

“A Wandering Fiction”

Several days after my death. My spirit is able to return to the place that I remember taking my last breaths here on Earth.

Wei ge

As my breath fades from my chest my attempts to mind generate an ending. But there's nothing, nothing around but darkness. The darkness surrounding all these expressions which I have just left behind.

I assume I am seeking some sort of resolve. Some kind of resolution or great aha moment that I may not have completely acknowledged towards the end of my time here on earth.

Wei ge

I am now to be told a story.

Maya offers to read me a book. I hesitantly join her and agree to dance on with the acceptance of all things unknown.

It begins as my story. It seems to be mine. I own it, this woman gave it to me after all, why shouldn't it be mine?

Its not mine.

It belongs to Maya

Maya might explain,

“Politician penguins, posing as if in protest of the peaceful integration of something true that they have learned before.. Their answer always knocking at the door.”

Maya knows me by every name

Maya tells me that she will remain

Later on the story seems to change, possibly mature. Breaking down I become dissolved in other characters. Parts of myself which I would choose to ignore. Things appear in the background that I had never recognized with the eye. Shifting and sliding around, I manage to find people. People standing around, muttering about.

“I am fading,” fading.
“I am waiting” waiting.
“I was a night creeper” creeping.
“I was a gatekeeper” keeping.

Wei ge

Maya and I wander some more.

Slowly I am fading and I can't hang on to that image of self. My finger melts as I click the mouse for the first time. A monkey dances behind me as I drip from my computer chair. I rapidly turn into a combination of substances which I had most commonly identified with during my experience on earth.

Slowly I begin to fill the room.

By this point I have pooled around the center of the room. The only light being that of a flickering and consistently dimming glow of a computer monitor, I now lack the arms to reach out for..

I am dissolved.

Pubu Tiao

Maya guides me through pockets of my unconscious mind. Spaces that I never knew I could go. Places that I had already been. Through worlds of art and sound.

Wei ge

Only after a very turbulent voyage through several layers of -Travel-- the spirit reaches the hereafter. Through many windows. Through oceans and forests. There are places I could hardly grasp, spaces in between. Seem so full of energy and activity. As it would seem.. Something of a dream

“But what of the trees?”

They would minify me.. They spawn, promptly, with face and limb. They tower around me with concern and envy. As I join them in my traveling a realization emerges. Sudden and plainly I remember how this presence of the tree has been so vital and sacred, And yet so over looked, so abused by our relationship. When they arrived it was like a great flood of vibrant joy summoned to wash me away. In memory; possibly, but from the mind; most certainly.

The trees explain to me:

Humans However flawed and guilty, somehow managed to pull through. The ability to recognize and connect with this helpful relationship between the greenery of the earth and the layering of immortality, consciousness and experience; seemingly held things together.

There was an impressive amount of consciousness to be found in some of these “Amazonia” like places. Humid and tropical, there was so much life. They were full of birds, reptiles, amphibians, Insects and fish; dreaming of time. Planets tucked away in quieter corners of the universe would seem to be unsought.

Throughout space these biospheres would bubble in and out. So free from concepts and ideas, they functioned well to facilitate pure experience, set free from time. They attracted a certain amount of universal innocence, an earlier form of consciousness, much older than the mind focused in conception we see now on earth. Unknowingly to us; the amount of life energy here, with all of its density and variety, was able to observe our experience, even our memories. Distantly, unlimitedly, unconditionally, they record.

Hexie

So some were able to understand later on, how this relationship could wobble and weave. Through the conscious existence, of “the Being” or “the self”: to the unconscious experience, “the dream experience” of what we might call Godhead. We find out, that were dependent on one another, shifting back and forth between all types of life. Even held captive by these awesome forces in nature at times, we are at a loss of control. This became freedom. Naturally ascending to the very bottom, and then back down to the top again. Somehow all of this is now beyond me and who I was this time around. I found this to be a reoccurring theme throughout, which I was able to connect with through my being state before my death.

Revelation,
Revolution,
Retribution,
Resolution

We know know end.

Ying Su

The end.