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*find a soft night dark box
with smooth invisible sides. Try to be very quiet. Like le
petit Jaques Prevert hiding out in the bushes from les
grand Nazis handing out his dialogue sublime to Les
Enfants du Paradis. Keep your diaphragm down.
Keep your lungs full. Pay very fine attention to
sensations of the smooth invisible sides for a few years.
When it begins to move try not to be afraid. When it
moves a little more try not to dread. When it moves
more than that try not to panic. When it moves even
more than that try not to fall out of your skin. When it
creaks open a bit try not to shiver in terror. When it
grinds open a bit more try not to shake in misery. When
it crashes open and you see the flowers and fruit and
fountains and pools and mountains and skies and birds
and dragonflies and suns, do not look for slow dumb
angels. Place an invis^{ible} rose. in the middle. Water it with
all of the tears you never rained. Watch it grow with
affection. Ask it to help you. Do everything you do from
this invi^{se} rose. Follow it into stars shine bright on
shatter light. Be your birthright. Don't get it right. Get it
alive. Scream untight. Thee. The. The. That's your thought's,
your feeling's, and your body's hard work may get you
into a solid place but you^r i^e will get you into the marrow
of the sun, into your real Self, into your Life itself, idi^otes.*