

Daily Meditation 07/15/2023

MC on Art as Meditation and *Incarnational* Meditation

Good morning.

Today we continue meditating with MC Richards. And, in particular, I take you into some of her observations about imagination and how, of course, we all have it. And we're all invited in. And, of course, this is what the psychologists, Naranjo and Ornstein, called "the way of the prophets." Imagination is so important to wake people up, and to imagine a better future and to work toward it.

I'm going to share with you some more poems from her collection of poems, "Imagine Inventing Yellow."

Here's a poem called Potter. She was a potter, so it ought to be a good one.

*This flat plate, this ladle and bowl,
clay world on a wheel, raised slowly to the table,
straight and curved, our primal gestures, take and give.*

*Speak out about the way we stand and breathe.
Every leaf is saucer for the bread.
Every fallen drop prepares its help.
Always, always we are eating and drinking Earth's body,
Making her dishes.*

*Potters, like sun and stars, perform their art.
Endowed with myth, they make the meal holy.*

I find this to be a very eucharistic poem.

Now MC and John Cage were friends. And she wrote this poem to him on his 75th birthday, called "For John Cage on his 75th birthday."

*Dear John Cage.
It is already dusk and the cows are not yet in.*

Already dawn, are not yet out. Listen.

It sounds ever thus, the breathing.

*Forty years ago you touched down at our landing,
young planets inwardly orbiting.*

Tira lira lu. Our first words were in courtship.

Tira lira, day in and day out.

Shall I tell you the secret of our mystery?

You are a preacher and I'm a missionary.

*We make love for justice and delight,
kindliness, laughter and rage.*

*Macrobiotic Eros, you nourish the ends of the Earth
in ever new beginnings.*

The cows, John.

The cows are banging their utters like soft cymbals.

*And the milkers are playing the teats like bell ropes,
hugging and letting go.*

The music, by God, the music.

And one more poem which I heard her say every time she did a poetry reading. She would recite this one poem. So it was obviously very dear to her. It was a poem to her goat.

It's entitled "To my new goat."

Oh thou, oh cow. Nanny, Nannette.

Thy utters awry, they crowns awag, thy tail atoss.

Mahaha. Bleet blat bloot blot.

Thy shiny turds atoddle.

Who's ever got thee by thy teat?

Hot has thee, has thee not?

*I love your square black eye, your leafy ear,
your mask of teeth, your trot.*

Find a teat, beloved goddess.

Give me to drink, to suck.

MC, like every poet, was very much an observer. An observer. Whether it was John Cage's zen music. Or whether it was a friendly goat. Whether it was the curve of a cherry, she wanted to behold--one of her favorite words.

To behold, to be fully present.

Thank you. We will see you tomorrow.