

Dreaming of a Life

by

Rao Noma

*Come close again
Just for a short while,
Just to go far from here
When morning breaks.*

*Who will surround you,
When my arms
Holding your image
Fall loose in despair?*

*Who can believe it?
We have seen the night sky
Full of colors and pictures
Of each other in daylight.*

*For things to come close,
Must return to their nests
To appear in new suites
After the darkest of nights.*

*Let yourself be joyous,
Be wild and free
Cause the moment of freedom
Appears as a crucial key.*

*What seemed to be doomed
For eternity, remains silent*

*In its stuck old phase.
It envelopes - belief or no belief.*

*Today I let go of my
Cherished old wish to hold
In my tightest embrace
You - who are one with the sun.*

*Tomorrow's dawn, I know for sure,
Will surprise me, thus the expectancy,
Bringing random connection
And I will see your colorful face again.*

Rao Noma, 2022

Spirit's calling

The darkness of the night fills the space. Everybody has gathered in the malloca, a round building with a cone roof out of straw made especially for healing rituals, and is sitting quietly, meditating or perhaps praying, trying to calm down the heartbeat, convincing themselves that it is worth taking the risk. Every night gets greeted by the sunlight - it's for the best, for growth. We hope to free ourselves from inner burdens.

Only a single candle is still burning on the middle pillar. The shamans are never late for a ceremony even though every other event takes place in a jungle time, that is maybe soon, maybe tomorrow or maybe not at all if the individual flow demands it another way. But not the plant medicine ceremonies. Those are sacred. Because of them people came here from all the different corners of the world. Only a single candle is still enlightening the room which will soon be filled with patterns, colors, visions that each of us will be painting in the darkness. The shamans have come, they greet the brave ones sitting in the circle alongside the walls of the malloca, they greet the hour of the night when the spirits awake, call the medicine to work for our benefit, speak with her softly, whisper in the bottle where her physicality rests concentrated after hours of boiling down. The soplay, a melodious whistling, of the medicine

man already calls the visions and makes my stomach crumble as my body, my soul already knows the taste and the effect of it. Madre medicina. Please teach me gently to walk the path of a light warrior in grace and surrender. I aim to learn patiently from you in the ways you find to be the best for me to learn. Though, you know my wish. I repeated it many times before in my heart. I already know how to struggle and fight for the truth. I know how to bring a sacrifice and let go of what I once cherished. I recognize now that struggling is no way out of suffering. Struggling is suffering in itself. And way more strength is needed in calmness in face of a turmoil then in fighting it. I know, your ways of teaching me can be mysterious and not always pleasant. I do trust you in those moments when, I feel, I can't take any more of it in. But I do believe in your art of healing and freeing me from the pains I have been carrying within me for lifetimes now. I just want you to know that from now on I feel ready to walk this path with grace, in peace, and radiating lightness. I feel I have forgotten how to walk the path slowly and hold on for a moment in astonishment, seeing the beauty surrounding me everywhere I go. Won't you help me remember? I will take others with me, grateful for your lessons.

A giant wise snake that is curious. Curious to learn the human perspective. There she sits immediately after the

ceremony is over in a small group of people exchanging their impressions about the night's journey. And she, after the night work is done, is lying down quietly onto my eyes observing how those who have experienced spirit express it to those who have not yet been there with their dreams. She is subtle. She's now in me.