

COLLECTIONS OF WISDOM

Anita Roberts

Wisdom. We collect it...like threads, all sizes, all colours and textures, little bits here and there, long strands, knots of tiny chains, cords rough as burlap. Sisal rope, tight rope and skipping rope. Wisps of baby hair, corn silk,... filaments of gold and silver, spindles of copper wire, cables of steel, balls of wool. Dust bunnies and spider webs.

We collect Wisdom like shiny stones, bits of sea glass, shells and pearls, feathers float down and land at our feet and gleaming white bones call to us. Twisted twigs trip us up. We catch dewdrops, tear drops and beads of sweat in cupped hands. We uproot, dig up, pick up things along the way.

We find them here and there and put them in our pockets, little boxes, the backs of drawers, in our cleavage, up our sleeves. Under our hats, under wraps....

As we go along, we begin tying one to the other, braiding, hooking, stitching, weaving...knitting our brows, so intent on the task that we don't see what we've got until we step back and see the whole tapestry, how everything comes together, how the cracked bits, the Gordian knots and broken bowls missed stitches, missing links, gaping holes and dangling threads, the empty nests...how they all belong along with the startling yellows, the soft pinks and warm reds, the creamy wool of lambs and the baby blue robins eggs, the light filled crystals and precious pearls all reflecting the perfection of the imperfections of our lives...

When we step back we can see the whole picture, the story, the boulders we rolled up hills like Sisyphus, and whole worlds we carried on our shoulders. The holes we fell into over and over until we learned to walk a different street. The views from the tops of mountains well climbed. The path as it appears before our stepping feet and the knowing our feet have that they belong to this path. We can sense the pull of the invisible thread, see the unfolding of our Marga, and we can hear the call of the Oracle within.

We step back and we say to ourselves..."I made that? That's fucking amazing!"

- Anita Roberts 2016