



**Arrival... Space Pod #7**





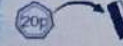




## OWL TELESCOPES CREWE CHESHIRE

To operate :-  
Ensure turnbar is  
in this position

Insert 20p coin

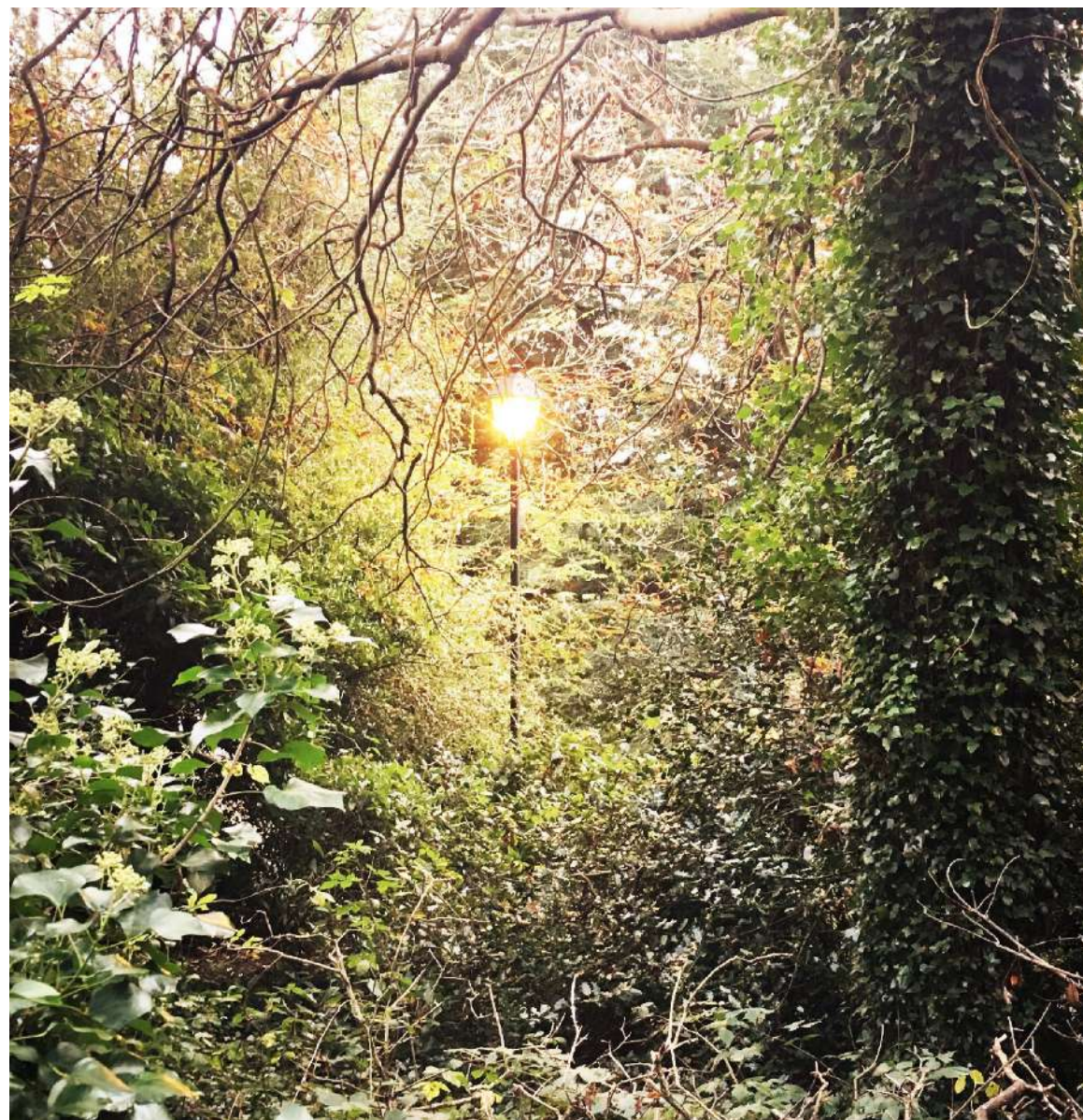


Fully twist the bar  
clockwise  
& return  
fully  
anti-clockwise  
to original  
position

Do not point at the sun. Hold child on the stand.

20p  
COIN ONLY





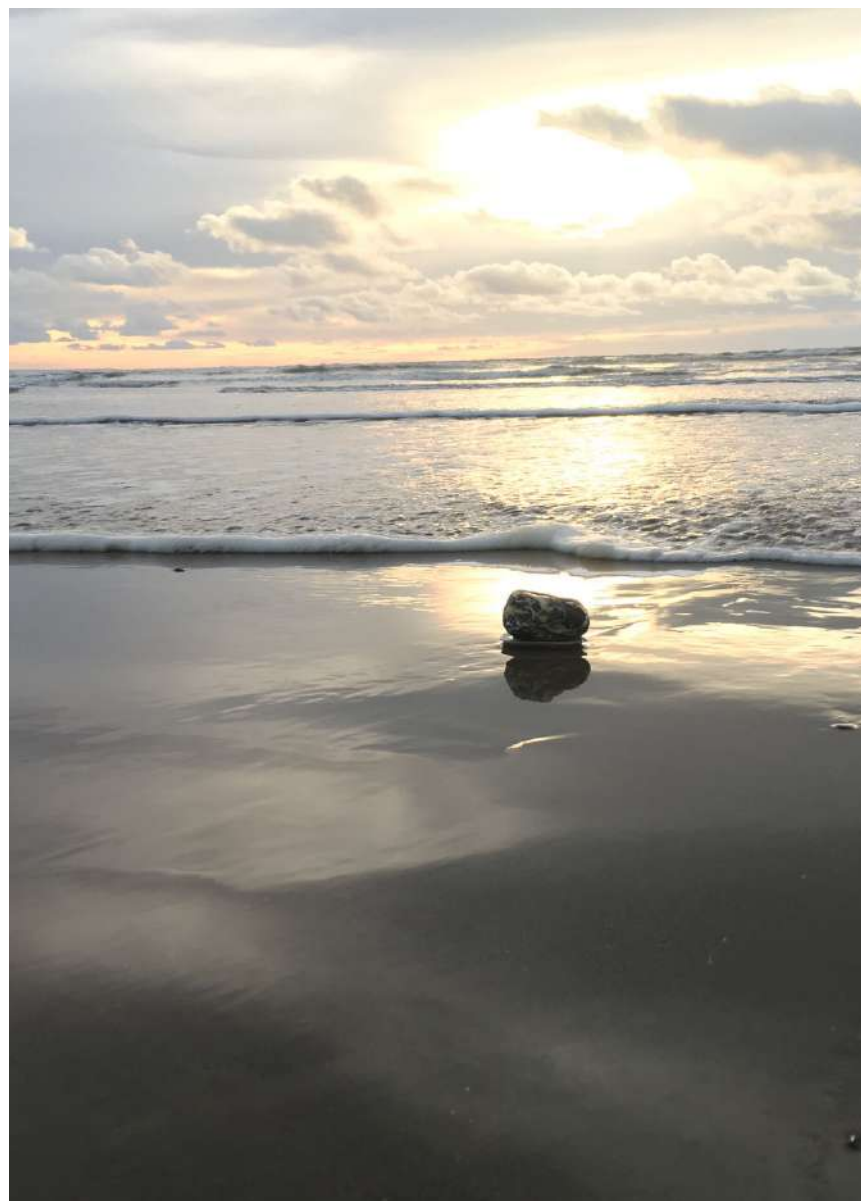
## **Lesson #2, Observing Thresholds.**

**Hermes is the God of the Hinge.  
A lamp post marks the boundary between worlds.  
A faint blood-red handprint says I exist, I am here.  
Does the hand commit to healing fallen forest friends?  
Does the hand acknowledge its culpability?  
Does the hand simply witness that “this is”?  
I rest in liminality and absorb the trees.**

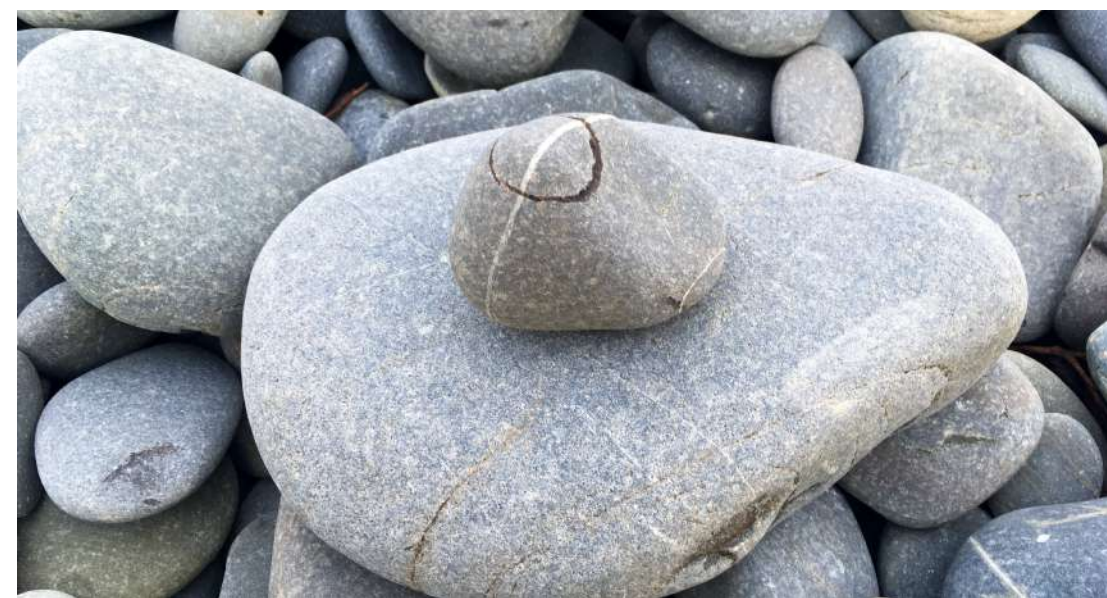
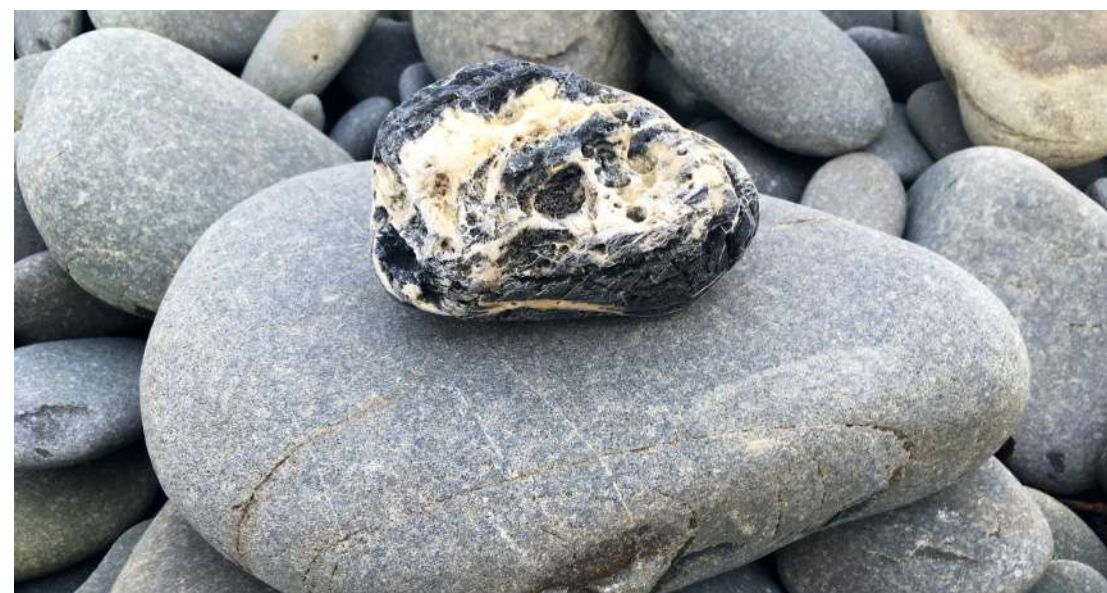








## **Lesson #3, Letting Go, Letting Come.**



**An estuary mingles  
sea, sky, rivers, and land  
with tides  
and watery harmonic chaos.  
We are practicing  
the language of symbols.**

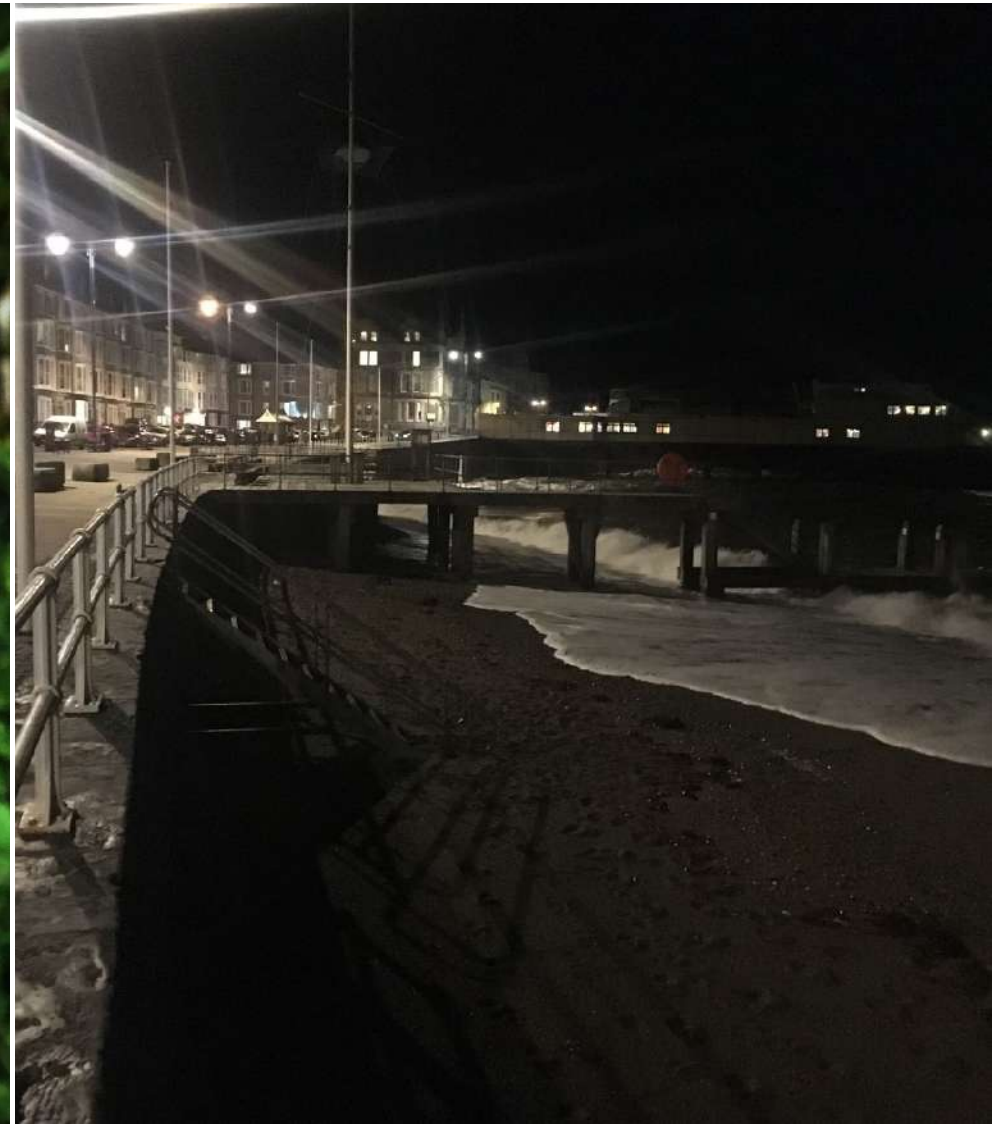


**Chaos frozen in stone,  
all the magnificent storms  
of the ocean and cosmos  
given back to the sea for safekeeping.  
The eye of the storm,  
the still harmony within,  
asked to accompany me still.**









## **Lesson #4, A Journey, Elevating the Mundane.**

**The path of the wayfarer,  
the fool, the warrior.  
Starting in darkness  
with a bright splash of rose.  
Homeless? They ask me.  
Camping?**

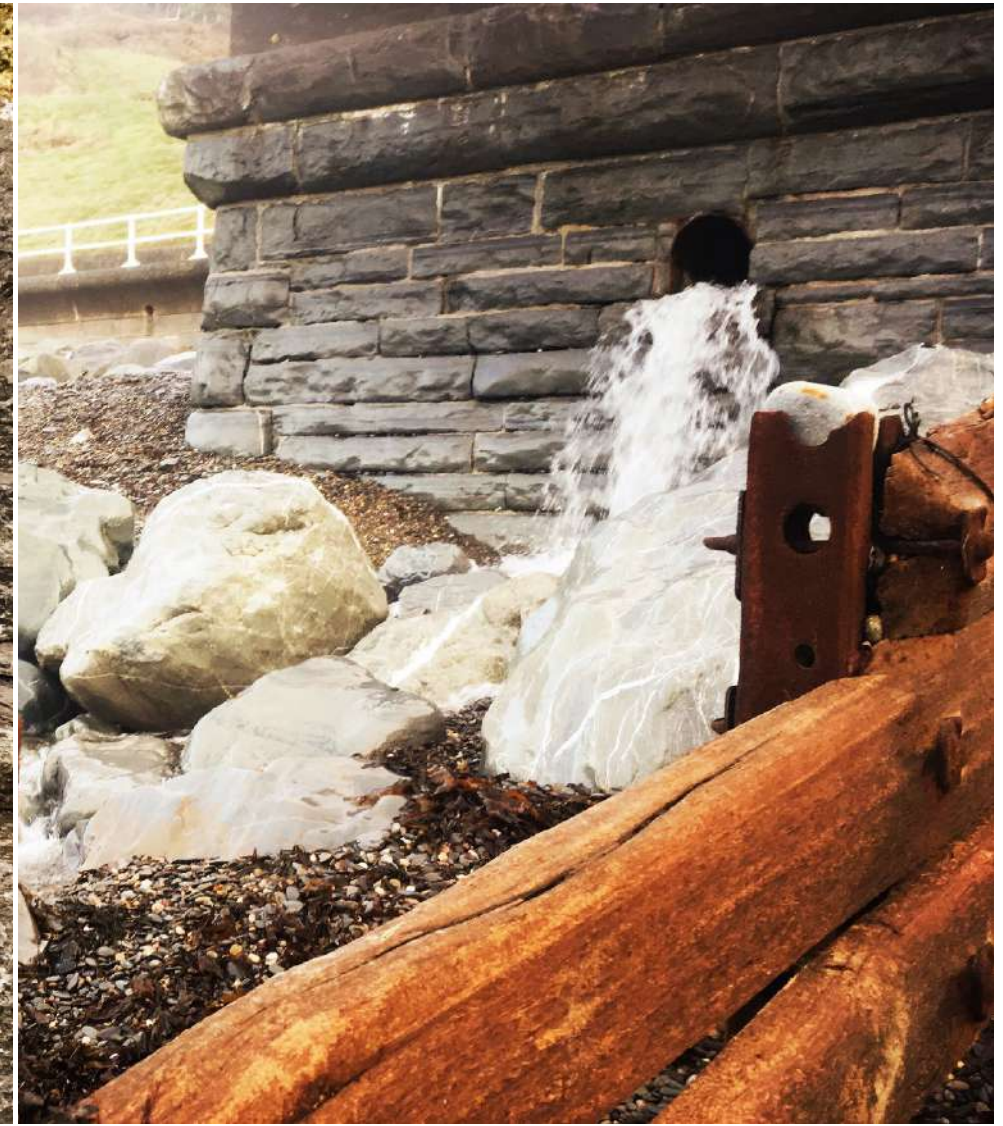
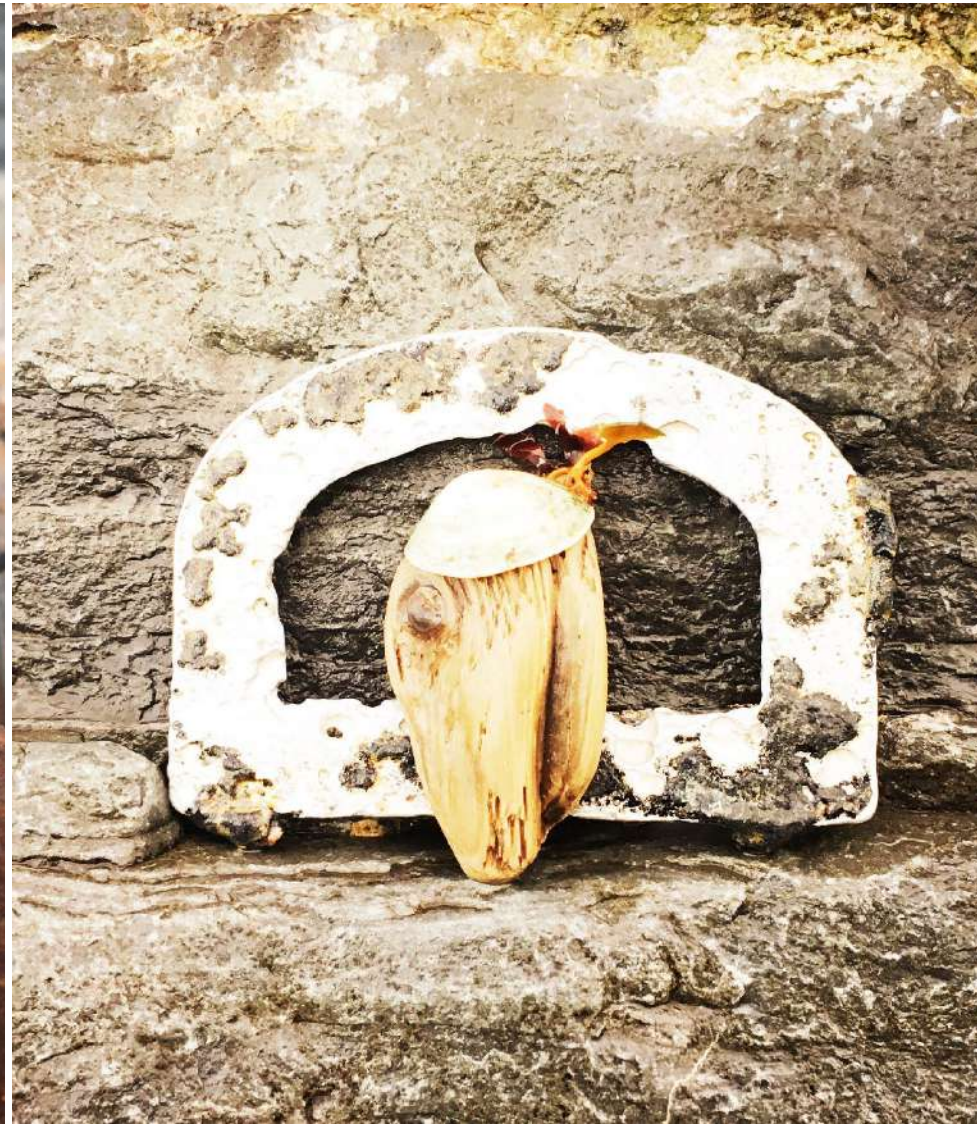
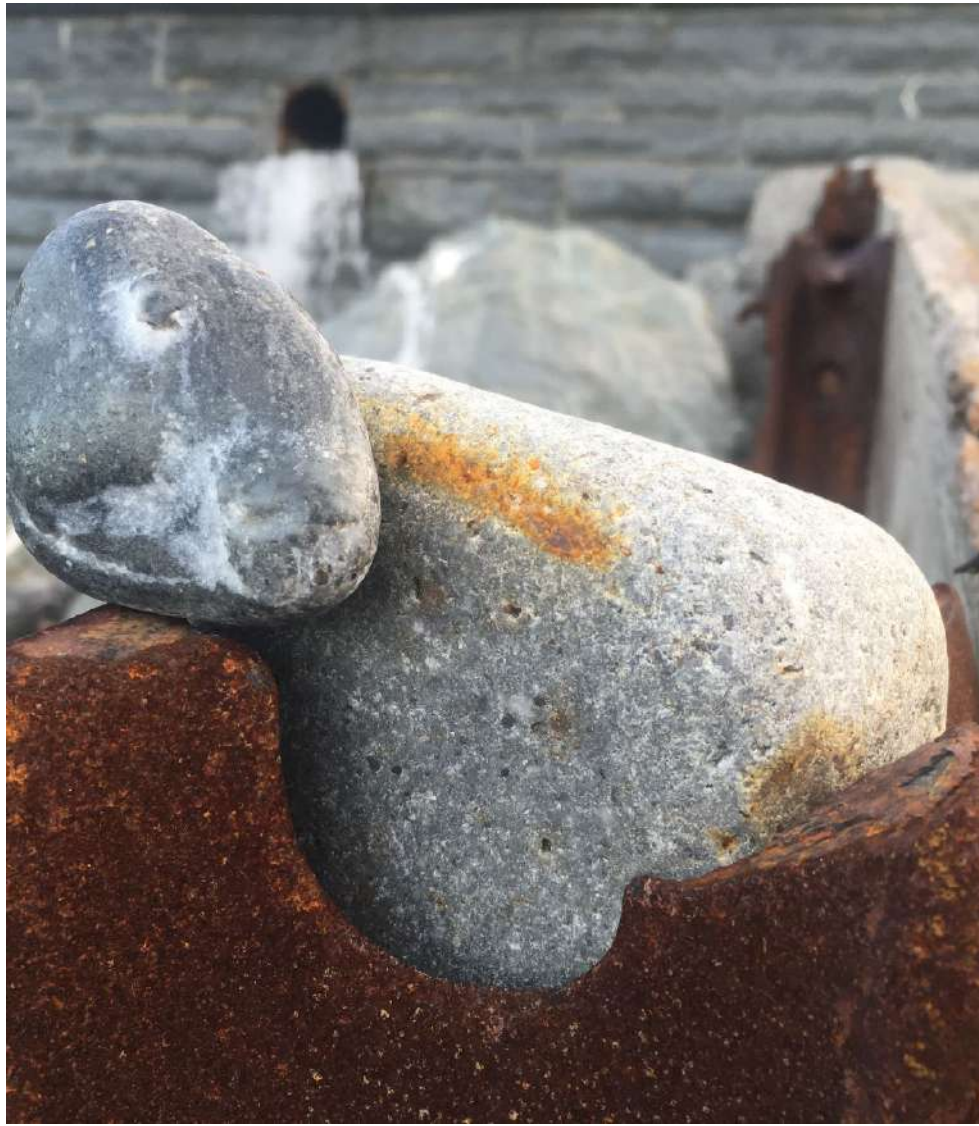


**No!  
But, of course, in the metaplane,  
yes. I guess  
they see it in my aura,  
because my clothes  
are fucking expensive.**



THE SATISFACTION OF A CALLOPHONAS CROWN  
STRUTTING COMICALLY ON DARK WET SAND  
AS IT DAWNS THROUGH THE GROWING  
OF A NORTHERN AESTHETIC  
ROBIN EGG DAPPLES OF PINK  
THE LIGHT  
LEND LEVITY  
GLOOMIOUSLY TO THE  
THAT HINT AT  
ETERNITY





**...a journey...**

The satisfaction  
of a cacophonous crow  
strutting comically  
on dark wet sand  
as it dawns through  
brooding grey,  
a northern aesthetic.



Robin egg dapples  
of pink and blue clouds  
(the light fluffy kind)  
lend levity to  
gloriously  
ominous waves  
hinting at eternity.









...a journey...

Perygl (creiau'n syrthio!)  
Despite the fall,  
I appear fearless,  
even to myself.  
Taste the sea!











**...a journey...**

**I could camp out here.  
It is such a beautiful place  
to burn, says the damp  
but optimistic campfire.  
An ad hoc shrine lifts the morning,  
and even a well-used bodhisattva  
mantra feels fresh.**

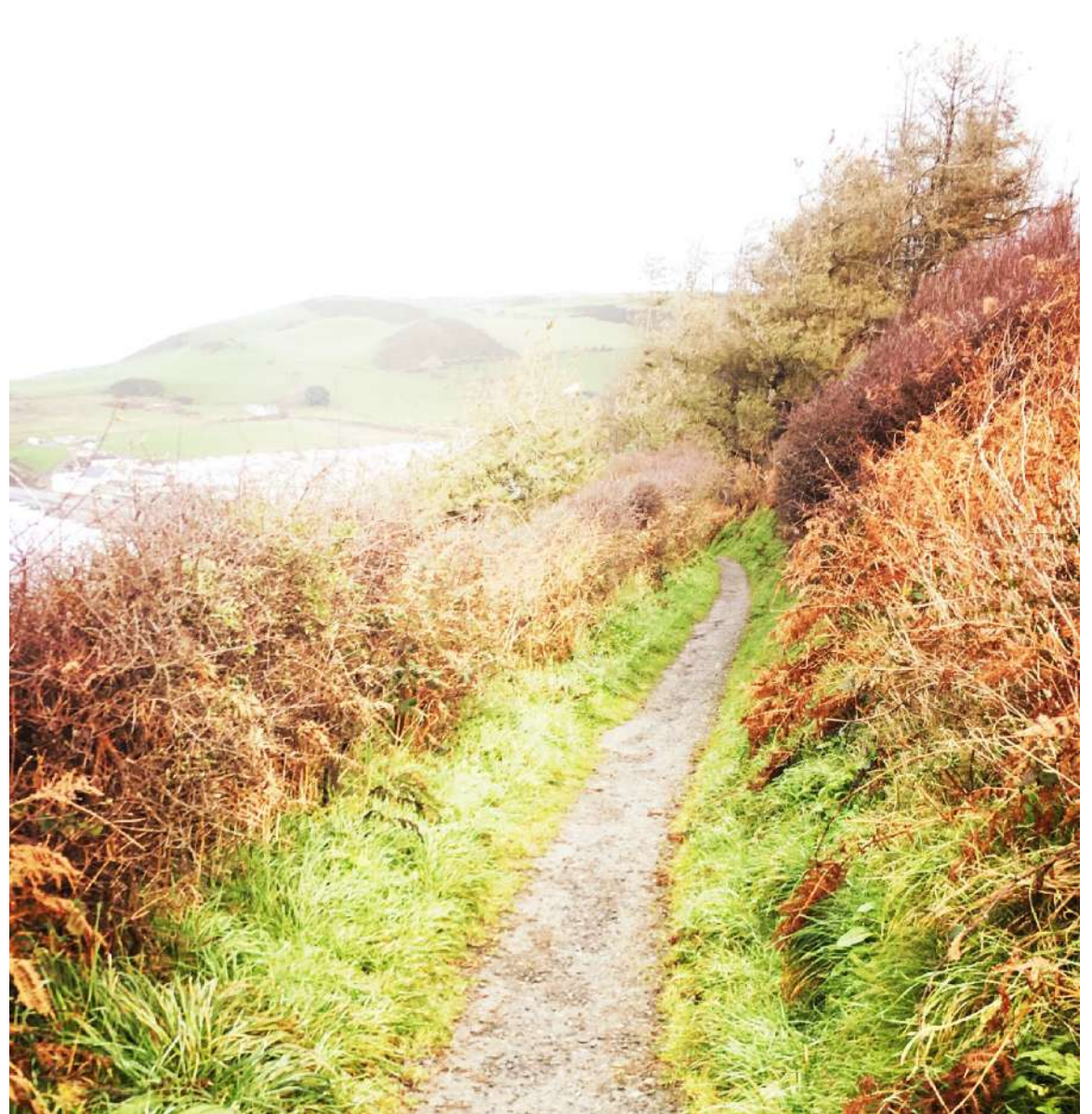


**May all beings be  
happy.  
May all beings be  
free.  
Just a thank you  
spot to relax,  
and enjoy the view**









**...a journey...**

Frolicking up up up,  
on higher ground  
where everything is  
charming.  
Mind the bend  
and the downward slope.  
They never listen,



I say to myself,  
speaking to my pluralities.  
And suddenly,  
amidst earth palate wonders,  
is too brightly colored fun,  
monitored and monetized  
and too squarely tacky tacky



reminders of conformity.  
Innocent enough, logically,  
but it's where the bobcat  
tried to hide  
(unsuccessfully).  
Maybe its just a stage,  
but the play spills over.





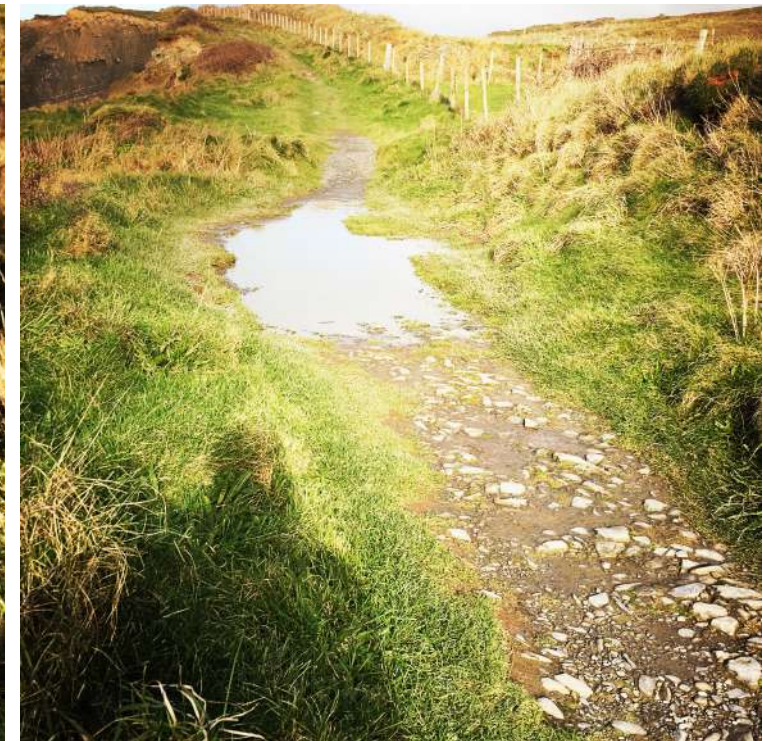






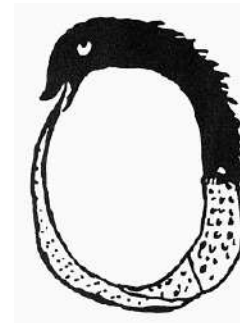






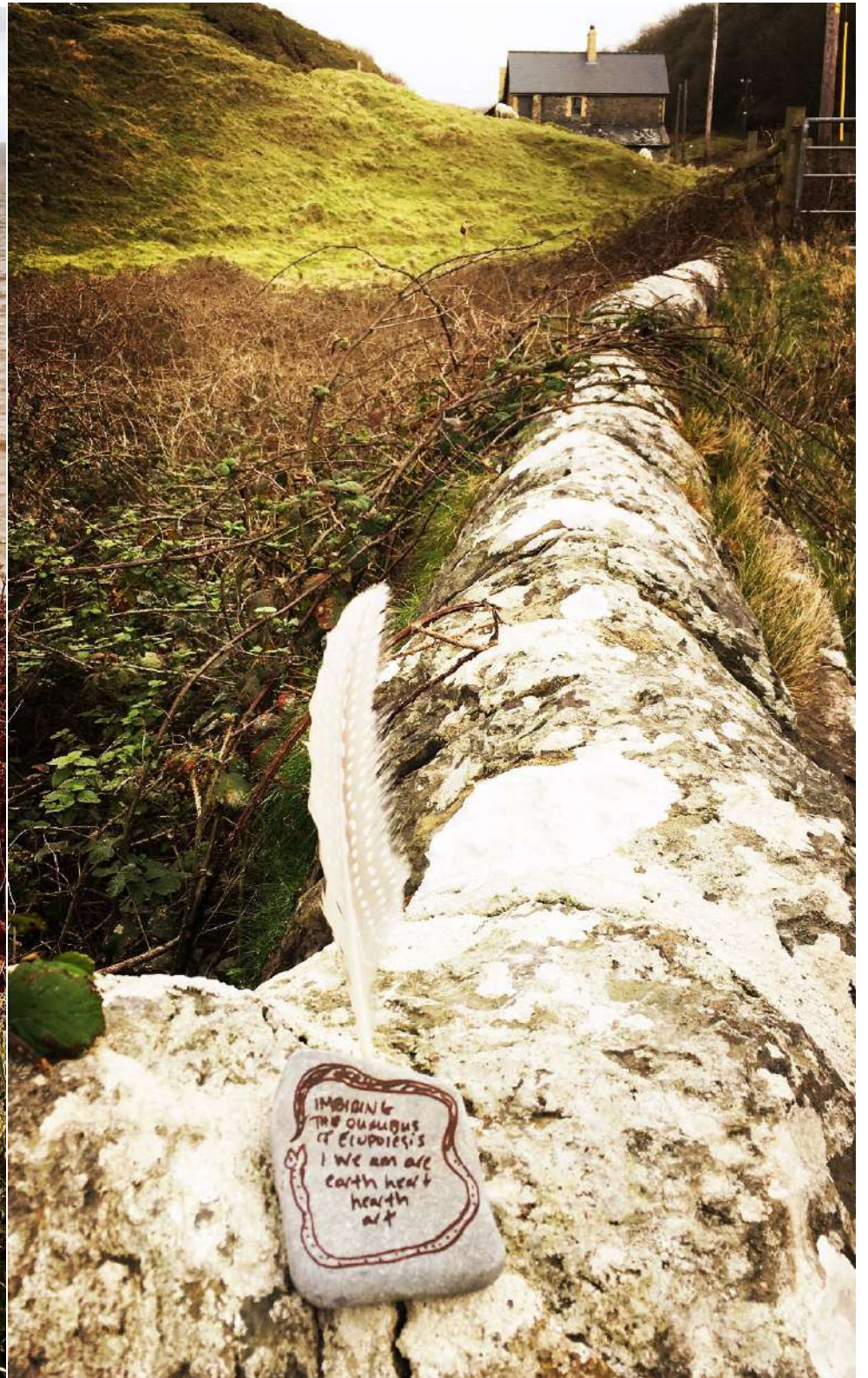
**...a journey...**

**The path moves  
me on through and  
I shed dystopia,  
imbibing  
the ouroboros  
of ecopoiesis**



**I  
we  
am  
are  
earth heart  
hearth  
art**









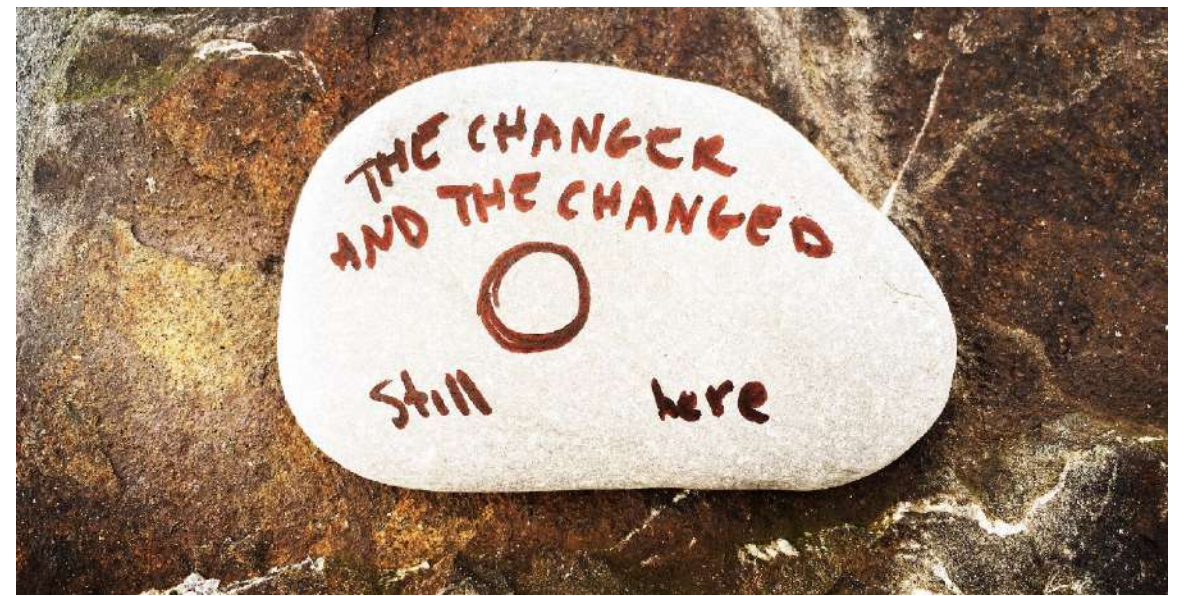
**...a journey...**

**The changer  
and the changed  
still  
here**

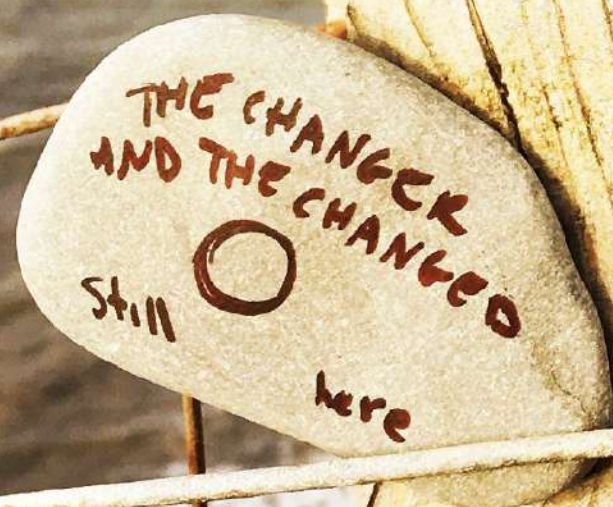


**In a soaring  
flight  
of  
light**









THE CHANGER  
AND THE CHANGED



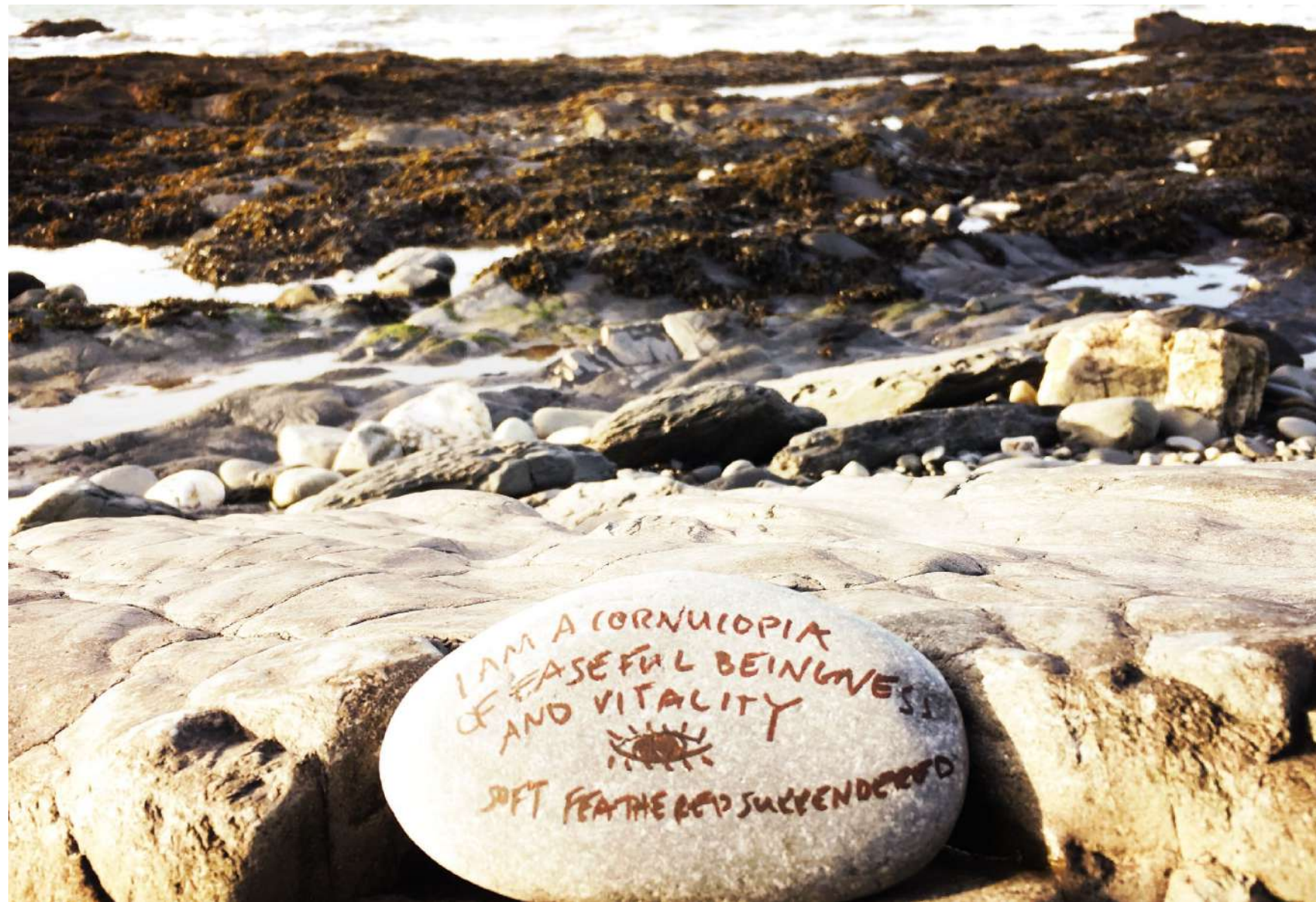
Still

here









...a journey...

Cornucopia.  
Easeful.  
Beingness.  
Vitality.

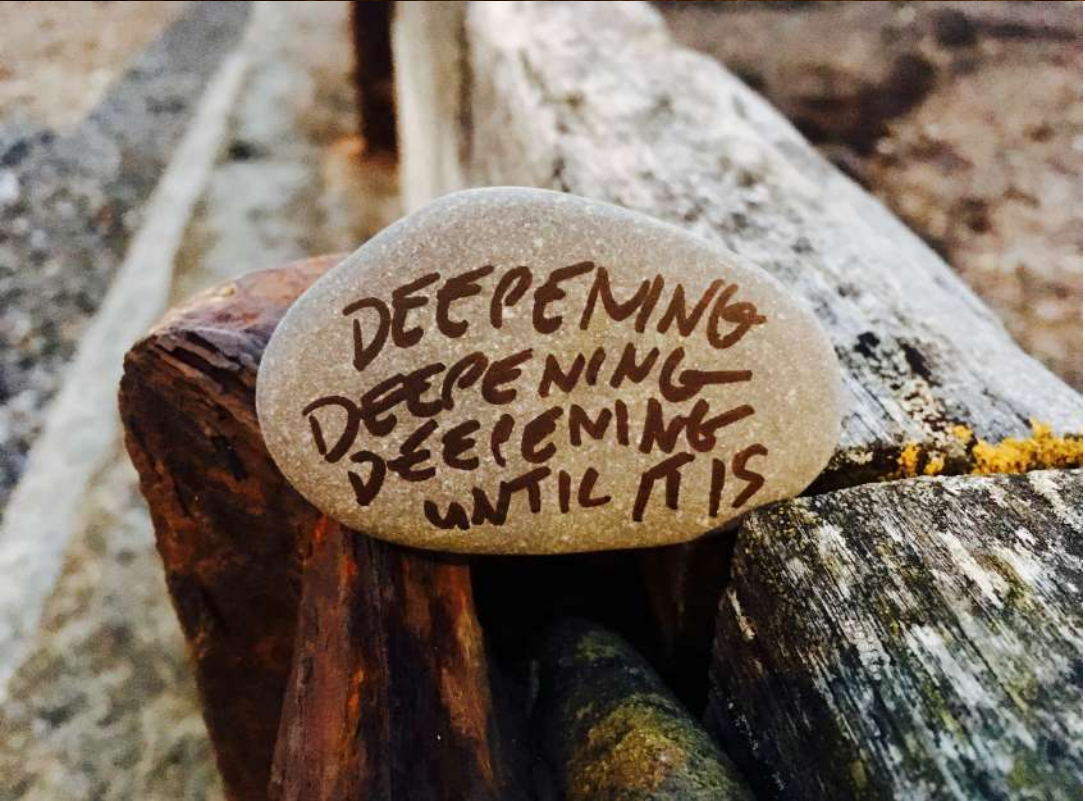
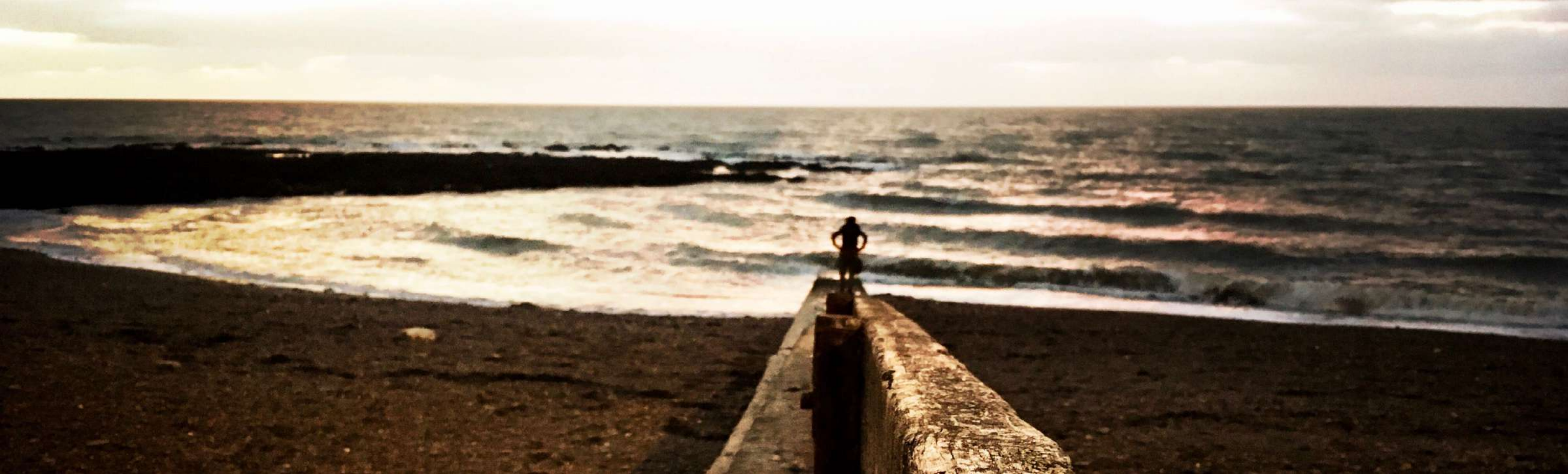


A soft feathered  
surrender to  
crepuscular  
sweetness.















# Lessons #5 & #6, Digesting, Polishing, Listening, Preparing our Return.

So much practice  
falling.  
Slipping and sliding  
in the mud  
while wrestling  
with a dank rat  
gnawing on the nerves  
inside  
my shoulder  
where I shoulder  
the should and  
the tired seeps  
in through the pain  
or vice versa  
until golden light  
and indiscriminate  
puppy love  
wriggles irrepressible  
smiles  
and my own trio  
of fairygodliness  
smile too

deepening  
deepening  
deepening  
until  
it is.











## Lesson #7, Sharing.



Gathering  
with women  
from here and there  
in a cosily  
alchemized  
stone capel



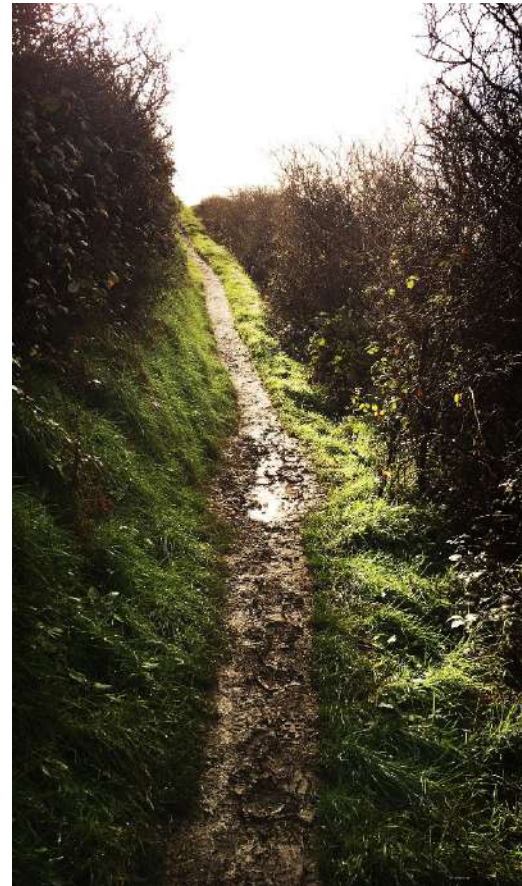
to remember  
with mingling water,  
all beings  
past and future,  
wounded  
in wars,

physical (and not),  
offering a panegyric  
silence (and song)  
to those  
who still radiate  
peace.









## An Epilogue...

The bobcat was shot  
and the path fell  
into the sea.

We return to  
the fresh (un-numbered)  
horrors of our times  
with nothing to do  
but weave our  
islands of sanity,  
adding threads of  
of extraordinary  
and grace.

Occasionally  
I time travel  
to space pod #7,  
where I find  
cornucopia  
always here.

