

-- This is a poem made as one of the classic Human document types..

A Believer's Devotional Letter, as part of a (very small) Devotional Bequest to the Library of a place of Holy Worship, (or in your case to the Reading Room).

-- This time, a Transient Poet, you see, and a Poet who wishes to make up for the bequest's smallness with a box of poems, for the bequest is a small box of poems, enclosed with this letter, it to be a Very Courteous Farewell. Until we meet again, fare well.

Thank you very much.

Wait. I'm mailing this to the Reading Room. That sounded like I said "Thank You, Reading Room." I only ever used the Reading Room for urgent whispered chats during Session. I was a Transient. Late.

So, altho this is mailed "to the Reading Room" instead I mean "Thank You, generous, good and true Humans there." Glad I cleared that up.

But seriously...

You brought me to soft tears often, and I'd like to thank you more specifically.

My Self agape, agape mouth, eyes staring, my SELF walking thru my SOUL. A big cave 2 months. I was a Transient. You took me in. The little meals were glorious. One time I accidentally took too much pepper and found a treasured lesson.

Those 2 months, never once, I attended Temple without a Crisis at some Vivid Where in Soul, never once, or why go in at all, if I could

Sit Still instead at New Poetry at Home, wriggling thru my fingertips, or blow melodious harp in G, or especially if a Morning's

Talking with the Garden Song Birds ?

Oh Gds I was desperate.

I was a hurt being off alone.

I had injured myself and was seeking aid.

2 months my SELF utterly AGAPE.

In every visualization of it definitely holding a bright torch in a very bright space, big cave,

Poor bruised thing delightedly dancing 1-foot steps due to its broken leg, astonished at the immense size here, in your Temple, of SOUL who SELF had somehow entirely forgotten, remembering now.

I found immense space of SOUL, there in our city's Local Zen Temple, on Pleasant Street,

!! Immense space of SOUL !!

!! Immense space of SOUL !!

Me typically rushing in Rife with deliberations how best to conceptually grasp, or frame, that particular early morning's pondered cause of Vivid Spiritual Crisis,

no, Me with no means to conceptually grasp anything in any Universe at all, not if I was grasping for a conceptual frame or gunny sack or shovel handle,

that is to say... Me rushing into Temple late squirrely and unkempt,

Me full of deliberations ominous or immense, streaming rainbow clouds of billowing light or with Yawning Abyss at next step, for if I came in I was plotting, with unnecessary ingenuity, what to do in Zen Session.

I was over-worked at my Work.

And typically all wept away in soft tears by the first half hour inside of the immense presence of your Temple Silence.

But I really must apologize for my rudeness before. Up a paragraph above. Where are my manners ??

Dear Reading Room,

I now realize the obvious. I am addressing this letter to you so I certainly should address you in the text. As tho I won't recognize you're conscious, an incarnational being. Silly prejudice. For the balance of this letter may I chat with you?

So Dear Reading Room, How are you?

I'm submitting a little box of poems for display. Why? you ask? Why not?

Do what we can, eh?

I'm wondering what sort of emergency plan you are following for This World's End?

I'm an Activist on the subject.

>> I compiled my own book last year !

I took a writing tour of mountain peaks.
(thus sustaining injury (like odin?).

(odin's book was norse runes, a fabled
pure omniscience focused on realms of
norse imagination, me a magician too,
from wales next door, but my giant
box of poems' quest was an omniscient
panorama of Direst World-End Grief,
me cataloging all last year.))

Then all this January and February, 2 months,
and I never had the chance to ask anyone this
before my cares were wept away each
morning... What are your plans now? I'm
sure you have a plan for This World's End,
Reading Room, you are a sentient being, and
full of intelligence. May I ask you about this?
I am an activist, not lolling about on this.

Should I discuss my Work for a moment first?
My Work toward This World's End,
then perhaps you take a turn?

I'm working quite hard, and very fruitfully,
very fruitfully indeed like apple blossoms,
bees and fruit all together in one constant
morning, and surviving well, blessed be all
Holy Spirits, in this Work now, thanks to the
healing breeze of the Immense Space Of SOUL
you and the others keep as a guest there, when
i visited camp occasionally for 2 months.

Odin lost his Left Eye for the Runes. What
A Deal! he yelled on hearing bargain terms,
plucked it out and tossed it in the Well Of
Wisdom for public use in Intuition, climbed
right up a big old tree and hung himself to
it for days, thus upgrading his remaining
Mortal Eye to see All, as the other had,
and, in the long spell's roiling perceptions
caught the hidden rush and rhyme of Runes,
went out in his Tramp disguise and taught.
All this, first, for himself to see what the
Left Eye saw before its Public Service role
began, but in total gifting Divination by
both Intuition and Tokens to the Humans,
you know.

Me, I had it so much easier finally than
Odin. Hurrah Zen Temple !! My pages
and paragraphs, I think of discovering
them by climbing mountains.

These poems astonish me constantly. Away
with gloom! Last year's catalog of sorrow,
plus Zen Breeze, had alchemical products.
Gloom? It's all about the Future's Beauty
now. "Poems For The Future" is the latest
project's title, and means what it says.

And It Includes

"A Primer.. Storytelling For Freedom" !!

You must see this! It's in the enclosed packet.
True magnum opus, 2nd in a lifetime!! After
all made before, this one poured thru and out
of consciousness for me in 2 weeks!

And sifted down to much smaller, my first
magnum opus at 500 pages, this 18, as I
am now a Coach of Freedom Storytelling,
so it's all distilled to basic teaching lessons.

Tell me, a library like you would know, is this
a future dream? I will describe a dream.

Is this a vision of what is now?

More understanding of last year? I got a
BRILLIANT TAROT READING 5 years back,
are we now realizing the door of that?

Come down slope, to foot of the pass, between
two rocks a rivulet takes up, the Rivulet of
What-Will-Be. Down below, it is rolling river.
Descend into a valley, rivulet turns right and
steps downhill, it is the Freshet of What-Will-
Be. Go along beside this quick milk stream, as
it may seem, tho sometimes a stream of honey
as you descend. This is a river further down,
the roaring Torrent of What-Will-Be.

!!Turn UP!! on the fork where the stream bed
spreads out to extensive glacial flat, but with a
grassy bank of FERTILE SOIL of indescribable
beauty, lovely lovely BIG GRASSY BANK,
sometimes EXPLOSIVELY LIT in colored
Dark and Light, Moon and Sun, Rain, Snow,
the bank thinly forested with translucent
trees, a lovely lovely place where the
Famous Breeze Of VISIONS bathes your brain
as it wishes, obviously by sovereign tricks of
the rocky massifs near three-quarter way
surrounding, so the Breeze Of Visions bathes
you as it wishes, blowing, gushing,
breathing, up or down or round about,
and corkscrew fashion to your brain.

A FAMOUS place called ZEN HIGH CAMP.

Stay, enjoy the bounteous comfort, at the famous Zen High Camp LODGE sufficient weeks for the Beloved Vision Breeze to transform or transport you to What-Happens-Next, and there you go.

??? WHAT IS THIS DREAM ???

I don't know.

Well RR., I will treat you like a friend. I will confide to you the Tarot Reading, 5 years back. I'm sure it's all one thing, that Reading, this new Dream. And here, I have a card deck out now.

So first card out: Swords, Page. So plainly, dream we're discussing is official messenger from five years back.

Second card: Death, Not a death but profound death-life circling, and this profound change has profound dissolution as a leading edge.

I want to say, DO NOT STEP BACK.

If you see a door, don't peep in the keyhole, take hold the handle.

And card #3... Lovers Reversed !!!!!

Oh Gds, there's work to do yet.

See, the Lovers' turned bed blocks the door, this unpleasant card says, seeing it in context of the conversation.

Yes, not a wish, but I dare to say it..

This dream of mountains I have had, the Vision Rites beside The River, the up-fork you take to get there, it clearly says, thru Tokens, Intuition gathered, says or sings or shouts...

Speaking of my dream plus both readings, this 5-year event is a message clearly telling me...

Follow in the steps of the million million Bodhisattvas.

Door here might be one of million million doors to sainthood. Sht.

Fik. A dmn Promotion! Fiikk Sht. (a lieutenant up from corporal !!!)

??trapped????? !MOTHER HELP!

See, I'm a poetizing explorer, soldier, artist. Not used to regular employment. I'm Welsh, eh.

But YES, my dear RR.,

I have neglected on my promise to you !

To describe for you

THE TAROT READING 5 YRS BACK, which I have described as BRILLIANT.

So... My good Tarot Reader on that day, an autumn common good festival of my dear community, our S. N. Hampshire Pagans. Tho I'd moved away, and I was visiting exactly as visiting a magic well where cunning folk gather for a day, my QUESTION VERY carefully composed on the car ride up in particular words, particular words but tossed about however seemed best at any particular point in wandering thoughts, exactly, visiting a great Wisdom Well. Yes that exactly, and pleased at finding..

My reader was an estimable woman who agreed to take my case.

And immediately after my Question spoke itself thru my breath in some form that seemed to work, fine but IMMEDIATELY..

THIS: She was ASTONISHED seeing a dozen cards she had dealt in silence, unbroken silence still as she dot-dot-dot-dot turned them up. Bam-bam-bam-bam, this usually unflappable lady's astonishment grew from the first to a kind of dour acceptance of so much astonishment on seeing the last.

I was a bit amused naturally, but, of course, astonished too. So I looked in her eyes. My fellow professional just opened in her eyes, briefest greeting nod, not a psychic word, just with a psychic hand she pointed to a mental anteroom where the spread cards where brilliantly displaying themselves on a big imaginary movie screen. Remarkably, I remarked, the spread lit itself in vivid pastel rays of dripping light very much like the technicolor in Wizard of Oz.

There was symphonic music with the display, it was loud, but we both tried to ignore it, me psychically strained to hear over it, what she said, seemed to be shouting, several words, reluctantly acknowledging she had not seen the like of this before. And she advising, to put all this practically, that it was good,

that it was going away for now, until some wonderful future moment when it would leap out at me again. In retail transactions of that kind, my old acquaintance had a good fair custom, when you take the client's ticket, she puts it out IN SIGHT, on the table under a paperweight with its bottom sticking out, so clients considering outrage may know they can just snatch it back if they want to, but upon finishing off my brief advice, she just GRABBED my ticket out from under the paperweight, reached down to stuff it in the taken-ticket box under the table, and said not one more word more. And this lady has nice grandchildren. That's all I know about it.

!!!!? WHAT SUMMONS ME ?!!!!

Oh what's that, RR.? Oh, RR., would you rather ask.. What did I ask the Lady ? ?
What did I ask the Lady? What exactly floated out my mouth, what particular word-sounds enunciated at the moment? Well I don't remember that, but I do certainly remember EXACTLY what I had decided to say..

“?? Is My New Art Work Headed
In The Right Direction ??”
That was 5 years back.

I felt the Wizard Of Oz motif encouraging then. Good omen I thought, probably, you can't be sure. Can be Fistfight Rules when playing Shaman games. Think me lying at your peril, sisters and brothers. Strolling out in Shamanland, watch your step.

My question referred the first test poems just then done of a new book of pregnant concept vaguely planned, those poems bright, and a confluence of things BIG IN THE WORLD.

Well, ART is PHILOSOPHY, as you know, Those big meanings tried as verse just slipped into the World so prettily, thus philosophical proof, according to all my careful considered thinking, a proof.. The Majesty Of Existence, and in that, with it, the vast expanse of the Paradox Of Sorrow.

I had scurried forth to a Well of Wisdom asking for artistic direction at the very start, the 8 or 10 days when routes, methods and

requirements are first being laid out by a professional artist when they find the project of a lifetime, to make the world better.

Me all flustered at this sudden change of pace. Those test poems I'd composed like logical expressions to me, and when I looked where they pointed, the high distant ground of 5 year Struggle came to distant view, the long struggle culminating in last year's big catalog of hope and fear, last year's huge box of poems on Human Sorrow For DYING EARTH, that ground of struggle came to view.

Me flustered and surprised at this suddenly now proven wide opening of possibility of doing True Classic Bardic Druid efforts, as artists' big adventure plans always get mixed results at best.

WHAT SUMMONS ME?, you ask again, RR. ?

What summons me? The Messenger of What-Will-Be !! You Saw The Tarot Card! Page Of Swords !! Alchemic Quick Vapors spouting from retort, Hermes, Mercury, come from the sovereign What-Will-Be.

But why ?? A BATTLE !! You've heard the rumors for ages, there's to be BATTLE !! of WORLD'S END!! Atomic Armageddon or whatever, Humans become Mad Max. I think I am not going, if not as a Chaplain, Medical Officer, Boss Umpire, and Peace Envoy.

OH!! I've realized now in writing that verse, seems the obvious, it seems ME A SOLDIER again, now a poetizing chaplain to all these elders and youth so severely harmed here by the anti-human soldiering Empire demands then kills you, if they will have me with them, striving to stop war. Hard duty.

Yesterday a chat with a despairing man broke my heart. Chaplaincy's very very hard there. Freedom Storytelling seems tailor made.

Reading Room, my dear, thank you so much for hearing, it helps. And now I see your plan. I see you will remain open, won't you? This reality or other, you'll remain a useful open space of silent wisdom somewhere, won't you?

And everyone there... You are so generous !!