

Answering Jane's Roses

Edison loved the phonograph.

Accidental and incidental tapping and scratching, came a flash of light with the words, "Mary had a little Lamb" speaking through it.

We harrow one field and find the blossom in another.

One moment's glance away, just there, at the border.

True art is more finding than shaping.

Queen Aleanor named the great singers, "Trouveurs".

Perception shared reveals the soul of the Perceiver.

See the dew on the shaded layers of this morning's miracle?

Mana came to the wanderers that way, sweet white food of night and sun.

So much noise of voices, animals, hooves and wheels over the gravel and the

Mystery broke forth, blood and water in a hovel.

The stars still sing of it through their angel.

Put your invisible ear to the luminous, silent, rose.

chris 10/13/06

Rose Photograph

Jane Pliirto

<http://personal.ashland.edu/~jpliirto/>

Answering Dreams for her People

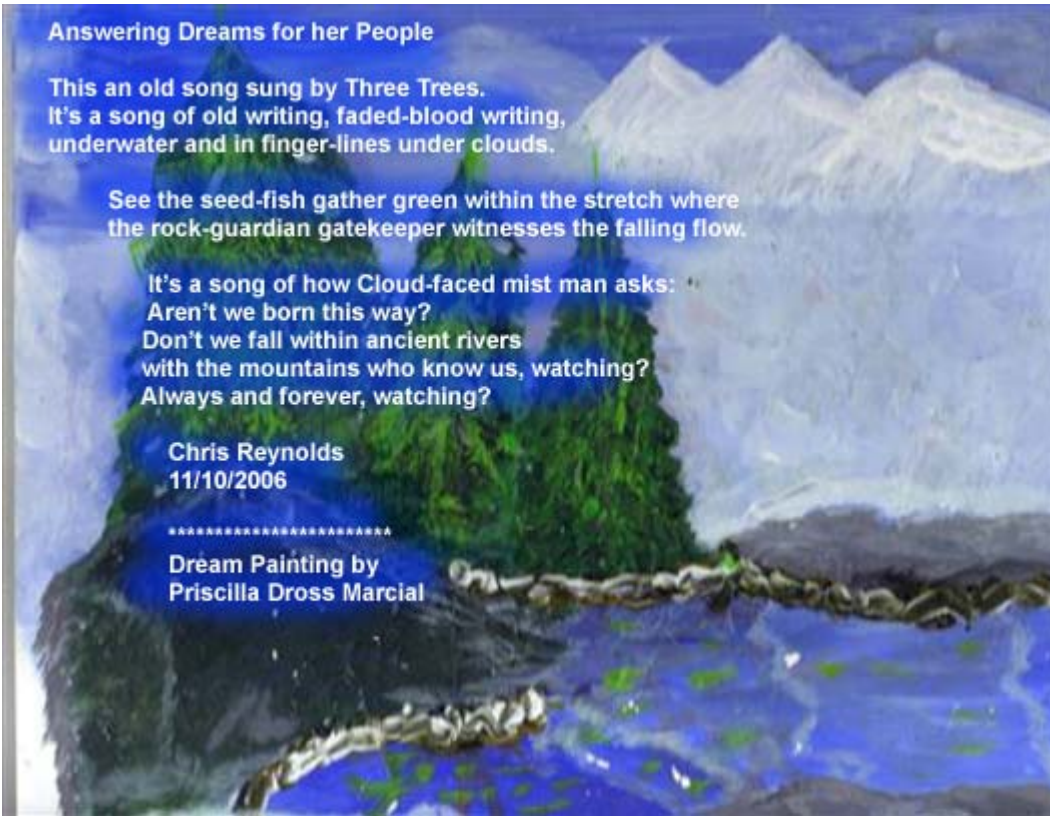
This an old song sung by Three Trees.
It's a song of old writing, faded-blood writing,
underwater and in finger-lines under clouds.

See the seed-fish gather green within the stretch where
the rock-guardian gatekeeper witnesses the falling flow.

It's a song of how Cloud-faced mist man asks:
Aren't we born this way?
Don't we fall within ancient rivers
with the mountains who know us, watching?
Always and forever, watching?

Chris Reynolds
11/10/2006

Dream Painting by
Priscilla Dross Marcial



Holding up the Mountain

Things in this world are not as they appear.
The sacred mountain is so frail,
Delicate as frost on morning windows

So the people wouldn't forget this,
the old ones used to tell a story
how the first humans learned the mountain's language so they could sing to it
and encourage it to keep sustaining the island.

It went something like this:

Once upon a time, when the first people walked here, A wise elder dreamed a terrible dream of how the central mountain was not so strong at all. In fact, it was frightened and weeping, at the point of shattering. In her dream, the elder tried to speak to the mountain to offer thanks, to encourage it to be strong, to remind it of how many lives depended on it. Try as she might, the mountain would not respond to her words.

It only kept on weeping and weeping, shaking the whole island with deep sobs. When she woke up the elder called all the people together to tell them about her dream and about how she felt they needed to learn the mountain's language so they could speak to it.

The people took the dream seriously
and began trying to address the mountain in a way that it would respond.
Because they were not aware of how fragile the mountain was, everyone spoke the wrong way.

Everyone was so loud.

And there was no answer from the mountain.

They yelled, pounded drums, feet.

And there was no answer from the mountain.

They clapped and screamed.

And there was no answer from the mountain.

The banged rocks together, punched and kicked whatever they had to make noise.

And there was no answer from the mountain, nothing.

Discouraged, the people too, began to weep.

They shook the earth with their sobs, realizing that they too were as frail and helpless as the mountain.

Suddenly, just above the heads of the people came 3 butterflies. They came silently, gently, moving as much as moved by the wind. The old ones say that it was only then that the Mountain saw itself reflected.

The mountain knew its past, its present, its future.

Like good medicine, the presence of the butterflies fed and strengthened the heart of the mountain and the people all at once. This is why they say to this day that the mountain that holds up the island depends on the presence of the butterflies to sustain it. This is why those who wish to understand that which sustains the world can only be approached by those who, like butterflies, have known the lowness of the worm, have known the death and sleep of the pupa cocoon, and have known a second birth into beings that fly on the back of the wind.

Reynolds

11/18/2006

Dream Painting by

Priscilla Dross Marcial