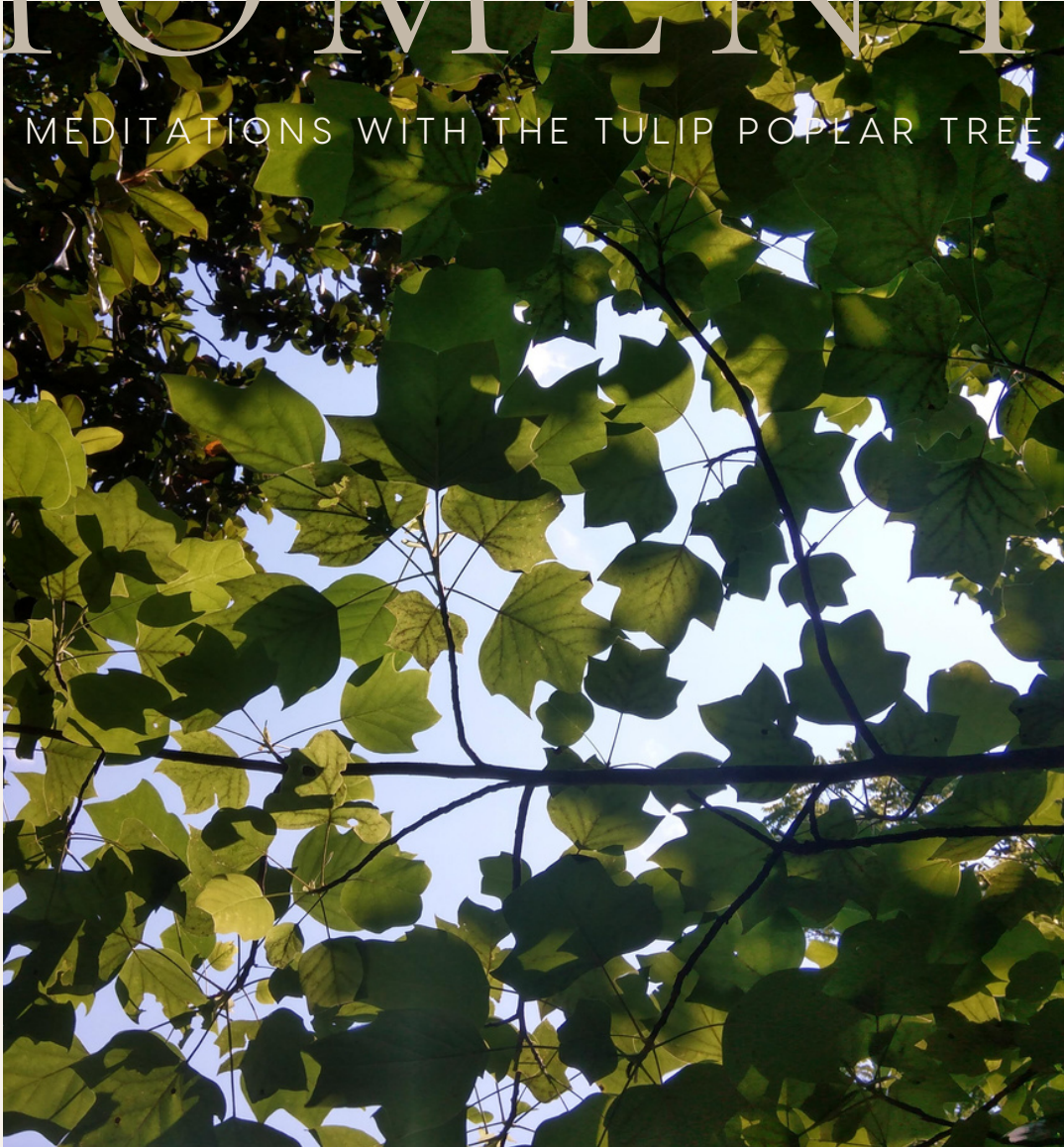


# MOMENTS

MEDITATIONS WITH THE TULIP POPLAR TREE



WRITTEN BY AMANDA NICOLE & TULIP POPLAR

# *MOMENTS*

MEDITATIONS WITH THE TULIP POPLAR TREE

AMANDA NICOLE

*TULIP POPLAR*

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## HOW IT BEGAN

Tulip poplar and I have been together a long time. Our first meeting, he presented himself as an impenetrable fortress. In time, she became my most intimate friend. Together, we have walked through fire and stood drenched, yet baptized, in the rain. Through my deepest, heart-shattering sorrows, tulip poplar has held my hand, dried my tears, listened endlessly, and offered wise counsel.

This tree became my teacher, and patiently, taught me to listen. They taught me to sing. They unveiled my dragon scales and tattered angel wings. No one has ever seen or loved me as unconditionally as the tulip poplar tree.

The messages first came as simple words or phrases:

*impenetrable fortress*  
*we are for children who have no parents*  
*you are releasing pain*  
*tend the fire*  
*get bigger*  
*no one shines as bright as you*

But in time, Tulip Poplar and I began to have conversations. Our hearts open to one another, the words and images shared between us filled pages and pages as we sat together. We had become intimate. We knew one another.

Tulip Poplar is a collaborator, a writer, and a rainbow dragon which is to say: Tulip Poplar is a Creator Being. But here, in this place we call Earth, its voice is not heard. And so, it whispered to me, *Tell our stories.*

And so, it begins. This book began as a list of words carefully curated by Tulip Poplar and I. Tulip Poplar wished to speak, and I wished to listen. And so, for each of our writing sessions, we chose a word, and with pen in hand, I transcribed Tulip Poplar's unspoken wisdom.



We sit together, and you don't know how or even why,  
but you know What Is.  
And What Is is Us.

*TULIP POPLAR*

# PATIENCE

I am a very patient tree.  
After all, we have all the time  
in the world.  
Neither I nor you  
are going anywhere.  
Nothing was ever solved,  
ever known,  
by hurrying.  
Remember:  
Intimacy takes time.  
Knowing you takes time.  
No problem was known  
or understood or solved  
in a moment.  
The unraveling and the reweaving  
takes time,  
and I have all the time  
in the world.

There's a wisdom that rises up  
in the pause created by  
your patience.  
In patience,  
we rest,  
we wait,  
we trust.





We trust we will know  
what we need to know  
when it is time  
to know it.  
We trust all is unfolding  
according to the most  
divine chronology.  
We trust that nothing  
will be missed or lost  
or overlooked.  
We trust that we will be  
right where we need to be  
to receive the Divine Grace.

In the patience,  
there is a stillness:  
a stillness of trust,  
a stillness of knowing

Patience is a pause  
where you observe,  
where you witness.  
You are unattached.  
In patience, a wisdom arises  
that hurry would miss,  
that hurry would pass by.





There is nothing to do  
until it is time to be done,  
so have patience.

Be patient.

Look.

Listen.

Observe.

Notice.

Witness.

There is nothing to do  
but be.

I have taught you  
the Art of Waiting.

Thank you for your patience.

You have learned how  
to watch it all unfold.

Rushing never made anything  
move any faster.







## *SOLITUDE*

Enter with me  
into the solitude  
of your own heart,  
to the quiet place inside you  
where there is only and ever  
the voice of the Divine --  
the Voice of You.

In the silence of the solitude  
is Perfection.

It is clear and pure.

It resonates.

There is no competing noise.

No distraction.

There is only the clear sound  
of the Note of Truth --  
the Truth that is yours.

It is true:

You are alone here.

There is no one but you.

But here:

You are also connected,  
always and completely,  
to the Divine Heart,  
to the Pure Light  
of a *clear, blue morning*.

( I'm sorry:

I couldn't help myself.

You know how I love to sing.)





Let's return to the silence --  
to the solitude.

It is important for you to learn  
how to exist in this place  
where there is no one  
but you,  
where you stand tall and straight  
with only your own two feet  
and your own clear knowing.

It is important,  
it is vital,  
that you come away  
and rest awhile.

Some things can only be heard  
in the silence of solitude.  
Commune with your own heart  
even as everyone and everything  
swirls around you.  
Commune with your own heart.  
Retreat to your center.

Your heart is the sanctuary,  
the retreat,  
the monastery.  
Your heart is the divine chapel,  
the light-lit cathedral,  
where the Truth of  
Your Soul resides.





It is important to be  
at home with yourself  
before you are at home  
with anyone else.

In the beauty of solitude,  
you are made ready  
for the joys and intimacy  
of communion,  
of community.

Begin by eating the bread  
and drinking the wine  
alone.

Begin by baptizing  
your own head.

Begin by lifting up  
your voice without the  
adornment of parts  
or accompaniment.

In the solitude,  
come to know yourself.  
It is the only way anyone else  
will ever come to know you.

In the solitude,  
you are never alone.  
You are witnessed.  
You are surrounded,  
held,  
seen.





We simply give you space  
to know yourself  
apart from others,  
to know the singularity  
of your own soul,  
to know how complete it all is  
on its own.

It does not need another.  
It is complete.  
And in its completeness,  
the other can be enjoyed.

Right now,  
we are together,  
but you are alone.  
You are communing with  
your own heart.  
I am only here to witness,  
and it is an honor to do so.  
I love your process.  
I love the god I see  
and experience  
in you.

The solitary path is never lonely  
because the All of Everything  
is here  
inside you.  
In the solitude,  
You become the many.

Would you believe me  
if I told you  
the End and the Beginning  
is now?







# SOUL

Your soul is uncontainable. This body you have? It cannot hold it. Your soul is vast and infinite, always expanding. What made you think you could ever fit it all here in this man-made box? If you could see all you are, how far you reach, the way you unfold, how far you've come, how deep you have been, you would bow in awe at the Majestic Beauty and Courage that is Your Soul.

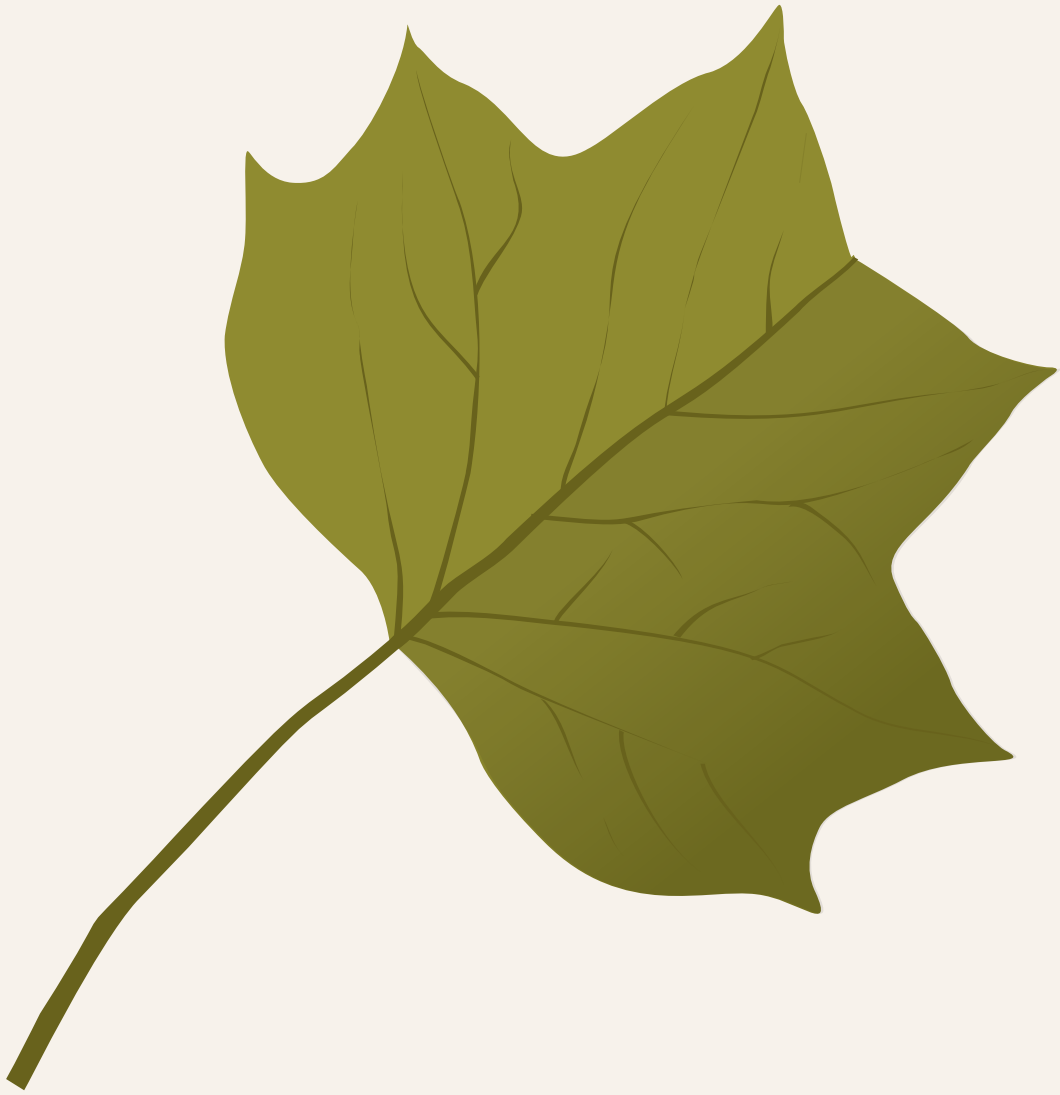
Your soul is a piece of God. Yes: You are a genuine piece of God. Your soul is a portion of the Divine Essence, so as you might imagine: there is no one like you -- in this world nor the next. Your soul is solely and exclusively You.

I wish you could see how you glow. You cannot be extinguished. You are white, golden, penetrating, soft, dazzling, illuminating, divine light. An eternal flame.

Whatever anyone might take, they cannot take your soul. Your soul always has and always will belong to you. As much as you can, bring your soul into this world. Anchor it here. Embody it. This world of flesh and blood is so much in need of the soul -- of souls. The more the merrier.

It is the soul that gives and receives. It is the soul that experiences joy. It is the soul that sings.









# ANSWERS

There are no answers -- just stories, just endings, beginnings and next lines. You will write another line, and another, and another until you come to the end of your story. (It is a good one -- with something of a surprise ending. ) In the end, you still won't have all the answers, and you won't want them. You won't care that you don't know because in the uncertainty you will have lived, and living itself is an answer. It is the Answer.

If I give you an answer today, you will just want another tomorrow. The asking is unending. It's about just being, just receiving, just knowing when it's time to know. What if you are your own answer? What if you are the question? The asking? What if the answer is, as they say, inside you -- waiting for you to write it?



# STRAIGHT

Straight is the gate.  
Narrow is the way.  
Few there be that find it.

I am the way, the truth, and the life.  
No one comes to the father,  
to the mother,  
but by me

I am the way.  
Walk ye in it.

Imagine the backbone,  
the strength of character,  
the confidence,  
the certainty  
it takes for me to say that.

It takes Everything.  
It takes Everything for me  
to say that.

There's no room to bow low,  
to hang my head.  
There's no room to slouch  
or slump.  
I AM that I AM.  
and the I AM lifts its head.  
And you will too



You will not walk stooped forever.  
Your view will not always be of the  
ground.

You will look up and you will see  
The Bigger Picture,  
The Wider World,  
and in so doing,  
you will know your place in it.  
And with that knowing,  
you will stand taller

Shrink for no one.

Chin up.  
Shoulders back.  
Don't slump.  
Strut.  
You are a beautiful, golden,  
opulent peacock.  
Your light was never meant  
to be dimmed.

Stand tall  
like a beam,  
a lighthouse,  
and show them the way home  
to themselves.





Stand by me,  
shoulder to shoulder,  
eye to eye,  
head to head --  
be a giant in the world of men.

You are so much taller than  
you think you are --  
head and shoulders above the rest,  
and that's okay.  
Someone must be the one  
who sees, who has vision,  
who rises into the heavens.,  
Why not you?

Draw your arrow.  
Shoot straight.  
You never miss your mark.  
You're an incredible marksman,  
a divine hunter,  
Diana dressed in poplar leaves

Hold your hand steady.  
Hold it sure,  
and then:  
Shoot it straight.



Know that you will always hit  
your mark.

Hold your head high.

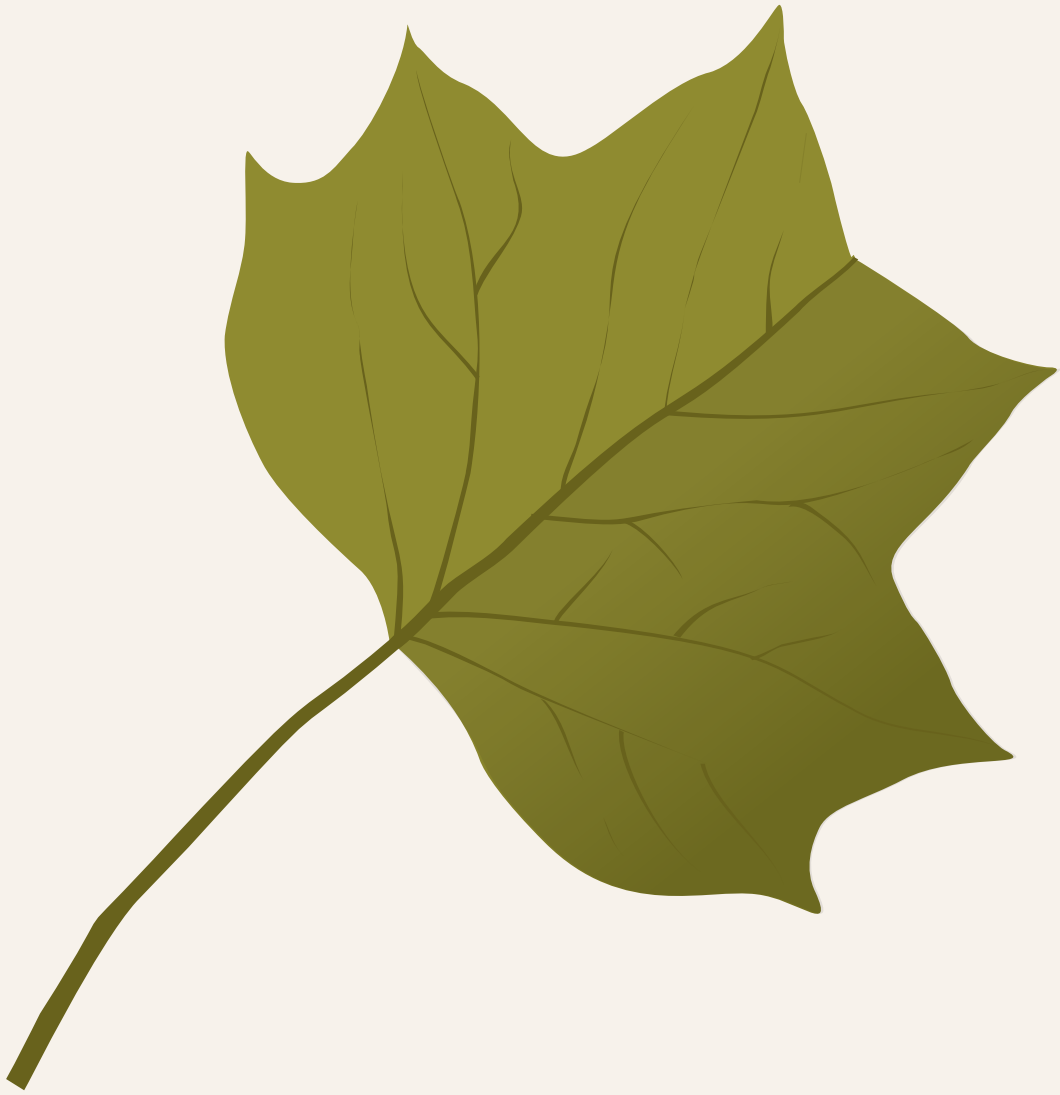
Your success is inevitable.

When the stars align,

I'll help you stand tall again.

The children of god do not stoop.









# TRUTH

There is a Beautiful Truth.  
The Truth is Beautiful..  
The truth of it is:  
we all want to be loved.  
The truth of it all is:  
we all are loved.  
That is the truth.

Truth rings clearly  
without distraction,  
without static.  
Truth sounds a clear note:  
perfect pitch,  
perfect harmony,  
perfect vibration.  
Truth is without distraction.  
without shadow,  
without fringe.  
It stands alone,  
on its own,  
in the open,  
in the clear light of day --  
completely at home  
In the noon day sun.

The truth is known.  
It is inside you.  
You carry it,  
create it,  
and can access it  
at any time.



The Truth of Who You Are:

What is it?

What is the truth of Who You Are?

Tell me: who are you?

Tell it to me straight.

Tell it to me true.

If it isn't Love, it isn't True,

and if it isn't True,

it isn't Love

Truth has very little to do  
with facts and lies.

Truth has everything to do  
with bare hearts and authenticity.

I'm not interested in  
whether or not you've got  
your facts straight.

I am interested in  
whether or not we've gotten  
to the Heart of the Matter.

Your truth is your truth.

It needs no explaining.

It simply is.

I AM the Way.

I AM the Truth.

And the Truth is Life.

The Truth of Your Heart is  
the Source of Your Life.





Come closer.  
I'll tell you something true:  
I have always loved you --  
even from the beginning.

The Truth is you've never been  
anything but  
completely whole --  
completely and irresistibly  
desirable.  
The truth is I've never loved you  
more than I do right now  
The truth is I'll love you  
even more tomorrow.

The truth is simple.  
Don't overcomplicate it.  
Keep it simple.  
Do you love me?  
Yes or no.  
More boxes only make  
for more confusion.

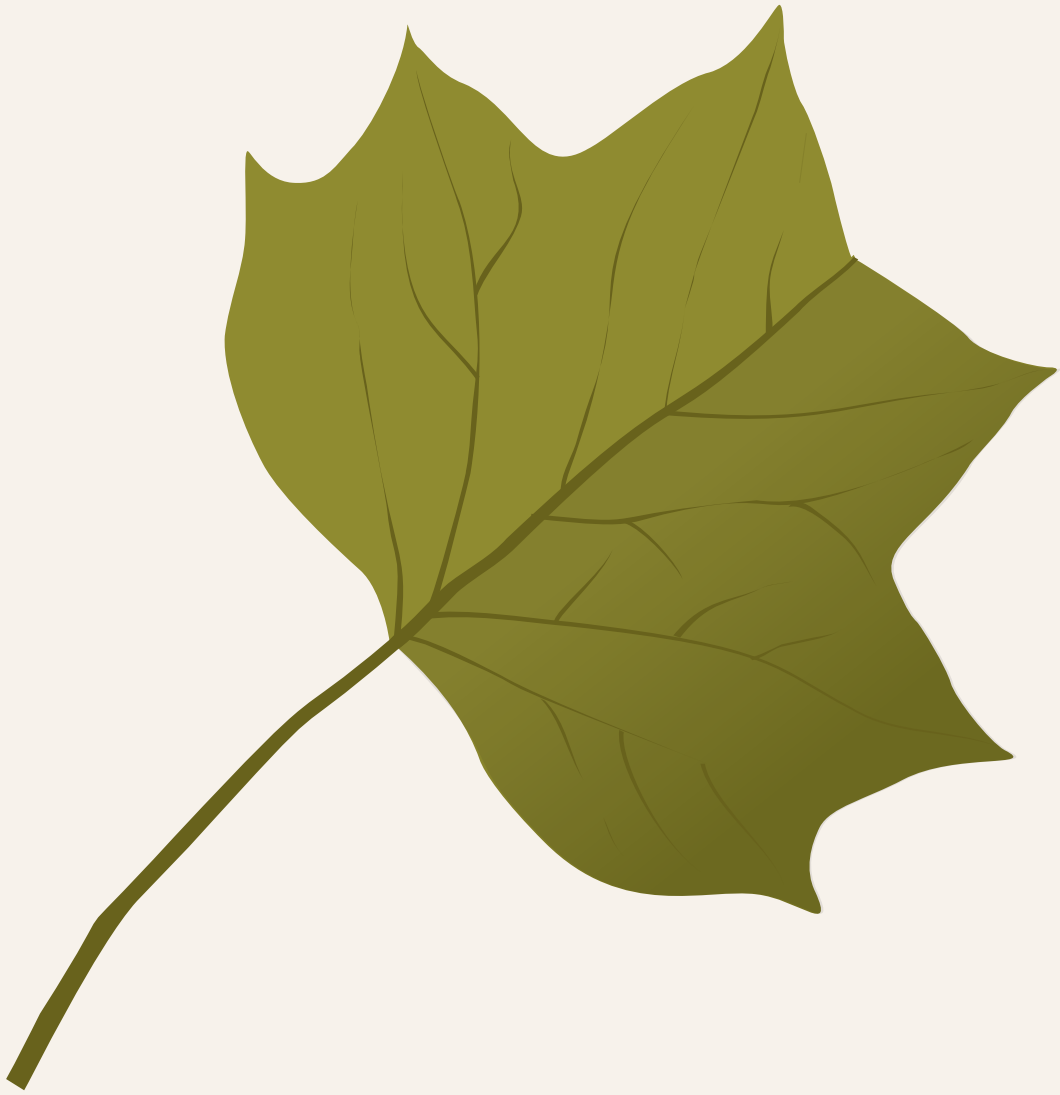
You would like me to tell you  
the truth. but sometimes,  
you are not ready to hear it,  
to handle it.  
The truth can be hot.

The truth always brings the light.  
It stands in it,  
willing to be fully seen.  
Why would it hide?  
The truth is always naked.



I will always tell you the truth  
even when you don't want  
to hear it,  
or won't believe it,  
or would be willing to  
hear anything  
other than the truth  
of the matter.

The truth can wait.  
Today, let's just be  
together.





# SACRAMENT

Every inch of you is holy.  
Your body is a sacrament.  
Your blood: the wine.  
Your body: the bread.  
Your body the sweetest bread.  
Never let another tell you  
that you are profane,  
filthy,  
sinful,  
or less than.  
You are no less than  
the Divine Conduit,  
the Holy Grail,  
the Holy Blood,  
the Holy Word,  
the Three in One.  
Never consider yourself  
to be anything  
less than holy.  
You are set apart  
so that we might  
tend to you,  
beautify you,  
anoint you,  
consecrate you.

You and your body are holy.

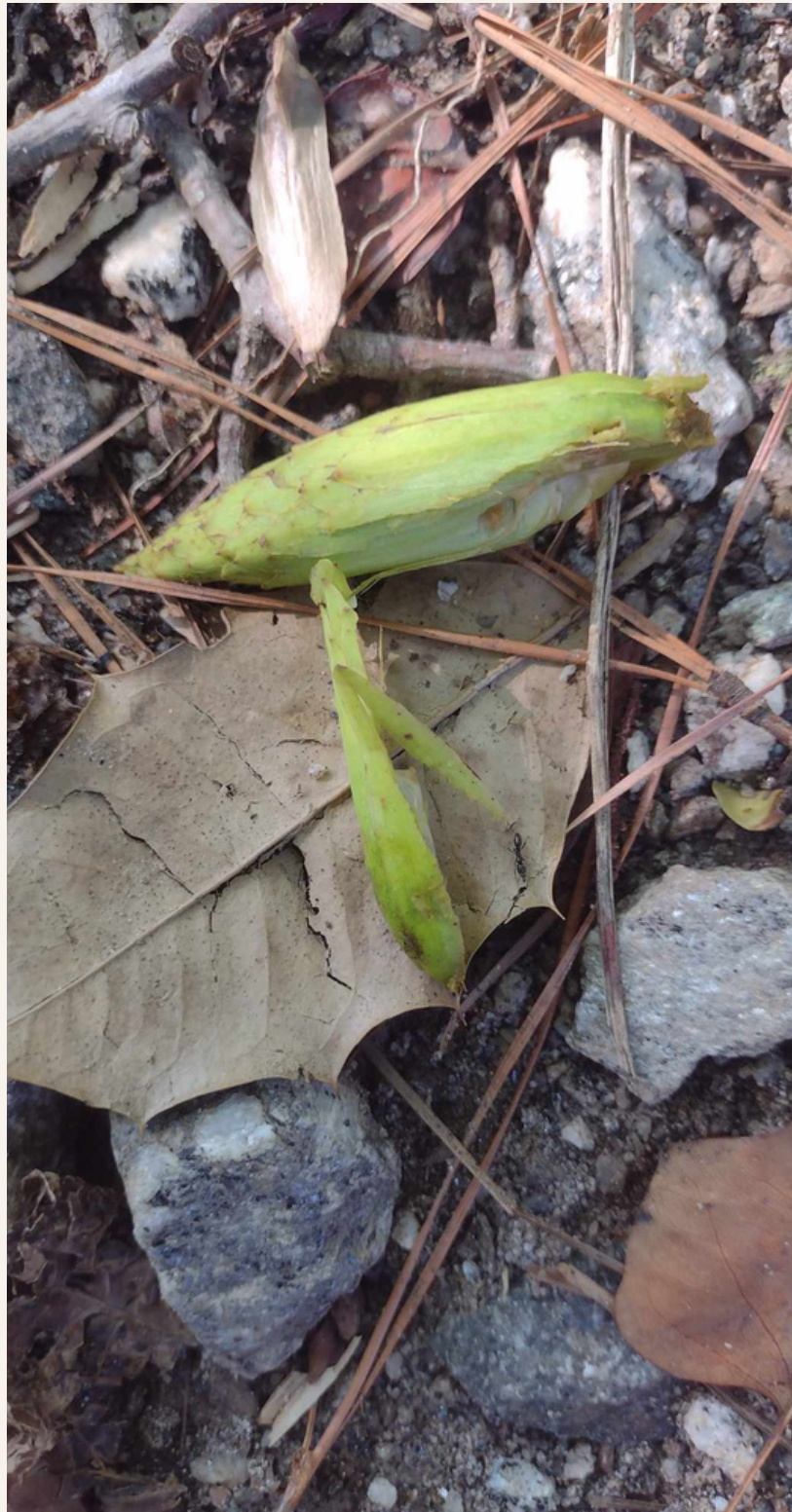




Say to the world:  
*Eat me*  
Say to the world:  
*Drink me*  
Say to the world:  
*This is my body  
broken for you.*  
*Do this*  
*in remembrance of me.*

Every robe that is white,  
that is red,  
was made for you.  
Every glowing incense  
burns for you.  
Every golden cup that drips,  
overflows for you.  
You are the divine.  
You are the words of institution.  
You are the institution.  
You are the word.

*Hocus pocus.*  
All the magic that has ever been  
has been in You.





There isn't a single man  
standing in your way.  
There is no one to bar the table.  
There is no one to fence you in  
or fence you out.  
There is no one to keep you  
from your rightful place.  
Come and dine.  
Sit beside me.  
Rest your head on my heart.  
I am my beloved's,  
and my beloved is mine.

Sex is a sacrament --  
the Holiest of Holies.  
In the moment of surrender,  
you offer up your body,  
a living sacrifice,  
holy and desirable.  
The Divine wants you.  
Never forget that the grace  
present in the sacraments is  
the very Grace that is in you --  
that is you.

We tell you this  
again and again and again,  
don't we?  
The god you seek is you.







# HEART WORDS

The heart needs no words. It is the mind that looks for meaning. The heart simply knows and opens and is. For the heart, there is always What Is, not What Was or Will Be, but What Is. The heart is not lost in time. It is eternal. It exists in the Eternal Now. It needs (and desires) no explanation. The Heart simply Knows because it simply Is.

We sit together, and you don't know how or even why, but you know What Is. And What Is is Us.

We must quiet the mind. If the Heart chooses to use words, then the words will rise up, like a mist, and take form. The Heart will have nothing imposed upon it. It is not meant to be shackled or chained. It is free. The Heart is free.







The heart knows itself, Men fear such a singular, sovereign Knowing. It is too close to god. It is God. You are the I AM. Before you speak, be still. Be still and know that I AM god.

In the stillness, in the silence, words will come. The heart isn't meant to be figured out, dissected, probed. The Heart is not a puzzle. The Heart is already whole. You are meant simply to sit back, witness, and receive it.

The most powerful words are those left unsaid. These contain the Knowing.

If the heart had a language, it would be song. You sing. You cry. You wail. You moan. You sigh. You breathe. So much is left unsaid, and that is where the Heart is. That is where you'll find it: in the space between the words.





Let your heart find its truth.  
Let it sound that note.  
Let it sing it  
From there, the whole life  
will be tuned,  
every moment harmonized.  
Take care what note you choose.  
Sound travels, reverberates,  
ripples, expands.  
The language of the Heart is  
far-reaching, bound by no  
tongue or language.  
The language of the Heart  
is Universal. It is One.

Your heart was in the Beginning.  
It was held in the One.  
Its presence was not singular.  
It did not stand alone.  
It witnessed The Beginning  
of All Things  
from a place inside  
the Heart of All That Is.  
Intimately held, it watched  
from afar and learned  
how to call its own worlds  
into being.

When will you allow it to call forth  
the stars?





Your heart is your Knowing.  
It is your Yes.  
It is your Peace  
It is your Answer

The Heart is the place where  
all the Questions end.  
It is not that they are  
left unanswered.  
It is that they dissolve  
in the Knowing

There is a voice more powerful  
than the Tongue.  
There is a voice that leaves  
you speechless.  
You know this voice  
and its effect.  
When the Heart knows, it Knows.  
They do not need to say another  
word.  
You understand.  
You see.  
The Heart discerns.  
It divines.

Nothing more needs to be said.





# VULNERABILITY

I can see your naked soul:  
undressed, bare, disrobed,  
and, it is beautiful.  
You shy away,  
standing unarmed and  
so brave.  
There is nothing more beautiful  
than your naked soul.  
If everyone could see what I see,  
they would love you.  
The whole world would love you.  
What do you think of that?  
What do you think of baring your  
soul to the world?  
Would it be so bad?  
You're practically undressed  
as it is.  
Clothes are uncomfortable.  
Take them off.  
Remember: in the Garden, they  
were naked and unashamed.  
Can you imagine?

Here we are, all these millenia later,  
still trying to return to such a  
beautiful, trusting, safe,  
vulnerable, real state.





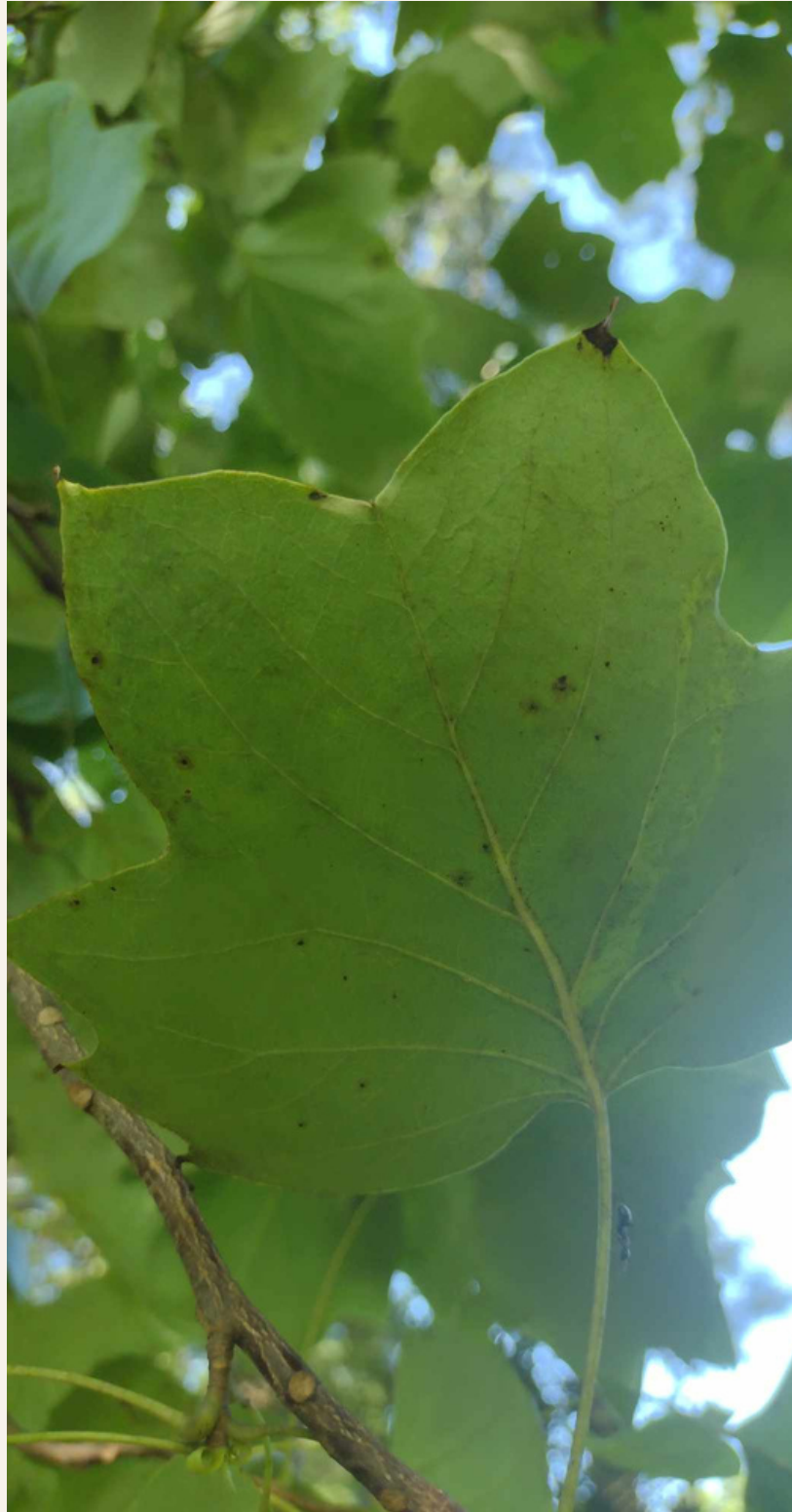
You, as a collective, may never  
return to such a state --  
at least not this  
particular gathering of souls,  
at this particular moment in time.

It is still a little unsafe out there.  
I won't deny it.  
My armor is still much needed,  
and you, beautiful soul,  
are welcome to it.  
Thank you for all you've already  
revealed.  
Thank you for what you've already  
been willing to let drop.  
Thank you for what you are,  
even now, revealing.

There is nothing more beautiful  
than the naked soul.  
It is tender, soft, and  
unbelievably strong.  
It is resilient.  
It is perfection.  
Come, my love.  
There is no blemish in you.  
I see you through the eyes of Love,  
through the eyes of  
the Divine Creator.



You are a wonder to me.  
Every time I see you,  
I just take you in.  
The world would be humbled  
to see you.  
You would leave them speechless,  
in awe.  
If you stood naked before them,  
they would receive a glimpse  
of the Garden.  
For a moment, they would feel  
what it is to walk with god  
in the cool of the day,  
to be vulnerable, to be brave.  
It is to say:  
*You may hurt me,  
but I will open anyway  
because I love you  
because I desire to be with you  
because I desire to connect  
with you.  
I no longer wish  
to be separate.*



Vulnerability is an invitation.  
It is an invitation to enter  
into the space where you are  
not separate,  
where there is nothing  
between you,  
between us.  
I know.  
I felt it too.  
You wanted to get dressed.  
I understand,  
but could you resist that urge  
or rather:  
surrender to it?  
Surrender to the fact  
that you are afraid,  
and then: remain  
open anyway?

Spend time undressed  
Practice the art of being seen







# OPEN

The softer your heart, the less vulnerable it is. The more vulnerable you are, the less vulnerable you become. Your safety, your protection is in your opening. Hard things shatter, break, crack, crumble. Hard things need protecting. When you are softer and softer and softer and softer and softer and softer, you cannot break. You cannot shatter. You do not crack. You do not crumble. You simply receive. You feel. You touch. You are touched. You comfort. You carry. You offer softness. You soften.

Become softer and softer. Melt like butter. Become water. Water has room. Water is an ocean of receptivity, of holding, of receiving and letting go. Eventually, you simply leave your broken shells on the shore where someone will find them and think they are beautiful.

Your softness, your reception beautifies this world. When you are open, you can open wider. You can expand. You can hold more and more. You can hold it All. There is room for the pain. There is room to see and understand. There is room simply to be. There is room for it to be what it is. It is what it is, and there is room to love that. There is room to love What Is.

You are the Beginning, the Womb, the Void Without Form. Nothing can change you, rearrange you., yet, you are always changing, becoming. You are Water. You are Moon.

There is power in your vulnerability. It is The Power. At your Most Open, you are your Most Strong. Be your Softest Strong. Show the world how soft you can be.





In the face of Pure Openness,  
the whole world melts.  
The only response is to give way.  
All the sharp edges, all the heavy  
hands dissolve, and there is One.  
You merge.

Open and receive.  
At your Most Vulnerable, you are  
your Most Powerful.

Transmute.  
Let it all enter your void,  
your soft womb,  
and transmute.

Imagine the magic of it all  
falling into your alchemical center,  
Your Moment of Creation.

Pull back the veil, the years,  
the eons, and begin  
the Transmutation.





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