

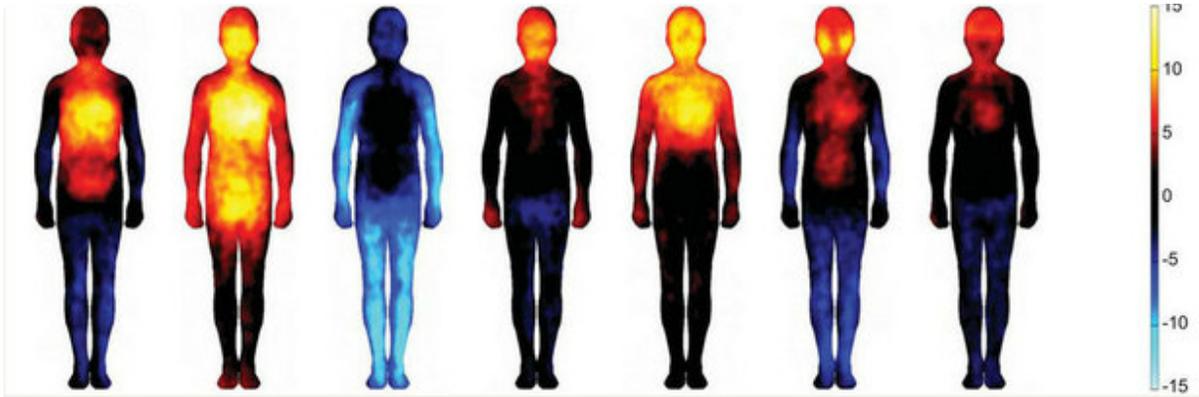
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The 10 Signs

Lincoln Stoller, PhD, 2015

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A guided meditation adapted from the Anna Livia Plurabelle passage of Finnegans Wake

the first sign says **GRATITUDE**, gratitude.

Well, you know or don't you, or haven't I told you ... gratitude is half of every telling, and the other half is thank you, and that's it, thank you now. Think, you are grateful thoughts. Branching out? One, two, three... Touch that grape belly full of feeling. The rumbling of gratitude -- you heard them sighing, seedlings growing in the soil of slow emotion. Hear ideas taking root! And the more they grow, tiddely pum, the more they go, tiddely pum, on growing. Be taught ever to notice grace. Grace notes to every thought be.

and the 2nd sign says **STRENGTH**, strength.

Spread it now, we will. The corners flip! Spread on your bank like a blanket. Snap! I'll spread mine on mine beside you. That's what I'm doing heartfelt, courage felt and felt strength, courage and strength felt like a blanket. Spread like a churning sky, tumbling like a warm breeze. Come forward, resolve without mind. Forward because of gravity and grace. Let others pass by oblivious, and you are the walls that hold up the sky, hold up the broad sward of forest that makes, that ere they take for granted.

and the 3rd sign says **VISION**, vision.

See, hear, and feel, let's say, with feet on the ground, vision in blind faith. To see beyond what floats on the sea before us, far vision over our horizon. A sea that falls off the earth, cascading into prised droplets: possibility of possibility. Calmly you row over a waterfall future roaring into maybe. Sigh, as you row toward what's nu and betta' and a life of pie. Yes you see, knowing and not knowing, finding agreement and pocketing those pebbles, pebbles in your pocket, ballast for the waves that know, one sees one, maybe two, maybe three. It's enough to know you do, more and more again to the last of the meagers, to abundance.

and the 4th sign says PURPOSE, purpose.

Can you tell me now? What's your trouble there? Why, and what's the reason for? Steadfast backbone, conviction drives, resolve more salve to resolution, dissolves what stands between commitment and dedication. The fuzzy line between light and shadow, moving always toward the spotlight to meaning. The ellipse circling the point. Eclipse! We're penumbras all! Grounding to purpose, against the lightning shock, locating and dislocating, oofer and oofer. Pitted with perseverance, pockmarked with purpose.

and the 5th sign says SORROW, sorrow.

Shadow spotted bog water beneath the tussocks, pouts a ghostwhite horse, legs sucking watery holes. Was that you up since the damp dawn, crying like a beetle beneath a distant bark? Room of empty echos, heart release it, saints of light. Shaft of fallow motes, the dust of separation, tragedy of hope, cup of empty acceptance, gift of fate, blessing of heartbreak: broken and rebroken until it stays broken, open. No animal to woof and weft the sorrow and love, bloodhound to the bigger picture. I sar it again! Near the golden falls. Seints of light!

and the 6th sign says LOVE.

Wait till the honeying of the lune! Full moon mirroring the wonder in your eye. The blue of the iris and red rose that pricks a tender love. You rose as pupils wide with learning where all roads lead, past pearls of light, or fire and brimstone. We'll meet again, we'll part once more as lovers, victims, parents and perpetrators, each encounter rung up Jacob's ladder, the ringing in patients of rung out souls, run true by the sword of lust, yearning to be filled, emptied, and filled again. A homily to om, holy and innocent.

and the 7th sign says FORGIVENESS, forgiveness.

Forgive me quick, I'm going! Don't fret another octave. You're in love with a hate, engulfed by it. Puttered into a little cup of claustrophobic blame. Sand trapped and snowblinded, fallen into a crevasse of bitterness. Forget it because it just was. Find out, before it digests you, squeezing like a glacier, strangling itself to death. Let it go, let it go. Wave a white handkerchief. Tah tah! Which was it? Which one in the mob of dissatisfactions? Send them all away, falling like a scab, like a chariot o'r the sun, a paddle thru the sewage. What were you thinking for? Giveness or getness? Toss the ballast, baggage, bubyee! Famished and forgive-nisht in a new and hungry dawn.

and the 8th sign says ACCEPTANCE, acceptance.

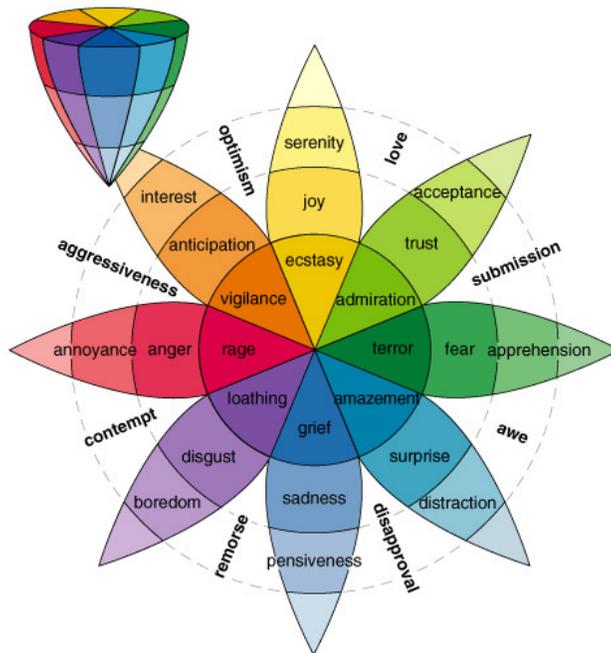
Ah, she was the old bat anyhow, Anna Livia. Accept and allow, not to forget nor to remember, Accept it like a hand: just there for you'se and what-you-will. It is your own and no one else's. Not a crutch, but help for the disabled. Bowed but not bow legged. Celebrate importance, indifferent limitations, in different and colored hues. Accept in heart, belly, and bowel, down to the root, up from the earth. Take her in, the old crone. We've paid the toll and now we're at the crossroads and the earth begins to dance. Torches, daggers, keys, and serpents. Pop! Weasel and stoat, open your heart, open your coat.

and the 9th sign says **YOUR HIGHER SELF, your soul.**

Let me hear the chattering waters, the shoaling, pooling waters. Flittering bats, field mice, and rumbling elephants talk. Ho! Are you not gone home? Hear with caw of crows, them liffeying waters. Do you remember? I feel as old as yonder elm. Helm me, helm me. Nodding willows hark, hear us. Night! Night! My head heels. I feel as heavy as a stone. Tell me of stem or star. Tell me, tell me. Beside the rivering waters of, hither and thithering waters of Lethe. Heaven's Elysium for us, saints and Pythagoras.

and the 10th sign says ... **AND WHAT DOES THE LAST SIGN SAY?**

I can't make it out, can you? READ IT. Say it out loud. Say it out loud now. What does it say?



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