Homo Imagio

The Imaginary man

In the dark

In a circle

In a tribe

Breathing the still sacred silence

Together as one heart

Beat Beat Beat of the drum

Hart skin

Calling the heart to the hearth

The heart to the earth

The heat from the hearth to the earth hart

Calling

Calling

Calling

A rhythmic ecstasy

Trance pulse

Tribal faces , like painted masks in the darkness.

Sitting in still stately circle

Waiting

Watching the rhythms pulse colours

The rhythms make medicine

Sitting in silence

The molecules of darkness disband and reveal themselves

The lattice work like lace , delicate , precise

Opens to focus

Precision position

Light appears in-between space and time

Light is being born here

The circle is transforming its vibration with conscious attention.

A rippling harmonic like the butterfly’s wing

The light is born pure and perfect

Ancient midwifes are set in dancing shadows around the fire circle

As human collective consciousness grows in awareness of light it collectively manifests its vision

Reality is the meridian

The tribe has given birth to a new now

In presence all of life arises through our attention to light

Collectively the drum beats repeats repeats beats , and we return to the flesh bag

To the mundane .

Here and now .

We have imagined .

And so it is .