

SCARECROW'S YEAR

(For Bozena)

My young friend Emma, who is almost four years old, who has beautiful, curly, long, red-blond hair and a sweet songful voice, is the one who told me that he could talk. "He calls me Bozenka, I'm not sure why. He said that it is really my name, but my mother calls me Emma!" She told me he knows lots of things that the others don't. She told me that he would talk to me, if I was very nice, and very polite, and brought him a present. So on a warm spring day, I did just that, I brought him a chime, that would make music with the wind, and said that our friend had told me that it was a good gift, and I put it in his open hand. And just as little Emma told me he would, after I sat, silent and reverential, for a while, he began to speak, and he spoke in words and he spoke in images and memories and dream:

Meeting, awakening

"I know much more about myself now than I did when I first noticed myself existing. I am still, and I am planted, but I am not still. I seem to survive and thrive on the pure light, the water, the ground. I do not need to move around for food. At first, I thought I didn't change, but I did, then, change color with the water and the light. The pattern of my self changed as the wind blew. Folks alighted on me, ones that hovered in the air and landed with the breeze. Some climbed up, a small piece at a time, regular and

steady, and others who placed toe after toe, in movements so quick, faster even than the rain! Some of them nested inside of me and I sheltered them. And, as all creatures that move, they ate, fed from the garden, the garden that was all around, even beyond the lines. They drew the lines, the big ones, the ones that stand, whose figure I somewhat favor. I have noticed that they see a likeness, and decorate me, as they do themselves, and make sounds at me, as they do to each other and sometimes to the littler ones and sometimes to the sky. They make sounds that often repeat and form groups, as do many of the creatures that move. I know their meanings, I speak all of the sounds, I understand them, including the ones that fly, about whom the big ones say, "...keep the birds away!". But the "birds", know not to fear me, and I do not fear them. I do not fear.

I see them all, all of the creatures, again and again. Some leave and return with the movements of the points of white in the dark, black sky, some with the motions and shape of the pale one. Some of them go with the bright one across the sky, and migrate and disappear and reappear when that bright one is low, or high, up above. Many appear busy. The little ones build an entire city that thrives and lives and then crumbles in that span, a short span indeed. Many seem to have been here for many, many times around, all the way around!

You asked me about what you called an anniversary, a very big, "word?" Well, I know! I noticed the very moment that the bright one was back, (when we were back) to the same spot, I mean, up above, as when I first noticed it, when I first came to be, that is.

One full time round, I felt the toss of the ground, the toss of our home, all of us. All of the fruit of her, all of her creatures, every circle reeled from the pull! The mystical ground bellows and gives birth to an uncountable young!

Here we come, round again. We are tipped away, then we are tipped toward, feel that light, that bright one, the owner of our sky! The births bring forth to see them, and watch them and show them how to move and feed and feel around. And fluffy little ones make sudden moves and often fall when others fly. I feel that I should witness, as I seem to have a memory.

I do not feel the urge for others of my special kind. I am one, and I am only, but I am joined. I am unsure of my actual boundaries, as I seem to observe all around myself, not from a particular spot. That with which I analyze the molecules, measure the light, weave the vibrations, join with another surface, all this I do in every spot.

I am still, but I am quick, and I am never still. I never tire. I have greeted every cycle of every circle, as they round, and round, and round again. I met the light, the bright one, the close one. "Now!", I said, as we all changed direction. Everything lifted itself, even the stone, to ease the lurch and then chase it back. Some are briefly, completely loose, before they rejoin, but many stay anchored and hold on tight. Some take longer to rejoin. Some push-back on the gravity, on that magnet, that force, a mighty pull indeed!

I know that the bright one remains where it is, compared to us, the bright one I know

you call, "Sun". All the time it remains, but it is not unchanging, the fire twists and churns, and there is motion, amazing, and anxious, and fierce! So fierce, that its courage, alone, sustains everything we are.

And together we all fly.

That moment we were back was a stretch ago, you missed it again, as all you upright ones seem to be a little off. You show me your lines and your squares and your ciphers, but they do not match the movement, our flight. Our flight is round, our journey is a round one!

Month

I know that you call the pale one, "Moon", and you smile at me when it shows its full circle and bathes me in its glow and I make a shadow, and then you jump, and startle when I wink at you in its light. Then the darkness works its way across Moon and covers it, more, until it's just a slight, then less again until we see it round and whole again, feel its gentleness!

I speak to the ones that are planted, as I am. They speak to me, too! As I said, I have mastered all of the "languages", unlike you!

The spider, she knows how to spin a web!

Spring

The bright flowers were here already, when I first came to be. The sound of the water in the creek pounding through, and driving new paths into the ground! It was so big a sound!

The tall, majestic ones decorated themselves so the winged ones would find them beautiful, then, fruited, so that all would find them sweet. They long to give birth! And, too, those beautiful whites, and purples, and yellows, they came again, a stretch ago. They were the first to push through the ice. Yes, the ice!

Summer

The pale one was full, then slight, then full and slight, and soon after that, came the time of the bright one's warmth, cutting through, as if it were no distance at all! Everything moves now!

Often, just as Sun passed peak, the rain fell hard from the sky, like the clouds falling with all of their weight, and the wind, and the drops make beautiful sounds that change as the puddles grow. Branches of light cut through the mist to the ground. I could feel them reaching out to me, and I shone, for a moment, from the ground and from the sky! And the wave that broke through shook everything hard, and you, most of you, ran from

the fire, and clutched your head from the vibration!

Autumn

The pale one was full, then slight, then full and slight, and soon after that came Samhain, the memory of that word came with my hat, somehow. You decorated yourselves in unusual ways, some of you seemed to want to be with me!

Cloud like figures, resembling you, as I do, float above the ground, and watch, and watch. Bozena sees and speaks to them, and I know you see them, too! But you, you seldom speak to them anymore.

Large and small could be seen taking food away to be buried, hidden, and eaten. Or, perhaps it is for others? The tops of the trees began to sleep, and, between you all, you have pulled so much from out of the ground!

Many little younglings of grass, big and small have been eaten, but many fell to the ground. They will grow there, I believe. Many fruited, and yielded, and many collected them! The ones who walk with all of their legs, they crunched on the fruit that was too hard for you to eat!

Some of the birds are leaving, but say they'll be back when the earth comes back too, and when the bright one feels warm again. Then those winged will return. But still

others have stayed, and they are colorful, like my cloak, so shiny against the white ice.

Winter

The pale one was full, then slight, then full and slight, and soon after that, everything got smaller, and slower, and closer together.

There were some that gathered from me, for their beds, they said! I was happy to give, as I have noticed the pride that the trees have when they do. Many seem almost still, perhaps even asleep. They seem to be in wait.

We are tilted away and the bright one seems to almost hide behind us! The bright one is just a bit more distant and the air seems to steal the heat, but there is heat coming from below. Many have tunneled down, to be closer to the oven inside the ground. It is a fair distance below. None of those to whom I speak have ever been so deep, not even the mighty, gassy ones that have been disturbed, they say, and seem ill-at-ease, not even they know what the center is actually like!

What was wet became dry and solid, and, even when wet, stayed on the ground, and did not so much shake, and expand, and fly back to rejoin the clouds.

Year - Spring

The pale one was full, then slight, then full and slight, and soon after that,

the winged ones who had left came back, as they said they would, and told me of the vast waters down there, where the earth's belly swells out.

And then, that moment came when the bright one was at just the same spot in the sky, well, almost...you do not understand, I don't think, not fully.

Close your eyes now, and feel what you know, now you can say your wisdom to me, the words I understand.

"Multi-millennial time of collective thought, but does it not benefit the thinkers to think?! To be in time with the seasons, in step with the earth, spinning round on feet and changing paths if gravity pulls.

To breathe with the animal, to seek new pasture, hunt new prey. Prove, win a mate, breed freely, as instinct guides. Follow the moon, go home to place of birth, observe the smell of the air and then, act! It is the knowledge of how all were made!

The pure energy summoned when cause is true and right, and can be felt the pure justice of that curving calculation, calculation that only free mind can perform, mind that is linked to all of the senses, first, fifth, ninth, twelfth!

Mind, made out of stardust, and conceived by stars!"

Thus, he spoke, and thus, we spoke, in words, and in pictures, and in thought and dream and fantasy, and we told us everything.

And, there, growing at his feet, was, silky, soft and bright, like the bright one, Daffodil, that he told me to give to Bozenka, the one whom Man calls Emma, the one with the hair like early autumn leaves, and eyes like the sky, who sees the spirits.

So, I did, and she smiled at me, and held it in her little hand, and we walked, together, down the garden path.

-SLH (2017)

For my daughter, Božidara (Božena, Boženka) whose name means, "given by god". Boh (or Bog, in Russian) was the word for god, or deity, that the Slavic people had before the Christians came, and described more than one (there is more than one).

Cyril and Method took that word, and gave it to Jehova, to keep it simple, for the simple pagans. Her father and I, however, knew which Boh it really was, when we gave our daughter that name. Her adoptive parents call her Emma...

