

Connections

...

Connect the dots...

A strong desire exists for people to find connections. This in turn becomes patterns, literature and music. Think about music for a moment, in life, as life.

The moments are notes
Strung together, this becomes a song of life
Our consciousness the melody
The tempo, is the heart beating.

As an aside, it could be said:

The 20th century tempo has been replaced by alarms and seconds of a time clock.
 compared to the previous clock of the farmer's seasons
 compared to the previous clock of various tides
 compared to the previous clock of
Seemingly always a clock somewhere
<!-- To be blatant: the key word is "seemingly" -->

Melody is a rhythmic succession or arrangement of sound: similarly our life is a rhythmic succession or arrangement of moments. Humans love melody since humans have the capability to flow with the melody. The melody's very nature permits reflective discovery. Similarly: if life can be considered to be a melody, it becomes possible to self discover and harmonize with our own lives.

The problem within this analogy: many people try too hard. It's tempting to treat life as sheet music: looking for the notes to be handed to us, to be read. Rather, we must be receptive, listening to our lives. Over time, it becomes possible to learn various patterns of our nature. Relax, don't "over anticipate". The song of life is about change. In time, with time, learn to flow with your song¹ as it happens.

The first step: learn to accept the individual notes of life a moment at a time.

1) Much like improv Jazz

Notes from my journal...

- A single dot:

At times you have to hold onto sorrow
as if it were the only thing.
At times you have to release song
as it becomes all you are.

- A single dot:

Jasmine scent, sneaks underneath summer heat.

Summer heat not too thick
yet
thick enough to feel fingers
slightly sweaty fingers
conducting across moist glistening skin.

First day of summer.
What note, tempo, beat, harmonic
is worth reaching for: under a siesta sun?

Leading back to chords of Jasmine
Tying scents of rhapsody
Not all music is of melody.

- A single dot:

Overhearing a conversation she said:

“I can’t have anything without faith, but I can’t have faith without anything.”

- A single dot:

Another style of discovery is to explore the opposite side of one's nature.

If it's in our nature to be a pattern, to connect the dots, then flip this around. Stand disconnected for a moment. Do nothing, or the unexpected... relax into being truly different to uncover your own nature.

- A single **long** dot:

Time, this is a time:

Where mindless machines are built, to scour the heavens, touch the planets, fueling dreams of those wishing to reach the stars. While humanity touches the dead gods with machines of steel and gold. Robotic eyes spinning around fleet Mercury, or probes to prod the Titan of Saturn.

Where philosophers and magicians rely on sleight of hand showing those sleeping that "Magic" still exists. While scientists practice another slight of hand to permit horses to birth a zebra, genetically paint day-glo / glow-in-the-dark tropical fish and dream of bringing to life dinosaurs from the stones of fossils.

... It's hard not to connect the dots at times ...
... As connections just appear out of nowhere...

Did you know one day we will resurrect Ludwig van Beethoven? As he translated his soul into music, a day will come when science might "reverse-engineer" him from those very same notes.

Where religion anchors souls down on the ground rather than in flight

Stained glass bleeds light down, down as
blurred colors brushed against gray pillars to heaven

Which is the path?
one to the altar
or
one back up within rays of light

While candle flames lift to the sky
blessings as landing pads to saints
coming back down to those tied to earth.
The smell of mothballs comes forth from the opening of a holy book
like my mother's Greek Orthodox mother's linen closet
yet now issuing out from the church altar.
How many souls flew too high?
Fumigated back down by the vapors of spoken words?

It's a time not different from any other point in human history: we are still very human. Still human despite attempts to digitize law and force behavior to match legislation written in zeros and ones.

- A single dot:

Imagine sitting down, beside an old maple tree.
With eyes closed:
Feel dappled sunlight, dancing on the skin,
 Leaves eclipse stray beams
 as shadows tango to the light across the body.
Listen to leaves whisper...
 joy as the wind tussles them
 into the air.
Smile as branches complain
 in creaking strains
 as younger leaves bounce in play.

Dots, Dots, Dots...

... Capture a dot, enwrite a moment on this page ...

Did you get stuck on the word enwrite?

Give it meaning by capturing a moment later.

Everything laid within these pages are simply dots, specks of writing. Some of which, a reader will connect to personal experience. Others are free-flowing, possibly to remain only as distinct questions or memories.

- A single dot:



- A single dot:
Dreamtime in Street Chalk



Destination or Beginning?

===== Paths =====

The path here is simple: In life moments will gather. Don't overly worry about connections. When a moment is just a moment, live it bracingly while letting it pass. Not everything needs to be connected into a larger meaning. Many experiences are best left alone. If the moment calls to be connected, then the overall balance of the world will make it clear to you without fuss.

It's always tempting to frame life within arbitrary points



Transform such points into stepping stones,
revealing larger patterns beyond personal restrictions.