

KD
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The Dimensions of Awareness

It is night.

Dense cumulus nearly fill the sky,
creating irregular mobile patches of starlight.
The light is inconstant, being scintillating interludes
scattered among the barely discernable clouds.
Each tiny, blinking patch appears, to an observer,
so evanescent and changeable as to be inconsequential -
And yet, being light, it draws the observer again and again
to its unpatterened presence, its unique and uncousued appearance
So faint and brief that nothing is illuminated by it,
yet so insistent in its sparkling that it invites notice.

How far has it travelled to reach the observer's eye?

What event is its source? And what does it mean?

And where does it go once within the eye of the observer?

The scudding clouds escape to the East and in their wake
great myriads of stars track their departure and expand
to inhabit the night sky.

What appeared as tiny, iridescent formless patches reveals itself
in a splendid panorama to be an uncountable array of
twinkling points, hinting at vaporous forms, as the eye
follows a broad, median band stretching from horizon to horizon

How and why so many?

Some seem so faint, so barely discernable
while others, still pointed, shine with a trembling brilliance.

(I

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Captured by the newness of his discovery our observer only slowly becomes aware that the etched outlines nearby, and even the luminous surface of the distant lake, stand out in slightly sharper relief.

At first he reasons, "It is only time and adjustment", and returns to search for his skyward companion.

Finding it, and feeling once again that indefinable connectedness, he exclaims, "Even the sky seems more luminous!"

This shared clarity, of trees and lake, and the sky itself, nudges a possibility into the periphery of his mind - of other companions, of other constancies - of light.

He begins his scan upward - to one side, circling down and turning there!!

A crescent moon has risen behind him,

barely a quarter of its roundness displayed in solid luminescence, with the faintest of encircling lines completing the lunar orb.

Perceptibly quicker in its motion across the sky, our observer's new companion appeared ^{almost} eager to share its greatly enhanced light bathing the proximate world and coaxing it to reveal its shrouded details.

So much to see!

Bushes displaying their fragile leaves,

Contours of rocks appearing, - sharp, ovoid, some with gently extended shear and iridescent spicules,

Trees marching away, in near chaotic patterns,

reaching as far as the lake's edge.

Even the gentle motion of wavelets contouring the lake's surface

Steeped in this shimmering, fluttering and statuesque new world our observer, intoxicated yet simultaneously awed by these wondrous sights,

weeps - because he cannot possibly digest this joyful visual assault, and

laughs aloud at his ridiculous good fortune.

"Not only am I not alone, but now, with light seeking out and filling each crevice (crevice), each curved surface and undulating motion,

My world is so populated with real companions
that every shred of loneliness, every tendril of meaninglessness
has vanished."

With inexplicable gratitude welling up within him
our observer begins to move, to explore his new-found world.
As he walks magical things appear, seeming to coalesce
spontaneously out of the darkness.

Shrubs, grass and pebbles take on form and attribute,
tiny rivulets of water wind their way before his wandering feet
Pine boughs caress his cheek, and here and there
little creatures - some in flight, some scrambling and
darting between low bushes -
all newly seen companions that bring delight and awe
to the already overfull 'Present.'

Moving slowly toward the distant lake - looking, noticing, delighting in and seeing ever new forms and patterns - An insistent musing, a nudging from perception, surfaces as he peers through the heavily foliated trees toward the water.

"Something about the leaves and the water Why are they now so different?"

And it dawns - at first a mere impossibility, then, in a crescendo of resonant recognitions - "There is ~~color~~ color! In the leaves! In the water! In the sky

Slowly, with a trembling, near ecstatic but hesitant expectancy, our observer turns toward the impelling Source and, as his gaze traverses the near - and the horizon, a moving spectrum of color fills his expanding Present.

From the black-become-violaceous of the sky overhead, through the deep, then lighter hues of blues and even more tentative, near pastel greens and yellows,

his eyes come finally to the rich, full blending of orange-red bandings that fill the eastern sky.

In the periphery of his gaze lie collected the fragments of the kaleidoscope of color that this Source has imparted to his 'near-world'.

From deep earth-browns and the brazen reds of wings, to wavelets of tongue-tipped with slate greenish-white curls and the root of yellow-orange tassels capping the nearby marsh grass,

the sumptuousness of this visible feast, and all it might portend, fills and overflows the inner spaces previously vacated by loneliness and swelled into by gratitude.

Our observer now stands silent, present to the miraculous and layered unfolding of this world, from the first scintillating patches of starlight to the densely textured 'Whole' before him.

With the initial burst of full radiance from the rising Sun he experiences, for the first time, the real significance - the gentle yet overwhelming power - of the full spectrum of Awareness.