

Slice of Lifeforce

by Tantra Bensko

The land dreams through people, especially when they are on the land of their parents and theirs and theirs. They ideally do what the land dreams them to do.

I, the energies moving through this body, in this particular parallel reality in this multiverse, am standing out in the middle of the night, under only stars, and surrounded by the soft, organic shapes of a tree line. The darkness does away with the distances between the wooded areas, giving the appearance of a circle of trees. I move to the center of the circular clearing, feel that it brings in more of me, the energies, moving from the earth.

Meridians circulate, some flowing more than others, through the body. I, the energies, wish for more dancing, more movement, and the body including the brain, listens. The ears listen too, as this body starts to stretch and cavort, gracefully as possible on the uneven surface, then freezes in the beginnings of a movement. Metallic sounds come from the house catty cornered across the gravel road. Clanging, sporadic, in clusters, impossible to make out where exactly its coming from.

The eyes search the house and land that dreams it, but nothing indicating what is going on can be seen. It could be anything. The brain scans the sounds, unable to determine if people are throwing out large metal things into the yard, hitting other large metal things. Or if they've made some sort of musical metal randomly banging installation. (No, that's only wishful thinking, of course, in this rural Alabama road.) Or if there is a *fight*. The sounds could be coming from outside the house, inside, from different angles, things being thrown out. Maybe they're leaving?

This is a portal for various parallel universes to interconnect, and make an avant-garde musical installation of their own. In one universe, the folks have had a fight. In one of the others, they're doing construction. There are more, all making lovely sounds to one tuned in, with no one else around, in the dark. The sounds echo and linger. John Cage would have recorded it.

But would it have come out the same as it sounds now, on a recording instrument, which wouldn't be aware of all the different parallel realities?

Or would it? Its molecules vibrating, pulsing, the electrons moving into many different slits of openings, of portals, one electron, into more than one portal, just as in the scientists' slit experiments. It would be aware of them all.

I, the energies, love flowing with the spontaneous movement again, a performance for the sky, to the industrial sounds. Opening the arms out wide, as I, energies, move more fully to the heart, dislodging memories there, swooshing them along with me, as I circulate.

In some parallel realities, I flow with a sense of ease, enjoying the sounds of metal thrown around in the process of building a new addition. In some, I flow with discomfort, picking up the auric sparks from the fight across the road. I flow with empathy of sleeplessness in the reality in which the sounds come from the wind, banging, clanging. I keep a focus in the reality in which there is uncertainty about what's going on. The other realities dream toward each other, changing slightly how each one feels, mysteriously, the other ones interacting in such subtle ways. The hive of parallel lives play with each other.

Still, there is the question, and the fight potential reminds me of the body's fight, when moving out, months ago, throwing things, breaking glass, brings tears.

I help the body stand straight, and play with the arms, gesturing as if a tree with many branches, each branch being a different level of the self. I dance with those arms down, expressing one level, dance with those arms up, expressing a different level of the reality, dance with those eyes up above the head looking up at the aura up there, as I swoosh up out through the center of the crown of the head.

All the different perceptions become a kind of circle of confusion. Too many possibilities to decide. So, I spin, whirl, around the circle of parallels in the vortex of possibilities, and fly up through them to a higher level, let the confusion throw me up above it. I fountain up, higher, and happier, brighter, up, up, and around, down around the magnet of a body. Whoozh, and down below it, sliding back up into it, up, up, and around. A blockage breaks free. The tension is over, and movement is easier, emotions unstruck. And I am very, very happy.

