

So a new world is born
and our grandchildren
love and serve it.

Serve her
for we are her
children
and she our mother

This life is sacrament
of all directions

I am a hermit in the mountains where my mother played as a child, where I and the whole Ortiz/Hill clan played as a children.

I am a hermit because I have to learn to die for real.

Am a hermit living a short walk from where my mother and I buried my little brother, Paul, and another short walk to where a deer hunter found his skeleton after our four years of searching.

Am a hermit very close to where we'll spread mom's ashes.

Here, now, I fold myself into the forest.

The hermit, I think, is self divided.

On the one hand a proud veteran of the Nazi youth trying to whip me into shape...and a real buffoon.

Who's he foolin'?

A very militant angel and a clown.

I'm toxic with being drunk with what a smart ass I can be.

But can't outsmartass you, Mr. Hermit. Very grateful for wisdom of restraint when was contemplating murdering "me, myself and I", but look in the mirror, bro, occasionally, and be real with who you see.

The alter ego has arrived unexpected. That is his way.

"And besides," says the Hermit, "you are too much in love with your cleverness and it's seriously screwing with you. Quit it."

Hermit's self-advice

1

So you wanna be a hermit doyah?

2

Court ladye Solitude
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, 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 bastards

Be still and know God is God
The nameless One is unnamable
Present Moment just now

Surrender all of it

Slowly utterly

Wrote this list of perks when I was in Mexico a few months ago. These perks I have carried into the forest where I will be alone for three years.

It was in La Paz, Baja California that I first faced being terminal. My MS diagnosis had clearly advanced. After the first ten years of relapsing remitting MS I realized that I was not “remitting” anymore.

It has been two years since my last relapse and I have recovered nothing since.

My walking is gimpy and cognitively I am a bit screwy and sometimes slur speech. As I was facing being terminal, I had to be real about dying.

For me that meant deep solitude, and this is the list that guides me.

The original perks of being terminal –

- Uncommon patience with people’s flaws and imperfections.
- With own flaws and imperfections.
- Not in the least distracted by any kind of self improvement project.
- To renounce perfectibility
- The self, with it’s limited dimensions, is itself sacred and borders on the Infinite
- Choose battles well
- Forget fighting with self or lost and angry other.
- Savor day to day life – it is the domain of the Nameless.
- Present moment – only present moment—no-thing to be distracted to.
- Illuminate and release of self amplifying habits
- Continue the silent, perpetual breaking of the heart.
- Be kind and humble.
- Release all whom the heart breaks for.
- No urgency for anything at all. The virtues of spiritually and physicaliy moving
- Move real slow
- or not move at all.

These perks I live for as a hermit - and to which live into those three years alone.

Confluence of Rivers

1

My will
God's will
Self-same water

Not will snuffed out by God's fire
But *willfulness* released to Divine will.

2

Coherently the same
The same in coherence

Intent
Tender
Tender outgoing presence
No violence or aggression of any kind.