

Leaves

Lately a tiny black dragon descended onto my back. He's furious and very protective. Not his size defines him but his nature. Dragon's heart always beats the rhythm of the dragon's spirit. Under his belly is a precious white egg. Every time he senses danger, the dragon moves. His tail going up my spine swings left and right while he stamps on his feet and shakes his body. Every time he moves a sharp pain runs up and down my back spreading itself from the center in the lower back where the egg lays.

Even though he is so loyal and protective, keeping the dragon must not be good for me. My body signals it more than clearly. I asked the beautiful creature to guide me to his cave, where, I sensed, a part of me linked to the dragon, is hiding. A girl at the age of around three took my hand and bubbled in all directions while telling me about the wonderful inspiring things she grasps inside herself. So much inspiration, such an openness, such a talkative child wanting to share all that wander with everyone in her surroundings! So many times she felt suppressed in her expression, so many wishes were not taken as a serious matter until one day she didn't see the worth in sharing the precious things she carried within her with others anymore. She shared it in her actions, in her thoughts she nourished inspiration but the words stayed silenced. As if there was a danger of that first light, when an idea, a world inside is born, being extinguished by disbelief. And a little but noble in heart dragon-friend was found to protect her childish bubbly nature and the wonders she carries within.

Spreading, sharing and multiplying the beam of light. I don't remember myself being so talkative as a child but I definitely remember silencing down. I listen to that girl who doesn't get tired of the flow through her. I understand the annoyance a casual adult would sense being in her presence. But she's worth listening to. Sooner or later, that will change, too, in its most natural pace as every child is meant to grow up and become an adult. Try seeing beauty in child's expression, the way kid shows unique perception of the world surrounding them. There might be a seed of passion or great talent showing its first signs of vividness and growth. Let no egg keeping their inner wishes be laid, needing so badly for protection while being vulnerable in its newborn stage. Every adult has a duty of cherishing and protecting it, believing in child's dreams. And you are the one, dear grown up, to believe in your own forgotten, buried, silenced childhood wishes.

I am an adult now and have the power to influence it in the same intensity as the adults in my childhood had. Now I *know* that I have the power. I am no longer dependent on somebody's else love and approval for survival as an emotionally sensitive creature. Heavens support all heart wishes and that is the biggest support one can ever claim needing. So, I just lean on it and embrace myself. What I went through will stay written in the cosmic memoirs in all of its nuances. But I can see differently now, and, wow, how wonderful it is to feel that inspiration! Life, I feel, has to stream in abundance which we choose by ourselves while - intensively - changing the circumstances that we directly and indirectly create while raising ourselves up being a parent and a child at the same time.

"The expression of my voice is not a toy", dear dragon claims child's stance. Many parts try to grab it and use it for their own purposes. My heart, my mind, my feminine and my masculine sides... All see it as a tool. But its existence is actually very subtle. It is like a mere

reflection of the phenomenon that has its own inherent presence. My voice, my expression is like the surface of a lake surrounded by lush green forest and silently covered by azure skies. It exists only because the depth of my heart met the heights of the skies. In the place they greet each other, magic happens and a mirroring surface appears. Surface that shows to the sky how he is. Surface mirroring all that surrounds it, sourcing its energy from the depth underneath. Sometimes ripples appear on the plane. A raindrop falls from the sky nourishing the waters. A branch from a tree chaotically disturbs the reflection and, so it happens, sinks into the depths filling its bottom with debris. My voice mirrors my thoughts. My voice mirrors my heart's desires. And the storms of my feelings whilst the surface already ripples, if I am brave enough to allow it. But the peace lying on it on a warm colorful autumn day is something simply mesmerizing! This picture is like a song. It soothes hearts that have stored many branches and brings pleasure for those who celebrate the heights.

The great cosmic eye is looking down on me-you. The stars of the whole universe are raining down. Till I become dark as the night itself and the stars are being reflected down on me like on the lake's surface surrounded by the depth of the night. Below its surface, as if in a secure transparent bubble, grows a forest. I kneel on my knees to touch the ground - a mirroring reflection of the universe inside me. The forest surrounding the lake is also in it. The whole universe is in me. I am not the universe and the universe isn't me. We are perfect mirror-like reflections of each other's nature. Like my right hand reflects the left hand and the left one reflects the right one. They are not the same. The curves of my hands are uniquely different. But they belong to each other. And one would not be complete without the other.

The great cosmic eye is looking down onto itself.

There is an eye in the center of my body looking into the furthest corners of this world. It's looking out into the cosmos and wandering about the miracles in it. Am I not a miracle myself? Sometimes it is easier to recognize myself by looking out than just by feeling what's inside. And still the real shapes and curves of my being can only be seen and felt as I am. The universe is there to remind me of myself but to really find myself I need to close my eyes and dive deep in order to reach the bottom of the lake that holds the *real* forest in it. Forest surrounding the lake often seems more real, more solid. It's tricky but it's true. If I haven't seen the forest below the lake's surface, I might not believe it even if I'm told. The water is muddy in some lakes. The view is not always clear. There are at least two ways to discover it by oneself. First, one just needs to jump in the unclear waters and find what's underneath from the direct experience. Or secondly, clean the waters first in order to get a clear view of its depths. Once one touches or sees what's underneath the surface no more convincing of the reality of its existence is needed. Our own experience is the best proof we can get. Every one of us needs to own our proofs and examples. Every one of us needs a conviction. Just to believe something equals not knowing. When I really know, my previous belief turns out to be a dim joke then.

I'd rather be a lake to which thirsty ones come than a glass of water, being given and left empty in no time.

The night fell onto the Peruvian skies and the Andean mountains started reflecting silver lights sent from the godly eyes. An echo coming back from the mountain situated at the other side of the river is so peculiar to hear when ecstatic dance music is playing loudly. On the other hand, the silence in the presence of clear skies and by the silvery moon lit slopes is so loud at times it makes me listen. There's so much to be heard and listened to when the daylight rhythms subside. It's never so silent during the day. This night the darkness encompasses not only the absence of light but also of sound for me. I love being surrounded by this calmness calling the feeling of serenity to appear in me. Serenity is what Andes pulsate with, empowering the healing of expansion, of the extension outwards. Perfectly selected place for my sleeping snake to awake once again.

Beautifully arranged ecstatic dance evening carried me through those spaces, music beats radiating through me. I gladly surrendered my body to be shaken and moved, swinging joyfully and free. I longed for such a celebration as I've done more than two weeks of intense work on myself and others before that. A friend I met just two days ago on an outdoor hike with sacred Andean medicine Huachuma was the only one accompanying me to the event that night. After hours of dancing, I felt satisfied with the day's impressions and evening rhythms and decided to head back home. It turned out to be one but the last song before the evening ended. He was playing maracas, the drum player beside him, in the flow of the dance beat. Even going up to the well-lit low stage made me self-conscious about my visibility. I tend to appear rather from behind, speak in a low voice, not to draw crowds' attention. I went there to inform my friend of my decision to go and to wish him good night. A hug was a must. We had one before and it was as if there was no end to it. At least it felt like a common wish for it to last. Like being at home – the place I would like to stay. Our second hug on that stage with maracas in hands was just as mesmerizing. Even though we didn't dance together that evening something was obviously accumulating. And that hug let the snake out. A familiar sensation overcame me from inside – the beehive was let loose again. Little waves, swinging our hips, the sound of maracas behind my head, warm embrace. Third eye kissing third eye. Beehive rising... Last song of the night was announced in the meantime and we went down, bare feet on the lawn dance floor, energy filled for the last dance of the night. Embrace happened to extend itself into the dance dynamics. Swinging in sync and flow while in tight non-verbal interaction.

Two more waves of the rising snake followed the same evening and a few days after as two hearts were starting to beat more and more as one. Each being stronger in intensity and its effects, building a giant unit for one more milestone on my journey to self-rediscovery. The music suddenly became my trustworthy companion, constantly inviting me to be in the flow, riding the waves of my energy stream that never come to a halt. Channeling started becoming a thing. Activating me from inside. Giving new and ever new life force to soak from. This time for speaking up loud and clear. Not that I was not speaking my truth before. I just wasn't speaking often enough. Way of thinking that would intervene my decision to take action was put on a scale the same first-wave afternoon. I make it so complicated in my head sometimes. But the expression simply wants to be expressed and bring the message it carries at the exact moment it is born. That is without delaying by weighting pros and cons,

creating strategies. Now is the moment to speak, to speak openly about my heart's wishes, not waiting or hoping for others to figure things out by themselves, to let myself be seen and admired or be triggered by me, or ignored, if that is the case. It is important that I speak what's unspoken. There will be a time when I'll speak for mother Earth and father Sky, reminding people of the fundamental truths they carry and embody. So that we all could come back to the same foundation of the peaceful being, respectful interaction, and be surprised by the harmony spreading itself in us as we start listening to their voices. I might just need not to wait for the others to catch up and talk about my ideas, beliefs, bring it into the light, give it sound even if I am the only one standing for it. Be the messenger of my own truth. Free to speak about my so unique realities.

This experience soon had a ricochet effect on me. Coming home this time was much easier than the previous ones as I have already adjusted my life greatly to meet my heart's desires. Still, there were inner confrontations to deal with. The feeling of being alone and somewhat separated from the cosmic all-connectedness became a constant companion once again. Times when I didn't feel its chilly presence was delusional and temporary. When the empty cocoon lays its shell onto me, the previous beauty of community living, sharing, healing, verbal exchange and comradeship feels like a lie I allowed myself to believe in. Even though I know it is the exact opposite. It's just that I shall not need company to feel the expansion, being able to reach and touch the stars, touch the trees and feel how much love and support moves in a constant flow through me. Through separation I am being taught to come back to myself and search the cosmic heights and depths within myself instead of my dearest friends. Life has sent me plenty in the recent years, though there were none before. Emotional lack that stems from the solitude I felt as a smallest child pulls me in the directions of the outer sources to feed myself with the feeling of connectedness, love and attentiveness. At the same time bricks and branches are being laid on my path when I go after the urges of my once depleted self. All is inside. I read about people who already had such experiences and I feel encouraged that this state of inner connection is also accessible to me. I can *feel* it - it can be mine.