

Address to the Unco' Concerned (or ~ *the overly interested & rigidly re-assuring*)

To a Listener . . .

Your gift is growth ~ and gratitude itself, that most obvious, elusive ounce.
A blood red rose that bleeds our ears, drawn in and down and through
and out, until we're back on this fine ground, where you may leave me
with a welcome breath ~ of most tender, shared intent that walks us to
the water's edge, without reward.

So, hang all your hats and join me . . . sit down into the body. If you follow
if you don't, I want to know. If you've nothing good to say ~ say nothing. If
you're lost for words be lost. Take a moment for yourself, find your way
back to your breath. Leave me be ~ just be *with* me and there'll no' be
any cost. Maybe then we'll aye be keepin', the company of meaning.

So gently ~ with a cultured nose, alive to fears and foibles, man or mouse,
I welcome clean attention. Yet dinnae 'magine that this house will suffer
lang yer watchin' if you see nothing o' yersel while gazin' at another,
you'll no' be any use to me, whoever, sister brother. No scientist or soldier,
priest or politician, no guru, guide or teacher can hope to share a vision
of a future formed in lead . . . rigid . . . drowning in opinion. We all stake
empty claims to wear the uniform of freedom.

It is the listener in ourselves, the body's music, bare, that sings of spacious
subatomic wells and clear infinite springs of understanding, not as we
may think, that's aye beyond our graspin'. Just a common sense beneath
our thirst . . . we may tak a cup and drink from.

So friend tak heed of how you form the very definition, of such a term as
friendship ~ find some room in your description, for a healthy dis-interest in
whatever may be brewin'. . . mind your business, keep your counsel an'
you'll stop yer heid fae stewin'. Still, you'll aye be welcome roon ma
hoose, wi' a' your force sae gentle, if for some small simple time ye loose
what binds your look ~ sae mental.

If not . . . there's the door.

Thomas Binns