

Poems For The Future

- Meme Sheet

File You Can Read...www.stoneriley.com/y memes

Reviving hand-bill popular poetry!

Visual style based on 1830’s anti-slavery newspaper “The Worcester Spy”

ARE YOU PRINTING THIS POSTER ??

You are supposed to use the largest sheet of paper and the largest magnification available.

- A Spirit Hill Studio Publication -

Please see this typographic layout as a Tarot card reading. Thank you.

- Studio Management creative commons share alike 2019 SRiley.

“\$10 Harmonica As Profound Instrument”

Want to play piano like Rachmaninoff or Monk but you can't ?????

Give it up. You need an easier instrument. You need harmonica. \$10. Has ten beautiful notes - same notes that's on a clarinet by Gd. Comes in your own preferred choice of 6 different keys!!!

Same notes a clarinet has but only 10 of them!!! Got grandchildren??? Buy a bag full of real musical instruments and tell merchant give you half off.

Seriously. And if you like Mozart, right away you can play tiny Mozart nibbles with those 10 notes.

Hint: Got a Mozart tune and can't help it, really got to go PAST note 10, up to note 11 which aint there? Try this: Bounce off the wall at end!!! Go back down to 9 when need 11, then 8 etc. in Mozart rhythm. It don't sound bad.

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“Hello Mr. Dollar How Are You?”

What, Physical Human ?? SHUT UP. No hear you.

Me: REALER REALITY, Me: ARITHMETIC and ROBBERY. You: consumer package meat.

Me: Greed With Least Conscience Wins. Me: WIN.

It is like Dr. Karl Jung, the : great anti-Nazi Psychiatrist, : and Thinker, may have said... : “In The Human Mind, : Money Is Among The Evil Gods.” :

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“A Storyteller's Bernie Story”

(Part 2 of 5)

By watching Global Warming for 60 years, I have seen the utter stupid suicidal failure of the greedy US. political system.

In my long life, every US. Administration and every US. Congress have mouthed platitudes and refused to do anything of any actual effect about Global Warming, while generations of our politicians retire fattened up on fossil fuel bribes.

Now, in this end-stage Planetary Emergency, under US. leadership, fossil fuel burning is soaring upward in a sharp increase.

Yes, even now, the insane suicidal oil tycoons are lavished with money stolen from the US-led world, and us citizens.

Our money is stolen by our so-called rulers. We are robbed to pay for our own destruction.

Champion Storyteller's Bernie Story
www.stoneriley.com/berniestory
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“A Storyteller's Bernie Story”

(Part 3 of 5)

I am both a citizen and a technical person. In my long life I've been watching both the science and politics of Global Warming.

And I have seen this... The current political system of our country has done NOTHING for us, not even to save the world !!

The stupid criminal political system that currently pretends to be the right way of arranging resources and authority, the political system currently in power, Global Warming, from its beginning in the industrial revolution, proves...

THIS SYSTEM IS NOT A DEMOCRACY.

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“A Storyteller's Bernie Story”

(Part 4 of 5)

Sanders is calling for a non-violent huge and vastly deep REVOLUTION in American politics right now...

A TOTAL OVERTHROW OF OLD POLITICS.

And here's how Global Warming science PROVES him right...

The real scientific findings all say IT IS TOO LATE ALREADY.

Now at this late date just read any of the mass of catastrophic warnings now. Science says there is NO REASONABLE HOPE LEFT for Global Warming.

So now we do what humane philosophers all tell us to do...

Now we rely on UNREASONABLE HOPE.

And where is that on America's political landscape?? That is the revolution Sanders is calling for.

Champion Storyteller's Bernie Story
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“Our Oddity Of Race”

My personal experiences and observations as a racialized American are these...

In American popular culture, The Vaudeville and Globe Theatre of our time, “White Southerner” is obviously a familiar Shakespeare character, As any thoughtful person might agree.

Per a literary review I finally wrote when 40, This character should properly be ranked Among the most Ridiculous Persons In Shakespeare's Greatest Tragedies, for hearty comedy relief.

And “White Southerner” is quite logically among the most ridiculous persons, For a less ridiculous person could not work, As the stress releasing foil for Capitalism When Capitalism shows the audience his Grinning Face.

And this follows also from the self-evident fact that “Race” is a tragic joke between them, Between the theatre investors and directors.

And of course, me being cast to portray one of these characters, likely to be Snuffed out in a surprise scene, or Pulverized to death in an early woolen mill, So all of this was kept a secret from me.

That is my personal racialized experience and observation totaled up and summarized.

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“The Piercing Of A String”

The piercing of a string thru woven wool, to make small gunny sack one thinks, the woolen seams and braided draw strings, my big stiff sturdy sacking needle holding it together.

To carry full of gift of carded wool, with nested in it sweet spring plums and hank of spun thistle silk dyed acorn midnight blue, and three kind sweet blossoms on the top, and doe skin pouch of sharp flint blades I made to take me twelfth hill down beyond the river bend.

Finally courting her for real.

My big sacking needle tomorrow tonight perhaps to stitch a different woolen sack has such fantastically delicious things in it.

I'll stich some fancy here along the fluffy top, here where it opens.

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"What's A Shamnic Break?"

Profoundly shadowed with unknowing? Some throbbingly urgent Mental Health Beacon is “profoundly shadowed with unknowing”? Shamanic Break is a dark island in a marsh in falling light thru thick woods scarcely glimpsed. Birds call.

You, your Self, Your doll-thing made of pain and wishes, does not wish to step down to the boat tied at your feet,

And take the pole that's right there ready for you to take, and push off. Your Doll-Thing does not want to go there, to Shamanic Break.

Your Self knows nothing of this water, of these woods, such fear-consuming calls of birds like vampires on its fear.

Your Self perceives its coming burial death, Does not foresee its better resurrection.

In a reality woven of symbols familiar, symbols Known deep in mind and bone and flesh, You will be broken open at the chest, Organs taken wide by birds.

Then with another chant, puff of smoke, gesture of the human hand, now all mystic land between is You and yours to Treasure.

For some, maybe due to your own nature, Often when your sacred priesthood from this often-hard process, Is so hammered and starved and beaten By circumstances of your life,

Like Sitting Bull, probably like Jesus Christ, Shamanic Break may come to plague you More than once between one birth and death.

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“Sleight Of Hand”

Pre-Modern Human life inside Earth's life, compare to Modern, catastrophically different.

Operator of huge equipment stripping mountain down for coal, Granddad helped build Stonehenge.

Human nature in large ways stays thru all of that, so how can these cases differ so enormously?

Pull levers, monster shovel Scoops-Puts. Pay-Check Man sees his finger Dabbing gruel into baby's mouth.

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"Infinity Jingles"

“Radical Soul” What a radical political act it is to really think, to really think, there is no death!

“It Is Better To Love And Hope” It is better to love and hope for beauty, than to fear what is unknown, so feel must hope for life after death. For the wise all know, time is not real.

“Death In This World Is A Pushing Thru To Elsewhere” I have heartily trashed Life After Death in another paper. That's all bunk. There simply ISN'T ANY DEATH. A significant difference in your sanity here.

Ask a Hindu or Buddhist, -or- Look up SETHIAN PHILOSOPHY if interested.

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“Forced To Spirit Mediumship”

{- A trusted movement colleague calls for Tarot for distraught friend, all arriv-. }

So very soon, refusing tea, coffee, seltzer and biscuits, of course the card table's set tidying for such appointments,

So everyone's already sitting down, our guest's tears burst open again.

Good Member, good human being, explains. Auto accident. Brings from purse driver's license of a person, puts it in my hand.

And you understand in all this I have noticed A GHOST seated to my left, our little room but not our table,

Appears seated different reality. Ghost looks sad too but also at me smiling.

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“A Storyteller's Bernie Story”

(Part 5 of 5)

I'm an old man from the USA. South. I came thru childhood to adulthood entirely in the JIM CROW South.

A culture with RACISM in its founding documents, with the very deadly Pro- and Anti-Racism fight in its bones and air.

And I am a so-called-White man. I know mainly one thing from being an alert child around my parents' summer kitchen table, where I was encouraged to ask questions.

So I must speak about racism and Bernie Sanders.

White supremacy is an utter pack of lies about human nature. So a racist's mental life is filled with logical contradictions.

And the contradictions in racists' thinking come out sooner or later when they speak. Especially in the subjects of Power, the subjects politics addresses.

With any American politician, you either hear that or you don't, the familiar solipsistic self-deceiving power-justifying American Racist tropes and viewpoints. I do not hear them in Bernie Sanders' voice.

Take my advice... Go look up all Sanders Policy Documents you can find any way relating to Race. Look at those documents for the current campaign at least.

And equally important, Go look at alliances with Racial Justice Activists. Look at the Sanders Campaign's Race Justice alliances.

Then please remember I told you this... I do not hear racism in Sanders' voice.

Champion Storyteller's Bernie Story
www.stoneriley.com/berniestory
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“Storytelling - Prepared Remarks”

Hearing, understanding, and telling stories is an art that is very deep in human nature. In my opinion, Dance, Music, Prayer, and Story are arts acquired very early in human evolution, and acquired for vitally important reasons.

In my opinion Human Nature says... good Dance is medicine for human bodies, good Music is medicine for human minds, good Prayer is medicine for human souls, and good Story is medicine for human community.

So in that, there's a big Huge Up-Side of this! Essentially, You Already Know How To Do This !!! Plus!

People know how to be a story audience member. And much more than you might believe, they understand what we are trying to say. Basically you just need experienced coaching !!!

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“Spiritual Liberation Moment #1”

Honestly, this is my -[* Huge *]- Spiritual Liberation Moment in Elementary School First Grade... I was there...

The ridiculous issue between Me and Teacher was ridiculous, and my appeal had just then been rejected out of hand.

What is this stupid poo poo?

I thought, flinging the dimensionally enhanced, - yes dimensionally enhanced - correct and yet even then rejected paper, and even just now rejected again, by this unseeing stubborn Improperly Hired person,

a little newsprint workbook, Flinging it and my very soft lead pencil onto my little wooden desk and sitting down.

I checked out of most everything Engulfing Culture from then on, Right then and there.

!!! First Grade Arise !!!

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"Artist Frida Kahlo"

Follower of the Mexican Revolution, :: Anti-colonialist Mexico, North America, :: 1st 1/2 of 20th century.

Here is a painter who some say her paintings are an electric bolt or suddenly a flame of sudden fire of unspeakable pure exquisite love, courageous, brave. Wise suffering and final victory.

Artist Frida Kahlo. Erotically voracious. Lover of life, fearless of death.

She kept a lush garden wonderful with big tropic leaves and flowers, with birds and monkeys and painting students in it, all of whom were in love. And this is true, and she walked naked in it. Artist Frida Kahlo.

So to ask in Classic terms, like art students should, in Classic terms what blessing was placed by Aphrodite Goddess on the anti-colonial Mexico cause, Her miraculous blessing being Kahlo's paintings??

If we're interested in art, shouldn't we think that is the question?

See how it is Eternal Revolution.

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"Love Lasts Thru All"

There's a metaphysician I'm interested in, Jane Roberts, deceased.

Hero Jane and advisor, disembodied chap named Seth, caught my bookstore dollar long ago but busy war stuff then.

Read Jane R later with Dr Campbell singing Jung in other ear. Don't need metaphysics? I do or else the world's devoid of form. A metaphor of course.

In fact, this is a metaphysics scholar's poem and I agree with Seth and say... Love lasts thru all.

Yes, scholar. Of Ancient Greeks. Written extensive historic fiction on home and hearth fire ways when all the conquering heroes and their gods sailed away.

Demeter and kin, ecstatic dance, I've studied that.

And I say that said... Love lasts thru all.

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“A Name”

There is a name I don't recall, a name I do not deserve to think or say. A dead colleague.

I was a Concentration Camp Guard, ocean of conscripted men, military specialty called Basic Training Corporal, US. War.

March countless new men from train or buses to Hell's Mouth, warehouse of army clothes and boots with bullet holes sewn shut in some coats.

Training film: Shut them up by same-same joke and give same little speech. Smile in their faces, nod, solicitous, to ease my terror of their pain.

Unknown number of my soldiers went from there, from me, to Death.

Even marched them there with sprightly step for final taste of joy that I could give.

There is a name I don't recall, a name my lips do not deserve to say. Colleague, friend, my only friend, I did not somehow Stop The War in time, even fed The Beast from own hands so later you would die.

Blue sky above the hill I drive up coming from the woods, rain clouds threatened pre-dawn gone. This scene, different place I am recalling three years later.

Cold War Zone, sunup, summer. Ambulance a tiny canvas tent with 4-wheel drive, Medical Platoon.

Our guys we serve are Foot, little blip in Tank Army power-training, in high hills of rocky mud.

Emerging from dark tree line, where's my partner? (Distant explosions from artillery firing range.)

Me squinting thru dirty windshield. There! Following our bunch afoot that's over there! I stretch my arm above the roof to wave, he waves. In winters, oh it's cold.

By summer's end you're gone, my friend, ordered off to Hot War Zone, to Vietnam, by bloated Pentagon I fed on others' blood.

Two months more, we heard you're dead among the helicopters.

I went insane.

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"Primitive Art"

How often has a human caught the glittering eyes of fox or mouse or deer or bear or lion in the teeming forest or the grassy plain and – with a shudder or in sudden awesome ecstasy – they felt everything outside themselves look into their being?

How often have the voices of the wind told someone that the spirits of the land are watching?

How often has the twinkling light of stars stabbed deep into a human soul?

How often has that penetration broken through the calcined layers of a wounded heart so it might love again, Or opened darkened places to the light of self-understanding so wisdom could begin?

How often has the awesome power of Beauty caught us unawares?

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“Story Idea #12”

It's got to be a Monty Python sketch, really there has got to be a secret rack of film reels discovered in a London warehouse for this idea I had to be produced today.

You see, it has to do with the Pentagon and White House, they come to blows, actually inexpensive hobby drone attacks on each other,

Shoot at supply trucks serving each other's neighborhood hobby supply stores back and forth across Potomac River.

The empire's busted broke you see, it's all low budget by then, and the bridges are out.

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Whole Art Project...

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"Hard And Easy Science"

Pick a Beautiful Theory, Beautiful Guiding Light.

Take up your legitimate right to be an Amateur Scientist, and an Amateur Philosopher Of Science.

Don't worry, it's like you're free to play Chess, but a little bit harder.

Here's a totally inadequate analogy... Like you might pick a Chess Game Strategy for understanding actually everything all around you and how it all fits, consistent with clear logic.

Thus, pursue your Beautiful Guiding-Light Science Theory.

And good luck. Try very hard to be kind and make good sense, And may Wisdom bless you.

Inadequate analogy, but you've got the picture. So there you go, don't trust

“Scientific Findings”.

Strive for your Beautiful Guiding-Light Science Theory instead.

That's Old Engineer's advice.

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“A Storyteller's Bernie Story”

(Part 1 of 5)

In 1959 I was a school child in Houston, 12 years old. starting junior high school, at the start of watching the world's events.

I learned about Global Warming very early, from Scientific American Magazine in 1959. That was a great magazine and that was perhaps the world's first science news story about Global Warming.

My older brother helping with homework showed it to me and I wrote a 12-year-old school report about Global Warming.

I have been watching Global Warming coming at us ever since, for 60 years.

No wonder Billionaires don't want children to be educated.

Champion Storyteller's Bernie Story
www.stoneriley.com/berniestory
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“News Just Released By Court Order”

The USA. sadist racist racist racist sadistic racist imperial criminal crime obscenely foul,

DELIBERATELY POINTLESS and DELIBERATELY ARBITRAY mere display of MAXIMUM-BUDGET TOTAL LAYING-WASTE,

A murderous spendthrift lumux dreaming that an utter proof of its reckless stupidity will convince any GOOKS at all to obey and stop making trouble,

In other words a typical USA. war profiteer war, the surging spigot teat for war-toy Billionaires.

The current hot war, not Iraq catastrophe next door, not Vietnam Korea Philippines Wounded Knee Trail of Tears countless USA. racist obscenities neither.

America's miserably constantly pointlessly failed Idiot's Parade thru every AFGHANISTAN morgue, we're speaking of that one now.

A secret-inside-government big self-audit report, sued for by news reporters for years, has just revealed this one to be exactly like the others !!!

As everyone knew from its very start !!!

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"Sethian Navigation Primer"

(- future fiction -)

It is Page 5, the first page still there, and torn. There is no one here but you. You have a lantern.

I would say... If you and I, Dear Reader, decided to explore the Rudiments of Celestial Navigation, how we might start out well toward good success?

And you would say... Dear Writer, perhaps I know that question's answer, know it by the ways I've got thru life myself, and still alive, and sometimes found success.

So I would certainly ask... Dear Reader... What then is a thing that we should do, to open up for you a nice small Starting Door of proper...

CELESTIAL NAVIGATION ??

And you would answer with great truth...

I guess we must IMAGINE SOMETHING.

So me, being quick... Let's imagine two points. Two points. Of a certain COLOR, SOUND and SHAPE, for let's imagine them to be...

Continuum Coordinate Points. Hyper-LINKS Thru SPACE And TIME With LABELS, and... Our lessons over, time for lunch.

So there we have begun, indeed, with fundamentals already all done.

So turn the page...

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“Poems For The Future - Synopsis”

Epic novelist - and WW1 trench veteran - JRR. Tolkien said: “Verse is among the arts of Consciousness.” (him a Signals Leut w/pocket poem books)

But note: Unlike that author this is short-form.

In these hard times requiring Free humane thinking on ALL fundamentals: For that we are reviving the Ancient Art Of The political-philosophical popular-poetry One-Sheet Printed Handbill !!!

Want a good think on capitalist lies, etc. etc. And you can fold it in your shirt pocket plus your keys and chewing gum?

Why not?

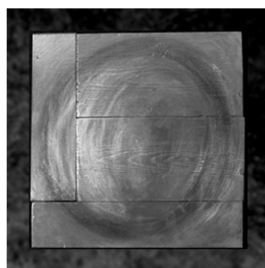
This is all short-form, and great to on-screen-view, print maximally cheap, and obviously free to download, or else you probably would not have it,

With everything knitted and gathered in simple columns on themed individual grayscale front-and-back letter-size sheets.

Democratic? Socialist? American? Activist? Well, yeah.

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Chop Wood Carry Water,
Acrylic / wood painting,
by the poet



“The Lure Of Adventure”
a poem of spiritual dedication

One time there was this bright young girl, quite enthusiastic, who took the summer off to hitchhike all around the country looking for the meaning of life. Right off she started hearing people talk about some guy named "Cousin Howard".

The first time was a mini-van covered with day-glo peace signs and flowers. They pulled up where she was standing and she looked them over and there was a big Egyptian hieroglyph decal on the window so she climbed in and they were all jabbering in their freaky stoned out way about Cousin Howard. Apparently a rock musician. That guy had cosmic vibes, they said. They had just come from a concert or something of his in Seattle and were going home now back to Frisco but were headed east and almost to Des Moines. Hearing this, she climbed over a naked woman to a window, opened it for air, declined the pipe when it was passed and got out at the next motel. But all night she couldn't get the slowly throbbing tune out of her head that the freaks had been trying to hum.

Next day or so there was the pair of Mormon missionaries, young guys in a white convertible, top down, screaming to the radio they turned up blasting but white shirts buttoned up with neckties pinned down neat like they were let loose on the world and didn't know what to do with it. Stacks of Bible tracts were fluttering and flying off into the wind. She was fascinated by their energy. She leaned up from the back seat and asked where they were going. Why, to see Cousin Howard in Albuquerque, they shouted. To ask him about God. They swerved to narrowly avoid an on-coming bus and she parted company with them at a waffle house.

But by then her curiosity was piqued. To tell the truth, she had begun to seriously ponder what she would ask someone who knew about God. And that tune kept playing in her head.

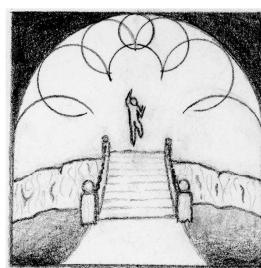
Next morning she caught her first bad ride. She'd slept out at a campground, bed roll under the starry sky, and frankly looked a mess and therefore felt relieved to have this very respectable seeming man her father's age, black but her father's age and the kind of business suit he wore, in a family kind of station wagon with Michigan plates, pick her up.

But he began to talk about his family and very soon began to weep. His wife had recently passed on. The man was inconsolable, no matter what she said. She felt so young and ignorant. "Don't worry about me though," he said through his tears, "I'm going to talk it all out with Cousin Howard in L.A." She frankly couldn't stand it anymore, weeping with him, mile after mile of relentless grief stabbing her heart, and kissed his cheek goodbye at a truck stop.

But she was questioning herself: What should she have told him? Could someone teach her that, someone who knew about God? And the tune took on a soft mournful wail.

Then there was the rusty old chugging school bus full of migrant Mexicanos – men, women, children, boxes tied down on the roof – going to a rally in Salinas where Cousin Howard was scheduled to announce next year's labor union plan. They made her share their scanty meals.

{-to next column...-}



Nine Of Cups In Simple
Tarot, Pencil on paper,
by the poet

Spirit Hill Studio Publication
from "Tales Of Men And Women"
creative commons 2019 Stone Riley

They broke down where the road rose steep into the mountains and she was sitting among the skinny listless children, wondering at the struggles of the passing generations of the human race and wondering at the inevitability of grief and wondering what she would ask someone who knew about God, listening as the tune took on a kind of mariachi beat, looking out as the mountain shadows lengthened across the breathtaking land, her eyes full of tears from some emotion which did not seem to have a name, until a couple of brothers from the bus coaxed her to go on ahead in a car full of contemplative nuns who happened by.

Now, these nuns somehow took a notion that she was a wandering prostitute. Therefore they insisted – absolutely insisted – that she must spend a day or two at a lovely retreat their order had just up the road. Chance to clean up and think a bit and maybe pray and everything was free. They'd soon be by again in case she wanted to go hear Cousin Howard preach about divine light in Butte. Divine light? Was that what she needed?

She lay there in the simple room on the simple cot, moonlight and scent of pines on a gentle breeze through the open window, exhausted but unable to sleep for the empty ache of ignorance she felt. All these miles and all she had was questions. What thing, what kind of thing, was she seeking?

She went to gaze out, saw a tiny fire twinkling among the trees down by the lake and thought perhaps the sisters there wouldn't mind company. Hot dogs and marshmallows maybe. Wrapped in the blanket, sandals on her feet, she found her way.

But it was a man, alone, sitting gazing in the flames. His face was old and creased in the flickering light. His hair was caught back in Indian braids and a single dark feather graced his tattered hat. As she approached he gestured toward a place across the fire. She was welcome.

Was she dreaming? She took the invitation. But immediately when she sat, she said, "Cousin Howard?" He smiled and shrugged, "Who else?"

"I have so much to ask!" she blurted.

"Shhh" he whispered, a finger pressing on his lips, and smiled and seemed to sort of wink.

She tried to hush herself, to hear the breeze, to gaze into the flames, to relax into this dream which seemed so distressingly real, but her heart was demanding answers.

She tried to think what were the questions but nothing came. She opened her mouth and one word, "Why?" sighed into the air.

Instantly his finger pointed somewhere and he cried, "Look!"

She looked out through her veil of wonder. There was the rippling moonlight and the glowing water. There were the singing shadows of the trees. There was the boundless circle of awareness that filled her soul.

There were no other questions. {- end -}