

I am trying hard not to use the word *utopia* to describe the place that brigadoons into my mind, this place my mind also flies toward, this place that rests in the foundations of every other place I go, much like DNA anchors every cell with heavy code.



Yes, Brigadoon is a verb. A swashbuckling verb. A dandy.

Where I'm going, where my mind already is, what preoccupies me, is a humble place. It is a place of quiet acknowledgement.

That is all.

But that, as they say, is a mouthful. Because acknowledgement is the opposite of greed, you know. It is the thing that lets me (and you, too) see the need, the being-ness, the -----

No, here, this is better: Acknowledgement is a superpower. It is the way that I know you, and you know me. Acknowledgement is a lush loam for sympathy.

- (i) This place
- (ii) this place that is here
- (iii) this place that I am going to
- (iv) this place that isn't here yet but that will be here
- (v) this place is already here
- (vi) this place, is with us.

It is hiding in the corner of our eyes. It is evening's shade. It is the dark side of the moon. It is a grid, an abstraction, a Fibonacci spiral, buried in the code of all other places. It is a Mystery.

Before we go one step further, here is a caution:

"Any genuine philosophy leads 2action & from action back again
2wonder, 2the enduring fact of mystery." So sayeth @HenryMiller
#deadcantweet

We move through this place as surely as we fly through the fullness of space, with its infinity of atoms and quarks and dark matter. Our earth, the mountains, the lava, the scars on the surface, the trees, rivers, oceans, and we the swimmers . . . all of it spins around the sun. And we move. We feast, kill, feast more, kill, learn, love, say, hate, terrify, want, and die.

As we walk through this mod, wireless, wired, h-the-frequency-kenneth global net, we can clearly see from our path, even close enough to touch, both abundance and painful want. They are not points on a spectrum. They are both hungers. You know, abundance is the most hungry thing there is, for the record. Abundance eats everything in its path.

My pilgrimsong is not that of a Spartan. I have no wants. I have no lack either. But what happens to pilgrims at the end of the journey is another journey.

The place we sought was with us all along, a companion in disguise.



The suitcase packed before the island vacation *is* the island. It contains the bathing suit, the snorkel, the lingerie – every way the island manifests as a breathing, living thing was with us before we left home. And we take the island with us when we cross the ocean again – the sand, the drinks umbrellas, the longing for home. We are always already there. But we are always sweeping our footprints away.

We die of broken hearts or we live brokenheartedly with the sadness that comes from breaking ourselves, our world – or we work to heal, replicating joy upon joy and life upon life. Those are the only three paths, the only three stories we can tell.

THIS → @Henry Miller writes many beautiful passages in a lesser-known work (but still) which you should read. But I've collaborated with him, and so I twitterize thusly:

At Eleusis, there is no salvation in adapting to a world which is crazy. Here, one becomes adapted to the cosmos. Eleusis may seem broken, disintegrated with the crumbled past; actually Eleusis is still intact; it is we who are broken, dispersed, crumbling to dust. Eleusis lives eternally in the midst of a dying world, amongst trees of potent beauty and earth song.



An echo of *The Colossus of Maroussi*.

No apologies.

It's time to move past (pre)occupation, leave it by the side of the road. I am on the road to Eleusis again. And Eleusis is with me.