World Gone Wrong

In November 2017, sitting on a rooftop in Arizona I write that I feel the world in pain. Today, June 3, 2020, two and a half months into the COVID-19 pandemic lockdown and nine days into the George Floyd protests I also feel the world in pain. Sitting in the relative comfort of a small suburb in Canada I simply open myself to that pain. I meditate on this pain as I sit outside feeling the warmth of the sun and the chilled everywhere wind. I feel sadness, I feel anger, I long for justice, part of me wants to see it burn, reborn from the ashes, another part of me simply wants to cry. I should cry.

I should cry, but the dose of antipsychotics I'm on acts like a dam. Damn.

Then I look to the future, maybe to the next wave of COVID in the fall, and I feel scared, filling with uncertainty. My friend Aaron Munson tells me that the apocalypse is a time of revelation that can only be known in its unfolding. So I meditate on this.

I sit on the grass, feeling the earth below me, the grass that tickles and itches a bit,
I listen to the buzzing of insects,
hear the wind filled with ancestors and change,
watch my breath,
in and out,
I take in the vibrant orange and pink visual field behind my eyelids,
the photons exploding out of nuclear fusion at the center of the sun,
        travelling eight minutes through the void,
to pierce my eyelids,
illuminate my rods and cones,
radiate in my synaptic clefts,
and burst sensation into the abyss of consciousness,
pressing against thoughts that want to run run run,
and I take in the beauty of that colour,
the passing of time,
how I am mixing with the sun,   mixing with the air,
mixing with the birch tree's pollen
        that itches my nose
and I rocket my mind into the ground,   through the soil,   the clay,   the granite,
the molten core,   out the back of the Earth,   out to space,   past the moon,
                    and out of mind.

Twenty-five hundred years ago a being sits under a Bodhi Tree and realizes that suffering is universal. Suffering is the cause to bring about its end. Suffering is part of the dipole of Being, along with joy, bliss, any other positive impression, expression. Both joy and suffering push us to Know ourselves, through their conflict, through their strife. It is only through strife that Knowing can be won—the unconcealment of Being. And so I meditate on this.

I feel myself in a continuum of beings, spontaneous life, unfolding, expressing its
essence:
I see an eagle gliding on currents never beating its wings,
a flower peeling itself from the ground and bathing the world in colour and dying in the
first freeze,
the black hole's Being impressing its gravity-well on my Being,

dying, then transformation,
being to being,
to forming form to express the depths of no-form,
         visionary art,
                  death,
                           creating a self,
                           boundaries and boxes with insides and outsides,
the suffering of being trapped or locked looking in from the outside,
concealing Being,
then birth   and   death   and   rebirth.
         Then I sense the collecting Charons across time as I create outside of mind. As I fall into visions. Or become consumed by mania as the 100-mile tidal wave of Being obliterates my Self. Or evaporating the doors of perception with psychedelics that could be the tipping point for 7.8 billion revolutions. Or the meditation on moment to moment, breath to breath alignment of Being, unconcealing, to become a mirror that holds nothing, and I become nothing and no one,
                  one.
         I sense back into my body and feel the hydrogen glow of the sun and its warmth, giving, and Being and thinking about George Floyd and if my daughter will go back to school next year, and the weight of gravity in my chest as the universe within is collapsing into the abyss, and I sit with that and let the Charon of meditation take me past the event horizon and I rest on suffering.
         I am writing this to be with suffering. To sense it, to feel it course through my body, blister my mind, feeling for a rupture, a hemorrhage. Maybe I will cry.

I want to tell you a story, or a series of stories, about some experiences of *everything* I have.