTRODE WITH A COLONNADE OF PLANETS
FULL OF BEING...

AND THE BRIDGE THAT LINKED THEM ALL
WAVERED WITH AWARENESS...

I PULLED TOWARD ME ONE OF THOSE GREAT CELESTIALS,
AS ONE DOES THE PORTABLE FIRE-BURNER
THAT LIGHTS A CAMP BOWERED BY THE SURROUNDING DARK,
AND BROUGHT MYSELF DOWN TO BEGIN INTRODUCTIONS
AND MAKE FAMILIAR ALL THE QUIRKS AND QUARKS
THAT HAD MADE IT WHAT IT WAS...

ON THE BORDERS OF THE SOUL'S RETREAT:

THERE ON THE SOFT TERRA PRETA
WAS A PRIMEVAL FOREST
BEFIXED IN A PERPETUAL SEASON
OF AUTUMN...

A TIMELESS WIND
MADE A SPECTACLE
OF A NEVER-ENDING LEAF FALL –
A HOLY CASCADE OF

MAPLE RED,
PERSIMMON ORANGE
AND AMBER YELLOW –

AND ALL WERE NOT UNTOUCHED BY
BY THE GLORIOUS PASSAGE OF THE SUN...

THE HERALDED CARPET OF LEAF LITTER,
THIS SEA OF SCATTERING DETRITUS,
HID THE WILD GRASSES
THAT GREW IN THE SHADOWED UMBRA
OF THE CANOPY'S REACH
AND COVERED EVERY INCH
OF THE EARTH...

IN AN IMMORTAL WOOD,
ENCLOSED WITHIN A QUIET COPSE,
A SANCTUARY BECKONED:

A CLOISTERED LAGOON
PERSONIFIED IN ITS EAGERNESS
TO MAKE ITSELF KNOWN
AND IMPART SOMETHING OF
THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS
FROM WHICH ALL THINGS ARE MADE
AND WILL BE BEGOTTEN...

A SANCTUARY OF GIVING:

TAKE FOR YOURSELF
A SACRED OBJECT OR TALISMAN
THAT YOU HAVE YOURSELF IN-TUNED,
BUT HAVE NOT SPECULATED WITH
VIA THAT ASSOCIATION MACHINE
YOU CALL THE MIND
AND USE IT TO ANSWER
THE GREATEST QUESTIONS OF QUESTIONS:

WHAT IS THE CURIOUS ANOMALY CALLED EXISTENCE?
AND, MORE COMMONLY: WHY ARE WE HERE?

FOR IF THE PURPOSE OF LIFE IS JUST TO LIVE IT,
DON'T WE LOSE SOME OF ITS MAJESTY ALONG THE WAY?
AND IF WE BELIEVE ONLY WHAT WE WILL BELIEVE,
DON'T WE LOSE SOME OF THE SPARKLE
BY WHICH THE EYE OF HEAVEN SHINES?
AND IF WE DON'T PASS ON WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED,
OR FAIL TO COMPREHEND THAT WE ARE LUMINOUS LINKS
IN A GREAT CHAIN THAT EXTENDS INTO FOREVER MORE,
DO WE NOT CAST FOR OURSELVES A MOULD OF
PREDETERMINED FORM?
AND IF WE SEE THE WORLD OF IDEAS AS LIMITED,
AS WE OURSELVES ARE UNFORGIVINGLY LIMITED,
DO WE ESCHEW OUR OWN POTENTIAL FOR GREATNESS,
SIMPLY BECAUSE THERE IS NO APPARENT BLUEPRINT FOR IT??

IF WE COULD DESIGN AND MASTER OUR FUTURE,
WE CAN DESIGN AND MASTER OURSELVES
AND SUBVERT THE EGO GAMES OF INNOVATION
TO BECOME THE MIGHTIEST VERSION OF OURSELVES
THAT WE CAN POSSIBLY ALLOW...

NOW TAKE THAT SACRED OBJECT THAT YOU
ON YOURSELF HAVE BESTOWED, AND INSTALL IT
WITHIN THE ANIMA OF YOUR PROGRAMMABLE LIFE MACHINE.
AND SIT BY THE QUIET WATERS OF THIS WORLD –
WAITING IN SOUL HERMITAGE WITHIN ALL THE STOLEN PAUSES
WE CAN WIN FROM THE CACOPHONIES OF CIVILISED LIFE –
FOR SPIRIT TO DELIVER ALL THE ANSWERS
THAT WILL SAVE US FROM OURSELVES,
AND GUIDE US THROUGH
THIS GREAT MYSTERY OF LIFE...

AND FINALLY, BY THE INVOCATION AND EXTENSION OF THE WILL,
VIA THE TELEMETRIC PERMEATIONS OF THAT QUIET CONSCIOUSNESS
THAT KNOWS ITSELF, DO WE OFFER INTO THIS GALAXY, OUR HOME,
THE PRAYER OF *UNIVERSAL PEACE...*

:END