

BEHOLD to find a...

SENSE OF PLACE

I am streaming across a landscape with eyes ablaze. My mind screaming at me to stop, go home, back to get the children! In reality there is no home. No back. If the children didn't get free, they would surely be gone too. The guilt slides back for the self to fathom. How could a parent abandon children to save one's own neck?! The shame is obliterated by a sensation of cold running up the veins. A shock retorted by the realization the snow is powder at least 30cm deep. That it is really there. That I'm streaming over country totally engulfed by ice. In its most beautiful state – snow. The skis slip freely on the ice below. Frozen so hard for decades – clear like glass. I did not look into the ice as it holds the record of those entombed in its depths. To look out at the sky now green with carbon. For it was their, our, complacent attitudes that cast the earth into an ice age.

Known not to us humans of recent history. Our forebears of multi-millennia knew of such ice – but not us no.

The etchings on our DNA we learnt to read and ignored. Such weakness, to listen to our self, weakness! To have a soul, weakness. To care, weakness. What happened to us? Short sighted greed always gives no light to shine in the enormity – the universe. The wires have gone. In this cold I strangely miss the warmth that currents make under resistance. Body no longer attached to peoples devices. Oh what joy to feel natures push and pull. Uncluttered by mechanical devices. The word streaming I use for that reason, blood streaming, a feeling lost now found. Now I feel not only see. Streaming with the universe what pleasure. How did people lose this delight? How cruel we have been to ourselves. Oh those children again. Will they feel the stream of life – I return to this – they feel hope I delight – the first time. That is the way of the new. That is life. The first time. Grande – no me to guide. To unwittingly manipulate. They're free – I justify my flight.

A wind blows snow this way. Dark in the centre. I question existence. I feel my fear – I open my mind. Voices pinch at my

ears - go - go - move. The ice groans a scraping sound - my
shins shoulder with movement the powder has gone just hard
hard ice - crisp. No powder. Gives glimpses of people frozen.
With looks of anguish I can only read their expressions. Did
they see this coming. This is no great flood it is hard. Not a
Flush - this engulfing of the physical stops life of any kind.
Stops fermentation stops cold stops the green here. The snow
chattering against me. The wind is strong and silent. There is
nothing to make sound against. I imagine a warm place a fire a
pot of hot food things not seen for most of my adult being.

I stumble. I fall. I stumble and fall. Even saying this
makes me feel more alive. Alive is the matter of things. I
feel the spin of the earth. What power it is - what
magnificent things we left to extract ownership. I fall. Red
flashes before my eyes! I have closed my eyes for the first
time. I must've been staring all the while. My bum thumping
with pain against the ice hard landing. Feet thrust skywards
by skis. My tummy muscles reluctantly drift back into powder -
white everywhere everything - sky snow - only ice gives me
surface.

Surface of what?

My ears ring or is it the ice screeching up from the depths. What's really down there – where has the earth gone – our planet. I feel my breath as shard like pain to my chest. The cold I guessed. I put my hand to my mouth in an attempt to warm the fingers. They are covered with fleece of some description beyond my knowledge. I try to visualize the fingers beneath – not as blue with cold but warm and supple. The feeling is good. It strikes me that my thought has changed my perception. So think warm of my condition – I am warm. I found that clearing where the mind gives way to sensation – a place to place colour – My fingers are artists brushes – I can paint – the colours of this all – this land – a scape – a sensation... Sense of Place.

Soliloquy (a rant)

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