

*Family Time*



# Family Time

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## Silas Flying

Silas understands the family way. And because he has been family since before families arose he remains family. Silas is high and broad, so the inconceivable power of soaring in the wind comes freely to him. A father said to his family: “children are always flying; the sky gives birth to clouds in the sunshine.” You should examine in detail this quality of Silas flying. Silas flying is just like mountains flying. Accordingly, do not doubt Silas flying even though it does not look the same as mountains flying. The family also points to flying. This is fundamental understanding. You should penetrate these words. Because Silas flies, he is here. Although he flies more swiftly than the wind, someone in the clouds does not realize or understand his flying. “In the clouds” means the blossoming of the entire sky. People without sky cannot see how children fly. Those without eyes to see children cannot realize, understand, see, or hear this as it is. If you doubt children flying, you do not know your own flying; it is not that you do not fly, but that you do not know or understand your own flying. Since you do not know your own flying, you should try to understand how children fly. You should study children, using their numerous worlds as your standard. You should clearly examine children flying and your own flying. You should also examine flying backward and backward flying and investigate the fact that flying forward and backward has never stopped since the very moment before the family arose, which is exactly in the present. Keeping their own form, without changing body and mind, children always fly in every place. Don’t slander them by saying they cannot fly. When your understanding is shallow, you doubt the phrase, “Children are flying.” When your learning is immature, you are shocked by the words “flying children.” Without fully understanding the word “flying,” you drown in small views. Yet the characteristics of flying children manifest their form and life-force. There is Silas, there is flying, and there is a moment when clouds give birth. Because Silas is family, family appears in this way. Even if you see children as grass, trees,

earth, rocks, or walls, do not take this view seriously or worry about it; it is not yet sky. It is a conditioned view. It is not the understanding of the family, but is just looking through a bamboo tube at the corner of the sky. Explaining and explaining is not agreeable to children. Set words and phrases are not the words of liberation. There is freedom in this understanding: "Children are always flying." You should study this in detail. There are boy clouds, girl clouds, non-boy clouds, and non-girl clouds. They are placed in the sky and under the earth and are called heavenly mud and earthly clouds. These clouds are explained in the ordinary world, but not many people actually know about them.



## The Rurals / Ruckle Park

Hope is rising for the ovum finding this so fateful for our so  
clean firm gone damper with twilight.

Lake although the leafy spaces also laugh, wet and equalling an  
animal some fungi and a single cell a plant.

You won't remember limits but you'll swim instead enclosing  
flesh, turn around attached and glide whatever will be hands.

Head points down at first between the squatting leaves a leaflet  
slung in waters of a thousand high is low in union.

Float around a crust as anger is undone by trust becoming feet  
in the sac the pod announcing how our lives will hold.

Not-yet hair or scalp and nails the fossils in the garden equal  
muscles taut / it's all just one big muscle flex it with your empty  
hands.

Sorry but I've no idea what to call these leaves or fungi growing  
here between an amniotic sac and rattles of the chest is all.

Dissolve the stone between my ribs with breezes empty as the  
stone is anyway a magpie and the sunshine shadows of the ash  
split well for burning.

Long green lane where the crow won't fly and free range chil-  
dren play at trampolines and junipers and sky.

Flattens grass across the fields to where the tractor ruts of mud  
dry cracking in the wind above the sponges complex mammals  
and the birth blush of the briar.

That she would wish for onward tethers to a thousand cravings  
for example cucumber with peanut butter and the crumbs for  
feeding birds at noon.

How engorged and leaking how responding triggers all the  
streams and how the dog licks nettles from her paw and limps  
towards the stile / doesn't know.

For fetus—see foetus—we are now the clumsy ones and we  
must feed whatever undulates with pulse and breath and slowly  
swelling letters.

Lower your head to raise your hips then underneath grows  
darker in the pooling blood it puffs up simple forms of life  
survive and leave the ground in flight.

And the dangers of computers and cat poo and soft cheese and  
petrol and probably excitement with potatoes and the weeding  
of the garden in the sun.

Downwind hit by wind the grass and wool streams off the  
barbed wire fence and in our cottage how your belly swells out  
just below your stomach.

Solar winds bake fields above this village where the growth  
of a foot from buds cocooned inside releases waves they wash  
among / around yourself.

Prolonged in warm-blood mammals rural UFOs and muscles  
stiff from lessened lactic acids chlorophyll and elder stones.

In the yawning position, in the endless gliding and in the wind  
in the teeth like tiny buds appearing in iron fell to earth from  
space.

Stroll down skip we're wading through the husks and yellowed  
tufts the sun still churning fields and robins here with eyelids  
open.

Am I clotting this blood am I doing this right is there steam  
and gasses cooled to rain and do they understand your moods  
like me?

Muscle use and sharing deeper love of pine / how any part  
was fired up and open to the womb of plant-like shapes / their  
calves straight up and ankles clean.

Drink your folic acid lava pours out steaming congress mouths  
your name is what? or will be who more who than how.

Milk fed dawn asleep untroubled to be purple hexagons of cells  
they call them crystals of cholesterol.

To be born at the end of autumn, to be born when rafting, and  
you when you leave your raft it floats on things we shared (we  
shored).

Substance carries information to your cells to help them with  
their love until you're welcome home with us is you and we.

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Maybe there for sea, wetter waves and no allusions: red bark,  
roots or windblown granite always moss where supine moss  
remains.

Foot on the rock by the sea and Silas wet from tides and salt—  
waves arrive, arriving waves again and also currents come in  
waves, swelling sea that he calls “sea.”

Coast stretches cold pools, hard shells stick to darker shadows  
further from shore, barnacled in clumps and urchin cups, grey  
drains of salt lapping onto stone.