How the World Pulses

A person could tune out distractions to focus on meditative silence, merge into land and sky, become elemental, belonging to both nowhere and everywhere, becoming light and shadow.

Once a person is connected to the whole universe, they are no longer separated, and cannot go back to Before — they are undifferentiated from bird—swirl, spring—melt, spider swinging on web—thread, leaf shuffling on a branch—wind.

A person is no longer scattered; instead, they are united, stirring the world into excitable curing music.

The absence of sound is telling us — the soundlessness is telling us.

A Parade of Male Cardinals

It is a ritual, waiting to be chosen by the only female. Red, red, red speak their bodies of scarlet sunsets.

She uses her discerning eye. The goddess finesses boredom. So many to select, but only one to pick. So much questing and discovery. It is not as easy as one might think. The air is breathlessly waiting.

Everything else is patience, rejection, disappointment. A cascade of red waits. I believe I was chosen exactly like this.

Where to Find Love

We ignore the silverweed growing in ditches, its troublesome silky—haired leaves and yellow flowers. We’ve forgotten it’s in the rose family, so we love it less than we should. We forget the silverweed is a healing plant. We should trust more than we should.

In the Moment

The world is fuzzy, but you can step into it and step out of it, never belonging to either place.

In that moment, a clatter of silence is immense. Light pours in open bowls, mysteries leaving and entering, rehearsing migrations.

Light finds its way, trying to decide if we are worth having.

In the Moment

Martin Willitts Jr © 2019

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