

MEDITATIONS FROM A DARK ROOM



I have considered now, the ascent and descent of Christ, as a full and wondrous symbol of human life. How we once denied ourselves, rejecting the full transformation of good within us, how we become persecuted by our own ignorance, and how the blood that comes from that suffering becomes the water that purifies us within the realms of life. The lord as the son of God, as the sacrifice, as the full representation of truth, and the understanding that this can only be fully grasped through the crucifixion and death of the self.

"We are one with Christ": in this way, Christ is the Self, but even greater he is truth, humility, purity, lawfulness, and the mystical conduit for the spirit which collects amongst us. My thoughts are everywhere on this matter. Everywhere at once. I think so many things about the Lord and even without hardened faith, I feel convicted in the message of Christ. The further I grow into life, the more that light of grace deepens in my heart. I recognize there must be contradictions in the Christian world, as all religions ultimately lead toward such ends, yet my heart is full of a new breath, a sensation of truth along the tales of Christ.

If it is mythological, is myth not real for men who believe? Is myth not tied to the real world in ways we cannot truly understand? Is the world not projected from our own minds, our own collective spirit?

When Gods emerge from a civilization, the theology is tied deeply to the men and women from which those Gods were conceived. I believe the efforts of each individual in our attempt at building the architecture of God and religion must be considered. We are tied somehow, to that unique experience of raising a God from our dreams, a God from our spirit, and though not inherently

connected, we are as united as the sun on the sea at sunset, holding distance in relation to our being and yet intertwined as one image.

Holy people become saints, and from those saints comes an image of the angel within themselves. The purity separates itself in an ultimate act of defiance. We become one with this wondrous sensation of infinity.

I pray my heart is kept open to the truth and strange wonders of the world, the mystical properties of stories passed along from ancestors not known, and the whispers of the ether.

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