

# Awful day:

September 4th 2009

This day was awful.

Awful, it is the only word that I can say to describe it.

Awful- like the rain is; from a cloud,  
it cannot be blamed when it comes and doesn't.

Yet, so awful is a drought. So, but untimely storms  
sweep us away,  
down the hillsides and racing into lakes, oceans, or up into  
the air.

Day by day, as some ceremonies require smoke, others  
hill sides, some paper money, sheets to hold the prayers:  
We are the benefactors of the ceremonies we commence,  
whatever they are for.

This is the beginning of something now and until the end  
of the coherent account of it can be given.

This ceremony, today- begins with water, by lakes the  
thousand tons that is their bodies.

So-like the rain is this one day; it hangs in the air, it  
forms tributaries-  
the streams of thought that flow out to fill a lake, they feed  
the oceans

The water came from the life here and is the feeling that  
today brought me.

What grows up has been touched by the light of the  
sun.

It is star-light that sun is and I wish it to have the  
consciousness it allows for.

The sun is owed recognition, it lacks a self too.  
what we love here cannot be let go of even if it cannot  
speak and has no self.

The rain cannot speak or tell a story but my storm can  
speak

It is when I am sleeping and when I am in the morning it is  
all that life treats me to.

I will fall from this life hand in hand with the next one.

Will your hand lead me there?

Will you follow with me to the end?

For if you -wave your hand, I will follow you to where does  
take you out to go.

Do you see it - you - are waters, lakes, the oceans if I am  
standing on the side of you.

I may be standing on solid grounds but you are the waters  
that I speak to when I pray, when I wash or when I commit  
to ash

some paper money so to ceremoniously pay, for you, your  
body of fresh or salty, vapor or ice; you are the water.