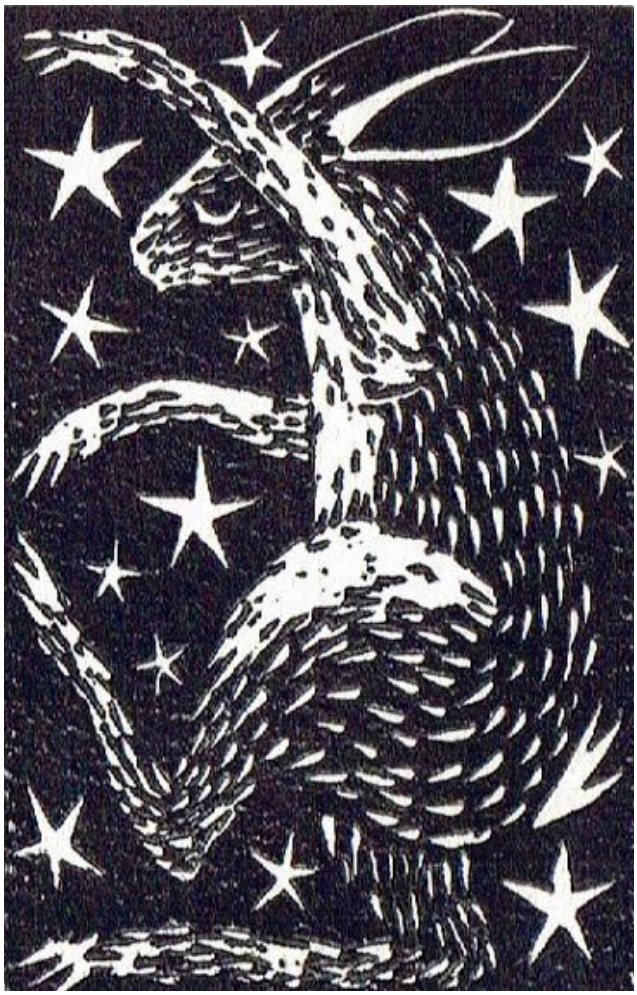
Rabbit's New Face

By Robert Gordon Kille
Adobe Lodge XLI



Once upon a time, the unknowable Great Rabbit wished to stir.., to move.., perhaps even too Dance - and when he felt he had the order and sequence just right..., he scratched that itch.

And so it came to pass that Rabbit developed an itch, smack! between the middle of his shoulder blades and try as he might; even with the assistance of a bamboo hand claw or the corners of odd doorways or even the sharp fingernails of neighbor Sally, the itch persisted.

Finally.., Rabbit as Perflexed as he was and it being so, so, early in the Day, burrowed down into the earth. Sitting there quietly with the dampness of fresh soil still hanging in the air.., he thought, and thought, and thought some more, - and then.., "Poof", as if by Magic...

Rabbit found himself Mid-Morning, even more Perplexed, as he was now somehow down some wash, over some Hill, sitting out in an open meadow between two large as life Numbers. To his left, the Number 7 and to his right, the Number 6. Each one seemed to be beckoning to Rabbit, "Choose Me, Choose Me". But time will not permit - All is uneven, and these Numbers being most uneven, faded away as fast as Rabbit's new thoughts could arrive.

What a strange place this is.. thought Rabbit. His senses most alert as the grass has never smelled sweeter, the sky never more blue or enveloping and the grass beneath his feet, never more soggy with a springtime dew. And then Rabbit as Habit allows, nibbled the green grass, fell soundly asleep, and everything is left at Six and Seven.

What seemed like just a moment later, Rabbit woke up with the Glory of the Day blazing brightly over head and promptly shook his head side to side as if to clear the cob webs. Finding no improvement, he shook his head again. Oh, Rabbit.., he says to himself - you think to much! And with that thought, Rabbit felt himself starting to spin around, faster and faster and faster, until he was the picture of a small dust Devil wobbling to and fro.

Rabbit trying his best to keep his hands and feet within the wind like Torrent, somehow knew that if he wished it, that he could travel anywhere in the Seven Worlds... in the instant.

Now Rabbit.., as Habit allows, not wanting to think to much, dug in his heels so to speak; whereby, he fell soundly asleep, and every thing is left at Six and Seven.

Rabbit, finally coming to his senses in a hot Afternoon sun is a tad disoriented from all that spinning, but now seeing more clearly, he finds himself in the middle of a gargantuan Strawberry patch and wonders.., which direction is the Right one? A Queer moment overcomes our poor Rabbit, which directs him to blink three times, and after doing so, as Habit informed, he takes a bite out of the closest Strawberry.

Truly odd thought Rabbit, that I should have noticed myself knowing the right direction by not thinking. This is truly the right direction for me. Hippity Hop! Rabbit exclaims. I don't have to be afraid of not thinking over the new thoughts, indeed, my right hand need never know what my left is up to. Blinking three times, Rabbit takes his second self aware bite of the most succulently ripe Strawberry he has ever tasted, and then.., as if given the Monk, which is not necessarily a good thing...

Rabbit gets stung by a bee.., smack! between his shoulder blades. Awwwh, come on! says Rabbit out loud to know one in particular. "That's right, come on, come on over here Rabbit" - says a big Bear of a voice. Rabbit without thinking turns around in such a rash, that he gives up his Strawberry patch for.., hhump? Gentle Ben, a.k.a. (also known as), The Great Teacher, The Great Bear.

In on the joke or so it seems, are his bee hive buddies who have been aptly named by Rabbit's clan, The Order, a.k.a. The Sons of David.

How, how., how.., in the world do they ever get along thought Rabbit.

The Boys and I have talked it over Rabbit.., we needed to dull that itch between your shoulder blades for the moment in order to give you a chance at seeing Rightly. Seeing? I see just fine. No you don't said Bear, if you could see Rightly you wouldn't be asking silly questions such as, how in the world the Boys and I could possibly get along. Frankly Rabbit, you seem to be quite a bit below our pay grade if'n you know what I mean. However, as they say.., down is the way up, Principle is not bound by precedent and willful entrance, is not passive.

Come close, closer now, come closer still Rabbit.., as what further I can give must not be above a whisper; foot to foot, knee to knee, breast to breast, mouth to ear, as All is uneven...

Listen wholly to the lesson, Rabbit.

"That which is unreasonable when the way is not seen, is an unshakable logical actuality when the way is seen."

Remember Rabbit, all great lessons are Three folded. And with that.., "Poof".., He and his hive buddies were gone!

Awwh.., Rabbit quickly senses that his itch is back! And now being most Perplexed, blinks three times, and then keeping his eyes closed.., softly whispers.., Hippity Hop, Hippity Hop, Hippity Hop. His eyes being still closed, a slight feeling of recognition came over Rabbit, as if he had seen Bears Face before. Well, not exactly his Face but the way he wore his Face, if that makes any sense.

The Sun now just above the horizon is giving up it's last few rays of warmth to Rabbit's backside. Rabbit now feeling ready opens his eyes to a speculative direction.., gulp!

Rabbit to his great surprise is face to face with.., **The Church Mouse!**, aka, The Ferryman, carrier of Souls over the River Styx, The Elysian Fields, The Field of Reeds, The Lake of Memory, etc. etc. Rabbit swoons but quickly regains his footing as Habit, now being specialized, allowed him to see that he wasn't dead, but was instead standing at odds with his normal perspective, you know.., the one in which Time will not permit.

Yes, yes, yes.., says The Church Mouse, I know him. Don't be silly, everyone who's anybody knows Puppy Jack. Wait... what? Say's Rabbit. You were asking about Puppy Jack's Face, were you not? The way he wears it? Hmmm, murmurs Rabbit. Ok, ok.., you caught me. You were thinking of Bear and the way he wore his Face, but he isn't near as interesting as Puppy Jack and his Dreamtime for an explanation of how one acquires or wears the Face you're referring too. Laughing, The Church Mouse continues... and so, for those reasons, we had to Chop him from the dessert round.

Grab hold of my tail and we'll go for a quick look see say's, The Church Mouse. Rabbit, now leaning a little more towards the not thinking to hard philosophy, grabs his tail and in an instant, is nose to nose with the infamous Puppy Jack who is deep down into what looks to be a most satisfying Dreamtime.

The stories of Puppy Jack and his older brother Oso a.k.a. Little Big Man, were not unknown to Rabbit as the pair were legendary rascals who were said to live over some hill or down some wash in a neighborhood called Indian Ridge Estates. Rabbit vaguely remembers a song about Oso which went something like this...

All the roadrunners say.., it's slim pick'ns round Oso's way..,

As Rabbit surrenders to the remembered bits of Oso's Song... He is pulled seemingly weightless by a silver cord attached at his navel - smack! into the middle of Puppy Jack's Dreamtime. Most interesting - as the Church Mouse promised; Puppy Jack and his older brother Oso were happily at play. Other dogs were there as well.., King, Dixie, Steely, Cheyenne aka Chy-dog, Roxy, Elky, Casey, Walter aka Shooney, Bo, Buddy, Barney, Shylo, Coach, Cody, Olive, Murphy, Maggie, Bailey, Dutchess, Jim, Astro, Scrappy, Butkus, Molly, Noel, Max, Tucker, Winston, Finnegan, Cheyanne, Bruno, Bella, Silver, Bear, Popeye, Felix, Getchen, Baby, Dimond, Sadie, Sophie, Virgil, and Herschel, who were all up to something Grand.., living life more abundantly, or so it seemed.

There isn't any color in Puppy Jack's Dreamtime thought Rabbit, but then realizes that Dogs are color blind, which then brought about a whole slew of new questions about why it must be so.

Odd thought Rabbit, this no thinking direction always leads to deeper questions, and I'm kinda getting to like it... So Rabbit decides to deliberately think about his Dog question, pausing, he decides that he would not limit the answer to his own expectations, except that whatever it was, whichever way he receives it, that it should come in the form of service to others... as if by... Magic - Quicker than he thought possible and without blinking this time, an inkling of an answer presented itself. Rabbit remembers that smack! between the shoulder blades earlier in the day.

Bear and the Boys said that they had to dull his itch before he could wholly hear the lesson. Could it be that one or more of his senses had to be lowered, dulled as Bear put it, for him to allow for an unshakable logical actuality, objectively.

Reciprocity!

Booms out inside of Rabbit's head. He's not sure what to make of this unforgettable announcement but is sure it will come to him, sometime, somewhere, somehow.

Rabbit's attention comes back to Puppy Jack and Oso who are tugging a big Blue tarp over and into a large bed of Red Roses. And then to Rabbit's sheer delight.., He witnessed the most amazing and captivating display of Joy in motion. Puppy Jack and his older brother Oso performed their patented zoomie butt run, thereby knocking off all the Red Rose petals onto the tarp.

Quite happy with themselves, laying there with tongues hanging down, they suddenly tense up and quickly look to each other as if a pistol starter just raised his pistol for the count down. Ready, Set.., Go!

It was just before.., Go! that Oso with those fabulously Luminous Salamander eye's looked directly into Rabbit's.

It was just a flash, like all the Roadrunners say.., Oso sprang up and then came down with his Labrador like webbed paw trapping something to the ground. Rabbit willed himself closer for a better look.., it.., it.., it looked something like a large photographic negative with the image of a man sleeping. But on what he was laying Rabbit couldn't make out exactly, it sorta looked like ship decking planks.

An overwhelming sadness came upon Rabbit as he looked more carefully at the image. The man appears to be cold and lonely, his coat collar turned up and his pockets turned out, indicating that he is without Metal or Coin. He had the look of the homeless about him. His head is resting on a pillow which brings Rabbit's attention to the man's face and it's accompanying white hair. But the face, however else it looked, it looked as if it was resigned, as if the man was ready for something new but just couldn't work it out in his head, subjectively.

Puppy Jack breaks back onto the scene with the tarp of Red Rose petals in tow. Hovering over the tarp, Puppy Jack makes like he's digging to China and showers the man with the Red Rose petals. Oso, on point.., uses his free paw to shape the Red petals into Three areas, one to the man's left, one to the right and the third just above his back.

All the Dogs of Dreamtime suddenly appear.., and after circling the man they started up some kind'a Soulful howling, much like the wolves of the North Woods, seemingly Heralding to the man's better part.., in himself.

Rabbit finds himself making an instinctual head duck as Three big beautiful Swans swoop down from overhead and land beside the man. They make a great show of turning over onto their backs and nestle into the Red Rose petals, all awhile snuggling in closer and closer to the man.

How absurd thinks Rabbit...

Then again.., Rabbit realizes that Puppy Jack's Dreamtime is not something separate for Puppy Jack, for him it's an unshakable logical actuality at every present moment, ***Eskato Bebeloi*** *(Hence ye Profane)*, Puppy Jack wears the Face.

Then.., that Queer moment so encountered in the Strawberry patch comes over Rabbit, he blinks three times and in so doing, he Rightly see's the whole lesson just as Bear directed and acquires the new Face.

Not everyone could see Rabbit's new Face but they did notice that he had developed a limp recently; that he now walks a bit lamely in conversation, as they say.

Rabbit himself, hopping this way and that, always returning to the surroundings of a fresh springtime, has even implied to those that have sensed his new Face, that he has received a new Name..,

ISRAEL

And there abouts.., down some wash.., over some Hill..,
Rabbit lived happily ever after.