

Stream of Consciousness Flow.....
(January 3rd, 2021)

I wake early...
a new beginning, is it arbitrary, this "new year"?
It is a circle, the unspooling of time,
a spiraling circle
from some place deep in the dark past,
to a point when I first drew thought...

I drew thought,
taking in...
what color!
What light!
Day light, that is a beginning that is not arbitrary.

I would be true...
find my voice amidst the earliest blooms of light in the east...

I could draw close to the Gods....
and Listen,
cocking my ear to the hidden mysteries...
What? A whisper?

For me?
This whisper?

A pulse, a rhythm...
a heart beat...
day is turning over again...
and I must be present.....

"Seize the day" with large hands of thought,
"Be here Now"....with just this big hands of thought.
Stretch my fingers wide to contain
what might become...
beginning first with this thought.

I am,
you are....

We are...

pinned into time,
looking for the other side of the page,
that's the side with the mysteries...

Is there a bleed-through of text?
can I reverse the symbols to make sense?

Right now, the vague shapes tease with possibility.

-----Joan Ann Lansberry, January 3, 2021