

## Penney Peirce's Wisdom Letter #1: January 2013

As 2013 begins, I hear two things: for some people, important parts of their lives are falling apart and life is moving very fast. Others say: "I feel like I'm on hold," or "Life feels flat; I can't connect with my passion. Where has the old motivation gone?" I feel this, too, on and off throughout each day and each week. I look ahead and can't see anything. Often, I'm drifting, or even blank.

My left brain doesn't like it. My left brain wants me to "produce" constantly and be busy and meaningful. My left brain tells me I'm bad for being lazy, not staying on top of every detail, and not marketing myself with a vengeance. But I have the sense that another part of me that enters my reality through my right brain and body is slowly taking over. My left brain doesn't like that either. It tries to distract me from deep silence with any number of things that keep the shallowness alive.

I remind myself that we naturally flow through cycles of "stuff" then "space," then stuff, then space. We create and live by focusing attention into form and withdrawing attention from form, and the things in our lives come and go with our soul's interest—and I always have the part of the cycle I need. If I have stuff, I'm actively creating; if I have space, I'm actively rejuvenating and reinventing my experience, aligning with new patterns and frequencies. I can't have one without the other. I must go blank and release old motivations and passions so my soul can infuse my mind enough that I can notice new perceptions.

Those who have not let go of old cycles of "stuff" may be experiencing a Flow-induced surrender process in which left-brain resistance to the "space" part of the cycle causes the illusion of time moving at warp-speed. Often this phase of the process is accompanied by snags and jerky movement. A client told me her inner voice had advised her to "slow down to the speed of being." For people who have already let go of old forms, and who are entering the present moment more fully, time may seem slow, though synchronicities may be increasing.

December 21, 2012, the end of the last baktun in the Mayan long-count calendar, and what I have sensed was the end of the world's unconscious agreement about time being linear, came and went for me with no impact whatsoever. Just as January 1 follows December 31, so another Mayan long-count calendar period began. I had intuited that from that point on we'd have a growing sense that life was happening entirely in the present moment, that past and future would be swallowed up by the present, and we'd discover a truly different experience of time.

So far this year, for me, the first month has seemed interminably long, whereas last year the months were flying by like weeks. It's the sort of "long" I experienced as a child, almost as though I have no concept of what a month is. Does time even *pass*? Somehow, this expansive sense of all time/no time feels a bit different than an ordinary shift from stuff to space.

Are we actually in limbo between realities? Last year, when I wrote the last word of my new book, *Leap of Perception*, I spontaneously burst into tears and sobbed. While sobbing I had a clear message that "I am done." I knew I was finished with a body of work, perhaps a period of time, perhaps some karma or a contract of some sort, that I had agreed to before I was born. I knew I had wanted to do it. My left brain chimed in: "Well maybe I'm going to die now." A few

days later, a colleague called and we got to talking about this and he said, "You're not going to die, you're just going to do things without 'having to.' Nothing will seem like work from now on."

The theme that seems to be grabbing me so far is the draw of the inner worlds and the true experience of the wide-open imaginal realm. I find myself watching television shows about unearthing mysteries and the supernatural. I want to dematerialize, discover the hidden history of the movement of people around the globe, and see through the surface of things to discover mythical creatures among us, or even inside us. I want to see Bigfoot! I want to sleep more deeply and dream colorfully. I'm remembering how I was as a kid: I'd wake up and want to go OUTSIDE! Or make a drawing! Or dress up the dog in people clothes! No shortage of ideas or the natural sense that they were doable.

The nonphysical and physical realities are merging, or perhaps it's more accurate to say we're realizing their oneness and experiencing their mutual cocreation now as never before. The bleedthrough of the nonphysical into the physical is more obvious and easier to feel; I want it consciously! I want the instantaneousness of it, the magic of it. The real thing. A radio host I spoke to said the big words now are "magic" and "miracles"—"*magic and miracles!*"

Along with the spaciousness experience I sense a new kind of saturated love is dawning, too. Quietly. Through the cracks, a seepage. Here in the northern hemisphere, we're in winter and I know this influences my consciousness. Perhaps it makes it easier to feel the underlying unified field, our ground of being. We cocoon and stretch out through inner space. We have a chance to know a bigger and bigger experience of the nonphysical. The following poem almost pounded on the door of my mind last week, wanting to be written. The body's soft voice wanted to say something.

#### WINTER LOVE

Under unending tasks  
the body says:  
"Life is flat and sad and cold.  
My sap is slow-flowing.  
I cannot feel.  
It is winter."  
In winter, love can seem far away.

Where does the tree soul go in winter?  
Does it retreat to a thin line within,  
maintaining the tiniest stick version  
of its flush summer self?  
Does it more fully occupy the great stillness  
to know its belonging in the beyond?  
Does it expand through this spacious time  
when being a greening thing  
doesn't take all its attention?

In winter, love feels like the Madonna  
with prayer hands;  
her eyes are closed  
her head is slightly tipped  
she listens for the voice in the silence  
that whispers of frozen dreams  
and numbness of heart.  
All the while,  
she smiles.

This is a pale blue love,  
so diffuse;  
it is the love in muffled snowfall  
that knows the landing of every flake.  
Neither gathered nor aimed,  
it is everywhere equally.

Winter love hints of white's promise,  
makes us stare at the chalky sky,  
nap in a sunny patch on the rug,  
and wander in our warm, woolly mind;  
it will not allow conclusions.

Winter love is huge,  
it fills the whole of restfulness,  
melts us into a magnified moment  
that cannot be described  
and cannot even be lived—  
it can *only* be loved.

So, try slowing down to the "speed of being" and stay there awhile. Notice what you notice, dream the little dream that arises. Let your field spread out. The new reality knows how to find you.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Penney Peirce". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "P" and a long, sweeping underline.