

On the edge of the kutcha cliff

Cooee
Come here

I am calling you
To my island home

yes, Yes, YES

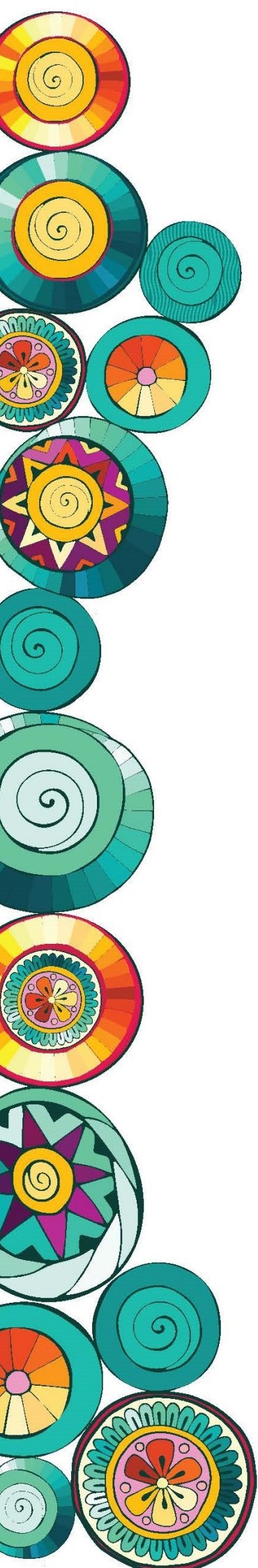
Tell the ancestors we are coming
Ask them to welcome us
and let us come home
to each other, to ourselves

Sacred circle
Sacred spaces
linked through
millennia behind us
millennia after us
holding all things
holding no thing
Gifting us shelter and
courage at the
centre of chaos

Come, to the temple of the Dogwoman
Pay most attention to the dash in the middle
Life is bleak, yet beautiful in the end
If not us, then who?

Four circles linked, folded
together in practice
Host self
Host others
Be hosted
Be together

Walk beside a stranger
through ironbark and stringybark
Tread the red soil
to the point that brings you here



Stacked squares linked by power
Circles linked with circles
nourished by each other

Think! Sense!
What is it?
Simple? You know the rules
Complicated? The expert knows what to do
Complex? Do more of what's good and less of what's not
Chaos? Stabilise, and give birth to the new

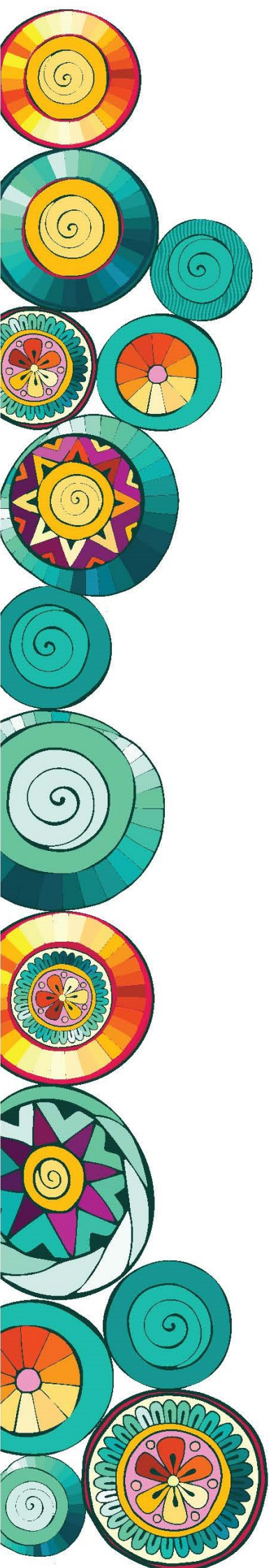
Breathe in, open wide
Hold, hold, hold
in the turbulence
till you see the emergence
Breathe out
let come the convergence

What is the **most** wicked question
that holds such power that
people cannot help but come?

Tell a story
Tell of courage
Hear your warrior self
reflected back at you
A triad is a shape that's fearsome
and
it's something different from a threesome

Open your mind
your heart
your will
and fall, fall, fall
Let go
at the base of the U
Let go,
let come

You are warmly invited
into stepping up
and finding your dharma
in the washing up



Come eat the fruit of the sea
at the Red Rock Cafe
and celebrate two special
Coochie birthdays

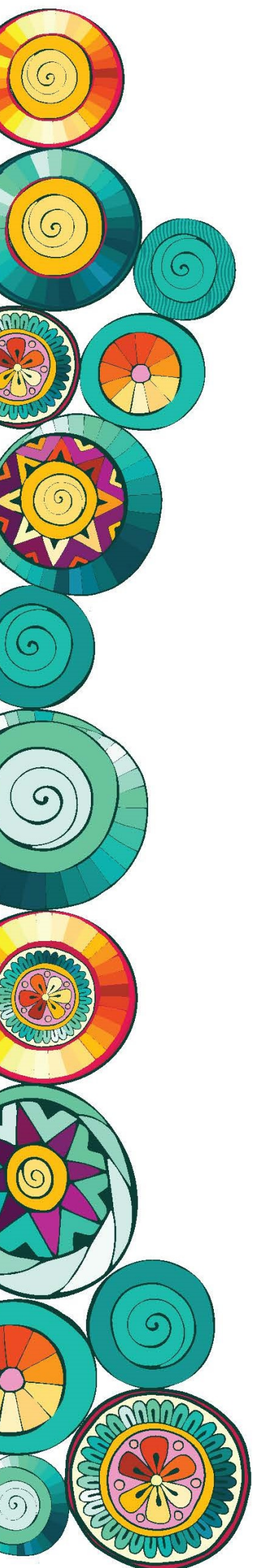
And maybe,
if you can stay awake,
you'll trek to the hall
and commune with Cate

Morning practice for 2
It's a new day
Roped together,
create, dance and sway
But
don't let go
or Amy's away!

I am alive in learning
I am the old old stump of the tree
Fairy caves on my island
bounded by an emerald fringe
We are intertwined in a cosmic dance

Bow down low before the Queen of Cafe
You know to move
When you hear the donkey bray

Listen to the clock
Tick Tock
Tick Tock
What time is it now?
Disconnection time
Connection time
Chaos time
Island time
Action time
Now is the hour
We are the ones
we have been waiting for



Oh, what to choose
in Learning Marketplace?

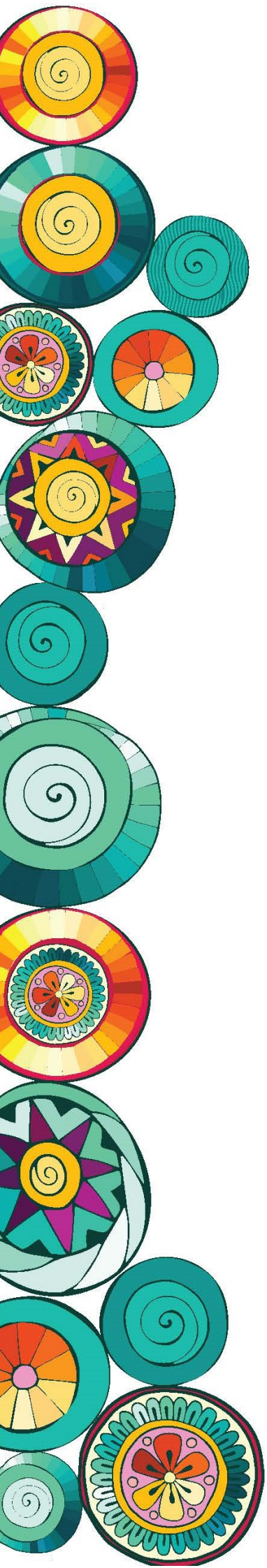
Passionate and responsible
we're in Open Space
Plant seed, give it water
Grow corn for the people
Harvest magic, not minutes

Gympie girls gonna come out to play
Wheelchair car surfing
Tree climbing
Fire twirling
and
The time I surrendered

We surrendered to the stories of
margins rubbed out forever
of bush knives and menace on the slopes
of 7 shillings of beer and a bingo win that brought you home
of Gypsy kidnap and
scrubbing and scrubbing till you finally let go
of a choice between death and love
and of choosing, and surrendering
to love

Last check in
Graced with the gifts of
baby energy
loving kisses
and a man fully of his tribe
sharing history and culture

I am freshwater,
but I can talk to saltwater now
I am a visitor
but the ancestors know I am here
I greet them every day, in language
I am home
in this place far from home



Community, how does it serve?

Deeply

All the same way

New beginnings

Wisdom and advice

Expanding my boundaries

Helping me up when I fall

My tribe

Learning, mirroring

Union, common unity

A lot

Keeps me alive

Nurtures more than words

Knows my children

Takes away my anger

It's where

we meet each other

7 breaths

held by 1 breath

Dare to pass over the threshold of longing

breathe in

breathe out

until you reach that moment you are reaching now

and pass over the threshold of memory

Call out

Call out to your tribe for help

It is kind to ask for help

The one who cannot ask for help

cannot be trusted

What's next?

What's beyond what we have?

Bringing our whole selves

every part

Managing ourselves

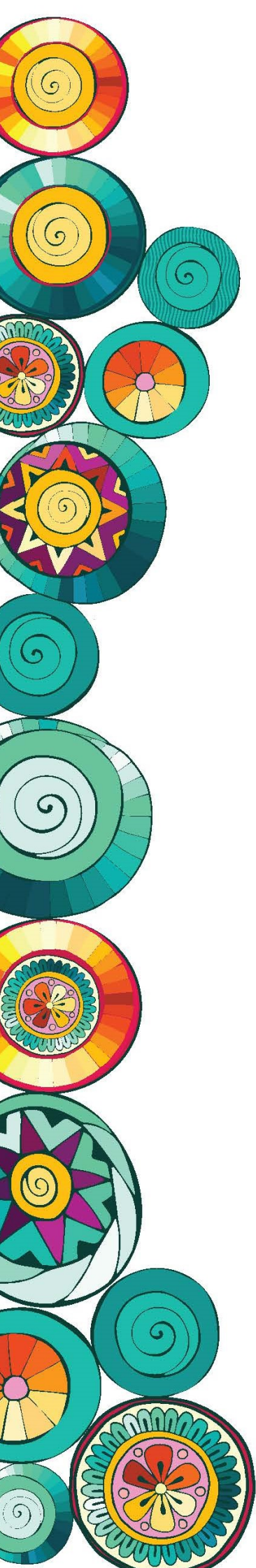
Letting purpose evolve

Teal

Where are we?

Walking the 2 loops

and finding our place



We have trembled, swaying,
precarious
on the edge of the kutcha cliff
We have surrendered and dived
inscribing the arc of the circle
we have cut into the water with our purpose
and are enclosed
warm, calm, clear
and have broken the surface to breathe in and out
and swim decisive stroke after stroke
towards the future of our collective creation

What's that?
Can you hear it?
In the distance
across the water
In the whoosh of the wind
in the she-oaks

COOEE

We are calling you

Come home
Let go
Let come
Come home

We are coming
We are coming home

*Coochiemudlo Island
September 11 2015*