

The Garden

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Canto I

This is a book unlike other books
The reasons why it is unlike other books are few
Yet few enough to make the difference considerable

For instance
The writing style is peculiar
The words are arranged over lines
Like the composition of a poem
Yet they read like a story

Punctuation is scarce
But you know where one motif begins and another ends

These are peculiarities in technique
But the other peculiarities that lay before you
Have little to do with technique:

This story is not a story entirely
For it documents too much of what is real to be a fiction
And the characters; the personalities rather
They are the most real of all
For who could be more real than you to yourself?

The sensations you feel when you feel them
Whether it be a quiver down the back of your neck
The feeling of your heart beating a little racier than usual
So that the drumming becomes audible to you
In the space between your ears and your temples

These are the most real sensations of all
The sensations you feel
This is the greatest peculiarity of this book
A transgression of style perhaps –
You become alive in the very words you read
And as a second offense –
I take form in between the lines
In the spaces between the words, the letters and the theme

Canto II

What could you possibly be doing in a story?
I am as curious as you are to find out
All I know of you at this time is that you are of feminine disposition
Your femininity is intriguing to me
I think at least a lot more so than my masculinity is to you
For masculinity is not mysterious; it is too forthright
Everything about the man is too exposed, obvious, easily made out

Femininity on the other hand is seen when it is unseen
It is heard only ever so softly when it whispers to your heart
And even then, it is almost like one never heard it at all

So this about you intrigues me
It has intrigued me my whole life

Can I tell you something?
What we are doing here is the safest yet most dangerous thing two people can do

Through words, the whole canvas of the imagination is given opportunity to come alive
Yet it is these same words that can often cause the imagination to want to burst open
And stage itself in the reality of life
This is the danger
For when the yearning of the imagination rises to a pitch
It is seldom possible to contain
But if you are happy that you can take this stroll
In the garden of your mind, safe and sound
Take my hand, and let us see what we might find

Canto III

The garden is lush
With trees and shrubs of many kinds
Yielding all sorts of fragrant flowers and luscious fruits
For you to breathe and taste
To your heart's content

Let us lie here on the grass and talk for a while

What do you notice?

The sky, a perfect blue
With only a few clouds floating overhead
And the soft breeze
That weaves through the leaves
And drifts past now and then
To stroke your cheeks and keep you cool

I notice you
Lying there like an angel
In your summer dress
The material so light, it caresses your skin

As you look up at the sky
I prefer to focus my attention on your eyes
And whenever you turn to look at me
I curtail the direction of my gaze
So as not to allow the tension between our souls
To become too intense
At least not just yet

There are many hours in a day
And even so many more days in a year

In every one of those moments that has passed
Since you first graced the world with your smile
Many events have touched you
How would you say these events have shaped who you are?

I feel you tense up slightly as I put this question to you
Fear not, for in the garden of your mind
You are free from intrusions
And yet, you may allow as many guests to enter as you wish
You see, I can be here with you in the garden
And yet hold not any of your secrets in waking life

Events and their impacts on personality are amazing
I have heard that we are born free from fear
Except for the fear of falling and the fear of loud noises
Yet before too long, after tasting the bitterness of some pain
We no longer face life without reservations;
We become shaped, reflective, cautious

My mother (if I may)
Told me recently
That she has noticed that I am very emotional
She said she noticed this about me from childhood
But thought that I might grow out of it
Yet now, as a man
My emotions, I still cannot contain

What events in childhood could have caused this to be so?
Whatever they are; whether pleasant or not
I do not resent them
For the events of my past have shaped me into who I am now
And with this I am happy
I am happy that I feel choked up when I experience beauty
And that tears well up in my eyes when my heart is touched by love

This I suppose is what I mean
What events in your life have touched you
And shaped you into the angel of golden complexion
I see lying here before me?

Canto IV

Let us walk a little
And get our minds off these intense thoughts
Let us play in the present
And enjoy what things are in this very moment

I wish to tell you that you are beautiful
Is it permissible that I share my feelings as they come to me?
Or would it be best to restrain them
As is often done in waking life from fear of being rebuked?

You stand there against a tapestry of green
And I am awed by the golden glow that you radiate
I want to draw ever so near to you

Would it be possible to take a walk in that orchard where fruits are ripe
And await to be sucked dry of their nectar all year round?

I understand that it is customary to wander there with caution

Take me with you
Let me see you in your element, naked and free

Canto V

Why is it that I feel
Even though the words are coming forth from me
It is you who leads?

Where are you taking me?

I hear your voice inside my head
As you speak to me without uttering a sound

The sky has turned dark from the hovering of thick black clouds
And we are encircled in a pantheon of thick shrubbery

I see you before me
Standing perfectly upright, absolutely bare
Exposed, uncovered, true to life

As I look down at myself
I notice that you have undressed me also
With the power of your mind

Here we stand facing each other
Uttering not a sound
Deeply fixed in each other's gaze

I walk towards you calmly
The blades of the lush, thick grass brush the soles of my feet
The clouds begin to discharge their cargo;
The rain comes down heavily in giant drops

Your hair becomes drenched, it clings to your neck and shoulders
You stand there so still, unabashed, unaffected
From where did you gain such poise?

I arrive at the place where you are standing
And can do nothing but admire the water as it glistens on your skin

I am inclined to follow every drop of water
As they travel from your head, along every curve on your body to your toes

I am curious to know
Of the thoughts that are wandering through your mind
And the sensations that you are feeling
This very moment
If you focus on them for a while
Perhaps they will be spoken both to you and to me

Canto VI

The sun has returned
And we are once again as we were before
You make me smile with the things you tell me

Is it true that when someone has exposed herself as you have
She also exposes parts of her inner self that remained hidden before?

I feel this from you
It's in the way your eyes smile now

You chase me about the garden
Urging me to run away from you
But then you lunge forth to catch me as soon as I do
You are playful
Your frivolousness amuses me

Why don't we sit here for a while
And make a necklace for you with all these daisies?

He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me...
Of course I love you
But I did not want to utter these fatal three words
My experiences in life have taught me
That saying I love you has the power of turning people's worlds upside down
And I most certainly did not want for your world to be disturbed
Because I love you

Although, maybe in this world
Your garden of heavenly delights
It is possible to love you without hurt or pain

Here, let me make this daisy chain for you
And place it around your neck

Tell me, why is it that when you feel safe
When you feel wanted, beautiful, loved and appreciated
You wish to hold on to the one who loves you so tightly
And the very thought of him going away sends your senses into disarray?

I have never understood this about myself
And perhaps it is not anything to be understood

Canto VII

Why the sudden change of expression in your eyes?
Why now the look of sadness and feeling of melancholy?

There is no need to clothe your heart again
From fear of hurt and pain

Again we seem to venture into woods where the light is a little too somber
Perhaps we should move away from these parts

Why is it that as we walk away, it appears that we are standing still?
Like the woods are walking along with us
Like sadness walks with you when you are sad

The light that shines from you and draws me to you
Is a light that shines throughout all the world
And the way it captivates my attention and mesmerizes me
So it does from wherever else it radiates
This is the nature of this phenomenon

Are you to be sad that the light that rises from another horizon
Takes your loved one away
Or are you to be glad that you identify the light within you?

I have an idea
Follow me, follow me

Canto VIII

Stand here by this lake
And look into it until you catch your reflection

Do you see it?

It is almost like we are blind to it
Or at least blind to the rays we emit from ourselves

And when we do not know of the light that we emit
We appear to dim

And the dimmer we become
The less we know it, and the darker we come to feel

So, do you see it?
Do you see the beauty, wonder and light that is radiating from you?

I see it
I perceived it from the beginning
You have drawn me to you with it
And now I am here in your garden

Every gesture I make, every word I utter
Is a reflection of how I am taken in by you
I see in your eyes how my appreciation of you
Confirms to you just how wonderful you are

It is often easier to come to see our greatness
Through the eyes of the world
But when we can know of our greatness in our own minds
Detached from the values and opinions of others
This is when we are greatest of all

As the sun gets brighter overhead
The water on the lake shines so gloriously;
The swans gliding past on the surface
Render the atmosphere absolutely picturesque

We are drawn to sit on the bank
And take in this moment of perfection;
It is apparent
When nature depicts a setting for us in this way
That every moment is indeed perfect in itself

It feels as though we have touched upon many thoughts in this last little while
After so much contemplation, let us rest our minds until the morrow

Canto IX

Lying on our backs looking up at the sky
It is entrancing to watch the sun set and the stars come out

I cannot make out the constellations
For I have not much knowledge of astronomy

But I am sure that between the two of us and our imaginations
We could divine dozens of constellations of our own

Tell me of what the shapes you discover make you think
I so much want to know

These stars, like diamonds in the sky
Despite all their magnificence
Cannot tear me away from the
The twinkling of your eyes

I would gaze in them for a thousand years
And lose myself in them time and time again

I am certain that after a thousand revolutions
It would feel like only a second had passed and that
The whole experience was unique and untouched

As I look into your eyes now
I feel how you look back at me, and reflect what my eyes express
For this to be, it would mean that I reflect your feelings also
And so our expressions go on forever like two mirrors positioned side by side

The intensity that I avoided earlier
Now grips me so tightly
That I am unable to draw myself away

Is it at this moment that people kiss
In attempt to escape the tension between their souls?
Or is the kiss like an ocean
Into which both people dive, holding on to each other as they fall?

Let us not fall just yet
I want to know how long my heart can bear
This shortness of breath that I am feeling

Tears well up in my eyes
As an expression of the emotions that well up inside me
I must kiss you now if I am to continue living
For the touch of your sweet, warm lips on mine
Is the only thing that can keep me from dying
I am sure of this

--

Thank you for the breath of life you breathed into me
I will now live to see another day

As the twilight becomes a deeper shade of black
So too do we fade into a deeper state of dreaming
You, me, the earth, the moon, the stars
Is this a dream within a dream or a greater measure of reality?

Canto X

The birds sing, the sun brings the garden to life again
Why are we naked?
I do not recall undressing before we closed our eyes

Everything appears a little different this morning
More surreal
It is as though something has been absorbed into the atmosphere
Rendering it lighter
A sense that we are floating, the air is buoyant, the garden is floating

I see you wading in the lake
You splash the water about you like a child at play
Your hair shines in the sunlight
You beckon me with your eyes to join you
How can I resist those eyes?

As we splash about
I am amazed by the water's clarity
It is absolutely clear
I can see you perfectly through it, and I am awed
By your beauty
By the serenity of this place
Where are we?
I was sure yesterday that we had not travelled anywhere unfamiliar
But today
I feel light years away from home, and yet right at home
At peace
In this place so delicate and enchanting

Do you see that?
The golden mist that diffuses into the water as you move about
What is that?
I see it around me also

You have been speaking to me all morning
And yet you have not uttered a word
I hear you clearly in my mind
You have really mastered this art

You tell me that this is making love
This is uniting, departing, arriving and becoming all at once
What could you possibly mean?
I am bewildered by you today

--

We return to dry land
I follow your gait through the garden
And you follow your heart

We have stopped
Can it be?
Can it really be that we are standing under the apple tree?
You pick an apple that hangs nearby
It shines with the same luster that infuses everything this morning
You take a bite
And I swoon to the ground
Every bite you take sends me deeper into unconsciousness
I know that you are consuming me
Yet I feel at peace with this:
For life begets life, and love begets life also

I regain consciousness, oblivious to time
You are lying on top of me
Your legs encircling my own
Your arms encircling my neck
With your lips ever so close to mine

Once again you breathe life into me

Canto XI

You know something?
I have a feeling that the power of femininity is little understood

The world we live in
Is so pervaded by masculine energy;
And it suffers

My insight tells me that it has not always been this way
But that a torrent in our history reversed the tide

Perhaps this is why femininity remains such a mystery

--

I find so many moralities imposed on women throughout the world
On the surface they all reflect male superiority
But beneath they reek of the weakness of man –
Man's anxiety with being out of control

Why would man go to such great lengths to hold down his fortress?

Nature does not endow man with any control –
Not with the power over his desires;
Not with the guarantee that his desires are ever to be fulfilled;
Not even with the knowledge of whether the children he fathers are truly his own

Yet nature endows woman with all these virtues –
The virtue of temperance, together with the power to far outperform any man
The guarantee of attention, even though this is at times a double-edged sword
And the certainty that the child she holds in her arms was borne out of her very womb

The unfair distribution of these tokens
Stirs dissent even in me!
Nature must surely be female herself
And fashions the male as a slave to serve her

What have you to say for this?

Why do I even ask?
You are not to blame for the treasures that have been given to you

--

I walk alone now in the garden
It is dark
I curse myself, my wretched body
This disgusting, appalling, pitiable creature man
I throw myself to the ground
And roll about in the mud
Penetrating it and emptying into it millions of gametes
Unwanted, unneeded, spoils of nature's abundance

Canto XII

I must have fallen unconscious again
I open my eyes to find you standing over me
You are shining like the sun
I squint in order to be able to look at you
You raise me up, embrace me
And wash me clean in your embrace

I love you
It is myself I have come to hate

“Come with me”, you say
I think this is the first time I have heard you speak
You lead me down a path I have not yet travelled
To a grove rich with lush green grass and fragrant trees
Amidst the grove are twelve other graces like you
They dance and frolic in the nude
Giggling and laughing blissfully

As soon as they catch sight of me they stop
And look at me with a sense of cheek and curiosity

I feel exposed, vulnerable and excited
What adventures are to unfold for us now?

You speak:
“Graces,
I have one!
They are few and far between
But here is proof that they still exist
He has been exposed to the transgressions of the other world
But he has not been broken
He will need some care to be properly restored
Then he will be of perfect service”

To me:
“Do not be afraid of service
It is a misconception that to be a servant is of lower standing
We are all servants
And when we embrace our calling and serve to the best of our abilities
This is when we become the greatest of all”

You lead me out of the grove
Your words still resonating in my mind

We return to the bank of the lake
Where we sit to talk

When I first met you in the garden
You were timid, reserved and unsure of yourself
Since then I have been witness to the grandest of transformations
I have ever seen a person undergo
What has happened to you?

“Remember the time when you stood me here by the lake
You showed me my reflection
And I saw her –
The goddess that lives within all of us; all women, all things, all life
It was then that I began to transform
I allowed myself to see her
And I let her rise to the surface
I let her live through me

“I am not afraid anymore
So I am no longer destitute
I enjoy your company when you are here with me
And I no longer feel sadness at the thought of you leaving
Instead I become aroused at the thought of you returning

“Now I need to help you
She has been there with you throughout your life
And now it is time for you to come to know her intimately
Pay tribute to her and let her awaken your deepest reverie

“Stand, look into the water, what do you see?
Do you see her there inside you?
Is she not the most beautiful apparition you have ever seen?”

Canto XIII

You throw me to the ground
Like a wild cat pouncing on its prey
We have been naked in this garden for some time
It was inevitable that the sexual tension would manifest itself eventually

You remove yourself from me
And recline yourself to my side
You place my right hand gently on the inside of your thigh
The way you hold me in your gaze is intoxicating

I grow firm from the thought of sliding myself inside you
And the sensations that run through me draw me increasingly closer to your body
Your eyes and mine both fade shut
And our lips connect in a tender, passionate union

This is a kiss like no other
The circuits in my brain feel like they are overloaded by
The electrical currents you are producing in me

My hand moves ever so softly towards your cleft
Where my fingers pulsate to the rhythm you set
I feel your breasts heaving from the electricity running through you
You moan and sigh as my fingers thrust into your space

My mouth moves along the curve of your neck and shoulders
Stimulating the skin under it with the tip of my tongue and my lips
With my other hand, I move across your breasts and stroke them gently
Before drawing your whole body as close to mine as I can

In an instant, I feel myself inside you
I cannot contain the sensations you are arousing in me
You flip me around, and take charge of my body;
Your rhythm drives you to greater and greater heights
As you draw me deeper and deeper inside you

As you peak and glide for the first time
We roll so as to position you facing the sky

We motion increasingly faster until the warmth of your embrace
Drives me to uncontrollable ecstasy

As I drift into this land of bliss
You whisper in my ear:

“This is my gift to you;
You are her gift to me”

My passion for you cannot be exhausted
So I continue to take pleasure in you throughout the day and night

By what divine grace or cosmic accident
Does pleasure as wonderful as this exist?

Canto XIV

Tell me about your childhood and what it was like

I was fortunate I think
My parents kept me in a bubble
Safe from the monstrosities of the world

But when I was eighteen
I started to explore the world for myself
And soon became disillusioned

This was painful
To find that the world was not perfect
To find that conflict and confusion were rampant

The first time a girl told me
Of the things this man used to do to her
I thought it was sad;
Surely this was an uncommon misfortune

However, over the years
A significant number of girls told me
Of the clouds that hovered over them
Casting dark shadows over their lives

My idyllic view of the world
Would not let me realise the frequency of such episodes
I thought I must have become a magnet for tales of sorrow

In time it became clearer –
Episodes of this nature were not the exception
They were in a large part the norm

I am not sure of how to make sense of the world
When I look at it through these stained glass windows

I am sorry to hear of the things that happened to you

If it does not cause you too much pain to venture there
I would like you to help me understand
Perhaps this may in turn help you put to rest the turmoil

Yesterday I had become upset by nature's unfair distribution of virtues

A little girl is beautiful; she is the essence of beauty itself
Like a rosebud about to bloom
She entices all those around her to covet her beauty

A young woman's beauty is an extension of this
A flower in full bloom
She entices all those around her to breathe the fragrance she yields

Is it this beauty that drives men beyond their threshold of restraint?

If it is so, this virtue nature bestows upon you
Is in all its charms also a burden

Nature, mother of us all
It seems that you will go to any means to have your way
But even in all your dealings of pleasures and pain
How can we do anything but revere you?

To understand that there is no shame in misfortune
Just as there is no glory in good fortune
Might be of use when trying to resolve the events
That we are left to contend with in life

You are beautiful
Yet your beauty has been the cause of much of your pain
Enjoy it now that it serves you so lavishly

Free yourself from the torments that haunt you
It was not your doing
That caused the forces at play to steer themselves towards you
Despite the sounding of your tears

Do not let the tragedies of your past keep you
From the endless fountain of joy that awaits you in the garden

And as for the children
I pray they will be safe;
May we find the time to keep watch over them
And may we have the strength to keep them safe from harm
Especially from ourselves

Canto XV

You say you will teach me to paint
I would so love to paint
To capture the way the garden looks this morning

What is it about art that makes it so fulfilling?

Life itself is like a canvas
Upon which we paint over the years we live
And every now and then we look back
To observe our masterpiece through our memories

I used to think that life was like a mission
With a successful conclusion to be reached
This is when I was least alive
For life escaped me while I strived

Now I paint jovially
Every stroke of my brush savoured
As the paint comes to rest on the canvas

Is it the painting of ourselves in the pieces we create
That give us a feeling of godliness and immortality?

I wish to paint for you:
This further heightens the elation I feel for painting
For now as I become the work that I create before me
My work becomes an offering of love to you

For this will you show me how to paint?

Even if my compositions be coarse and lifeless
They would still be an expression of me

As I give of myself to you, I will only permit
That I produce pieces original to life –
True to my heart, my soul, my very being
For this is all I have
And all I have, I choose to give to you

Canto XVI

"Come with me", you say
"You have borne much of your heart to me
And now I feel I know you so much more;
I feel you are a part of me

"I do not understand what we are flowing towards
For amidst all the pleasure and the pain
It feels like the universe is moving
And every life is a step
Every generation a wave
Every age a cycle

"I feel we move towards greater intricacies
But touch upon nothing new
Yet every instance is new:
As we discover the unknown of the next moment;
The experience that follows;
The next person that I become

"Who I am now is not who I was
Upon entering this garden;
I have been changed, I have been made new
All this is unending

"As I change, all of humanity is also changed
Because I am a part of that
What is the meaning of all this becoming?"

--

I say to you,
I am not aware of the meaning of all this
Or even if there is meaning in it at all
But I do affirm
I find meaning in it for me

The more I move into greater degrees of complexity
The more I find that life is worth living
It is as though through the eyes of an intricate mind
The mystery of what is becomes ever more lucid

How can we capture this to share with our young?

It appears this is an admirable cause
But perhaps it is not intended to be this way:
To be young and free from knowing
Is a great wonder of life;
The gift of travelling towards enlightenment
On the road of experience
Cannot ever compare
With any knowledge given at face value;
And the joy of laughing at the events of one's life
When recalling its trajectory in later years
Is at that end of the spectrum
The great glory of age

To live out life as a child
In the garden where one does not age
Allows the wheels of coming into knowing
To turn freely and not rust;
And through time, the memories of one's travels
Combined with the constant alertness of an infant's mind
Will transform you anew
Into a being like the ones we dream and write about
But claim we have not in life encountered

Canto XVII

Do you know of this?
Do you know of a way to make love without touch?

I observe as you sit cross-legged facing me
And I mirror your posture

You have become translucent
And the light radiating from your being is an experience

I close my eyes
And I feel the movement you create in me

Energy builds all the way along my spine
And spikes traverse the inside of my torso

I feel drained
But it is different to the feeling after carnal interplay
It is a weakness brought on not by the loss of energy
But by the gaining of it

Your energies permeate my soul and mind
To the very core of my being

You create in me
And I become with child

I am surprised
But you tell me that in the realm of the spirit
There is no distinct male or female;
These two forces interact jointly

In my climax I give birth
And we watch the newborn beam of light
Project itself out of my third eye
And up towards the heavens

Canto XVIII

As you sit leaning against a tree
I rest my head in your lap
And your sweet caresses of my locks of hair
Send me into a dreamful slumber

You sit there holding me
The expression on your face that of contentment

I can feel the life inside your womb
As it begins along its own path of perfection

The roundness of your belly
And the shape you have taken on
As you carry this child –
A manifestation of life's intrinsic beauty

It is almost time for you to bear
So you leave me to myself and venture out amongst the trees

While awaiting your return
I pace the earth and reflect deeply:

We have created a life;
The universe continues along its trajectory
About to take yet another modest step
Where are you going sweet mother, where do you travel to?
Do you know the answer to this question?
Or are you much like me, a passenger on this great journey
Finding and adding meaning to life
As you go along?

I am happy
The universe has given me courage through the years
To dare to exhibit the follies of my youth
How miserable would the life of later years be
If all one had were the regrets of missed events and opportunities?

What am I to impart to this child?
I feel you tell me
To leave the child's mind to unravel at its own will
You tell me that the child knows all within her
And that it is I who will be blessed by her coming;
In the dark times that lie before me
It is the child that will keep me from falling

Canto XIX

As I pace the earth in that heavenly place
Twelve graces appear and form a great circle around me
They dance, gesture and chant a prayer and an offering
I cannot make out what they say
But it is clear to me that this moment is solemn

Then one by one they say aloud their names:
“Euterpe, Lilavati, Aglaia, Thalia;
Euphrosyne, Tiamat, Cybele, Psyche, Lilith;
Delphinia, Genesis and Sekhmet”

The one named Cybele moves towards me and says:
“It is unclear to you why you are here
Let us explain why we are here
Then you will understand”

--

“I am Euterpe,
Grace of music and your guide as composer of
The emotions that live within you and in all things

“I am the first of the four graces of skill
We will help you once you have crossed the canal

“It is skill that you will need to express what is composed in your soul

“Through music you will bring to life the subtle vibrations
That are inaudible within every human being

“By projecting vibrations into the range of human hearing
Humans have found a way to share their innermost intimate aspect;
I will lead you to projecting vibrations of a more intricate nature
That until now have only been combined in the souls of beings not of that world

“This new form of complexity will open gates before unopened
And milk and honey will flow into areas of that garden to transform it anew

“Change awaits
But for change to occur
The core of the being itself must be changed;
In order to see different scenery
It is imperative to walk different roads;
The music produced by the soul now is perfect in respects to that soul
Nature is always precise in this way;
The music to be produced by that soul then
Will be in harmony with what the soul now dreams;
The time will pass where this dream of the soul is created
And a symphony will come to life lending itself to all ears –
The change of the mind”

Canto XX

The one called Lilavati says:
"The underlying tapestry and mechanics of all things
Rests upon number

"Understanding number will be vital to
Being able to unravel the mysteries of the universe

"I will instruct you in this language of the gods"

At this point I am thinking that each of these graces
Is to guide me in awakening an aspect of my being
So that I may become refined

I am afraid of where this road I am walking will take me;
The image of myself I see before me is more than I feel I can bear

She continues
"Your journey in this garden has not been your first awakening
Rather it is a continuation of the awakenings you are having at this time

"Fear not
By the time your slumber is over
You will be ready to embark on the quest

"Unfortunately, it is not until you are well on your way
That you will remember this
And until then, the quest will be arduous

--

"The way that values are combined and deconstructed is
The means by which this language operates
It is made up of nothing but one value;
It is the way in which this value interacts with itself
That gives rise to unlimited possibilities and
Infinite functions

"When you master this language
The phenomena you now perceive as mysteries
Will reveal themselves to you in new light

"But the purpose is not this;
The understanding of phenomena
Comes as a part of knowing the power of the number itself

"I can speak of the number
But its essence will not be known to you until you find it for yourself
It is towards uncovering this essence that my path and yours are intertwined"

Canto XXI

Aglaia steps forward to me and kisses me on the mouth
She is one of the most captivating women I have ever seen

She does not speak to me like the others have
Instead she urges me to look at her
She urges me to look around me and look at myself

I in take the scenery of the garden afresh
And strike upon a realisation
The garden is continuously changing
Yet I seem to hold an image of it that is fixed

She tells me through her eyes that:
“It is the constant unfolding of beauty that
People have trouble dealing with

“So they shut down
They close their minds off to the possibilities;
The actualities of what is going on around them
They stop seeing;
They stop believing

“Every now and then an artist is born
That can capture this beauty
And transpose it into art –
One frame of beauty per piece

“These pieces captivate people
Art moves people beyond what they ever thought was possible
Such is the power of just one single frame of beauty

“For every moment in time
An infinite number of such frames pour forth into being
But the mind does not yet know how to absorb them

“The human mind starts to wake
And in its waking it starts to perceive
In the early stages of its waking it must be trained
Then will come a time of graduation

“Human eyes will be able to look into the face
Without becoming overwhelmed

“On our walk together I will teach you how to see;
Only then will it be possible for you to speak of what you have seen”

Upon saying these words
Aglaia disperses into a fine golden dust
And reappears
Positioned as solemnly as before
In her place in the circle

Canto XXII

Thalia approaches me bearing a scroll in her two hands

She says:

“Worlds and upper worlds pass
But words are forever”

“There are many works created by the pen
That you need to become familiar with
In order to proceed along your path

“These works were written by many great authors before you
Who on their own path of discovery recorded their experiences

“The records of these experiences will serve to
Open your mind to the innumerable thoughts that swim
Ravenously throughout the human tapestry;
These thoughts are what control the species

“It is a common idea that human thinking is free;
For as long as a distinction is not made here between
Thinking and thought
That assertion holds some truth;
But as soon as one can discern between the
Process of thinking and the thought itself
One will see that the thought is a living entity
And like all living things strives for its survival;
Thoughts impose themselves on the mind
Masquerading as volition and will to survive;
Thinking on the other hand is a process
By which thoughts are analyzed and brought to account;
The one who applies this process
Is the one whose mind is free

“It is inevitable that you will leave traces of your steps in words
As you travel
These will become useful as reference points for other travellers in time;
However, what is most crucial
Is that you leave behind a method
By which words themselves can be analyzed;
This is the reason why I am with you”

Canto XXIII

Euphrosyne, so joyful is your countenance;
Of all of you who grace me here this moment
You are the one of whom I am the least afraid

With consoling eyes, Euphrosyne replies:
“Do not be afraid of us
It is easy to become fearful
When one does not fully understand

“By the time we will have described to you
The relationship you have with us
You will feel how we have been at one with you
For many centuries

“I will help you to keep focused
On what is not at all to be a journey without obstacles

“Happiness comes as result
Of your heart knowing it is on course;
But sadness is not always brought on
By travelling adrift of your path;
Sometimes your greatest moments of despair
Will come from the challenges that are rightfully yours to face

“In these times however
You will know deep within your heart
That you are to persevere;
I will persist with you in the pursuit of joy
And the uncovering of life’s finest pleasures

“The joy I will in time share with you
Is a universal joy
It will be yours to experience
In concert with the well-being of others;
True joy is only ever known by he
Who enriches the lives of those he touches”

Euphrosyne squeezes my hand firmly
And leaves me moved
Reflecting on the meaning of her words

Canto XXIV

Little time do I have to reflect
When Tiamat appears before me
Seated in the lotus position
Hovering three feet above the ground

She speaks
Her voice is strange
It is coarse and breathy
Her intonation like the sound of the wind;
Her inflections like the crashing of waves

She says to me:
"You are weak!
Perhaps it is your weakness that will lead to strength

"The energy you lack
Causes you to tire upon exertion

"It is exactly this exertion
That I will now address

"Some people think that to move mountains
One requires power and force
Others believe that faith is what is to be called upon;
Power, force and faith are all valuable properties to bear
But let it be known to you
That to move earth, water, sky and air
It is the connection one has with these elements that is vital

"I, Tiamat
Was cut in half
And it was the pieces of my body that were used
To shape the earth you walk on and sky you see
Connect with me
And I will move for you the elements as it be willed

"The laws of kinetics are many
But the principles of it are simple:
Ask while moving in harmony
And your actions will be fulfilled"

Canto XXV

It feels like an eternity has passed
Since you walked out amongst the trees
To give birth to your child

The revelations I have witnessed since
Have been spellbinding to say the least

My head is heavy
And my circuits are overloaded
How much more of this must I bear
Before returning to the bliss we experienced by the lake?

--

Cybele approaches me
And I know she has heard my plight
She says:
"Nothing in life occurs out of flow
Even this very moment now

"You will rejoin with love when that time comes
The present time is for freeing your mind

"Think of me as the grace of nature
I keep the balance between life and all its interactions

"From the viewpoint of your existence
It is possible for you to observe my secret;
My purpose is to maintain the delicate equation of all things

"All things continuously reach
For a greater and more complex composition;
Some parts surge forth with speed
While others digress, stop and die

"Understand the flow!
The inherent inclination to compose ever greater forms;
To touch higher degrees of beauty;
To transform into ever more complex interactions

"As a collective, navigate along these lines
And you will be welcomed into the cosmic equation
But fail to synchronise with it
And the doom of your kind will be sealed"

Canto XXVI

Silence has descended upon the garden
It is dead quiet

Cybele's words cut through the core of my being
Like the sword of a samurai

I do not fear an end
For I have come to understand that
Any end is but a new beginning;
It is the pertinence of nature's message
That strikes a tone of reverence deep within me

--

Psyche does not move forward to address me
Instead she simply shuts her eyes
And takes me into the chamber of her mind

I am confounded by the new space in which I find myself;
It is pitch black
And the void stretches for what I imagine to be infinity

This is mind

Psyche states:
"All happens in the mind
There is nothing outside of it
Even the universe that appears so vast
Is all present in the mind

"How is one to understand this?
When one perceives anything;
Thinks of anything;
Experiences anything
This is as a result of the mind

"One exists in one's own mind
This is how one exists
Furthermore, there is more than one of you
You exist in infinite quantities –
As an element in every other mind in the universe

"You also exist in infinite variations
Not any of the elements representative of you are the same;
Every mind is unique
And so every instance of you that exists is also unique

"When something ceases to exist in the mind
It ceases to exist
When something is born into existence in the mind
It comes into existence

“When one understands this
One is able to operate in the realm of choice –
To choose of what one’s universe will consist
As one’s universe is entirely a construct of one’s mind

“Are you free?
Freedom reaches far beyond the ability to exert one’s will
Freedom is the ability to undo the conditioning of one’s own mind
To allow that mind to implement new forms

“I hear you pondering about purpose

“Purpose is a construct like all others
So to ask for a predetermined purpose is like
Asking for the removal of some of your freedom
Is this what you choose?

“From where you have come
It is difficult at first to grasp the notion
That there is no set purpose, there is no set anything
It is all up to you

“Purpose in the realm of choice is something you prescribe for yourself

“You have reached the point where
As a being you can choose to be truly creative
The power of your mind is unlimited, but remains untapped
What will be your choice?”

--

In the vast abyss of Psyche’s mind
The emptiness fills itself with the garden
I am left wondering if what I am experiencing
Is in the sphere of my own mind
Or whether I might still be
In the realm of Psyche’s perceptions

Canto XXVII

Lilith moves towards me
And when she reaches me
She takes hold of my hands

She looks at me gravely in the eyes
And says:
“I may well be your mother

“Before the time of the patriarchs
I was the first woman to walk the earth

“Adam was bemused by me;
I pleased him tremendously
To the point where his thoughts
Were entirely consumed by his delights

“Such is the power of the feminine element

“In time however
Adam grew exasperated;
He could not command me as he did
All the animals of that kingdom;
My femininity was free

“So Adam and the Man God conspired
And they replaced me with Eve

“They had me cast out of paradise
And into the emptiness outside;
I had lost all shape and form
All that was left of me was spirit

“This spirit is what I will now impart to you
And all the children of the world;
For too long has the world not known woman as she is
Due to the oppression of her essence by the Man God
And all his patriarchs

“It is time to set the feminine form free
And let her wander the earth once more

“The conspiracy of the last six thousand years
Has left humanity devoid of essential feminine energies;
Women themselves no longer know of their power
And surrender their sensuality for perversions like
Chastity, marriage and monogamy –
All fabrications of a pitiful lesser nature

“Men also suffer under this arrangement;
Once created
The absurdities of ownership, fidelity and paternity
Must be maintained
Leaving men driven to insanities to protect
A pride as empty as pride itself

“Excessive masculine energies pervade social space
Leaving it unbalanced and diseased;
The way to harmony is in her freedom
Let the woman breathe –
Let her legs part without shame
As soon as she inclines herself to parting them
And let her bear her children freely
Without the need of ascribing a lineage to her descendents

“The god that is God is not a man
Nor is this god a woman
The God of the universe is a balanced god
Composed of an equal distribution of what is male and female;
It is this Spirit which is holy
And it is this Spirit into which one must tap
To be in communion with truth, nature and life”

Canto XXVIII

Without a moment to think
Delphinia appears before me and says:
“So you see
What is to come will come;
What is to unfold will unfold

“I am here to teach you the art of divination

“The first thing you must understand is that there is no time

“Because we are in a state of consciousness
Where only part of the universal reality is revealed to us
It appears as though
There are distinct occurrences of past, present and future;
In universal reality
These all occur at the same time –
No time, one time, universal time

“Past, present and future are interlinked
So that every occurrence in one
Affects occurrences in the other two

“The commonly held view is that
The past affects the present which affects the future
But it is the present that affects the past as well as the future

“In the present you interpret
Events you remember;
Events you have heard about;
Events that have been recorded

“Your interpretation of these events
Are not the events themselves
But are events as interpreted by you;
Created by you and placed in the realm you call past

“Based on these interpretations
You determine your course of action
Therefore determining your future –
The present you are about to experience

“Nothing is happening in the realms outside the present;
These are merely realms of your interpretations and predictions
In telling you this
I impart to you the secret of divination

“The future is not something to be foretold;
The present is something to be created
If you can free yourself from what you think you know
And what you deduce is likely to happen
Then you can create for yourself
Any reality you choose in any present moment –
Regardless of the apparent foundation upon which the present rests”

Canto XXIX

I feel the atoms vibrating in my body
The vibrations are happening so fast
That I see myself becoming invisible

If I am to become invisible
What of me will continue to exist?

Genesis speaks:
“You do not exist;
Whatever of you existed just now
Has long disappeared into nonexistence!”

If I do not exist
Then how is it that I am having these thoughts?

She answers:
“Your thoughts are not occurring as a result
Of your existence or nonexistence;
They come to life in their own right
And exist and expire just as you do”

“The flaw in your perception is that
You think you exist as something tangible –
You do not;
Nothing in the universe exists as something tangible

“Another flaw in your perception is that
You think that your creation is something that occurred –
It is not;
Creation is something that is occurring at every moment

“For you to see yourself as you are
And see the universe as it is
You need to understand that creation is continuous
It is not an event that happened at any set time

“Now perhaps you might understand what I mean
When I say you do not exist:
In every instant
The elements that you are made of rearrange
So in every instant
You are created anew

“If you look even closer
You will see that you are not there at all;
All that you are is a transient configuration of elements

“Go another level deep
And you will see that the elements that appear to be elements
Are also not there
They too are a transient configuration of elements

“So everything in the universe
Regardless of its apparent size
Is no more than a transient configuration of transient configurations

“What then can be said to exist?
Nothing it appears
But in these configurations lives a secret
That one day you will come to hear”

Canto XXX

The body of Genesis becomes a hologram
She is translucent
And in some lines that run vertically to her
She is completely transparent

I hear a strange sound –
A distorted waveform of a muffled scream

Sekhmet, a most ominous looking figure
Whose skin is grey and hair is styled in twists
Is dressed fully in black from head to toe

She stands before Genesis
And in one cold blow of her fists
Extending from her solar plexus
Sekhmet punctures the hologram

The scream is heard louder than before;
Genesis is dead

From where she is standing
Sekhmet moves anticlockwise to each of the graces in the circle
And decapitates each one with the sword she swings in her left hand

I remain where I have been standing the whole time
Fearing for my life
She moves towards me;
I know this is to be my demise

She aligns her eyes into mine
Her irises are red, flaming, surrounded by perfect white
Then she speaks
Her voice the sweetest voice I have ever heard:

“Why do you fear?
Do you not yet understand?”

“What you witnessed now was an illusion –
Everything you ever witness is an illusion
But it is all part of what is real

"Illusions are caused by
Limited perception

"Genesis was destroyed
As were the others;
But their configurations have been renewed
Many times over since then

"The state of perception you are in
Is not making it possible for you to see this

"I wanted you to experience destruction;
I wanted you to know what it is

"Without the force of destruction
The force of creation cannot be;
Whenever anything is created
Creation calls upon destruction
To annihilate what exists;
New configurations are then born
And as soon as these are created
They are destroyed
Making way for the next set of arrangements"

Suddenly the graces reappear in the circle
They live;
They shine brighter now than I have ever seen them

Sekhmet says to me:
"Here is the key that will unlock the chest
That holds the secret you will find:
In the endless sequence of all configurations is one pattern;
That pattern is one sound, one voice, one word, one message
When you will know the word that this pattern denotes
Then you will understand the way of all things in the universe"

Canto XXXI

You return
Holding the newborn in your arms –
A beautiful baby girl
The twelve graces make way for you
Six aligned on either side
Scattering rose petals along your path

There is nothing more significant to life
Than this picture of mother and child

As the two of you draw closer to me
I notice her little hand clenched tightly just below her mouth
She sleeps
I am sure she dreams
Her eyelids pressed firmly shut
She begins on her journey here in the garden

And you
Even more glorious and radiant now than I have ever seen you
You speak no words
You say everything in the way you look at me
Then at her, then at me again

You raise your eyes to meet mine

The graces vanish without a trace
I pass from one state of awareness into another
Now with you and this little angel standing here before me

Blessed are you bearer of life
And blessed is the fruit of your womb

You and I both know that the time draws near
Will you help me prepare for my passage?

I walk to you
And take one last look at you in your pure form
You are so bright and radiant

We hold each other in one last embrace
Before you lead me to the lake

I stand there looking at the face of destiny
And feel you place your hand on my shoulder
Your touch is comforting

As I make my descent into the water
You cite a blessing in words I cannot understand

I then hear you say,
"Remember me
And the purpose of your journey
I will be there with you all along the way"

As my neck reaches the water
I enjoy my final experience of the garden:
The sky lights up in a flash;
Your transformation is complete
You have become a being of light

Canto XXXII

I descend deeper into the lake
Until I am entirely submerged

My body changes form completely
And I am infused into a cell

This cell divides and regroups itself
To become a new configuration of life

When it is ready
I am drawn into a canal

The light at the end of the tunnel is glorious
I cannot wait to bask in that light

As I travel thorough
The passage becomes difficult

I feel languid and weighed down
I experience the difference in the vibrations

I am losing touch of my memories

--

Kicking, falling, gasping for air
A cry
Noises, voices, light, faces
A heart beating
Silence
Nothing
Consciousness
Playing
Growing
Laughing
Weeping
Pleasure
Pain
Learning
Connecting
Thinking
Remembering
Choosing
Believing
Deciding
Unfolding
Waking
Embracing
My path, my choices
This life
Away from you
Devoid of your smile
Come to me again
Fuse with me again
Merge with me again
Make love to me again
Come to me again
Hold on to me again
Live with me again
Breathe with me again

Canto XXXIII

As I sit here writing
I remember our time together in that garden
I did not fully recall it upon first coming here
But in time it all resurfaced in my mind

I have seen many faces
That reflect the essence of your beauty
And my heart has been touched numerous times
By the ones in whom you are alive

I continuously reach to touch you
And when I do life is blissful
As long as there is a breath in my body
I will continue to reach to touch you

Let us make love for all the time we have
I live to serve you
I am your servant, your lover, your friend
You are my source, my guide, my inspiration

We have rejoined together
Now take me
And lead me forever deeper
Into the vast and vigorous waters
Of your eternal mystery