

We Are In This Together

Tarchin Hearn, (2021 version)

I am animate.

I am an animal.

I am born from life and living

And so, dear friend, are you.

Everything we experience reverberates with these truths.

We exist as a melodic continuity;

musings music acappell-ing the universe into being,

weavings of texture, rhythm and timbre

this kinetic and kinaesthetic presence-ing

a multi-realmed, multi-dimensional dancing,

dancings within dancings,

dancing with dancings.

Beginning with the fullness of what you are;
not what you name, describe or explain,
but what you actually are;
finding yourself
awash on a timeless beach of ever-fresh nowing,
discovering beingness anew.

Feeling the recurring waves,
Rhythmically similar,
yet individually unique;
pushing and pulling,
filling and emptying,
covering and exposing,
secreting and absorbing,
tumbling and churning,
frothing and fizzing,

initiating and responding,
revealing and hiding;
 ungraspable revelation,
this domain of gestation,
a birthing room of values.

What, on earth, is happening?
 What, in mind, is happening?

Dancings of moon and sand and flowing liquids,
The seamless meeting of wet and dry;
 emotion and detached observation,
inner and outer,
self and other,
knowing, known and knower.

And here, dancing this indescribable omni-process
 involving everything and everyone,

We discover our breathing;
These flowings of flowings within flowings
Branchings and giftings
This tree of life and living
Connections of all of us.
Stardust to stardust, waves of probability proliferating
This breathing of everyone.

How might we call this suchness-in-action?

Looking?
 Being ?
 Softening?
Dissolving?
Bending?
 Blending?
 Stretching?
Responding?

Opening?
Praying?
Contemplating?
Meditating?
Worshipping?
Reverencing?

Perhaps we could call it awareness
or awakening,
or continual transcendence,
or whole-ing,
or primordial healing,
or deepening understanding,
Or, do we need to call it anything?

Expanding into the gifting fullness,
living collaborations of sensitive responsiveness,
Volumes of sentience within volumes of sentience,
Oceans of knowing in the tiniest drops,
Creation creating
Always fresh and anew,
spacious, open and un-pin-downable.
Gratitude sparkling all over.

And what can we do but surrender?
each one of us,
all of us,
new modes of languaging
celebrating this perennial growing,
Freshly wrought today;
this beach, this sand, this salty ocean
cradled in radiance,
gestating the universe
This womb of mystery

ever preparing
in love,
and we see.

We are brothers and sisters;
Conceived and gestated and born and nurtured
and matured by our mother – Wholeness/Inter-being.
And through our reaching bones and flesh,
extending and retracting,
drawn forward in wonder
and transforming as we go,
we learn our bodies;
babies, children, adolescents and adults
all of us making and remaking the stories of our journey
life-bards, each one of us
singing the world into being,
our mother tongue sounding forth in myriad cultural dialects;
through movement and gesture
touch by touch, we know ourselves into the world,
lives of mystery,
journeys of transforming understanding.

We are in this together.
Together we are born,
together we learn,
together we thrive,
together we suffer,
together we grieve,
together we console and,
together we die.

By we – I mean every manner of us:
humans of myriad shapes, flavours, colours and beliefs,
we mammals, we reptiles; we birds, insects and fish,

we trees and flowers, fungi and bacteria;
brothers and sisters all
we are in this together,
whirling round a life giving star
flowerings of sunlight
dancing in sunlight
knowings of sunlight
fabrics of radiance – bodies and minds
woven from a common source
sons and daughters all, singing our stories
celebrating this living creation.

Each one of us belong;
needed and valued,
Each one of us, and all of us together,
mysteries of inter-being
continuously awash on primordial beaches of now
reaching forth with cautious sensitivity and finding ourselves
finger to finger,
heart to heart.

Moons of aspiration
Shedding tears for our forgetfulness.

May our communal heart be firm.

May our goodness stay firm.

May our centre – our groundedness – remain firm.

May we remember our *whakapapa*,

remembrance in the functioning of flesh and bone and action;
not this sect or that group,

but the great and venerable *whakapapa* that joins and heals

This journey of all of us.

And through remembering,

our continuously transforming ever-fresh communion

becomes the womb and mother
of unimaginable futures and future beings
conceived in love,
yet to be born.

May the balms of love and healing and deep understanding,
bless us to our core.

Sarva Mangalam