



## *The Journey Home*

Marie Taylor



Little Press, Big Dream

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Cover Art: Miles to Go

## The Journey Home

With original art by Marie Taylor

*"I think that what we're seeking is an experience of being alive, so that our life experiences on the purely physical plane will have resonances within our own innermost being and reality, so that we actually feel the rapture of being alive."*

Joseph Campbell  
1904–1987

### PREFACE

The Journey Home is open to a number of interpretations. Journey may be used as a metaphor for life in which we are the travelers. The journey home can symbolize the sense of alienation or separation we may feel, our fear of abandonment and isolation. Home has layers of meaning, emotional as well as metaphysical.

The journey home can refer to the journey we take to the past, to our childhood where we encounter our regrets. We may wish to have the opportunity to make amends, to do things over differently or better. Or, our journey may be to the future where our dreams await and things will be better. The journey can also be an interior undertaking when we dive deep into our self to discover who it is we are and where we have come from.

For me, the journey home supports all of these interpretations. Now that I am approaching 70 years of age my journey is nearing its destination and I am aware of the presence of death every day, as a companion, as a portal, as an invitation, as a refuge. That is not to say I am eager to leave or that I view this change of scenery without some trepidation but I have had the blessing of time to reflect, to prepare, and to ponder.

One of the major influences on my art style and direction is the work of Gao Xingjian, an exceptional artist and writer from China. His mastery of ink is matchless. I have been particularly intrigued by his use, at times, of large enigmatic black figures in his work – shadows or outlines only – that stand in a dreamlike setting. It is these figures which inspired my work in The Journey Home.

This is the first time I created a series of art pieces based on a theme and I found it very satisfying and cohesive. With the exception of some pieces I painted earlier the art shown in this little book was created in August and September of 2014. All work is ink on rice paper. After the art was completed I set about finding poetry or prose that could complement spirit of the art.

As a fellow traveler on this most poignant journey I wish you bon voyage!

Marie Taylor  
Sacramento 2014

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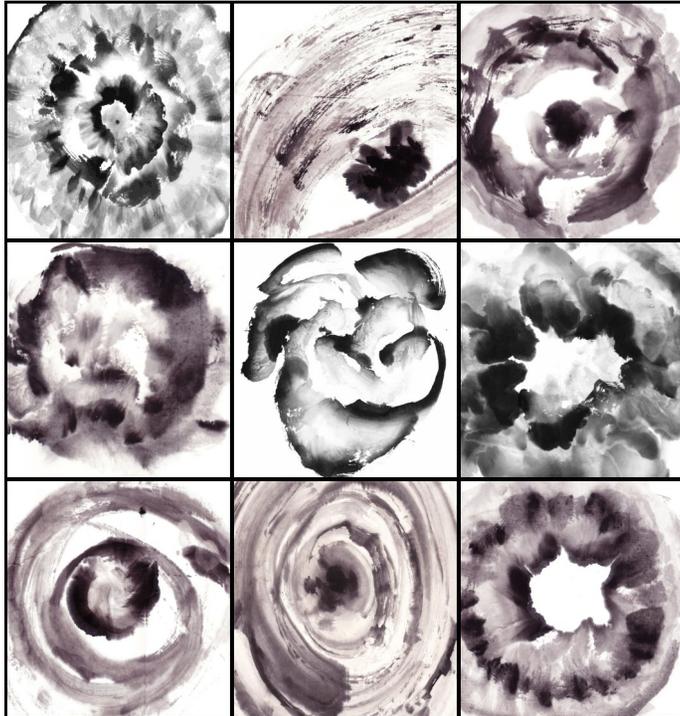
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**TRAVELER**

*“The longest journey is the journey inward.”*

Dag Hammarskjöld  
1905—1961

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Cosmos #9

### Intimations of Immortality

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.

William Wordsworth  
1770-1850



**Golden Swan**

### **The Upanishads**

The Golden God, the Self, the immortal Swan  
Leaves the small nest of the body, goes where He  
wants.

He moves through the realm of dreams;  
makes numberless forms;

Delights in sex; eats, drinks, laughs with His friends;  
Frightens Himself with scenes of heart-chilling terror.

But He is not attached to anything that He sees;  
And after He has wandered in the realms of dream and  
awakeness,

Has tasted pleasures and experienced good and evil,  
He returns to the blissful state from which he began.

As a fish swims forward to one riverbank then the other,  
Self alternates between awakeness and dreaming.

As an eagle, weary from long flight, folds its wings,  
Gliding down to its nest, Self hurries to the realm  
Of dreamless sleep, free of desires, fear, pain.

As a man in sexual union with his beloved  
Is unaware of anything outside or inside,  
So a man in union with Self knows nothing, wants  
nothing,  
Has found his heart's fulfillment and is free of sorrow.

Father disappears, mother disappears, gods  
And scripture disappear, thief disappears, murderer,  
Rich man, beggar disappear, world disappears,  
Good and evil disappear, he has passed beyond  
sorrow.

Vedic  
- 600 BC

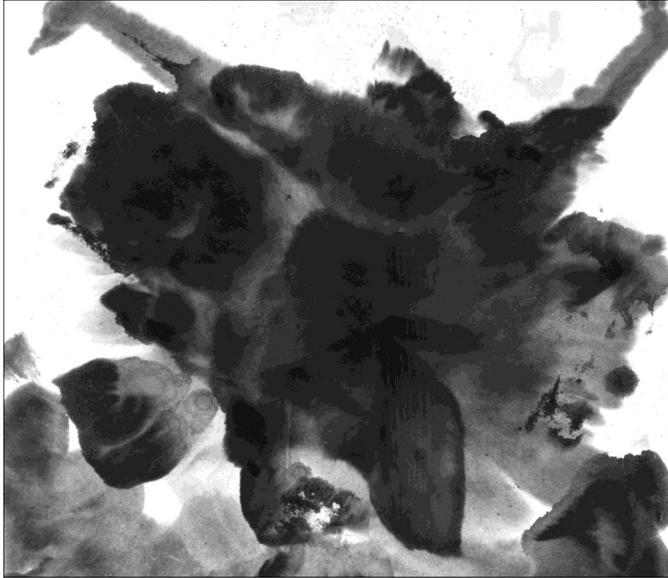


Diaspora

**I will be still an instant and go home**

This world you seem to live in is not home to you. And somewhere in your mind you know that this is true. A memory of home keeps haunting you, as if there were a place that called you to return, although you do not recognize the voice, nor what it is the voice reminds you of. Yet still you feel an alien here, from somewhere all unknown. Nothing so definite that you could say with certainty you are an exile here. Just a persistent feeling, sometimes not more than a tiny throb, at other times hardly remembered, actively dismissed, but surely to return to mind again.

A Course in Miracles  
Lesson 182



Dark Forces

### **The Divine Comedy**

In the middle of the journey  
of our life  
I came to myself  
within a dark wood  
where the straight way was lost.

Dante  
1265—1321



Embarkation

### **Ulysses**

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;  
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
Come, my friends,  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Alfred Lord Tennyson  
1809 –1892



Descent

**Traveler**

Traveler, your footprints  
are the only road, nothing else.  
Traveler, there is no road;  
you make your own path as you walk.  
As you walk, you make your own road,  
and when you look back  
you see the path  
you will never travel again.  
Traveler, there is no road;  
only a ship's wake in the sea.

Antonio Machado  
1875 - 1939



Time to Sleep

### Limits

Of all the streets that blur in to the sunset,  
There must be one (which, I am not sure)  
That I by now have walked for the last time  
Without guessing it, the pawn of that Someone

Who fixes in advance omnipotent laws,  
Sets up a secret and unwavering scale  
for all the shadows, dreams, and forms  
Woven into the texture of this life.

If there is a limit to all things and a measure  
And a last time and nothing more and forgetfulness,  
Who will tell us to whom in this house  
We without knowing it have said farewell?

Through the dawning window night withdraws  
And among the stacked books which throw  
Irregular shadows on the dim table  
There must be one which I will never read.

There is in the South more than one worn gate,  
With its cement urns and planted cactus,  
Which is already forbidden to my entry,  
Inaccessible, as in a lithograph.

There is a door you have closed forever  
And some mirror is expecting you in vain;  
To you the crossroads seem wide open,  
Yet watching you, four-faced, is a Janus.

There is among all your memories one  
Which has now been lost beyond recall.  
You will not be seen going down to that fountain  
Neither by white sun nor by yellow moon.

You will never recapture what the Persian  
Said in his language woven with birds and roses,  
When, in the sunset, before the light disperses,  
You wish to give words to unforgettable things.

And the steadily flowing Rhone and the lake,  
All that vast yesterday over which today I bend?  
They will be as lost as Carthage,  
Scourged by the Romans with fire and salt.

At dawn I seem to hear the turbulent  
Murmur of crowds milling and fading away  
They are all I have been loved by, forgotten by;  
Space, time, and Borges now are leaving me.

Jorge Luis Borges  
1899 –1986



Invocation

### **Last Words**

I am going to that country which I have all my life  
wished to see.

William Blake,  
1757—1827



Towards the Dawn

### **Ship's Log**

Following the light of the sun, we left the Old World.

Christopher Columbus  
1451—1506

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**JOURNEY**

*You cannot travel on the path  
before you have become the Path itself.*

Buddha  
500 BC

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Shamans Circle

### **Prayer of the Chinook**

We call upon the earth, our planet home, with its beautiful depths and soaring heights, its vitality and abundance of life, and together we ask that it teach us, and show us the Way.

We call upon the mountains, the Cascades and the Olympics, the high green valleys and meadows filled with wild flowers, the snows that never melt, the summits of intense silence, and we ask that they teach us, and show us the Way.

We call upon the waters that rim the earth, horizon to horizon, that flow in our rivers and streams, that fall upon our gardens and fields and we ask that they teach us, and show us the Way.

We call upon the land which grows our food, the nurturing soil, the fertile fields, the abundant gardens and orchards, and we ask that they teach us, and show us the Way.

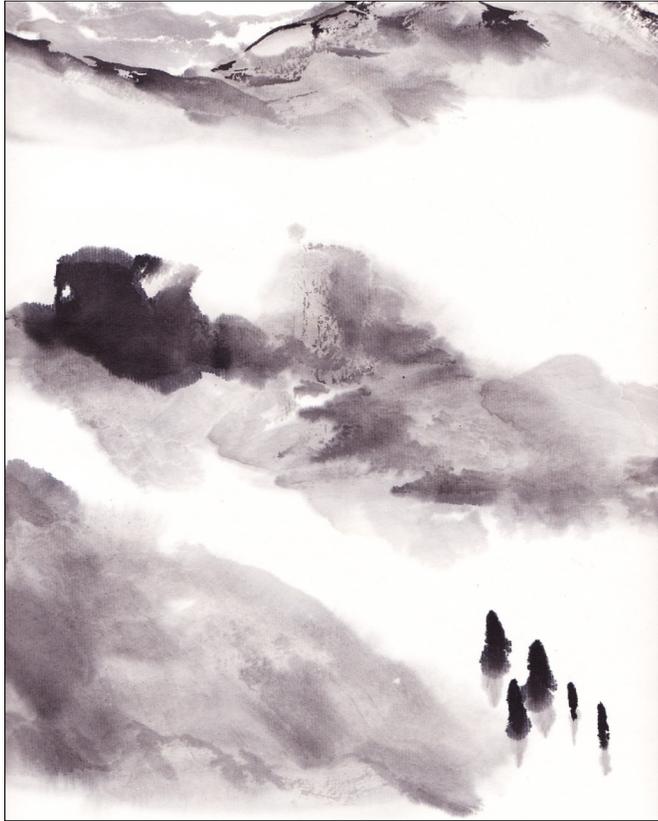
We call upon the forests, the great trees reaching strongly to the sky with earth in their roots and the heavens in their branches, the fir and the pine and the cedar, and we ask them to teach us, and show us the Way

We call upon the creatures of the fields and forests and the seas, our brothers and sisters the wolves and deer, the eagle and dove, the great whales and the dolphin, the beautiful Orca and salmon who share our Northwest home, and we ask them to teach us, and show us the Way

We call upon all those who have lived on this earth, our ancestors and our friends, who dreamed the best for future generations, and upon whose lives our lives are built, and with thanksgiving, we call upon them to teach us, and show us the Way.

And lastly, we call upon all that we hold most sacred, the presence and power of the Great Spirit of love and truth which flows through all the Universe, to be with us to teach us, and show us the Way.

Chinook peoples were native Americans living in the Pacific Northwest.



Silk Road

**The Way**

The Wayless Way,  
where the Sons of God  
lose themselves and,  
at the same time, find themselves.

Meister Eckhart  
1260–1328



Fifth Dimension

### The Journey Home

The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it  
long.

I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light,  
and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of  
worlds

leaving my track on many a star and planet.

It is the most distant course that comes nearest to  
thyself,

and that training is the most intricate which leads  
to the utter simplicity of a tune.

The traveler has to knock at every alien door to come to  
his own,

and one has to wander through all the outer worlds  
to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them  
and said `Here art thou!'

The question and the cry `Oh, where?'

melt into tears of a thousand streams

and deluge the world with the flood of the assurance

`I am!'

Robindranath Tagore

1861—1941



Pilgrim

### **I Follow Barefoot**

I long for You so much  
I follow barefoot Your frozen tracks

That are high in the mountains  
That I know are years old.

I long for You so much  
I have even begun to travel  
Where I have never been before.

Hafiz, there is no one in this world  
Who is not looking for God.

Everyone is trudging along  
With as much dignity, courage  
And style

As they possibly  
Can.

Hafiz  
1325—1389



Waiting

### **I Am There**

You need Me? I am there.  
You cannot see Me, yet I am the light you see by.  
You cannot hear Me, yet I speak through your voice.  
You cannot feel Me, yet I am the power at work in your  
hands.

I am at work, though you do not understand My ways.  
I am at work, though you do not recognize My works.  
I am not strange visions. I am not mysteries.

Only in absolute stillness, beyond self, can you know Me  
as I AM,  
and then but as a feeling and a faith.

Yet I am there. Yet I hear. Yet I answer.  
When you need ME, I am there.  
Even if you deny Me, I am there.  
Even when you feel most alone, I am there.  
Even in your fears, I am there.  
Even in your pain, I am there.

I am there when you pray and when you do not pray.  
I am in you, and you are in Me.  
Only in your mind can you feel separate from Me for  
    only in your mind are the mists of "yours" and "mine."  
Yet only with your mind can you know Me and  
    experience me,

Empty your heart of empty fears.  
When you get yourself out of the way, I am there.  
You can of yourself do nothing, but I can do all.  
And I AM in all.

Though you may not see the good, good is there, for  
I am there. I am there because I  
    have to be, because I AM.

Only in ME does the world have meaning;  
    only out of ME does the world take form;  
    only because of ME does the world go forward.  
I am the law on which the movement of the stars  
    and the growth of living cells are founded.

I am the love that is the law's fulfilling. I am assurance.  
I am peace. I am oneness. I am the law that you can  
    live by.  
I am the love that you can cling to. I am your  
    assurance.  
I am your peace. I am ONE with you. I am.  
  
Though you fail to find Me, I do not fail you.  
Though your faith in Me is unsure,  
My faith in your never wavers, because I know you,  
    because I love you.  
Beloved, I AM there.

James Dillet Freeman  
1912—2003

*A copy of I Am There is now on the moon... carried there on the Apollo XV voyage by James B. Irwin, and left on the moon for future space voyagers.*



Listen

### **The Forgotten Song**

Listen – perhaps you catch a hint of an ancient state not quite forgotten; dim, perhaps, and yet not altogether unfamiliar, like a song whose name is long forgotten, and the circumstances in which you heard completely unremembered. Not the whole song has stayed with you, but just a little wisp of melody, attached not to a person or a place or anything particular. But you remember, from just this little part, how lovely was the song, how wonderful the setting where you heard it, and how you loved those who were there and listened with you.

A Course in Miracles



Ice Palace

**Antarctica: Journal Entry**

I paused to listen to the silence. My breath, crystalized as it passed my cheeks, drifted on a breeze gentler than a whisper. The wind vane pointed toward the South Pole. Presently the wind cups ceased their gentle turning as the cold killed the breeze. My frozen breath hung like a cloud overhead. The day was dying, the night was being born—but with great peace. Here were the imponderable processes and forces of the cosmos, harmonious and soundless. Harmony, that was it! That was what came out of the silence—a gentle rhythm, the strain of a perfect chord, the music of the spheres, perhaps. It was enough to catch that rhythm, momentarily to be myself a part of it. In that instant I could feel no doubt of man's oneness with the universe. The conviction came that that rhythm was too orderly, too harmonious, too perfect to be a product of blind chance—that, therefore, there must be purpose in the whole and that man was part of that whole and not an accidental offshoot. It was a feeling that transcended reason; that went to the heart of a man's despair and found it groundless. . . . For those who seek it, there is inexhaustible evidence of an all-pervading intelligence. Man is not alone.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd  
1888—1957



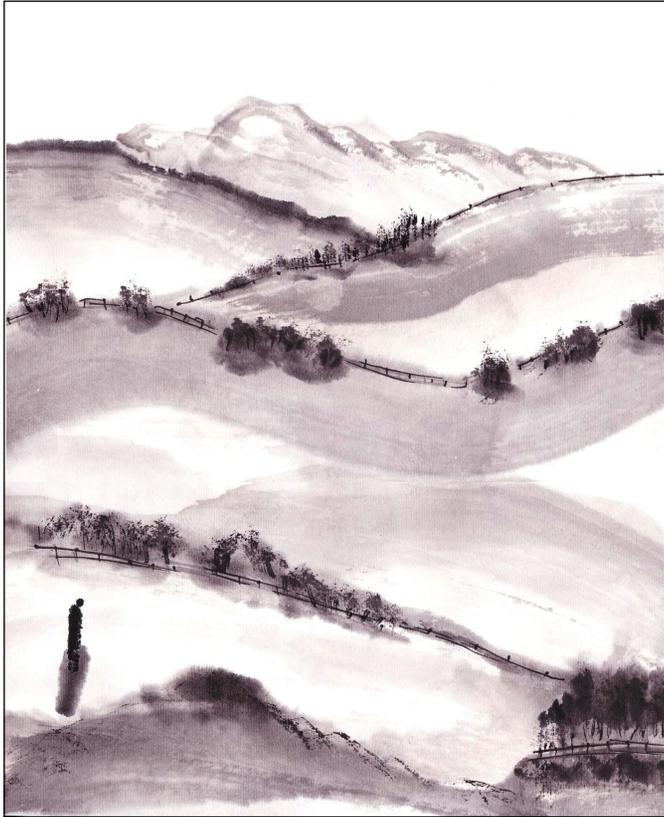
Dead Men Walking

### **Song Lines**

In Islam, and especially among the Sufi Orders, - the action or rhythm of walking- was used as a technique for dissolving the attachments of the world and allowing men to lose themselves in God.

The aim of a dervish was to become a 'dead man walking': one whose body stays alive on the earth yet whose soul is already in Heaven. A Sufi manual says that towards the end of his journey, the dervish becomes the Way not the wayfarer, i.e. a place over which something is passing, not a traveler following his own free will.

Bruce Chatwin  
1940 -1989



Homecoming

### The Prodigal Son

Jesus continued: “There was a man who had two sons. The younger one said to his father, ‘Father, give me my share of the estate.’ So he divided his property between them.

“Not long after that, the younger son got together all he had, set off for a distant country and there squandered his wealth in wild living. After he had spent everything, there was a severe famine in that whole country, and he began to be in need. So he went and hired himself out to a citizen of that country, who sent him to his fields to feed pigs. He longed to fill his stomach with the pods that the pigs were eating, but no one gave him anything.

“When he came to his senses, he said, ‘How many of my father’s hired servants have food to spare, and here I am starving to death! I will set out and go back to my father and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son; make me like one of your hired servants.’ So he got up and went to his father.

“But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him. “The son said to him, ‘Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son.’”

“But the father said to his servants, ‘Quick! Bring the best robe and put it on him. Put a ring on his finger and sandals on his feet. Bring the fattened calf and kill it. Let’s have a feast and celebrate. For this son of mine was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.’ So they began to celebrate.

Luke 15:11-3  
New Testament

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## DESTINATION

*Life is going forth, death is returning home.*

Lao Tse  
500 BC

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Styx

### **The Silence**

True silence means going deep within yourself to that place where nothing is happening, where you transcend time and space. You go into a brand new dimension of nothingness. That's where all the power is, that's your real home, that's where you really belong, in deep Silence where there is no good or bad, no one trying to achieve anything, just being, pure being... Silence is the ultimate reality.

Robert Adams  
1928—1997



Back to the Womb

### **Tao te Ching**

Empty your mind of all thoughts.  
Let your heart be at peace.  
Watch the turmoil of beings,  
But contemplate their return.  
Each separate being in the universe  
Returns to the common source.  
Returning to the source is serenity.  
If you don't realize the source,  
You stumble in confusion and sorrow,  
When you realize where you come from,  
You naturally become tolerant,  
Disinterested, amused,  
Kindhearted as a grandmother,  
Dignified as a king.  
Immersed in the wonder of the Tao,  
You can deal with whatever life brings you  
And when death comes, you are ready.

Lao Tzu  
600 BC



Ascension

### **The Bhagavad Gita**

He who knows me as his own divine Self,  
As the Operator in him, breaks through  
The belief he is the body, and is  
Not born separate again. Such a one  
Is united with me, O Arjuna.

Delivered from selfish attachment, fear  
And anger, filled with Me, surrendering  
Themselves to me, purified in the fire  
Of my Being, many have reached the  
State of Unity in me.

As people approach me, so I receive  
Them. All paths lead to me, O Arjuna.



Where the Sun Sleeps

### **The Light**

Death is not extinguishing the light;  
it is putting out the lamp because dawn has come.

Rabindranath Tagore  
1861—1941



Coming Together

### **Beyond the Body**

Beyond the body, beyond the sun and stars, past everything you see and yet some how familiar, is an arc of golden light that stretches as you look into a great and shining circle. And all the circle fills with light before your eyes.... The light expands and covers everything, extending to infinity forever shining and with no break or limit anywhere. Within it everything is joined in perfect continuity.... for there is nowhere that this light is not.

This is the vision of the Son of God, whom you know well.... Here is the memory of what you are.... Accept this vision that can show you this, and not the body. You knew the ancient song, and knew it well. Nothing will ever be as dear to you as is this ancient hymn of love the Son of God sings to his Father still.... What is a miracle but this remembering? And who is there in whom this memory lies not? The light in one awakens it in all. And when you see it in your brother, you are remembering for everyone.



Requiem

### **The Call**

The call of death is a call of love.  
Death can be sweet  
if we answer it in the affirmative,  
if we accept it  
as one of the great eternal forms  
of life and transformation.

Hermann Hesse  
1877—1962



Lost Horizon

### **A Garden Beyond Paradise**

Everything you see has its roots  
in the Unseen world.  
The forms may change,  
yet the essence remains the same.  
Every wondrous sight will vanish,  
Every sweet word will fade.  
But do not be disheartened,  
The Source they come from is eternal –  
Growing, branching out,  
giving new life and new joy.  
Why do you weep? –  
That Source is within you,  
And this whole world  
is springing up from it.

The Source is full,  
Its waters are ever-flowing;  
Do not grieve,  
drink your fill!  
Don't think it will ever run dry –  
This is the endless Ocean.  
From the moment you came into this world  
A ladder was placed in front of you  
that you might escape.  
From earth you became a plant,  
from plant you became animal.  
Afterwards you became a human being,  
Endowed with knowledge, intellect, and faith.  
Behold the body, born of dust-  
How perfect it has become!  
Why should you fear its end?  
When were you ever made less by dying?

When you pass beyond this human form,  
No doubt you will become an angel  
And soar through the heavens!  
But don't stop there,  
Even heavenly bodies grow old.  
Pass again from the heavenly realm  
and plunge into the vast ocean of Consciousness.  
Let the drop of water that is you  
become a hundred mighty seas.  
But do not think that the drop alone  
Becomes the Ocean –  
the Ocean, too, becomes the drop!

Rumi  
1207 – 1273



Final Step

**The Door**

Be calm. God awaits you at the door.

Gabriel Garcia-Marquez  
1927—2014



Desert Dreams

### Wisdom of the Sands

There befell me, too, the consolation of being at last rid of my shackles; it was as though I had bartered that old, gnarled flesh of mine for a new, winged body soaring in the invisible.... I could wander freely in the company of the archangel I had sought so long and vainly. It was as though, by discarding my shell of flesh, I had become amazingly young; yet this youthfulness was not charged with desire or zest but with a shining peace. It was the youth of those who stand on the threshold of eternity not of those who are entering the tumult of life's dawn; and in it Space and Time were merged. I had completed life's becoming and become eternal.

Antoine de Saint-Exupery  
1900 –1944



Following Milarepa

**Poem**

The birds have vanished into the sky,  
And now the last cloud drains away.

We sit together, the mountain and me,  
Until only the mountain remains.

Li Po  
701-762



Waterfall

### House of the Immortals

I've come to the house of the Immortals:  
In every corner, wildflowers bloom.  
In the front garden, trees  
Offer their branches for drying clothes;  
Where I eat, a wine glass can float  
In the spring water's chill.  
From the portico, a hidden path  
Leads to the bamboo's darkened groves.  
Cool in a summer dress, I choose  
From among heaped piles of books.  
Reciting poems in the moonlight,  
riding a painted boat...  
Every place the wind carries me is home.

Yu Xuanji  
843-868



Edge of Emptiness

**Epilogue**

I have not told half of what I saw.

Marco Polo  
1254-1324