

The Now and Zen of
Intention and Flow

The When as Intent is Always Now
Wherein is the Currency of Flow

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See What I Mean...

Art and Science Are Echos of Integral Perfection Appearing In and As Form

'Now' Is Always and so Also 'Then'... a Curious Distinction that could never need to be made... and so comes an article Whose Content Supersedes and Precedes the writing of it... emanating from and arriving at an Understanding without exception or exemption of any kind...

My aim and intent Is To Share Identity As Being, an Irrefutable Fact, which is the Fundamental Component that renders All Things What They Are, as a Unifying Association that suggests and Celebrates The Obvious... There Is a Way To 'Do', that emphasizes and Honors Being... within which Is an Extraordinary Accomplishment, Worthy of mention to The One and Only Who Must and Does Always Know It...

Shakespeare says, 'Much ado about 'nothing'... and as we necessarily decouple from our charged notions associated with that 'nothing', we regain a sense of Something that is the Essence and Reality of Everything... The 'macro' was always the content of the 'micro'... hence, symphonies of profound organizational order and content, emerge from the 'stillness' that curiously was anything but 'still'...

Wayne Gretzky played the 'puck' from a somewhat *Open and Unfixed Understanding* of 'what and where' that puck was and by doing so, demonstrated that time and dimension could be traveled Quite Differently and with striking and atypical effects... Poetry In Motion Is What It Is and Everyone Knows It...

I am here to share with you, an event that was never in time for the sole purpose of saving time... In doing so we'll use the idea of time but *Only To Reach Beyond* that concept, so as to Realize and Remember What we *Have Here and Now*, That Essential Component of The Always and Forever that we might refer to as *The Unforgettable Fundamental of Being*... We can indeed be comforted by the Prevailing Currency of a Certainty of Being from which may arise a Capacity of Another Order as an Elemental Remembering of what was never forgotten...

If science and its technologies has taught us anything, it would clearly speak to the Fact that There Is More Here and Present than what we think and feel and perceive to be the case... and as Einstein reminds us and emphasizes, 'the only thing incomprehensible about the universe, The Here and Present, is that it Can Be Comprehended and Understood, *when and as there is a Willing Accommodation*...

Life is an Adjustment... which is to say that Awakening To Life and The All That It Is, apparently requires a *Willing Accommodation*... a shift or accommodation within our personal and interactive system of thought so as To Accommodate or Remember Thought Itself, which curiously was never in question and therefore never required

Remembering... Essentially Thought Is Being and so Being Is Thought... the 'Micro' or Part, was Always Expressing the Totality of The Macro, The Whole... In Fact, there was never any 'part or parts' simply because the Whole was Always In Each Part, or The Whole Itself...

Science does bear this out and surely the newer sciences have led us to Startling Evidence, again requiring a Willing Accommodation to Grok or Know The Unforgettable Aspect of The Abundant Clarity... Robert Heinlein emphasizes that quality of *Sympathetic Communication* in his word invention, '*Grokking*', in his wonderful work, Stranger In A Strange Land... Getting comfortable with that Present Thought, with that Willing Accommodation, usually involves a curious experience described by Werner Erhard as, '*getting comfortable with being uncomfortable*', as a step in reversing or undoing a peculiar mental disorder that is without cause or content...

Integrating the Always and Already Integration...

There was an *Inevitable Moment* when Science would Remember the Artistry, long Evidenced and Presented in The Artists Celebration...whose Unifying Effect would galvanize and excite Awakening Itself as an experience Everywhere, whose Origin is nowhere... That Moment Whose Time Has Come... Yes, *In Fact Here Now!*

Phrases or figures of speech such as, '*If you're waiting on me, you'd best be backing up!*' and '*I heard you twice the first time!*', all speak of and to This Unforgettable State of Understanding and Mindful Presence... Einstein did and still suggests that, 'the Incomprehensible Fact of Universal Knowledge, could Be Comprehended'... and demonstrated the personal and collective benefits of such comprehension... and the Distilling Effects of such a State of Mind, Still presents us with *Opportunity Immeasurable* and therefore Keenly Practical in the remaining time and place we think ourselves to be...

Acclaimed author and storyteller Norman Maclean says, "Eventually, all things merge into one, and a river runs through it. The river was cut by the world's great flood and runs over rocks from the basement of time. On some of the rocks are timeless raindrops. Under the rocks are the words, and some of the words are theirs. I am haunted by waters."

— Norman Maclean, A River Runs Through it and Other Stories

On Poetry, T.S. Eliot says...

'Genuine poetry can communicate before it is understood.'

The abstract nature of poetry has long held appeal... It's attraction, perhaps, lies in its Core Essence, Abstraction Itself, which Is a Calling, compelling in it's Quiet Authority and Clarifying in its Simplicity and Inescapable Accuracy... Poetry Elevates and Excites because it Speaks of That Abstract Presence that lives in, around, and through all things, places, and relationships. Because the abiding Poetry speaks so Directly and Generously; 'Prose', in its more enlivened forms, naturally reflects This Poetic

Presence, Being The Poet Himself, The Cause or Causation of the Fields of Plenitude that to this day are overlooked and largely disregarded and misunderstood... The 'mental disorder' or affliction is lack of appreciation, which, evidently, is quite the global rage...

The Whole That In Fact Is In Each Part, is not hidden or concealed in any way... which is Precisely why poet, songwriter, singer Bob Dylan Let It Blurt in his admonition to us all that *The Answer Is Blowing In The Wind... Still Blowing in that 'Wind' that Everyone Knows Perfectly Well*, in which *A Rivers Runs Through...*

Steven Hawking, well known theoretical physicist, spoke of and was well Acquainted With that One Law that science claims to be still 'searching' for... Yet, 'science', as it is currently thought of and employed, can both illuminate as well as blind. As we Naturally broaden and brighten up, our fields of vision reveal stunning content, Always There, but hidden by our previous 'science', being the preconceived notions that somewhat curtailed our Gaze, thereby limiting our capacity to *Gander*... The One Law, in which all things Merge, and That aforementioned *River which Runs Through* was Always In Full Frontal View, Seen and Recognized and Known By All...

As I gain a more firm footing in my Creative experience and Unfoldment, as a musician and in the Greater Context of Who I Am, the Factor of *Simplicity, Profound Simplicity*, becomes Powerfully Apparent... and what I mean is that as the restrictions and conditions of my previous notions Give or Make Way to What Is Presently before me, a Validity quite Beyond my own making comes to Rest Gently and Respectively on all things that I seem to think, feel about, as well as perceive, in and beyond those five senses that were always part of a larger system...

Musically, my vocabulary or, what I thought to be 'my vocabulary,' becomes a Voice or Voicing of a *Greater and More Dynamic Content*, not at all fixed and with an *Informing Capacity* that Powerfully Moves me, illustrating a Rightness or Correctness Deeply Comforting and Assuring, Affirming as well as Informing, regarding that Incomprehensible Understanding and Partnership that was already and always The Case... Yes, perhaps, in this most appreciated Right of Passage, I seem to have 'lost' a thing or two... but that 'neighborhood' of conditions and exceptions, surely gone, has or is now accommodating a more *Expansive Provision, Revealing So Much More*... But of That, words cannot speak and understandably, you must *find and figure that out for yourself*... which You Did and so *Can and Will in the 'what' that remains of your time and space*...

And Here Is Why...

That Answer Still Sings in the Neighborhoods of our Life and Living Yours and Mine Both... and You, as a 'We' not only *Can Hear It, You and I Did, In Fact, Hear It Twice The First Time! Now Is The Appointed Moment in which Intent, personal and collective, was Remembered In and As the Flow of That aforementioned River... which Powerfully*

Frees mind, allowing the Sacred and Precious Here To Extend Into both past and future... and That, Dear Friends Is Some Apple...

or:

As Yogi Berra replied when asked, 'Can you explain jazz?'...

Yogi: I can't, but I will. 90% of all jazz is half improvisation. The other half is the part people play while others are playing something they never played with anyone who played that part. So, if you play the wrong part, it's right. If you play the right part, it might be right if you play it wrong enough. But if you play it too right, it's wrong.

Interviewer: I don't understand.

Yogi: Anyone who understands jazz knows that you can't understand it. It's too complicated. That's what's so simple about it.

Interviewer: Do you understand it?

Yogi: No. That's why I can explain it. If I understood it, I wouldn't know anything about it.

Interviewer: Are there any great jazz players alive today?

Yogi: No. All the great jazz players alive today are dead. Except for the ones that are still alive. But so many of them are dead, that the ones that are still alive are dying to be like the ones that are dead. Some would kill for it.

Interviewer: What is syncopation?

Yogi: That's when the note that you should hear now happens either before or after you hear it. In jazz, you don't hear notes when they happen because that would be some other type of music. Other types of music can be jazz, but only if they're the same as something different from those other kinds.

Interviewer: Now I really don't understand. Yogi: I haven't taught you enough for you to not understand jazz that well!!!