

## Sounds of Winter – Light and Dark – Featuring Bass Drum (YouTube Video)

By Amy Tyksinski

Cavernous silent heart soundings whisper in a way I'm only beginning to receive. You're here. You're here. It is such an elusive and delicate language it disappears when I try to grasp it. Better to lay down in such moments, put my ear to the ground and weep.

This winter's contrasting play of light and dark holds me in a fierce-loving embrace. The shocking pink beauty of a chilly early morning sunrise, the sweet tender golden-flecked light peeking through the trees at sunset. The sounds of decay. A rotting pumpkin containing seeds for new birth. In spite of the shadows, the brilliant explosion of an amaryllis winter bloom. And the tremulous quiet beneath it all.

Teacher Ralph Steele once shared, "We humans have no idea how fragile we are." He meant we live as if we are unaware our lives could be snuffed out in an instant. Learning to Know and revere this fragility, this precious Life, in self and others, seems to be an urgent call these days. Paradoxically, it seems to take great strength to recognize and experience our own and others' sacredness. Cultivating our T'ai Chi Chih practice, we come to learn that we are trustworthy. In Abandon Hope, T'ai Chi Chih originator Justin Stone says, "As time goes on....there is something firm that manifests from the center of our Being, the Growth of Certainty."

In Spiritual Odyssey, Justin Stone says, "Properly seen, every incident in life points to the unseen Essence. Right in the midst of the turmoil one must rest in the Essence, making the effortless effort while shouting, crying, and feeling biter and joyous in alternate periods. In our freedom there are rules we follow, and in our anguish we are still aware of the empty desireless state. To not know, and to know we don't know – that is real knowing."

It seems fitting to add what Justin's great friend Paul Reps, said to Justin one day: "The world is so young. While we're waiting, why not poem a little?"

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