

## WE SHAPE THE MUSIC, AND THEN, THE MUSIC SHAPES US

Music is movement.

Music is a movement of relationship.

Music is a movement of relationship that we sense—not just hear, but sense.

Music is a movement of relationship that we sense somatically by means of the instrument of our whole mind-body.

What shapes sensing is formative metaphor.

But which metaphor shall shape our experience?

Domination? Force? Conflict? Aggression?

Or shall it instead be the imagery of friendship?

Dialogue? Contemplation? The fierce energy of outrage?

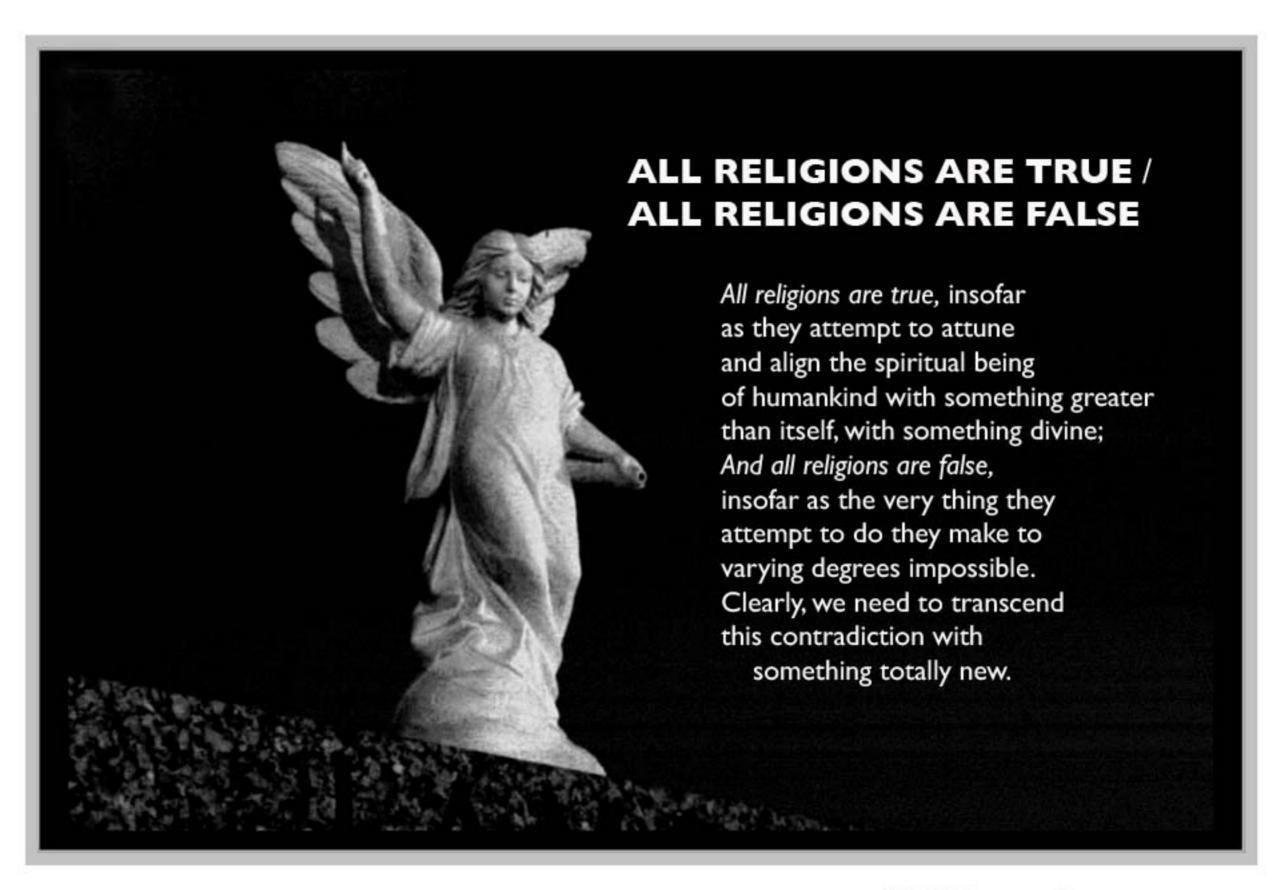
The empathy of shared grief?

The wonder of distant stars?

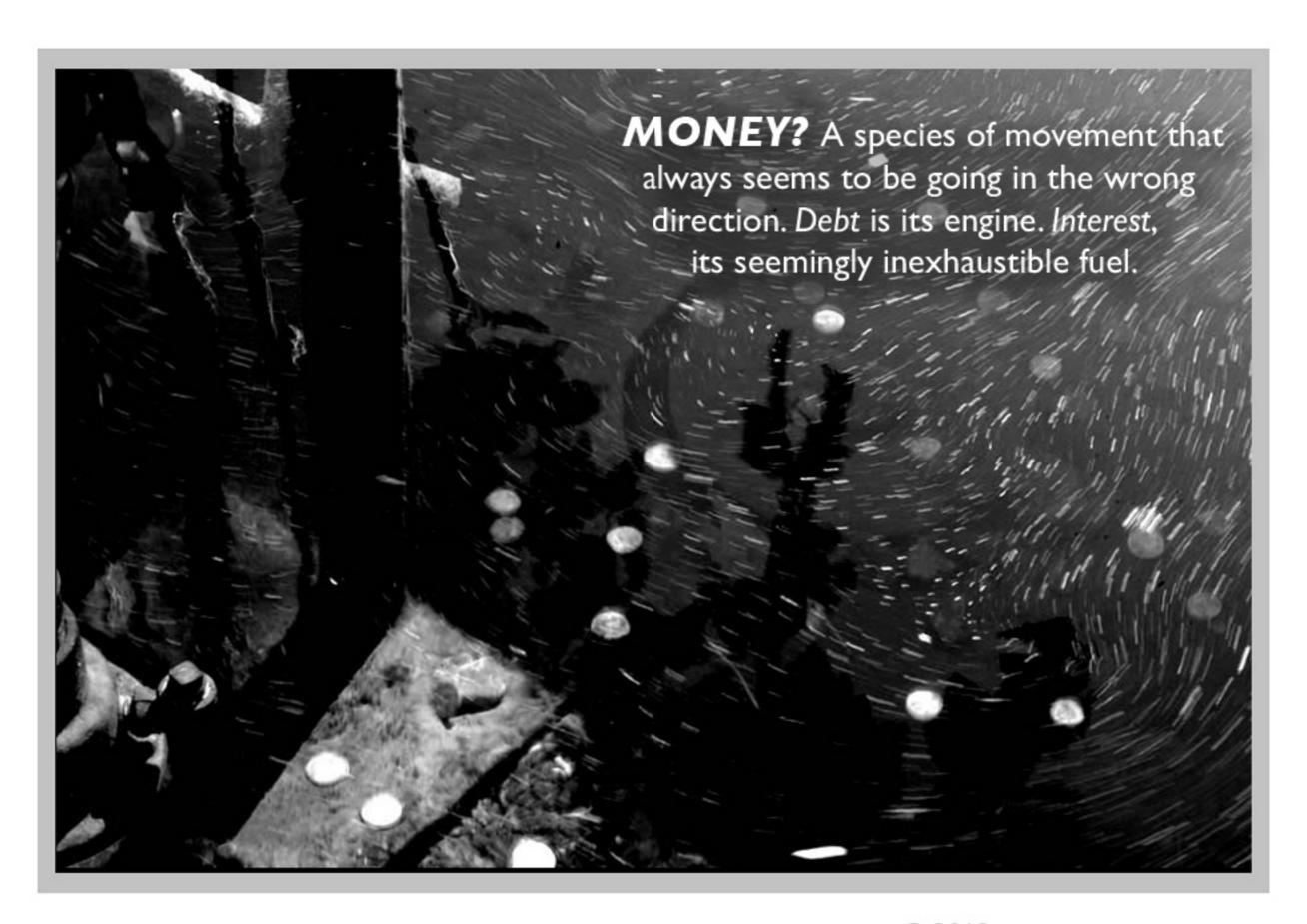
It is up to us.

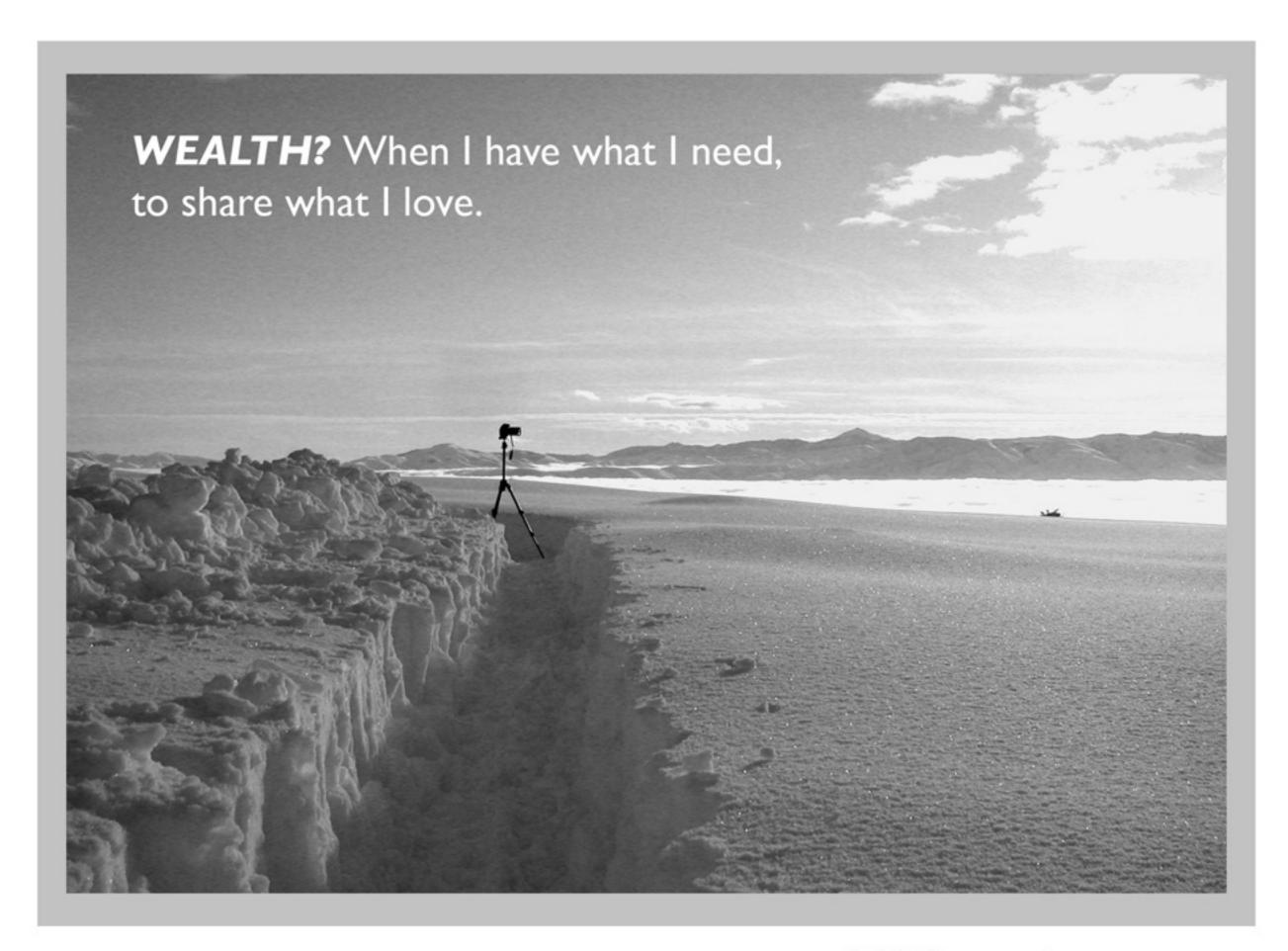
We shape the music, and then, the music shapes us.

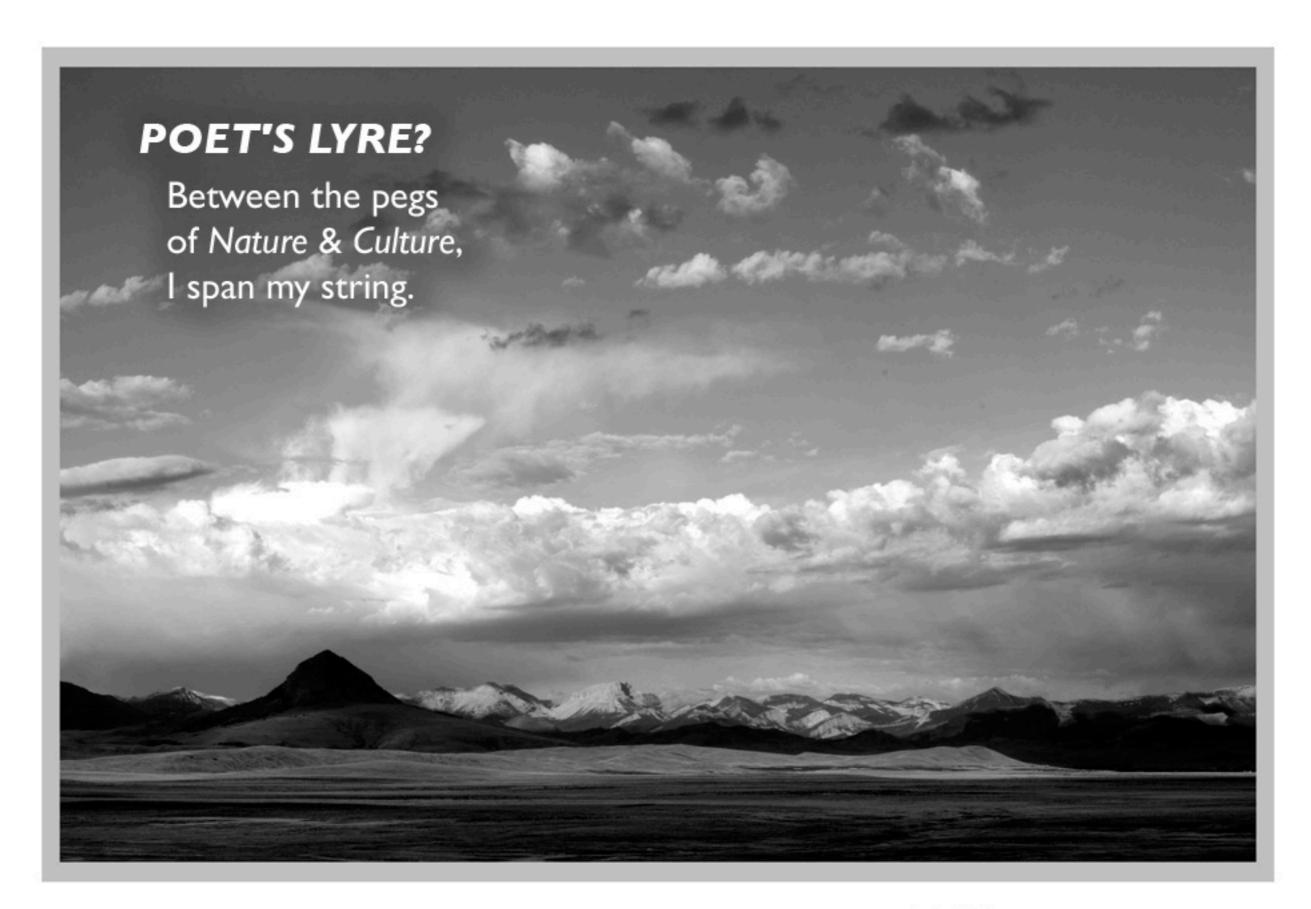
[IMAGE: Hubble Directly Observes a Planet Orbiting Another Star]

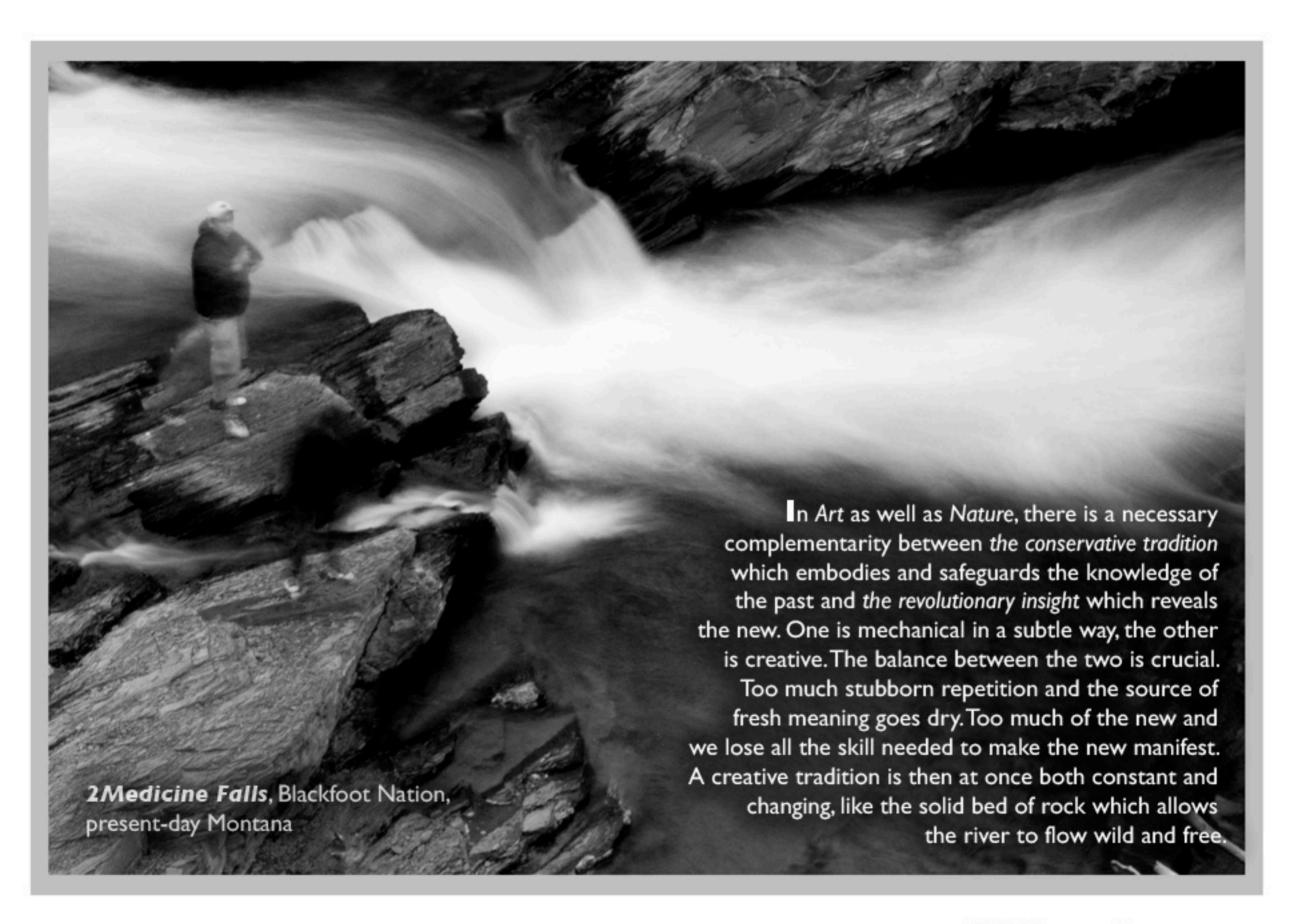


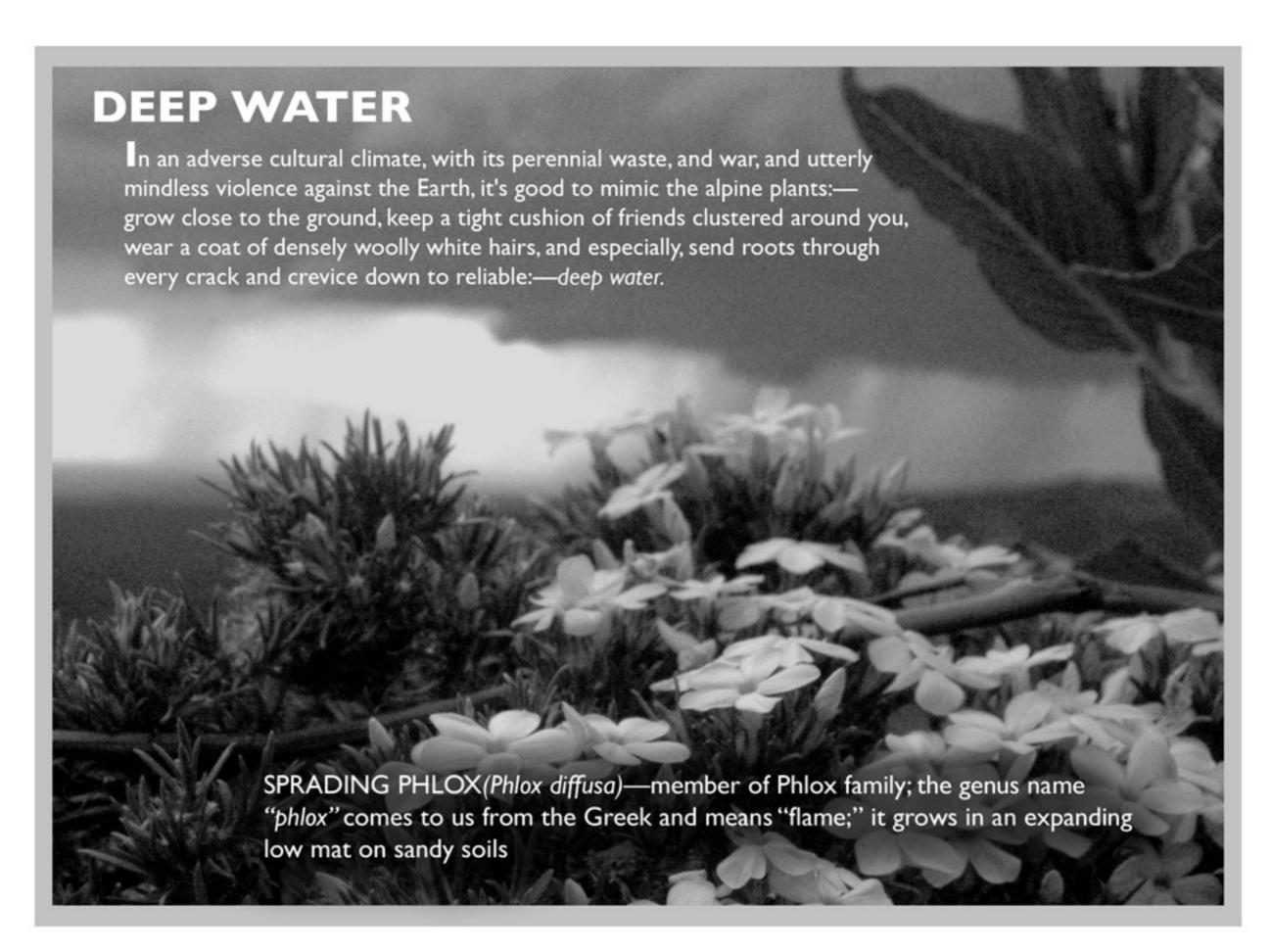


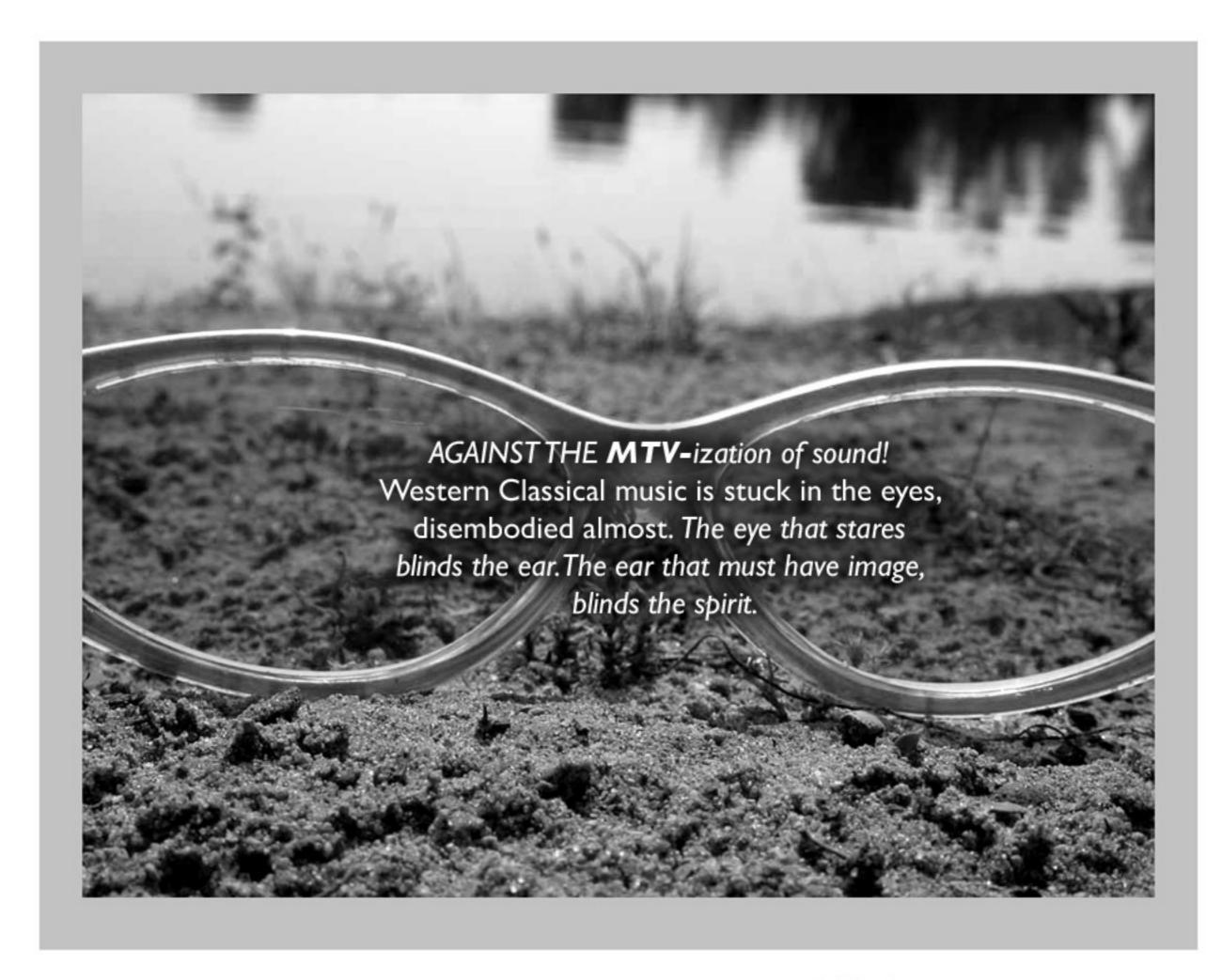


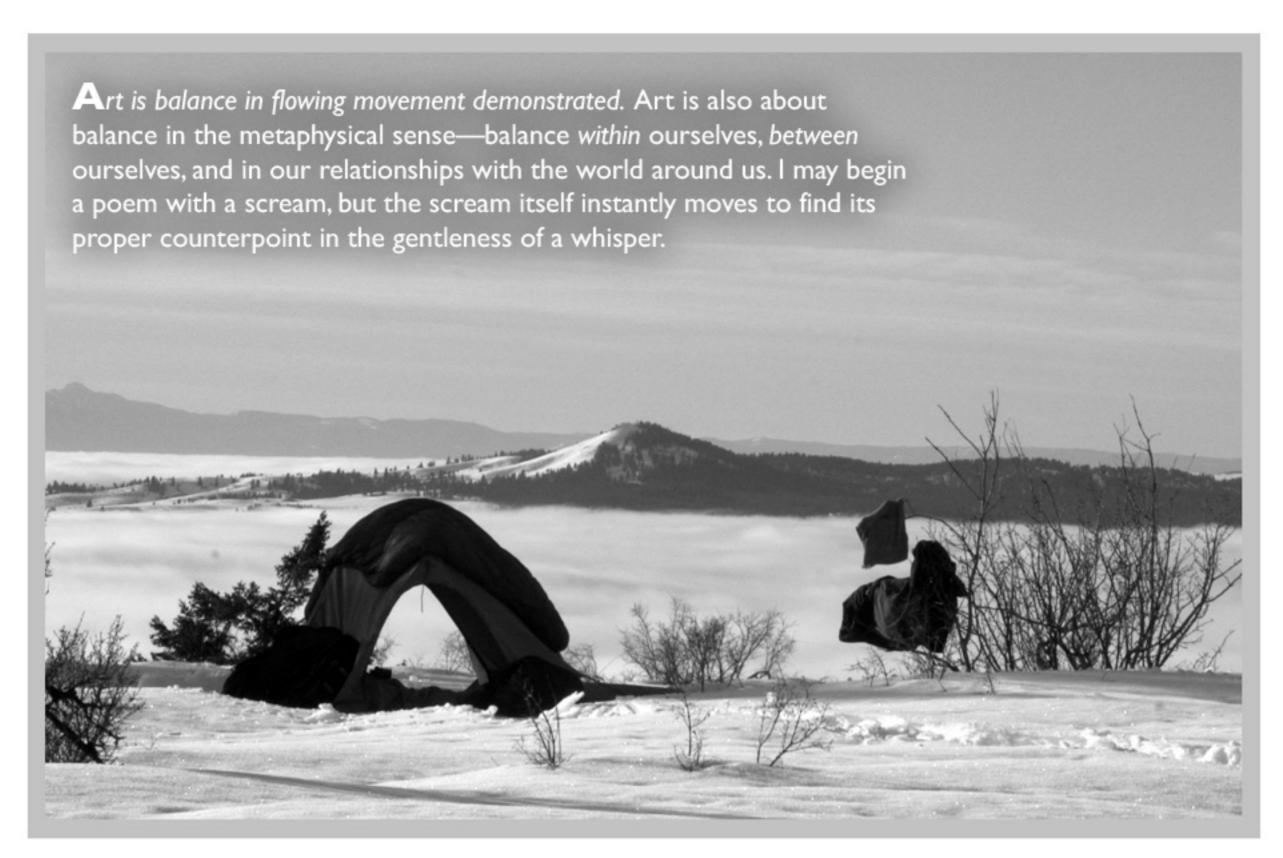


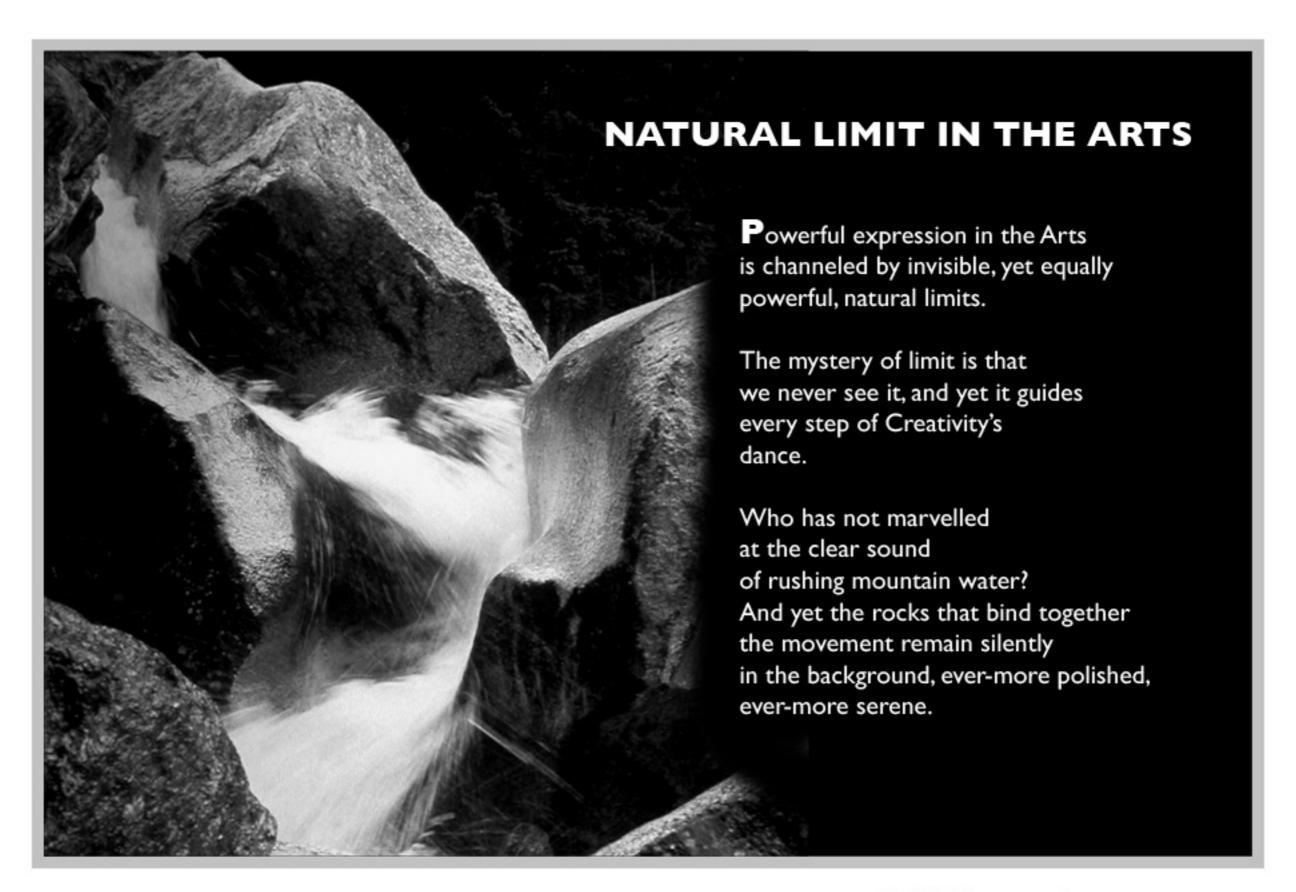


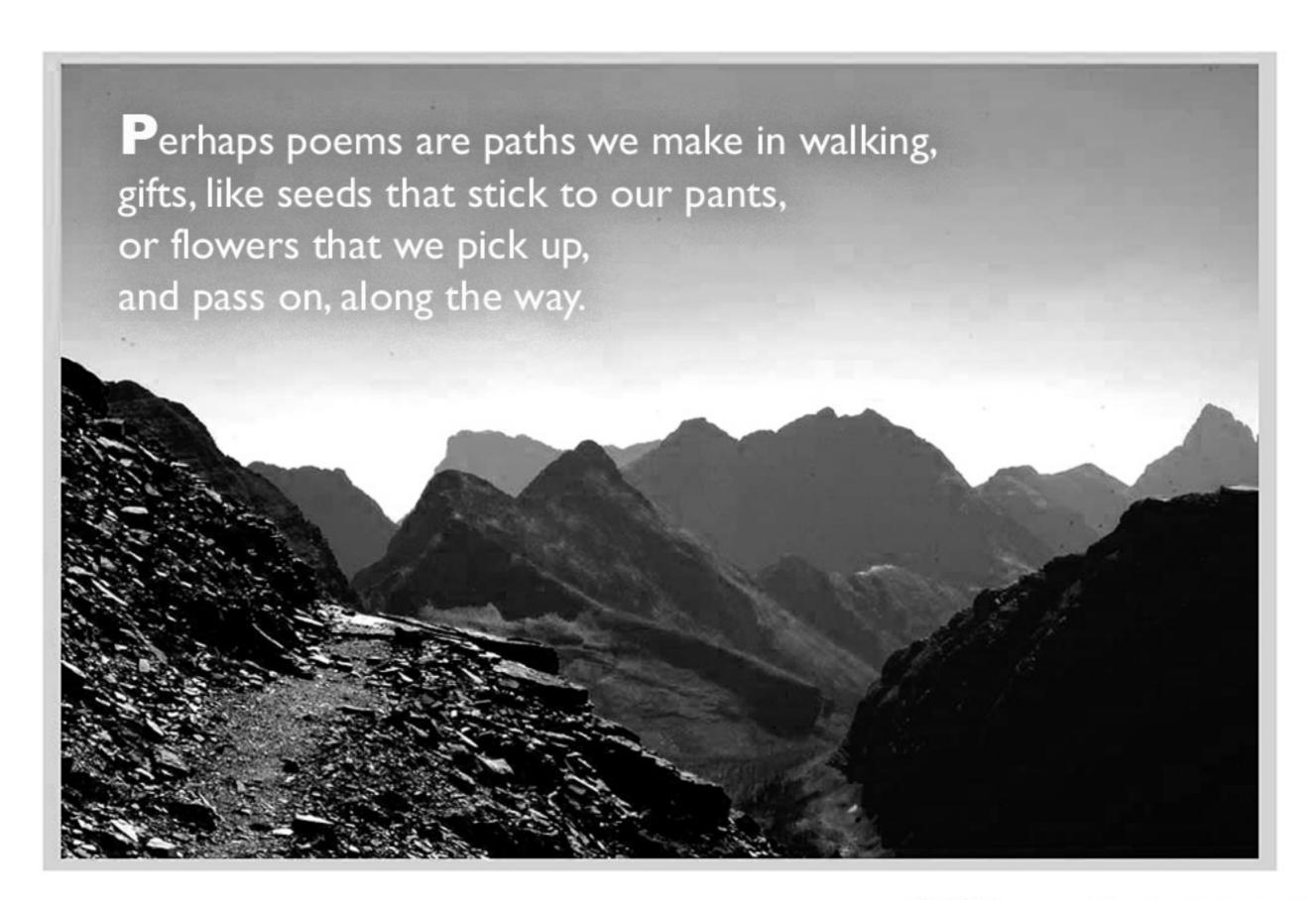




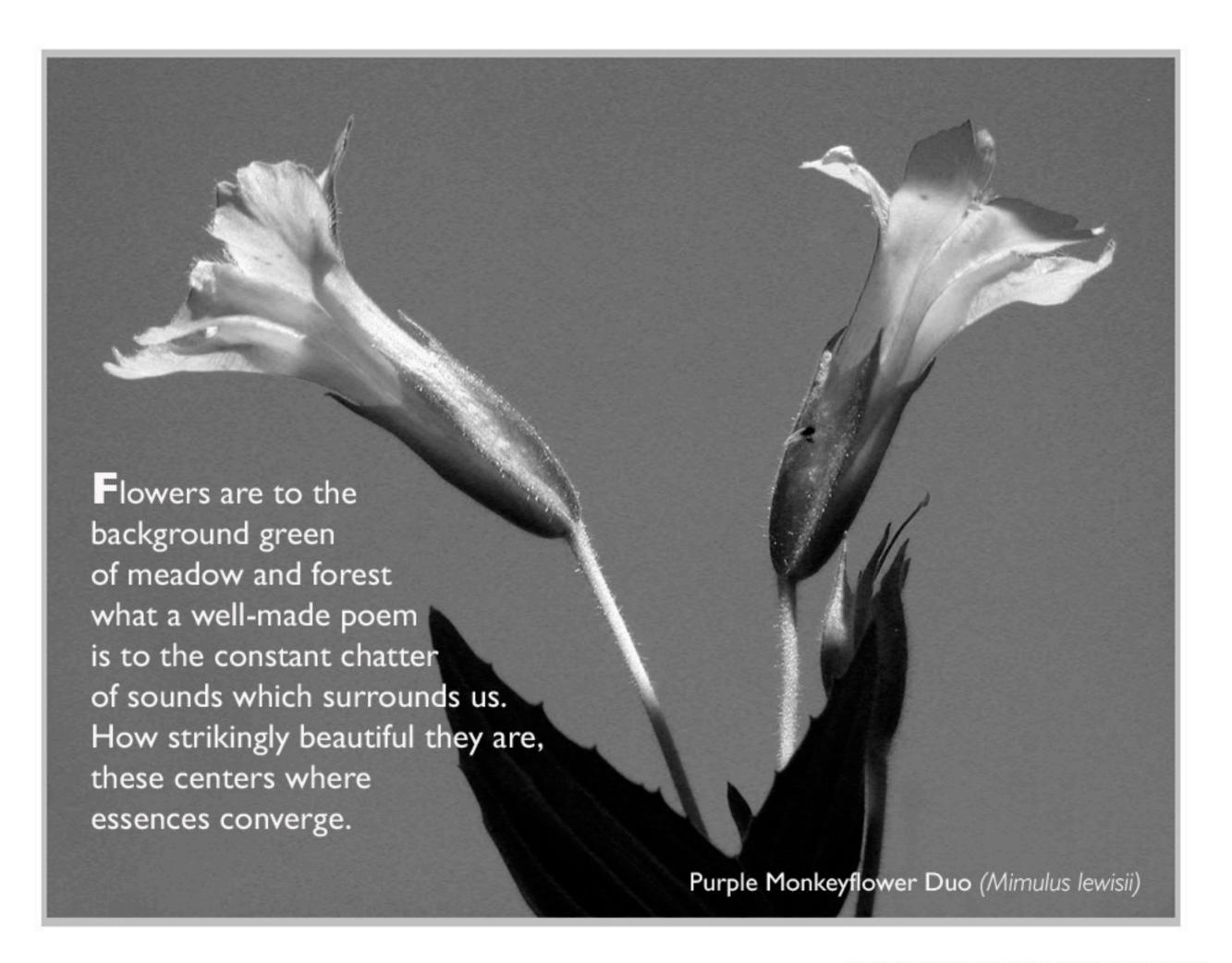


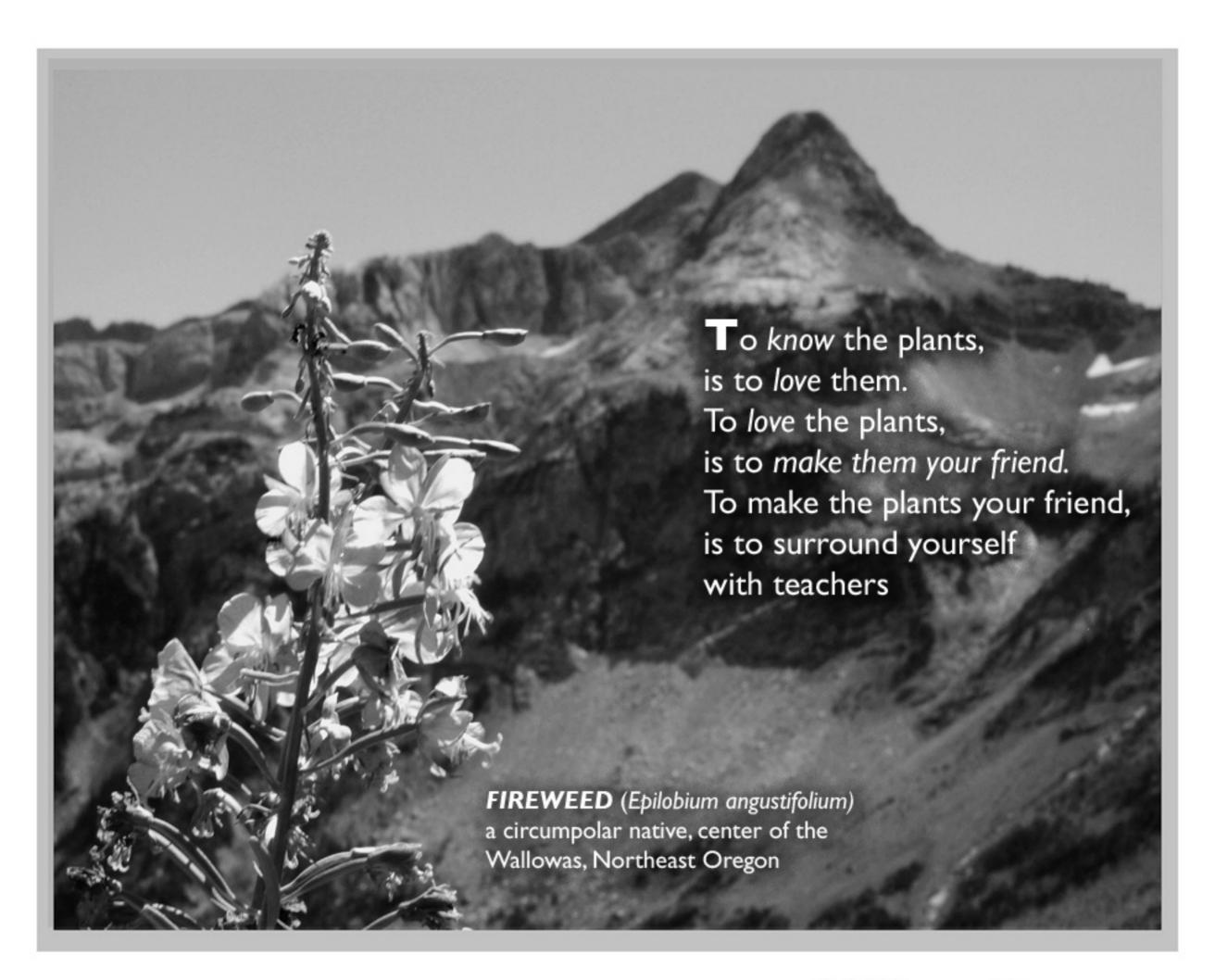






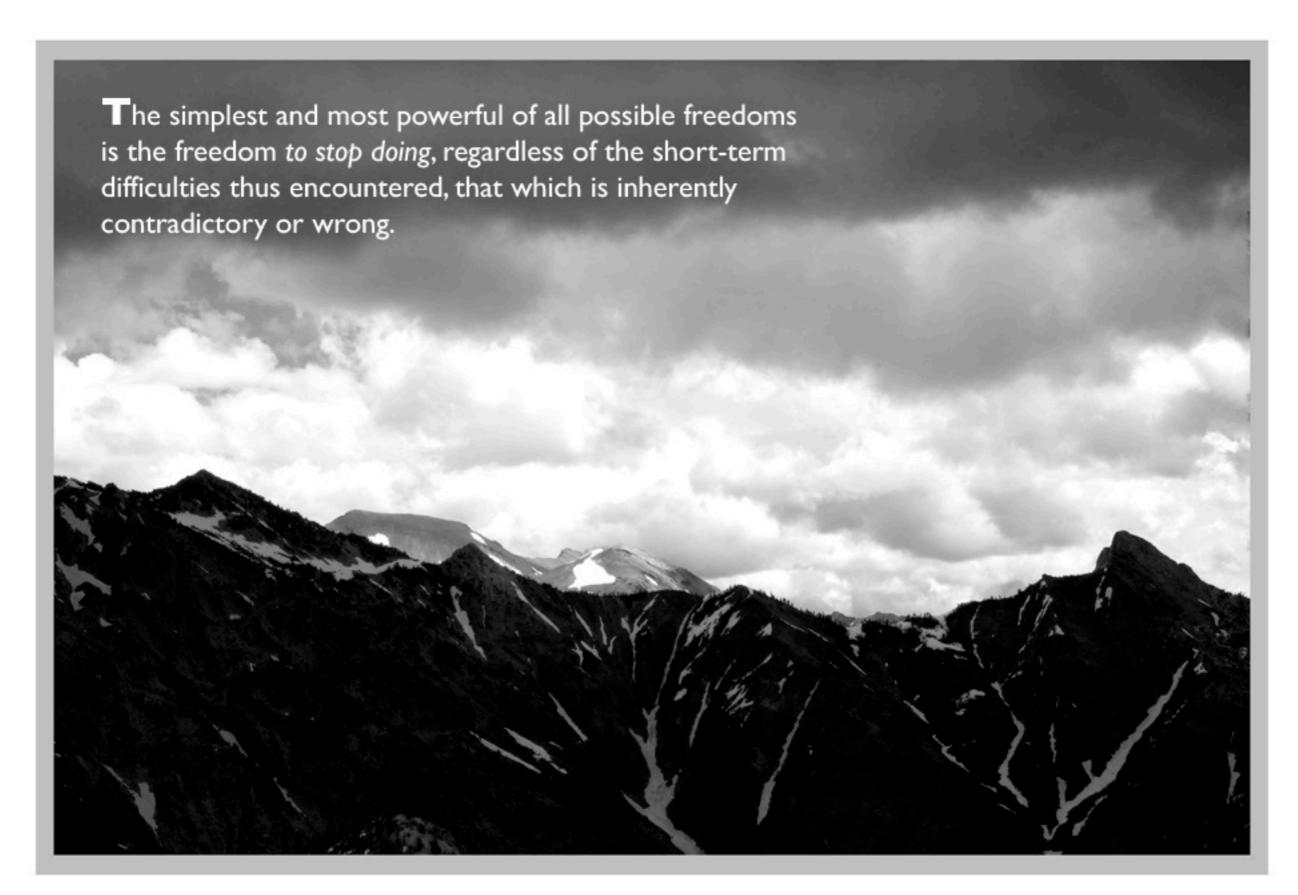


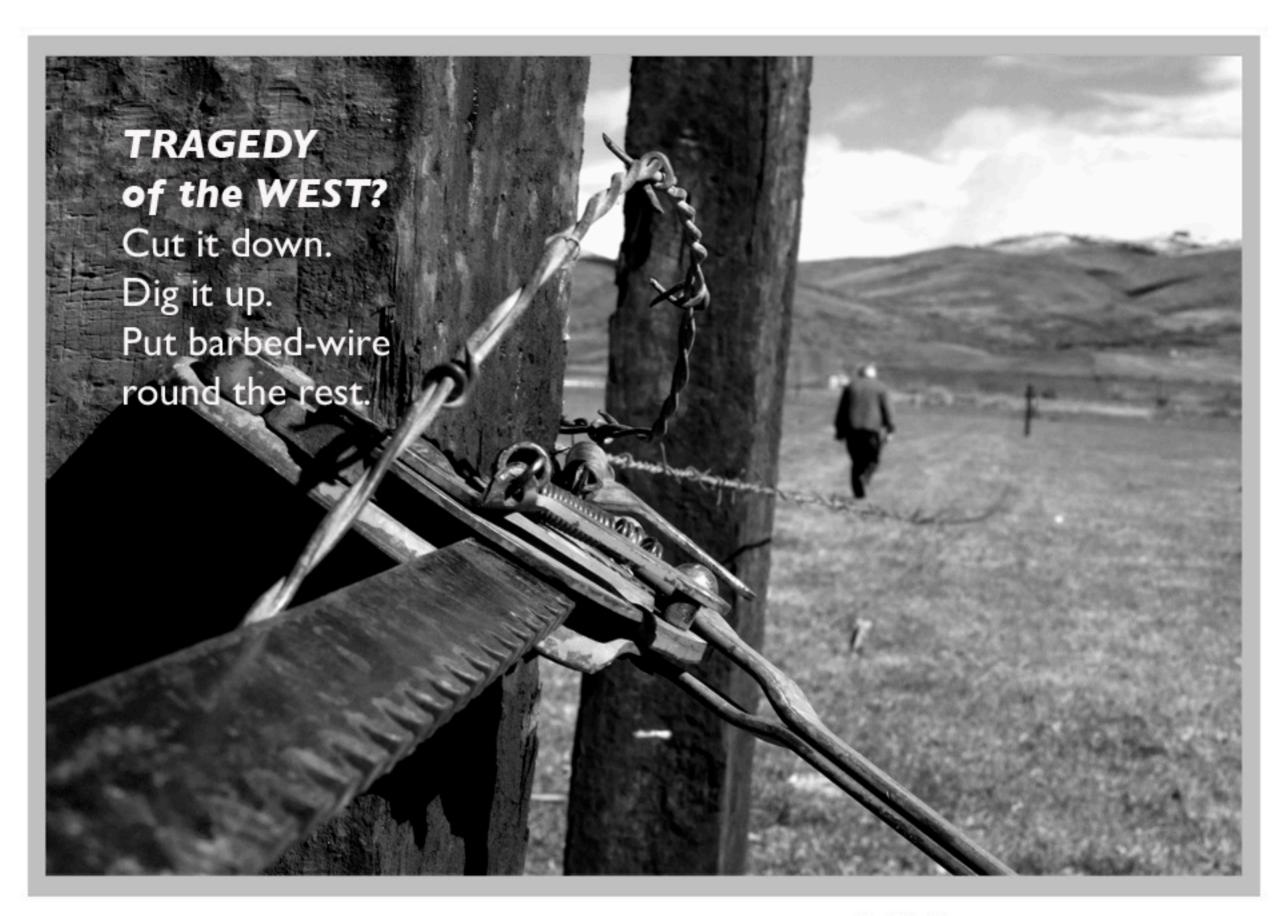




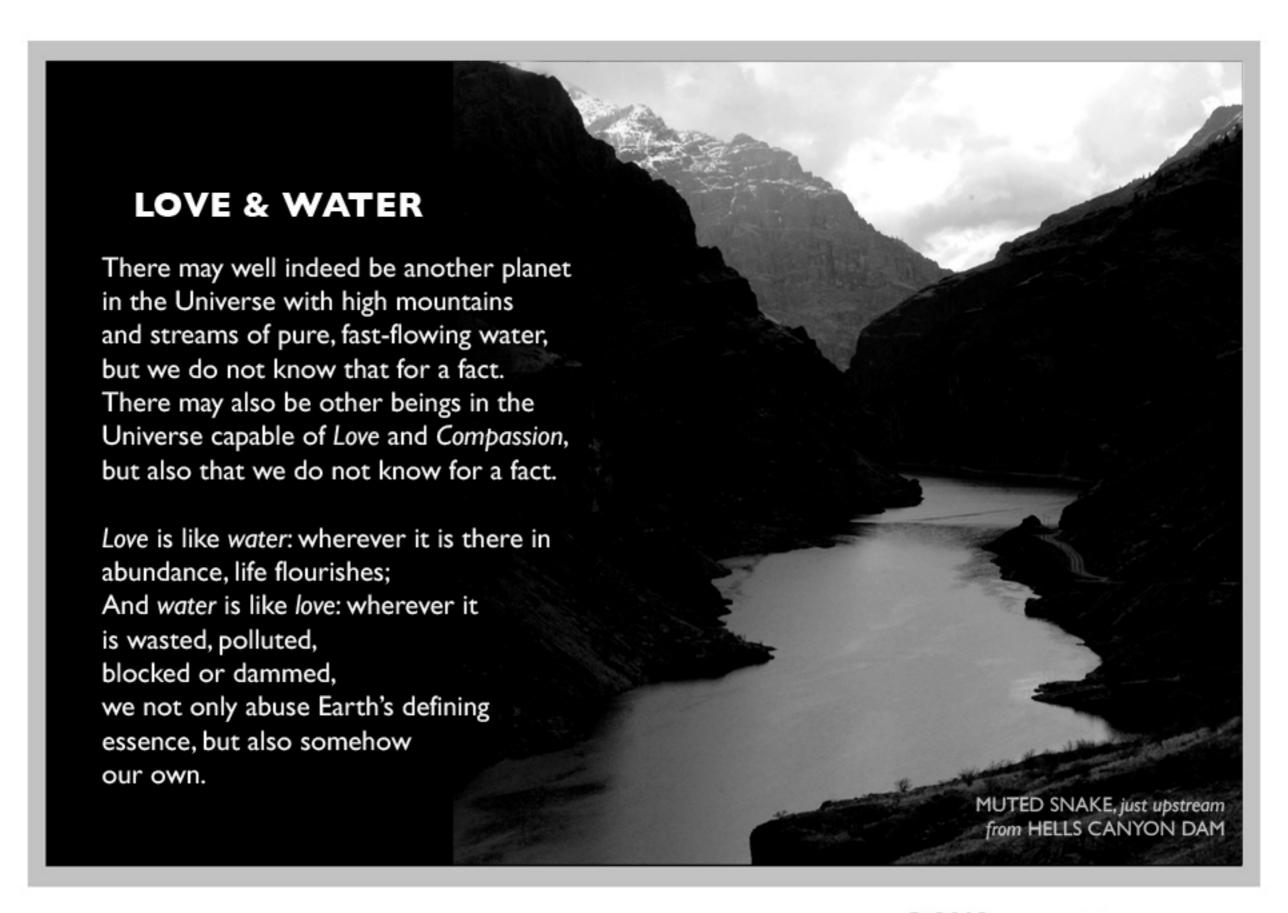


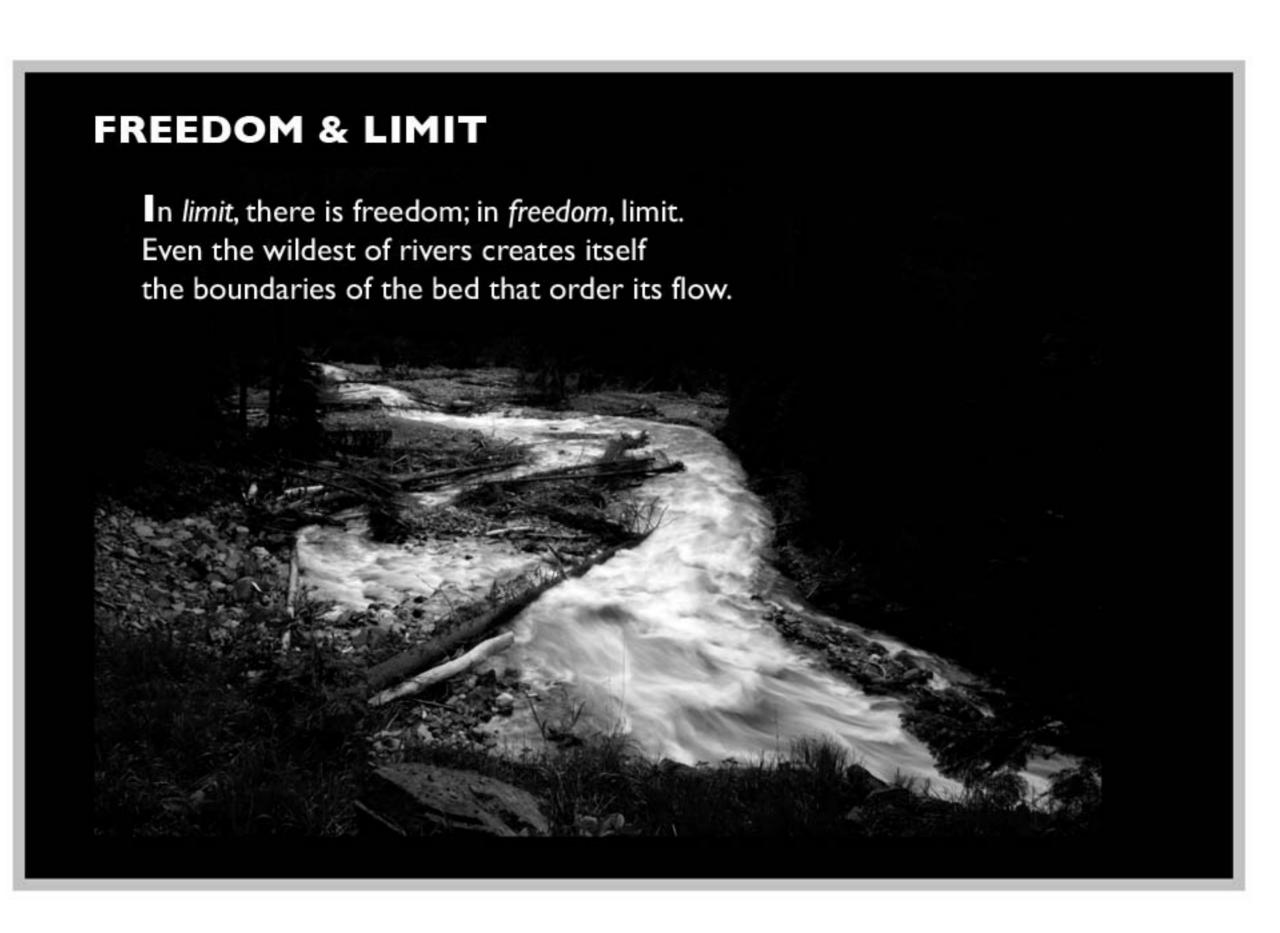


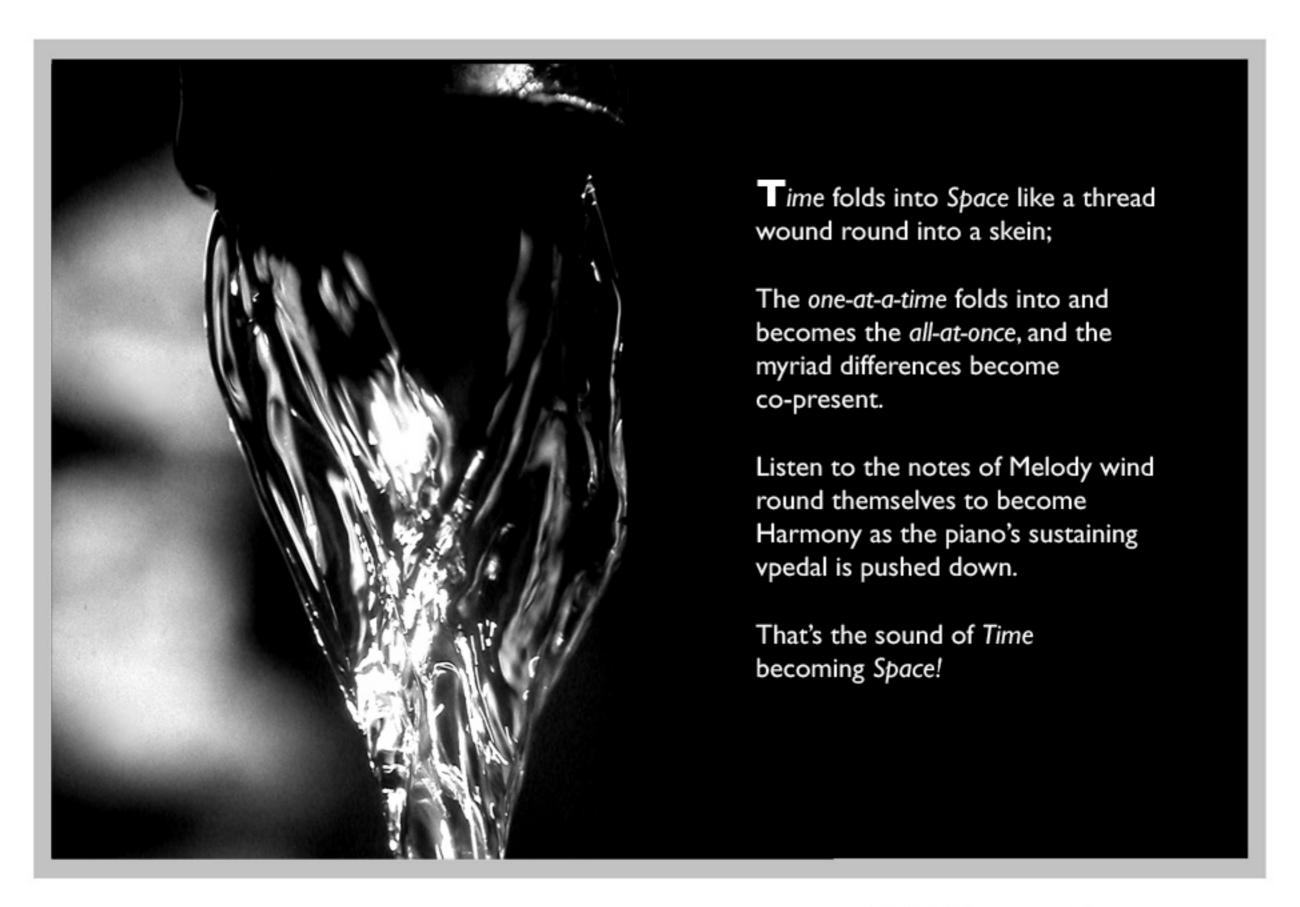


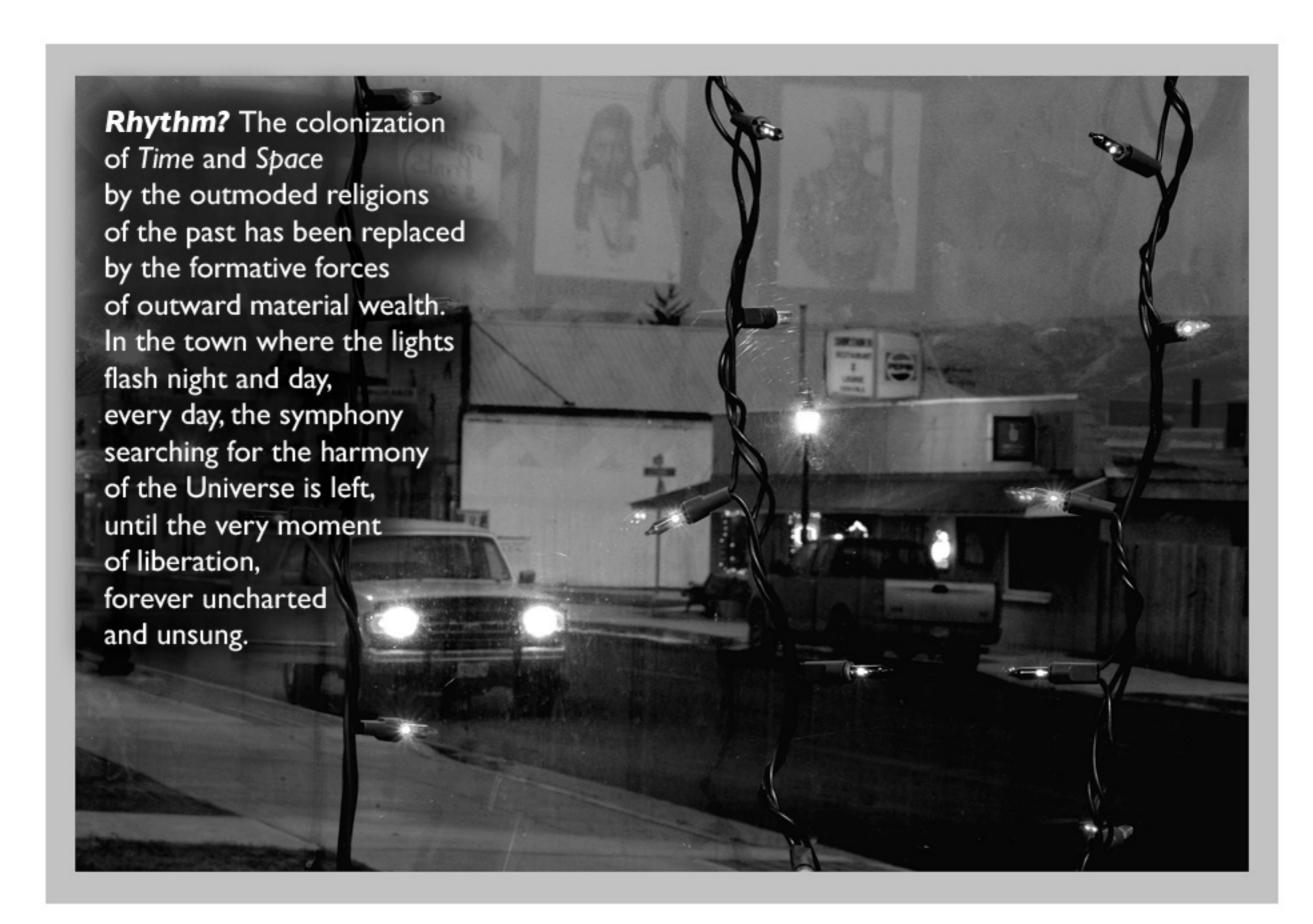


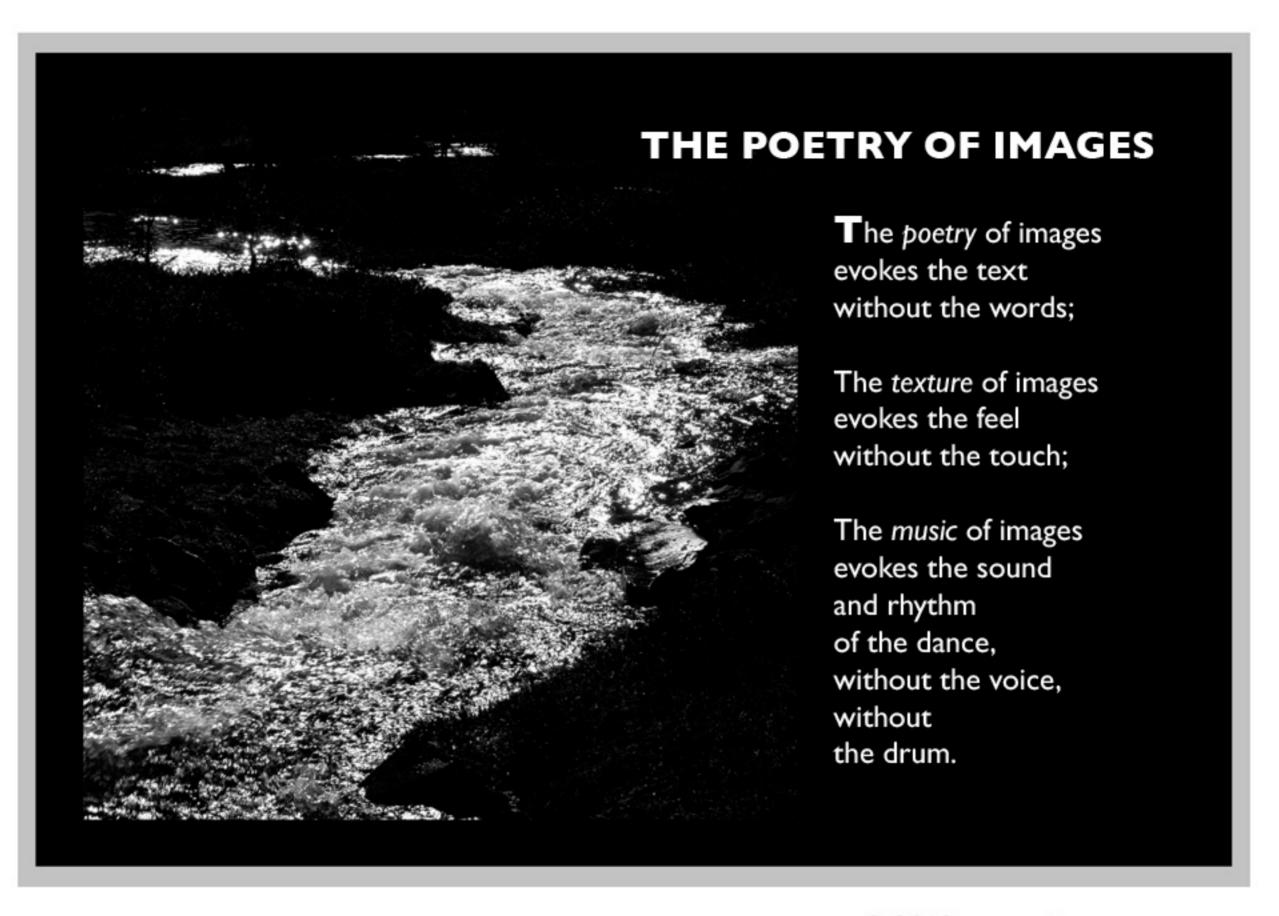


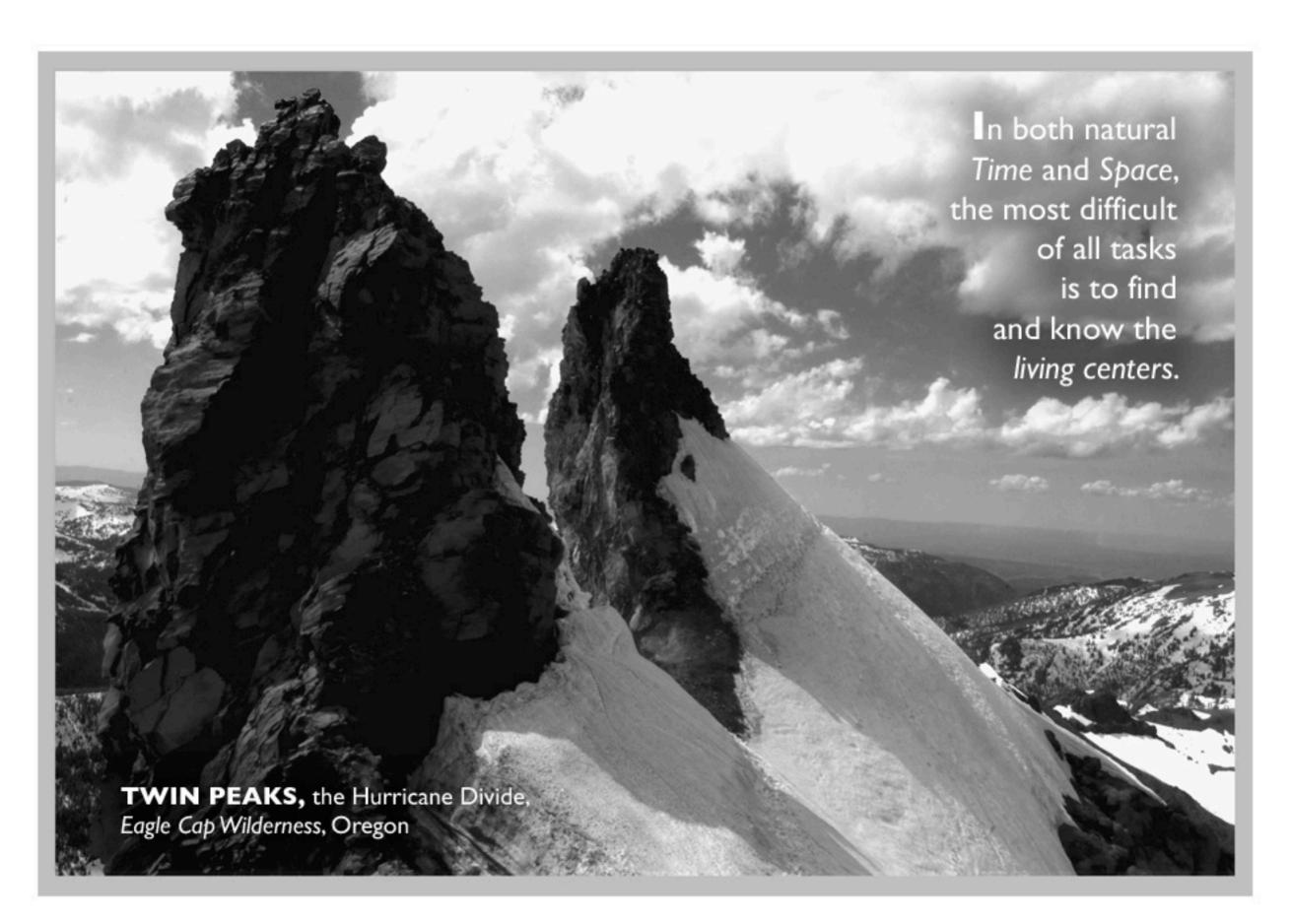


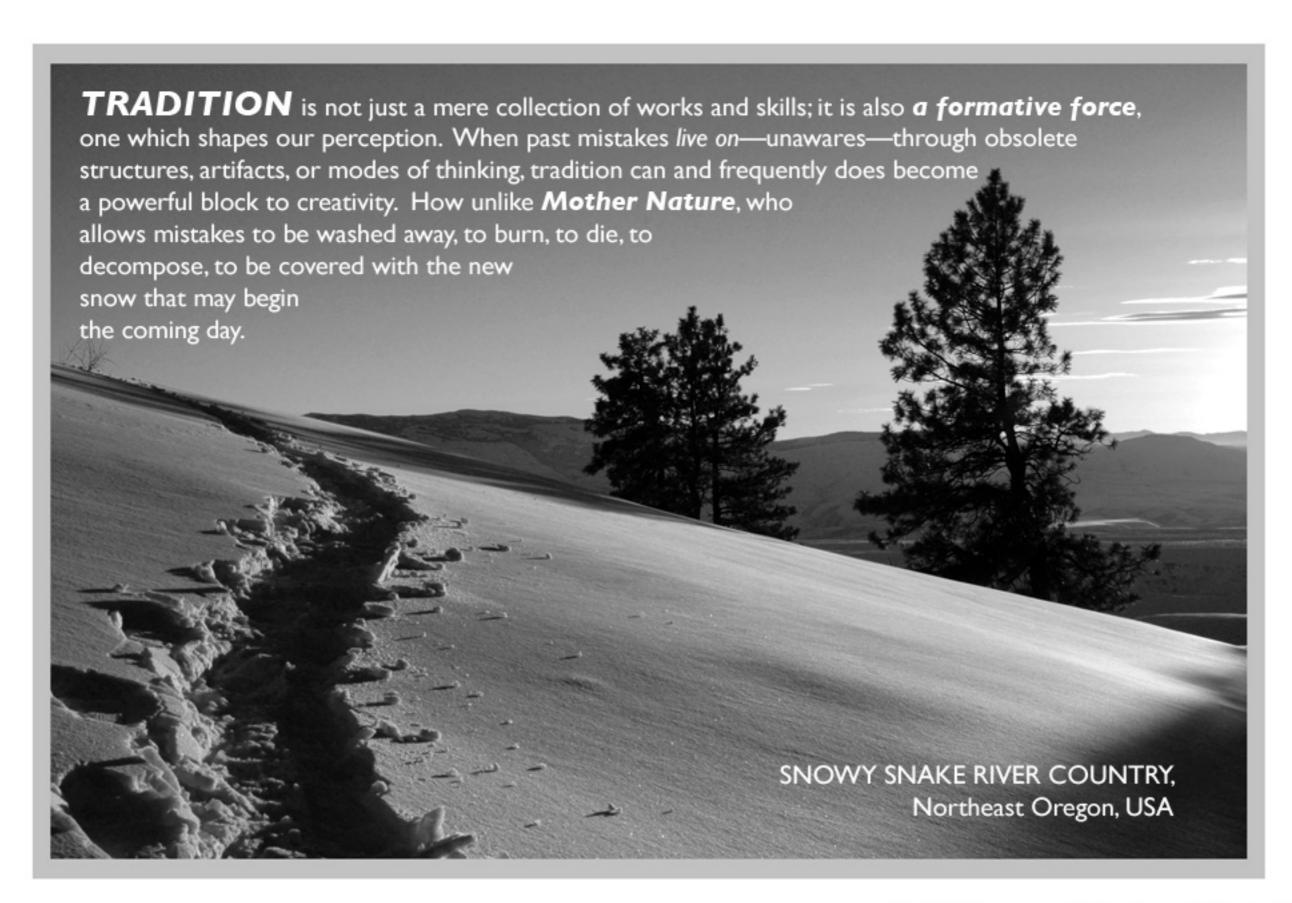


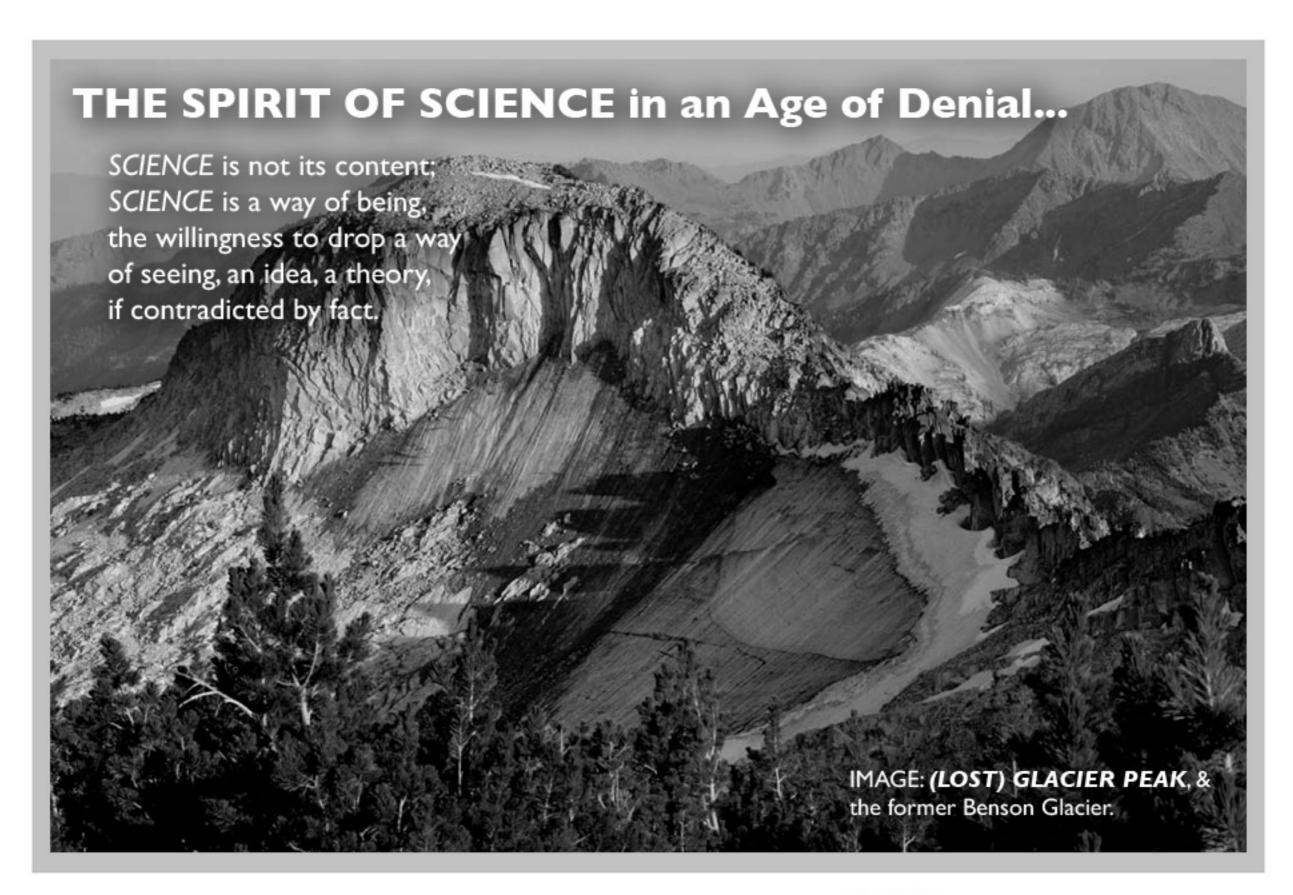


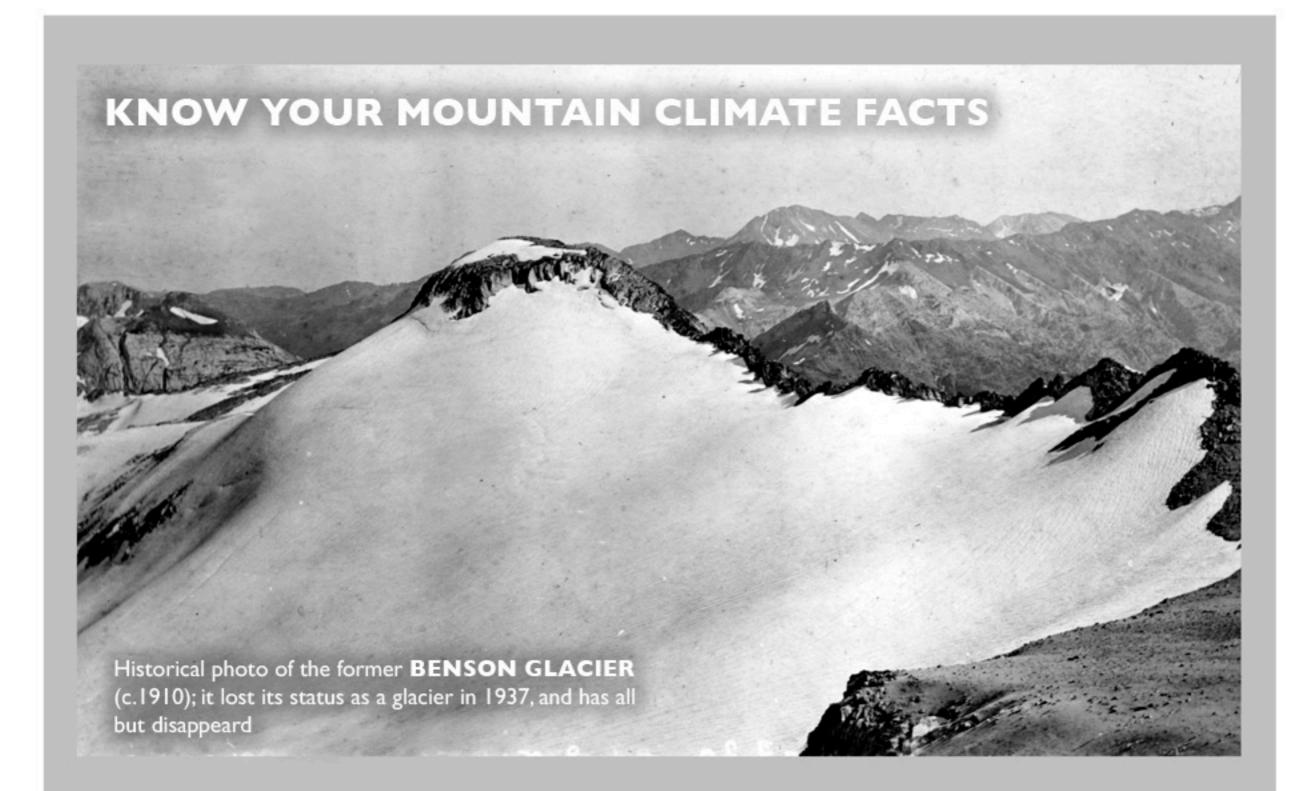




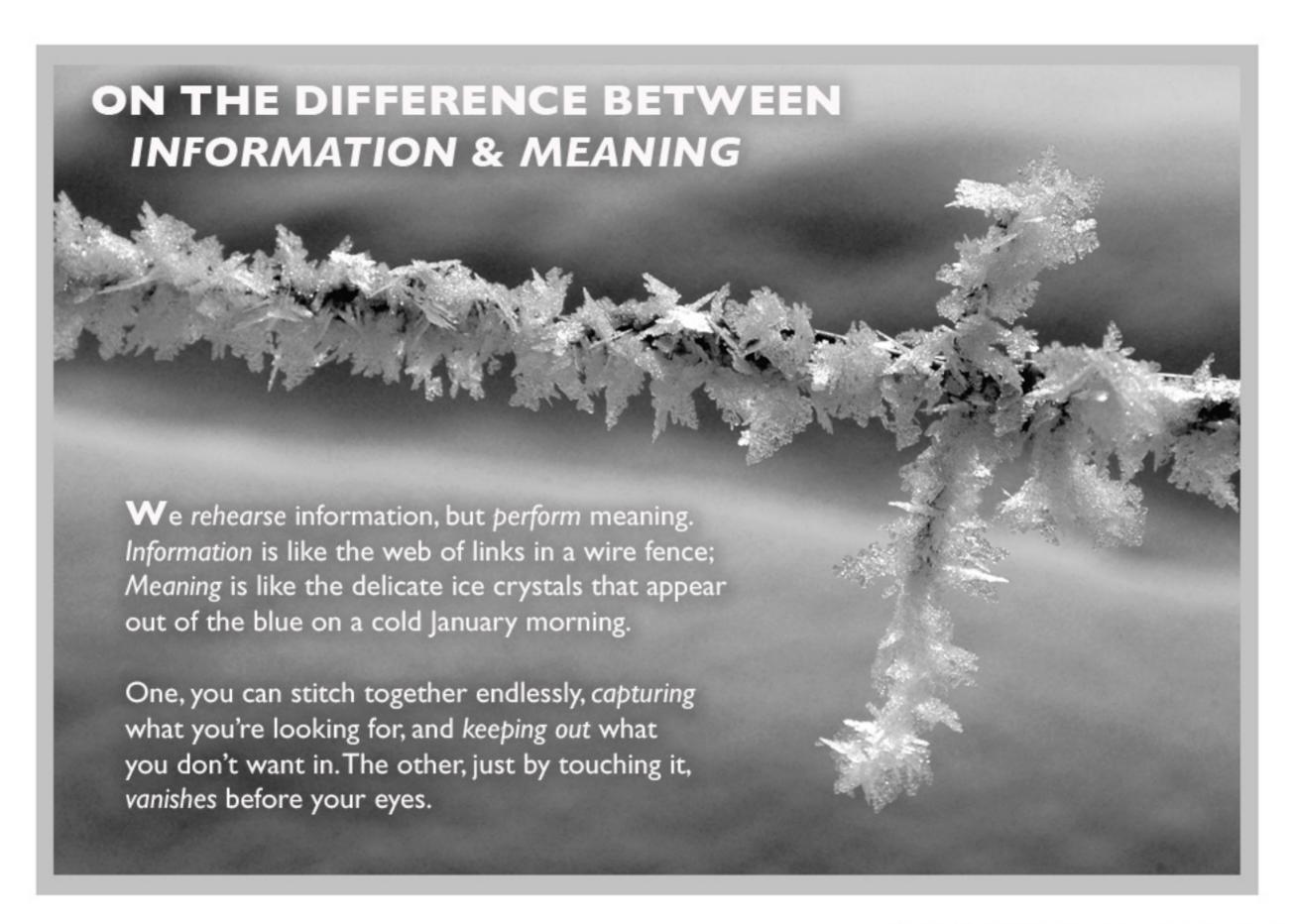


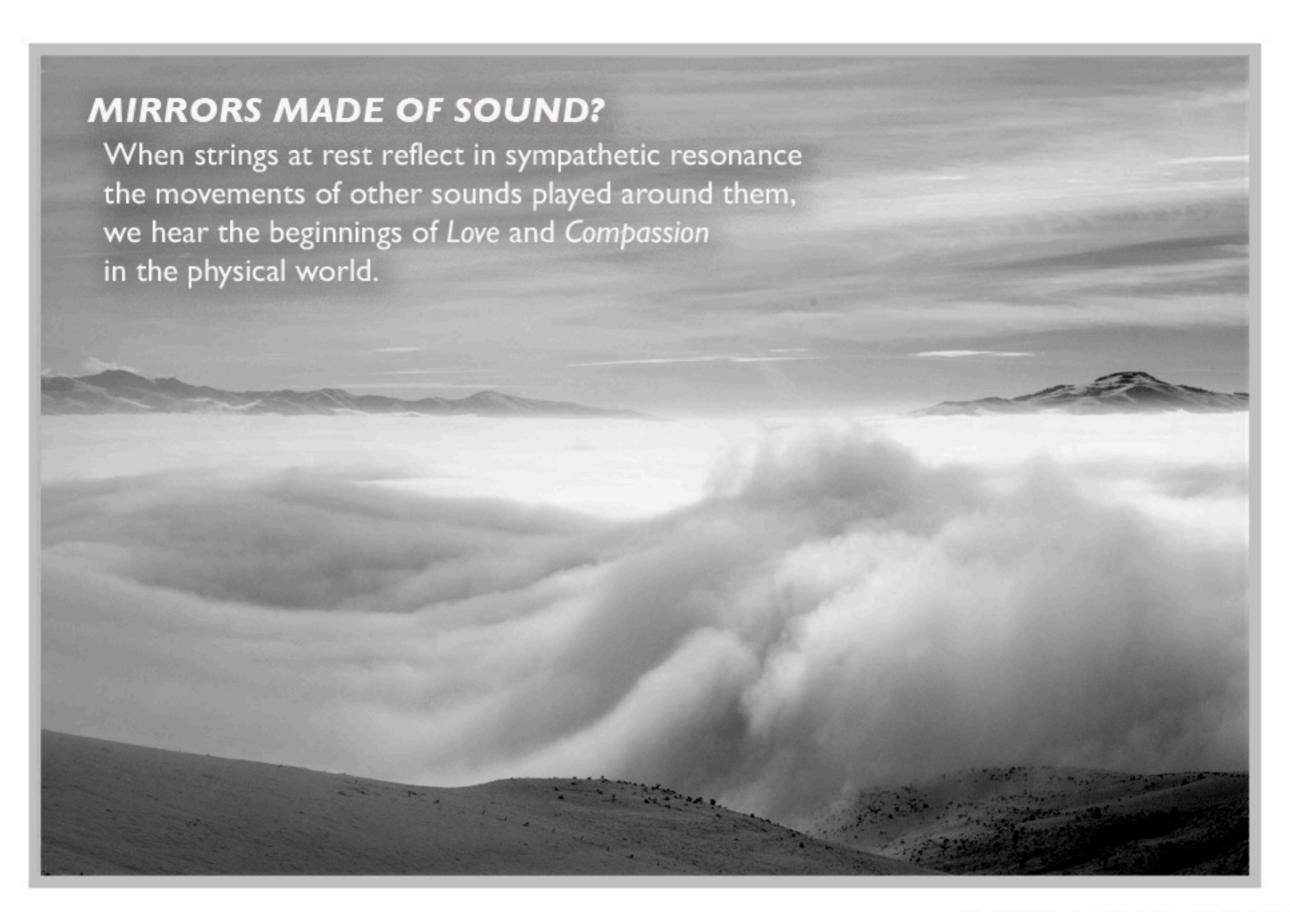


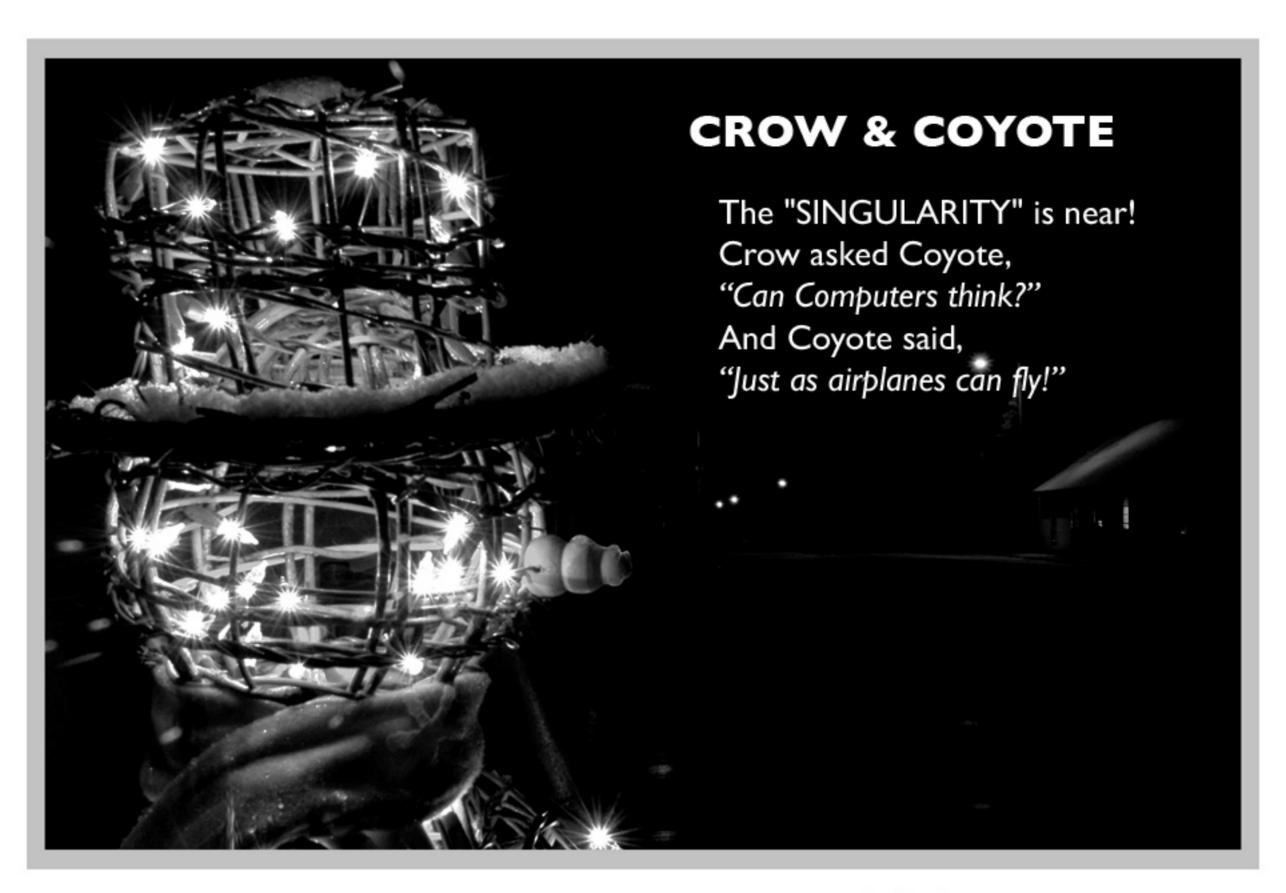


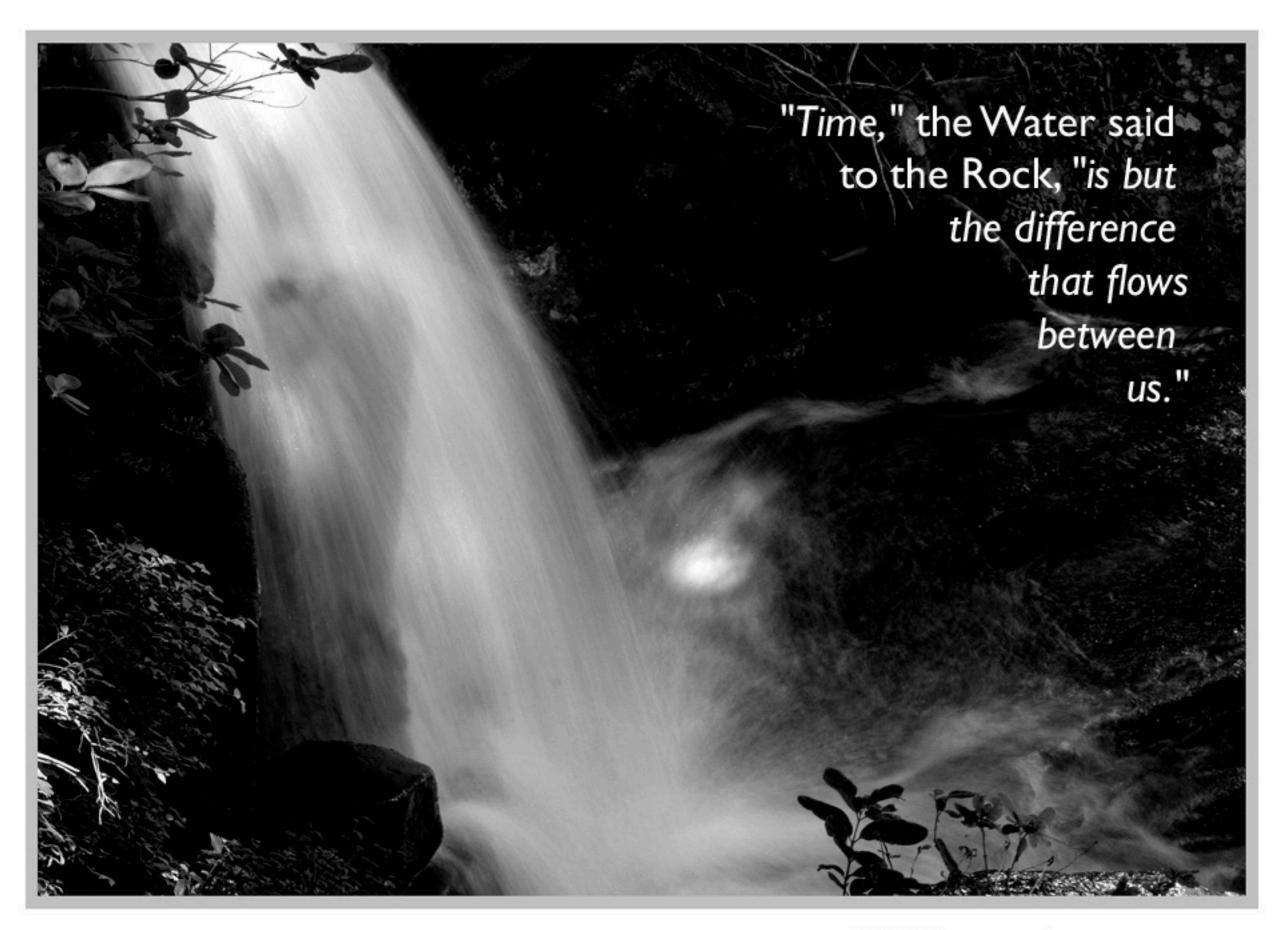


With the Climate Crisis, ice world-wide is disappearing at an ever-accelerating rate. If Lewis & Clark would have entered the Wallowas just 200 years ago, they would have seen small, vestigial glaciers and ice fields in many of the high cirques and hanging valleys. Since the end the Little Ice Age (c. 1850), these ice fields have all but vanished. Over the same period: (1) the average temperature has increased by, in round numbers, I C [1.8 F.].; (2) snowpack has decreased by 50%, begins to build about three weeks later, and melts three weeks earlier; (3) and most importantly, atmospheric CO2 has risen by 30% from 250 to over 395 ppmv. Increase of CO2, because it holds warmth, is like adding more and more layers of insulation to a down blanket. The other important fact that should be remembered is that the effects of climate change increase greatly with both altitude and latitude, largely because of loss of snow reflectivity.

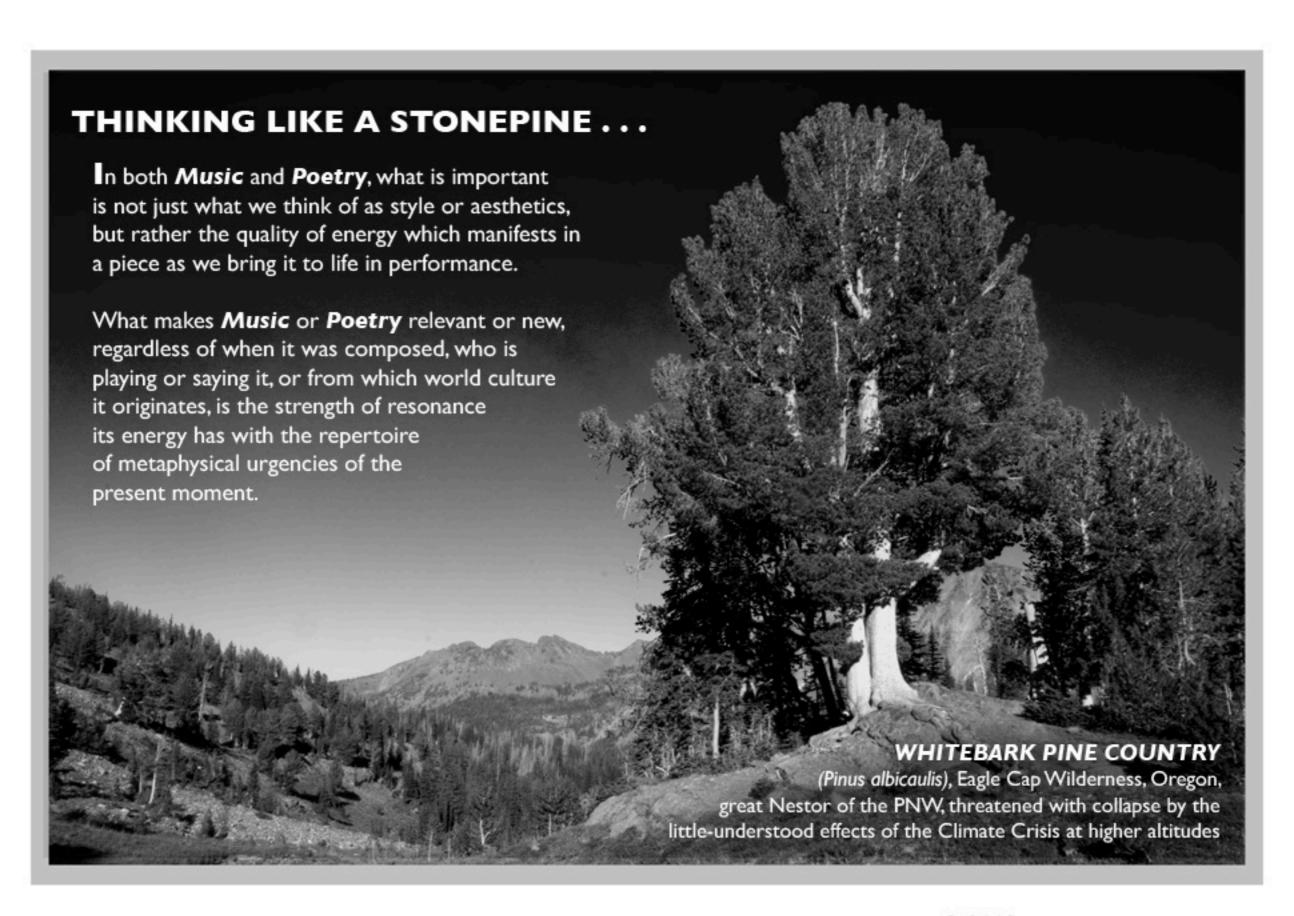


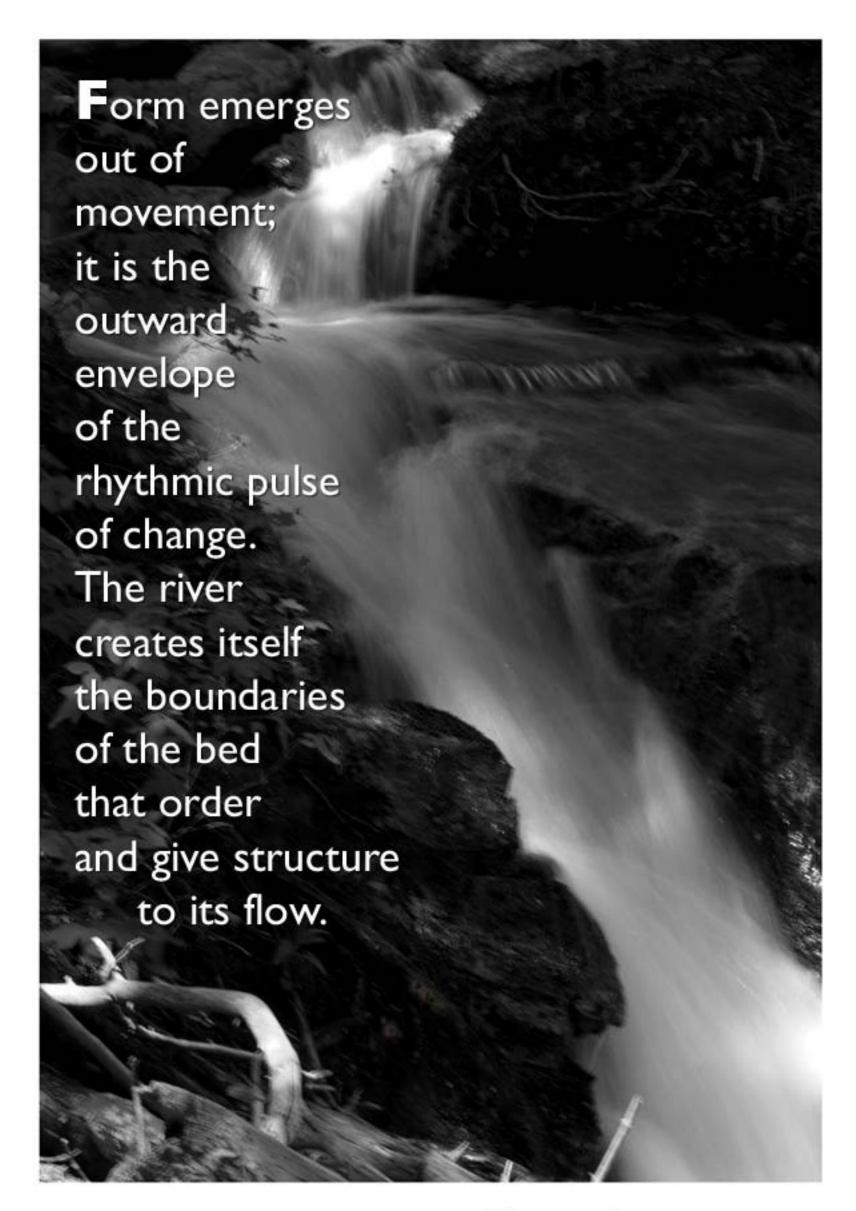


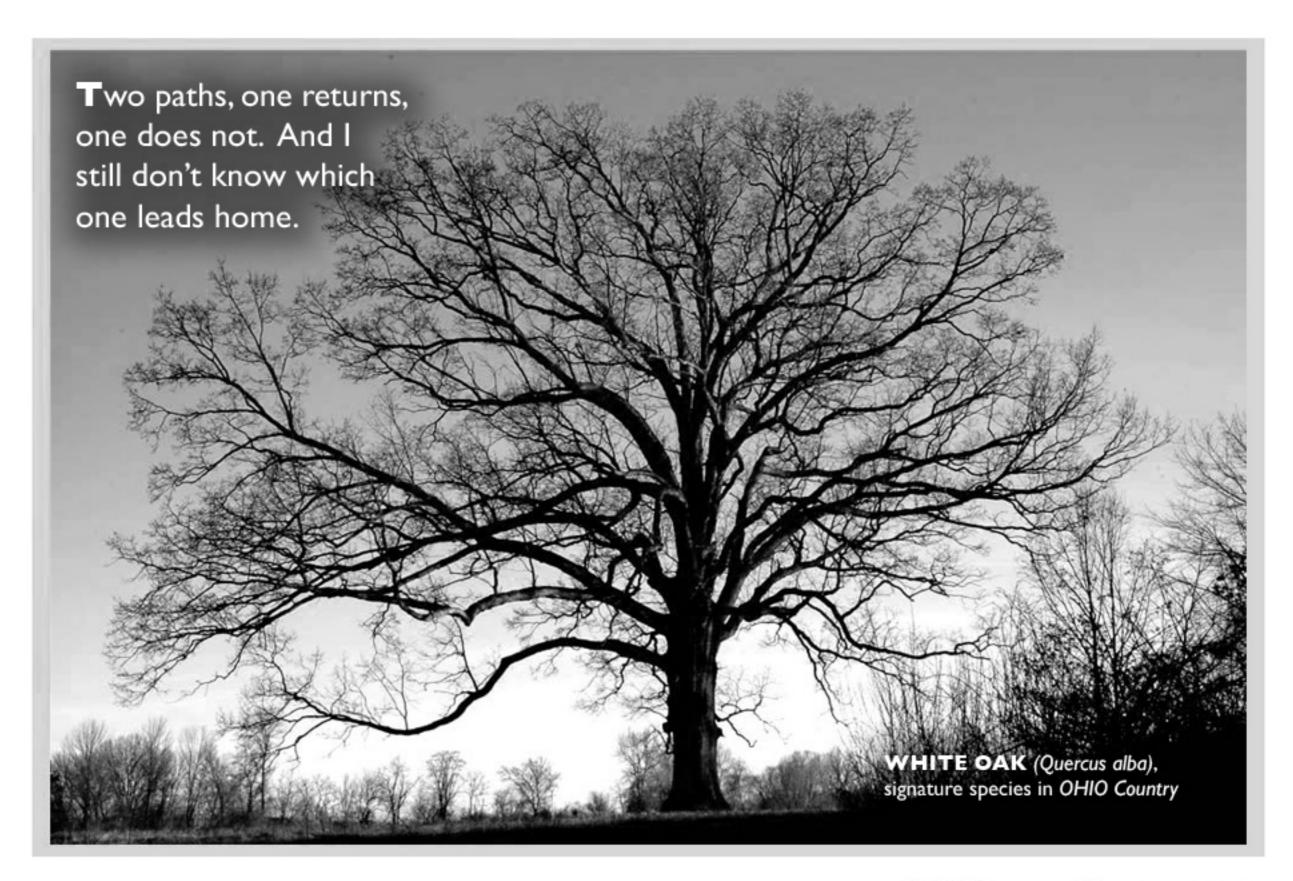


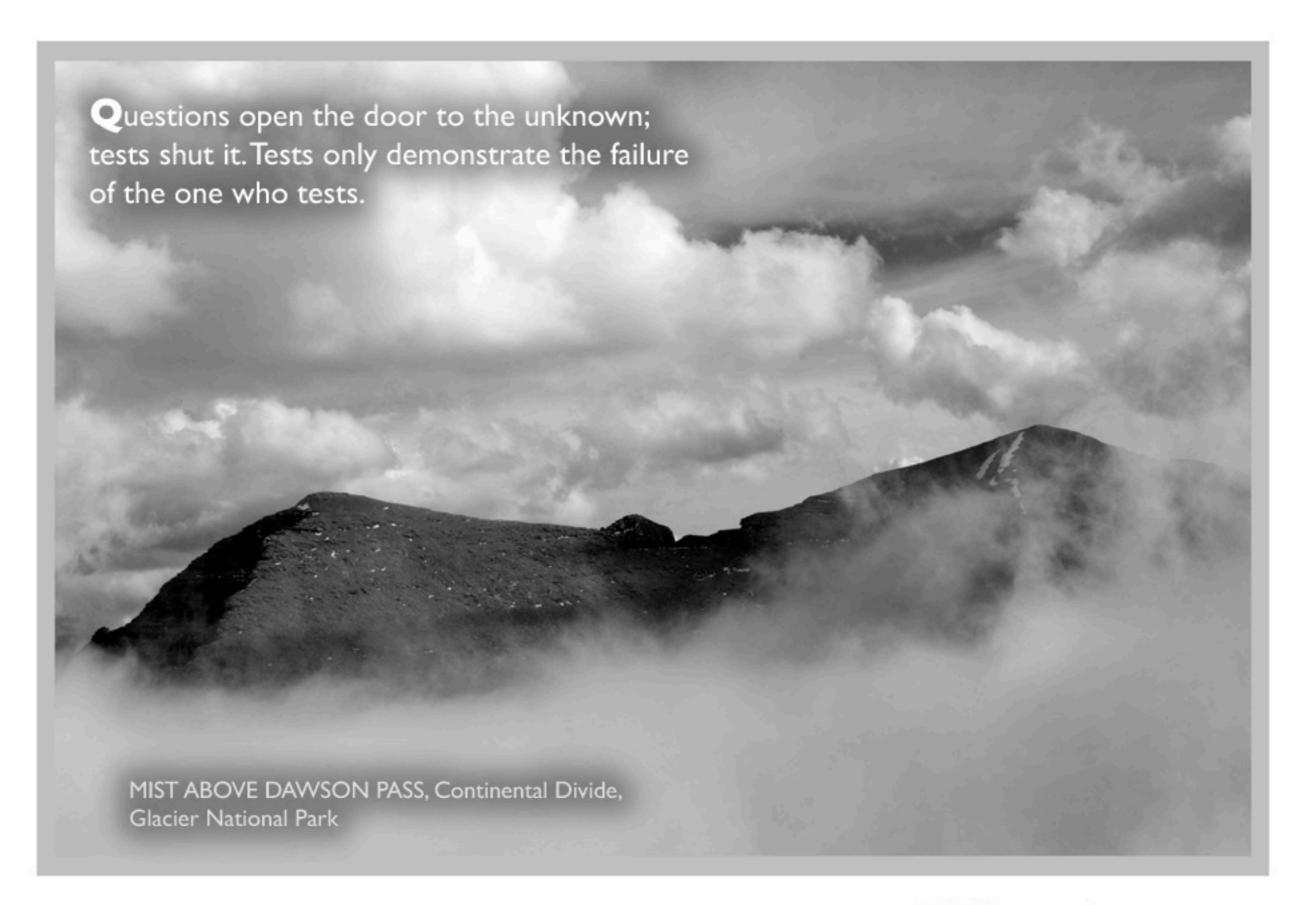


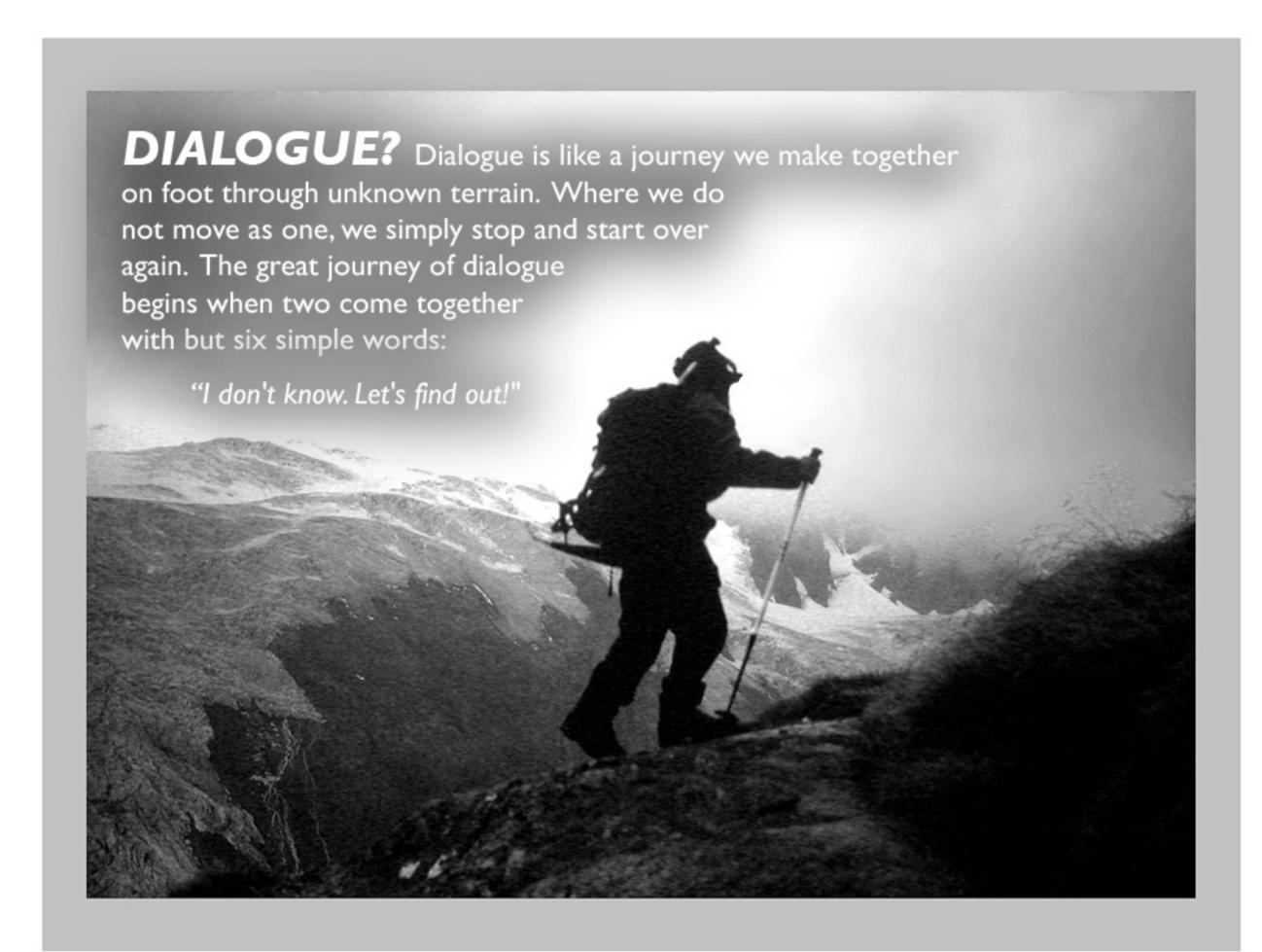
© 2012 www.picture-poems.com











**Nature** knows no contradiction, no conflict, no waste.

A religious or spiritual life, therefore, has nothing to do with scripture, or belief, or "gods" of any name or kind, but rather is simply the deeply held intention to live a life without:—



[sonogram of a wolf tone on a cello, natural image of when two tones "speak against," or contra-dict each other, in acoustics, a striking and singular exception to the rule]

contradiction, conflict, or waste.

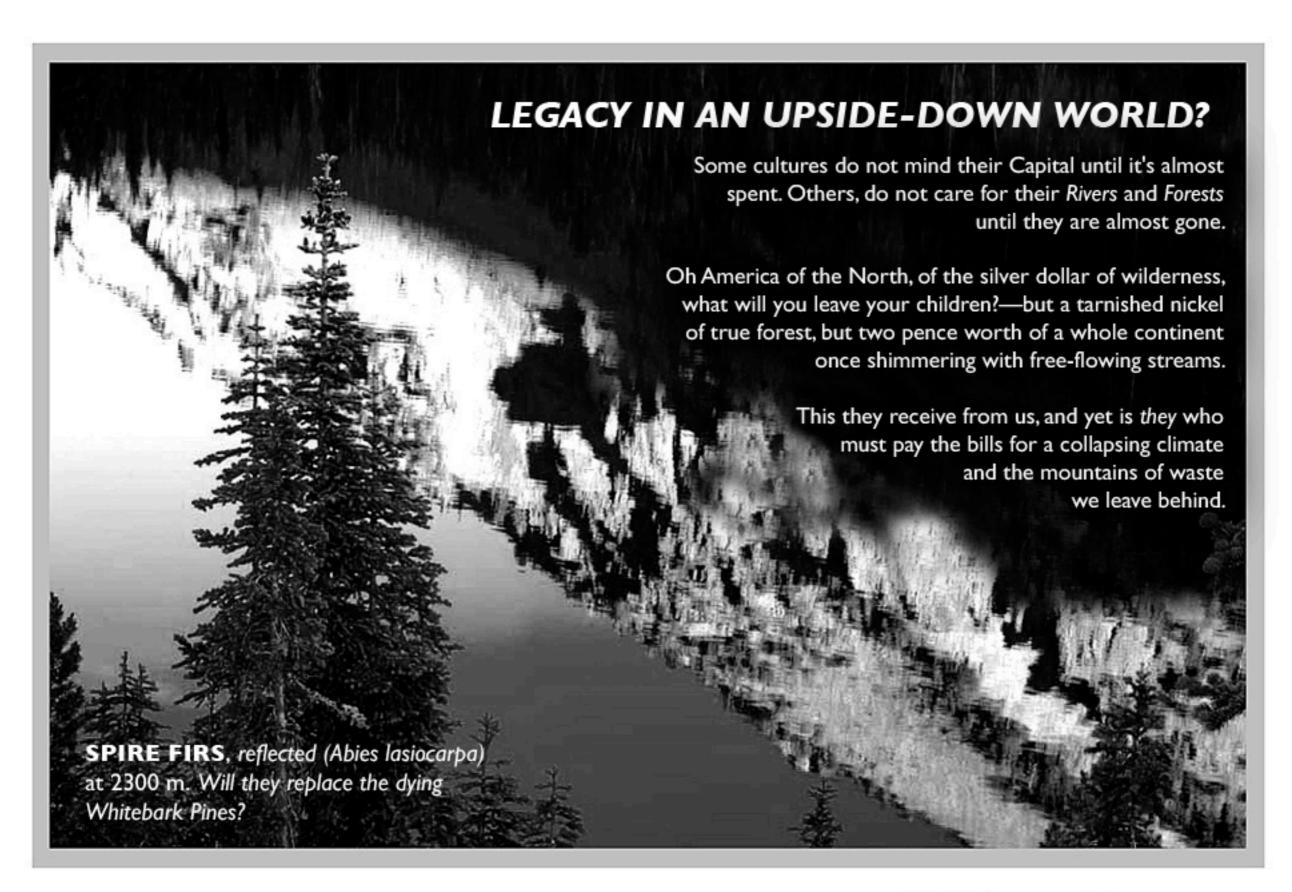
## THE SQUARE OF FALSE RATIONALITY

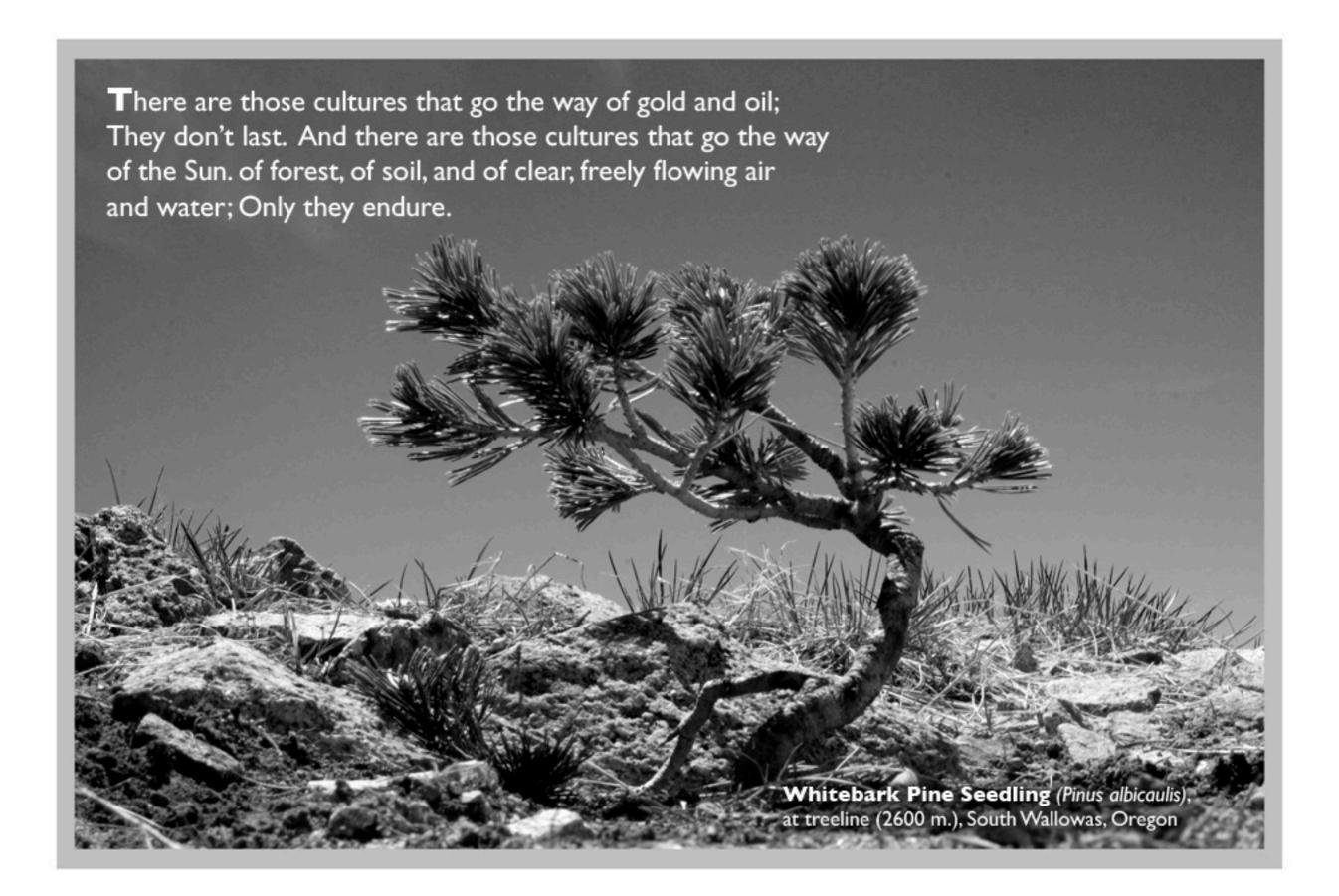
Inside the Square, discussion is neat and orderly. Clean—almost. This is because Truth and a whole angry horde of assumption-threatening details are kept systematically at bay, far beyond the walls of the Square.

Inside the Square, discussion will continue until the unavoidable moment arrives when an avalanche of contradictions breaks down the walls;

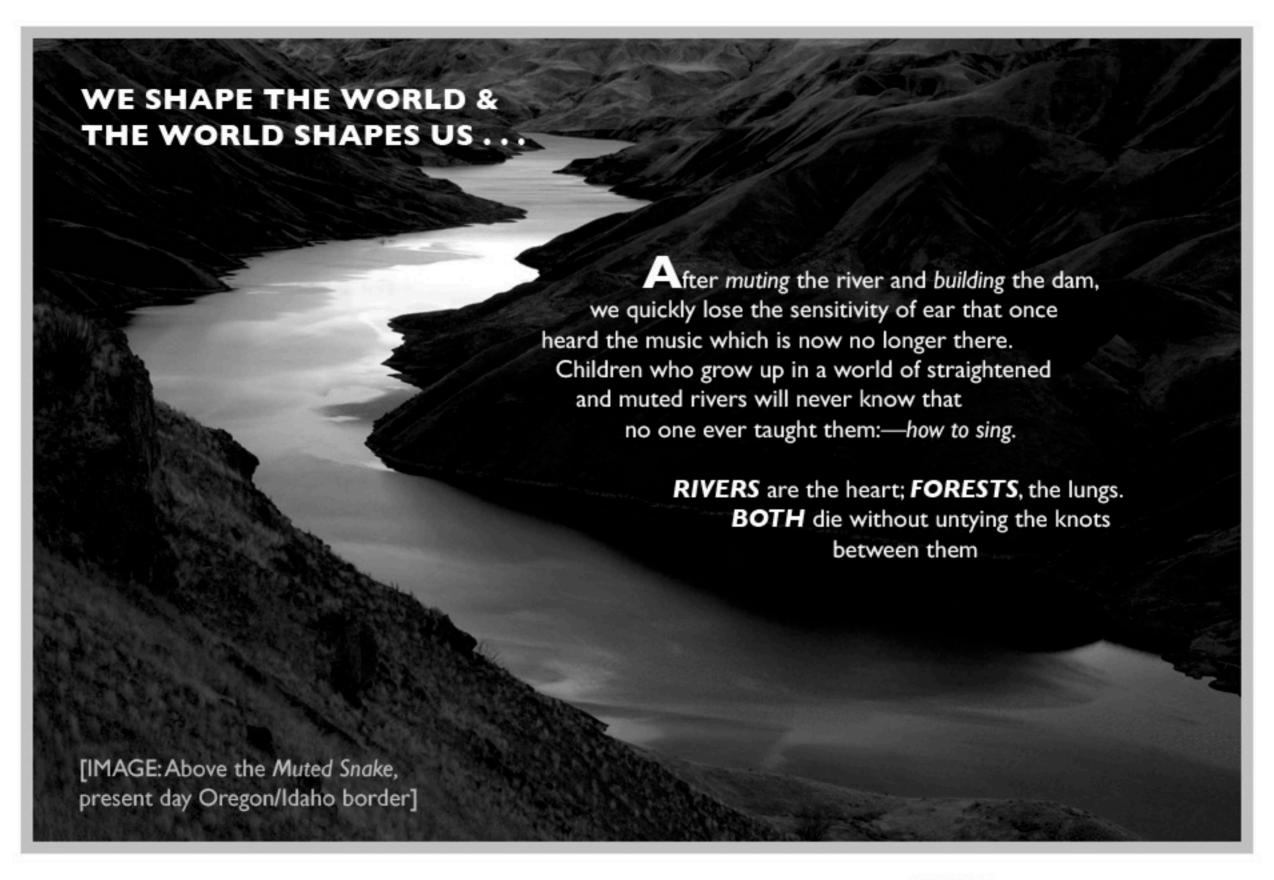
Or, alternatively, until we step firmly and resolutely—

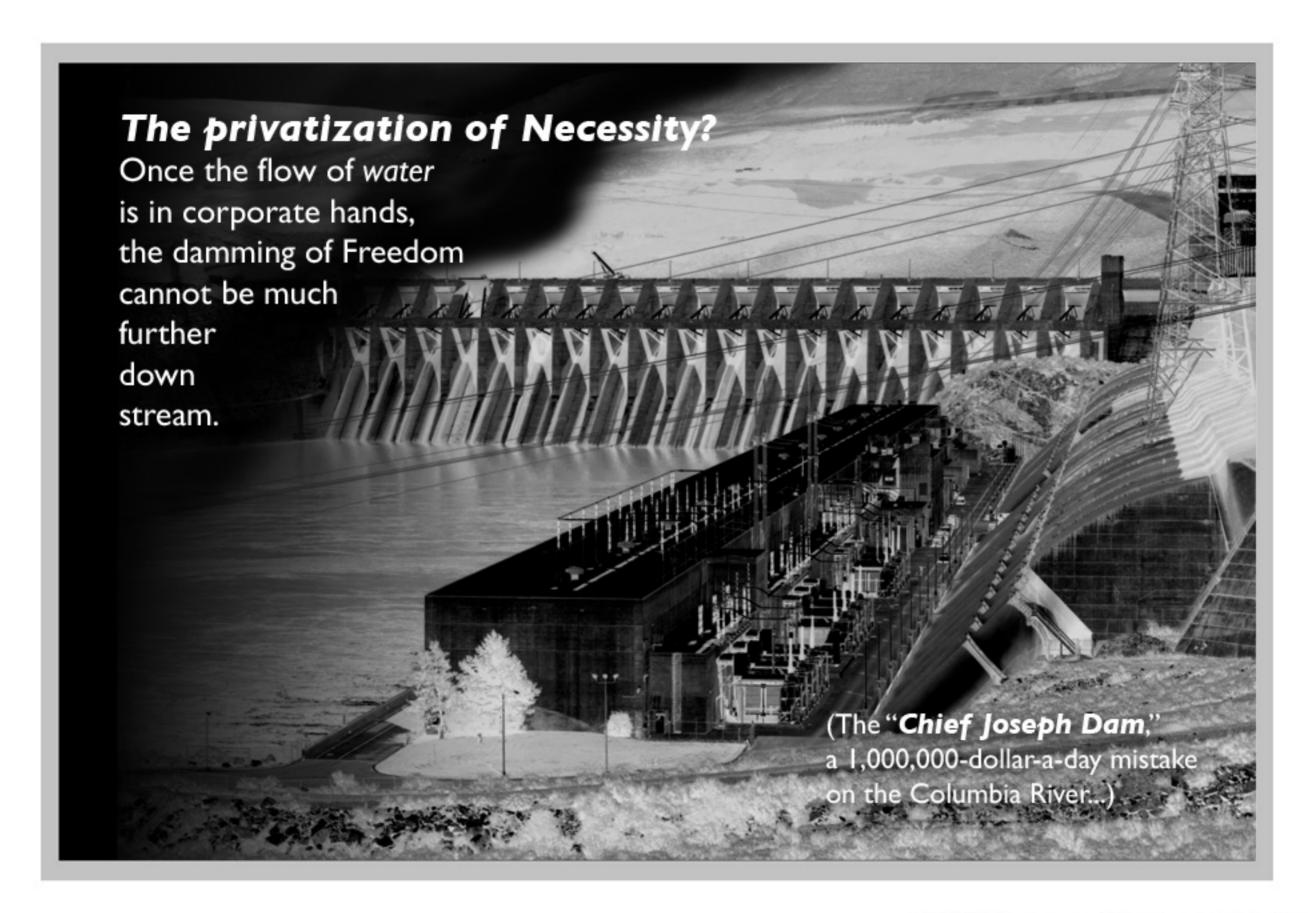
out of the Square.

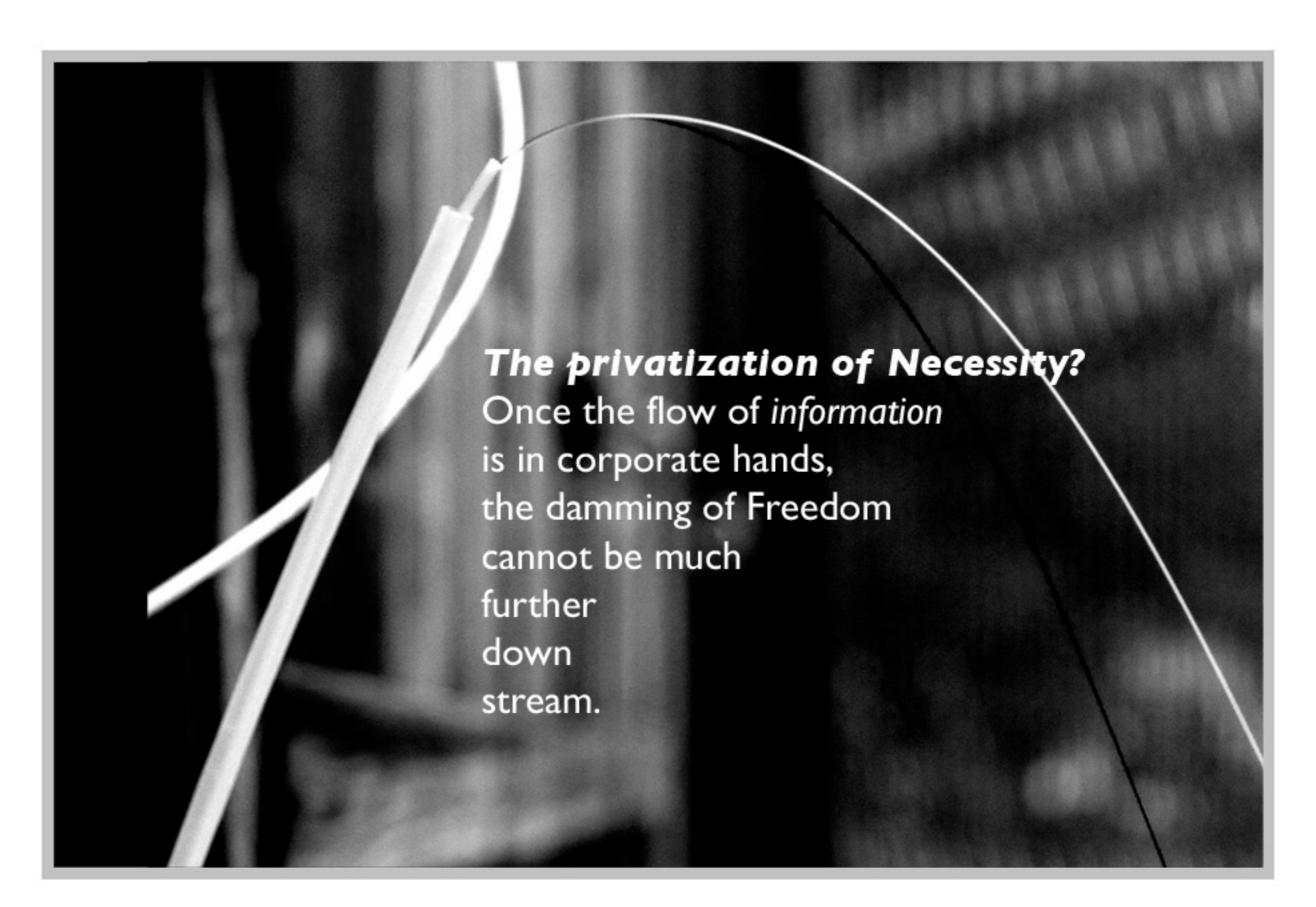


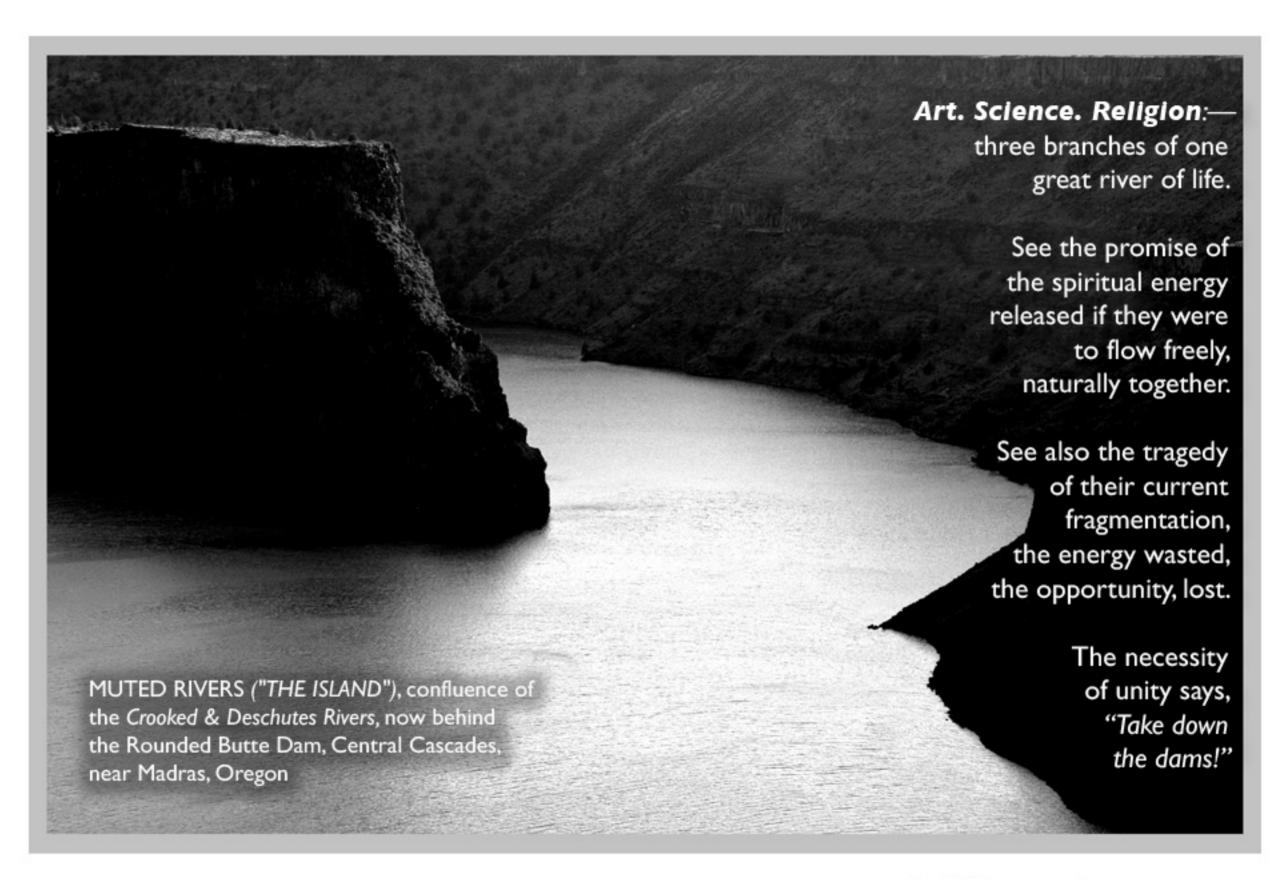


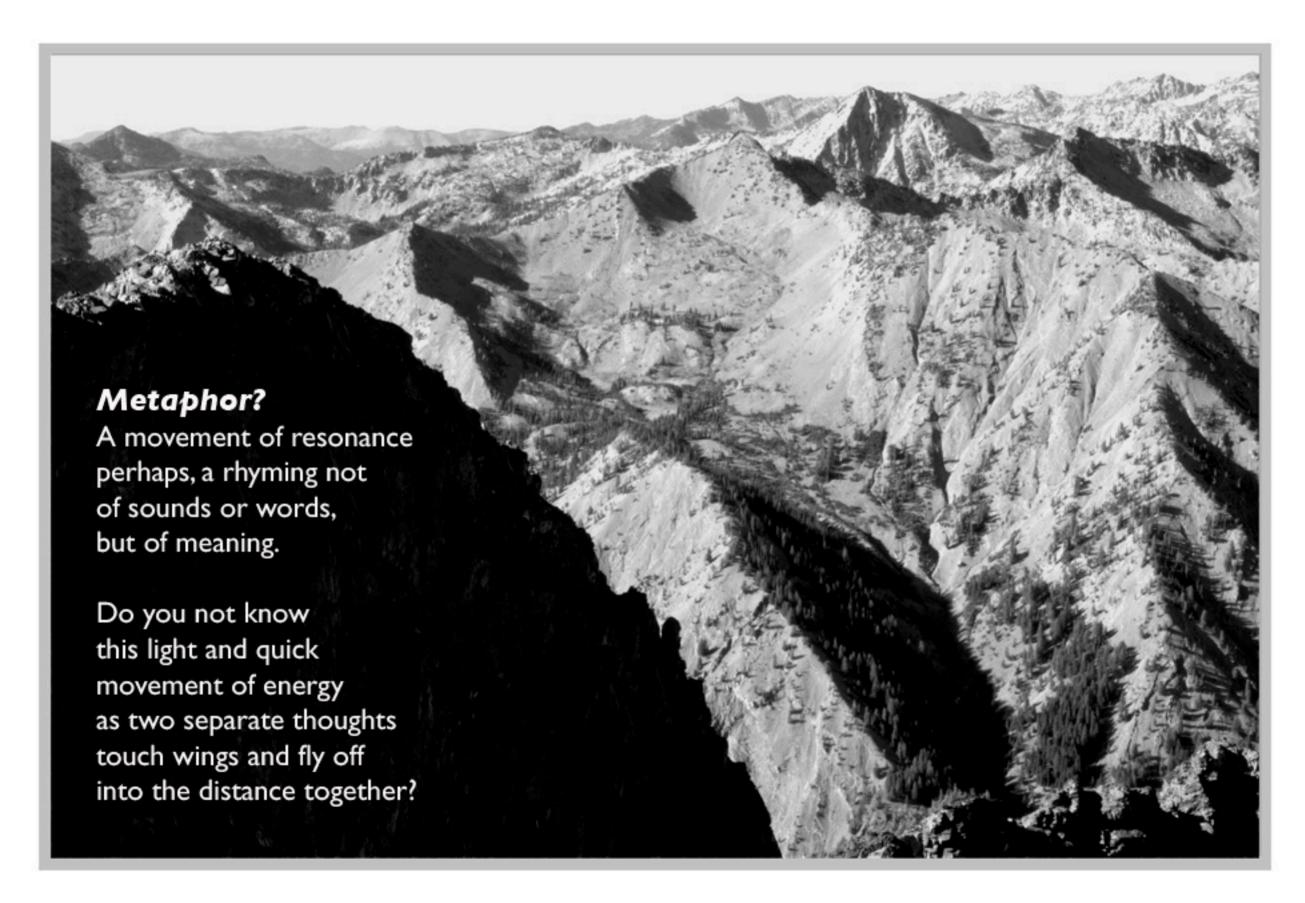


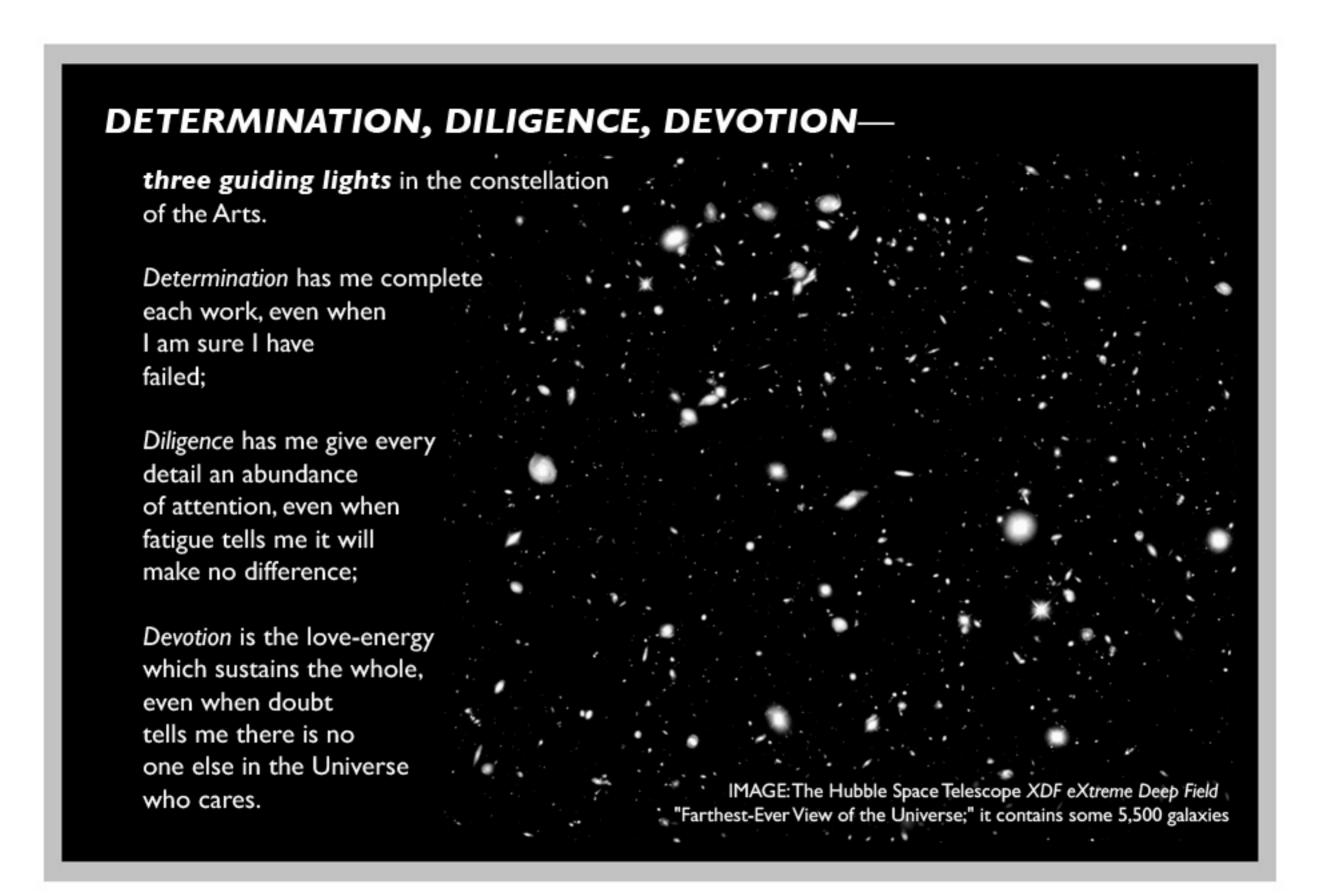


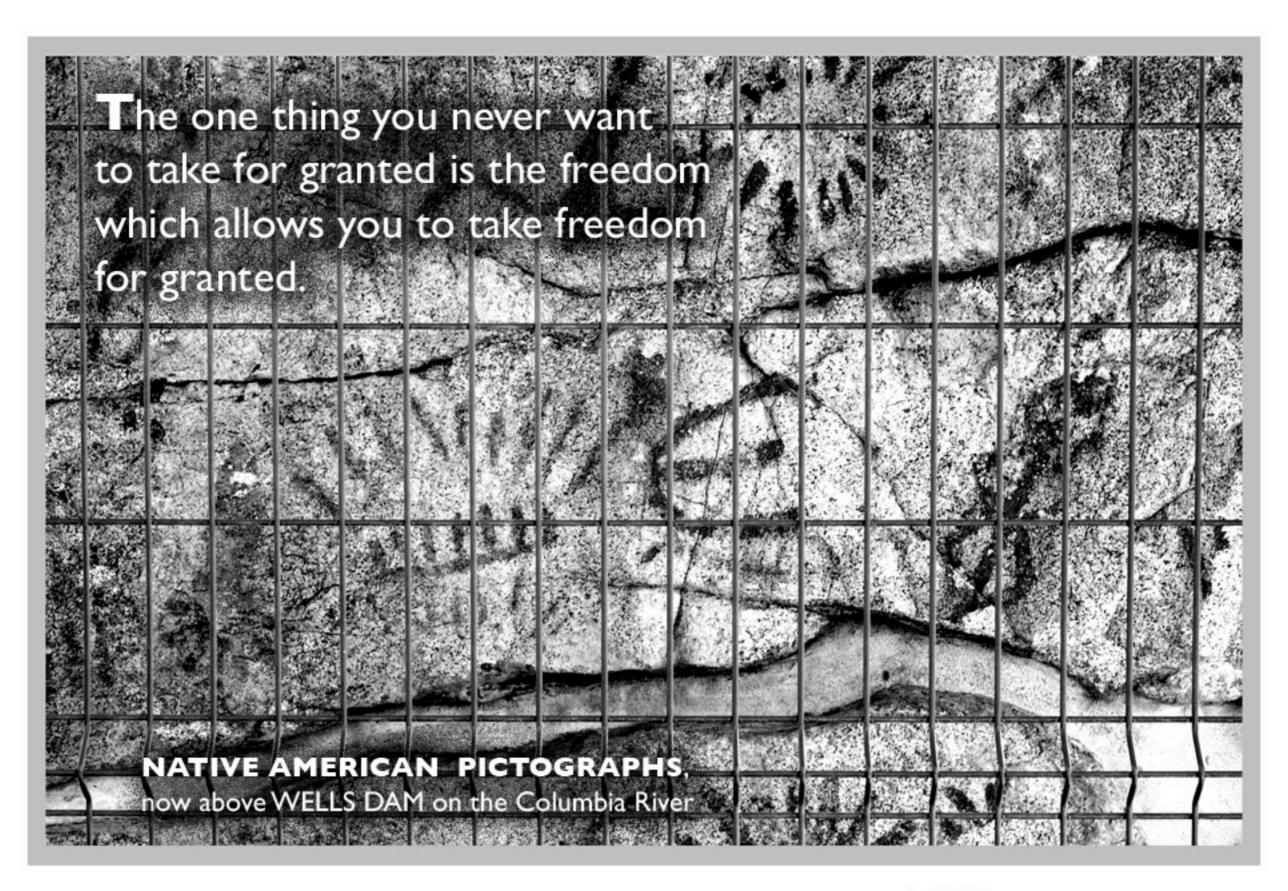


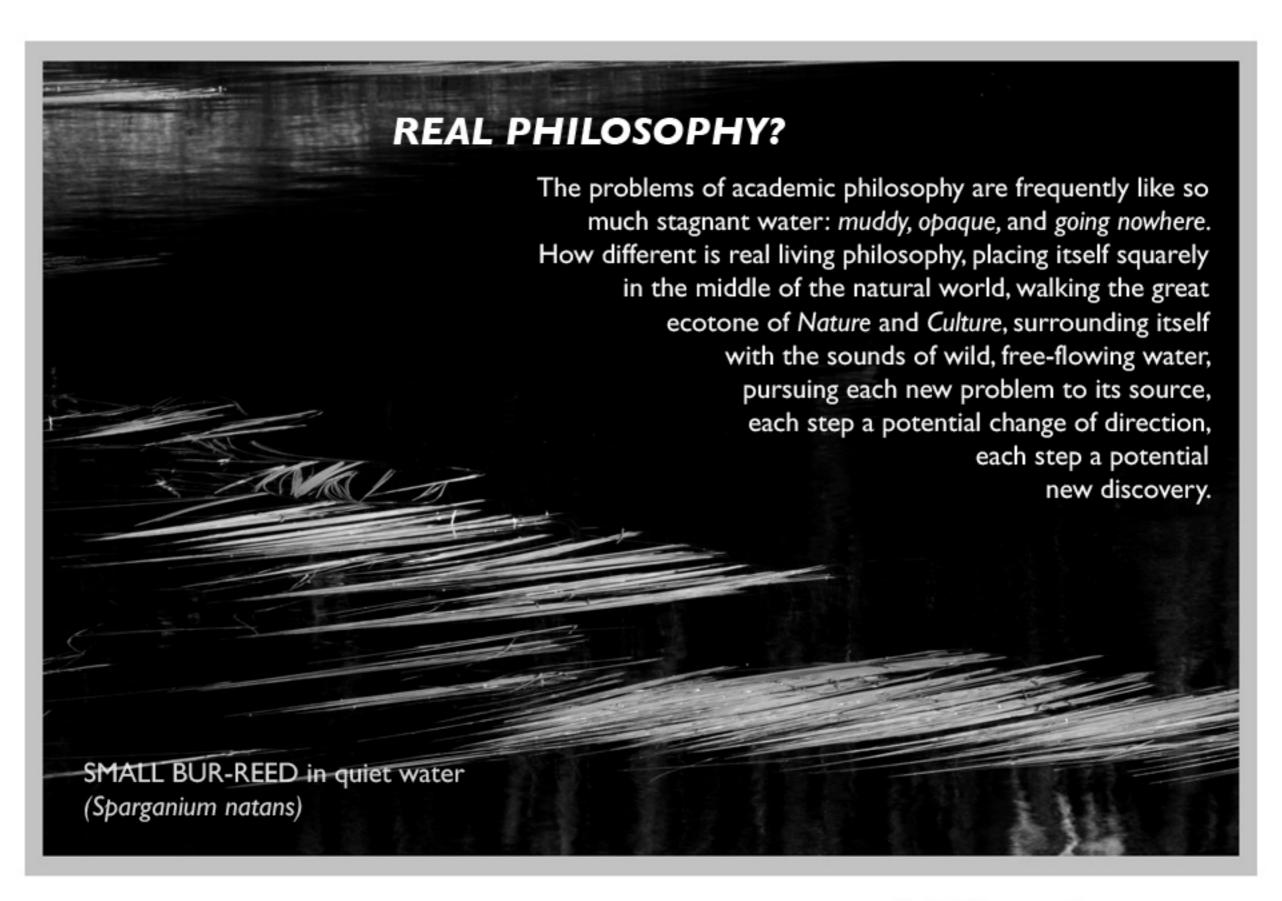


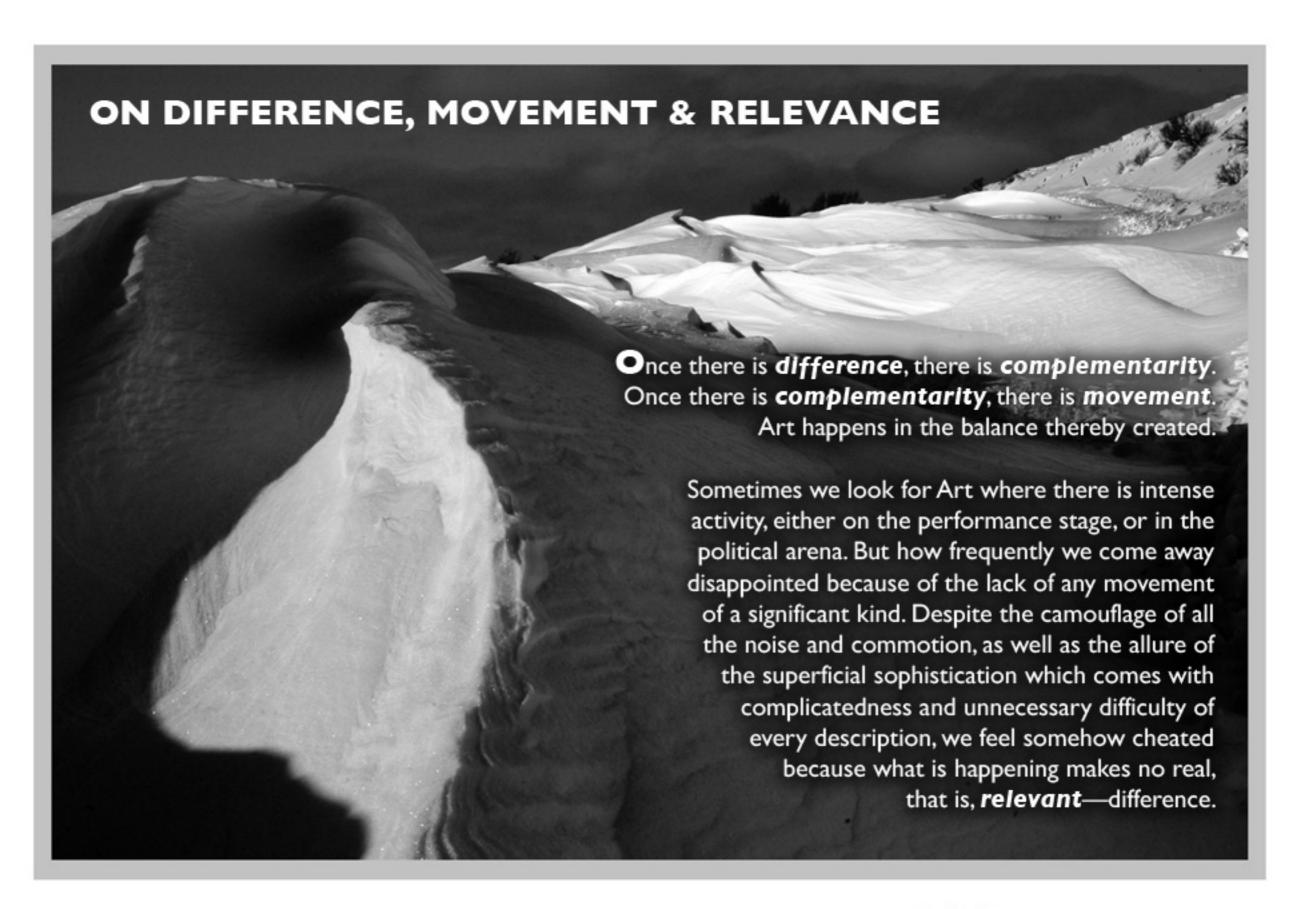




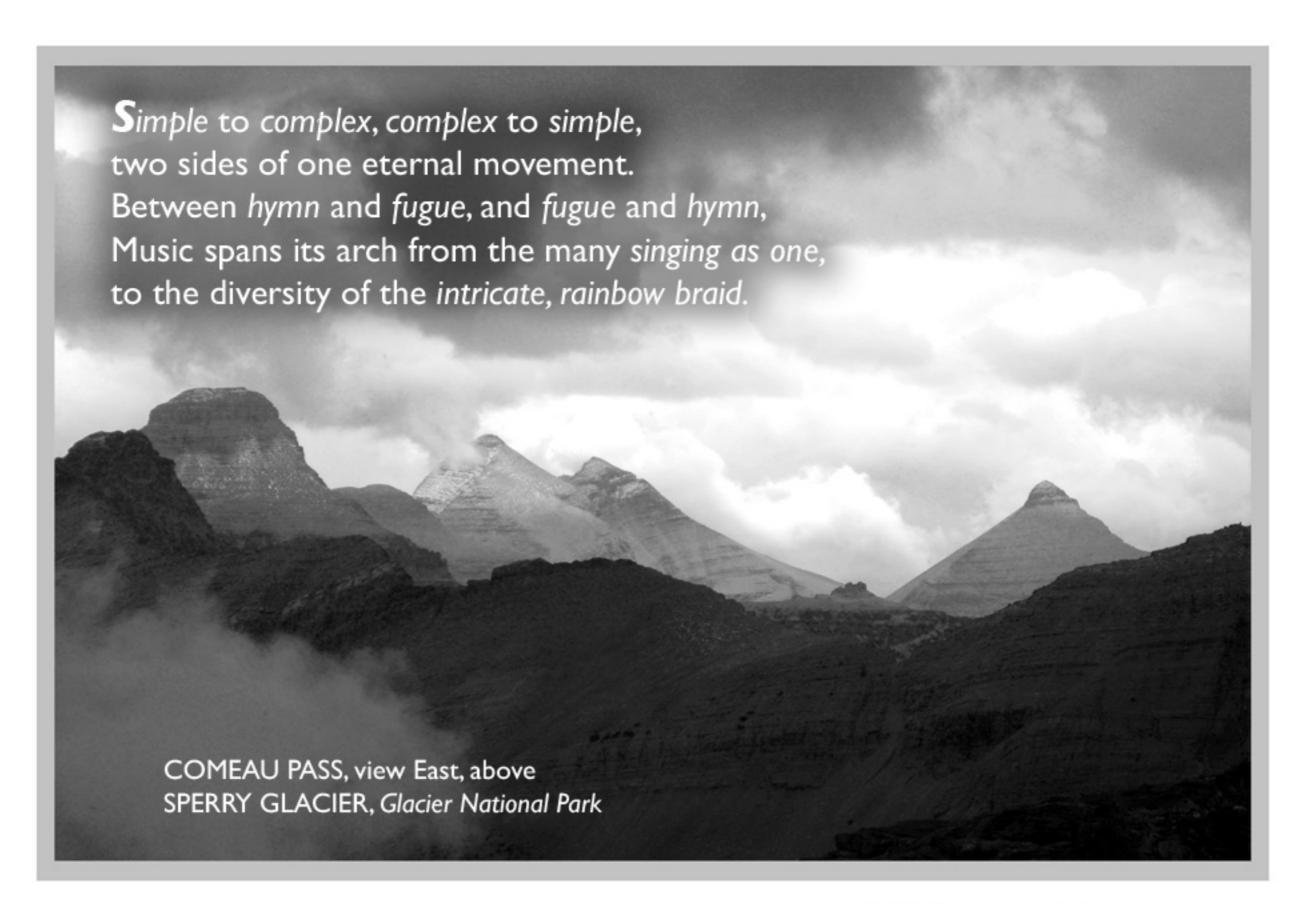


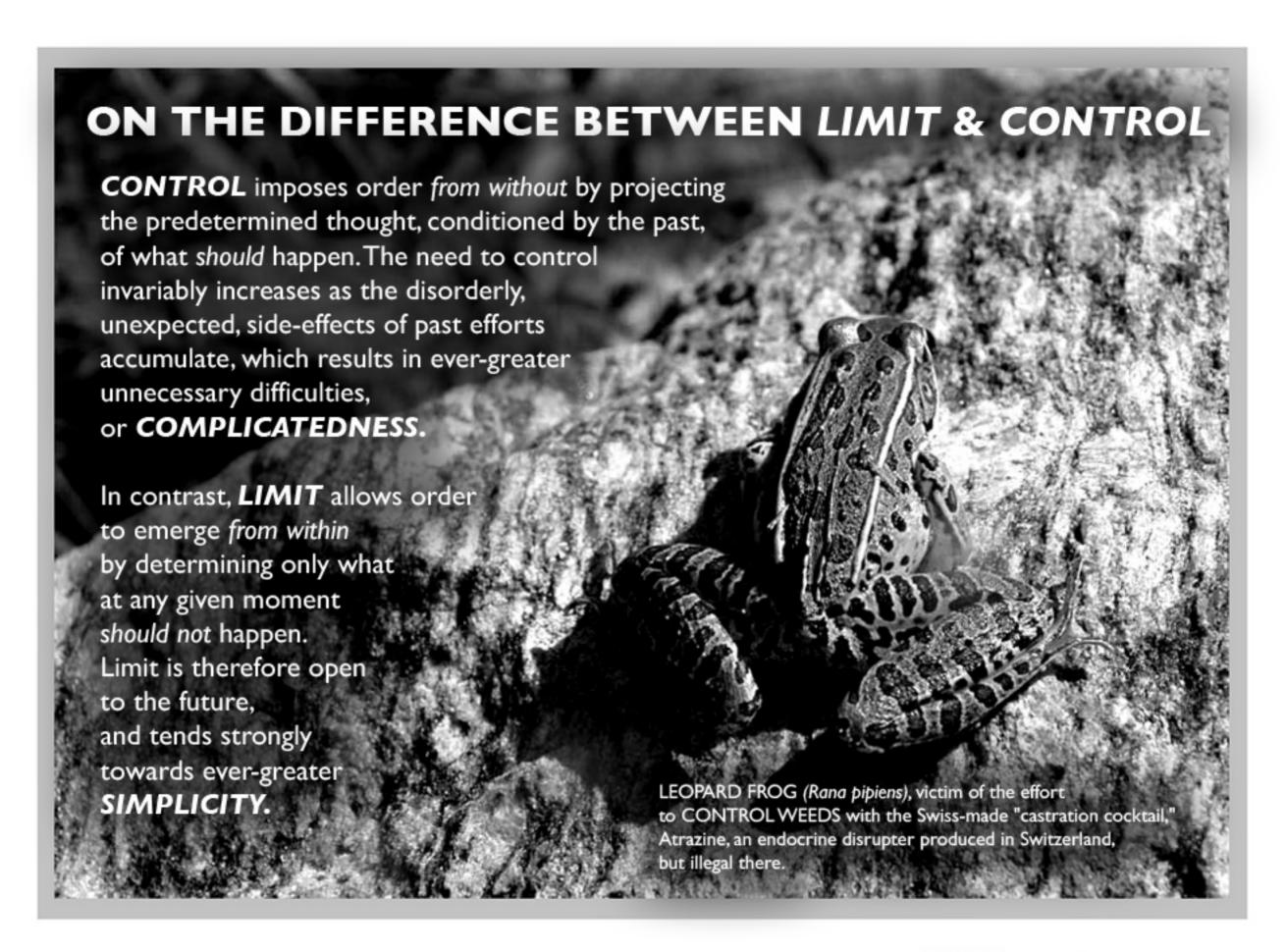


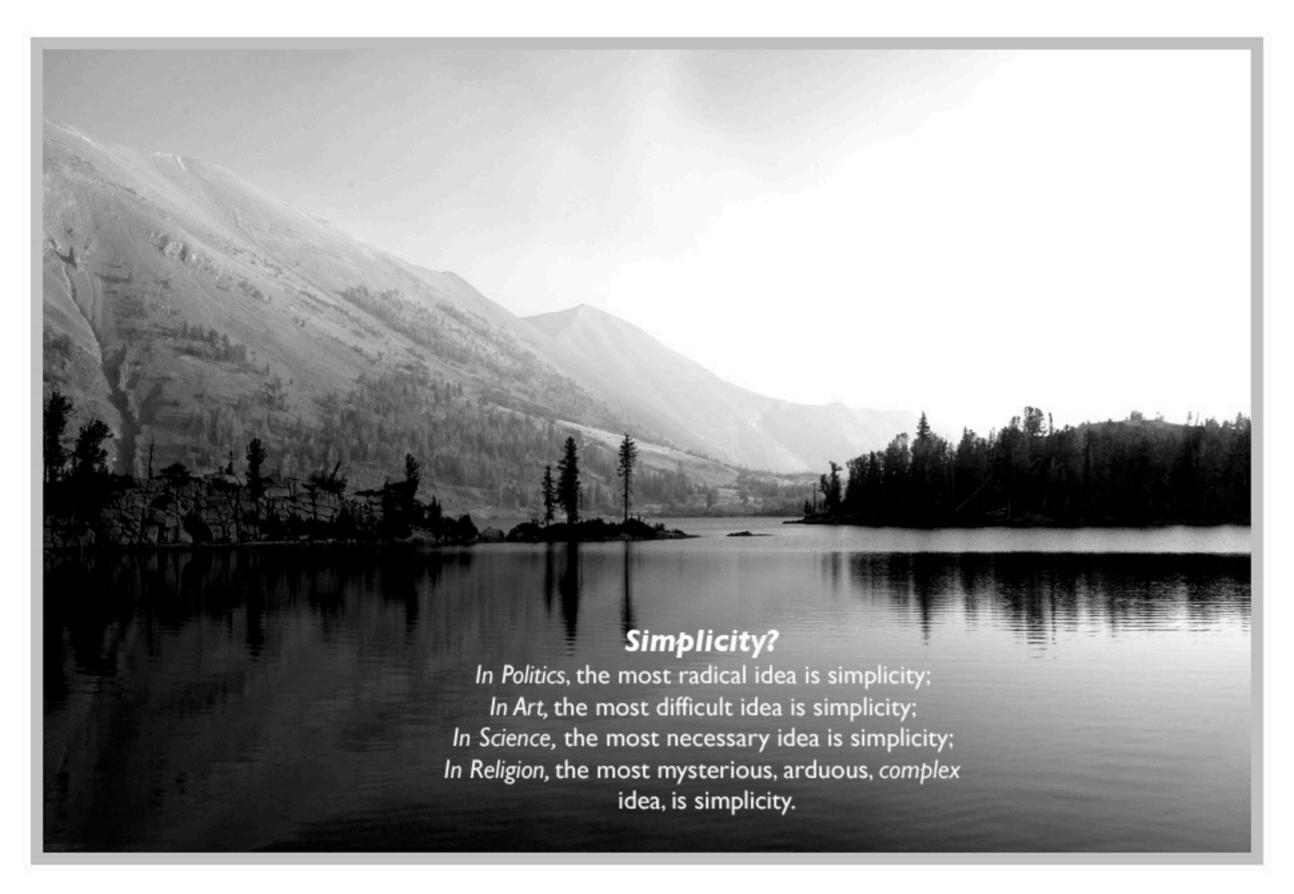


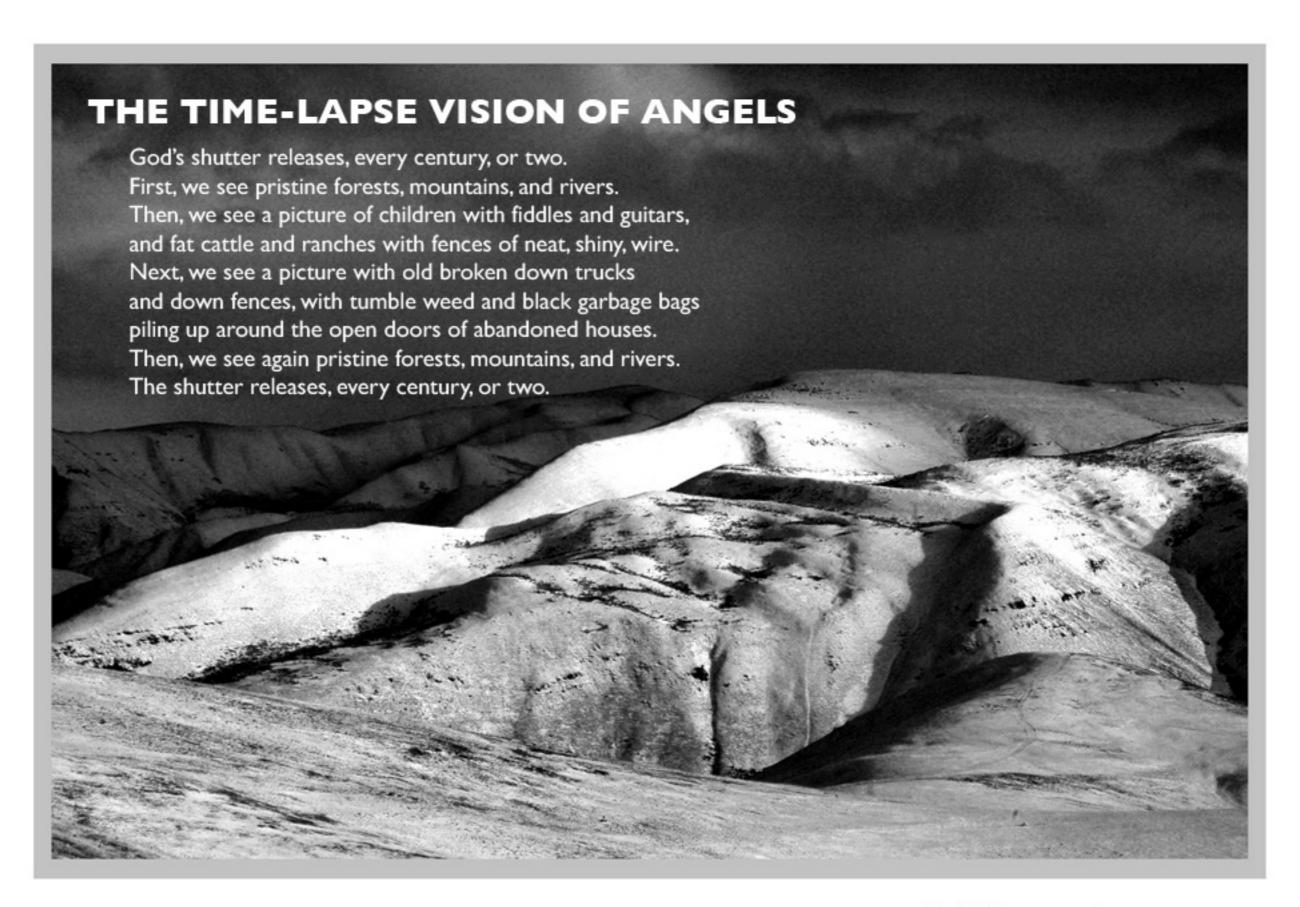






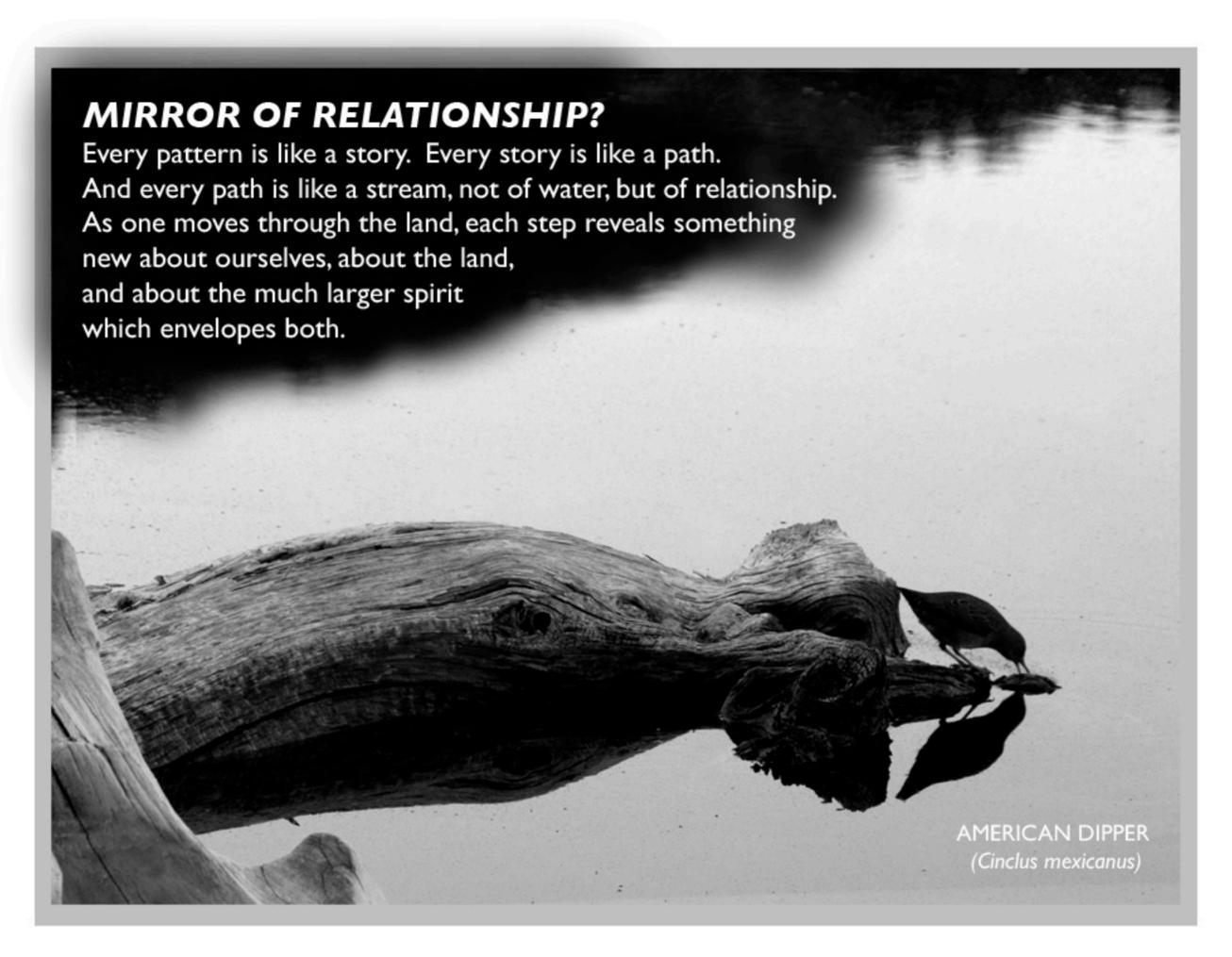


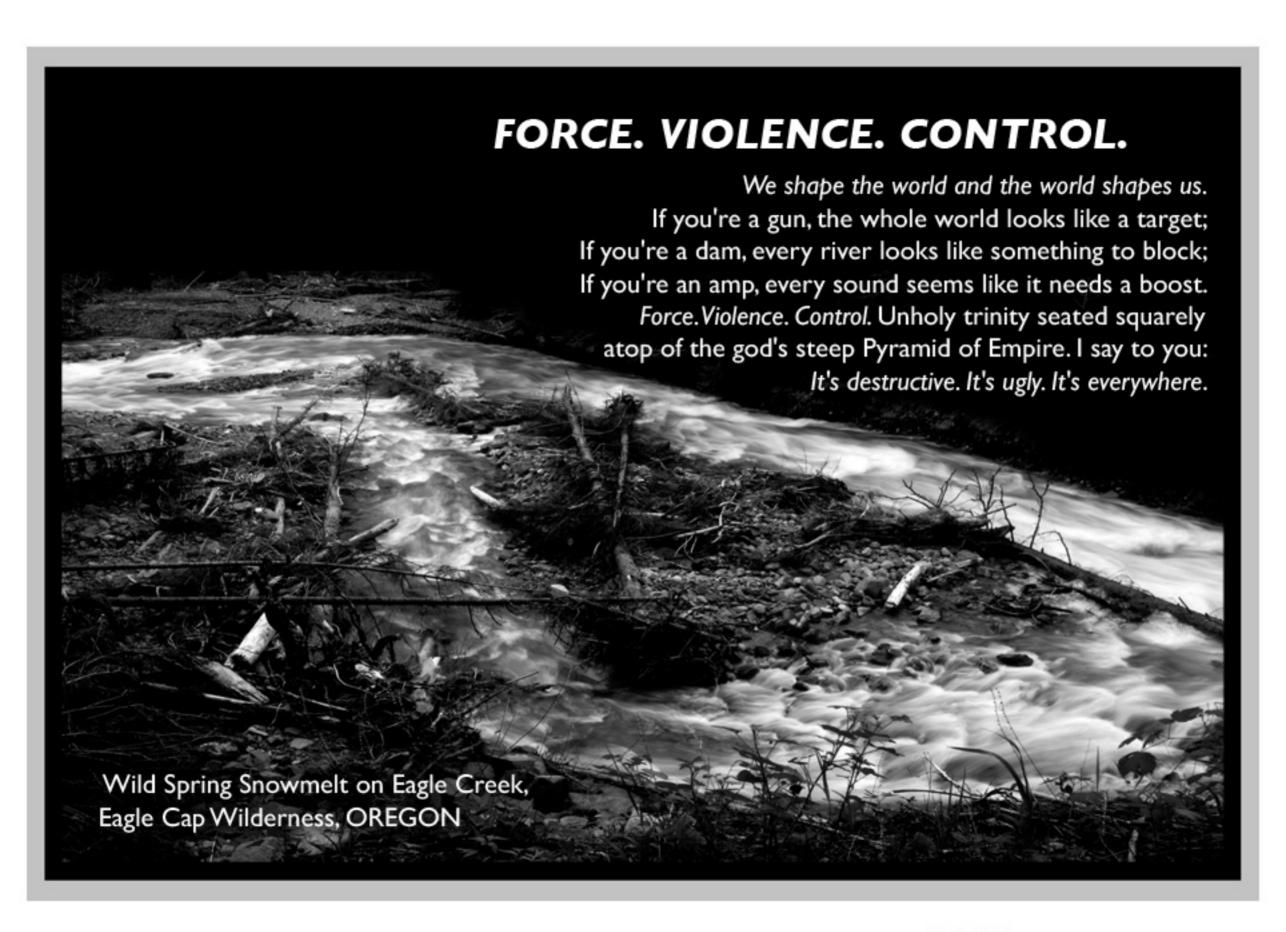


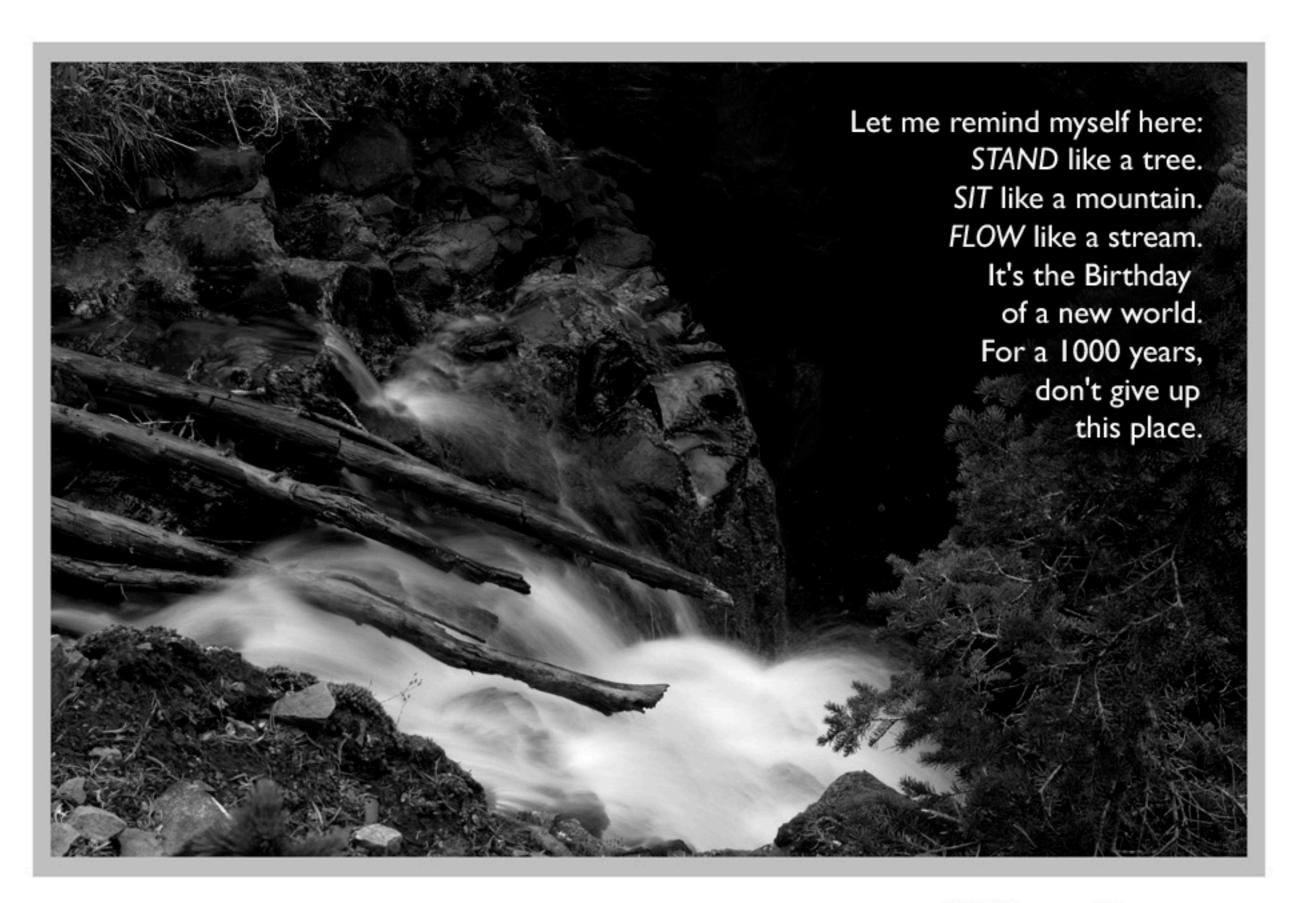


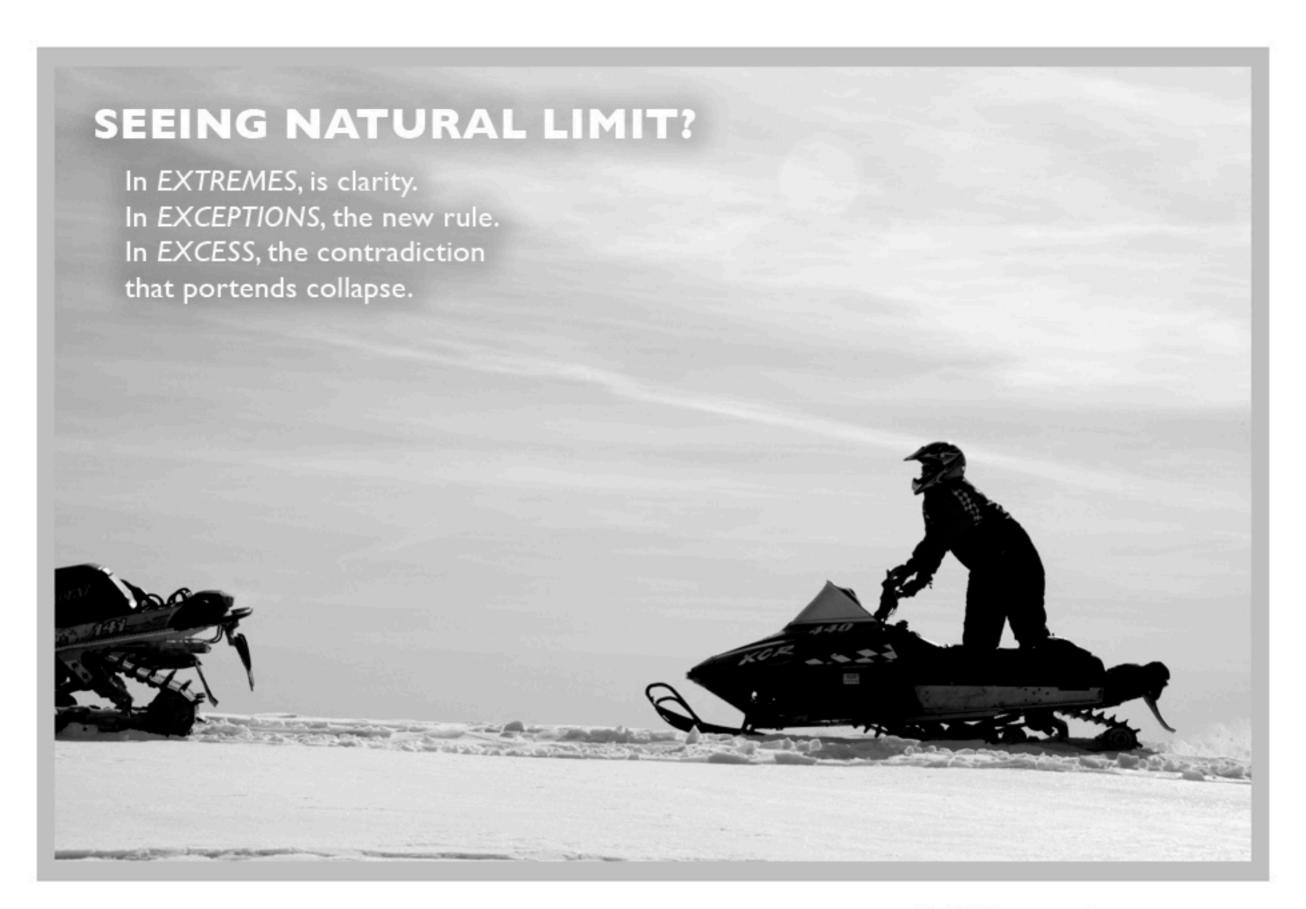


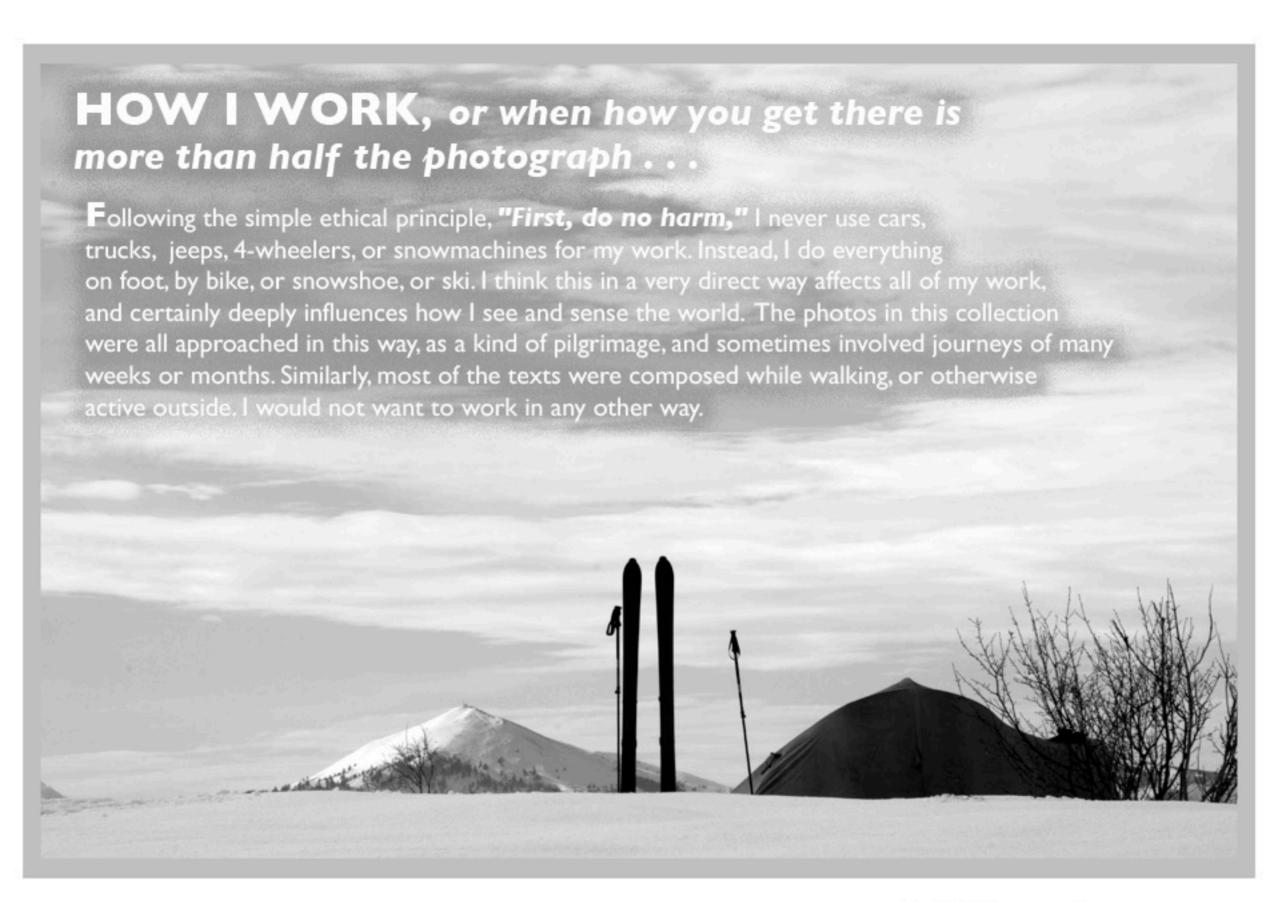


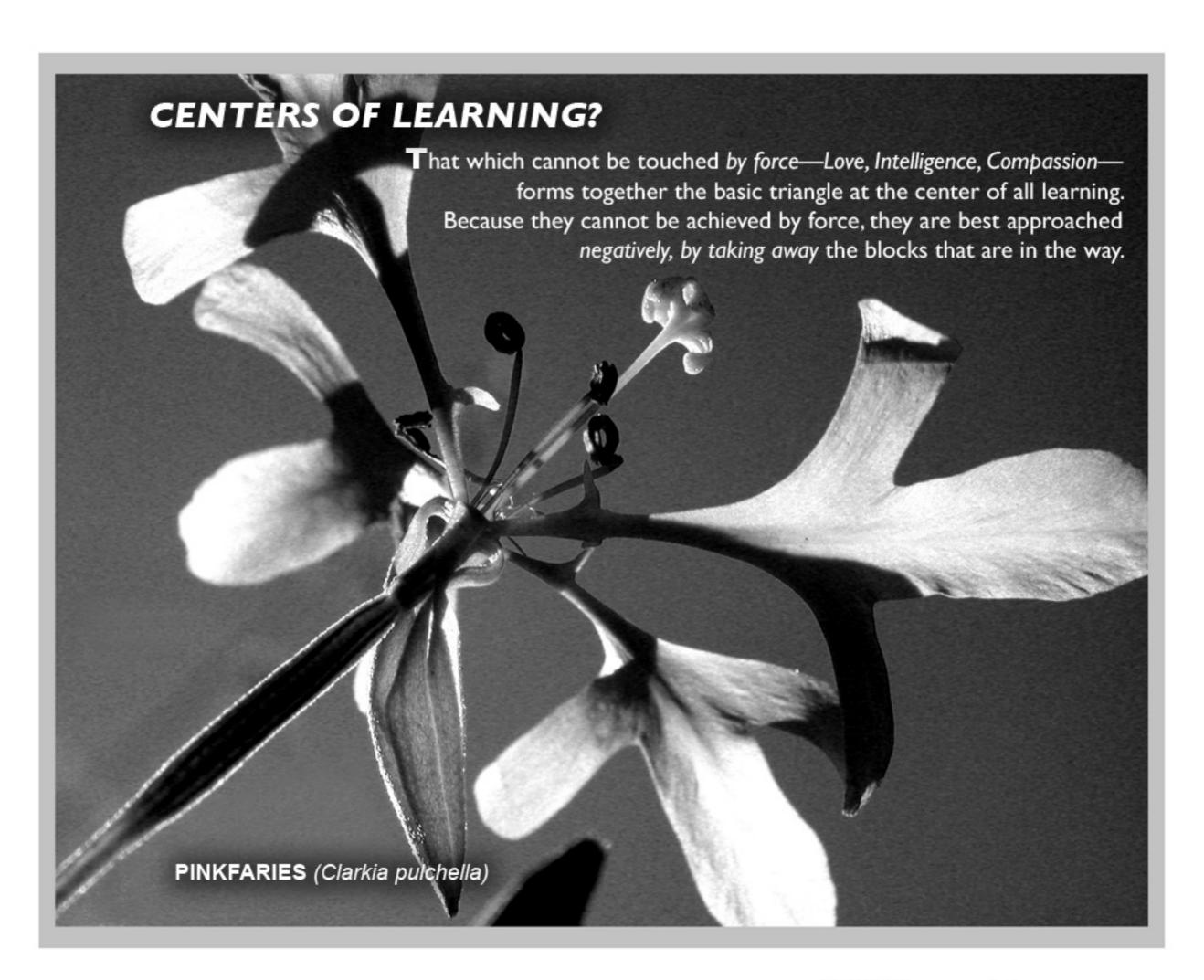




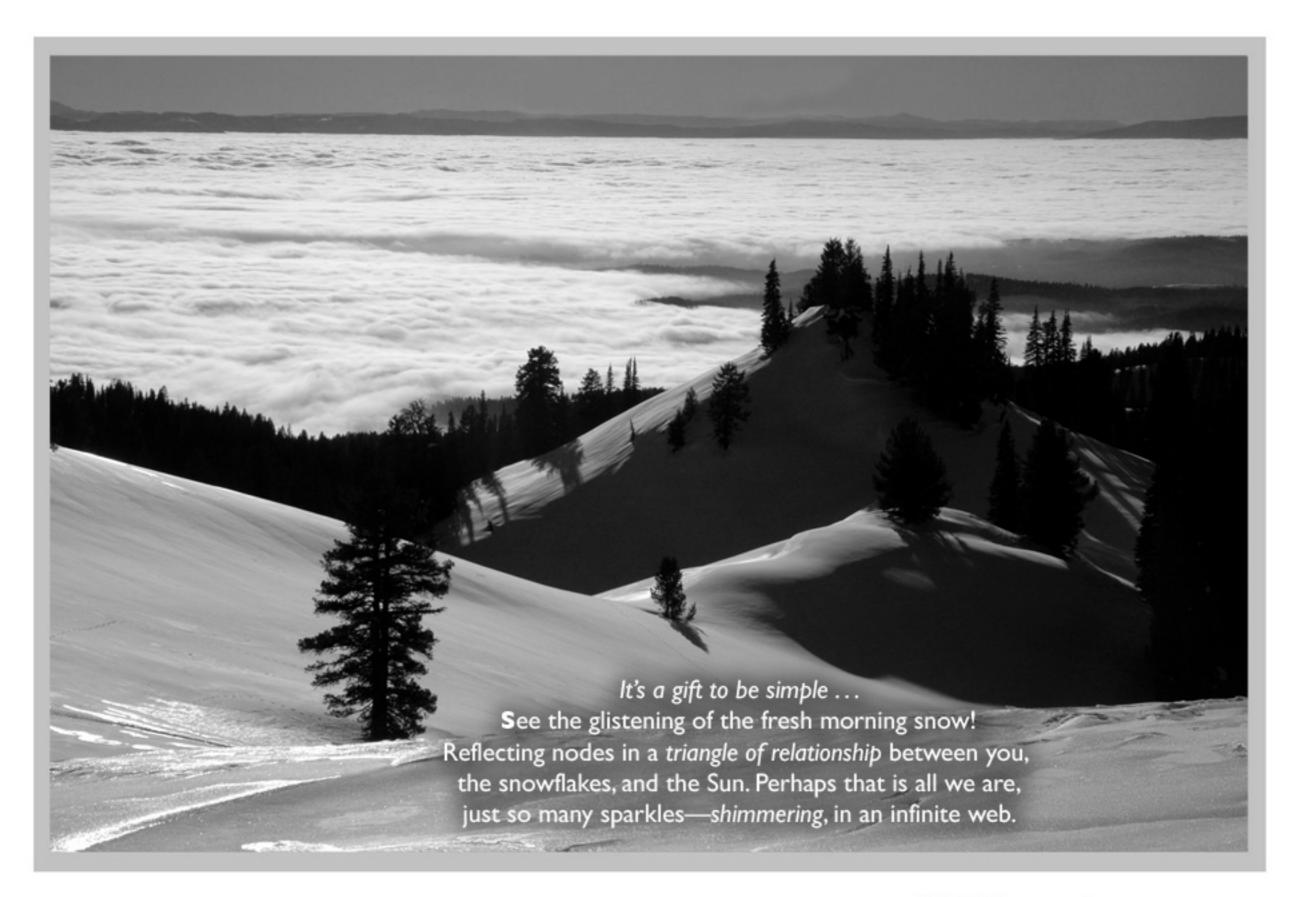










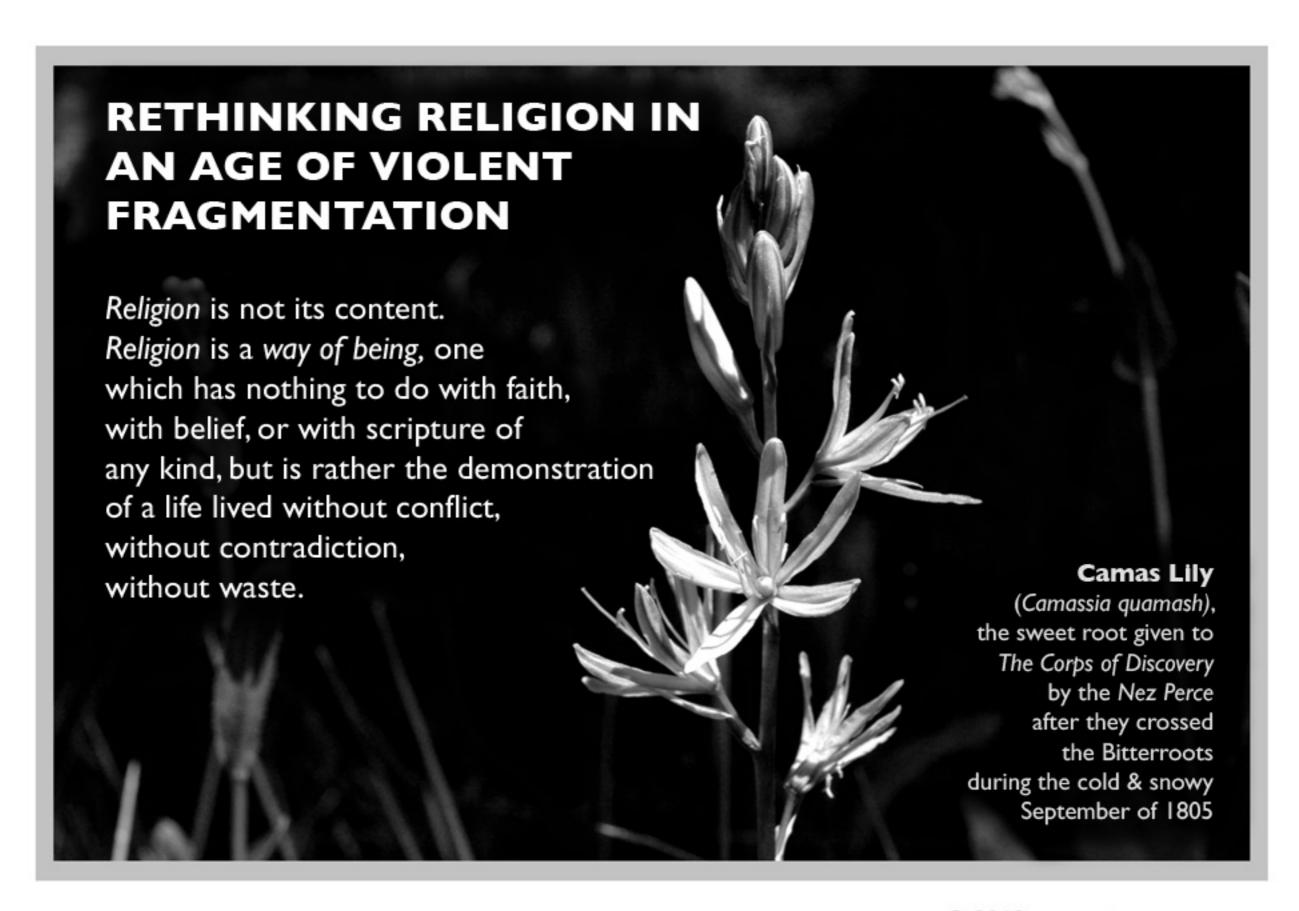


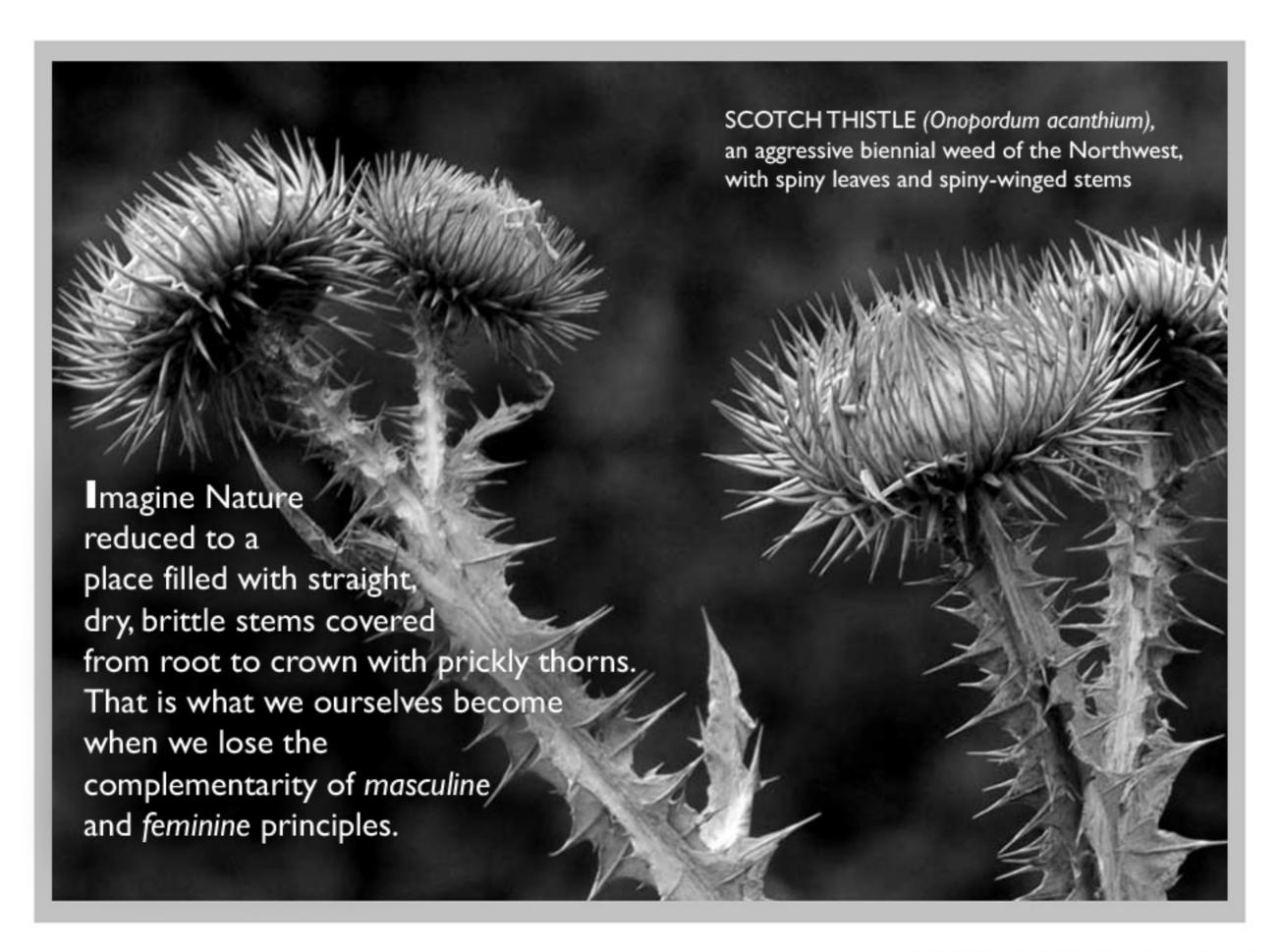
## **NECESSARY BALANCE**

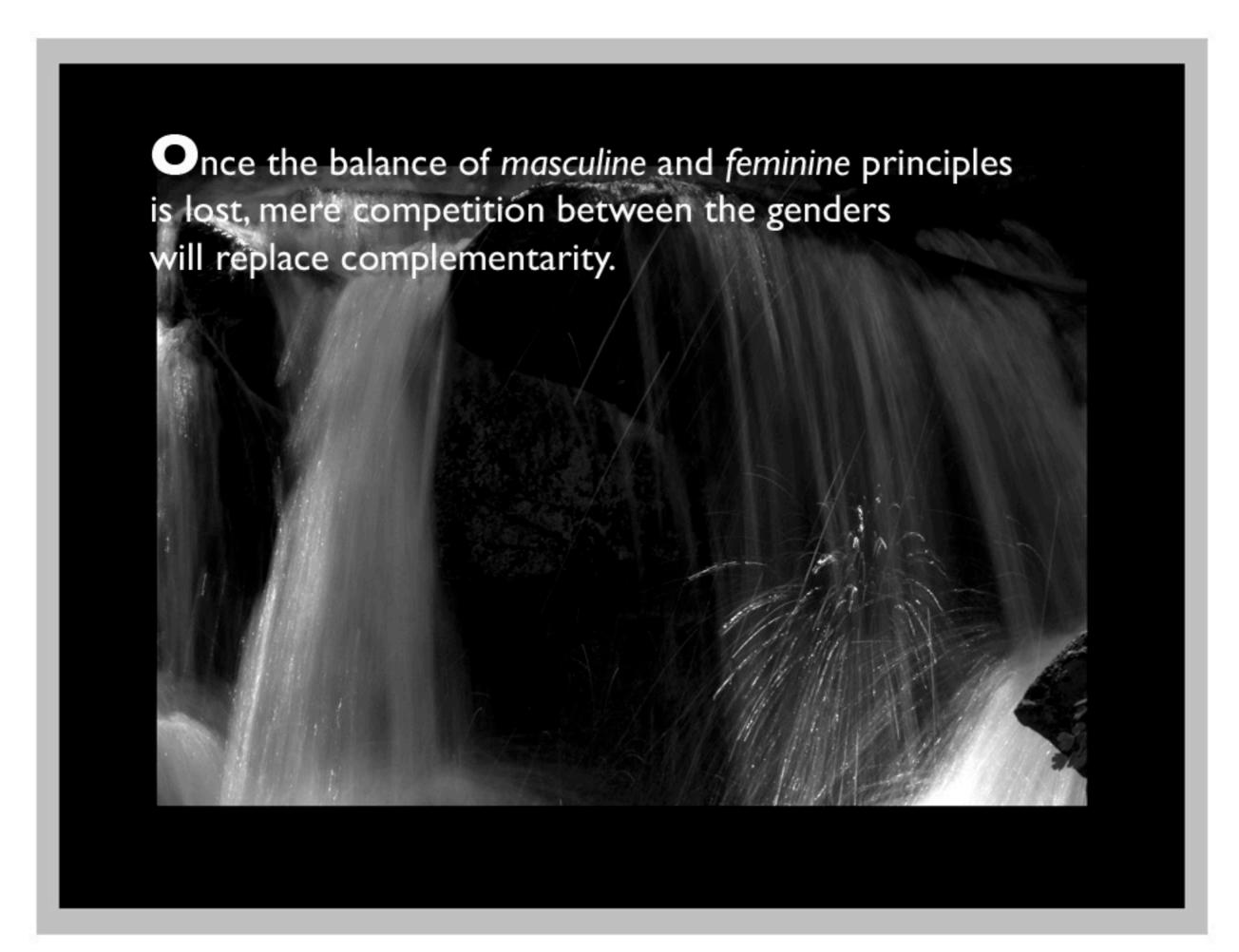
For a vibrantly healthy Art, Science and Religion, both SKEPTICISM and MYSTICISM must be kept on something like a cultural leash.

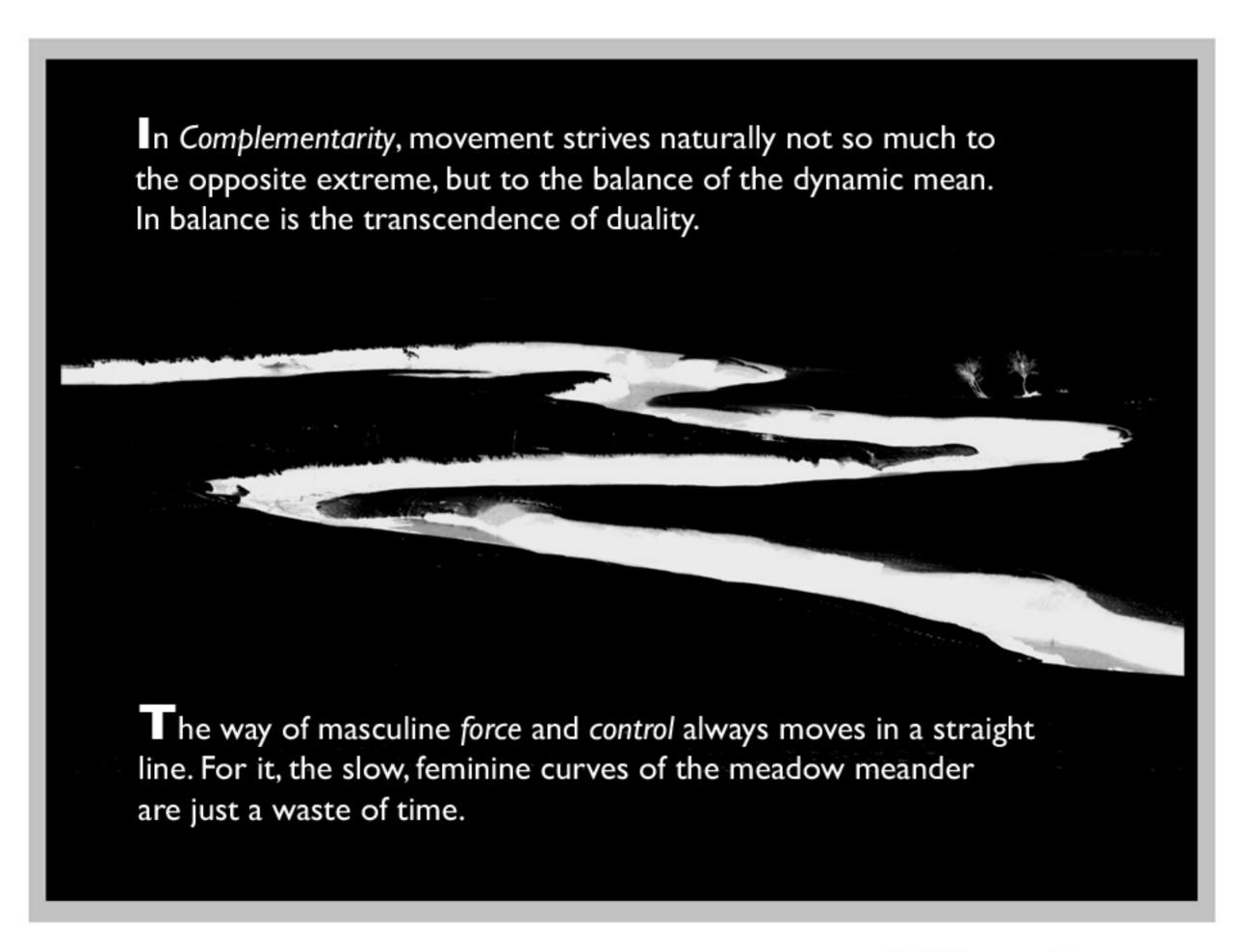
Too much *mysticism*, and we will no longer be able to deal with the hardnose, rugged, utterly indifferent realities of the climate crisis, economic collapse, and war;

Too much skepticism, and we'll lose all contact with, and our theories and works will no longer be informed by, that spark of the wild, the unknown, and just perhaps, the divine.









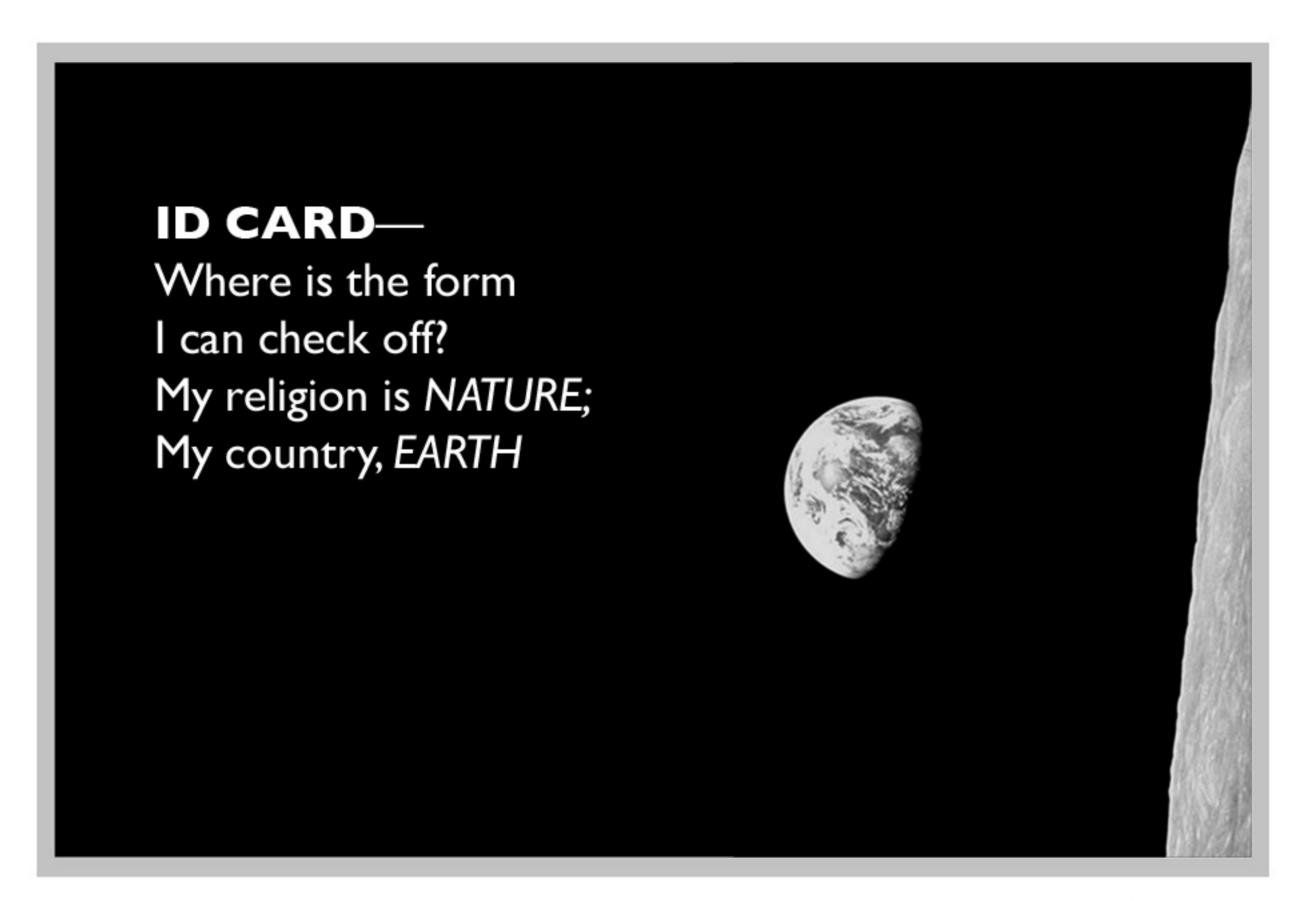
## **FEMINISM'S FATAL FLAW**

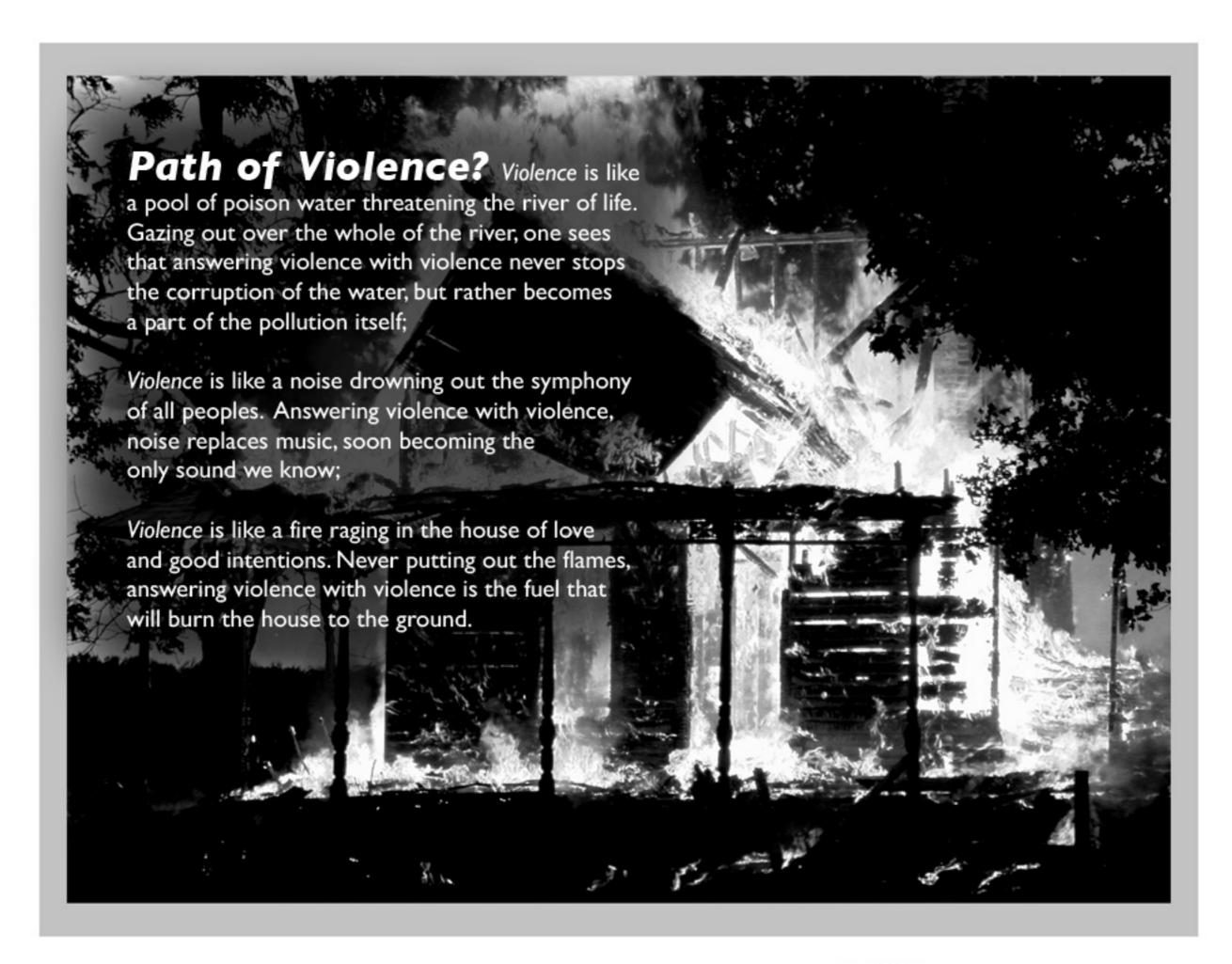
The feminist embrace of militarism contradicts the spirit of liberation just as stridently as might the former slave who now herself holds slaves.

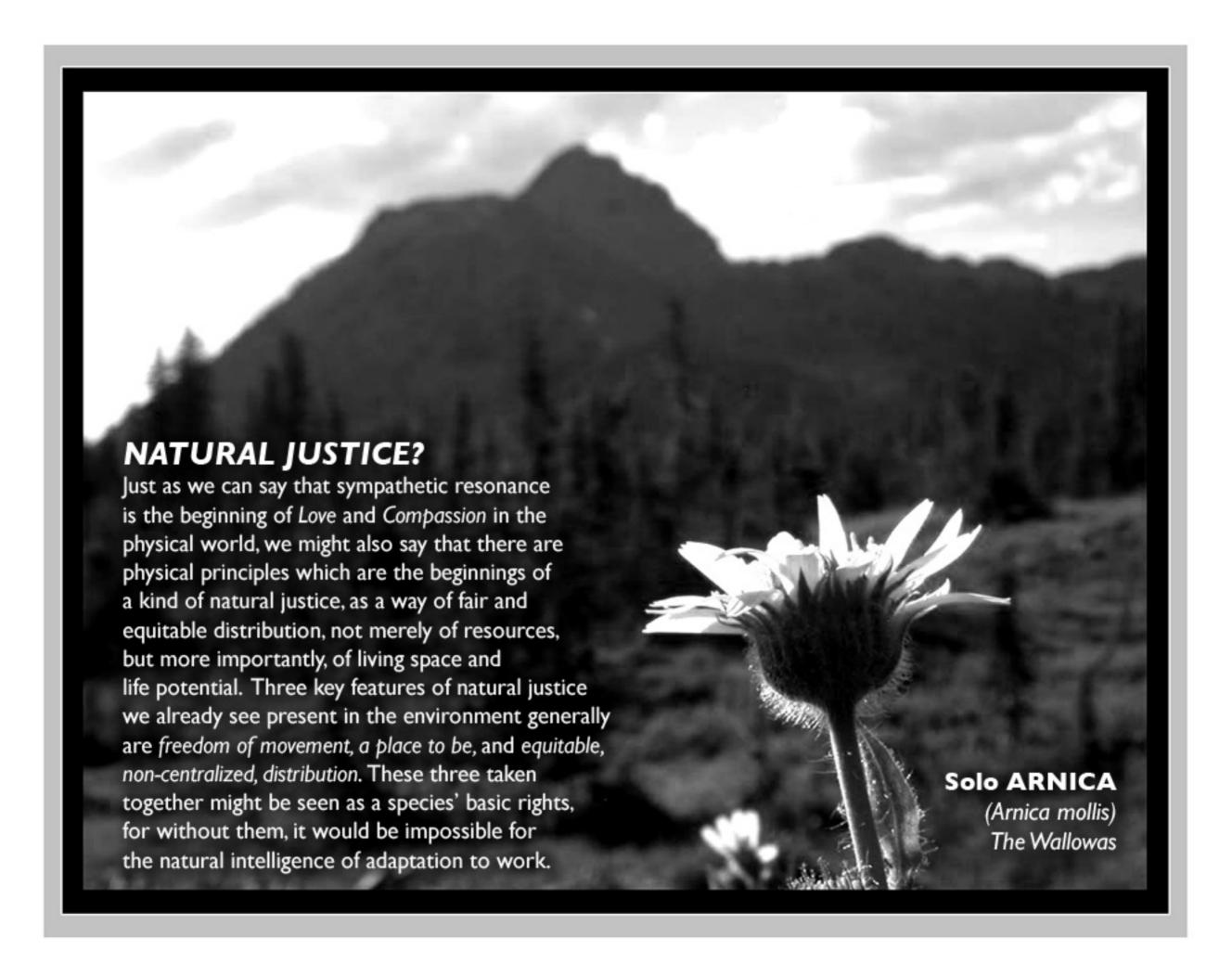


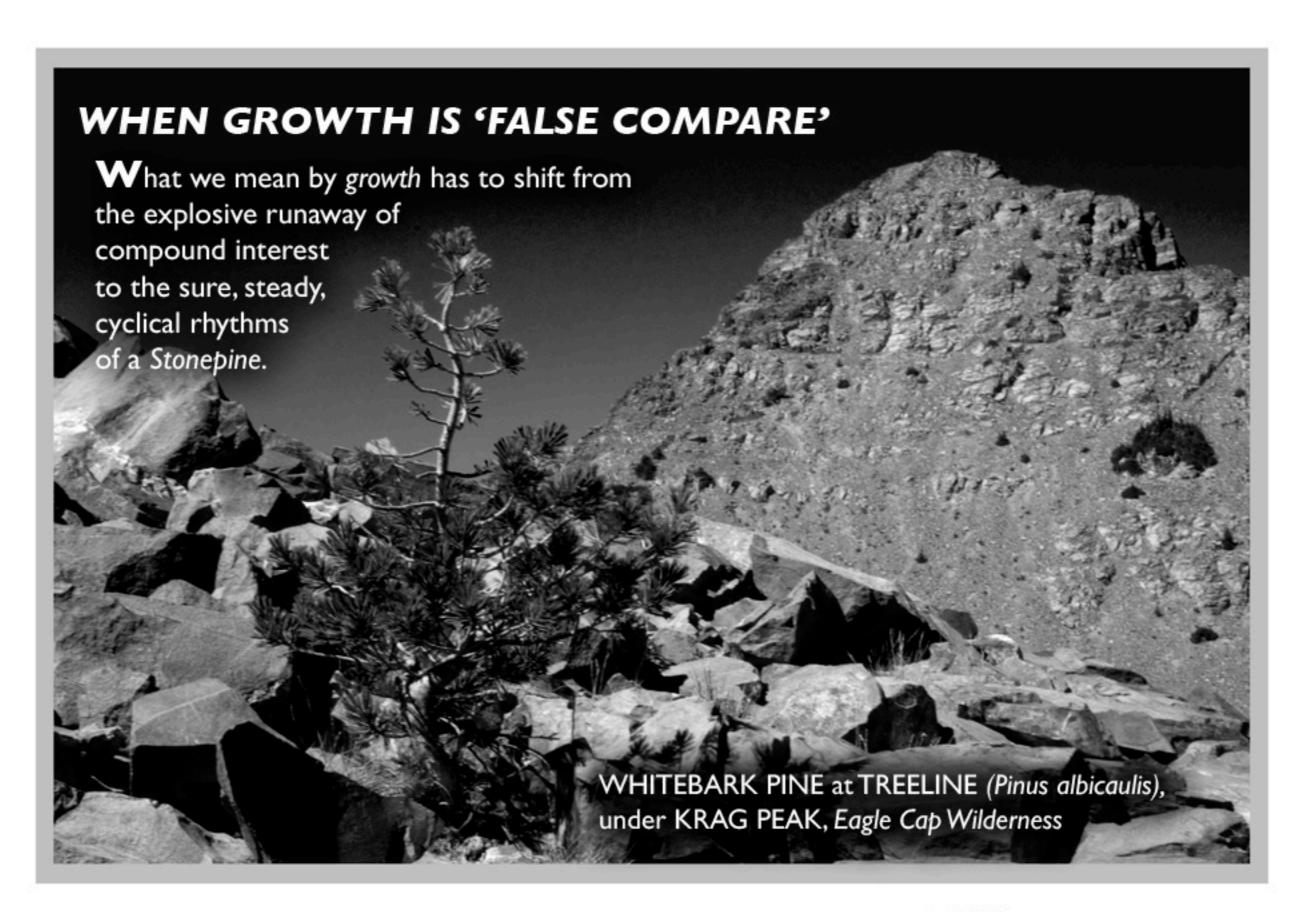




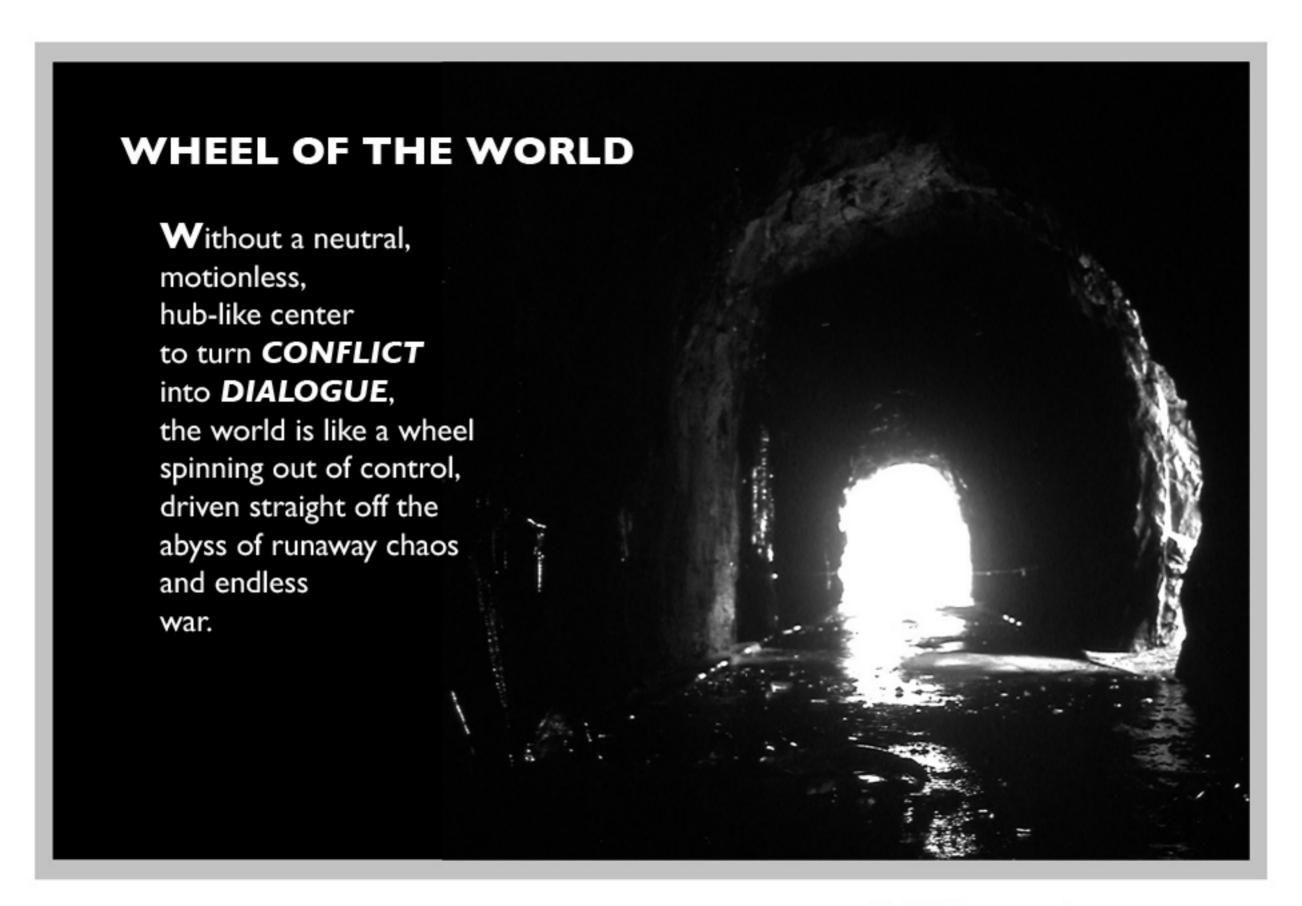


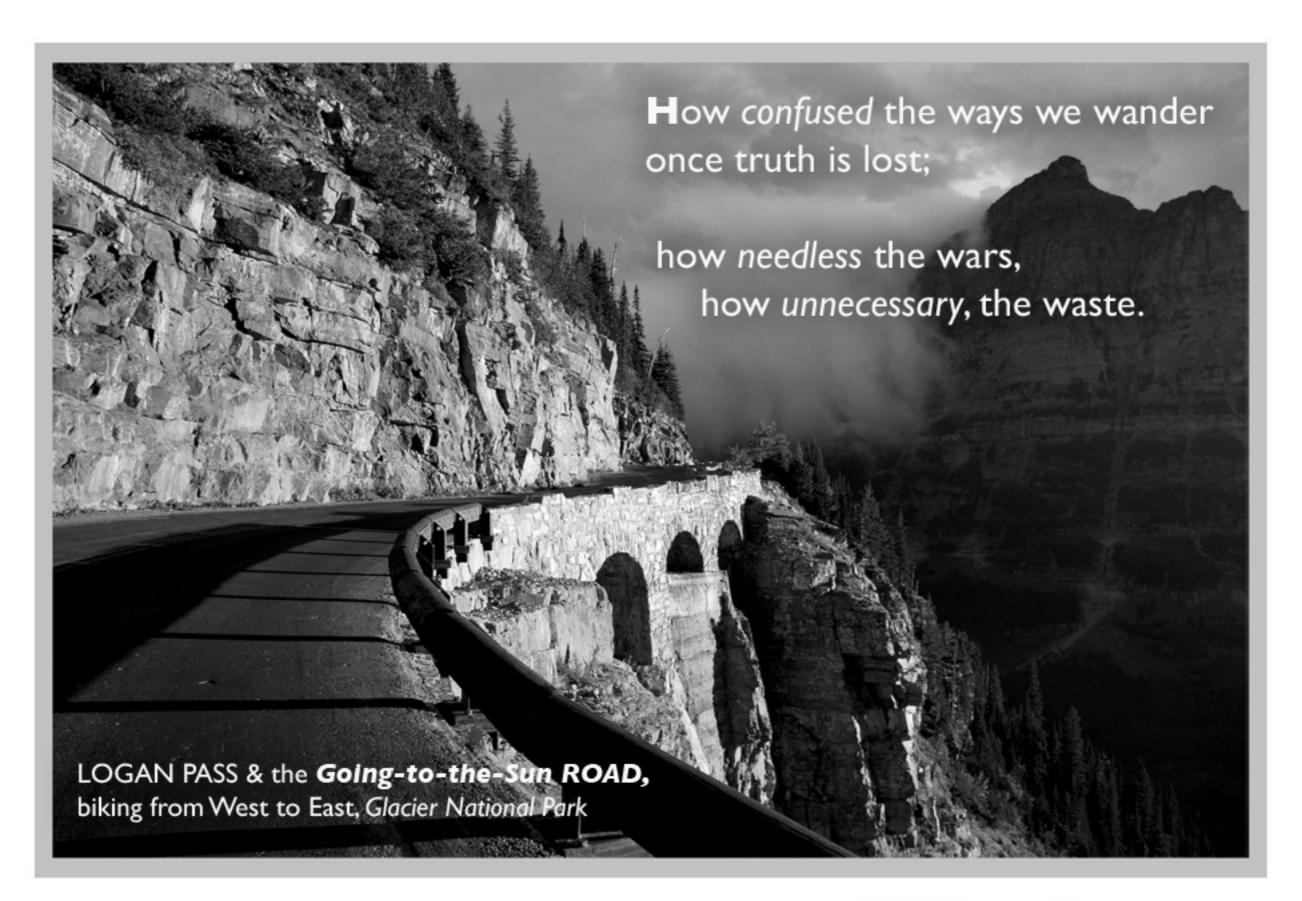


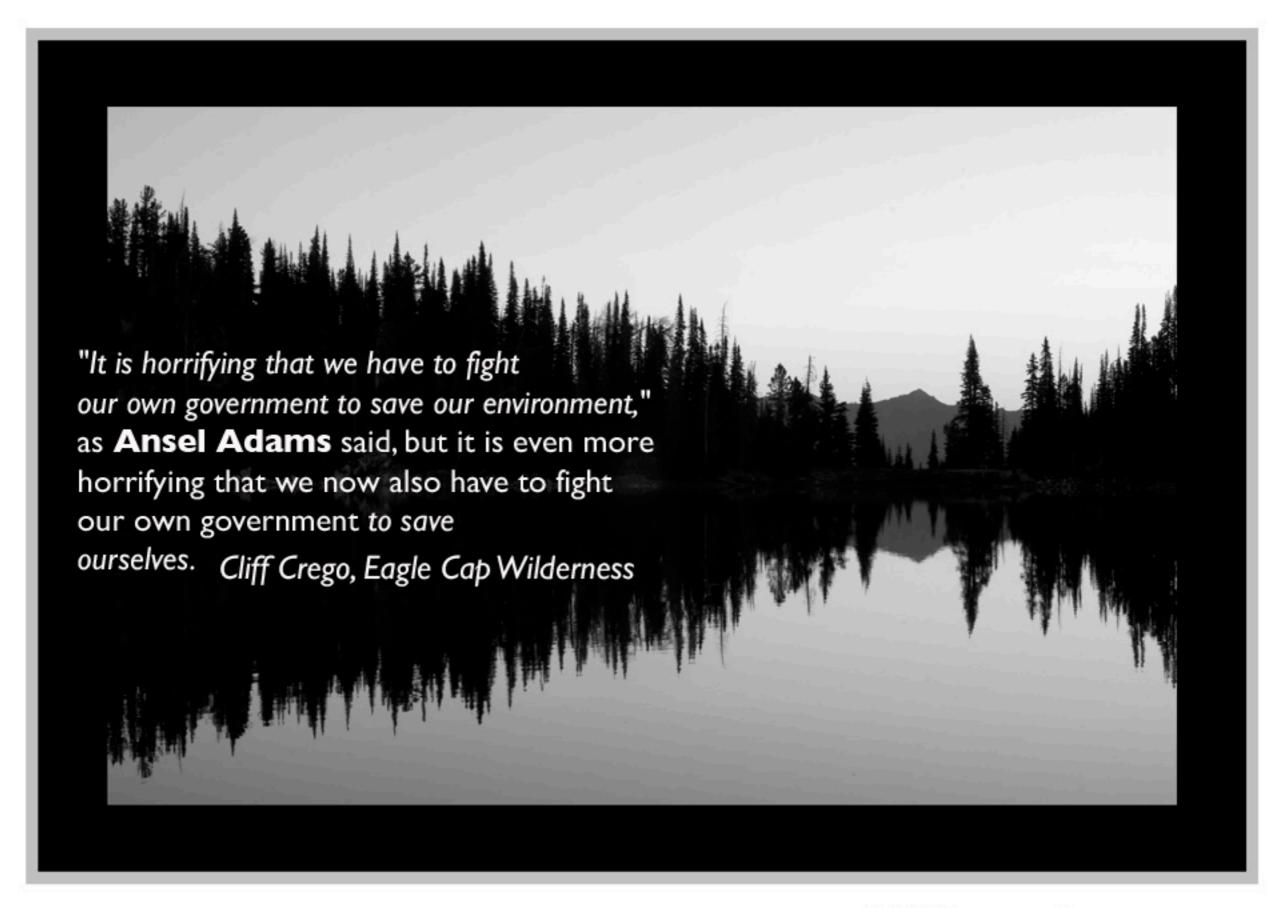


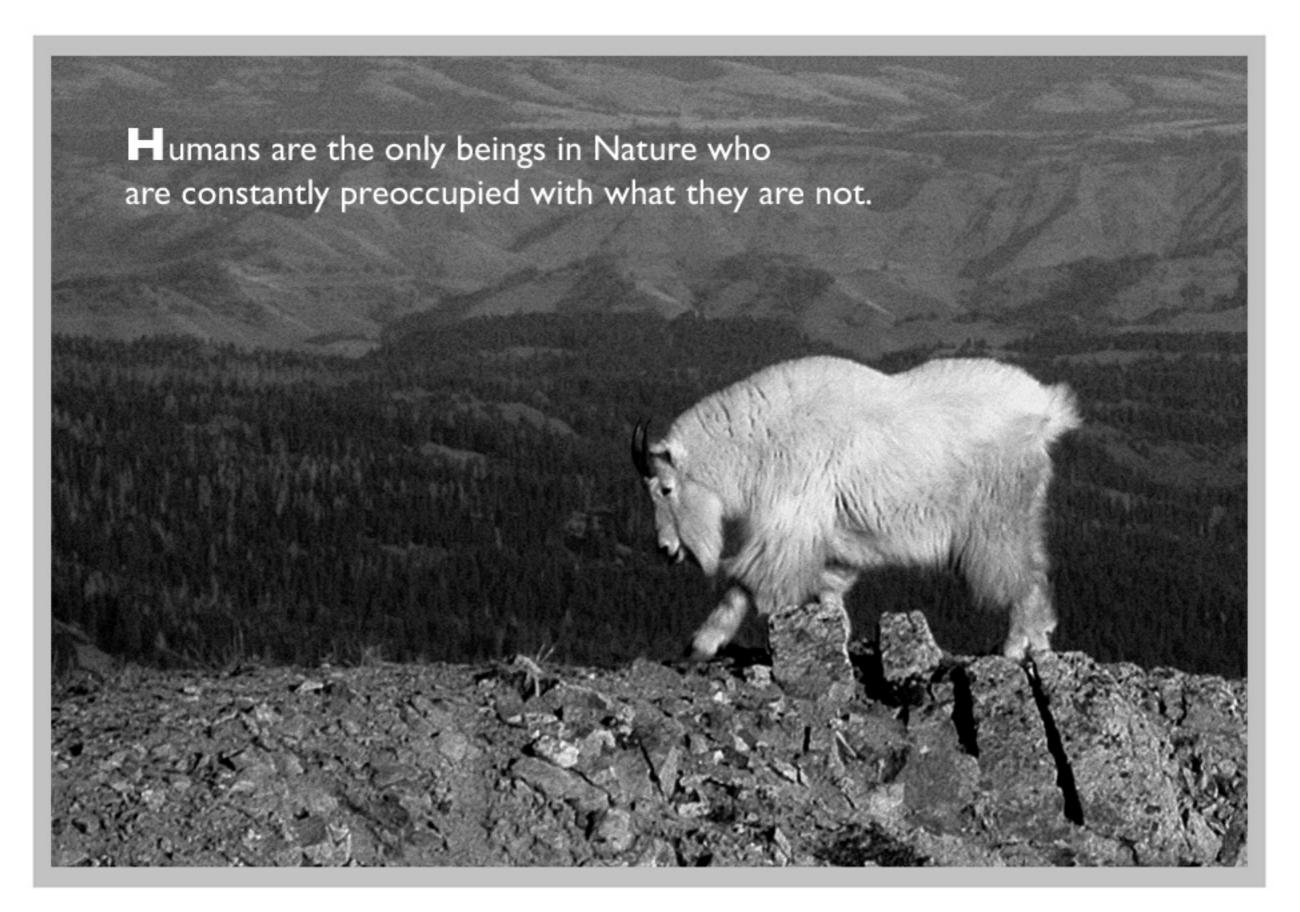


Deficit wasting? All agree that spending more than we earn is a bad thing. Why then allow wasting more than we clean up? Who shall deal with the debt of toxic artifacts we leave behind? HANFORD—This is being written ±200 km Southeast and downwind of the so-called Hanford Superfund Site. On The Columbia River, it is one of the largest areas of nuclear contamination anywhere in the world. While still in use, HANFORD produced the plutonium for 60,000 weapons [sic], leaving 200,000 m3 waste still to be cleaned up. Plutonium, named for the God of Hell, is the most deadly substance known to man. But 1,000,000 of a grama microgram—is thought to be enough to cause lung cancer; it remains dangerous for at least a 1/4 of a million years.

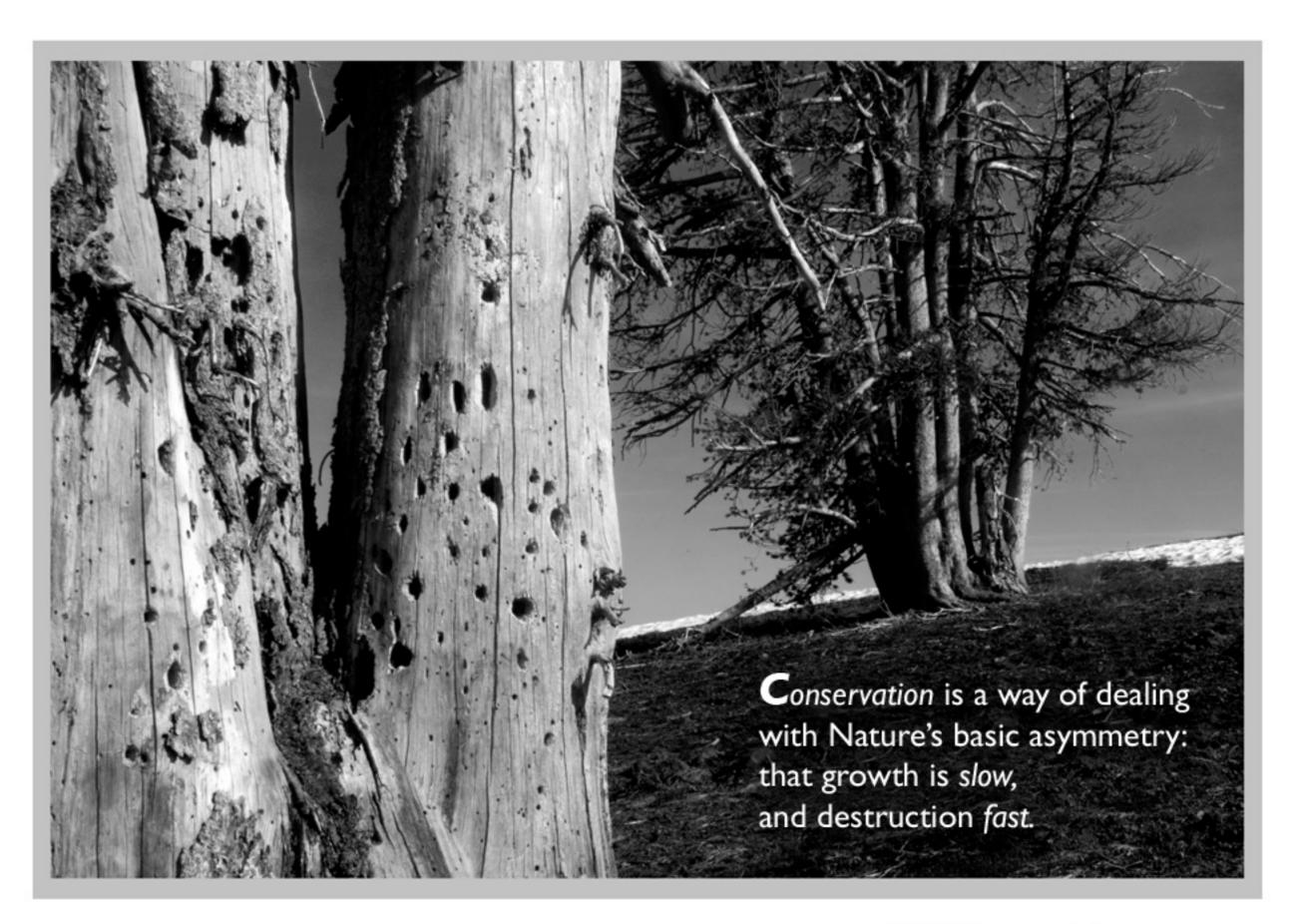


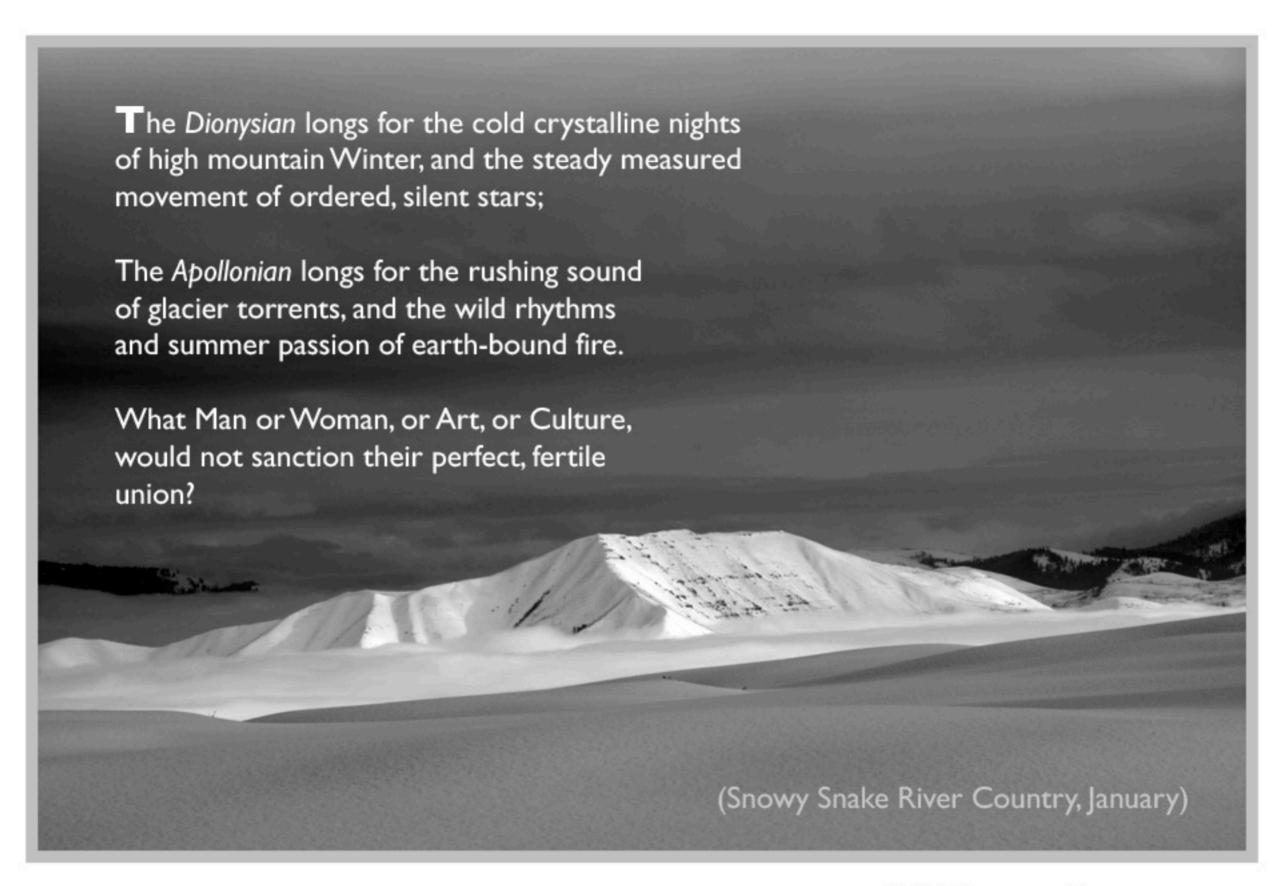


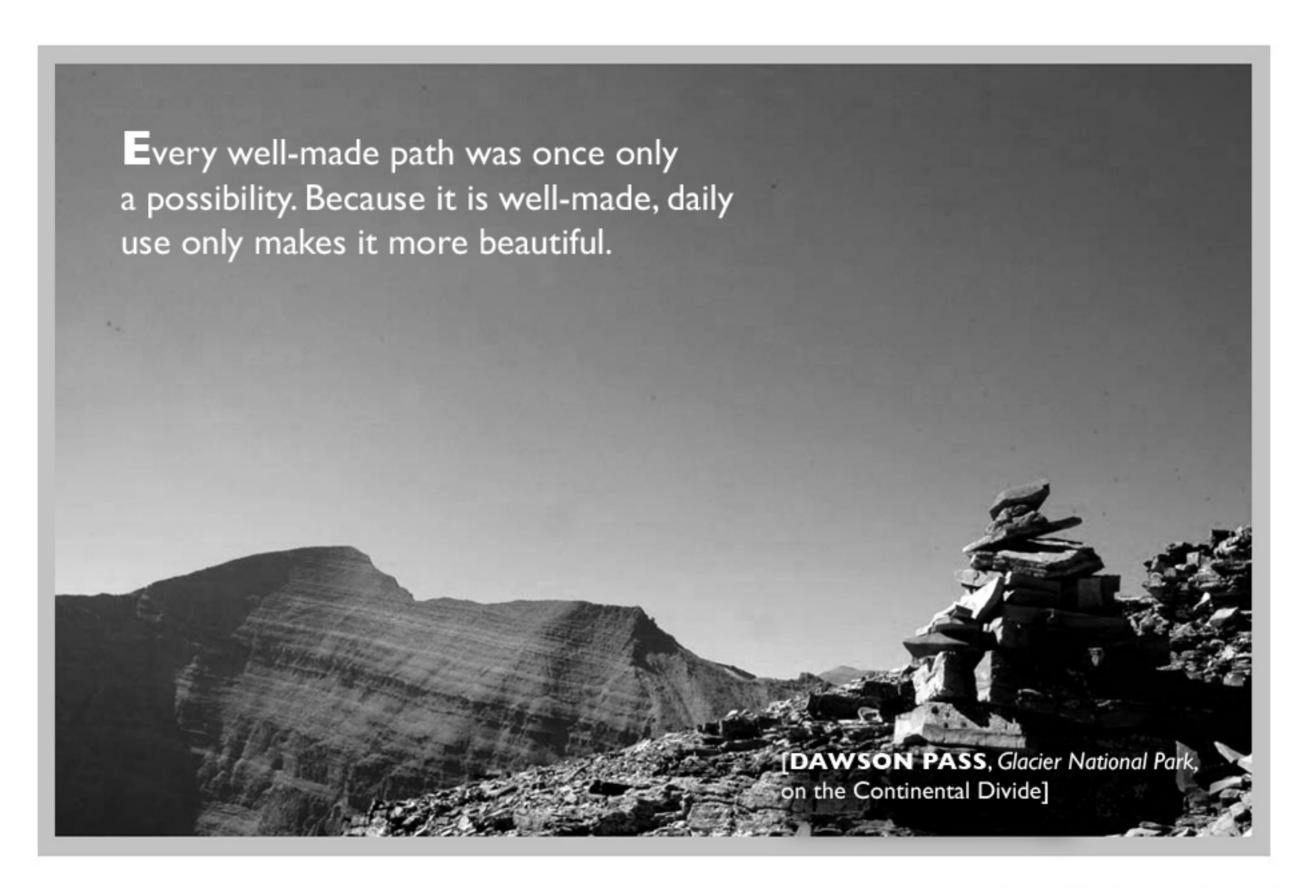


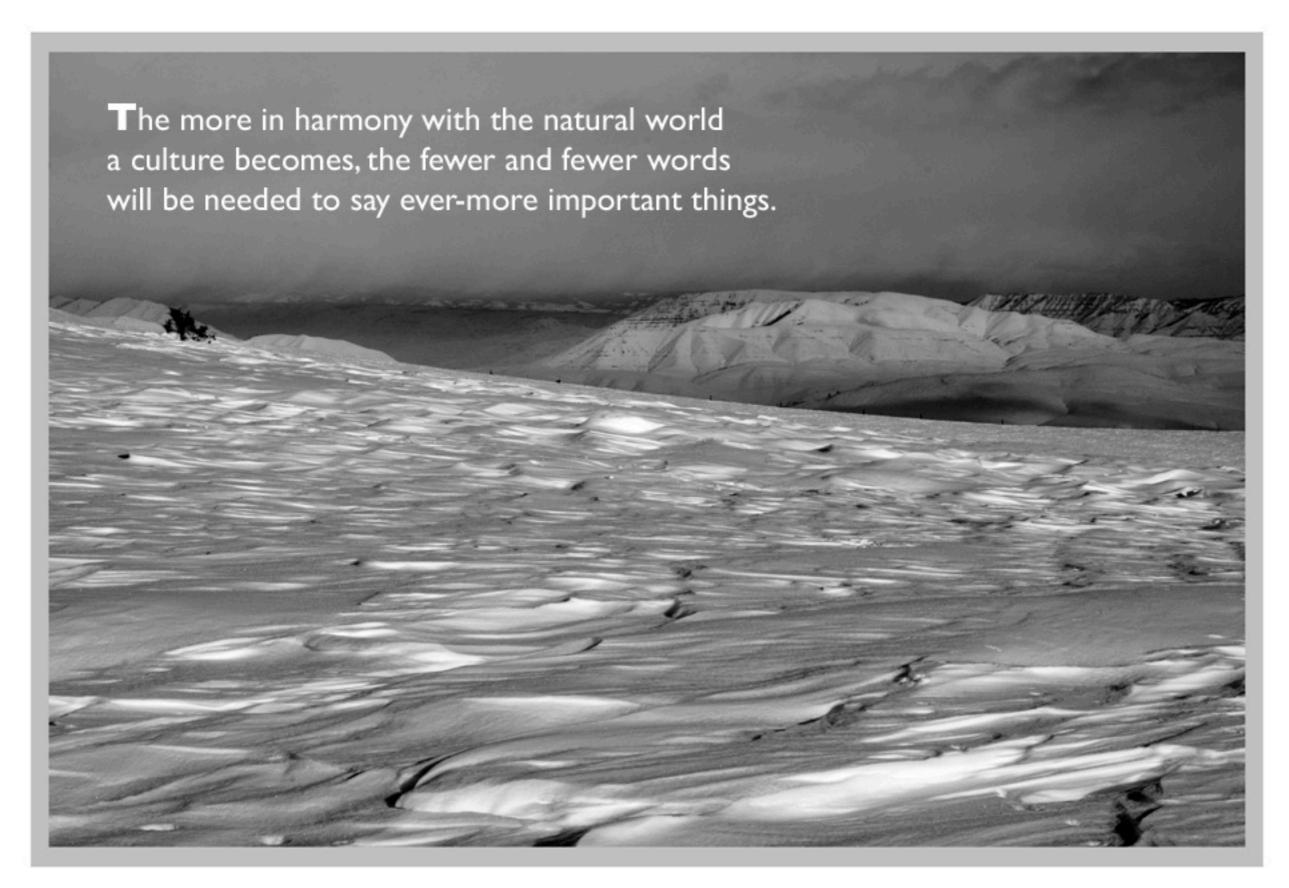


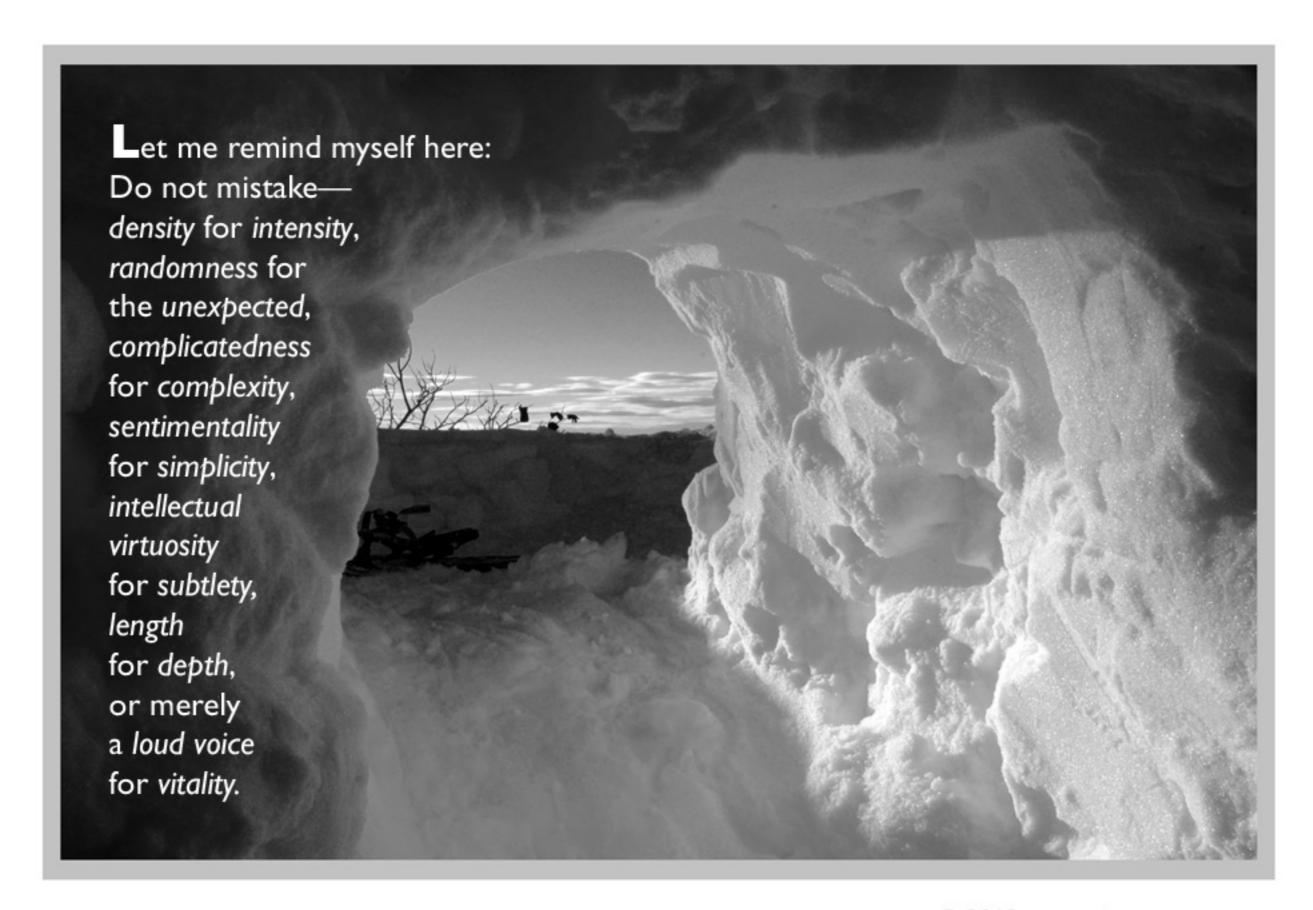


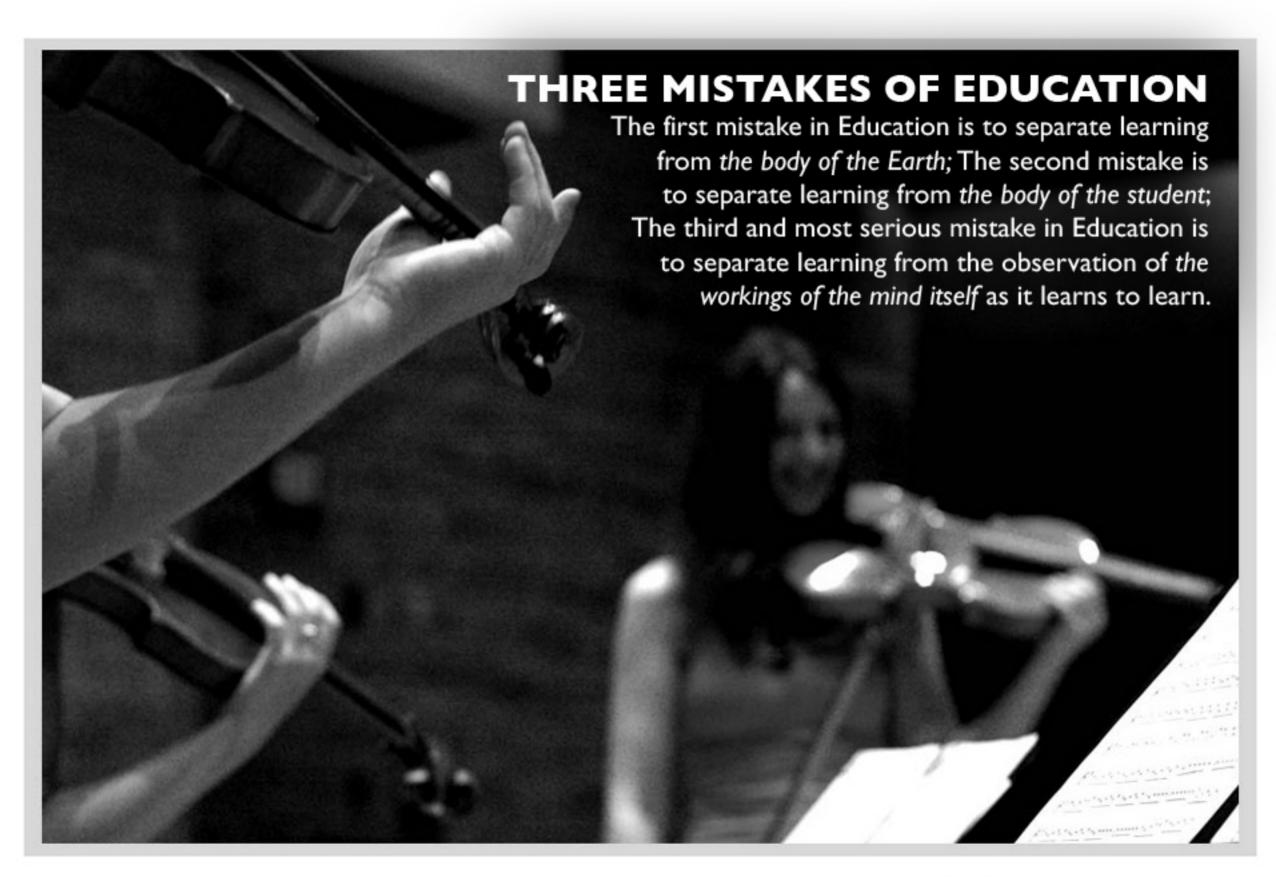


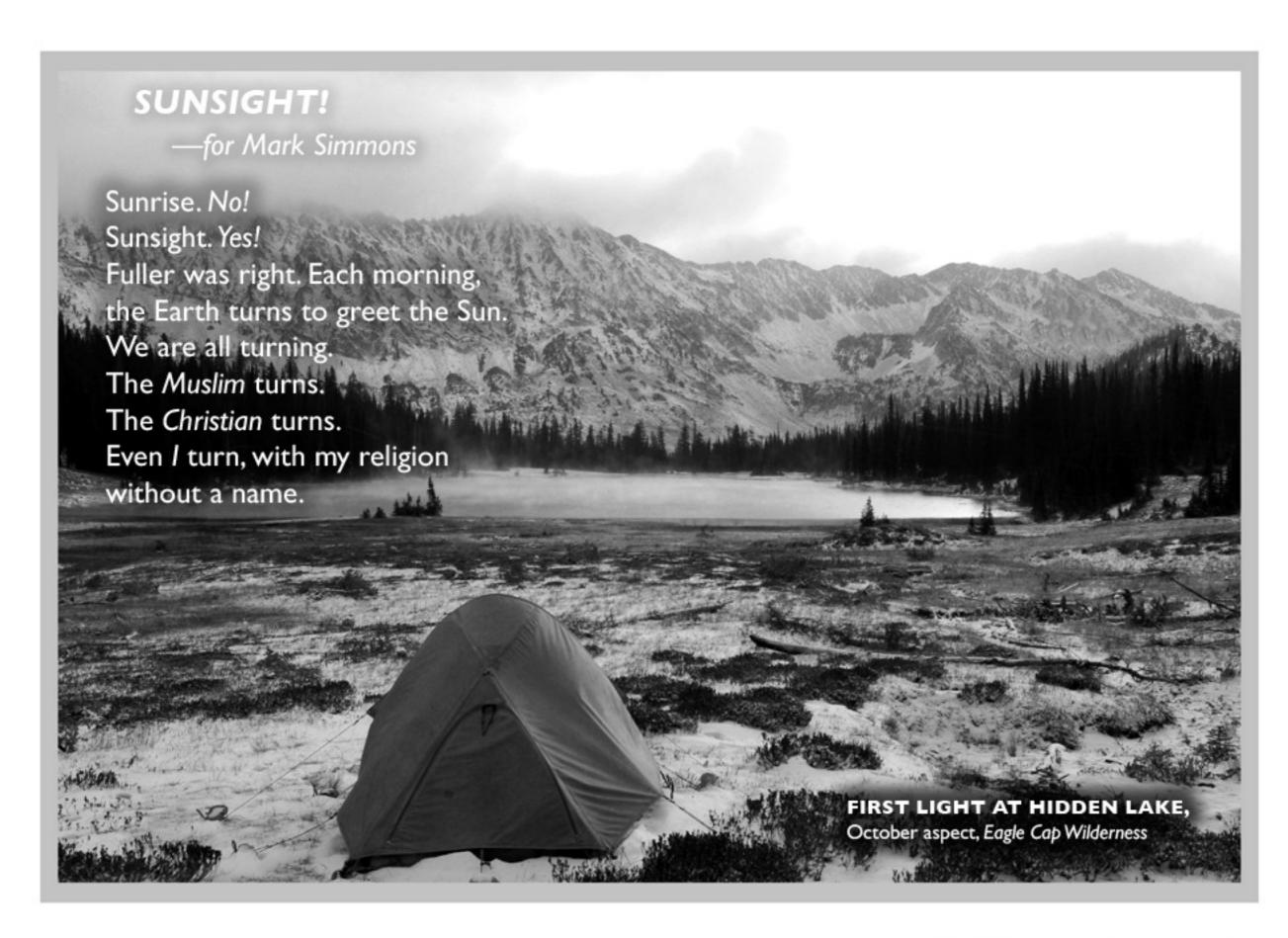


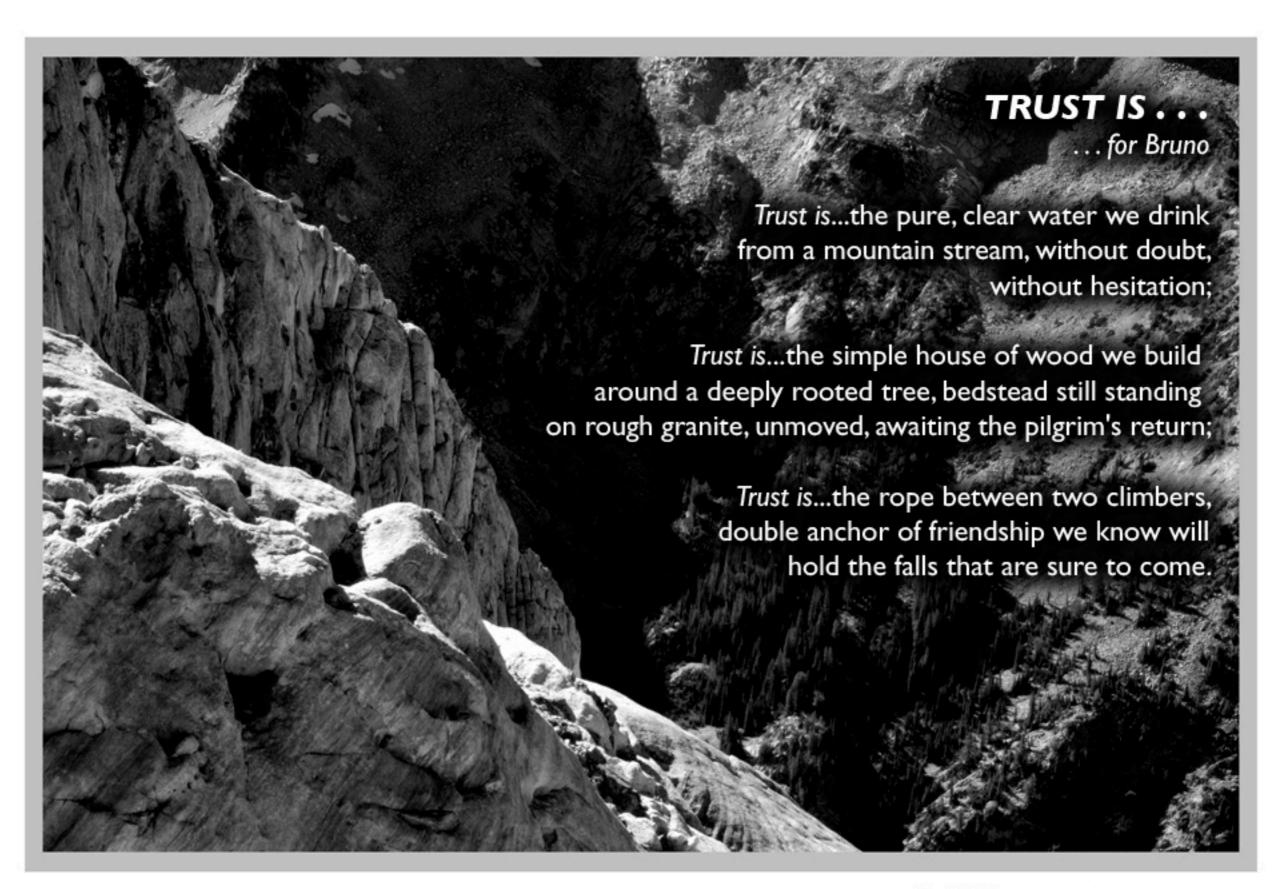












## **EPITHETS OF A SPECIES**

-for David Landrum

Miraculous. Mischievous. Miserable. Epithets of a species placed in the order of your choice.

Mischievous. Miraculous. Miserable.

Born naked into a web of dependencies in a harsh, brutal, indifferent world.

Miserable. Mischievous. Miraculous.

Instrument of the mind, a compassionate intelligence of infinite subtlety that mirrors both itself and the whole.

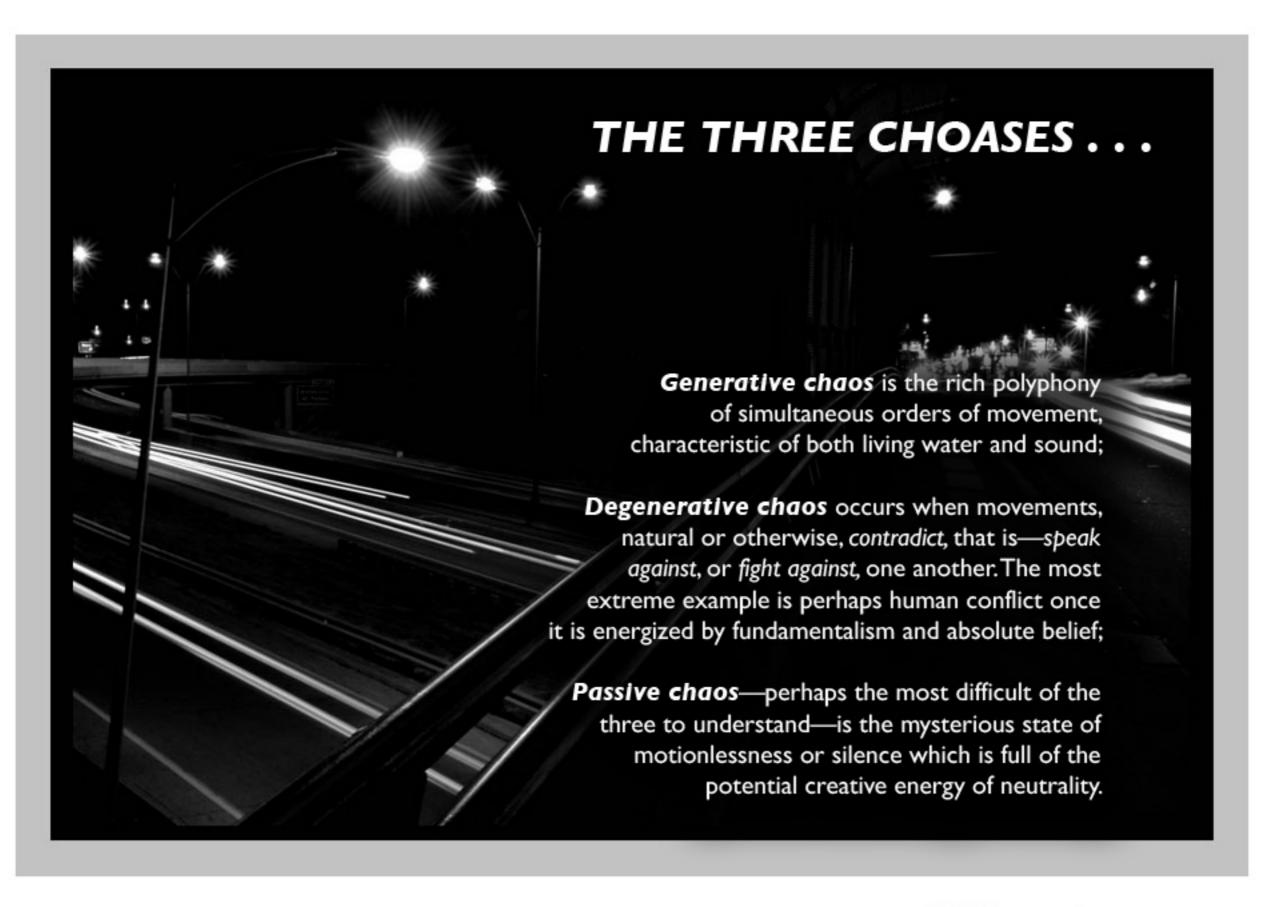
Miraculous. Miserable. Mischievous.

Sole life-form that till the end of time must walk the sharp knife-edge of its own self-destruction.

Miserable. Mischievous. Miraculous.

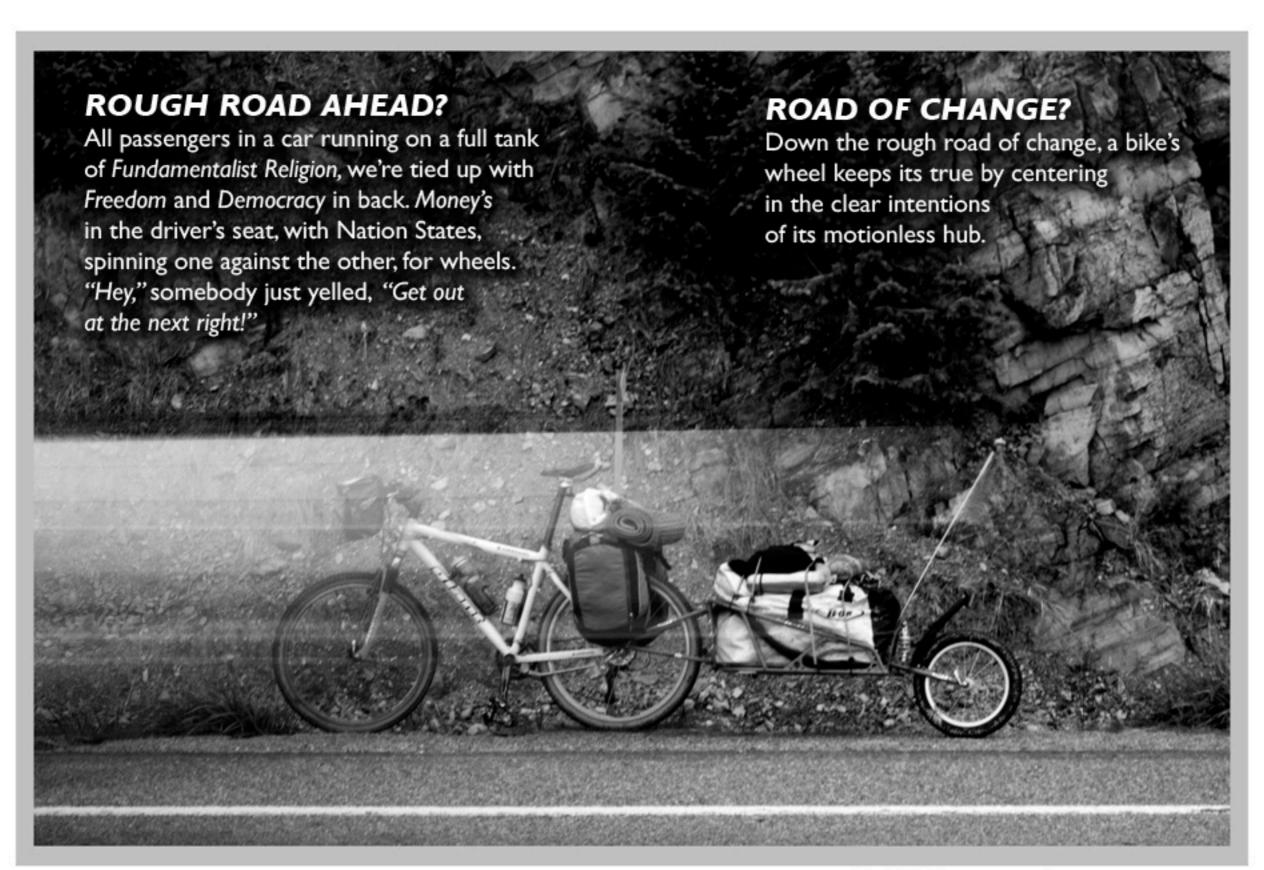
The choice of epithets is our own.







© 2012 www.picture-poems.com







© 2012 www.picture-poems.com