

August 6th, 2019

THE INVISIBLE HORIZON. A RELIGIOUS PAMPHLET.



This is my new idea that was handed to me through talking with Mark, and asking for help from my ancestors in knowing what the hell to do.



We stand at the bank of a great and mighty river, starting out into a blank expanse before us. We know, in our hearts and in our deep memory, that there is a vista here, of mountains and rocks and trees on the other side, on the opposite bank. We know that time is running out. We know we have to do something, and that it has to be an action taken now. But our thoughts are clouded by the finest mist of strong emotions. We cannot see the way forward. We stand at the West, the place of our soul's true purpose, gazing into the blank distance toward a new beginning to the East. We stand, looking. We are not holding our breath but we might as well. Truly these conditions are the very best for setting intentions. The relative solidity and stillness of the atmosphere will hold them fast. And when things start moving again, when the winds, breezes of change begin once again to blow, the potency that has built up from those intentions during this time of stillness, blindness, and stagnation will move and spread quickly through space and across lands. So. Now. What do we mean to do? What is it. That we mean to do.



And we have to get this really clear before we can move forward.



We mean to change the world, of course. We mean to change the course of the world. We intend to reattach the outer world to the inner one, the surface world to the world of deepness, our present experience to the deepest memories and to the farthest flung futures. We mean to embody the noblest _____ of everyone who came before, and in the name of everyone who comes after. To begin enacting a more meaningful way of being alive. We mean to wake to our finest destiny. To remember, and to help others remember, all of the connections that allow us to be here. To remember that there is no separation of mind and body, of self and surroundings.



We intend to change the story, to rewrite the old stories, to rewrite the laws. We mean to quell our anger with a sound application of justice. We mean to re-include the stuff that was edited out, the stuff that provides balance. We mean to reconnect with our deeper roles in the community. We mean to reestablish the community. We resolve to encounter, and to embrace, the Other, who resides within ourselves.



We use the wisdom of our hearts and the vision of our deepest memory to navigate the way forward. And we trust that all will become clear. In a nick of time.



What you can't see is the outcome, the impact. We might not be able to see it in our lifetime. So that makes it hard sometimes. We have got to keep envisioning it for ourselves.



This is the deeper side, the one that didn't get enough immediate attention because of the logistics that were needed to make everything happen and to make all the love come out. In order to ensure that we were moving toward the light, we had to ensure that we were working together. Which was not always easy to achieve or maintain. The bonds that form in that effort—of overcoming the difficulties of working together—are very strong. I believe that willingness is what will ultimately save us from destruction, if anything does or can. The forces of evil cannot overcome those difficulties because they can ultimately only serve themselves. Any alliances must be temporary. For this reason, it is worth the trouble. The decision to overcome those difficulties is the decision to love.



The clock is ticking, but it is ticking softly, in a quiet room made of very old wood. It is a winter's day and there is a

stained glass window that looks out onto an old school yard. Heat comes from three quartz crystal cylinders in the old fireplace. Here the clock ticks. It ticks quietly, pleasantly. You hear the passing of a train in the distance. And the clock is ticking. You are safe. And the clock is ticking.



And whatever we do in the end, it will be and will have been better than nothing.

POST-RESIDENCY RETROFLECTIONS.

I knew a girl in school who was very special, a little stand-offish, sometimes even off-putting, because she came from Atlantis, the lost city. If she ever looked at you, it was easy to accept—for in the gaze of her eyes was a tenderness and sympathy that often seemed barely possible. I knew that she had continued her work in our own society, trying to help, healing what wounds she could with the power of understanding. There was also great wisdom and the power of judgement. Again, it wasn't easy. The sunken city. Her name was Omie. I contacted her. She assembled the charts of the constellations and planets and interpreted their signals in the cosmological moments. They came through in combinations of concepts and qualities that formed images. It was delicate work, describing the movements of the firmament in images, translated to poetic language and recognizable to humans—like filigree. I worked with those images, weaving them into the narrative or making them happen literally, using rudimentary materials like plastic,

hot glue, processed cheese products, pantyhose, foam rubber, faux fur, animal bones, pleather, cellulose.



From her underwater home, her distant cousins followed. Merche, with the technologies to communicate with whales, clickety shrimp, dolphins, and with Neptune and all the other water goddesses. And Darlene, with special knowledge about the secrets of plants, about the way their seeds hold the embryos of the plants which could just as well be animal, or human. And of what the plants have to offer us in the future and on a very deep level. And her two boyfriends and helpers, Tei and Sean, both of whom have special knowledge and teachings to share with humanity moving forward. There is a film of them all dancing in the Atlantean way on the lower sternward deck of the Harbor Lights, the damp gray city passing by in the background.



We call in the grace, strength, and beauty of the female cardinal. The one whose tail feathers are the color of the lightning coming over the hills above the Hudson River farther North into the dramatic mountains where I now live when I am home. The compact, the adorable. The generous and loving. The warmth. The willingness to stay.



We call in the grace, majesty, and fierceness of the great blue heron. The spread of huge wings of the lightest weight

and exquisite variation of subtle color in its feathers, the glowing yellow eye with a deepset soul in its pupil, the expressive angle of beak, the patience, the seizing of opportunity in a flash of knowing. The elegant shoulders, and so the elegant relationship to the elders. The hollow bones to allow one to commune with highest thoughts. The reminder to always make sure you've got consent before you take the wings.



We call in the help and wisdom of Great Grandmother Groundhog, with the beautiful eyes, who we see standing in the overgrown backyard, looking around. Great Grandmother Groundhog, you are wise and know to never run into the road. You are the matriarch of so many groundhogs in this tiny city where I now live in the North, and you are intelligent, alert, and yet unperturbed. Bring us underground with you, so that we may experience the consciousness that is underneath. Lead us to the underworld, and keep us safe. We set up the boundaries and we prepare to do the hard work. We tuck our shirts into our underwear, and roll up our sleeves, and prepare to work hard toward an accomplishment that is big and important. *Zagushtun*, as is said in Bulgaria.



On the East side of the River, I spent one Winter of first-hand learning about Mary and the Christ. The Christ was also a Mayan King who was not so much crucified as became one with a tree, sort of like Daphne but not as an

escape from anything, and then burned and burned with a passionate longing for Justice, revealing a pterodactyl skeleton that rose from the flames. They were harsh and glorious lessons, which were completed in Spring 2018, through Oya, the great buffalo vulva goddess, who came in the form of a literal and emotional tornado and re-ordered the power structures. We tributed Mary as goddess of changing forces, a moon with sharp teeth, a birth-sex-death deity and ultimate catch in the Universe, of patience that could not be challenged. We gifted her by letting go. By disappearing like a palomino trout does in the waters of well-boundaried and yet boundless creativity.



We are the Hero and we are also the Virgin. Our journey is outward and inward at the same time. We give and we receive. We move into the future and into the very distant past.



We called on many women who were living and thriving in caves. We asked them to come forward and make vessels and remake the world. Mary Magdalene, The Virgin Mary, the Lady Sasquatch, and others.



Red Moon Lilith was living in the desert, working with vibrations. We called her in to help us retell the whole story. She was bitter at having been left out of Paradise. And aren't we all. And we're not sure we gave her a real fair

shake at justice or at redefining herself. Though she certainly did justice to history, rewriting the religious laws together with Eve, balancing them and making them more fair. As Omie predicted. She swooped in at the last possible and repeating moments of suicide and saved all the Misses Julies, her representatives who dare to enjoy sexuality as separate from procreation.



And there were women we called in who were living in other wildernesses: Shamhat, who had saved the wild man Enkidu from domestication, sickness, and death, and who together with Enkidu had successfully gone back in human narrative and wilded Gilgamesh the King, and had turned him to choose Love instead of reject it, and to give the seed of his body to the goddess of Love rather than withhold it from her, and to turn away from the ridiculous idea of immortality and re-submit to the cycles of the Moon. In these choices, Gilgamesh freed his predecessor Adam, the first man, from being such a dick to Lilith and really also to Eve, and God, and the Garden, and also freed his successor, Harry Whitney, from all the greed and priggishness and prissiness of a man with too much attention to money and too little sense of his deeper role in the community. These were the fruiting bodies of the mycelium of Man. And brave Bobby, hero embodying all these heroes, submitting again and again, and publicly, to the ancient will of the Moon Cycles, and forcing and encouraging and convincing, and overwhelming, and embracing the other males to do the same, and especially the other white males, and to deepen their hearts and step

forward, display their beauty as physical and moral specimens. And sharing in his role of the Adonis, our beautiful teacher, with Brandon, who rose at Springtime from the assembled bones of everything beautiful that was lost that year before its time, and mourned in the Summer, and resurrected again in the Spring.



We called in two young women from Outer Space who both had a connection to Atlantis. Maria and Leonie. They reconstructed the Healing Temple of the Violet Flame. They knew about the Healing Temple because they had communicated with it from the UFO which hovered over its exact location on the ocean floor. The waves were turbulent of course. But deep down, the Violet Flame of the Healing Temple of Atlantis can never be extinguished. We know it deep down, because it burns deep down.



There are four other women, who are part of the outer space part of this equation, or are connected to that part of the equation, and those women are able to distinguish between themes, concepts, topics, and images.



The spill-proof cup may have gone against its making and spilled out all over the contents of the bag, but that worst possible moment was also the best possible moment. For all present.



We hope, we hope we hope. We never stop trying. We remember to look to the spiritual when we are impoverished, and we give self-love, which brings us through.



Leonie and Maria were a different, but related group of Outer Space People, to those extra-terrestrial visitors who brought us not only the boletes, but the rhizomatic potatoes who were made into our beloved Potato Doll Beings, who are still working to change everything and are succeeding. May we ever seek their blessings and be sure to take the Potato Doll Beings out at least once or twice a year, in the cooler weather of Autumn Equinox and the colder weather of Winter Solstice, to be danced and honored and festooned and fed and fêted.



The opals. The dragonflies. The oyster shells. Those clearing, iridescent energies that turn to snow in the doorways, and rise through the floors of the museum along with the smoke from the ceremonial protest sage burning, from the banners and the visions of forgotten heavens, the ones beside the one next door and the one containing God. Our visions of them. Our conceptions received in our imaginations. The ones that clear the tears from the tear gas, and clear the clouded vision of those in charge who have the power to change the structures but have refused to see the need, and wipe the sacred tears of those whose ancestors