

WHERE ARE YOU MY LOST SILENT SOUL?

I often find myself brought back to the simple routine from where I might always find my tranquility returning. These small tasks, writing, folding, searching for treasures and having a morning coffee, are things I find myself highly satisfied by. It's hard for me to invest time into things without feeling disappointed, I build up expectations for new experiences and often feel trapped within the expectation as I realize how short the reality has fallen. Human beings are brought into reverence by seeing, feeling or experiencing something that goes beyond all limitations and expectations of what we could consider beautiful or transcendental.

When seeing the historic church in Prague, I was brought into the womb of divinity as the bell rang out into the cobblestone halls and rippled across the entire city center. I am an outsider, but I could not contain the purity of that emotion, awe and wonder brought deep into the stream of my soul. There is no other feeling like this for the underwhelming media of today. At the very best, you may feel temporary fascination but this almost always leads back to the feelings of emptiness and fleeting satiation. We are drinking from the fountain of non-waters and breathing from the air of non-air which we can never be truly satisfied or brought to contentment.

It is always good to experience things outside of the heavy weight of divine topics as balance is necessary, but one must ask, is it truly good if this is all that is offered? If there is nothing beyond the media of irony and reactionary critique, where is the space for truth and quiet ritual?

There are many projects today which are funded and built up entirely as a critique against tradition, but any mature and developed human soul is aware that such reactionary creations will only mask over true reflection. A building which is made to test the bounds of architecture may very well do just that, but when searching for something truly profound, we will not reach out to this broken image. We will not choose the image of critique over the image of beauty and truth. It is only the ego that remains in place of the ultrasound, the sacred silence we keep within us, and much as human beings try, we can never deny our instinctual pull toward the divine.

When the bell rings out, even the non-religious can admire its beauty. It applies a responsibility of silent contemplation towards the sacred and infinite on everyday people. It is a beauty which caters to everyone and speaks in a language all can understand. It slips through us like the web of oxygen and rekindles the true state of the soul.

In this way, truth does not need an intellectual explanation, all of the wordless language of the soul remains just there, meek and ready to be called upon by the divine.