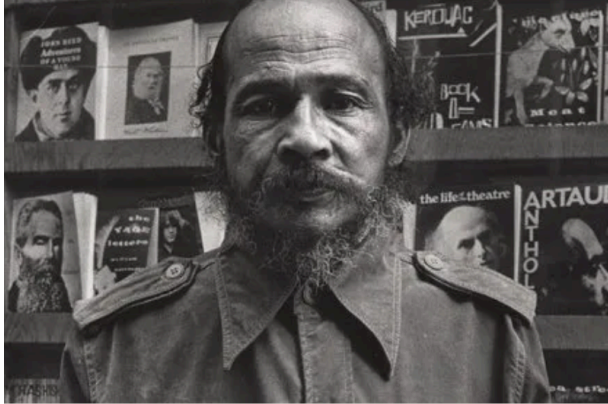


## Ancestors Are Standing By Exercise



In recent workshops we've had people like Zhang Er discuss her book which chronicled her trip back to China to memorialize her paternal grandparents. Larry Dossey discussed the concept of "non-local mind."

Indigenous people believe the ancestors are available to guide our lives in this moment and it is only materialist dogma that suggests this is not possible. The realms entered in the best poetry do tend to share qualities with meditation as Allen Ginsberg said in a 1994 interview, prayer, and the receiving nature of the Latihan Kedjiwaan of Subud, a spiritual practice in which poet Bob Kaufman was initiated. See:

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*Discourse 20.1 & 2*

### FURTHER NOTES

*(taken from "Abomunismus und Religion" by Tom Man)*

Krishnamurti can relax the muscles of your soul,  
 Free your aching jawbone from the chewinggum habit.  
 Ouspensky can churn your illusions into butter and  
 Give you circles to carry them in, around your head.  
 Subud can lock you in strange rooms with vocal balms  
 And make your ignorant clothing understand you.  
 Zen can cause changes in the texture of your hair,  
 Removing you from the clutches of sexy barbers.  
 Edgar Cayce can locate your gallstones, other organs,  
 On the anarchistic rockpiles of Sacramento.  
 Voodoo Marie can give you Loas, abstract horses,  
 Snorting guides to tar-baby black masses.  
 Billy can plug you into the Christ machine. Mail in your  
 Mind today. Hurry, bargain God week, lasts one week only.

(Who/what is the Muse anyway or is that some jive-ass metaphor?) Can you invoke, with a simple prayer, intention, or elaborate ritual, your ancestors and ask them to help you write a poem like the Kaufman poem above or something better? (Did you notice his poem is 14 lines?) Do you relate so closely to a poet, maybe who lived before you were born, or whom you never met, that you consider THEM one of your ancestors?

Write at least one 14 line (or more) poem after invoking ancestors, or artists/thinkers with whom you share deep convictions. You may want to keep this to your own ancestral steam and invoke certain qualities of specific ancestors. You may want to light candles, incense, make it a meditation, be as serious as possible (which means alone or uninterrupted.) You might want to have other sacraments there, a Grandmother's scarf or a book by Diane di Prima, or other such objects. You could use repetition as Diane did in:

## REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #68

### LIFE CHANT

*may it come that all the radiances will be known as our own radiance — Tibetan Book of the Dead*

cacaphony of small birds at dawn may it continue  
sticky monkey flowers on bare brown hills may it continue

bitter taste of early miner's lettuce may it continue  
music on city streets in the summer nights may it continue

kids laughing on roofs on stoops on the beach in the snow may it continue

triumphal shout of the newborn may it continue  
deep silence of great rainforests may it continue  
line austerity of jungle peoples may it continue  
rolling fuck of great whales in turquoise ocean may it continue

clumsy splash of pelican in smooth bays may it continue



astonished human eyeball squinting thru aeons at  
astonished  
nebulae who squint back  
may it continue  
clean snow on the mountain may it continue  
tierce eyes, clear light of the aged may it continue  
rite of birth & of naming  
may it continue  
rite of instruction  
may it continue rite of passage  
may it continue  
love in the morning, love in the noon sun love in  
the evening among crickets may it continue  
long tales by fire, by window, in fog, in dusk on the  
mesa may it continue  
love in thick midnight, fierce joy of old ones loving  
may it continue the night music  
may it continue  
grunt of mating hippo, giraffe, foreplay of snow  
leopard  
screeching of cats on the backyard fence may it con-  
tinue without police

may it continue without prisons  
may it continue  
without hospitals, death medicine : flu & flu vac-  
cine may it continue  
without madhouses, marriage, highschoools that are  
prisons may it continue without empire  
may it continue in sisterhood  
may it continue thru the wars to come  
may it continue in brotherhood  
may it continue tho the earth seem lost  
may it continue thru exile & silence  
may it continue with cunning & love  
may it continue as woman continues  
may it continue as breath continues  
may it continue as stars continue  
may it continue  
*may the wind deal kindly w/us may the fire remember our  
names may springs flow, rainfall again  
may the land grow green, may it swallow our mistakes  
we begin the work  
may it continue (he great transmutation*

may it continue a new heaven & a new earth may it  
continue may it continue



You could begin to feel the spirit  
of Latihan Kedijiwaan which  
Thelonious Monk was said to have  
practiced for a time and maybe in  
the oddest places like the  
bandstand in Japan in 1963 & not  
worry if your *ignorant clothing*  
understands you.

peN

7:47am, 11 Oct 2021

Casa del Colibrí

