

JOURNEY ONE

THE INITIATORY DESCENT INTO SOUL

During the day of winter solstice, on the edge to a new year, I stood in the backyard staring into the juniper bushes. I knew snakes lived within them as well as frogs, as frogs would occasionally sit for hours next to the pool of water. I didn't foresee what was going to happen next: a voice told me to appear before the juniper bushes on New Year's Day, and that what I had been seeking would begin to live in me.

As I stood before the impenetrable green and its silence on New Year's Day, I closed my eyes, a voice, that of the Inner Friend, from within the caverns of my being spoke to me:

drop, fall, let go... let go, more,

release yourself... see yourself falling...

let go more - no landing, as do not want to be cliff dwelling...

let go again... see your headlong collapse into nothing -

the infinity of the unknown darkness, the infinite.

I want to let go of "I", I am reluctant, I hold back... until (as I've been descending for some time, feels like a mile or more)... I lose myself, lose the "I", keep the "i". I vanish into the interior... look around into wilderness that has no shape, no form, no discernible definition other than that it is vast and dark and nothing is visible - a water to exist in, and an air to be transport of, sail on.

I am told by the voice that I want landscape, ground or scenery to stop my fall: "I AM THE ONE TO CREATE IT."

I need to let go, into chaos - stop it when I wish, I think.

I envision Dr. Carl Jung, Dr. Robert L. Moore and poets Robert Bly and David Whyte.

My fall continues, down more seeming miles, as if I'm almost weightless... fall as in a chute, let go - into chaos... let go, like releasing a sphincter muscle... into greater chaos, a whirling cloud of no coherence, a jabbering noise of gibberish... vertigo of chaos, dis-ease, wanting to clutch, find foothold, handhold, mufflings... find anything, having lost track of myself, time, orientation, stability, even care, with panic creeping in...

Land on soul's earth: bounce a number of times to affirm my feet are on solid ground. Soul makes her presence known though soul is invisible. I hear the voice, only.

Soul guides me into a cave; her caves, soul tells me. We commune in soul's cave, where soul reveals to me that

I am to follow the lead of soul. I am to hear the heart of soul's voice. I am to be in liaison with, reaching, and yearning for soul - to desire as a command the pull of soul into a year's journey with soul. I hear: I am to give up, let go, be attentive, and concentrate for the soul's living and desires.

And to come back to soul's cave soon so that we may begin our year's journey.

I am to understand: year's time is not soul's time, as we are on different cycles.

My obligation: to return to soul's cave, to live our waters, our hues.

"This is the most dangerous adventure of your life."

The last sentence quickly revealed to me my peril: I've died many times, been "mad", lost everything, been in four decades' long warfare with what I've called the Inner Presence and my whole being and mind. My risk was far greater than I was awake to when I entered into soul and rolled myself into soul's cave. I existed in a dangerous land yet one where I knew a year's journey with soul was where I needed to be. Soul offered to be a guide, a voice out of the abundance of the unconscious that I had come to trust in her orientations and her reality, despite the dangers.

I walk out of soul's cave, and I rise up, pulled up by a wind draft through a chimney, bouncing off the walls, hitting the sides of my body, bruising my arms as I fly up the horizontal pathway as out of a well, seeing stars as I ascend. I am out. I am I, again.

Invitation by the Inner Friend

A few days after the initiation into the imaginal land of the soul, the Inner Friend invited me to leap into embracing the year's journey with soul.

RON: I'm so derelict; you are so delicious that I should want the taste all the time and always.

INNER FRIEND: You do though you do not open to it; you do not value to the fullness of who I am.

RON: I still exist too small, too old life, too negative.

INNER FRIEND: It is not those alone. You are, where you stand, as others have stood: not willing to come down, live down, immerse in soul's history and the fantastic history that her desire's creations, lovers, has voiced to a scream and seldom, if ever, been heard.

RON: You want me to sing it and plead out its being and loves.

INNER FRIEND: You will be in lostness, don't know: your history trained you to be in concert and communion with soul in the most intimate and visionary of ways. Do not lose balance. I am here to guide and keep the morsel flavorful. Be of good hope and love it -- do not do what you do not love and does not inspire you. Never worry. You will never be poor or without resources to live. You've eaten and been eaten too deeply not to be the landscape you see.