

# LOVE'S SYMPHONY: MULTIPLICITY OF EXISTENCE

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**Abstract:** Love, although universal in thought, is explicitly complex and articulately multi-defined in almost every idea and expression. Love written is timeless from the molecules we possess within us, to the cosmos we study and explore. We can only exist and continue to exist in harmony with creation. Harmony reaches far beyond galaxies and universes, flowing back into the most separate of the smallest molecules. Within all common denominators of harmony there is love: the very catalyst of harmony itself. This paper will look at harmony from a poetic point of view and examine how it is expressed always in the context of the mystery of sentience and conscience from human biology to the divine cosmos.

**Keywords:** love, harmony, symphony (of existence), eternal-internal, poem

Consciousness is a fragile and a valuable gift expressed through the greatest gift of all; the divine symphony of sentience. It is the harmony of all that is seen and unseen; the paradox of existence:

## *Harmony*

I try for a moment to understand our purpose,  
Through the tears I try to wash the memories  
Through our laughter I try to remain in promise  
Through our words the symphony splashes within my soul.

Oh the winds that whirl within the universe plays  
wantonly with all the stars and planets, magically  
without notice lingers but for a while, and is gone.  
Gone on into the places where such energy meets harmony.

The core of the beauty of love's innocence and its beginnings are renewed each time a child is born. The child listens and hears the truths we muffle out with life's experiences, while we try to explain so much of the inexplicable.

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The eternal/internal symphony is a harmony of a greater possible love, and the finite of all possible beginnings. Who creates the rhythm that places us in creation? How does our humanity interrupt the strings the physicist identifies as the very energy of our existence in the cosmos?

Little children are in harmony with the universe. The child recognizes and hears the harmony that we have long-filtered-out as adults; we have learned to ignore. In the poem, *He Heard the Angels Sing*, I describe a true story of a little boy's experience (it is about my son when he was twelve years old):

The choirs sang and the voices grew  
there sat alone and quiet in the pew,  
a little boy who wonders to---  
hearing the angels sing.

The gospel rang out,  
the congregation would shout,  
a little boy wonders about---  
hearing the angels sing.

Responsorial song repeated in part,  
the people responded from their heart,  
a little boy still at the start---  
wondering why the angels sing.

The homily given to quicken the need,  
the people reached within to heed,  
yet a little boy knew indeed---  
he had heard the angels sing.

So in the end with blessings said,  
the crowd would go on ahead,  
the little boy took to his bed---  
He had heard the angels sing.

As in the little boy, we are all a part of the divine in the cosmos. We carry our own musical symphony within us. In terms of Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka's phenomenology of life: "you pass through me incessantly with your gaze and do not stop for an instant; I seek you, I

besech you not to go away but whereas I think you shine through my brain, my heart sees its bounds.”<sup>1</sup>

Research scientists are beginning to acknowledge what the mystics, philosophers, and poets have written about for hundreds of years. Kierkegaard and Camus, and recently Ghandi, Mandela, Dalai Lama lived their lives with the very demonstration of love as it generates tolerance, acceptance, forgiveness; all cognitive responses. This mystery of the mind that creates sentience from the different pathological/neurological areas of the brain ignites the impetus for changes. The effects of meditation/prayer in healing the mind and body as well as improved health are now being studied. In 2012, George Vaillant published *Triumphs of Experience*, from a study crossing 75 years, at Harvard University; stressing the extraordinary power of “metabolizing” love, he concluded in a five word sentence: “Happiness is love, full stop.”<sup>2</sup> Harmony is a string-effect found throughout the measurable and immeasurable existence and it is never possible without love.

What is the cosmos offering us? This harmony that is the very energy of existence calls us to dance with creation; to pay attention:

*Running with Pegasus*

Mounting Pegasus under morning night,  
we take to wings of running flight.  
Among stars and constellations,  
entered in morning night.

A falling star drops just ahead;  
a silent wish is quickly said.  
Into the mystic morning show,  
Pegasus and I have nothing to dread.

Heralded by seagulls awaking,  
the birds in faint light start taking.

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<sup>1</sup> Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka (2011). “The Song of the ‘Promised One’”. In Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka (ed.), *Sharing Poetic Expressions: Beauty, Sublime, Mysticism in Islamic and Occidental Culture*. Dordrecht/Heidelberg/London/New York: Springer, p.229.

<sup>2</sup> George E. Vaillant (2012). *Triumphs of Experience: The Men of the Harvard Grant Study*. Harvard University Press. See also, by the same author, *Spiritual Evolution: How We Are Wired for Faith, Hope, and Love* (2009). New York: Harmony Books, Chapter 5.

To song and flutter as we pass,  
all a part of the morning making.

This runner's flight crossed into light  
from a mystic morning flight.  
Pegasus and I ride into red glow  
dripping sun just in sight.

Our souls turn inward as the constellations challenges us, and the very sentience given to us at birth is renewed by giving birth. Psychologists say we exist as a human race because of procreation. What surprises the human organism through the nature of reproduction is that we are a part of a larger existence: the existence of being able to participate in the mysteries and specifically such mysteries as paternal love. In Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka, she describes the complex mysteries, the maiden, the son, the father, to include the mother. In the chapter entitled "The Father – Not Enough. The Son / The Mother", she states:

It grows its roots in every realm; the mystery of this anticipated creation from the feeling and flesh that only motherhood knows; of passing from within what is unknown - towards the reception of all, (rationally), irretrievable nuances of the other being - our very own and 'yet' other, our sameness which we ourselves do not comprehend - with the otherness whose consecration to us poses even a greater mystery.<sup>3</sup>

This is the song-of-song, our heart cries out for love's harmony:

### *Motherhood*

If you have laughed with the choirs of angels,  
cried with a torrent of tears.

Felt the transcendent of pain upon pain,  
endured the capture of years...

If you have leaped as high as the moon,  
sailed on the winds of the spirit.

Bruised with the stone of others  
from the anguish they want you to inherit.

If you kissed the faces of innocence,  
prayed till your knees have grown numb.

Walked the miles of a lifetime,

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<sup>3</sup> Anna Teresa Tymieniecka, *op.cit.*, p. 234.

felt the urgency of an open run.

Drown in the past of yesterdays,  
swam in all the hopes of tomorrows.

Carried the weight of generations,  
felt their joys and dealt with their sorrows.

You turn and see what you did not understand  
and understood the wisdom of ages.

You have been in the shadow of your children,  
and thankfully, pasted the album with pages.

We are connected. We are not alone. The very orchestra of our existence is a part of us, and we are a miniscule part of God's existence; God's sentience. We are intricately woven into God's string theory, the symphony of all beginnings.

William Shakespeare in his writings looks up to the heavens and beckons an understanding:

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here we will sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica, look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patens of white gold.  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still choring to the young-eyed cherubins.  
Such harmony is in immortal souls,  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”<sup>4</sup>

Following Nietzsche's interplay between reason and passion within the context of mythic literature Lawrence Kimmel insists that “whoever would discover the depth of human understanding and culture must worship at the shrine of both Dionysus and Apollo - both the god of darkness and the shining god of light.”<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*, Act 5, Scene 1.

<sup>5</sup> Lawrence Kimmel (2012). “The Recovery of Archaic Truth in Literature: Light and Darkness in the Perception of Space in the Human Imagination”. In Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka (ed.), *Art, Literature, and Passions of the Skies*, *Analecta Husserliana*, Volume CXII. Dordrecht/Heidelberg/New York/London: Springer, p.70.

Expressed in the poem, *Poetry Reading*, the gods of darkness and the shining gods of light are in all of us:

Voices came in sizes and inflections  
telling their lives in all directions.

Stories of anger, mothers and life,  
sexual encounters and academic strife.

Nationalities were all represented  
each as they stood and presented.

The works of art in a smoke filled room,  
coffee ordered and quickly consumed.

The listener listened and interpreted the verse,  
some as a blessing, some as a curse.

The emotions were heightened as one gesticulation,  
stood on the edge of suicide and elation.

Others subdued in memories of war,  
whilst others recalled the evenings they scored.

The readers and audience like me were all strange,  
as we take words and life and uniquely arrange.

Then step to the mic, they gave up their souls  
from the very young to the seasoned and old.

My hair caught the smell of the smoke in the air  
while I listened and captured the love and despair.

I turned in the end and stood to see,  
they all were a fraction of reflection of me.

We struggle to find balance, as the seekers seek to understand where in all existence harmony plays its symphony.

In his book *Spiritual Evolution*, George E. Vaillant notes that even the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* explains that “Love is the point at

which the opposing elements of the biological and the spiritual, the personal and the social, and the intimate and the universal intersect.”<sup>6</sup>

Is the multiplicity of the universe, the harmony we strive to understand both knowingly and unknowingly? According to Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka, “While our intellect concentrates on the discovery of our cosmic discovery, on the architecture of the universe, our imagination is informed of the gloomy vapors, the glimmers of the fleeting light, and the glory of the skies.”<sup>7</sup> In my poem *Moon Goddess Diana*:

I woke in the middle of the night  
wondering where the bright light  
  
had come into the bedroom nigh,  
I yawned and then made a sigh.  
  
I knew I had to go where  
The light shown in the christening glare  
  
Divided from the blinds in rows  
Came the light across my toes.  
  
Peeking through the window's light  
Just beyond the sky a sight.  
  
Glowed within the woods behind  
A moon in fullness hung to shine.  
  
A ball glowing in majestic morn,  
Cutting trees and shadows formed.  
  
In full Diana's light I could see,  
a reflection of the winter's eve.

As recently described by researchers who spend their lifetime in studies, to physicians who find their life redefined by experiences from NDA, as they describe can only be divine. We hear a common symphony, a familial string being played; a harmony. Listen, as the ageless philosophers and poets listen, paying attention to the internal-

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<sup>6</sup> George E. Vaillant (2008). *Spiritual Evolution: A Scientific Defense of Faith*. New York: Broadway Books, p.88.

<sup>7</sup> Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka (2012). “The Passions of the Skies”. In Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka (ed.), *Art, Literature, and Passions of the Skies*, op.cit., p.ix.

ethos-cosmos. It sings to us in an unmistakable song as Paul says in I Corinthians 13 4-6:

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, and it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, it always preserves.

It sings to us because the instrument of harmony from the divine is sentience and consciousness. All the while humanities paradox plucks the strings and feels the soreness left from the very stroke of the cord. Yet, quoting Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka: “This dynamism carrying us in a creative effort that makes us transcend our narrow boundaries - where then, this great inspiration comes from? How is this accomplished indeed? Not from a distance, but from within.”<sup>8</sup>

In my poem *The Heart of My Beginnings*:

I am never more at peace,  
soul, never so restless,  
mind, never so engaged,  
heart, never so brimming,  
body, never so awake...

As it is  
with sand slipping under my feet,  
salt left on my skin from the sea's wind.  
White Aquatic seagulls call and echo,  
behind the albatross breaking dawn...

in the heart of my beginnings.

A paradoxical existence; sentience and the divine, internal within the eternal, expanding throughout the stars, and galaxies only to rest within our own consciousness by the divine in the divine. We seek the harmony from our beginnings.

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<sup>8</sup> Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka (2011). “The Song of the ‘Promised One’”, *op.cit.*, p.238.



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