

## MEDITATIONS I The Black Dove

We are a symbol of what we are. We are meaning without form, form without matter and matter without meaning. We are thus fragmented by desire and by the winds of necessities that we cannot understand. We are a wound without healing through which the purpose of the past seeps into the nothingness of the universe.

We are like those flowers of affliction that slowly convert the harsh outcrops of the landscape with the inevitable humus of their withering. We are like their fruit that push roots down to the heartland of the earth that they may bring forth mere suffering and life upon the barrenness. But unlike these generations, we are not capable of waiting since time cannot be measured save by the slow loss of purpose to the void and the slow weakness that grows around us.

Each portion of ourselves is a century and we remain dispersed as shards of long gone motion, with death in substance and in meaning one. We are thus the motionless arrows that inflict upon the guiltless air the eternal violence of our passing. We are thus the motion and the steepness of the land's edge where the slippery grasses fall down and down to the ragged union of the cliffs and sea that swell up toward our heart. We are the grief of the waves crying against the cliffs that mark an end to all we ever knew. We are the coldness of the winds that blow the waves toward the darkness of the rocks. We are the harshness of the rocks that break the waves like grief. We are the stillness of the graves that lie in darkness listening to the ever-growing waves that beat like death upon the open shore. We are the dryness of the rough grass of the open air and the trees scarred with the salt of the air, old in agelessness, shaped by the winds of neutrality.

We are the black dove of gentleness we fostered in the dark chambers of our heart, which cleaves the grey shield of fog; we are its armour of feathers; we are its heart, a heart within our own, that beats the slow fragmented strikes of time.

We are like the fog, portioned by the stress of storm and made somnolent by division, that settles its every part along the shadows of the land where no one sees. We are like the sea clouds that look darkly to the world but that seem to glisten from above as though wrought with grey and silver; we are like the deep still sky above the ocean of clouds, that is the hemisphere of silence.

There is no past; there is only present; we have no memories; we have only symbols of what we were. We are the glory of the sacrifice that burns like flame along its symmetry of path.

We are with light in substance and in meaning one. Each crystal that is transmuted by our light is part of what we are. We are the blindness of the sun that melts the ice of winter down to the very roots of the world's centre.

We are like the white rose of magic, confused in the iron and velvet of its thorns and petals. We have the sharpness of its will to wound. We have its selfishness and fear and the softness of its self-surrender. Its blind flame is like unfound purity that still burns within us. We are the joy of that rose; we are the depth of that rose; we are the beauty of that rose.

We are like the flakes of snow that although separate form a unity of motion from one land to another and from one year to the next. We are like the snow that drowns the grass in whiteness; we are like the snow that is poisoned by the dark smoke that billows from the forge. We have been the perfection of the crested snow that lies along the black rocks of the land; we have been the imperfection of the grass that is dissolved by snow. We have been the permanence of the land and the impermanence of the melting ice. We have been the moon of snow that in other seasons brings continuance of purity an imperfection. We have been the light of the moon and the light of the snow that unite the world with broken shadows; we have been the light of the grey-feathered fog that obscures the sharp flowers of moon-light in any season. And nothing good or evil shall come of these things.

