

FLOW

Life streams
out of everything
Into everything,
Free to come and go,
Never ending,
Simply moving on,
Breathing everywhere.

Bags of life
Of all types, bursting,
Streaming, filled,
Easing or spicing time.

Litheness of snakes,
Playfulness of cats,
Freedom of birds in flight,
Emerging shadow sides,
All kinds of totems, myths.

I am safe
No matter what
Animal comes out
From sky or bush -
I dance with it
In love
For life is various,
Needing all.

Finding, observing, reframing
Flowing words, recording thoughts –
Everything really,
Even the stupid and the fake
Because they are funny,
Not just sad.
Always the glad,
The flippant, the mad,
The gregarious, the gracious,
The silent lights flickering.

Watching
Is life witnessing life,
Remembering

How energy divides,
Fascinated
By all its different dreams,
Experiments of being.

Truth is what is
For you each second
Slipping in and out
Like breath, like dreams,
Like patiently being.

Sacred moments from past lives
Become fluid in this
Passing through to the next
As we walk down the street
Talking about conspiracies
We have known, forgotten, remembered,
Just like ourselves
Walking down the street
Yesterday, beyond –
Here tentatively existing
As energy arising into this form
From other forms, and into more,
Not mattering, except to continue,
Somewhere expressing itself,
Becoming what it is
You think
Everyday moving with change
So that what you think
Can twist.

We know and we don't know
All at the same time.
We live in two worlds
Existing in the dream of others
As well as in our own,
Doing things we don't want to do
As well as those we do,
Trying to see objectively
While being submerged;

But we can swim
With our heads above water,
Kicking and flailing maybe,

But moving forwards

Like a flower in love

We need the sun and water
And air and earth
So that we can be whole.

Our earth sustains us,
Being part of us,
Joined like lovers
Subconsciously
As we feel each other
Existing within ourselves,
Dreaming that being is solid
Instead of like passing kisses of angels
Before they plummet into flames,
Burning yet rising again
To writhe like snakes up into the air
So that they can re-emerge
In some other world,
Flying free for observers not like ourselves
But who dream of us breathing
Feeling us in sleep
As we feel them lurking in forests,
Strange insects
Dancing secretly nearer
Behind us, underneath us
While all around us life is flourishing,
Experience becoming
New imagined places for living.

Under the skin
The sameness and differences
Merge as workings of biology.

Inside the earth
And outside the planet's orbit
Energy teems.

We feel it burning coldly,
Softly intriguing
Thrumming like melodious pianos
Slowly shifting keys

While life transforms itself.
The previously existing life
And the new forms witness each other,
Becoming endlessly more and more -
Fractal patterns shooting off
In all directions at once,
Intricate spiral weaving,
Atomic mirroring,
Clouds swelling, billowing.

Life excessive
As it knows no other way
But to spread and add to and change
Its own essence.

Each choosing
Agrees with itself,
Cannot help but agree with the whole.
One-ness consists of diversity
Adding up, it cannot be anything less;
So choose as much as you want
And feel the glee of it
Agreeing with all other agreements
To be one!

Where do your ideas
Of yourself come from
But from the million choices
Being spread around the universe
From our and other worlds.

You are being
The seed of new born old
To become part of the mulch
Nourishing all species.

Swamp of ideas
Mixing remnants of existence
Like witch brews
To make something new
To give back to the warm heart.

Liquid wisdom again
Breeding more of itself

But losing part of the story
Only to find it looking out at us
From the face of mars or the moon
One night cold and alone,
Not knowing that separation is the biggest lie,
As we don't see each other
Looking in the same mirror at different times,
Until we compare notes
Or re-connect with the collective dreaming
Spreading always out.

Talking is the sound
Of the one mother within us
Trying to become loud
In its asking for forgiveness
And recognition
And sweet milk too.

Singing is the burnt angel
Recycling its life through all of us,
Calling to other universes
To join in with our love.

Seething space
Full of all the girls dancing
Rhythms of circling
Flowing colours
Out there in the dark
To attract men.

We seek
Answers, anything,
When really our language
And understanding
Is never enough
To cope with the fullness

Unless you understand
That emptiness becomes fullness
All by itself
If you switch your brain off.

We wake up
And everything is different

Even though we pretend it's the same,
But our eyes reflect
The newness of this day
That can never be as before
The way we accelerate
From our beds out into the universe.

We are welcomed
No matter how naughty we have been.
Destruction happens
But life goes on
Because energy cannot die,
So you and I
Can go on loving forever.

If we are conscious enough
To recognise ourselves and each other
In everything around us,
Then we have won the long dream
(Longer than any power planned histories
or blatant economic tricks).

Consciousness itself has
Become unlimited
Simply because we know that we are.

Harmony across the abyss
Is always possible if we live like this,
Recognising the closeness of distance
Holding us yet not holding.

Enfolding us
In its warm wide embrace,
The universe whispers to us,
Infinitely wise,
Always giving us what we need
Simply because we accept.

What you and I need
Is nothing more than trust.
We know what lies between
Us and the sea.
We know how gladness
Is like a tide coming in,

And how the little creatures weave
Their bubbles in the sand.

Flowers fall on the earth
As we pass with heads bowed,
Going towards our centre.

At long last
We are devoured,
Our egos step aside,
Surrendering to the path.

Our feet take us to the edge
Where wind whips in our hair,
Blowing away remaining dregs
So that we can see clearly.

The beacon
That is me to you
And you to me
Flies in our foreheads
Hot and excited
Yet beautifully cool.

Put your lips
On the rim of your own deceit
But don't drink the poison,
Just spit it somewhere harmless
So it can help make new planets
Out there in the darkness.

Even the black
Gives rise to light eventually,
When the stuff in there burns itself out
Through intense pressure,
The flare is again a beacon
To spark more life to begin.

What stays behind
Is the deep cells inside
Which divide as always once more
To reform life, attracting
In many different forms,
Artistically portraying itself

Across the canvas of earth and sky,
Inside water, air, and even fire,
Knowing more ways to fulfil its desire
Than any of us can imagine.

I am ruthless in my own kingdom,
Where even crocodiles wear smiles,
Where even the enemy praises talent,
Where mocking crowds disperse
With downcast eyes when needed,
Where all ideas can be conceived
To play games with myself and my poems,
To trick my mind with my steady heart,
To keep awake through any drought..

We seeded the need for opposites
To define each other,
To experience emotions,
Reactions; to learn,
To rise above these,
To enable us to recognise anything
As temporarily separate,
As aspects of ourselves reflecting
The variousness around us.

How else could we be
Without a space to exist in,
A manufactured bubble,
An illusion, allowing us to create
Our own dreams within the dream?

We have to slide in and out
Of all realities simultaneously,
And off into the otherness
Whenever we need to just be
Ourselves, or replenished,
Like children needing food.

What is the mood but every mood
Upon us in this life of theatre
Where the depths increase within,
Where soft centres have tough exteriors?

We make and remake our own beds

And let the river flow over.

Julia Woodman – Radiance-Solutions