

Book I : HYMNS

*** BESTOWED DREAMS ***



eddies

(2) *The Flow*

Life comes to you - You just have to be there.

~ Celan

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There is a flow, or floating place, in which all events that befall us whisper their meaning. It lies just beneath our minds : like the river which carries the fallen foliage upon it, and which ripples and mutters around the presence of twigs.

We can just fall into it, this flow in the worn winding groove in the Earth; and feel the nudge of eddies and dropped leaves, and the slow spin and push of our passage to the sea.

We can rest in the Dream : our destiny.



In the Dream are the voices of these passing twigs, and small swirling vortices, and submerged sand-bars. They tell, every one of them, why they are there and what they are doing :

~ though only when they are touched curiously, and asked.

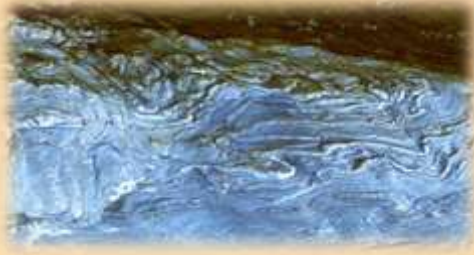
~ And then they will tell their teaching, too : every single tiny leaf and bumping branch and swimming water-lizard, the lesson that every life-eddy murmurs to a listening drifter. For every single encounter is of dedicated purpose, from the most incidental biting-ant to the confrontation with a great storm or a great love. Each meeting offers a moral Choice on how to conduct it, how to react, how to come through it; and every single such decision made is charged with an awesome power :

~ it charts your Future : this your Choice.



The Dream is a great River and its whole watery history, its great cycles through delta to ocean and evaporation to cloud and rains and storm winds, its absorption into ground and percolation to emergent springs and converging torrents and dispersal to trickles and vapour across deserts, the detritus of old life and the spores of new life it carries in its swell.





And our small Life can dodge, and resist, if it cares to; and crash upon unwatched rocks, and fall exhausted into tiny riverbank whirlpools, and expend its remainder in futile dizzying struggle to rejoin the lost and distant mainstream.

The flowing Dream is Perfect; and so the floating Dreamer can blend with the stream by Perfection of Choice, by hearing the musical guidance of every single encounter with twigs; and answering with a decision of selfless purpose and care. The attentive swimmer can advance to great acuity : and learn from the far cries of others too, the sounds of their impact or entrapment or release ; and discover how to spare herself such sorrows of unwise judgements.



And each such good choice carries the Dreamer further into the central deep stream of river, where the submerged logs are less perilous, and the decisions become simpler and more graceful, like the careful easy steps of a dance. She is rewarded with lightness of motion.



Thus every single moment in Life is utterly appropriate;

it is the eddying moment we have brought upon ourselves.

And each is the momentous opportunity to Choose the quality of the next moment :

direct our way to the next momentous Attitude we must take.

*The drifter can Choose to hear and understand the moral messages in moments,
which guide her to the heart of the streaming Dream :
by learning to listen and to act from her Own Heart;*

*which carries the hushing, pacific, rhythmic
voice of Godde.*



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