

The Bardos of Death:

One, Two & Three

It can happen in a moment: in the blink of an eye.
The Bliss stops suddenly.

A new mother, coming home from her first post-natal excursion to the theatre, discovers her child has suddenly died.

There is a step that takes us round a new corner.
Tic, Tic, Tic, Tic and then the silence starts.

A tower block falls.
A minnow swimming serenely in the blue-green is snapped up by a pike.
A butterfly is obliterated on the windscreen of an innocent car.

Peace is broken when the thunder claps.
Lightening strikes.
A flash of sunlight on a window pane destroys a train of thought.

A ripe peach drops off the tree - in perfect fullness.
Hungry ghosts hover - their empty eyes ...
We don't expect the unexpected.

Yet we know this - **this Now** - will not last forever.
Suddenly our World has already Changed.

Examine that moment - the moment before the Event.
The Unknowable which changes **is**

The Essence with which we live and die
The Event which changes **is**

The Tao

The Bardos of Death: One, Two & Three

It can happen in a moment: in the blink of an eye.
The timeless period of endless Bliss stops unexpectedly.

The new mother, coming home from her first post-natal excursion to the theatre,
discovers her child has suddenly died;
And no-one has taught her how to grieve or to cry.
Post-war dictums just deny such emotions.

The next step around the corner of a Camden street might land you on Betelgeuse,
or Alpha Centurai III, struggling for breath under an impossible alien sky.

The World Changes faster than you or I can believe possible
and this unsought transformation is "The Now" for you,
or for I,
or for some other unexpectant passer-by.

Tic, Tic, Tic, Tic and then the silence starts.
Our hearts expect continuance - something to last.
And they lived "happily ever after" - even after the disaster ?
The event that changed their lives.
Fairy Stories and Lies
start with "Once upon a time" and end with "happily ever after".

Life doesn't stay still; things die all the time.
We greet these episodes with shocked forboding eyes:
"If only" comes the cry.
The airline passengers over Lockerbie;
The office workers in the Twin Towers;
The diners in the Jerusalem pizzeria;
The lorry driver in a hurry;
The refugees; the earthquake victims; the bus passengers at 2-in-the-morning on
the Spanish motorway; the pedestrian who changes her mind
at the last moment; the motorcyclist who hits that patch of grease at the moment
when ... he tries to correct ... he dies -
And the World Changes.

A minnow swims serenely in the blue-green
to be snapped up by a pike in a flurry:
A butterfly is obliterated on the windscreen of an innocent car.
Peace is broken when the thunder claps - and a crop of wheat
and a family farm is obliterated in the first minute
of a summer hailstorm.

A rat drowns in the slurry pit.
Lightening strikes. Pow ! Crash! Something's fried. Something has died.
A flash of sunlight on a window pane destroys a train of thought.
A ripe peach drops off the tree - in perfect fullness - onto a stone.
Nobody witnesses this.
The sticky juice attracts the flies, and a swallow swoops.

Hungry ghosts hover - their empty eyes ...
Woops! A sack of wheat bursts: grain pours out
and starving people see a golden rain of Life
when a moment before their eyes
were dulled by dried-out fields and dusty skies.

We don't expect the unexpected.
(Fiendish laughter from Below)
Yet we know this - **this Now**
will not last forever.
Someone has lied.

What are these Mysteries?

The surprise of the event is shocking.
The event itself brings Awe.
A "Yes" - a "No"

a wide-eyed stare,
a breath held high
in the chest.

The mouth is dry.
Suddenly our World has already Changed.
Examine that moment - the moment before the Event
The field of continuity suddenly
gathers itself and twists

What is That?
That which re-orders the Universe
then passes by
leaving the chaos of expectation in its wake
and a new world order..

We can cry out to God.
We **can** protest
for all the good it does.

The rest of the world
can sometimes try to help
somehow.

But we are all left in bobbing
in the ripple of that Change.

The Unexpected Event **is**
the Agent of Change
or the Angel of Death.

The result ? We cannot even try to guess.
or know
or know we cannot know
the unknown Force that moves us
as the wind ruffles leaves.

How to plot these patterns strange.
and the "Why?"
still remains
hovering now

Sometimes unspoken
sometime just a silent cry.

The Unknowable which changes **is**
The Essence with which we live and die