



### *Further Reading*

Alan Watts (esp. The Way of Zen) , John Zerzan, Derrick Jensen, Chuang Tzu, Tao Te Ching, I Ching (Get yo fortune read! It's good for you!), Nietzsche, Vine Deloria Jr., John Trudell, Society of the Spectacle by Guy Debord, Games Zen Masters Play by Robert Sohl, Thoreau, Ed Abbey, Ram Dass, Dreamtime by Hans Peter Duerr, Joe Campbell, Ginsberg, Rumi, Emma Goldman, books about and by the native people in your area... and take their advice on good reads, too!

## The vase that holds a million flowers...

guide to the divine death and seeds for primitive freedom

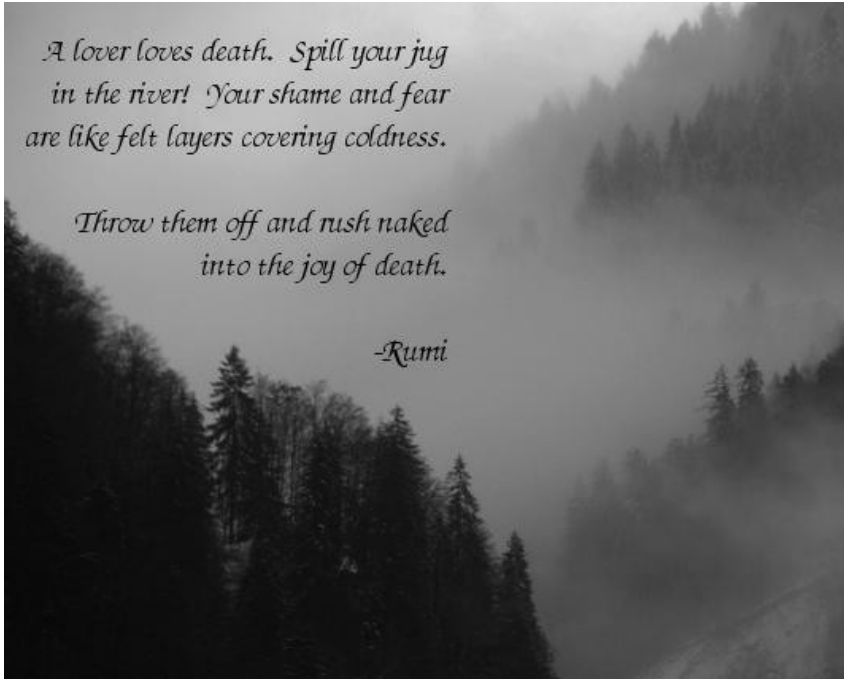


*Chinese character for Heaven / Nature,  
a human figure with its arms outstretched.*

*I would like to thank  
the constellation Orion,  
amethyst,  
sage,  
onions,  
coyotes,  
Mt. Charleston,  
Forest Park,  
and pine trees.*

~

*I would also like to apologize  
to all the elements  
whose cruel fate it was  
to become these pages.*



*A lover loves death. Spill your jug  
in the river! Your shame and fear  
are like felt layers covering coldness.*

*Throw them off and rush naked  
into the joy of death.*

*-Rumi*

## The vase that holds a million flowers...

*keys to the open gate*

Have you ever asked yourself who you are?  
It makes the mind reel. It is the question  
that folds back upon itself infinitely,  
always a half step closer to its solution and never arriving.  
Its cousins are the blade which can not wound itself  
and the hand which can not grasp itself.  
It is a question whose pursuit within leads to the root  
of the sky's canopy. Do you dare peer inside  
and see an emptiness beyond the horizon of your own life?  
That is the vase that can hold a million flowers,  
whose limits are boundless and so encompass everything.  
The vase is smashed in a field.  
It is distinct as a mountain standing before the sky, and yet  
obscure as a willow that draws its life from the river.  
It is plain as a dog licking your face  
and as hidden as a bird in the clouds.  
It is the haphazard symphony of our universe  
resounding in an endless theatre of utter silence.  
It is blasphemous and holy like a madman's dreams,  
sharp and delicate as a cactus flower.  
Ha, and I am trying to write it down? It's hopeless.

~

Only in searching beyond death do you find the vase.  
The average person has no use for it—  
you can not wield or own it. "Doing nothing,  
it accomplishes everything,"  
and so is a lazy good-for-nothing universe  
as far as the common person is concerned.  
Yet within its infinity, the matters of entire nations  
are more meager than cricket hairs in a hurricane.

~

## The vase that holds a million flowers...

*universal mysticism for the liberation minded*

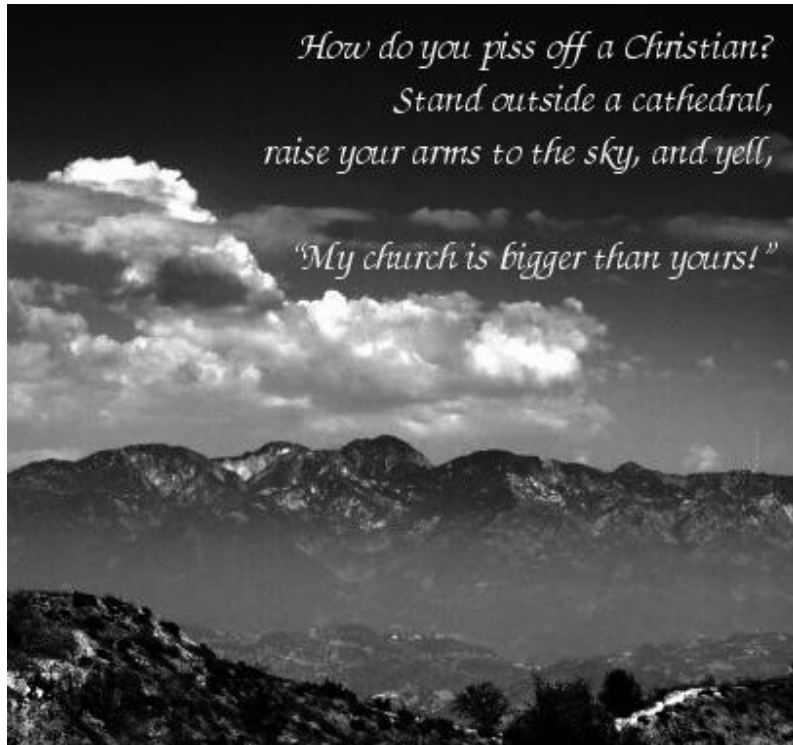
The vase is an empty urn which carries water  
to quench parched, sobbing souls. It points to a well  
right beside them.  
It says, "Drink! Gorge yourselves on the juice of life!  
But why do you weep? Why do you worry?  
Once you're dead, what could possibly harm you?"  
~  
It is befriending death that completes life.  
Foreseeing the downward arc of life teaches us the game  
of losing to gain.  
It teaches us the oblivion of all the stars,  
the joys of mindless wandering, the benefits of generosity, and  
the wisdom of the elements  
which accomplish everything without orders from anyone—  
they merely follow the Way.  
What master decrees that rivers lead to the ocean?  
There is no other way for them to go—  
only a dam can inhibit their destiny.  
So it is with all the walls of the civilized.

~

When I see a tree, I see it as a gesture of life (and death)—  
I see it as a history of its momentum  
as it grows both up to the sun and down through the dirt.  
Its trunk has branches of positive momentum  
and knots of negative momentum. It has leaves and flowers  
where that momentum climaxes outward  
and in turn receives nourishment from its surroundings.  
It drops fruit where the gesture of the tree wishes to return  
to the earth, where it began.  
And all of this movement begins with a seed.  
And so all life began with a small seed,  
and all of the cosmos with a seed.

The vase that holds a million flowers...

*keys to the open gate*



The vase that holds a million flowers...

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When I see a skyscraper (or a church) I see it as a gesture of death's denial, grown from the rotten seeds of the forbidden fruit whose claims of "knowledge" are truly claims of separation, of definition, of all that is not Eden, which is everywhere that separation is not.

Those loons who built the pyramids ate those seeds, and of course we do,

our dead in compartmentalized cemeteries with chemicals settled in their veins, buried in grids like eternal condos, sheltered in boxes from true death (which is becoming something new), they in their ignorance or fear forget the debt they owe to the earth.

They forget to love death.

They forget who they are.

Were their senses so dull that they couldn't see the sky?

Just as the moon is at its fullest, it begins to wane.

~

When Majarajji was dying, his disciples said, "Please, don't die! Heal yourself!"

"No," he said, "this body is spent."

But his followers couldn't bear the thought of losing their beloved guru.

"Please don't leave us," they begged.

"Don't be silly," he said. "Where could I possibly go?"

~

Life and death are the best of friends and the worst of nemeses—indeed, they are the same motion.

Oh, it's an old trick! The Great Mother—most revered deity in history—is your grandma

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who won't stop playing the old  
*Now you see it, Now you don't!* trick on you,  
and although it gets redundant the twinkle in her eye  
always makes you laugh.

~  
- *The Fortress* -

If you cling so to life and try to fend off death  
(and of course you will fail)  
you will become like the king  
who builds a fortress to protect himself  
only to realize he has made himself a prisoner inside!

This world is full of fortresses  
that are the barriers to freedom!

Every fence around a field, every wall of every building, every  
schedule or commitment that ties you  
to this world of fortresses—every time you go to work  
or school or the bank you are a willing prisoner  
of your own fortress, the fortress within  
and the fortress of civilization.

~  
“The attempt to *make* oneself do something  
or not do something implies, of course,  
an inner, subjective duality—a splitting asunder  
of the mind's integrity

which brings about a paralysis of action.

To some extent, then, the statement  
that all is One and One is all  
is actually expressing the end of this inner split,  
and the discovery  
of the mind's unity and autonomy.”

—Alan Watts, an anarchist in many of his own respects.

By the unified, autonomous mind, he means the Individual: that

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which is *un-dividable!*

What he means by a unified, autonomous mind  
is what I mean by “free.”

~

In other words, the inhibition of movement  
caused by a fence

both defends and restricts  
all which is within and beyond its boundaries.

The fence creates “within” and “beyond!”

Buddhists call these fences *maya*,  
or illusions that separate us from enlightenment.

Its Sanskrit root, *matr*, spawned such English words  
as measure, matrix, and material.

These are the fences of tradition  
that generate success and dread of unworthiness alike.

The fences of personal property  
which generate wealth and poverty.

The fences of borders which generate wars and leaders.

The fences of prisons which generate crime and lawfulness.

The fences of stores which generate products  
which destroy the free earth.

The fences of crops which sap the soil  
until it is a barren desert.

~

The Middle East was once covered in forests.

Why is the land now bone dry?

It takes between one and three hundred years  
to generate one inch of topsoil. It takes two bushels of soil to  
produce one bushel of corn.

That is how.

Half the topsoil in the Midwest is gone.

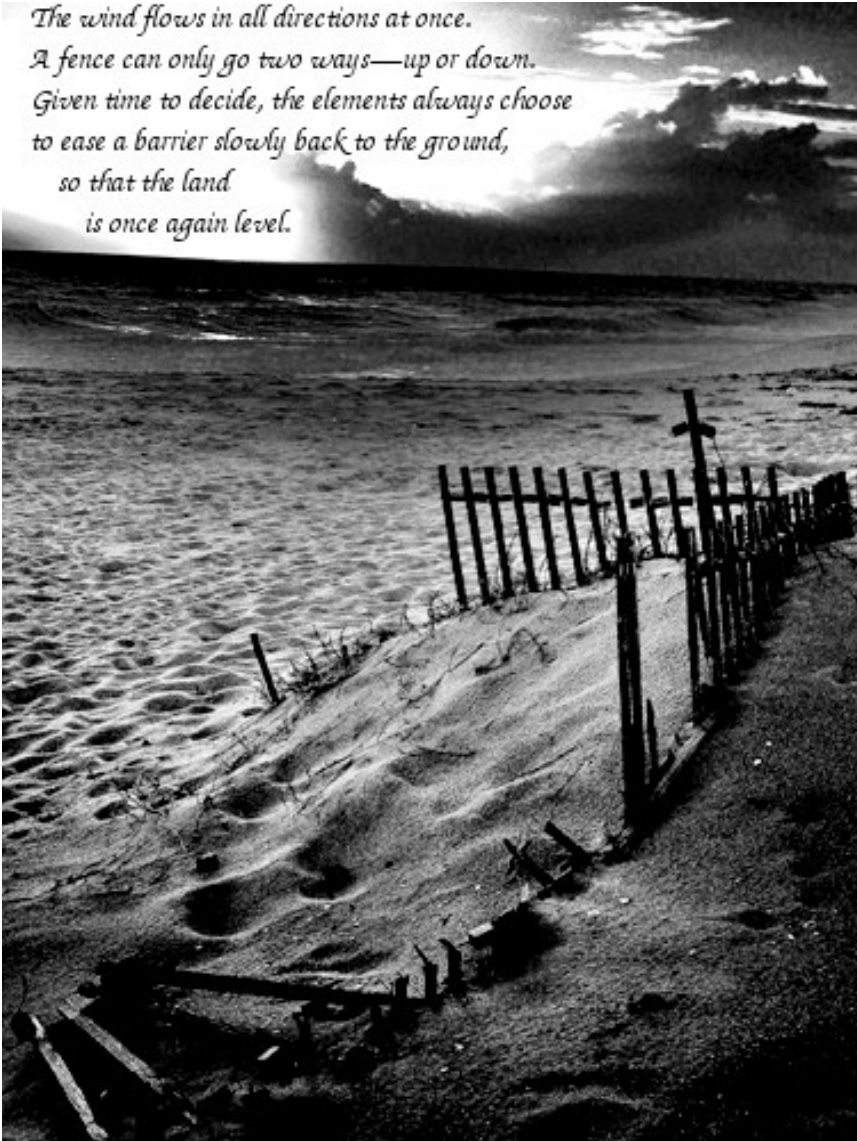
It will be a desert soon enough.

All fences produce foolish mistakes.

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*The wind flows in all directions at once.  
A fence can only go two ways—up or down.  
Given time to decide, the elements always choose  
to ease a barrier slowly back to the ground,  
so that the land  
is once again level.*



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~  
Don't be seduced by what is new!  
Any clever invention  
from the plow onwards  
is only a smothered hunk of the free world.,  
another life exiled from heaven.  
Trust only in what is very, very old.  
Had it ever failed, would it still endure?

~  
“State I call it where all drink poison,  
the good and the wicked;  
state, where all lose themselves, the good and the wicked;  
state, where the slow suicide of all is called ‘life.’”  
-Nietzsche

~  
States and fears, property and crime—symbiotic symptoms of  
the original separation, the original boundary—  
the fall from grace.

Need it be only in the mind, or only outside?  
Inside and outside mutually arise  
on either side of a *boundary*.  
Boundaries are what I mean by a fall from grace!  
Isn't it simple, that what is free is merely *boundless*?

~  
People always say, “You can't be  
into all this Eastern stuff *and* be an anarchist!”  
They think all saints and sages should be lambs.  
I think of them more like wolves.  
“You say I should let it be?” I ask.  
“Try to leave the food on your plate alone!  
See how long you survive!”  
Some are so afraid of conflict

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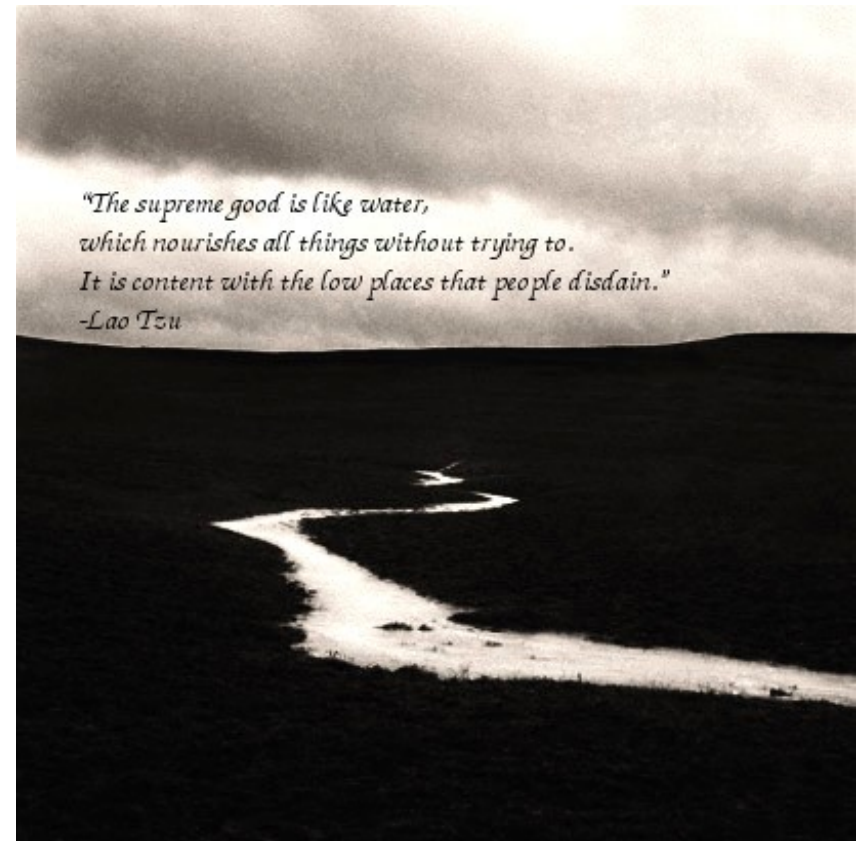
they will walk quietly to the gas chamber  
and never even ask why.  
I have no affinity  
for the soul-crushing machinery of the city.  
I bask in the most virginal lands I can,  
lush and lovely as they are.  
This is what Rumi meant when he said,  
“Judge a moth by the beauty of its candle.”  
Because some wish to blow out my love,  
reduce it to a column of smoke,  
I shield it carefully  
and blow back at them.

~

Why are some so scared of their fortresses disappearing?  
What is it outside their walls that they fear?  
Go and seek it, if you can have the splendid courage  
of a drunken idiot! If on some lovely summer night  
you find yourself in the woods,  
lay down on the grass and sleep.  
A profound peace will bloom inside you.  
Some would piss themselves! To sleep on the grass!  
Believe me!  
In the morning you'll find yourself there still, fully intact,  
but teeming with possibilities—  
if you can sleep anywhere, what adventures await!  
There is nothing to fear from freedom,  
except that it may be stolen,  
and that has been done already;  
the state claimed many of us first on birth certificates.  
Why would you fear freedom?  
Everything free takes its natural course,  
one of ease and such *suchness*.

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~  
The non-causal anti-logic of dreams is very practical  
for a prosperous life.

Who would have thought that if you drive a car,  
the ice caps will melt!

You must be careful what you wish for,  
and grateful of what you have—  
especially when you “have” nothing,  
which is the way to share yourself with everything!

Perhaps there would still be glaciers,  
perhaps Kilimanjaro would still have snow,  
if people were only more grateful for their legs.  
For those natural pathways formed by eons of flow.

Cars have done an awful thing  
to the ways in which we move through this world.  
Traversing great distances and a passing million wonders,  
we are strapped down inside them like inmates.

~  
“When all the ties that bind the heart are unloosened,  
then the mortal becomes immortal.” - The Upanishads

This is what I mean by freedom,  
*all* that which is unbound, unbordered—  
hearts and minds alone are little matters.

The Chinese word *tzu-jan* means naturalness, or spontaneity  
(that-which-happens-of-itself).

It is the Taoist ideal of human existence—  
free-flowing harmony with all of nature,  
with all the cosmos.

Look to the way of the wild,  
its beauty can not be matched—  
what could ever match it, even in sheer scale  
both large and small,  
not to mention abundance, lavishness, sacredness, and *truth*?  
It is the kingdom of freedom!

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*You need do nothing.  
You could do anything.*



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~

Is freedom the spirit that animates the world,  
or the space that receives it?  
I can only say this—you can not see the wind,  
but watch the fire's smoke!

~

Laughing at freedom, one said,  
“This majesty is criminal!”  
Her companion replied urgently,  
“I know, I know! For the love of god,  
*don't talk about it!*

Scream its songs across the horizons of cities and mountains  
but if you name it, it will vanish!  
You might as well try to catch the clouds with a net.”

~

What is free is ancient as the moon  
and young as a newborn sprout.  
It is sacred as a womb and profane as an asshole.  
It is as huge as the whole universe and as small as the flies  
on a dust-speck-sized planet.  
What more could you want, when you have this!  
Still more? Too bad!  
That's everything! That's the true will of “God”—  
those gestures of the cosmos  
which are completely fundamentally necessary,  
and yet absolutely pointless.

~

Some people think of life without a *point* is hell,  
but look at the smile on the drunken hobo's face!  
Many great poets live on the streets,  
whether they write or not.  
(What good is it, after all, to set it down in stone?  
Thoreau preceded the Debord by recognizing  
that the true artist is one who paints the very atmosphere

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with their presence.)

The most unbridled spirits strike out boldly into the world,  
traveling untold distances on wit and whim alone.  
Some people think my heaven is the apocalypse,  
throwing off the labors  
of technology, borders, and civilization  
and returning to a peaceful, free life  
in the hills, the plains, the meadows, the coastlines...  
Some think that without their paychecks,  
without their televisions and cars, without their homes,  
and without their attempts to cling to life  
by collecting enough things to outlive them,  
something awful will happen.  
Their boundaries have made them afraid  
of what is beyond their boundaries,  
and as a result they have smothered  
that which lies outside their fortresses.  
But what is there to fear,  
once you realize life is a spark thrown from the fire of God?

~

Myself? I need nothing.  
What could I possibly need  
when food springs eagerly from the ground,  
water abounds on all sides,  
friends I find everywhere,  
and I can sleep in any spot I damned well please?  
Anything that is not given freely is not worth the effort.  
And look what riches are given freely!  
Life itself! The god-Gong Sun!  
The dusty blooming Nebulas of Night,  
littered with a billion trillion Stars!  
The misty Woods! The warmth of Laughter!  
The vast beauty of the Desert! A Lover's Kiss!  
O' bless my Heart, THE GALAXIES!

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Nietzsche said,

“The earth is free even now for great souls...

A free life is still free...

Verily, whoever possesses little

is possessed by that much less:

praised be a little poverty!”

Trust me!

What do I have to gain by lying

when I am a lover of poverty—just a baffled fool

struck dumb by the beauty of what is Free?

It is perfect beyond perfection.

Perfect like the crow’s feet around a young woman’s eyes,

like the patters of veins in a leaf.

And this perfection (which is anything but *pure*)

formed your very body!

Just as you wouldn’t be here without the sun,

the sun wouldn’t be here without you!

Indeed, you were born together,

long long ago.

~

There will never be a greater truth than what is before you,  
here and now.

It is the One, the ultimate, it is god. Of course it’s right here!

It is whatever we are, so let us be gorgeous and simple

as the sages were,

“like uncarved blocks of wood.”

Take it in your heart, and fear disappears.

Follow it happily from its depths to its peaks,

and wisdom will follow.

Know the sweet smack of goodness.

Put your arm around the rotting hips of misery.

Don’t dwell for a second

in the petty doldrums of everyday life.

~

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How did I wash up here, on the coast of California,  
a million tribes, a million million acres of forest,  
a million rivers, a million mothers  
crying in the burning torment of this conquest's wake?  
A million psychotics, a million ailments,  
a million wars, a million prisons, a million cars!  
These are the fruits of Progress!  
I say we can go no further from our motherlands!  
Why aim for the stars with manned missiles  
and leave your home in tatters  
after it has loved you enough to take you this far?  
Do they think they'll conquer all the galaxies?  
What a delusion! They must still think  
that the stars are something *beyond*.  
But how easy it is to hold them all within, right now,  
and know, because our eyes can see them,  
that they are with us already?  
Just laying on the good ol' god-given dirt  
on a cool night!

~

That strange insane star-catching game is over,  
don't linger long in its immense once-glittering junkyard skeleton!  
Go to your homes in the meadows,  
in the ancient forests and glacier-carved lowlands,  
beside the rivers, through the canyons!  
Spread far and wide with friends and lovers  
(you will find many) across the plains and deserts,  
curl up peacefully next to the oceans and lakes,  
stomp proudly, wildly, and *freely*,  
through all fences and borders.  
Must I be the one to say it? This is the end.  
It truly is, I swear. We need not go forward.  
There is nothing to do.  
The mountaintops and valleys await us.

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Go! Go! I will meet you there!

~

If I can't convince you this whole game is a terrible sham,  
think of the trees that you hold in your hand.  
They are the true message to be received.  
The forests can afford no more doubt!  
Every page is a piece of their destruction.  
So now, I sacrifice my writing to them.  
I offer them a vow of silence,  
that most harmonious sound,  
to spare just a little of their flesh.  
I give you the last word  
I will ever write...

~

## Crawdad!

