

Excerpt from:

Have You Heard My Final Cry?

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Take a deep breath, and *listen*.

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Take a deep breath, and *feel*.

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Take a deep breath, and *watch*.

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Take a deep breath, and *wonder*...

Wonder about the forces that maintain the energy flowing through and the light that grants life. Watch as the sun rises from the depths of space, having the planets dance around the vastness that surrounds it. Casting that sublime spell of tranquility it grants so effortlessly from the moment it breaks the surface of our horizon and reaches the very peak of which it illuminates the globe before descending so it may grant the rest of the world the same gracious feeling. Casting arrays of colors only seen by the cosmic influence shadowing over our skies, granting sight to many forms of orange and purple, to the red and pink that coalesce across the cosmos, through the prisms and spectrum laid out in such a fundamental design, in a format beyond our comprehension, beyond the mental and emotional capacity we tend to try and understand. Once the light touches the silent worlds, feel the breath of existence begin to move throughout the lungs and blood. It was life, feeling it within the very cells that fuse soul and matter together.

Have you ever felt that? That simple breath of existence as it passes through the lungs, through the heart and veins of every living thing?

Have you ever heard the way nature sounds?

Sit and listen to the samplings of music that graciously cross our ears at any point of time and space, listen to the voices of creation whisper delicately within the very matter and soul you are graciously imbued with from the universal design.

Have you ever heard the way the trees harmonize and speak to the world around them as they bow and sway in the aging sun that peaks high above this planet? Have you listened to the hum of existence as it collaborates delicately with reality and the metaphysical?

It transcends to plains of consciousness unannounced to our entities of being, pulling forth the relativity and individualism that cannot comprehend.

All I wish to do is sit amongst the trees and the grass as the days rise and the nights set around me. To be unphased by the light and dark that engulfs the ever changing natural constructs of time that flow with the consistency of the water that trickles from the streams as the branching veins that intersect across the surface, and below the rocky epidermis of the planet that water the roots of flora and fauna that breathe as I exhale. I can smell their savory breath of oxygen and pheromones released from the photosynthetic cells that relished in the warmth, consuming what is needed, developing nutrients to feed and produce the very gas that expands my lungs.

The simplicity of the idea, but the complexity of the design that weaves such an intense blueprint of chloroplast and cytoplasm that mirror the cells of the animals that wander and soar, breathing and growing just as the blooming and developing within the earth and bursting through with abundant life and consciousness. With consciousness we all tend to overlook, the thoughts, emotions, communication and connection of the deep roots and veins that intersect through hosts, the variety of mental and psyche capacity expanding as the universe ages and time casts its ominous shadow over the natural progression and adaptation of those that have sentience and structure.

The sentience of creation. How I wish I could feel it more. To sit below the groves of trees that stretch far beyond the gaze and break the endless sky and pierce the veil of clouds that swell immensely with water. To the slugs that secreted their mucus, the monkeys that slept and swayed up in the branches overhead, to the fundamentals linking the bats and the butterflies migrating to destinations long embedded in their DNA, driving them to their destinations.

How I wish I could just dissolve back into the sentience of creation, my soul and consciousness imbued by constructive sinews of this physical form to become one with life, or

Gaia, or which entity may have placed its hand, creating such diversity and the division of such beauty and intricate specimens; or back to the first singularity before such an event could occur, to simmer in the perpetual state of calm before the storm, at some point being a simple spec in the grand realm of creation.

1: I roll over in bed and open my eyes to a new day. The sunrise coming to grant light into the little hovel I've put together, to live here amongst the flora and fauna of this enchanting realm of the planet. I just sit with a dull headache behind my eyes as the pink and orange swirl into existence across the threshold, the sounds of life stirring just beyond the crooked door that was swollen shut from the morning moisture.

The beetles chirp and chitter as a chamber of sounds trap my cottage. Primates could be heard calling out for a mass congregation of familial members for food or migration as they swing from the branches overhead, causing the walls to sway slightly, using the tree that I am nestled within, but I'm unphased. I've been here the past six months and know they are on their way to go and meet somewhere far off, when I feel more awake I will investigate, but until then I will let them hold their secret meetings, and babble their secret language.

A deep inhale, taking in the smell of the bacteria blooming upon the surface of the dirt, blooming in a microscopic field just below the hooved feet and splayed toes of the unforeseen mammals that rummaged the perimeter, just beyond my sight, freely roaming around and growing accustomed to each other. If we are to sync in a harmonic balance, that is how it is done. I exist around them and they exist around me until the point we just converge in culture and social construct that tends to separate us.

As I roll onto my back, stretching out my arms and a wail of relief as my muscles release the tension of rigid sleep eases out of my system, my body regaining consciousness and my appendages are now beginning to engage. Every piece of tissue begins to flow with blood and oxygen as I flick my wrists to unhinge my joints that are locked and oddly arthritic, but truly they're just swollen and sore from adjusting and acclimating to this area.

Time has been alluding to me since I first arrived here, days and weeks dissolved into the many possible months that are slowly moving into the years. Would I make it to a year? Would I survive living extensive time out here in a world so unknown to me?

Does it truly matter? As long as I do what I am here to do?

I shrug these thoughts away as I start to sit up slowly, engaging my muscles as my lower back aches haunted by the twelve mile hike yesterday to the grove where a small band of rare spider-monkeys met in their secret coven to exist away from the busy world, to seclude themselves from the predators, from the other gaggle of apes and primates that tend to annoy them constantly for resources and social activities. Moving themselves where only a few can reach it or know of it beyond the birds and insects that will passover it, uninterested in the steaming and foaming waters that volcanic veins from an ancient time that has now passed with every sunrise that comes and every night fall that follows.

Are they awake yet?

Free of fatigue I stood up, crossing the threshold from bed to table that sits tilted on two brass legs and a makeshift wooden replacement I had fashioned from a fallen branch brought by a storm last week. It keeps the job done, tied and propped up by books, vines, rope and silent affirmations that it remains standing as I add more onto the scratched and tarnished table face. No longer is it used to eat on, but acts as representation for my frantic mind as I jot things down and throw it to the pile in hopes I find it later when needed or if I remember that I had taken notes.

Sunlight has now reached all corners that it could of my hovel that would creak and groan with every barefoot step I took to cross the threshold from one “room” to another, when really it was just one square area that acted as bedroom, kitchen, dining area, and parlor with the

threshold being the division between the different woods and stones used to help shape and mold the foundation used when constructing this place. It does its purpose and I'm happy and thankful that it does or I'd be in a different scenario altogether. Yet here I am now, and I stand over the table, beginning to shift through the binders, journals and loose papers that are piled up haphazardly.

The one with the-

I hum to myself as I try to look for the specific journal, one with a very special cover for my own personal research I've been conducting beyond what I was sent out here to do, for it does get boring when stuck in a box of procedures and daily rituals that are in a constant cycle of timed collection. Everyday I can stand outside, take soil, water and any other samples. That's truly what I'm here for, but at times I feel that pull, to follow the footsteps of the hooved beasts that trample past, or to shadow the marmosets and other mammals swinging through the tree along the bark, and even at times to migrate with the winged beings that soar freely above the earthly bounds I have.

Oh, there it is.

I find it sitting on the counter by the makeshift basin of my so-called kitchen where I last watched them flitting by my window, little specks that dance in and out of the sunlight. There you can see such a mystical moment become of them as the enchanting colors of the growing sunlight seems to bless their figures with something I have not quite seen before in any species they may or may not relate to. Existing as their own entities, and that's what seems to draw me to them more than any other creature that lives amongst this hidden world.

On the cover were little birds, painted on as they were in mid-flight, taking off to a land that only the artist that had this printed knows about. It was birds heading towards a sunset or to

a distant land. I wished to follow them to a new day beyond the constructs and stresses of humanity. A first flight, to a new life. To a new world. To where they live freely. The start to a journey, and I want to see where it goes

Then came whistling. It was nearly silent at first. One had to wake, ruffle its feathers dampened by dew, stretch first, and begin the morning ritual signaling to the others that the day has come, the sun was burning brightly overhead once more and the others had to be awake to see it. It was a very faint and delicate whistle, it sounds almost like a tea kettle that has finally boiled to the perfect point for tea as it steams and whines loudly so you may acknowledge it, a rather universally annoying sound. These tiny chatters were not some sound of a whining kettle, it was softer and delicate as more began to wake, their sound swelling and dying in such a fascinating display of control, a vocalizing masterpiece not heard in other birds.

These birds continued to whistle until it was just a sound emanating fully, engulfing anything within radius to be consumed by the whimsical chiming of these feathered vocalists. Then it changed to an almost soft and pitched “*choo-choo*” that they used to signify when everyone was awake, and soon the world outside sounded like mini-toy trains were looping around my humble hut, being serenaded by these almost fairy-like creatures.

I lean in closer, to peer through the cracks in the panes of glass to see if any of them were flitting by in their small little groups to pick at the grubs and spiders that wandered about the tall grass and bushes. There were none yet to be seen strutting along the greenage, it was still too early, that means they were all still roosting nearby, it's not too late to catch them in flight.

I grab one of the many pens that were scattered about and turn the journal in my hands to the next blank page, jotting down my notes frantically on the time, the day, location and everything in between. I need to make sure all my data is accurate and useful. It was also so I

myself didn't forget any of the important details for my mind does become very overwhelmed with information that I tend to let the things I enjoy slip away from me. Not this time though, I plan to hold onto the memories whether through my own sheer will or through the pages of paper I scribble across in desperate attempts to keep such memories alive.

I dress myself for the day to not be bare in the world. No one else would see me and the animals would find it funny to see me, or perhaps find me sick and weak, just as long as they don't see me as a threat if I was stumbled upon. At least, that's the affirmation I tell myself as I head for the door, snatching the canteen that swayed pathetically, and unlatching the flimsy chain lock.

Beyond that door, there is a world of blooming sentience and life that slithers and struts, flits and flutters, chirps and chatters, all sounds that nature has designated to the different entities that possess their own uniqueness. How enchanting it was to hear it all, but what drew me was the delicate whistles and noises that rise and fall from the large tree looking over my house.

An ancient skyscraper of cytoplasm and chloroplast, running on pure solar energy and glucose that towered above life, looming over those that tended to bask in the shade and nourishment from the bark and leaves, from the massive acorn like seeds that rained down, and to the roots that reach far back in time and deep into the earth that reciprocate life back to the surrounding forest.

A large Gray Ashpu that spirals upward through space and existence, watching as the world around it developed and evolved far before the eyes of humanity and modernity glanced over the green and the animals that were flourishing and adapting away from the iron and plastic world that is pressing on them. The fingers of modernization were blocked out from the very

Ashpu that stands in the garden, and it was refusing to have anything fall through the cracks it was binding together through sheer will power and a root system of greater design.

Erected against humanity and the infrastructure and grossly booming population by using a simple version of our own methods to keep us out. A living barricade of blooming descendants from the very Ashpu that sways before me, a thick grouping of relatives that are gathered together in unity to allow no one to enter their land. It is such a marvel to study and understand.

I approach the Gray Ashpu with humility and respect, reaching out delicately to place my palm firmly to the bark. This one was different from most, it had rather soft bark that wasn't as stiff and rough as normal oaks around the world, it just added to the uniqueness and individualism as being the only Gray Ashpu in existence, the evolutionary process so intriguing, so much research and constant observations made to understand the complexity of change.

I look over the low hanging branches that sway above my head, each one luscious and green as if painted perfectly from the steady hands of Life or some variation of entity that looms over this realm or breathes and grows below our feet amongst the roots themselves in some invisible layer unbeknownst to humans. One branch in particular catches my eye, one that is slightly limp and sagging, a sickly gaze with leaves that hold their heads low.

“What happened to you my dear?” I whispered to the ill little tree extension.

Gently, I squeeze the branch as if to send my own energy through it, hoping that my own will power will allow it to survive, trying to give it that boost needed to continue living. For as long as I've been here I have never seen signs of bad health or decay of this particular tree, but here is a branch that is weeping, but there is life. On the branch, was my guilty pleasure of existence; beyond the snails and apes that stalk the land, instead of the scales and fur that mask the skin in organic glamor, these have feathers.

A small fairy of a creature, with natural feathers bursting forth from the follicles of their thin skin in a full plumage of what seemed to just be a soft brown-gray, allowing them to camouflage amongst the bark and branches of the tree, being able to hide away from the predators that may try to invade the tree that grants them sanctuary amongst the leaves. But, when the sun is casting that ever burning glow, it casts an illusion through the feathers, giving birth to a golden tint hidden within the pigment.

They were unannounced to the rest of the world. They only existed here, and that's all that was known, to me and to others. The idea of that was practically perfect, for they were a small world of their own and I only got to gaze upon it in the late mornings and as the sun dies for the evening. To see uniqueness so pure and untainted by an over developing world, untouched by a brutal hand of man.

Is it okay to be selfish when it comes to the preservation of others?