

# awareness' flower

## Scene I

O Labio

I should say  
where the hell  
have all the feasts gone ?  
I hear  
no drum  
to arouse my sensitivity.  
It is as though  
a big veil  
has been placed upon it.  
The drums  
seem dead.  
Is there still one  
that's poundin' ?

Should there  
be a quest then,  
of the feet perhaps ?

But to what resort ?

Yes, Eustachio.

I am a workless too,  
beloved friend,  
I hear no song  
with which  
to sing along.  
I hear but shouting  
which I choose  
not to aggraviate.

I am a worthless too  
but to speak  
which is not  
my most ardent passion.

To the most sacred one of all.

Where  
does it lie ?

It does not  
lie,  
it is truth  
dancin'.  
It shakes  
and shudders the universe.  
It is a snake Labio,  
which will sing  
from me through you  
if you can  
sing it for me.

Is it  
the action  
flowing from the sensing ?

It is as just  
the sensing flowing from the action.  
It is affluent awareness  
and the capacity  
to open up  
to be overcome  
to sing from the heavens.  
It is the sacred art of surrender.  
It is the trance,  
state of no-self.

Whereto does it lead ?

It does not lead anywhere.  
It is led  
by the most intrinsic desire  
to be light,  
to be  
free of burden.

It raises  
the singer along  
if he knows  
how to drop the song  
and to be picked up upon  
into a more easeful mode of joy.  
A more powerful  
kind of openness.

It is singing  
from the rooting of the brain,  
and descending there  
through the feet,  
to be raised anew by the world.

It is speaking for itself,  
it is singing for the song,  
it is dancin'  
'till it all takes you along

and you slip  
between the sheetings of eternity.

What about the hesitance ?

It is but  
the ignoring of the soul.

Shall we quest for it then,  
just you and I ?

And,  
how shall I tune myself in hearing ?

Tune yourself compassionately, Eustachio,  
for many tones  
will seem unrighteous  
and will have to be forgiven.

There is a road  
along which's tones  
skins shall shed  
before we reach the purity  
of the empty pearl.  
But the snake will come to dance  
with the rise and falling of the head.

The body  
will move along  
for the head  
does not stand aloof from it,  
and finds its power  
through the rooting of the feet,  
finds its grace  
through the inspiration of the feet,  
finds its knowing

through the speaking of the feet,  
and finds its wisdom  
in its oneness with the feet.

We shall spread then now  
the wings of passion  
and navigate a tonal dimension  
of rise and fall  
throughout the body,  
freeing it from all,  
from every veil  
placed upon.  
Let us  
set course for the stars  
and bathe  
in their gentle rocking,  
to bring it home with us  
again to be embodied by soft song.

The mother  
singing through her child,  
a radiant union,  
a well come home.

It would be  
the fulfillment of Destiny,  
a quenching by the source.

Let us return home,  
let us raise the voice of Africa  
a celebration song.

*(the shaman is sung)*

## Scene II

Say labio,  
I hear the drums  
soundin' again.

Yes,  
consciousness once again  
is rising,

is pushing its way  
like grass through soil.

Poundin' heart  
of One in All.

They are the messengers  
their acting  
is a blessing to the soul.

They tune the emotional spheres  
they bring resonance  
in darkness' lairs,  
to make it dance again  
where the rock  
hath grown stoned,  
where the flowin'  
had frostly fallen.

'T is not the tune of war,  
not the calling for aggression,  
't is the dance  
that is irresistible  
'n its taking you along,  
it calls for YOU,  
the sleeping dancer,  
to hear the call  
and ride the light wave home,  
dropping yourself  
further 'n' further  
back  
into the ease of your being,

retreating steps

not moving forward,  
but letting that go  
and just being seated  
in the soft assurance  
of the dancin' all around.

O blissful innocence,  
swinging power  
and the speed  
that transcends the thinking  
and leaves it far behind.

It is the joy of rapture  
the thrill of unknowing pleasure,  
it is the soft parade  
of tender clowns,  
of gods lamb meat,

it is the Bacchae,  
it is the thunderstorm  
it is the whirlwind,  
it is that  
which takes you up  
and you can't help it.

Yes,  
may I introduce myself,

I am the Heart,

it is through me  
that riddim is heard,

it is through me  
the tones are sung

it is in me  
wave rockings belong

and I am the one  
guilty of oblivion

I am that  
which just  
is taken away

is finding its way  
in givin' up

I am  
to be moved.

I hear you heart,  
as I have heard your talk before

you have a way  
of being overshadowed  
in the twisting of the words

'though they are not  
your most native talking.

In truth  
you rush through veins  
you move the feet  
and feed the brains

and you can make  
the hips turn loose  
from their strict fixation

you can  
free the breath

all wild

and bring truth  
to resistful limbs  
of paralyzed humankind.

O,

should you be awakened more  
and more and evermore  
shine upon the heart next door

that all may be  
blissful joy  
of kind attention

endless coming  
simple pleasure

it may grow clear then  
to all that be  
thy truth  
is in simplicity

thy being in attention

thy mindfulness  
in empty mind

thy flowing  
spontaneity

thy touch  
tranquillity

thy gesture  
unbowingly

you make the head stand up  
throughout the feet  
that it be not idle  
but with all that meet

and find agreement there

before the argument  
hath come to bare  
upon thy childlike  
truthful expressivity.

You say so well, Eustachio,

I hear your rapture with the heart  
which I must say  
inspires me too.

It turns the words to song  
and makes the speech  
more telling.  
It brings a feeling in the facts  
that is so soon ignored.



It is not easy though  
to speak that way,  
for the heart bathes ever in the peace  
that was and is  
and ever more will be  
and thereby is shone upon  
and finds therefrom  
its eloquent tranquility.

Too oft'  
all facts are played  
displayed and  
played out against each other  
that it be impossible then  
for the heart to gain its space  
and find there  
its boundless eloquence  
in the assuring speed  
of non-existence.

Too oft, the heart is a dolphin  
stuck under sheets of ice.  
Too oft, the heart is drowned  
in its own compassion  
and lies silent therein  
and hears not of the joy  
and speaks not of the laughter.

Too oft, the heart is stuck  
like a dolphin  
that cannot jump  
and kiss there  
in that skyly venture  
the shining of the sun.

I hear you both  
but bear no weight for me,  
for I forgive  
and let it be.  
I do not grow attached like some  
I do not listen  
but I hear

I do not address  
but I do speak

and I wish to be  
not listened to  
but heard

not talked to  
but inspired

for sounds are waves  
and waves are power  
that, if  
given passage through the heart  
enliven the body  
in spontaneous start  
that is too oft kept down  
by the keepers of the frown.

The heart is King,  
it wears no crown,  
but likes to sing  
in every town.

The heart is grown not kept,  
and its grief is never death  
but the inexpression  
of its felt impression.

The heart is ever weaving, never woven,  
it needs surrender  
to its selfish call  
to sing  
and just to dance with All.

Let it not be kept  
by neither tongue nor ear,  
but let it soar

eternal freedom  
always here.