SLOW WALKING

The sun fell thick as a blanket;
time comes apart like a slow-ripping seam;
slowness like oil on a blazing fire;
walking like milk teeth;
time like the skin of fruit protected by shade;
Time has moved on like a great flock of geese;
Busy as a ticking clock, a treadmill;
She holds up her head like a hen drinking;
time swings idly as a toy balloon;
Time pleated like a fan;
Elms rich like cucumbers;
noon sunlight was like gold embroidery on the grass;
boredom like an actual presence;
Bursting like an overdone potato;
Cool and ordinary as a gallon of buttermilk;
She walked soft as a grape;
Potbellied, and bearded;
like someone lingering in a hot tub;
like old clothes, put carefully away,
expanded like yeast.

she says that this is the speed where magic can exist, every once in a while I have felt it. walking but in a new way, familiar but with an alien pace. try walking as slow as you can then try walking at half that speed, there is something to be found in that space - brilliant nothingness and devastating everythingness, boredom and the small trash in the gravel where you walk. so often I give into not noticing. sometimes, in the ordinary and transcendent exercise of walking at an extremely slow pace, I start to remember something big...
WEAVING DRAFTS FOR OUR
SUNRISE SONG

Weaving drafts were historically called "recipes" because each weaver would add or interpret their own flavor to the small scraps of paper with strings of numbers that were passed around as the architecture for weaving cloth.

Who do I become as I engage in a series of simple, repeatable tasks?

We invite you to join us in our journey, slowly, slowly, slowly gathering force.

Music can be woven into cloth

Cloth in woven time

Notice how the sun rises across Anastasia's recipe

And the gentle footsteps which walk paths across Noelle's weaving draft
Oro es tu hilar
by Cecilia Vicuña

Gold is your thread of prayer
Temple of forever
Your house built from the same braid
Weave on Thunder & lightning embroidered as you go
Twisting and twisting Till the gold rises
A fresh Offering
The unquiet thoughts Of the quiet weaving girl
Marks & signs Here & there The threads & strings
Black & gold

Thinking before each stitch
Not to let it drop A grid
Of empty space A fabric of holes
The world is a loose stitch I've lost the thread but I rag on
It's a code and a count An account of the people
Tying it all Threading towards it all
Streams & strings The stars the river weaves
The woven woven into one

Translation by Suzanne Jill Levine and Eliot Weinberger

Oro es tu Hilar
Templo del siempre enhebrar Armando casa del mismo trezinal Teja mijita no más Truenos y rayos bordando al pasar Tuerce que tuerce El dorado enderezo El fresco Ofrendar Ñustas calmadas de inquieto pensar Marcas señales Pallá y pacá Hilos y cuerdas Los negros y los dorá

Cavilan el punto No se vaya a escapar Hilo y vano Lleno y vacío El mundo es hilván Pierdo el hilo Y te hilacho brizar Código y cuenta cómputo comunal Todo amarran Hilando En pas Cuerdas y arroyos Río es tejar Aunar lo tejido ¿No es algo inicial?
Singing weaves the pieces of me whole with breath and blood and each small rotation of my ribs, turning me toward myself. An opening and closing of the muscles of my soul. Singing breathes spirit into the mundane, into our aching joints, our forgotten past. Singing brings light into the places we fear; lets the dark be a blanket over us. To feel it all. To listen and remember with our bodies. Open our bodies for all the sounds to pass through the doorways in our chests. Each sound, for a moment, matching resonance with our own. Every sound on every earth, pass through. How long does the sun take to rise? There are patterns in these mysteries.

One bird sings first. I pretend I am weaving the sunrise. I pretend I am a bird. My fingers find thread, and measure distance with my voice. My feet find earth, and measure distance with the sound of each step. One, two, three, four.
You, darkness, that I come from
I love you more than all the fires
that fence the world,
for the fire makes a circle of light
for everyone
and then no one outside learns of you.

But the darkness pulls in everything—shapes and fires, animals and myself,
how easily it gathers them!—powers and people—and it is possible a great presence
is moving near me.

I have faith in nights.

Rainer Maria Rilke