

Excerpt from Summer #16

Summer is repleteness, repetition, where everything looks full, complete, permanent, as if it were here forever, settled in, satisfied, permutated. It is a richness that blossoms out its inner life living in wonder and amazement instead of cynicism, alienation, and exile. It has the feel of eternity about it. We relax into the fold of its embrace as if we were lovers because we have become lovers, as summer is the skin of our desires blossoming into unimaginable images that are our feasts of heart harvestings.

The next moment: the death rattle of the cicada enters my ears. Childhood memories of August and its death knells clash with the long cycles of life of cicada: Summer has taught me not to be so enclosed, so self-absorbed that I am not touched or reached by the conclusion: it is not about me or humans, and our shortnesses to death and our consciousnesses of it.

Hundreds of miniature flowers of yarrow in an intricate work of design while moths are in constant motion. Suddenly, one moth by a dead moth—why? Mate or food or communication.

The fullness of summer turns to late summer's riots of excess bushes, grasses, weeds, growths, flowers, meadows, croppings, woods, leaves—a never ending array going on forever in chaos, no order that I can perceive. Don't seek order unless you are being the scientist; learn from the chaos as that has something to teach you that you have not ingested from the dust and dirt of summers.

Is summer chaos after the struggles and surprises of spring? If an accurate observation, I've much to learn from chaos, much to be in chaos about, inside the lostness of scavenging among the dung beetles in hopes that rolling dung will give me an up on the earth and its rolling inhabitants. Out of the creativity of this chaos the world is born, a creation myth worth pursuing.

Slant of the sun at 6pm: noticed this yawn this year for the first time. Elongating shadows heralding the apex and transformation of summer has begun even as it is far too early for the golden glow of autumn. *Axis mundi* is where I am.

Yellow finch on the top branch of the tree, singing out its song brings to my mind's eye the bird at the top of the World Tree, the World Ash, or Yggdrasil, of Norse mythology. The bird symbolizes the soul's spirit incarnated as the highest image of the roots that support its flight out of the earth, bounded. The shaman's music for an experience that has no words, can only be played on the heart's flute.

The world's soul, the center of the world, eternal nourishment of the fruits of the tree and the flight into earth of the psyche to bring into existence, to bring out of darkness, out of the feared made thus into evil the dreads of nothingness into image and thought and coagulation, thoughts as blood drawn through the imagination in order to stabilize the chaos, whiten the black ash, remove the arrow of desire that the world god that energized through you to wake you up and wound you to the flights soul must take into the spiritual world to recover the loss soul. Soul, today, gets lost, becomes unavailable, splits off in trauma icebergs, hitting

and destroying what is in its path and freezing the surrounding psychic environment so that it morphs ever larger into the ego like a boil.

The paradigm of the shaman, where we are broken apart, bone by bone, which we relinquish ourselves and only by doing so can we be put back together again, like Isis with Osiris, like psychotic breakdowns, shows the flights to the three realms must be made to help loosen the traumas, shake the victim loose from the web and be in uncertainty and love its existence as a drink: underworld, middle world, upperworld.

The World Tree finds us. The world soul, soul who comes to our soul only when we journey there and do the alchemical work, does not inhabit us as much as it is a mythology we inhabit, we live out of shaman's flow to heal and retrieve souls. We do this in our psyche's daily; we do not recognize it as the world soul has lost its image and the mythology of the World Tree has lost its constellation.

I've reached a spiritual center deep within me whose energies are concentrated by my continual, recycling spiritual work and daily practice and attentive focusing and drum beats of image collecting like leaves of a tree, so many, so variegated, so loved through the "green fuse" flowing in its veins, that the branches are the tree's root system made visible as I grow the branches the more I do the needed work and stay awake, am in uncertainty and in chaos, cherish any exile I become and be in love with what does not love me: I must enter the grass, live in it, and be the support for the creatures who live in it and who walk upon it and the birds who alight on it to seed for food.

I go up and down the World Tree, as a mythology for centering after walking through the labyrinths of hell and psyche who refused to yield up their exiles because I did not know how to call and yield, become the longing, like Rumi in *Love Dogs* says: I had no answer, there is nothing out there in the dark, over the bottomless, Grendal filled, lake so I gave up, and Rumi's reply—the longing was the reply.

The World Tree is also a metaphor of the world soul. I need to test the spiritual usefulness of its pinpricks.