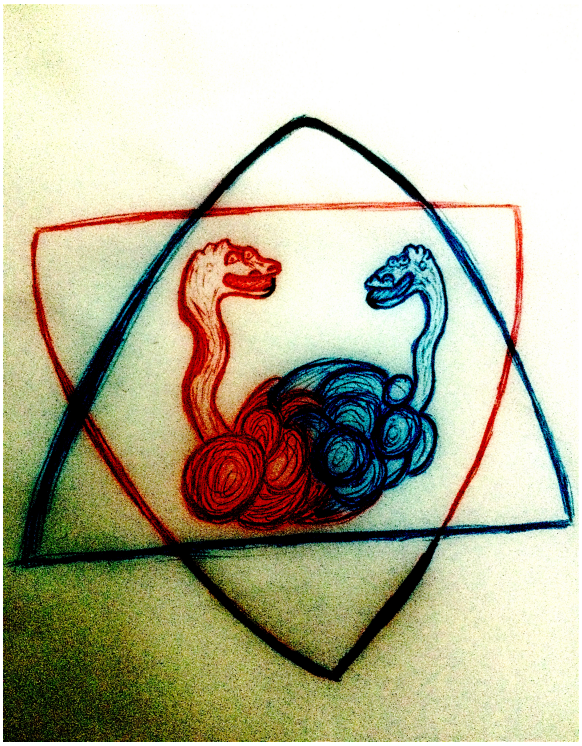
Visions for the Coming Age: Conscious Communiqués

"We are but moving through matter", as a song played on the strings of time. The tunnel shines as I journey through space, rainbow of fractal to bridge worlds. Gliding across the checkered floor of the mother's ship, tiles white as snow and dark as a cloudy night, Earth revolves in the Southern window. I travel from the West to her hovering radiance in the East. She is light, her face a star to brighten the darkest night, body a flowing white dress of white light, aura golden—the highest height. Beauty, awe, joy and love—such words do not suffice to express the wonder of her presence.

The form of manifestation, infinite potential, subsumes the spark of my conscious being. The seed grows to blossom, to fruit, and returns to the soil, again and again, yet only once, every time that has and will be and never, the eternal essence that enlivens motion with order. The *Tree of Life* is one and many. Returned to my mortal coil in a blissful daze, all I can do is laugh when questioned about my journey, for what words could begin to express the *Immortal Garden* and its *Divine Feminine Keeper*, the *Lady of Light*.

The *Dragon of Shiva* announced the coming of the *Queen of Owls*. Its body is the purest of white clouds, one head is red, hot as fire, the other blue, cold as ice. It reminded me of who and what I am, of my place in the hierarchies of creation, the embodiment of *Destruction*, *Purification* and thus *Protection of the Pure*. *Purifying* and *Solvent* to give purity *Life*. *Stoic* and *Ecstatic* to produce *Bliss*. *Fire* and *Water* form *Air*—clouds hovering over the *Earth*, impregnated with *Fresh Water* to germinate *Seeds* and nourish *Trees*. *Spirit* and *Emotion* form *Intellect*, *Summer* and *Winter* form *Spring, North* and South are a gateway to the *East*.



The sun set in the West, light reflecting from the water into which it sinks. As it breached the horizon, its light filled my being. Life and death are one. For many days my being was ablaze, and though the fires of the sun have cooled and I have returned to the ever-winding road, though the many sunsets that have painted the sky to recall the glory and majesty of light before sleep and the night may blur into the essence of their temporal manifestations, I will remember this sunset in perfect detail for as long as I am.