

Book I: HYMNS

* BESTOWED DREAMS *



(1) *Her Visits*

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I did hear the Stars talking, once. Through seaside-mist and campfire-smoke. Saw them, no longer winking studs in the close black padded-velvet dome of sky ; but released and scattered into their true, impossibly far distances: a glittering concert-crowd milling across space.

The Stars, who give image and voice through Light. How they call out : call out to each other throughout their long lives: Each with some special knowing, some singular part of all-that-is. A ceaseless broadcast, and simultaneous listening to the myriad other voices of the galaxy, of the universe. The instantaneous and ecstatic exchange, delivery-and-absorption, of distilled diamond-flashes of knowledge, each to the other.

Some are straining to focus their listening : those who seek some special learning, fine-tuning to the utmost their powers of discernment across the vastness ; to capture the faint, perfect wisdom of some remote neighbour of extraordinary depth or beauty : from out of the glittering, spiderweb cacophony of light-knowledge-beams in which they are all suspended.

They are like us, the Stars. Each a precise, idiosyncratic, evolving individual ; each a blazing wavelength in the spectrum of total being ; each spellbound by the others' exotic stories. Some young, dancing the broad vibrations of their teen culture. Some mature, dedicated, following their calling :

the accumulation, the focussing of some precise waveband of knowledge. Some incredibly ancient, transmitters of near the entire frequencies of sacred understanding.

To hear, see, apprehend these last ~ must be to approach fusion, dissolution, and blissful ending.



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And I did hear the Earth talking once, too. Or found myself moaning, howling, roaring out the voice of her grieving spirit. As though from a cavern, forged downward into solid rock by the work of searching tree-roots : the tunnelling seeping water that follows, drawn ever deeper by gravity, capillarity, osmosis : cracking the rock wider, vapourising as it sinks towards the boiling mantle of the planet. This forged rock throat, that ascends from her fissured lungs, dilating up towards her cavernous rock-face mouth: this winding, living trumpet to give forth her voice ~

~ that day, the groaning of Her agony.



I can look to the Earth, too, from the heart of the Moon, the grandmother Moon. Feel Her planetary sickness, watch the blotched and sweaty fever spread across Her skies and land and seas ; hear Her hot gasp, know Her imminent mortality. I can cry towards Her, try to reach out to enfold and heal Her with the arms and powers I do not have. I breathe for Her, try to force my tidal respiration deeper into Her fevered, collapsing lungs ; shine my grief upon Her with all the power of my illuminating face.

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And I did (almost) see Her Eye once. At the very beginning of this knowledge, 1992.

~ As though the crowning gift of vision is offered not at the end of the journey -

but, in miraculous beauty, at the very undertaking.

She dawned as a bird-form aerial-ship in clouds: the transporting, transported seagull craft in radiant blue ; her motion swelling above cumulus cloud, before her bird-head lowered to meet the upsurging mists. And as the Blue-Bird-Goddess plunged, her aerial chariot is transforming, merging into undulating dolphin-blue, her medium becomes ultramarine sea-blue waves. The sound is of deep blue-green, rolling, building ; and Her swell and passage is gathering, and approaching : and as the oceanic image is dissolving, Her resolution is merging into a Vision of pure Beauty. And She is near upon me, and my sight is consumed by Her roaring rolling Blue ; and then I am fallen down upon the Earth, at the ineffable, unbearable Magnitude of Her abstract, cerulean Perfection :

as She Passes Over me.

And then it is as though the limitless She-Sea resolves into its own wave-forms, upon a far horizon,

and is still ;

and the waves are two, standing in formal succession, in geometric surge from West to East.

And they are like the gracious arcs, the gull wings of Her craft of the air.

The western wave is opening to break, in frozen sea-blue :

And the arch of the one before lies lower :

~ and beneath, within its suspended rolling depths ~

**** the Eye of the Mother ****

All - seeing, All - knowing

Unjudging

Absolute.



And high above the cosmic Ocean, in the dazzling white firmament, is the imprinted image of the Wandjina, as Woman, Aboriginal deliverer, bringer of thunder and the rains : Her head outlined in fine-mist purple over pink, and so too the radiating lines of Her sacred hair-halo.



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And then I was left to rest :

And the Sisters hovered, and waited, until thought and definition returned.

The Sisterhood: *This realm of high angelic beings, distilled female essence. The serried ranks of pale translucent Sisters, myriad, uncountable : like interwoven golden leaves, undulating on their stems, as a field of corn ruffled by breeze. Their inconceivable age and knowledge : their profound fulfilment*



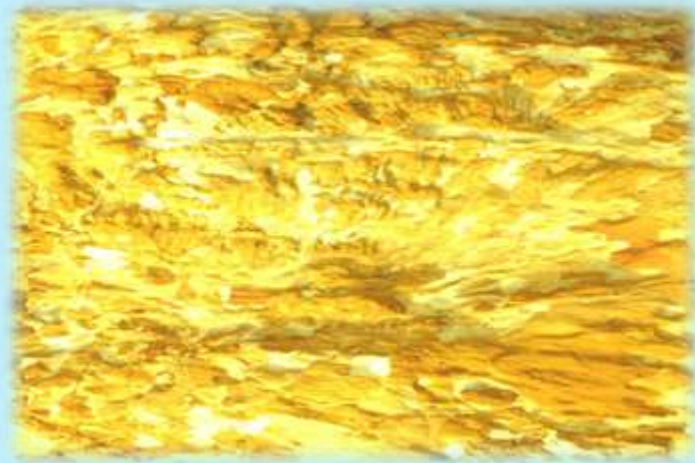
in immense experience, which has delivered them at last to this privilege of evolutionary advancement, this realm of near-dissolution. There is no need for individuality here ; they exist in a state of blissful mutual harmony, and of beatific spiritual learning. They are the distilled Feminine of the Duality, the Whole, the One : those who know utterly the euphoria, the pure white passion of fusion with distilled Masculinity ; and are thereby themselves perfected in self-definition, in Self-Knowledge.



They are like the Stars, the Sisters : each a high priestess with a sacred knowledge, a guardianship of some special, luminous understanding.

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And they assembled in circle, and gave voice together, like the wind through corn : their hushed, penetrating, musical whisper :



“Tell them about Us.”

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Thus, also, may Men meet with their angelic Brotherhood.



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