

Jenny's Sounds

At the end of the day, lying back against the pillows Jenny wondered at the sounds. Sounds that made up her day. Sounds of her mother's voice, "Its time, time to get up. Did you do your homework? What are you doing after school? It's your turn to do the dishes." Other sounds. The sounds of her teachers. They drone on and on for hour after hour. The sound of her brothers and sister, "You did too. No I didn't. Liar..." The sound of her father, "Turn it down. Its too loud." Too many sounds that she doesn't like, and not enough of the one's that she does like.

Sounds of others. I hate it when sounds come at me unbidden. Not like my music. No, then I can just turn it on to what I want to hear and listen until I choose to turn it off. Music is the best. Or the sounds of Crystal, the very best friend of my world. I like it when we talk; the sound of our voices dancing together. That always feels good, but then other sounds interfere; the other sounds that intrude and pound in their own rhythm, a rhythm to which I can't relate.

Wouldn't it be great if I could, you know, compose the music of my day...and the words too? Yes, that would be great. The music of my making and the words spoken by everyone would be the kind of words that make the best sounds. Yeah. Like, the sounds of laughter...that's the best sound humans make. Maybe the sounds of people listening to each other. That would be a special sound; the sound of appreciation. Those would be rad sounds. Yeah, the sounds of Billy trying to get some off me. He's at his best when he wants it. Words like from a love song, only Billy is singing them to me. That's better than listening to any CD. The real deal.

I wonder why the sounds of people relating sounds so bad. Yelling, insulting, aggressive percussions, the sounds of protection, fear, anxiety, greed, jealousy, frustration, confusion, the sounds of hurt, depression, despair. How much of the day do these sounds fill the air...sounds to frighten and anger...sounds of raging fires, rivers flooding, screeching of over-turned vehicles, bombs exploding, the silence of starving children, and sirens screaming beware.

I wonder what it would be like to write the words that feel good, not just in song, but in every day-to-day life? You know, like if they wrote the news to reflect the goodness of people, to write the words in every day life that would bring people together in love and harmony. No sounds of yelling, no sounds of distrust, no sounds of self-doubt. Rather sounds of a hand holding another's hand, the sounds of lips parting into a smile, the sounds of children running through Autumn leaves, the sounds of girls dancing, the sounds of geese flying overhead, the sounds of boys swimming, the sound of a humming bird hovering, the sounds of a gentle touch. The gentle sound of gentle people being together gently.

Words coming together to bring people together in a good way when spoken. Words spoken together that feel good, that feel supportive, that feel concerned, that feel appreciative, that feel bonding, that feel encouraging, that feel respectful, that feel safe. I dream of eyes beaming joy, people leaning shoulder to shoulder as they walk, of flowers that lift the spirit after a long day, of time suspended as it is when walking in the flow. Daydreams turning into life dreams lived when people awaken.

Visions of grandmothers knowing something special, very special, sharing them with mothers still girls, to nurture and then to mature into wisdom. Wise Women of the ancients who sit together in that special way gathering the stars, illuminating the inner sight, knowing the moments that have meaning. The moments of meaning like the time of readying the soil; digging and turning, the time of planting: the seeding, the time of gathering; harvesting, and solitude, the importance of allowing oneself to feel the Oneness. Grandmothers of wisdom to share with the girls the rhythms that harmonize with the earth's soul, the soul that speaks in that inner way of

being born with the ear for the deepest of sounds, the sounds of the heat within that warms into life.

An upside down and inside out vision because in my life the grandmothers are gathered together not by the light of the stars, not by the warmth of the fire, but indoors, in rooms locked when the lights are turned off, the children far away, the grandchildren kept away...the only young ones are the kind high school girls that come to volunteer to spend time with the old women kept with no respect or life. Far from the old path traveled for so long by women from the beginning of time. How, how did the women lose the path traveled for so long by women from the very beginning of time?

As a young girl I wondered about the lost path. My earliest memories are of wandering in the footsteps of women who knew where they were going and let everyone know that, except I could tell they were really lost and the more lost they became the more they told everyone where to go, when to go, and what to do. I was taken by the hand and made to walk the walk of the lost and to listen to the sound of the mute for what they said had no good meaning to me for what good can come from listening to the lost telling me to follow them further into the wilderness of their minds? It was in their minds that they were lost and in the loss was their life fading away. I told them I didn't want to go along with them. They hurt me when I told them and them telling me that if I didn't do what they told me to do, to behave as they told me, then their telling was about how the punishment was for my own good, and that it hurt them more than me, except that was a saying as lost as their lost path. I knew then that truth had no place in my life unless I wanted to live in the torture chamber of its cold embrace, cold because I would be the only one there. How to tell the truth when punished for the doing of it? Got to lie to stay on the path and the lie becomes the path of life. Except for Crystal. Crystal and I tell each other the secret, the forbidden, the seductive sounds of what we really see, hear, and feel. Crystal. My life is Crystal for with her I find the strength to live in the world of the lost, in the desert of truth and honesty. We tell each other of our inner world, the one that we hide from the older females who have the power to put us away like they put our grandmas away when they became too old to keep from being put away.

Crystal. A dream...my arms are draped over the edge of the pool, the water warm, like floating in my own juices...perfect, I can lay here for hours, the gentle waters lapping against my chin, and the sun shaded by this wonderfully ample palm tree. There are many such pools of varying temperatures, with my sisters with no cares today, but for which pool to lay in and for how long. Massages await, worries and concerns left outside. Beds for slumber after the soothing touch of penetrating fingers, pressing palms, muscles loose, tension gone. Women come when the need for nurturing rises beyond what is available at home. Some are in their moontime, others enter the sacred when they thirst for spirit, and those when feeling too alone. Women nourish each other with listening, understanding, and compassion. No answers here, just support and encouragement. Many pools to soothe the body, many hands to touch the tension, many voices harmonizing with the wind.

Chimes ring softly, melodiously, birds hop along the gravel teasing each other and butterflies hovering just above my reach. I watch a cloud forming directly overhead. First a bit of mist, then a shape of a dandelion ready to disperse seeds in the breeze, then rolling hills spreading while picking up the light of the sun, and the edges silvery around shades of gray as it moves across the sky...welcome shade on this hot day. I love the sun, I love the warmth, I love the shade that contrasts its rays. In Crystal's arms, holding me in the dream of another way, in another day.

Crystal listens as I show her the hidden, shadows covering for protection...of moments captured within each female's heart, my heart speaking and we listen together of the pain that grew from moments long ago when women betrayed men by wanting not only what women had, but what men were...when the sharing became movement into greed, when the oneness was smothered by the voices coming into the mind, bidding and suggesting and sounding so special, so holy, so very right, like a revealing of the obvious hidden in the open only to be abruptly exposed that shocks and startles one into another consciousness.

Men, the voice whispered, are the power, and why? Why shouldn't we women be the power...we carry life within? We nurture. We suffer. This deserves much, so very much more than being told by men the truth of our reality. What a wonderful voice, so right, so insightful, so loving of us. We looked secretly to each other, and together, as though we heard the voice as one, we nodded at the truth starkly revealed...and at that moment the men were the men, and no longer part of the One. They. The men. Them. Their strength, oh very good...to be used to protect us to their death, not our...death. Their need to touch first, rather than the knowing of the union of love. Their need to control, rather than an act of love to provide safety. Their need to be listened to, rather than the sacred sharing of our soul mates! Crystal and I couldn't help but to wonder why didn't anyone feel the wrongness of the change? Didn't anyone stand to be heard as to the nature of the whispering voice sounding so right, in our minds, yet...over time...so confused if maybe not wrong?

None that survived...driven off, pushed aside, left, especially left in the time of shortage, when choices of who ate needed to be made...the young and fertile to provide the next generations, and the old, their time past, and with their passing so the sacred way...because of the shortage that came when before there was plenty...did the inner voice, once listened to, gain the power over life, and the shortages did they not provide the need to ration and to make choices. So the old passed away and with them so the sacred teachings of grandmothers, now only with the remembered teachings, in part, from few special mothers to special daughters, and with each generation less remembered, until only the memory of the voice whispering of the hurt from men, when men were hurting no one, no one at all. The teachings, of the threat of men, now the secret, but not sacred teachings that are passed down from mothers to daughters who raise men as children...and the boys feel the suspicion, the doubt, and the pain of being raised by mothers who experience their love growing up to become their threat. Long ago, on a chilly night, the voice came and the women listened and in listening lost their graceful way. Tears fall on Crystal's cheeks mixing with those on mine, as we hug each other, needing to feel our warmth in the midst of such frigid waters, waters of creation now cooled, far too cool for life to thrive...subsist, yes, thrive...no longer.

Long ago, a night of coldness, whispered a voice, a voice that came unbidden, but with such power, a power that came from nothing, yet became everything for those that heard and listened...and still listen and now when women speak they speak with the voice of that cold night. Crystal looks into my eyes and I into hers and in our eyes we see our Grandmothers locked away, hidden from sight by our mothers, and in our Grandmother's eyes we see ourselves before we fully become women, we can see our Grandmothers before we are women...and womanhood coming closer, closer to no longer being able to see our Grandmothers in our eyes.

I dream of Grandmothers, and in my dreams they hold me and cherish me for the hope and the possibilities that I might become if only they can really touch me...hold me dear, and I can see them speaking to me, and in my dreams I can hear them almost, and sometimes even more than almost, and they are touching me on my breast just budding, and I look to their hands

there and I feel their fingers like vines growing through out my body and in that moment I feel their heat, their warmth, their life, and as the dream fades I awaken still there with them coming into me in a good way. I love sharing with Crystal...she feels me in that special way that lets me know that my dreams are real and real to her in that way that gives life to them, for in them Crystal and I feel we are of the ancient ways, a way that our mothers tell us are not. Men are living a nightmare, a dream of sorts that causes them to fear, and to feel lost. Lost, from the womb, to the breast, through childhood, and right into manhood, and mothers, women telling them of their endless failures, critics of their effort to please.

Our mothers, women lost...will they listen to me, to believe what Crystal and I hear in the quiet moments when Grandmothers speak, only at that moment when Grandmothers can be heard...in the dreams? We have seen what they do to others who hear the Grandmothers...we fear our mothers for they would chain us, lock us away with words, their power, with words of power that demark insanity, schizophrenia...hearing voices, believing dreams, living them as reality...these illusions of puberty, poor child, and look what she is doing to Crystal. No, we can't share our Grandmothers with our mothers, they would do what their inner voice tells them to do, their voice of the chilled night whispering to them in such a way that they believe they hear G-d, and would fail if they didn't do as told. Imagine...doubting the men that die for them for a voice never touched, the speaker never seen, but believed...put your daughter away for her own good...therapy after hospitalization and medication to dim the voices...whose voices once dimmed dooms women to another generation of solitude from those who only want to hold them from the chill of the night. Not being held by warmth, our mothers are held instead by the voice from the cold, holding them within the confines of their minds. And what they do to continue to hear the cold voice, a voice of the void, whom they believe is the word of their hearts?

Dreaming on, the heat of the pool, the afternoon desert breeze, the palm fronds swaying briskly, swishing and the crackling as the fronds slip past each other...I breathe deeply filling my lungs, soothing, gentle internal massage...my eyes closed, looking...deep inside what do I see...stars, galaxies, swirling gases spiraling...depths of darkness...great depths of darkness drawing me...beckoning me...and what am I to be beckoned from my home...the blue skies, towering mountains with silvery glaciers...waterfalls with sides of ferns through out deep valleys with giant bamboos through which the mist plays in swirling circles...and oceans with florescent waves shining during the night...whales and dolphins...great tunas, and along the shores beds of seaweed with multitudes of birds nesting on the nearby cliffs...and the pull of the darkness, I can't resist...I don't really feel like resisting, rather I would drift inward where I don't know, still where I must be for I am taken.

Voices, voices in the dark, voices of women, voices of women's cries, and howls, and the sharpness of anguish...do I hear my voice also? I don't care. It's all part of where I have been called...their sounds are just sounds, why give them meaning, why connect to them, why allow them the power of drawing my attention? I can't see them, just hear them, fading now, their voices are no more than the sound of roots growing, the groan of mountains pushing upward, the strength of the earth under miles of water...sounds of life...sounds of life. Drifting, I enjoy this drifting without care or concern for my self or any self...without the call to respond or to manifest my energy in a way that concerns others. This darkness, it doesn't frighten me...it touches me and enters me, and fills me so that I don't feel who I am, except for my voice...I don't seem to let go of the sound of my voice...the voice I know as who I am...sleep, the periodic loss of me...what awakens, what brings the eyes open, the sight returned, the feeling of warmth, the turning over for a few moments more...where do I go when I sleep, where does the

rejuvenation take place...in wonder that quickly overwhelms, and the questions fade as an insight not written down, forgotten yet not meaningless...just another one of those mysteries we are encouraged not to touch. How many mysteries within which we live? Do these mysteries not create life? If not create, then maintain life? Should these mysteries be known? Wouldn't life be our creation rather than the creation within which we live...the creation of another? The voice of creation, with the first sound, life as we know it became...are these the sounds that I hear that create my world? The sounds of my mother, her words, her ideas, her ideals, her wishes and dreams, do they not create my life? Her words, the way she speaks, did they not attract my father? Did his words not entrance my mother? Together their words created our reality. Together their words, and the words of other couples, did they not create our community? Did not the words of our community and other communities create our humanity? They did. They surly did. We are the sum total of our words. I know now why I drift in the darkness, not really caring, not really caring for the humanity that our words created. I don't feel these words in a good way. I don't feel safe within the sounds of these words. So I drift and am drawn into another way. The sounds of the women, I can't give them their meaning in their way of being. I won't speak their words in the way they make them, and in their making of the humanity within their words.

My darkness is the darkness at the moment before creation. Full of potential and creativity. With Crystal, I care...she floats too, with me in this darkness at the moment before creation. We are girls, and as girls we are not yet fully formed...we can still touch the creative within the darkness...we can still draw into this world of our mothers the creative potential and possibilities not yet manifested through women's womb words spoken in that way...the words that tear apart the womb in the birth of each generation...forcing the future back inside itself so that it points into the past. The past. Listen. Can the past not be heard so that it doesn't have to create the future?

Crystal and I play. Crystal and I make up our games. Being still children, well just barely, yes, just, we can make up our games. We have made up a wonderful game. We call it the game of life. Long ago we didn't like the game that our parents made out of life. We were different in that way. Not liking the games that we were told we needed to learn so that we too could be adults one day. We asked our mothers to learn to play our game, yet they laughed and called us silly. It's silly, they said, to play your game...that's the game of children, and honey, we don't have time to be silly. Life is far too serious to waste time on being silly. So they wouldn't play our game, yet they insisted that we learn their game...and we haven't yet, so far. Their game. Woman's game. What a game. Here's how it goes.

The game has multiple levels and dimensions. It's played by women, but with men. It's designed to provide women with the ability to be on top, while appearing to be underneath. It's so subtle that when played by women, they don't even know that the game is playing them. It's as simple as,

"Honey, I'm tired all the time. I have so much to do, and so little energy."

"Why don't you take a nap?"

"That would be great, but how can I take a nap with all I have to do?"

"Well, then you could do some of it later."

"Why? Don't you think that I can do it now?"

"What are you talking about? I thought you were tired."

"I don't need you to tell me when to rest. Why can't you just listen without always telling me what to do?"

"What are you talking about? I'm just trying to help."

"Yea, that's what you always say. Just always telling me what to do. What's wrong with you men? Never can listen. Always trying to take control and tell people what to do."

That's a great game. The men always fall for it. Be a little vulnerable, then the man gets sucked into trying to give advice on how to solve the problem, for that's what men do, and then the woman slams him for not listening. Of course I don't know how this helps their relationship, but they seem to play it all the time.

Here's another way to play the game.

"Honey, I'm tired. Could you do the shopping tonight? I just can't do it. Please."

"Well O.K. Where's the list?"

"It's right on the counter. Thank you honey."

Some time later, he arrives back home with the groceries. He brings the bags into the kitchen and starts to put the food away. His wife comes into the kitchen and looking over his shoulder at what he bought she says,

"Say baby, why did you buy this kind of bread? We never get this kind."

"Trying something new, why?"

"Well, I don't like rye bread. Have you ever seen me eat it?"

"Well, I like it and we never have any in the house."

"Come on, how often would you eat rye bread, and now I have to go back to the store to get some bread that I can eat."

"No you don't. Just try it. Maybe you'll like it now."

"And why did you buy beer? It wasn't on the list was it?"

"What are you talking about/ I can buy a six pack if I want to."

"I thought you were trying to cut down on your weight. How can you lose that belly when you keep drinking beer?"

"Hell, my belly isn't big, and I only drink one beer a night. Why are you talking like this?"

"Like what?"

"I go shopping and you're putting me down over what I bought. What's going on?"

"Why are you getting so uptight for?"

"Uptight? I go shopping after my long day because you ask me to, because you didn't go early enough when you still had energy. I'm tired for real, yet off I go like a good boy, then when I get home you get all over me. I can't believe this."

"Don't be so nasty to me, its not like I just spent my day playing around. Can't you ever be nice to me?"

"Nice to you. What did I just do?"

"What's the use of helping me when you act like this afterwards? It's like you resent helping me when I feel weak. That's no help. You never can help without making me feel guilty for asking you. What's wrong with you?"

Now that was played to perfection. She asks him for help. He gives it. She criticizes him for how he helped her and she attacks him for feeling hurt, playing like she's the one that has been injured. She set him up beautifully and the guy fell for it all the way. The incredible thing is she doesn't even know that she played him and she actually feels like he attacked her. Now, why would I want to learn how to play this type of game? Is it a game when we don't even know that we are playing it, and how is it that we don't know that we play this game? That's what Crystal and I want to figure out. Play the game, but not know it's being played. What's going on?

Grandmothers whisper in our dreams of a time before the game came to be played. It was before that chilly night around the fire when the women all seemed to nod together at that inner voice that called for the liberation of women from men's domination. Grandmothers, when they were little girls learned that to share themselves will contribute to the power of the tribe. This, they softly said allows the tribe to share its power with them. They spoke of this sharing between the child and the tribe to be that as between man and woman, where the woman, by being willing to share her power with her man, allows him to share his with her. This sharing of power was mutual, they said. No coercion, rather a conscious action of awareness of the power of sharing all one is with another, and with the tribe. They spoke deeper of this in conception of life itself. The egg, they said, moving toward oblivion called the male to pour his sperm into her. The sperm moving toward the egg, and the egg moving toward the womb where it would disintegrate unless the egg welcomed a sperm within. They said that eggs that doubted the sperm, that wouldn't trust the sperm, and couldn't make the acceptance as an act of faith couldn't form into a life that we could all greet. The female, the egg had to accept a sperm to allow life to renew. Failing that, life itself fails. Today, grandmothers whispers in my dreams that many woman while conceiving a physical union, have withdrawn from the true spiritual union, that of failing to trust her man. This lack of trust prevents the man from manifesting his true power within her. In this failure, she feels that he isn't fully committed to her, and in truth, it is she that isn't fully committed. The disintegration of culture follows and the grandmothers whispered, with tears in their voice, that in my and Crystals time, women were killing life, bringing on the illnesses that would end humanity. Culture dies, they cried, when women lose the trust in their souls gift, their other half...man. Trust is what sustains a man. It feeds his soul. Without it, he slips and slides and topples, whirling wildly to regain his footing, yet his footing is eroded as the trust of women is withdrawn, withdrawn because of a voice, on a cold night long ago.

Crystal looks into my eyes and I into hers, and we see that campfire long ago with the women gathered in a tight circle seeking warmth, but the warmth of the fire would never heat them for their insides were frozen tight, frozen tight to the voice of the void where it's so cold that heat cannot be sustained. Grandmothers sleep and under their robes, young girls with their arms wrapped around them for warmth. Her mother, outside, in the circle, lost, and in the morning when they awaken, they awaken in another world than the one in which they fell asleep, a world where their fathers and brothers were as strangers in the strangest of ways.

Through the ages, the grandmothers have been calling, and through each generation a bare few heard, but of those, only one or two knew how to respond. In this day, Crystal and I have heard and in hearing we are called to remember and to share the ways before the night when harmony and love was lost to that voice that we now know to call by a different name.

