



Heart-Dreaming

By Richard Whitehurst

To Hearts Everywhere

Introduction

“These our brief frail words merely hint ~ *at what's really happening.*”

~ *Systole and Diastole*

It would be most accurate to say that this book is an account of communications received from *Systole* and *Diastole*, the two phases of my beating heart. My contribution in this matter has been primarily one of transcribing into language the sublime news received from them.

Here, in their own way, they offer succinct and illuminating perspectives on a visionary disclosure that took place in The Noosa National Park of Queensland, Australia – just after sunrise on the last winter solstice of the last millennium. This event was of such profundity that like Lao Tzu and his butterfly I have been left wondering for nearly fifteen years, ‘Did I dream this event ... or did it dream me?’

By the time the following experience was actually unfolding I had already been living life as a waking-dream for some seven years.

~ RHW

“Just notice what happens after only a few months if you allow each element of your life to be understood as a meaningful symbol appearing in an immense waking-dream.”

~ **Systole**

“... as you dream through your heart, bring into being luminous new worlds.”

~ **Diastole**

Invocation

In the stillness

In that soft

Morning glow

He chose - intimacy.

Allowed it

To hold him

Like a bud

Before spring

Then opened him

Beneath the mute sun

It was as if

The Everything

Began to fall

Like incest

Upon night

Plundered him

In his tininess
Filled him with dread
With light

*Pressed its mass
And firmly gripped
His quaking margins*

A Unity that insisted!

*Smeared galaxies
Upon his salted glass
And silently*

Suffused the searing
Of his love looks
His blood

*Angry with union
Digested that body
Churned those*

Glowing airs
And reached out
In its acidic need

All distinctions dissolved

Into a living yellow

Warmth - and all

His fear and loneliness

Evaporated

Like sweet gasoline.

He then understood that beliefs and histories and theories created by dreaming brains and made of strings of words could do little to generate the categories of wisdom and awareness required in these late times –

In what seemed to him to be the rich, soft tones of an older woman's voice, we whispered to him in our mild alternations just at the threshold of his waking mind. We told him from the very start,

"Be loose in your acquisitions now ...

as we pour these words into your soul."

1.

That is my window. I just awoke so gently. I thought, I'm floating. How far does my life reach, and where does the night begin? I could think that everything around me is me; like the transparent depth of a crystal, darkened and mute. I think I could bring the stars inside of me, so large does my heart seem.

~ Rainer Maria Rilke

A Heart in the Sky

We found him, there in the dream of a cool early morning, in the last year of the historic century, on the last winter solstice of the historic millennium. And we found ourselves beating as one within that singular human, spiralling down into the urgency of his dream. Perhaps he was more like a lost snowflake, having drifted down at dawn upon the leaf-strewn earth. There he paused, amongst trees ... shimmering in the silence, as if about to enter some strange new world.

feeling intensely alive, alert, innocent, unhurried – the edges of his visual fields seemed to narrow, and began pulling us into the collapsing tunnel of the new born day. The cool air was infused with the scent of eucalyptus, and we breathed that air into his body and opened wide his eyes so he might drink in all that beauty.

and we began walking him in an easterly direction upon the wooded trail, flowing him along the edges of an open bay, facing him northwards from time to time toward that serene vista where the tiny Noosa River drooled into its self-created shallows and mingled its sediments with the clear waters of the great southern ocean. Further on the North Shore stretched her arm toward the wild coast of Fraser Island sleeping far out of sight.

we moved slowly through the dry airs, free of desires and impatience, expecting nothing, as small clouds of vapour formed about his chest. Purest silence settled upon the realm, a silence broken only by the mild, muffled crunching of pebbles beneath his shoes. Speechless - suspended in this gentle stillness - he moved toward the newly risen sun.

the ceiling was cast in a nearly solid cover of a most delicate and luminous mackerel sky with a single gap just above the eastern horizon. The sun blazed there in

that gap, in that silence, and we were there, together, walking with him through these still airs beneath branches of Eucalyptus, Tea-tree, and Pandanus. Soft and vulnerable, this smouldering atmosphere steadily solidified as he began to feel a presence.

from the body of this feeling we gently turned his head as if in slow motion, assisting him in his peering through the breaks in the trees. Through those breaks he could see that a hole had formed there within the silver-white cloud cover. Entranced, he gazed at this pure, crisp circular field - three times the diameter of the sun.

astounding - that it was there ... and that in the middle of that perfect circle appeared a perfect heart.

this extraordinary image free of any uncertainty emerged from deep, deep being until ... a true white heart floated above him precisely centred in a circular field of azure blue.

we moved him, with him, looking through the trees, peeking into the workings of an immense fish whose eye had become the resplendent sun low in the eastern sky.

confusion, doubt, disbelief, fear, awe, and a peculiar kind of reassurance - these six flooded him in all our gazing. Walking stopped as he looked up more intently toward this purest heart of vapour ... and sensed his hairs standing as ghostly currents of knowing flowed through his bones.

different from all knowing of his former life, this new awareness began blazing through his mind like wildfire, extending his perceptions, and burning and blending subjective and objective worlds into one vast unity,

... a stupendous effortless revelation of that very precise moment where everything fell into the immense gravity of Myth.

a summation of the intricate story of his life spread out symbolically before us in and as this array of nearly translucent gossamer shapes; shapes and forms that just moments before he thought to be the elements of a solid, objective world. The physical boundaries by which he knew his separate self dissolved sweetly into those fuming

seconds.

he moved ... and was moved ... into an unspeakable stillness of identification with all the details of the universe with all it's numbing, nauseating scales. Yet ... he continued as his distinct tiny self.

2.

Instructions for living a life:

Pay attention.

Be astonished.

Tell about it. ~ Mary Oliver

Inside Out

He intimately belonged to all that is, and all that is was what we were, and what issued from us, and that was a vast living mystery – terrible, beautiful, bewildering:

the inconceivable immensity of billions upon billions of star-powdered galaxies, the perpetual microbial ferment, countless insects abuzz within the slow digestion of twilight, the chatter of krill and whale, aircraft roaring, shoes shuffling, cries for joy and mercy, the blue and white planet curving in the perfect silence of space –

winds, storms, and solar eruptions, the silence of that morning and that moment then coming out of us, the photosynthetic steaming within endless leaves, saps ascending, descending, the bobbing of plankton, gaseous exchanges between the realms

–

hills of rock and soil, of garbage, of sand, of abandoned cars and nuclear waste, the resonant pulse of the Earth, tides of salt water, the scurrying of ants and automobiles, the storms of Jupiter.

the flow of ions between the synapses, the flow of rivers, of volcanoes, ocean currents and freeways, appearance and disappearance of specks in the quantum fluctuations, the collapse of stars, breathing of the sick, of the starving and dying, music and sounds galore, the numberless perturbations of vocal cords as thought and sensation move out into expression, as lovers climax, as new babies breathe, as countless species in various stages of development, hold in rare subjective suspensions

distinct and complete universes -

as endless beings live and die within the gas and liquid seas fixed upon the surfaces of these huge rolling worlds, the growth and decay of everything, the repetitious unravelling and recombining of life materials, the dreadful expressions of cosmic circumstance, ribs rising, falling, the little air sacs filling, the beautiful exchanges, the billions and billions of beating hearts within each vast emergence -

the immense detailed magnificence that engulfed him, as we, his very heart beating then and there, continued to speak to him beneath the mackerel sky.

3.

Awakening is the awakening of the intelligence-of-the-heart ... If we give it preponderance over cerebral intelligence, over the mental, it will tell us everything, for it is the intelligence of the universe. ~ R A Schwaller de Lubicz

Sweet Wordless Murmur

And he smouldered within the miraculous nature of our own intricate biology. Every thing was emerging from the still, pulsing ground of Being, and moving out into radiant fields of dreadful mystery.

then ... appearing to him like the sweet wordless murmur of a gentle voice, we said to him in even greater clarity ~

"This is our heart-dreaming ... that the Earth is like a great blooming flower, and like all flowers it is involved and moving toward something, of which the bees and bugs and microbes know not.

"And, there comes a stage in the abundance of that blooming when it becomes a fruiting, so that in the fruiting the glory of the flower subsides and fades and falls away.

"This natural decline, this wilting and extinguishing of the flowering of a great living world carries everything into its new order of development.

"Do not cry little bee. Your part is not darkness, but light. Everything is how it should be. The whole show

is right on schedule.

"And the fruit?

"Oh yes - the fruit!"

4.

Our psyche is set up in accord with the structure of the universe, and what happens in the macrocosm likewise happens in the infinitesimal and most subjective reaches of the psyche.

~ C. G. Jung

Eclipse

These gifts impregnated him then upon that still morning, as he felt new atmospheres of clarity and joy emerging from his chest ... as he entered us, his beating, loving heart, and uncoiled his anxious clinging to the tired references of his decades.

allowing himself, opening, and thus surrendering further into the steady development of this heart-news, he continued walking - feeling a marvellous tingling in his body as we followed the path and the cloud-cover and the encircled heart in the sky.

we were moving gently, irresistibly toward the rising sun, fixated upon this heart all along as it drifted east. Within moments he reached the edge of a lookout where he paused.

before us the glowing expanse of the southern ocean ... shimmering, vibrating ... a serpentine road of gold leading to the tender sun. And he became still ... focused ... as we entered more deeply the delicate easy precision of alignment - of his stopping and his looking and his wonderment. Stunned ... he watched as the encircled heart eclipsed the sun and instantly dissolved before his eyes.

there comes a time in sleeping and in dreaming when one knows that an end has been reached; that sleeping and dreaming have dissolved into the fresh light of awakening.

in that morning's blessings he opened to this grand symbolic gesture as the sun ascended beyond that glowing sky -

where Sirius and her countless companions looked on from their cool distances,

from behind the soft morning light, as that sun of holy intimacy melted him into us ... as we, his heart, pulsed within the vaulted chamber of his chest.

and he slipped away and merged into a perfect stillness.

this living self of all-embracing intimacy poured visions upon him like a treasure house spilling its wonders to the One we now were; profound intimacy that in its brief moment enthralled him and carried him away upon wings of awe.

though the world that fell away beneath him seemed so full of hate and pain and suffering, now he was being nurtured with rich perspectives, where a living present gushed from astounding and radiant futures like a great river being born from countless mountain springs.

how he once understood the world; its origins, its workings, the creation of time, the structure and sequencing of events, humanity's role as a species within the realms of life – all these shattered before him like thin sheets of ice.

and he stood there, body radiant, as dreams twisted, intertwined, blended, and then expanded further from the dual reality that we are, living within him finally in his conscious awareness as his loving, sacred heart.

5.

Man is something that must be overcome. Man is a bridge and not an end.

~ Nietzsche

Threshold

Now utterly surrendered, he cut the last moorings and drifted off, deeper and deeper into this ecstatic reverie. Gripped by some holy quickening, his gaze turned to all the rest; to the fully laden and rapidly accelerating plane of humanity, the billions bound together in one larger fate – careening toward runway's end.

in this last fraction, as invisible currents lifted him, he knew ... this desperate species was about to leave behind the hard ground of its old ways, and ascend into new states of freedom and lucidity. Then, the surging of strong visceral sensations within his

body signalled the onset of an immense roar. Heart-guided humanity was lifting off!

all along, hearts had been secretly conspiring to take charge of the future. And now hearts – dreamed and dressed in fabulous garments of flesh and myth ... blood and soul ... breath and spirit – slipped into the helm and turned this great ascending ship light-ward. Answers and solutions began to drop like seeds from heaven as hearts everywhere bestowed their silent benedictions upon the burnt and artless landscape of these late times.

and this awakening into the lucid-dreaming of hearts began gracing the Earth, just like a great spread of wild flowers pressing up from the fertile loam of endless, rolling fields. At last, the warm light of spring had arrived!

he could see changes colouring the world, as multitudes dropped the stories of their word-addicted brains and entered the luminous depths of their hearts,

and into the growth of new forms of life-enhancing creativity, grounded within continuous perceptions of the miraculous nature of everything.

all conceptions of past and future shattered, as sublime transformations of love began exploding within the immediate awareness of each man and woman - of every boy and girl. Individuals soon became heart-centered pairs. Pairs became great collectives of pairs ... millions upon millions. Billions! All this we shared with him.

and he saw all the hearts of that vast human family meeting in a wildly blazing communion, just like all the stars of night being absorbed and unified in the glory of a sudden sunrise.

6.

...but I'm not the only one. ~ John Lennon

An Explosion of Heart-Dreaming

The vision intensified as his eyes opened wider. He looked about in a new daylight, in a new setting, and was overcome by pristine clarity as he began to notice the first traces of the explosion, now from his car ... looking forward, as rows of traffic stammered through a midday's hesitations. A simple beginning without expectations, like new love appearing

in innocence.

a beginning, started it seemed by a single hand that reached out from a car window to touch another, then from other cars hands reached to touch the tips of others, more and more, stretched and reached, turning rapidly from tens into hundreds and then thousands upon thousands of reaching hands, along with his own, a melding movement into unity coming out of car windows all the way down the stalling eight lane freeway.

arms extended followed by entire bodies that seemed to fall into vast synchronous realisations, cohesive dawnings of awareness and feeling as everyone looked about in wonderment and knew! That the love of everything was upon them and they felt it carry them away in its awesome gaze, from secrets to a presence and a realness that shattered the lies within each and between them all.

millions, billions, stopped driving and stopped walking and working and stopped struggling and hugged each so-called stranger since everyone then truly knew. And it all just grew. Grew upon itself through each person, and together, all the gushing hearts fed the hearts of everyone like great dripping mothers feeding their countless children. The love moved back and forth in every direction and in so doing the whole of humanity was transformed it seemed by that flashing newness steaming within the love-looking of their eyes. As grey concrete cities strolled down to loaf by seashores, the love had been waiting for a long time.

in the few seconds between his numb loneliness of separation and this razor-edged perception of the explosion a surging bliss caught him up and conquered his aching beaches. And tons and tons of surgical steel worldwide clinked and clanked upon the cool floors of theatres. Sterile scalpels fell from the sterile hands of surgeons because now they knew, like everyone else, their love would be enough.

it was nearly instantaneous, certainly infectious, (and consuming) the way change happened, complete planetary change. And no one could tell in love's blurring

flurry who amongst billions might have told the very last lie.

*all the third world hagglers in countless, mindless markets became silent, serene
and tear streaming in the settling dusts. And lovers embraced, falling into ferocious
canyons of abandon! While for the very first time many, many thirsting children felt their
parents to be a sweet supportive stream. Bureaucracies toppled beneath love's quaking
laughter, as military forces everywhere evaporated like a mid-morning dew.*

though many people were by themselves when the explosion went through; apartments, farmhouses, swimming pools or forests. Some lay dirty and huddled in cluttered alleys, while some watched the moon rise from a front porch. Alone, amazed and connected, each one became then a Buddha or a Jesus, and each thought his or her own wondrous thoughts, feeling deeply, while the love ate their hearts like some primordial sun god.

*seas of street children without homes had new homes within those first two
minutes. Meat packers received fresh bodies and moved them forward upon new
production lines.*

some said they could hear within the safety the ringing, sweet ringing of countless coins smoothly slipping between a billion relaxed fingers. And what of wars and newspaper headlines; cover-ups, child abuse, and terrorists; corporations, submarines and haute couture; advertising, and rain forests and factories? Nothing, nothing was spared.

*many people watched TV as the shattering pulse crushed their homes, and cameras
everywhere captured the many faceted aspects that showed the great explosion of heart-
dreaming synchronising and unifying all humanity. Even astronauts witnessed the
explosion and its nourishing impact, and they cried joyfully during space-walks looking
down, floating like the teardrops that sparkled in their helmets, relaxed and weightless
above the trembling blue and white jewel.*

sleepers that slept then dreamt of drowning beneath the folds of huge luminous

waves and awoke to the first day upon shores of glittering gems. Artists chose their brightest colours and poets selected words they once feared. Parks filled, fields flooded, as concerts, and classrooms and gatherings formed sweet molten densities of love.

and diseases – physical, emotional, mental – reacted in glorious response and healing, for the explosion of heart-dreaming pushed out fear and shook out the stagnations of our dank ancestral legacies.

and the starving were given food! And prison doors were opened forever! While each person alive at last dared to exist just as they really were.

he stood upon that freeway for many hours, as the evening sun, bidding the night farewell descended in the East. And looking up he then could see -

a vast arrangement of new constellations, aglow in perpetual daylight.

