

MEET YOUR MUSE

By

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I do not know you,
but there is a field, a place
An Elemental Space
Out beyond wrongdoing and right-doing
'I'll meet you there'
The circle goes round and round.
A shape. A form. a sun, a face, a first sense of the world. A repetition.
Markings that burn through our flesh. Penetrating holes, wounds that never heal.
The blood and the hot sweat and tears of it all
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine. Meanwhile the world goes on.
We discover
identity, textures of underneath
of who we are and who we were.
Layers over an essence of what existed before.
Things that are left behind.
The erosion of Innocence.
The primordial.
Intergenerational memories. In our bodies.
Indigenous knowledge disappearing.
Hearts torn open.
The truth of a cosmic awareness.
Dynamic movement and interconnectedness.
Do you know that "the world offers itself to our imagination
in the family of things?
We can remember. We do remember.
We take it. For ourselves and others.
We are nobody and somebody at the same time.
But on this day, we exist. Can you feel it? Can you hear it?
Come Home!

Come.....join us on the inside of the original womb, where thoughts develop.

Where our minds make things real. And not real.

Organs grow.

The symbolic container, 'the vessel,' An ancient archetypal image, where emotional material lives.

The seat of life. The seat of death.

The African Mother Womb. Offering us the first land. Mother Earth.

The ground we walk.

The journeys we take.

The sadness and the joy we feel.

The sounds we hear. "Listen"

The dances we dance.

The love we share.

Join us on the outside, where the land holds the secrets to the universe, left by generations of souls.

The ancestors we never met.

We thank them

Build now, the fires that create community....Build!

Turning liquids into solids

We are alive!

To know one, is to breathe with one. To breathe with one is to listen deeply. To listen deeply is to connect.
The deep inner spring inside of us.....is always available.

Breathe by breathe.....Hearts meet.....Muses rejoice

There is a form and formlessness of being,

"I'll Meet you there"

'Out Beyond Ideas of Wrongdoing and Rightdoing'
Rumi

'Wild Geese'
Mary Oliver

'I'm Nobody, who are you?'
Emily Dickenson

'Dadirri Meditation'
Miriam Rose Ungumerr