

Ballad of Uncontrollable Beauty | An Odyssey | Everything We Need Is Always With Us
Performed by Cheselyn Amato

While there is no God,
While there is God,
While there is no explanation
For what caused the elements that made the chemistry of the possibility and beginning of the universe, of all that is,
There is uncontrollable beauty,
There is the odyssey of being and becoming,
There is the truth that I am that I am and I will be what I will be,
All has been written and freewill is given,
All that we need and all that we really want is always with us.

Life is a shipwreck, so we must not forget to sing in the lifeboats.

Voltaire (1694 -1778)

If I am not for myself, then who will be for me?
And if I am only for myself, then what am I?
And if not now, when?

Hillel (30 BC – 9 AD)

Click your heels together three times, and say, There's no place like home, there's no place like home, there's no place like home...

The Good Witch of the North to Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* (1939)

I am Oz -- the Great and Powerful. Who are you? Who are you?! Dorothy: If you please, I am Dorothy -- the small and meek. We've come to ask... Do not arouse the wrath of the great and powerful Oz. I said come back tomorrow... I am the great and powerful...

The Wizard of Oz

Swoon, Swagger, Sweep, Swell, Billow, Twist, Spiral, Twirl, Swirl, Whirl...
Gestures defying gravity,
Gestures of triumph and awe,
Gestures of yes and yay,
I say aye, aye, aye.

The angel of fear and the angel of love
The angel of death and the angel of life
The angel of sorrow and the angel of exuberance
The angel of brooding and the angel of celebrating
The angel of fussing and the angel of yay
The angel of darkness and the angel of light
The angel of holding back and the angel of going forth
The angel of stuck and the angel of release
The angel of enslavement and the angel of liberation
The angel of convention and the angel of invention
The angel of complacency and the angel of enlightenment
The angel of stasis and the angel of change
The angel of status quo and the angel of evolution
The angel of negativity and the angel of positivity
The angel of not I and the angel of I

Two angels wrestling and dancing within us,
The good angel wrestling the dark angel,
The enlightened angel wrestling fear, restraining inauthenticity
and challenging the anarchy and law that bind and constrain us.

The cloud, a ripe and fecund circumstance hosting the dance duel dichotomy contradiction
Of knowing and not knowing
Of control and mayhem,
Of order and chaos
Of peace and war.

How all that is came to be and continues to come to be, by that which we do not and cannot and will not know and by our own marvelous (and terrible at times) industry.

Hey, I am trying to get the angels to come down...
Defiance – outsmarting gravity – yes I can.

We are the angels when they have come down.

Like rain conjured by the clouds,
Like diamonds in the sky,
Manna, food from heaven, descends from above,
and fills our coffers, and sustains our lives, and
so the manna, food from heaven, that we make by our industry,
by the effort of our hands, and hearts, and minds fills our coffers too.

In this place, disparateness and separation are vanquished,
In this place unification/uniting/unity is made,
by gestures of rapture and risk, adventure and conviction, grace and gravity,
confidence and humility, compassion and generosity,
do victory and triumph, love and abundance gallantly arrive
that make such safe haven and harbor for you and me.

Manna collects from above and from below, by virtue of mystery and human industry,
Detritus and residue reclamation,
The stuff that allows for the heightened to happen,
See there in the manna catcher, manna collects,
See there the mountain of manna, our silo of seed,
Pile, depository and repository of vestiges and evidence of all that is.

What have I come upon...
The Garden of Eden, The Garden of Paradise, the place
where we can linger when we are free and
where we can always return after every fall,
resplendent with the jewels we need and want.

The Cloud of Wrestling Angels where manna forms and is dispersed
The Manna Catcher
The White Ship of Innocence
The Pink Membrane that Separates Knowing and Unknowing
The dark ship of passion
Diamonds Erupting Out of the Side Pile
Hexagon and Hoop Flock Flying in the Sky
The Beautification of Detritus Mounds
The Chamber of Quietude, Meditation, and Tranquility
Tinkerer/One Behind the Curtain: I am Oz, I am the Captain of this Ship – Who me? Yes, yes you! Yes, me, and yes, I like it!
Dream Coat Birdcage: You are like a bird trying to fly back into the cage you were in whose door is now shut to you. See the beautiful dream coat beaming out toward you – do you not recognize that the world out here is the one where you want to be – yes, you are home, home indeed.

You have arrived at the aesthetic oasis for the experience of sublimity, awe, delight and liberation!
Say Aye!