

Lookin

Shining Bear

How **s t r a n g e** this surfaceworld can be!

Sometime, in the clearin halfway up Takespirit Mountain,
in spring when warmbreath breezes play in
blossoms thick perfumes

and stroke the grasses with their
lovin whisperfingers,

I build fire and set to **Lookin**.

When the treefolk all around smell they can trust,
they lets their leafchilds do the little shines —
like just-bathed by an evening showerain.

Catmother calls “CAUK-CAUK-CAREFUL! BE MINDFUL
WHEN YOU STEP!” to baby walkin there too
near the vinetangles and them bramble traps on
edge of cliff.

Thunderwaters in deep canyon w-a-y- down below slap **hard**
on winter-dozin boulders as they run;
keep callin “**Here’s the place ravine gets smaller—
we’re almost back to Sunmoon lake there
now.**”

My **Lookin** starts by slidin zigzags cross the smooth thick
 shadows fillin in the creases of the nearby
 mountains skirts with their best black
 imagination -- lacquer;
then, on my steady breath, my **Lookin** flies out streaks
 on the distant ranges pale as mica in
 moon's evening glance;
then my voice cuts in kine-power roar and my **Lookin**
ROCKETS up in gazeship to the fullness of the coverin
sky.

The place inside (just 'bove the belly and below the heart)
 that Knows **The Changes**
 finds the place I'll go tomorrow for to eat and wash
 and pray,
 and marks it deep inside my brain; that duty done
 loose me to soar
 up up to starpasture where all the **Heaven Fourfoot**
 graze
 and starry Heroes, gods, and cowherds sprays their
 milk to mark The Way.

In that mindcuddle my **Lookin** thoughts and fire-fed body
go so still
that in my boneblood I can Feel **A l l** on the move;
free of manmask, I am now a tiny flair of light con
trolled and guided
by the eon-age Orinda which the maneye cannot see,
the One that pendulums the **Clock of Fate**, and laughs

 at ticks
and whirs of the humans tiny tick-tock-tick
and buzzes slavemaster clocks.

In that deep mindfreeze, just one thought alone swims free:

It's all in circles;

A l l's round the circles;

go D E E P into The Circle

if you would to Know the *Lookin* Me.