

Mom, Death and the Spiritual Practice of Ignorance

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((TO BEGIN DIRECTLY AND OBSCURELY. LOOKING FOR ASSISTANCE WITH A MEDICAL PILGRIMAGE. OFF TO VENEZUELA TO MD / CURANDERO, DR. VALETIN HAMPJEIS CHECK HIM OUT ON YOUTUBE – HEALER BETWEEN WORLDS. VALENTIN, LIKE MYSELF, PRACTICES IN WESTERN “ALLOPATHY” – A MD / NEUROLOGIST / PSYCHIATRIST AND TRAINED IN INDIGENOUS MEDICINE AS WELL – HE WITH SOUTH AMERICAN SHAMANS AND MYSELF WITH AFRICAN MEDICINE PEOPLE. HIS WORK WITH FOLKS DIAGNOSED WITH MS IS IMPECCABLE. SO A MEDICAL PILGRIMAGE IS CALLED FOR..

DO NOT EXAGGERATE WHEN I SAY MY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT. GOT TO “SCARE UP” \$4,000 FOR TRAVEL EXPENSES AND PAYING THE HEALER. IF ANYONE CAN HELP – CONTACT ME michaelortizhill@verizon.net MEANWHILE BELOW IS AN ACCOUNT OF HOW SPIRIT HAS PREPARED ME TO GIVE UP MS))

In Santa Cruz, CA was once the youngest of hospice volunteers -- twenty-one years old entering into two decades of grief from dad's death. Knew that had to work with "death and dying"

Mom volunteered with hospice in Southern California, so there was the sweetest of alliances between mom and son.

Pledged with all the earnestness that a young man can have., "Mom, vow to be alongside you when its your time" This conversation was 1979.

Long regretted wasn't with dad when he passed. though shaped by his years of "slow motion suicide from liquor and cigarettes" and CHF (Congestive Heart Failure).

Before she was "officially" diagnosed with CHF I saw what I saw. She had pitting edema from her waist down. And her lungs were filled with fluid -"third spacing" -- pulmonary edema., so she could hardly breathe. Spoke with a fellow nurse from UCLA Medical Center -- very experienced with terminally ill folk. She confirmed what was clear about the situation. "She will likely pass soon," said Heather.

"How soon?"

"Hard to predict. But prepare --.told mom to go immediately to the hospital.

"Get IV lasix and get your lungs tapped".

A thorocentesis to aspirate fluid from her lungs.

"And for godsake quit tobacco"

"Did so in 2002.

Was very easy like told you it would be. After all, I never inhaled."

True. She always said this, though never believed her.

Never was a smoker myself – never had discipline enough to have a proper addiction --- but would sometimes share half pack a year with folks.

Love tobacco for real conversation.

Definitely inhaled, enjoyed the buzz and company of friends.

Anyway, after' told mom to diurese and get tapped wrote siblings an alarm letter

saying that it was "just a matter of time,

"Forgive and be forgiven."

"Let go of her and yourself"

Cats, it is said, have nine lives, but Adelina Ortiz de Hill had at least ninety, maybe nine hundred.

From losing dad to CHF and working a lot with CHF twenty five years as a RN.

Kinda 'made me' a nurse way before GOD, in her infinite kindness, tossed me a little multiple sclerosis to "nip in the bud" my career.

Certainly "puffed myself up" as an expert on CHF

After four decades of preparing for this time as mom's hospice nurse was pared away to all didn't know.

Learned the spiritual practice of primordial ignorance.

When it came to loving my mom -- and caring for her as a nurse at the end of her life -- found it wasn't mine to fulfill the young man's promise. Brother Gene was with her when she passed and it was clear she chose that. He was impeccable.

A friend had me fly to New Mexico from LA when I was having another flare up of Multiple Sclerosis.

"So your mom can take care of you," he said.

Friend was always scared of the MS thing, especially the psychological wildness of steroid "therapy"

Several seasons of madness

Boned up on Rimbaud.

Of course we took care of each other.

The last four gifts mom gave me before she passed:

ONE -- She gave me a bunch of diapers. The last year of her life we competed for the toilet and when wet my pants in the Santa Fe Public Library

ENOUGH declared mom.

(The SFPL was where once STUDIED the bird and bees with Dr. Rubins sage advice --- certainly perfect for a prepubescent aspiring egghead.)

TWO -- Arranged that we go to the office of Representative Ben Lujan, that I be covered by Medicare and Medicaid before she died.

FDR was a household deity among the Ortiz/Hill clan and mom celebrated LBJ practically as his reincarnation, what with the VOTING RIGHTS ACT that Martin so agitated for. FDR implemented the New Deal that constructed mom's conscience as a young woman. She being born in 1929 at the cusp of THE GREAT DEPRESSION.

THREE -- Todo platicar en Espanol. She assured me that I must not talk "el idioma de mi antepasados"

with local Santa Feans with Spanish surnames.

"They won't understand it and besides they will see me as a white guy who spent a couple of weeks en Mejiro then came to Santa Fe to talk to 'the natives' "

My "translation" people will definitely see me as a white guy like my dad

GET USED TO IT

Not such a dreadful fate so quit your bitchin' already.

BASTA YA

FOUR -- Showed me vividly that knowing what you must give de su familia y su gente is critical to a peaceful death.

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Learned to suss out who were New Mexicans and who were mejicano.nationales.

Remember when I distinguished between WHITE grandma, Lorena, (my fathers mom) and my Mexican buelita, Margaret Delgado,. An Hispana-- once "una toda rubia"-- blond hair and blue eyes identified with Castile in Spain.

Shamelessly "colored"her brown.

Shamelessly stereotyped my "cracker" Grandma as the resident racist.

" Your children will never be accepted by either side of the family," Lorena warned my dad as he presented my mom -- not only messsican but Catholic.

"Don't call your family 'crackers.' You know that's an insulting epithet?"

No mierda,mama'.

,Moved by her insistence she die generously.

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For decades she stoking her rage at Milford and her brother THE AMBASSADOR who made sure she'd be poor as she aged.

And the cracker clan?

"Mom -- Got it right that Lorena never got over that the confederacy lost that northern war of aggression?"

"Lorena and a lot of others." she said.

Yes Lorena was mindlessly racist (as Southern-Baptist from the countryside around Waco, Texas) but it was moms' mom Hispano chauvinism that most pissed her off.

Scottish-American folk had issues but she was insistent on being a peacemaker as she would have children with this man and raise their kids Catholic.

The routine fight between my mom and her mom was her referring to Mexican nationals as "mojados" – "wets."
Being a "child of depression era US" she definitely cast her lot con los pobres -- with the poor.

Forgot some essential things.

Fixed up my dinky little cabin – mom and I replaced brother Pauls' trailer – where was once a hermit writing my first draft of
Conspiracies of Kindness which was finally published as The Craft of Compassion at the Bedside of the Ill.

Dedicated it to:

:

" My father, Milford Lee Hill (1925-1977)
mother Adelina Ortiz de Hill (1929 -)

That what you planted may blossom.

For my grandson Shylo Lockwood who was born smiling

Welcome to the home planet, little one."

Dinky little cabin call "mi choza de soledad " -- my hut of solitude -- where wrote first draft of book number nine --
THE PERKS OF BEING TERMINAL

All of my published books have been written in deep solitude -- and as book #8 and #9 was polished, honored to read it to
mom.the last year of her life between driving her to the hospital for lab draws, and lasix and tapping.

Could see that her body was finally, truly,failing.

Was then that dug very deep into solitude and again refined opening chapter of "Perks"-- ON BEING A HERMIT.

Was editing and re-editing the smattering of poems preparing for three years in complete solitude.

Happily practicing the two Buddhist traditions inherited from dad -- Soto Zen and Tibetan Vajrayana. A life of study,
meditation and writing.).

And prayer.

Got a friend who calls herself a Buddhist Christian!
Exactly!

How got here -- (there is a here here) -- in Pinole, CA ? East Bay across from San Francisco.?

Ten minutes from amazing daughter and her amazing son in Berkeley.

This "here, here place" is where received family of the deepest order -- in every respect a healing choice as my body has
been breaking down with MS. Nicole has introduced me to a dynamite MD, neurologist and a physical therapist -- not to
mention negotiating the jungles of Medicare and Medicaide

Its been said before and will be said again "DAUGHTERS LIKE THIS DONT GROW ON EVERY BUSH.

Recently declared to the staff "HAVE TO COME OUT OF THE CLOSET !!!!!!!!! It's required."

Bay Park is an independent retirement facility.

CALM DOWN.

NOT IN THE LEAST GAY.

"Seem to be an *incurably* heterosexual dude".

HAVE to come out as a Buddhist.

Sick of having to pass as Christian or Jew.

At the board Board and Care facility was at before Bay Park was publicly a Catholic -

Eucharist and all.

But then also a Jew.

Whoya think yer foolin'

How many decades more will you be entertained by this charade.

DON'T KNOW IF YOUR DEMENTED or jus' terminally boring.

Whose voice is this?"

"Wouldn't you like to know, bonehead"

One patient was a ninety five year old woman with severe Alzheimers.

As resident weirdo Lubavicher was in some weird--ass alter ego who felt compelled

to explain to the Catholic lot what it means to light Sabbath candles.

And about Rabbi Isaac Luria-- described his Synagogue in Safed in Israel and Tikkun Olam..

TMI, no? Obviously a charlatan fantasy of being a profoessor in own private Hebrew University..

Remembering the music of these teachings.

Would call on Mi-ka-el

Mr. Fancy Pants in Archangel circles.

(Hebrew for "who is like God?")

Pray Jewish ("L.) to sleep with a mixed patoir of Hebrew and Yinglish and plain ol' English.

L would often wake up screaming.

Over breakfast once she leveled with me "What do you think of being murdered here?"

"Appreciate if you'd relay to the murderers when they arrive, 'pretty please don't slit my throat until after my morning coffee.'

DIDN'T SEEM like too much to ask.

Her tired adult daughter left her with us while vacated in Italy

Those two weeks -- Ls' granddaughter was actually murdered in San Francisco.
and her psychiatrist refined her diagnosis from Alzheimers to Schizo-Affective behavior.

No shit, doc

With her kinfolk murdered, L turned up the heat

Philipino gang were getting bloodthirsty

Was honored to acquire the status of a an duly honorary victim.

Felt noble to volunteer to go down with the ship

Sat comfortably awaiting the bloodbath after breakfast time.

Over breakfast astonished that was forgetting how to speak English.

Looked at slice of cantalope and for five minutes could only say or think melon'.

Took me virtually a day to remember as "gruel" the word for Spanish, Atole and Tewa, Chakewe
Was learning a little Tagolog and Ilokano but damn if Spanish intruded as if my first language.

L. had screamed herself to sleep and awake as usual. I was, very visibly, fraternizing with the enemy even eating the body of Christ.

guess hes' gotten emaciated.

Always a Skinny Merink but these wafers are pathetic and BLASPHEMOUS.

L -- You're no Jew. You're a scaredy cat.

Me -- That's low, L Haven't been called a scaredy cat since Elementary School.
WELL sticks and stones will break my bones BUT
words will NEVER hurt me"

Been thinking bout your scaredicatitude.

DEAR GOD L -- You're Ninety Five and really afraid of death.

Bad form.

Bad form L -- confess it makes me want to strangle you BUT WON'T.

("Really, only thought that --- would not say it aloud.

By way of non-sequitir, will write of Paul.

Aware of the baroque shape of this attempt to comprehend this incomprehensible.

First lie -- Plagiarizing dad "Your psyche is extreme but you CAN trust it."
NOT!

Second lie -- in "ritual space" Paul and MISTER young witchdoctor, gather to ourselves what we have culled in an hour of exploration

Writing on two or three dozen pieces of paper.

The stories of PAUL--THE--VICTIM.

Then we build a fire in the woodstove and fed the stories to the fire one by one.

"You don't have to find crucifixion for your sins."

Jesus did that for all of us."

(This is lie #2 – both were sincere and desperate. Was clear that Paul would find his crucifixion and was just THEGOD of small details to write the story as to how Paul would find his tragedy.)

Began learning then what it is to live in Gods time.

Paul approached me to decide for him --- cause he heard voices that he must castrate himself.

"TELL ME PLEASE, is that Jesus or the Devil?" said Paul.

"The DEVIL for sure. You would offend Christ if you mutilate yourself."

Was recalling my spasm of fanaticism as a teenage born again.

Obligated to understand each dot and titel of the WORD as it is without error.

It is, after all, the WORD OF GOD -- yes OR no?

So, when in Matthews gospel, Jesus says "And then there are those who make themselves eunuchs for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven." inscribed this on tenth grade notebook in New Testament Greek.

Merely tied my scrotum with tight rubber bands and hoped my balls would fall off painlessly or at least neuter desire as there was clearly too much. THE DEVIL for sure.

Was, thanks be to God, recued by first older woman –I was fifteen, she twenty three. She seduced me and happily taught me how to make love for a few months.

The New Testament word is METANOIA -- usually translated "conversion." – literally "change of mind". Nowadays folks would say "paragigm shift"

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Was transitioning slowly from bornagainism to imaging myself a Catholic monk to bornorgasmism..

The "desires of the flesh" were obviously holy and would never be a monk. Efforts at mortifying my flesh – TO HELL WITH SAINT PAUL – were a miserable failure as would be for any horny teenage.

When "got" that little brother chose to die rather than violating a chld again, was able to see him for his heroism.

Mom and myself honored the secret.

The obligatory JEWISH CHRISTIAN SHTICK now hits me as being cultural narcissism. Told Paul -- "Listen brother not Mormon nor Mormonizable.

Told the equivalent to Clara (-- "Not a Catholic nor Catholizable. ")

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FEDUP with self-closeting,
LOST in blaming OTHERS

Was full of piss and vinegar and went to Church here -- Protestant and born again.
The young minister said "Is there any one here to pray gratitude to God for the rain that has come in this terrible drought?"

"Will," said enthusiastically.

So I did, even, "in Jesus name"

Complete and completely sincere.

"TO LIVE MEDITATION AND COMPASSION TO THE MEASURE GOD INTENDS IN THIS LIFE,"

My weekly routine as a freelance hermit (part time, full time) was meditating five or six days, going to Santa Fe to catch a flick with friends and shop for food for myself and mom, stock up on water and bathe at Geneviva Chavez' Pool (where was introduced by brother Martin). or the weight lifting place on Marcy where played as a child, Or at mother house or condo briefly owned. Consulted with a private gym where hoped to find a coach as my lower extremities have atrophied with the MS.

They insisted on Medicare or Medicare (which now have.)

And a MDs order -- easy enough to acquire.

Found could charge cell phone at the Public Library but paid my mechanic to fix my cigarette lighter to charge the phone.

Was helped by brother Eugene to pay off LA CHOZA mortgage in full.

It is now fully paid for with a library of Don Quixote, Aldous Huxley My friends Peter Levitt translation of Dogen Zenji and a book by the Catholic theologian Meister Eckhart .a

nd Dads teacher Sri Aurobindo, who been reading with pleasure.

The books dad gave me last year of his life.

Even his book called Zen Catholicism by Dom Aelred Graham which so influenced me as a boy.

Knew had to vacate in the winter

So awaited the snow.

We of the MS clan can't deal with extreme cold or extreme heat.

When winter came I began descent.

DESCENT

Firstly, mom died perfectly as she ans I had prepared for almost forty years -- since we we're both acolytes of Kubler-Ross in the 70's -- we long talked about preparing.

As prepared for her body to burn, said to her through the cardboard container that sheltered her corpse "Vaya con Dios, mama' "" Meditated and prayed at the crematorium promising to love and take care of her adult kids.

And since was no longer remitting from my relapsing/remitting MS -- the time had come for me as well. Didn't really think

was dying soon -- hope have exhausted that "melodramatic fiction" but have to prepare.

Which means deep solitude.

Really deep solitude.

So, alone as a hermit, prepared for mom to pass.

The three moments when descent began are vivid.

1. ONE -- Going to a MRI in Santa Fe and fell in front of the MRI place. With much fanfare, fire truck was called to drive across the street to St. Vincent Medical Center for a MRI. Mom was suffering with incapacity to draw a complete breath, so she asked for lasix to drain off the pulmonary edema and a thorocentesis." In the MRI tube told the technicians that my mom was upstairs, possibly dying. Entered into *tonglen* -- the Tibetan practice of inhaling completely anothers' pain and fear and exhaling spaciousness and lovingkindness which I racticed as an hospital RN and a pilgrim to Auschwitz- Birkenau. This was much my practice as a hermit when was preparing to be with mom and resolve a complex relationship before she passed.

To drop whatever unfinished business lingered from a violent childhood.and LOVE HER UP. Personally -- being a hospital nurse those decades and she being a medical social worker --- couldn't figure why she'd choose to die in a hospital.until finally got it.

Mom was surrounded by Hispana friends. As "once a hospice volunteer" was suspicious of the money grubbing biz that hospice had become.

So she oscilated between her house and the hospital.

Me -- Money grubbing when parents and children are dying. Such vampirism.

Mom -- And you know it is poor Mexicans whose blood is sucked.

Me -- Seen it a lot at the bourgeois hospital worked in for years. Blacks and Mejicanos and Native American are an expendable lot This is evil

Mom -- "It's evil itself"

"It's all about profits now." we agreed.

She directly warned me from working hospice -- the grace note being the beginning and ending of my career as a nurse.

Both of her parents had died in St Vincents'.

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TWO -- The Tibetan word for the spiritual practice of caring for mom is "dekshen nyamje" which translate in "Craft" book as Radical Empathy--thus inhaling her pain and fear.

This was spiritual nourishment those months and years.

The Cherokee proverb "Can't understand others until you've walked three moons in their moccasins." says it.

Sister Clara -- a contemplative in Paris -- arrived as her radiantly Catholic self.

Was grateful that she noted dad was a Zen Buddhist.

Long felt alliance with Clara for two reasons.

Clara had a righteous skepticism over the Santa Adelina fantasy (TSAF)
that mom was enshrouded in as she was dying,

(The icon of the shroud of Turin beckons)

Realized that I liked her a lot but found TSAF really bonkers.

Mean REALLY bonkers.

Other reason for my old alliance with Clara, is that neither of us have ever lied to ourselves or each other about the violence of our childhoods,

Always refreshing sharing the truth but now thoroughly necessary.

Clara had received the brunt of moms violence.

I remember curled up in a closet at seven years old with a butter knife pressed against my gut, daring myself to thrust it in as mom beat up Clara and called her a whore, outside the closet.

"That will tell her" cried to myself as once again chickened out from following through suicide gambit.

THANK GOD.

Knew that "resolving things "(That California pipe dream) was not going to happen and was in fact blissfully irrelevant.)

Learned soon enough that the violence of MY childhood was taboo subject

Found myself practicing tonglen silently for Clara while mom was beginning to die in the next room.

Clara arrived from France with significant and very painful afflictions. As had bro' Martin a couple of months previous.

La familia.

It was mine to love mom up and as a hospice nurse
both following her medically and encouraging her HISPANA
community to love her up alongside me as she was finally passing.

Talked with mom about little brother Paul and his apparent choice to die after he was expelled from the Mormon church. Because the two of us read his diary after he passed, presumed that we quietly shared Pauls' secret that he was a pederast and that's why he was kicked out of the LDS.

Told story of his first psychotic break -- took him to be alone en mi primer choza de soledad north of Santa Cruz, CA.. Pauls' psyche was wild in its' flair.

Found him in abject terror and ecstasy standing on the roof of his car with his arms raised as spaceships circled above while he sang in a baritone worthy of Italian Opera TO DREAM THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM.

It was at three am.

. He was rendezvousing with some extraterrestrials who promised to someday to take him home.

At la choza three moments.

"You went this also didn't you?"

"Oh yes and what dad said to me when called him from a payphone

'Listen son I went through the same thing when was your age. It is a rite of passage and you can trust it"

Relayed this to Pauls' crucified mind. The first sincere lie.

Knew Pauls' psychosis was a different animal from mine those years was homeless.

Mine resolved to "visionary" virtually the moment "got" what dad had said,"it was a rite of passage and could trust it."

Second lie was entering into a junior witchdoctor ritual.singing a few African songs inclusive of the Zulu praise song to the Mambokadzi -- the Blessed Virgin/Queen/Female Elephant/ Full Moon -- INSHIMAH LE NDELA...

"This life is very hard -- therefore kneel down and pray."

Could trust it, Paul?

Most certainly could not trust his mad mind.

Tonglen is the Buddhist practice of giving over a narrowed heart.

Love Clara as we are co-religionists.

As Buddhist and Catholic contemplatives, silence and solitude are at the core.

Silence and solitude and prayer.

"Be still and know that I'am God,"

said the psalmist.

Will I tell the long odyssey? Don't know.

Try swift.

Santa Fe had quite a snow storm.

Fell again this time in front of moms house.

A WEEK AFTER HER DEATH.

Bloodied forehead but scabbed off in a week.

Off to legally do "the divorce thing."

Flew to Washington hopelessly romancing K. who had lost her mom to MS just a year previous.

Turned up symptomatic -- pissing on myself and stumbling.

SPOOKED!

Whipped me to local hospital, where neurologist dosed me on IV steroids (Solumedrol) which predictably drove me mad as it had predictably driven nuts dozens of patients over the years.

Shipped from hospital to nursing home where spent almost a week,,24/7, with no sleep at all.

Found great affection for the anti-psychotic SEROQUEL which had allowed me to sleep in previous cycles of steroid poisoning. At one point waxed as the BAD patient, smart ass who threatened to temporarily go AMA (discharge myself Against Medical Advice).

The nursing home had misplaced the doctors order.

That might escape to catch a local 7/11 and grab a bottle of benadryl and ACTUALLY sleep.

(How typical, said to self hypocritically -- "WESTERN" medicine ordering one meds to drive you nuts then an anti-psychotic to unnutify you!)

Had always loved my wackiness too much to want it medicated away but when nursing home called an ambulance to take me off to a psych facility as A DANGER TO HIMSELF AND OTHERS, tried to maintain my humor when told my dangerous self tried raping a ninety year old woman .

(When returned, approached this old woman to see if she was spreading rumors regarding the attempted rape)

Gertrude was bewildered that even imagine.

Within a minute she was scooped up by paramedics, tossed on the floor for CPR and defibrillation.

Suppose it was a stretch "the rape fantasy".

She was a good Christian woman who was greatly concerned when I'd say "damn."

Not goddamn -- merely "damn!".

"Don't you know that you're calling Gods damnation on us all!"

Actually heard rumors that God was a jerk with anger issues.

But rumors are rumors.

And then there was the JW (Jehovah Witness) dude with PTSD.

Unlike God, Mr. JW physically assaulted me.

JW spent hours a day studying scripture and isometrically toughing up his left arm recovering from a stroke.

We talked Kesey and One Flew Over the Cuckoos Nest

(Kesey was a neighbor)

Talked suicide and brothers.

His two older brothers -- veterans of the Vietnam era -- committed suicide.

One from wandering into oncoming traffic, The other jumped from the roof of the psych facility that was temporarily my refuge.

Told Pauls' story.

"Was the Deviiil" he said.

"Yes," replied.

Talked regarding Madame Lecha'i, the four legged bitch who greeted me into this Washington village.

Lecha'i. Navajo for dog means literally "It eats its shit"

Le Madame is a bitch with appetite.

Don't know if it was the affectionate story of the bitch or our sharing of knowing suicide so close that had JW assault me.

Approached him regarding scripture.

The second epistle of St..John where John writes "God is love and whosoever hath not love hath not God."

Just wanted to get the quote perfect.

JW refused to turn away from the Pentateuch in the Hebrew bible

Rather too bloody for me.

He grabbed my hand.

"Lets arm wrestle!"

As he grabbed my hand he shouted--
YOU ARE THE SON OF SATAN.
Wouldn't let go of me and squeezed my hand for the pain.

Later told the administration that I was talking of making a woman eat shit.

Been known to love bitches of the two legged variety but Madame was never one of them.

To be physically assaulted by a nominal Christian over the GOD IS LOVE scripture
was surreal and screwy.

But hey, "WHAT A LONG STRANGE TRIP IT'S BEEN."

Getting longer and stranger.

Finish with coupla poems. First Hermits self-advice.
Second to my friend Anne, She a ladye of eighty three.
So she says. Actually she's 18 years old and likes wrinkles as do I.

HERMITS SELF-ADVICE

1

SO YOU WANNA BE A HERMIT DOYAH?

2

COURT LADYE SOLITUDE SLOWLY

SLOW

Easy
Patient

She likes it that way

3

Crossing two leggeds' on the path

Yeah yeah Slow easy patient

Unless get spooked

Then hit the gas

4

Four leggeds'?
Bear Lion Squirrel Coyote?

Invite for tea
Party hearty

5

Three years?
Long time.

6

Leave "me" behind
Slowly step out of time
or you'll go nutso.

7

And for GODSAKE
NO holiness

If you meet the Buddha
Meher Baba
or any raggedy holy man

Hell

Billy Graham
If they pass you on the road
kill the bastids

Be still and know God is God
The nameless ONE is unnameable

Present moment just now

Surrender all of it

Slowly utterly

Lastly poem to my friend, Anne.

Without indulging cliches – the DISEASE of young lovers – suffice it to say never expected to ever be in love again and genuinely didn't give a damn but HEY life happens to yuh when yer busy making other plans.

BLESS THEY THAT DARE LOVE

(for Anne C. Smith (1932-) and MOH 1957 -)

Blessed are they that dare love.
across generations for they know.
the sweetness of life in the shadow of death

My beloved born before birth
to this sudden meeting
time no vise
but vast expanse
dusty desert sky
life itself
brief as breath

Blessed are they that dare love
within the echo of time
for the intimacy of timelessness
rests in their bones til parting
then beyond
beyond
beyond

