

Psyche & the Spirit of the Times

July 23, 2004

“The Poetics of Destruction”

These choral poems were created by groups of 6-8 individuals and then performed in front of the larger group

I.

Veil Lifting

Black Blacking Blacking Out

Yet dimly remembering: You and I are seeds of spirit germinating the dream of the Earth

May the grit of ash strengthen us as we forge a way ahead

So old, so young, little one with the eyes wide, knowing sorrow, little fingers, forgiveness

Oh we humans! So many ways to screw up!

It is tempting to escape the grief and the insight it brings.

II.

What unfathomable portal opened between the worlds and what, oh what entered in?

Did the Dream go up in smoke, and is something waiting in the silence?

Is the silence now to be our hope or our fear and defeat?

Silence is the time to reflect and grow!

There is no silence. There is war, sound bites, accusations, no listening.

Is this our grief?

Our grief falls like rivers ... songs that rise from the silence of whitened ash ...

III.

What is inside, is outside.

I saw a star at noon, it hadn't come to save me.

It came to remind me of the importance of the darkness...

Darkness as a relief from seeing it all, a respite

So is darkness a container for the opposites?

Steeley Skeletal Fingers Stretching Skyward in my dream

I came tonight to grieve it all

I've run out of tears

Dense Clouds. No Rain. Pain No Tears

We always only grieve for oneself.

For that grief is the only frame of reference I know rather than have information about it.

The surface of truth has many faces and I can only see one at a time.

IV.

Dispense with chaos and streamline the strata of the collective psyche.

“We have seen the enemy, and they is us.” (Pogo)

Our failure is in seeing only in black and white—

what is in between is what we must see and become.

Wandering and wounded, clinging to desperate hope.

Monsters begetting monsters.

Tribal warfare is now our lot and we are not winning nor will we unless we progress

beyond “an eye for an eye...a tooth for a tooth.”

9/11 held up a mirror to America; only the image reflected back is the shadow of all that

has been abused, neglected, spurned, disenfranchised, and orphaned.

The hand that holds the mirror is much more beautiful than its reflection.

I will find the truth I seek in embracing my own shadow and its reflection.

I will carry these lessons ‘til sunshine lights my way again.

V.

I saw a black man jump from the building full of flames and smoke and am filled with
shock and sadness.

Far from home, amid uncertainty deeper than we have ever known, we find new friends
at every turn.

MAKE THE WORLD LEGIBLE

Sing the world’s song.

The crooning carries hope, new birth of a dream: america is a dream, and must now
be born.

Plant the seeds of compassion, love, peace—

Water and nurture the seedlings and plants in each other.

VI.

We stand at a gateway that will catapult us into our destiny--

In the midst of death, all masks fall away.

Loosed from this dream of life...

Communion spilled, splattered, evaporated.

Our bloody hearts and hands become sacred grief becoming...

Becoming...our full transformation into elders.

I have felt what it is to be in the dream of the First Peoples and how

strange (if it is me) being there is in the other’s dream.

I can do my part for humanity by being an exemplary citizen showing love, patience
throughout my actions.

We stand at a gateway that will catapult us into our destiny--

In the midst of death, all masks fall away.

VII.

Faithfulness goes beyond the veil.

Fear of my own society, lest there be no room for my own thoughts amid calls for unity.

Regardless of what we may have thought, before, about our safety in the U.S.A.,
we are very vulnerable—as is the rest of the world.

The gifts of love the world gave us, we buried with the dead—
their lives they gave for nothing!

The isolation of dichotomy—separation by violence without warning.

May all who died not have died in vain.

“It can happen to you,
It can happen to me,
It can happen to everyone e-ven-tu-al-ly”

We will never be the same again here in the USA.

The emotions are no longer raw, they are confused.

A blurring of memory—is today the child of 9/11, and rudderless?

VIII.

It is time for our world to live as one, while celebrating
all the richness of the diversity of its people.

Gods and Angels and Devils’ smiles
Look into our crying eyes
Hate and Anger and Pain beguiles
Look into your heart to night

On the morning my husband and I had just driven over the pass after buying a new
place and hadn’t heard about the events.

The joy I felt when I found my father’s name (K.I.A. WWII) on the 5th Ave. Seattle Wall
I cried and I want to shout with joy.

This was a call, a reminder to get back to the meaning of the universe, the
“let it rain” attitude of the Chinese rainmaker—

looking not for answers but a “let-us-see” when the world rushed into
action and premature interpretation.

The German half of me remembered my childhood, air-raid sirens, American bombs falling, the
rubble of the city, the notes on doorways looking for the missing, and it was a terrible feeling of
sorrow that Americans must now learn what it feels like. I grieved for the America in the
German part of my soul.

Can we find the global heartbeat, grounded not in the marketplace or on the battleground, but in
the precinct of Eros?

Eros must reign—find a way universally.

