

The Business of Is-ness

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There is something we call morning, something we call night. Where, precisely, are their boundaries, their isness? Flowing, spinning, swirling, day into night, night into day. Let's be honest.

There is something we call Earth, something we call Sun. Born from the same elements, separated in time and space but together in a system, a mostly one-way relationship, but who knows, really?

There is something we call self, something we call other. That's a laugh. Hold your breath for a day, live without bacteria colonies up your nose and on your skin. Raise yourself from birth. Please.

Seed and soil? Myriad relationships in process and creative play, alive to one another. Or so it seems.

Musician, instrument, audience: One event, in time, always different. Same piano, same ten fingers, same music; always new and different.

There is something we call weed, something we call crop. Big mistake. Ten thousand years ago. Such violence in our harvests. Our agricultural labors are warlike, exterminations, final solutions, so many schemes to get an edge, when the edge we seek is what we destroy. Nature's measure.

Real and imagined,

Male and Female,

This business of isness is sloppy thinking.

Divide and conquer,

Name, enclose, define.

"Hold still!"

Laws do hold things for a while, but things "swerve," "wiggle," surprise, change.

We ignore, adjust, seek wider perspectives.

We want to be done with this business, to put it behind us, to get on with it.

But a world full of nouns does nothing; desires nothing; can become nothing.

Boring, boredom.

A creator god with no verbs? Unthinkable.

Creation is an action.

In the beginning was a Verb.

Verb-Noun, object-action.

Not one than the other. Together.

Be....Come....Ing.

First time, every time. A binding together. *Religio*. Eternal.

Let's be kind.

Let's be serious.

Let's let it go.

Creator and created.

Unity and division.

Let's say yes to process and emergence, the perennial imagination at work

Pick out anything in the universe, big or small, near or far. Here's what we know for sure:

It must change

It can change

It will change

It has changed

Is....anew; a new is.

Is....anew; a new is. A new is.

Repeat ad infinitum.

Flowing.

Is-ing.

The perennial imagination is the Business of Isness....ing.

Not "Let's get on with it."

But "Let's get it on!"