

Blue Pastures ~ Mary Oliver
The Poets Voice - Adaptation

What about the moment that speaks worlds?

There was, in the tone of the old cities, a certain authority was implied and fortified through its elevation_ I'm talking about tone that was other than daily, the usual, the ordinary. This tone suggested_ that there was something of import_ that was contained within the occasion of the city, if the city is to transcend the ordinary instance, to establish itself on a second, metaphysical level... it served, in the old city, as a steeple served a church: even in the distance it says: here is holy ground. Here is something different from everyday. There is also the actual landscape of the city. Many of the old cities take place in a world different from-other than -the usual one. They take place in a world that exists_ in the meeting between the worlds_ it is a world in which the structures of earthly time and space have not been drawn_ the other world_ has to a great extent been lost, or if not lost then reduced, made small and improbable. For unless we are released from this world we cannot enter the magical, the heroic.

The important landscapes_ that open mysterious and shimmering doors so easily into another world_ a conduit between myself, and the divine timelessness of the city_ it was the purpose of the city to give arrangement_ in which an experience or an insight waited to be felt through, and I mean in an individual and personal way. Only thus could the city become an abiding part of the individual's own life. An individual would enter the city_ and would emerge a little different, forever, from what he or she had been before_ No city is about one of us, or some of us, but is about all of us_ it pertains to us all. Through the influence of the ten thousand things that surround any inquisitive mind_ each of us_ opens to this deep place at moments of ceremony, and of crisis, of passage, and of transcendence_ it is where some understanding about our lives is sought, having learned a little_ about the world beyond personal frenzy, the huge energies it can produce_ it felt itself to be, the center of the world.

And the "I" of the city must gesture to the threshold, an invitation_ the voice in which the city works, what ever it is, cherished and molded and polished over the years- is as any voice is, indicative of an attitude, a sensibility- almost one might say, of an other. Any working city lives in the company of this other, and in an intense relationship. A working city in fact very likely hears this voice more than any other voice and any working city is therefore, likely to be drawn to those influences, activities and thoughts that will stimulate, please and enliven this inner companion/voice. Do you see what I am saying? this innervoice- this authority with which I most intensely and willingly live.