

The Feels

Images And Words From Aliveness



Introduction:

For the Reader:

Simply by viewing this, you have gained a dear friend with me on your journey into further aliveness. “The Feels” has been forged with the grand intention to express, “right now you are growing and you belong.”

My name is Drew Beam and I am an artist and a storyteller. Creativity has always been my church. My paints and canvases are my cathedrals and my expressions through paintings and poems are my sermons to bring meaning as I they have so many times before. My love for life is here to befriend yours.

About Art & Writing:

“The Feels” series is an ongoing and growing collection created through the majestic lense of experiencing land, weather, and light but in fact the subjects you see are intended as symbolic moments to stretch our perceptions of life depicting a vast spectrum of the human condition. Each painting and poem is an emotional memento for many feelings like: hope, despair, anxiety, belonging, relief, melancholy, and more. I use weather, flesh, and the land to speak to what it is to be a human being and to feel it all.

This series was a form of profound therapy to explore my deepest feelings during a time of great personal challenge and loss. “The Feels” is my demonstration for how I continue to walk through aches into greater aliveness.



Dedication:

For all those who have lost and are finding.

My Parents:

Thank you for all your support and love of my art and this wild, messy, meaningful, and beautiful life of mine.

Love eternally yours,





Hands to Hold

Today is not the day I will let the warm sun kiss my face

My hands pull this cloak over me for a chilly venture
into the depths where the sun cannot kiss

Soft hands come by time to time and hold mine
With loving voices gifting soothing words
they wish to comfort
I thank them but I do not wish for comfort
I am seeking something else

Deeper and deeper I go
Where fears stand guard of stored dreams and old familiar places

I grab everything
All the heavy dreams
Bewildering the fears
Leaving them in confusion to be no longer of service

Remember those grand dreams?
They were too big for just one of us to hold
It took both of us to carry them

My hands strain to hold them
I release my tired grasp and the dreams fall to my sides

Hands free of burden
I try one last time to reach out to you
For they ache to hold yours
But another hand reaches for me

I recognize these hands
They are my own

They were once holding up my chin
But move to tug at my chest
Leading me towards the uncharted places the fears told me not to go
To acceptance, To wholeness
To my aliveness

I feel something new within my hands
Holding now a different you and different me

And then they remove this cloak and allow the sun to kiss again





Shifts

A sign

Today I don't want to give and I want nothing to take
I want nothingness
I'll just be just a witness

Hoping all life hears my demand "bother me not"

All movement of mind stop to slip into this stillness
Allowing only the senses to direct my living in this moment
Listen, smell, see, feel, taste

Fragrances of decay and thriving vegetation compete
Chattering bellows of frogs and seals
Bellows of light and shadow breath
Fog lifts and thickens again
The sun teasing all the animals to play hide and seek with their needs

This moment holds no stillness
No more still than my lungs carrying out their grand design

I realize I am no witness
I have been sharing the air in rhythm with earth and all life
I too am am the bellows
Going out to go in
Going in to go out
Light will make its way through





Tomorrow

I set out on this journey to face my generous friend the sun
My everything calls for this friend's radiance and warmth
My mammalian body pushed and disciplined to bring me my needed reunion

I run through the faint deer paths
Through the pricks of needled trees and shadowed canopies with mysterious
fragrances
and eyes aware of me
Pushing ever forward towards my goal
To an opening where the rays of sun can heal me
a photosynthetic feeding for my wilted spirit

I see my moment slipping away
The light escapes
The dream escapes

Here I am finally at the destination I was surely to see face the sun
But the sun has quickly shuffled off behind the ridge like a friend stepping indoors
unaware of you desperately waving from a distance

Here I must camp where the winds beat and shape stone
where I will be shaped tonight

Perhaps it was not the light I was to find today but it's curious sibling darkness
Strange how Darkness wants to comfort and reward me too.





A sign

A sign
A marker
I must be on my way
Stacked carefully to let me know my path is just
Who sent this signal?





A Break

This storm
This shake my fists at the gods
“Saying is that all you’ve got?
Or simply I just can’t take anymore”
Storm

Every sense is tossed
Bruised
Soggy
And discouraged
by such unrelenting and unjust winds and rain

A place beyond
Beyond all the fussing
Beyond that petulant child called frustration
A place where only agony and excruciation commands
Where all aliveness is shackled and tortured

Winds swirl in panic
Rain scurries away as if knowing a god was to arrive
and all subjects must behave

The black bulls of thunder clouds sheepishly curtsey aside
The gods offer and ascend their army of golden swords as a gift
The Sea quickly calms to hold this light with precious care

Every sense Is calmed
Restored
alivened
blessed
By such Peace of life





Alignment

I feel a deep satisfaction thinking about symmetry and alignment
The divine setting for synchronicity
Waiting and knowing all will fit into place
Declaring with the utmost certainty
“The balance is here”

Like the needle waiting patiently for its matrimony with thread
The Hermit Crab searching for its fitting home
The pen tossed endlessly in a bag longing to be held, clicked into being

My earth has been sculpted through the ages only for you
An open window perfectly shaped for your light to enter
To call home
To be held
I will wait





Arrival

My body begs and begs to my commanding conviction for rest
the dragging through countless ages of heavy sands
has left so little within to carry out

I speak to my feet
“ My tired warriors, we will make camp”
They shrug wanting to resist my every word
With one more gesture of obedience they hold their true devotion and move

Each click of movement passes through interference
Curtains of stone part and open to a grand stage, a new view
Eyes gulp and inhale
Choking in relief on this refreshing air of sight

A signal in the distance
A fire has been lit for me
Hope

The sea bows to my side
Raking the sand and offering my path
Feet quicken

The signal calls,
“Over here, this journey is complete and right on time.
It is time to rest from all your calling of each foot to move in front of the other.
Warmth, companionship, rejuvenation awaits.
You belong.”





Struck

Insects and birds with their high soprano whistles and chirp bring beloved melodies
Frogs and seals providing baritone booms
Percussive crashes of water bringing rhythm
And in a flash the music abruptly dies

The symphony has been silenced by an unseen conductor
A curtain falls and the stage goes dark

No sound
No light
All is too still
something must be afoot

Did I hear the final song?
Will there be an encore?
I wait
And wait for the song to return
and still nothing

My patience to wait for more no longer commands
I stand up ready to leave

A crash strikes and I am thrown back to my seat
My Flesh and bone leap in place with nowhere to go by this sonic a detonation
Blinding light flashes and the stage and all its design is seen
The grandest of cymbals
Lightning has struck
Calling back to stage the entire symphony

Insects and birds with their high soprano whistles and chirp bring beloved melodies
Frogs and seals providing baritone booms
Percussive crashes of water bringing rhythm
And in a flash the music abruptly begins
The symphony climbs a wondrous crescendo by an unseen conductor





The Dive

There are no more treasures here from where I stand
Yet I do not wish to go to a place I cannot comprehend
Into a vast where there is no form or content to see from the naked eye

My body ignores my mind and wants to leap
Impatient for change from the plain safety of perch

My mind tries to humor my body's urges
Playing with visions of sunken vessels , ghosts, buried dreams and
ancient treasures eternally clutched to nature's reclaiming
All the sorts of wild wonders that can be found in such Abyss'

Asking all reserves to follow
"What is not known can be known
There's a chance for a divine discovery
I must believe so"

Mind and body leap together hand in hand
And dive to look beyond where there is no sight

As I suspend in time and air with no ground under feet
In a beat no greater time of my existence than the flap of a hummingbird's wing,
The depths approach and I know there is no way back to start

Will I join the family of ghosts at the black bottom who have tried and failed?
Will I return to air, to light, with mysterious treasures in hands?

No one has ever dived out of water but only in
Trust gravity
Trust the buoyancy of flesh
Kick like mad back to the surface





Triumph

(A work in progress)

Seeking
Needing
Starving

Below me a dark turbulence rises to show it's might
Bone crushing biceps of waves flex
Powers that want to swallow me whole
Like all the great fierce dragons from "once upon a time" coming together
To guard a single treasure... my salvation

Bullies of wind and storm push against me like a misfit from all sides
Antagonizing me
Exhausting me

There is no safety here above or below
There is no help
No hand
Only me
This is no choice
Only a must
Defying all reason
for my reason to live

A familiar voice inside says
"You know the only way out of this mess is through"
So I barrel through the bullies of storm
and make them all sheepishly scatter by this look in my eyes
Diving towards the dark at unstoppable terminal velocity

A welcome friend steps in and embraces my back
Help arrives
Illumination

Now I see what I seek
A faint sparkle in the depth
My treasure
Life

I clamp down
In my grasp I can feel that this juicy one is not getting away

I claim this treasured life I need, my life
I climb to my heaven with triumph in hand
New wind comes to my aid, the second wind
Challenge bows to my courage
Outstretched for all history and future to see
Presenting my aliveness





A Cherokee Tale

(Words from the wise)

An old Cherokee is teaching his grandson about life. “A fight is going on inside me,” he said to the boy.

“It is a terrible fight and it is between two wolves. One is evil – he is anger, envy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority, and ego.” He continued, “The other is good – he is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion, and faith. The same fight is going on inside you – and inside every other person, too.”

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather, “Which wolf will win?”

The old Cherokee simply replied, “The one you feed.”