

PROSODY AND THE PRECIOUSNESS OF LIFE

"Healing is a function of how we address ourselves." — George Quasha

How to tell a whole story of prosody? I can't present prosody as a "subject" separable from its role in our wellbeing. Setting a course without this bottom line would be *out of context*, given our current state of imbalance.

We *are* special. We *would be* the only species to have ever been both conscious of and complicit in (while un-aghast and in denial of) its end. We now see we can't cause a solution—or certainly not until we first solve having caused the problem. Can we peel our possibilities all the way back to our pristine state? Of course. Contamination is the perfect condition for this. There's no other time.

Tone brought us here, to begin with. How do we sound now? It's said that prosody was the first cry of human being, our proto-language, if you will. I'm calling on the potency of prosody as progenitor and prescience—the resounding of the preservation and celebration of life, as well as its inquest.

This writing on prosody has been a nexus, a course, a bringing together of poets, performers and people. It has been held together by the vital interest of others, through meetings intermittently held over a period of seven years, opening the scope of prosody as our interwovenness, as well as that which weaves.

This book is a meeting. An ongoingness. It is what we can only be together. It is what occurs in its reading as a meeting. It's an occurring. It is what it is for anyone who takes part. Munir Fasheh's term *mujaawarah* comes to mind. *Mujaawarah* is a "neighboring." It's the reader who hosts the writer.

Writing as a neighboring.

"Contemplate the fact that anything you do is useless if you have not embarked on a spiritual path, and whatever happens is that path." This is a quote from Longchen Rabjam. Here, I bring in the word "spiritual" as *out of place*, as an unknown (it doesn't appear anywhere in the following writing), as a lost literacy or impractical necessity with regard to prosody and the preciousness of life.

The pith of this writing is its experiential aspect as *practice*—in light of the sound, breathing, somatic, subtle, meditative, investigative and instructive practices that have been, from its inception, integral to the lineage of poetry as the opening of a hearing heart and the hearing of all we see.