

A Spoken-Text Tour of Uncontrollable Beauty
February 29, 2016

**THE CLOUD OF WRESTLING ANGELS
THE ANGEL OF LOVE AND THE ANGEL OF FEAR**

Before we begin is the cloud of wrestling angels –
the angel of love and the angel of fear.

The cloud of fecundity of possibility percolates all the while
through thick and thin, through sickness and health, through darkness and light,
and like clouds that bestow rain, so the cloud of being human produces manna,
the food that sustains and nurtures us.





THE WHITE SHIP OF INNOCENCE

This the white ship of innocence, how we each start, before consciousness divides each our wholeness and to which we then strive to return that is then the life-time we live.





THE MANNA CATCHER

And the manna catcher, where sustenance collects, sourcing both from the unknowable mystery, from the concoctions of nature, and by the artifice of our own human industry, survival and thriving in this do rest.



THE PINK MEMBRANE & THE DARK SHIP OF PASSION

This is the pink membrane that separates knowing and unknowing. This is the place where our most far-reaching and ambitious potential resides – by virtue of our desire, passion, and yearning do we leap and fly...in perfect harmony or sometimes in dread imbalance. Oh the dark ship of passion that can and does lead us to such edifying places and harrowing ones too.

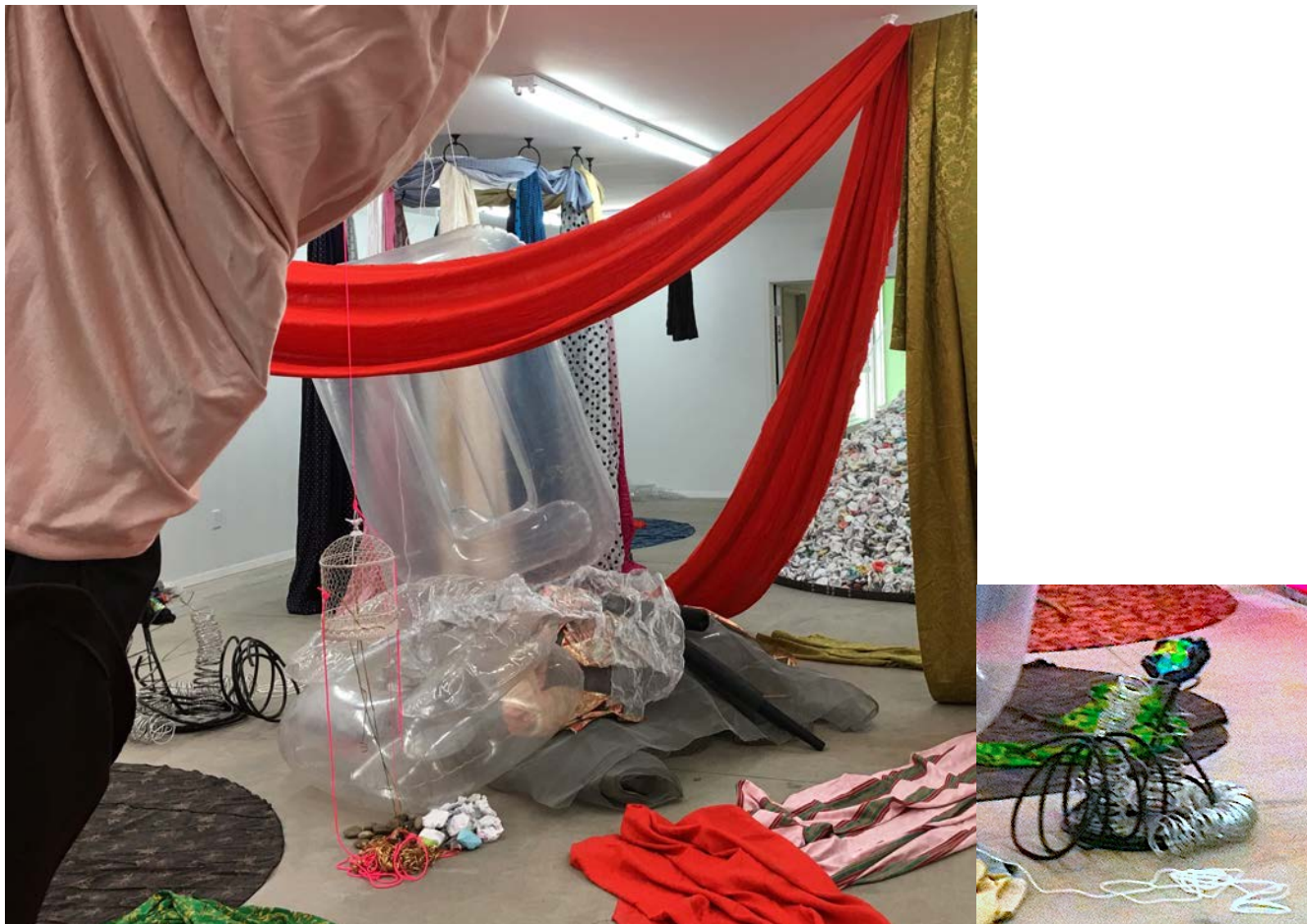


THE MASTER HEART-MIND AND THE GUARDIAN

This is the inspired heart-mind and the one that tinkers and toils, invents and constructs.
This is the tempestuous, skilled, brilliant inventor/doer in all of us that can be as
triumphant as defeated – whose capacity to create is equaled by capacity to destroy...
This is the ball of fire, air, water and earth that each of us is – spirit, mind, heart, body –

Desire, intellect, psyche, and manifest being.
I, me, you, each of us, all of us –
We are tinkerers interacting with all that is –

And this is the flower that contains all colors in material and light, guardian of the Wild
Inventor; she who protects us in our vulnerability.



THE ORANGE ROAD – THE UNIFYING THREAD

The orange road, the unifying principle, the glue, the most important single gesture, the continuity: all that is written while free will is given...and these other draping compatriots, additional paths that open along the way.



THE ARTIFACT & EVIDENCE MOUNDS

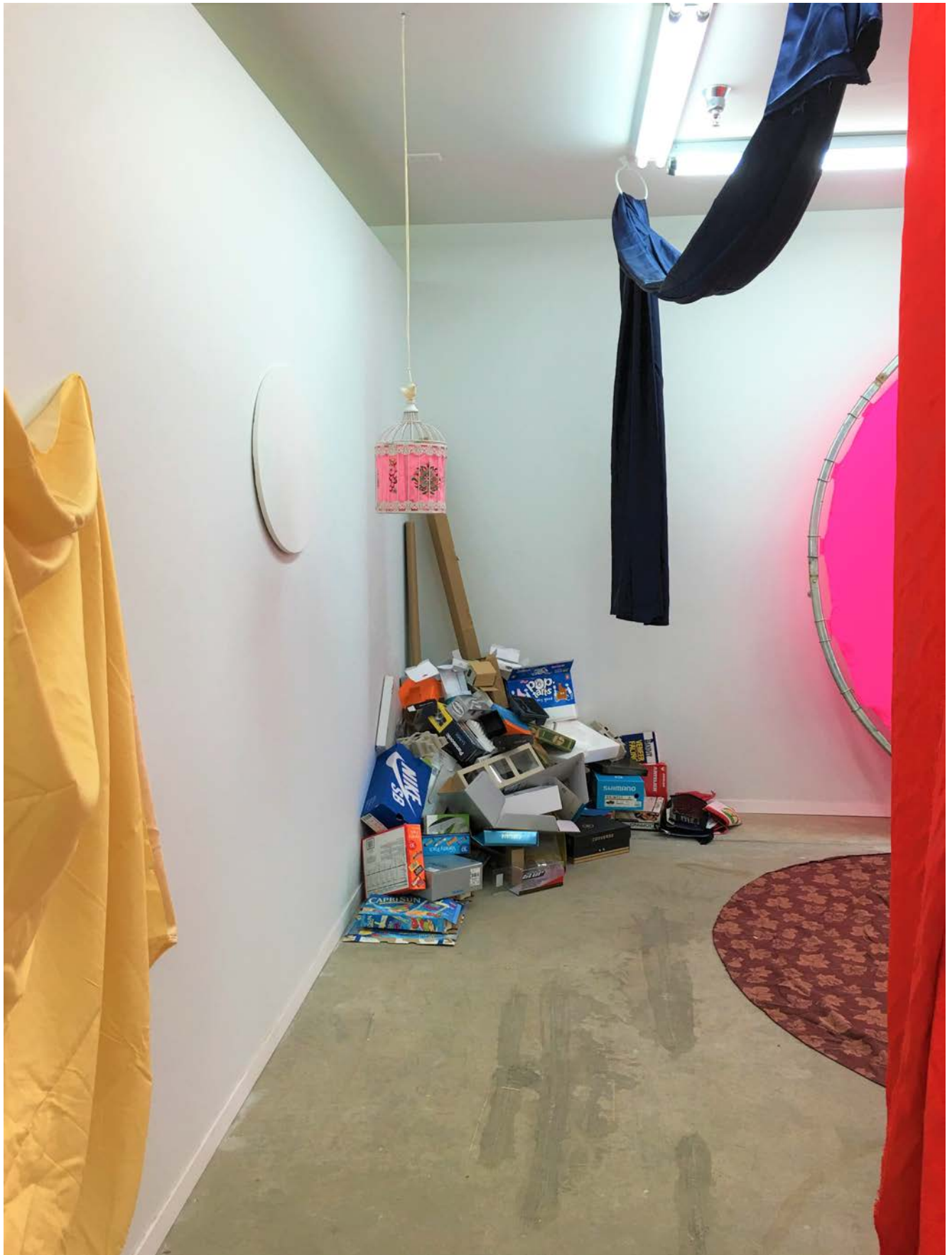
The ever-expanding mass of dispensable detritus, the husks that we must remove to get to the content, the flesh, the tools, the useful and useable, to the stuff we needed and wanted, and so we must halt and give honor to the bearers of our abundance.











THE MANNA MOUNTAIN

And here, the mountain of manna, the depository and repository of all that was, is and will be, of all the existing that we do so to become the whole that is our destiny to become. I am my life. I am my process of living. I am always becoming.



CHAMBER OF QUIETUDE

And this is the Chamber of Quietude, reminder and maintainer of balance, equilibrium, and peace. Within this place of refuge, establish, affirm and confirm poise, composure and grace. In this place, honor the archetypes and nurture the capacity to be captain of your ship yourself – I am the Ship of Balance, Voice, Capability, Competence, Delivery and Contribution. Bolstered by quietude, I courageously and proudly sailing forth.



THE DREAMCOAT BIRDCAGE

Sometimes jettisoned from worlds we have loved, suddenly we find ourselves on the outside, still trying to get back in, not realizing that the door is now shut to us. At that moment, when we stop wrestling to get back to that place, then we can see that loving dream-coat beaming out at us; all that we need from that place we have taken with us. Open you eyes, heart and mind – you are always enwrapped in the dream-coat, always being made and remade, repaired and reinforced, and embellished all the more. Everything that works, that is positive, all the abundance and good fortune, all the love, all the love is always available, always holding us, always enough, and so go forth, go forth.

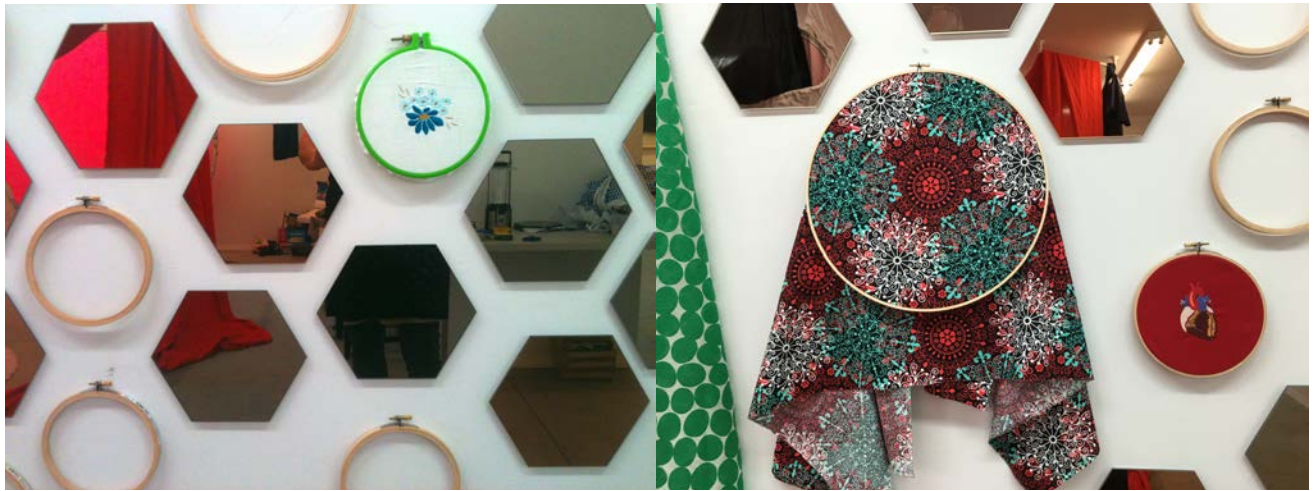




FLYING FLOCK OF HOOPS AND HEXAGONS

Patterns of murmuration – moving together in unison – expressing interconnectivity and interconnectedness - particle and wave collaborating to secure survival and make marvel – demonstrated interdependence of form and function – exquisite presentment of dynamism of possibility and the formation of one-ness – portals and mirrors – presence, absence, passage, reflection, empty, full, here, there, anywhere, somewhere, gesture and momentum of being and becoming,





OUTPOURING – THE TREASURE TRAIL

And so, the fruits of love and labor = an authentic life lived, the odyssey that we each take and make. Treasure map, treasure seeker and the treasure become one. The map to the treasure is the story of treasure seeker becoming treasure maker. Treasure maker is both treasure receiver and treasure transmitter. Of our bowls, by inpouring and outpouring, by influx and efflux, are the trails and tales – vestiges and traces – of our lives lived every day, like the tails of comets and shooting stars, brilliant, and visible for a moment.





Love,
Cheselyn