

Words to the Self and other Dreamers For a New Year

Amilia K Spicer, 2016

Don't move too slow

On a sleepy summer morning, the fields and oceans before you seem
in infinite supply for your tomorrows, but are not.

They wait for your steps, your kicks, your skips, your twirling feet,
your steadfast march.

The plains and deserts and redwoods call for your odyssey,
dangling stars for seduction and sunrises for sanctuary.

Lace your boots for the toeholds, then tie them to the flagpole for the
fait accompli.

The village you will build awaits your hands, but forgives the time you
take to hold on to another's along the way.

The future you has open arms and can not wait but must,
as you shuffle past road signs, oblivious, falling in to trap doors,
while mercifully dodging others.

Keep your sights on her/him so you do not forget the vision of who
you are walking towards.

He/she will wait for you because there is no choice, but will become
impatient if you retread the same path over and over, without moving
closer to the Alder's tonic that rewards an impassioned quest.

Don't move too fast

You will miss the burst of mint that happens just after you walk thru
the leaves. You will forget to breathe in circles, and your exhales may
detach themselves to become gasps instead, leaving you winded for
the summit climb. Oh, what a view from the zenith! With the frosted
current held against your skin, it is easy to run.

It feels so good to run.

It is our animal to run and we must, for many reasons, run.

But run as a child does, in bursts of exuberance and joy,
and you will be free.

If you run with furtive glances behind you, from all you dismiss and deny, what you fear and defend, even the swiftest gait will lead you only to your gilded cage you thought to have passed miles ago.

The future you awaits because he/ she must, but yearns for your rapture and discovery enroute. You must move to stay alive. But this is not our providence. You must move to feel alive.

Love has its aim on you, tracks you as you pace and moan, defends your clumsy shoes because it knows you are meant to move towards it no matter how you out-think it, out-plan it, out undo it.

Love waits and wants for you the velvety fescue. From a clear and still reservoir, love says get here when you can.

Is your muse the Belladonna?

I wonder if it is so.

Why choose something you must keep so far away lest it kill you? Yes I know. That is the thrill, isn't it. But, the thrill has no allegiance to you. It will turn to the next person who promises to hold it a bit closer than you, and it will leap in to their arms, take their blood instead for their brilliant scarlet seduction.

The worn out scribe writing your story objects finally, and reveals that beauty's thrill is without agenda, it is not lethal. It wants nothing from you but your gaze, like aurora's night.

There is micro and macro in the cosmos.

Learn to shift your gaze without judgment or acrimony.

The big picture is made of many small ones strung together across a photographers wire, developing from a blur.

See the white pines in their grandeur, swaying amidst the Aster and the Crimson Balm. Change lenses when you least want to.

You will miraculously see needles, like tiny fingers, holding on to each tree.

There is truth in the marrow and the peak.

Disappointments come.

They want to stay longer at your door than you should allow.

They want to stay and stay.

Let them in when they come, and bow politely to their shrill song. Endure the internal bleeding their sharp glances incur for a moment, but no longer. They are like the sarcastic dinner companion you politely allow at the table, until you realize how much room they take up. Kick them out. Let it go. Be rude to the interloper, and close the door on its reluctant exit, on its regenerating legs. Then turn to your house and rebuild what you must from what remains.

Be kind to your past actions, and let them inform your next ones, not as tariff, but as divination. Make amends to those you have hurt with the small swords of daily skirmish. Free yourself from the convoluted tales you have told yourself, falsely believing them to be the truth.

Don't drink too much but when you do, not too often, but when you do, remember the softening of lines can be sacred.

In the floating prisms, laughter may finally find you again, and untie the knots in your spine. These are gifts the otherness gives to you.

Respect what it gives, but also what it can take from you when you are sleeping, simply because it can in mischievous thievery.

Be vigilant against the darkening soul.

It has the power of shape shifting, and can play to your weakness, to appear as strength.

Don't stay too long where the tempest resides.

Don't leave too soon, before you do good work.

Show good faith, trust in magic.

Be a warrior for your dream.

Learn to be kind without feeling martyred,
compassion without feeling weak, patient without feeling exhausted.

These are skills, like forging metal,
requiring discipline and practice- your spirit's tactical resolutions to
conflicts foist upon you in this lifetime.

Forgive yourself for not getting it right, and try – infinitely try.
When you can speak “I understand”, “I am sorry”, “I believe” without
irony or challenge, a parallel universe throws a rope made of meteors
to you, and makes you closer to the stars.

Sing your song, the one you have heard from the beginning of time,
because it resides within you. Your voice takes many forms, sounds
many bells, and there is one that will be yours alone. Don't delay, but
if you do, don't delay any longer than this very moment, and know
that if you have arrived at this moment, than it is the perfect one for
your arrival, your return, your beginning.

Amilia K Spicer -January, 2016