

# An Inklings Weave

as spoke by

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## Invocation ~ a medicine for greatest absorption

Like something you cannot quite put your fingers on yet feel it lingering all about you, are the many reading This already tripping on the turned up Truth of Who You Are. Yet might it be a challenge to acknowledge and accept so as to know what to make of It. As a bridge is it useful to look at what we think we know, how it is that we came to know what we think we know and to then put these thoughtful voices aside. For am I confident that as you spend your time Here you will linger in the realms of Wonder and Curiosity long enough for the wavelengths of light transmitted as Word to demonstrate What Is Real for You. The clues for this culturing treasure hunt may seem daunting at first and as irritating as sand to the pearl. Yet like a funhouse of righted mirrors looked into with Glee does This metaphoric course reveal You as Me.

A way to understanding This as the hint of the century comes of seeing People, Places and Things as players in a great game of hide and seek. In this game there are only hides to take cover in as the blankets of Soul. And as for the seekers do these wraps of reality regularly bubble up and overflow with meaning ever giving themselves away to the Mind forested in zippers. The point of This gamely guidance is indeed to lead you to see the end that is not there. For much of what is invisibly perceivable Is the sheer perfection which makes things the way they are.

Your memories as towering stories speak volumes of the uniquely deconstructive creative Theme that has us pulling the wool of obedient beliefs over our own eyes that they might be seen as the Emperors new clothes. And from this cozy vantage point do we Keep In Touch with reality, felt As It Is of our own true potential to make something out of It.

This warm and fuzzy nature of Life, also referred to as illusion or the veil, has been a wondrous resource yet is it wearing thin, moth eaten from the inside out. For now, consider thoughts of deception, corruption, suffering and denial as the floury glue in the wooded pages and weathered stitches that have bound The Book which speaks for The Tree of Life. Now, completely let go of this thread of thought and float freely into the flowing garden of Pan and Pandora which feeds your veins the milk of human kindness wild with the honey of Wisdom pumped by the Good Hearted One. Forthwith this acknowledgement at hand are you more inclined to get the inoculating point of this Inklings pen, more silvery than sword and permeable as skin.

Herein is an invitation to slather on this spreadable serum the world of Words has come to tell

in which Abraham bestows deep massaging strokes of AHA and Hmm for the relaxed Restoration of All Things. And are these texts laden with licks and kisses that you might well fall in with the Glorious giggles that tickle the Heart of hearing.

Where you may stumble upon your visceral stories as to fall into the frustration of misunderstanding, just keep on carrying on, pretending you are reading that the silent soliluguy of the nonsensical words might wrap Grace around you for the black bird to pass you over as the Dead of Night.

As for continuing onwards and upwards towards the guides and gateways to your Intuition, perhaps refer to the Thesauric Dyslexicon that lines the back of This Book which gives fuel to your fire that You might well rocket through It. For are You the Ones We have waited on for This Moment to arrive. Waneeshee, may This Life be beautiful for You.

...listen, listen

### **The And Is Near**

*life cones  
to difficulty and ease  
as Owl sees through Dark  
for mice to please*

I Have A Dream where I Am on a stage called up to tell some jokes. I tell one that starts with Truth walks into a bar, and it goes Well. Yet do I find myself with none left to tell and in the miraculously awkward Silence does It Come to Me. There is only One joke, as you likely already know.

Sitting in the belly wit of a dental waiting room did Curiosity hand me a book which requires one to concentrate on relaxing focus in order to see the three dimensional dioramas held within. I had not been able to do this with the Magic Eye posters in stores yet in the still of sitting with book in hand, did the Vision suddenly dial in. Astounded in my ability to enter previously unseen worlds in the blink of an eye did I stay the course and we, curiosity and me, reveled in the simple colored shapes enveloping the page so righteously ordered with constancy as to be upheld by ink kneeling in proposal to Meaning.

The alphabet is likewise a propositional 3D imagery which weaves a wonderful world knit of the blessed light of Day and purled of the sacred dark of Night. Once the lettered words are warmed up do these characters sweat out their prayers for the Meaning of Life to flow freely into the arms of Understanding. Upon sharing these thoughts with my faith full dog companion did I

turn to face her, eye to eye, and spoke out loud the Sound of *what do you think, Allow?* to which She instantaneously arched *I don't think, I respond.* Hmm... Enough said. And so it began as quiet as a rose that I found myself taking cover of coat, filling container with water, peeing in toilet, putting food in fridge, finding shoes for feet going to open closed door halted to the sound of the phone bird singing and to put it to my ear so as to hear what It had to say then lay It down to rest in Its hard plastic nest. And After All this quiet commotion did I look once again to my interspecies best friend, called Allow, sitting still yet attentive to my every move in the perfect apropos of One Who Smells the relativity of the future, as a memory, and simply responds into Its waiting embrace, like a warm Chinook kissing the wind. And so it was that walkies came into Being with her Patience having as little to do with it as the tumbling hands of Homunculus.

The juggling fool is often portrayed as having one foot on the ground and one intrepidly dancing with the air, just as humans do when we are walking. For Ever are we moved in mechanistic repose to shine the Great Mystery afoot, waiting just ahead of us as the black and white outlines we color ourselves into with Words.

As invertebrates Life streamed through us, running Right alongside like Sherpa for climber. In transitioning from Water to Land did we, as the floating ones of meteoric origin, then learn to adapt as humble mediocrity carrying our own belongings. This preservative leap of Life from non-vascular to vascular is estimated to have spanned 9 million mutations of commuter computations by the Fungal Kingdom of Cooperation, in specified and precise order, for Life to carry on as coexistence in the monosyllabic metaphor of Man. And once bones were set, were we then informed of the Space behind our eyes to be explored as the fathomless final frontier.

In the more recent blip of centuries gone by have we adapted to the teachings of Ignorance brought to us by the Saturnalian course of authoritarian run and return in which we learned to hunt and gather outside our celled walls. And so did we come to rely on others to tell us what the Time Is, what the Truth Is and Who We Are. Now, having absorbed this Well Enough to wake beyond the shiny veneers, does the Sublime take It from Here, catching your eye in the silver spoons of the miraculously symbiotic Moment.

After coming this far is it natural for Impatience to arise as one expands in a closed loop system about as comfortable as sunburn and ill fitted underwear. Yet is it the point of Infinity to fit each one into the core of their hymeneal wings to be floated into the Faith of Nine like a dragon fly upon the heat waves of Empathy.

Watching a beautifully lit showcase of jellyfish at our local Aquarium my son commented *This must be what impatient people reincarnate into.* Laughing heartily I ask if he considers This a karmic turn of event. *No. Its just that after all that tension This floooooating sloooooowly must feel reeeally nice.* As an Aquarian is he quite nonplus about the whole *eeeevoooluuution* thing, as he calls It, accompanied with hand gestures given as peace signs doubling over as if attempting to communicate with a foreigner some phosphorescent secret as a quote. In deed coming of flagellate origin does it seem as inconceivable as luciferase making light of the abysmal dark that We as Human came to stand upon two limbs so as to bear witness to the ability of Space to walk through Time with one foot in the hokey pokey world of That's What It Is All About and the other roosted in darks fertile soil. And are these mismatched pods we perch upon so given that we

might catch glimpses of ourselves as a fractal in the great mirrored disco ball of the Reverse spun as a three four lullaby into which God speaks as the upbeat And.

Where once we were warriors able to recognize Everything as Soul yet now bumble about as though blinded by a gimp foot comes of the sugar cane drops put upon our eyes at birth to wash away the dream so It Seems. For in This fine tuning is the whole of One *absorbedunselfconscious* so as to be brought back to their senses in the paradoxical states of seeing as no-seeing and hearing as no-hearing.

As our verbal lending agreement with the Wind expires, is the spell binding the bunny eared air waves set to head round so as to be broadcast through the character of the Thinking Man. In This Way does the thin king Man become rightful Fat heir to the blossoming moment distilling Human Spirit in the oaken barrels of experiential Wisdom strapped with diadems awaiting their mounts. For is it the nature of Experience to pack power into the simplest detail.

Eating sushi in a busy restaurant with a friend distracted in taste, smell and chatter did he unwittingly consume a large chunk of the spicy wasabi accompaniment painted a vibrant green to get our deficit attention. I witness him as Time Immortal still in the overwhelming harmonic of pain riding upon pleasure in his Pineal expressing Its momentous orgasmic expansion in the full decorum of a great... *Sigh*. This exhale of exaltation is the fertile receptive Space for One to be woven into each humanely hollow lidless container It comes to inhabit.

Conceptually the third eye of the Pineal gland first mounted my reticulated Awareness as an external light fixture worn upon the middle brow as I ventured farther and farther out of my known lit world into the Dark mysteries of jungles, ravenous music gatherings and the annual Burning Man festival, the epicenter of cyclopean lamplighters lightening up in self-contained thematic prophecy.

Once Here, was it again the Magi of Fungi which came to upgrade my system so as to move Things Right along. This tuning fork of Wisdom activated its pitch through the complex primordial Call and Response reactionary deployment of the magic mushroom. Upon ingesting *psilocybin* did I speak the words and hope for the best of *show me what I need to know*. The call ricocheted back to me as if spoken by a mirror just as the dog Allow had spoken to Me. Yet in this response did I actually sight the same jumble of words I had literally cast out echo off a curved concrete culvert at my side to wash back over Me with a deeper more gravitational voice mimicking me with *show me what I need to know*. And so overwhelmed was my Awareness articulated to Something out There asking to be shown around Here as a symbiotic gesture of Reciprocity. Heralded in The Fungal Tribunal as a conversation with God did this birth announcement clearly clean my clock as to be a righteously diametric Time signature with Creator giving voice to the syncopated silences left of me.

Opposed to reading boring manuals and instructions, not that any came with the experience, did I take years to learn how to Listen and Play Well with others in This Way tempered by getting out of my own thoughtful way of looking for things in all the wrong places. Once out of my way

was I able to look back with tenderness and sufficient longing to be fully pierced by the point of It being the eye of the needle.

A little mother I know takes siestas when her seismic plates flare up exhaustively to being tamed by the Frank voiceless white matter of What Is challenging what thinks. Tired of napping as her historical hiding place from that which is actually happening opposing what she thinks she wants to have happen and sick of being deprived of her own hysterical insights does She reach out for an appointment with Her story and looks Me up. Well, what is it you Want? *Oh, I have so many things I Want to do. So many ideas just keep flowing in I cant keep up with them and the kids too.*

And she wicks them away with a sense of humor that keeps Her afloat in the cosmic unlikely tragedy of Space walking. I speak This and her attention is tweaked like one recognizing their mother tongue in a foreign land. And she stands there momentarily paralyzed in The Realized Moment as a fractal Still present to the smoke mirrored metamorphic remembering sequence of *Who Are You* sandwiched between the doughy orbital realities of past and future tenses.

A natural reminder, I remind her, of Space walking is reflected by a mutual friend self situated in the cat came back creative chaos of his home where every physical space is coveted by his artistic expressions of That Which Has Been and This Yet To Come. His aspirations and inspirations scatter from here to there as a Way of bearing down into a particular reality. Likewise did the sky-walking Will Shakespeare come to bear His Own Essence by calling in all manner of word and exponential figures of speech to lend meaning to Life. Carrying on with the likes of Metaphor and Allegory was he adequately and eloquently cured to his own likeness. And so Gifted as received was he deemed He Himself, a twin flame gracefully living on the Owe of Crow as a simple man in a simple dwelling, sleeping as a change of robe.

We look around the little mothers dwelling and she sighs at the clutter of an ancient chaos so naturally attracted to Her disorder. *But I don't want to live like This. I want the counters cleared.* Well surrounded is she as the fertile soil of a gravitational field uniquely fitted with The tricks of It yet To Be hexed into the symphony of Grace conducted by Acceptance in attunement to What Is as It Happens. *But I don't know What To Do and I don't get It.* Yes. For as You has the mirrored mask Come to Play. *Ok. So, I don't do I just feel?* Yes. For now all that Is Real is felt. *So I just sit in meditation and listen to my heart.* Nope. Listen is the space between the paradoxical ears to hear with feeling that *listenherefeel* might come to the Heart of It. *Oh, I just cant figure it out.* Look. All there really is to know about What To Do is Realize how exhale makes inhale just happen. Thats Life.

And really It Is not so hard to tell. Seagulls squawking with their red dotted beaks ever point out that *You Are Here* is Right under our noses told as pointedly poignant stories strung out like replenishing carrots on strings. It is said that the living stone seagull Jonathon so breathed Life into his gargoyle brethren by sharing his Wonder of flying as being more than flying. Upon following in the footsteps painted out for him without watching where he was going was he booted out of his bindings for butting into others. Once landed in Realization did he fall from the sky to land face first in the meringue pie of His Own Good. And so restored did he feed His People

with the fishy stories of the million Airs of wondrous realities not carved in stone.

Of greatest requirement for finding ones own Way is an impersonal disinterest in whether people are like you or not for is it not conducive to your business Here to be so distracted. Justly as the Sun electrifies Rain to fall upon the neural circuits of All is the phenomena of crop circles also none of our business yet ours to receive as delightful circular bookmarks dropped of Airs pages come as selectively crushing to what we Believe is our nourishment. To attempt to intercourse with this call and response mechanism is akin to being sucked in by the succulent succubus of judicial Gossip. For it is Good enough for a fledgling Human to come to nest in its own reality never mind the strange encounters of another Kind.

And so do we return the call by being One with Success and one with frustration, One with Wonder and one with confusion catching up to the Heart, stopping Beauty along The Way to paint the Yellow road with tears of Joy, dropped for the Occasion.

For Given As We Are to sink And to swim do we dive right in for the And is Ever near.

*Courage My Love*

*As you move through This*

*The Dark of the Underworld*

*the Still of webs and weaves*

*and worms and fleas*

*awaiting the long snows freeze to thaw.*

*For pregnant with Faith*

*is Earths Renewal Upon Us*

*Wakened By Her Moons Ashen Rain*

*for all that Falls to Rise again*

*in outrageous organic gesture*

*of The Courage That Is*

*My Love*