**Chris 19-21 May 2019 Plaxy**

Where are you now,

now that the music has ended,

the muse progressed

to partner another dancer?

Is your soul gathered in our embrace,

your face radiant now

as the rose in our midst

your spirit endlessly playful?

Where are you now,

now that remembrance has been blessed

and memory served

among tea and tributes?

Is all your Knowing, Being and Doing

recorded and released now

into hearts that will carry

what our minds cannot grasp?

Where are you now

now that the dishes are cleared,

the distance restored

between friends and strangers?

Is your Loving,

in absences and separation, now

become perfect Isness

in our Living Connection?

Where are you now,

now that the lilac is passing its best,

the lie of the land

changed forever?

Is all that we have of you not lost

Among All There Is – now

Sown with the infinite care of compost,

dancing dust and ash

in leaf at last

…..and silent laughter?

Where are the frogs, the swifts and the bees now,

choreographies, and letters of love,

hats and gloves,

festivals uncelebrated,

journeys unbooked,

books unwritten,

bread unbaked

and aches untold….

You were and are and ever shall be

all of these,

to me – to us…….

everything broken, muddied, mislaid and missing,

everything discarded, poisoned, passed and perished

startlingly returned

as music,

again and again,

as roses and wine and sacred flame,

as invitation now

to dine

to divine drunkenness –

to dance toward the Beloved

anew…….

But:

There is the hat now,

yesterday’s leftovers

and sandwiches for the journey!

There a bee, a damsel fly,

and a lilac breasted pigeon…….

a nesting swan, a common blue,

and a buzzard in the blue, now

reaching from the Common

to London, to Llaithddu, to the far flug Isles……

And:

Here and Now – whatever that means

we are,

every one of us,

“young in the morning light”.

Says Hafez: “sit by my dust with wine and music, dancing, drawn by your scent, young in the morning light, I will arise.”