

## Half Moon Waning February 2011. With apologies to Mary Oliver.

All the fixes. We can leave. Drive to the airport, go to the mall, go to the bar, get online. Worlds outside. "I gotta get out of here," people say. "I don't like the weather this time of year. I need Sun, I need City, I NEED..."

How different is that, I wonder, from "I need drugs, alcohol, pornography....?" Yeah, there's a world of difference, but what is the same is a need to leave here and now.

I don't really think of myself as a Ludite or as idealizing some sort of pastoral utopia. But I am very interested in such things as social equality, resource conservation, greenhouse gasses, and so on. As are my gentle readers, I am sure.

As an occasional poet, I am interested in the creative process, the moment of inspiration, the interaction with the muses.

As a citizen of the world, I am interested in the process of change, which I think has some similarities to the process of creativity.

Imagine the creation of truly great art, the kind that has the ability to change the way people see the world – in what state of mind do you imagine the artist? Da Vinci at work – in your mind, do you see his face as serene? Mozart – imagine having a concept of a symphony inside you, and trying to get it on to paper. Undoubtedly there is joy when it is done. But the period of time between concept and completion – birthing is not easy.

I want to keep this brief. What I am saying is that we are dissipating our creativity, our ability to change ourselves and our world, by using escape, in any form. Escapism is the contraceptive which keeps us from giving birth to the world we want to see.

How do you measure mental health? There is in each of us a stew, a mélange, a fermenting psychic concoction. How comfortable are you in yours? What do you do to stay above, outside, away from it?

What if you suddenly found yourself in a life of endless drudgery – on the farm in Nebraska, let's say, and you couldn't leave: how would you do with that? How close to happiness could you be, when the day you looked forward to would be the same as the day you were in. Same breakfast, same weather, same chores? How would you do?

I want to invoke "the so-called deranged man who lives in the woods... walking with great care so as not to step on any living thing." Do you know him? Mary Oliver has him in her poem "Evidence."

He seems to me like someone who did NOT escape. I don't know how to describe what it is he did do, to get to the point where every blade of grass, every worm, every fly, was something he felt was more important than the distance between him and where he was going.

Imagine this person, who is "deranged." Maybe he, while walking-without-impact, is happy, serene – maybe the look on his face fits the picture of how you want your face to look. But there was probably a period of time that was torturous. A period of time when he dove into his psychic stew and stayed there. He did not go online. He did not get high. He did not go to Costa Rica. And look what happened to him.

I am thinking that he made of his life a work of art. And I am thinking that we could look at all works of art, all the great ones, and see that there was a period of hellish time for its creator. That there was a balance-point, a crux – maybe for a split-second, maybe for an hour, or a day, or a year – when the artist could have done something to escape the hell of labor, and that escaping that hell would have lessened what they created.

I think that we would have revolution, right here in America, if it were not so easy for us to leave. We ALL feel the psychic stew brewing. The karmic ferment of our times is getting really ripe. In countries where it is harder to escape – because people don't have the money, because the super-market isn't full of sugar, because the TV is censored and snide/sexy/perfect isn't available for them to sink into, because they can't get drunk or stoned.... In countries around the world there is a CREATIVE process underway. They are willing to endure the labor pains of giving birth to a new world. I

doubt it is because they are more capable than we are. Maybe it's just because they don't have the escape mechanisms we do.

In America, we know our government lies to us, is controlled by corporations for their benefit, murders innocent people, is poisoning our food, our air, our water. Three out of four people in our country are obese. They are trying to eat their way away from the hell of reality. All of the people getting buzzed at the bar, gaming online, sitting in some other country where they don't have to think about what's really going on.... It is a contraception of the ability to create change.

The American way of life, no matter what it once was, can be stated as, "I can get out of here." I can get out of my mind, the mind that is here, now, in it. It is the ultimate birth control.

Carbon emissions are so bad I have to get in a plane and fly to the tropics, where I will meditate. It will rejuvenate me, and I will have the look of serenity and energy on my brow.

What does it take to change? Does the Evidence have to become more personal?

"The house of money is falling!" "The weeds are rising!" Do you see?

Let the weeds grow. Be deranged. Give yourself to something greater than yourself – to the Earth, to God, to the Universe, to Spirit. You can hear the call. Can you stop going away from here, from now?

What is, is. We are harvesting the wisdom of our journeys to here. Today, the 24<sup>th</sup> of February at 3:27 pm Pacific Time is the Half Moon Waning. This is the time in the monthly cycle when we receive a gift from spirit, from the divine. From here until the New Moon on March 4<sup>th</sup>, the cycle is calling for us to die into the new. To in some way let everything that has been become the DNA of what is to be. Another call to create the seed of the change you want to see.

I invite you to picture where you are now, to picture staying there. To lose yourself there. You are a flower now. Stay there as the petals fall off, as the color fades. Do not escape. Become a seed.

I invite you to meditate, with me, on the energy of the coming New Moon, a week from now. It is the energy of

## **PISCES 14**

*After a feast much uneaten food remains on the plates.*

Something has ended. It is a memory. And what happened cannot be reconstructed. Something else shall follow, but it will be in a very different vein. Irrationally, persistently, the traces remain and there is regret, there is loss, there is grief. The magnitude of destiny overshadows cycles lived in its afterglow. The power is elsewhere. Vital forces have been spent. And in the melancholy mood of looking back so much is missed, passed over, not deemed important. Yet truly, it is what you learn afterwards that counts. And it is the inward reverberations that mean everything to the secret soul.

The feast is over, you know it. Let go of the afterglow.

May the Moon give you strength to heed the Evidence, to go through the labor, to give birth to something new!

Jon