

MEDITATION



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In the ceaseless whirlpool of my thoughts here is a pause written on a beach in Mexico in 2006. Meditation, dreams or inner journey, whatever name it bears, I take you on a tour of my immense universe.

Lying naked on the sand on a beach the first morning of the universe, I let the sun, rising just above the water, illuminate and warm my body. Blessed be the privileged moment on this deserted beach at this early hour. Everything is in the art of knowing how to appreciate these moments of rest, being able to surrender, even dive into it peacefully, conscientiously. In spite of what we think, it is a long learning process to be able to leave behind for a while all that is the lot of the every day, mandatory tasks, priorities for survival, relational commitment and all the obsessive thoughts that result. But by my repeated efforts at surrender I overcome my main enemy, myself. Like an impassive spectator in front of the parade of life, a million memories go through my head but I do not do anything to retain them. In this entire endless story there is only the eternal present that I can control and change. I let my body slowly take shape with the soil and the soil cast my form. I inexorably sink into the sand in a precarious balance until the special moment when I seem to be one with the beach.

A light breeze coming from the open seas blows and caresses my skin, sending chills deep into my being. It carries with it salty smells of marine worlds, spicy smells of distant countries. I begin to imagine myself as a forgotten relic, that I am a sand castle that was once built by a carefree child. The rising sun darts me more and more with its rays, dries and crack my walls. The pertinent wind joins in the game and slowly destroys my old walls. Like everything that is no longer useful, my turrets, my buttresses, in short all my defenses against adversity are fragmented, disintegrate and sag, no longer retained by the relevant. All the cells of my body, like the tiny grains of a stone building, once strong and proud, are now flowing around me in a river of sand. What was my armor to defend myself against invisible enemies rusts, cracks and in a let go everything breaks up and collapses. I accept this capitulation by lowering my drawbridge. I sign a surrender with the abandonment of all my treasures, my futile powers; everything that I thought was important before. The wind always blows and whistles in my ears to drop the barricades if I still have kept some as a last resort. My proud façade is nothing but a memory. Now nothing is keeping me from uniting with the entire beach because only a weak monticule still reminds me of my former existence. Can I finally hope that my consciousness melts with the one of the earth.

Lost in my mineral dreams of past golden years, the rhythmic sound of the waves reminds me of the time that elapses. But nevertheless having exhausted the content of the hourglass I only see a beat in the heart of eternity. I let myself be lulled by this deep rolling sound that

comes to me. The consistency is soothing. I find myself imagining like an old drifting ship that has finally cast its anchor; the reassuring feeling to have found a homeport. We all need landmarks that indicate the road to follow; markers that limit our wanderings and help us to avoid pitfalls; ports of call that bring us back in known territories. All this was whispered in my ears by the waves.

From wave to wavelet to its ultimate lapping that falls at what is left of my feet, the charm occurs. At every turn like an ever more insistent chant, they bring me a feeling of freshness and inevitably a beginning of movement. Tirelessly the waves always come a little closer to what was once my body, raise it up for a moment and then leave. I find myself waving, embracing naturally this rhythm of coming and going. The discreet spell of each new wave increasingly obsessive, draws me irresistibly. This rhythm of coming, going and stopping, is the original movement, the primordial act that gave birth to the universe, to all that is living. From the vast sea, pushed by headwinds is born for a time a ground swell, that takes more and more volume to finally come to die on the beach before going back to the immensity. I do not resist this call any longer and I let myself be lifted, carried away by the swell. The currents can lead me as far as the ocean is vast. The familiar shore gradually moves away but without any regret my being surrenders to the marine rivers. I ramble and the last stiffness within me is split, breaks and dissolves under the action of water. The water that overcomes, with time and perseverance, the hardest stone. Then I let myself sink into the blue-green expanse like a vessel performing its last journey, happy to give up, to merge into what has always carried it.

I let the last particles of my body, still recognizable, lose themselves in this multitude of water drops. Yet I know that at any moment I could rebuild every inch of my being but for now I want to identify myself totally to this liquid immensity. I want to roam the great currents that cross the seas, be guided by them, let them mock me while letting me believe that I sometimes run my destiny. To be flexible and mobile so that nothing comes to hit me, adaptable and confident to believe that the sea will bear me safely. Blending totally in this living tide and know at the same time that I remain distinct, unique. I move fluid and graceful in a slow aquatic ballet. Sometimes a warmer current, or a colder one goes through me, stimulating senses that vaguely remind me of my form of before. Since I have an attraction to the heat I let myself come back casually toward the surface where the temperature is more lenient. Light passes through the clearest waters and shows a range of reflections which shimmer on me, in me. Like an elusive mirage, the sun plays on the wavelets by creating a multitude of ephemeral diamonds.

On the water surface a slight haze forms, hesitates, then rises. The hot sun seems to be responsible for this thin imprecise zone where the water is transformed into steam. Overcome by a hot flash, I feel like I am between two waters. I begin to bubble inside and I have only one desire it is to open up the valve upwards. I let my last particles shed and turn me into a liberating gas. The hot breath of the sun dissolves my last hesitations. I evaporate in a blessed state of weightlessness. I no longer float, I rise and plane without gravity. Lightness is my new condition.

In my slow ascent I see the green-blue expanse softly lose its ripples, leaving only a calm sea. So I imagine myself as an hot air balloon without mooring that always rises higher in search of a new world to explore or even an unidentified object invisible to unsuspecting eyes

that granulates between the sky and the earth in search of identity. I am in my bubble and I apply myself to create air. The unpredictable temperature makes me go up and down at the mercy of its whims. I am the infinite blue sky, sometimes the lace of a cloud touches me and I become aware that it is denser than me. But who am I? I should perhaps question myself and yet I am far from any concern with my extended view across the four corners of the horizon. I lost all the landmarks. I do not know if I had a destination and thereby any goal to accomplish. Beyond the influence of the currents ascending or descending, surprises from unexpected winds, the rest is only endless contemplation. I could densify myself like a cloud and let the trade winds sculpt me at their fantasy by stretching me, squeezing me, shaping me in creations always renewed, even unusual. The strongest winds could even break me up, project me to the end of the blue sky but my consciousness would remain. I am and I stay. At the insistence of the burning sun I still rise above the limit of the thin air. At the same place where my familiar world fades and where an unknown universe is born.

The yellow star attracts me or rather sucks me in since its appeal is so powerful. Its light far from blinding me in the state where I am, seems deep and dark. I feel that as long as I do not resist I will feel no discomfort. On the contrary the closer I get, more and more I feel like being electrified going as far as causing sparks through my body. I find myself imagining, like a wandering planet, that I am captured by the star. A satellite that orbits in a spiral ever held. Vibrations travel through me at frequencies that dissolve the last particles of my heavenly bodies. Under the influence of these high frequencies a tension rises and becomes palpable. My entire being palpitates, races and then flares up. I ignite like a shooting star. I am now on the threshold of crossing that invisible line between what divides the exterior from the interior. The tension becomes state of being and its content leaves me guessing the strong density of the ambient energy. The heart of the inferno is almost bearable. The magnetic heat ionizes the particles of my planet that never finish burning. The light is blinding and at the same time dark from too much of everything. I am getting used to this constant agitation at the center of this liquid fire and I myself become a living flame that feeds on itself. Time is compressed and lingers in this place of extreme.

Then amid this furnace, without any reason, without conscious expectations, in a state of calm under high tension, I see a shape that emerges from this omnipresent fire. A semblance of human in appearance, radiating from a light slightly denser than the ambient one, is advancing dangerously closer towards me. Me who already felt at the limit of the compression in this strong atmosphere, my reaction is to contract some more. Unnecessary instinctive reaction since his whole being is preceded by a wave of calm that announces his intentions. When his benevolent emanations eventually wrap themselves around me I am surprised to see him so close to me at a distance of an outstretched hand. He knew that this is how we greet each other in my world. Original sign that an outstretched and open hand can neither hide nor hold a weapon. I sketch a shy smile on what seems to me to be my face. I also extend my own hesitant hand as in a slow sequence, expressing thousands concerns, thousands apprehensions. When contact was made it was strangely an immediate exchange. A fluid as frightful than soothing finally overcame my last barrier and washed over me. At the junction of the two arms, an intelligent link was woven between our two worlds. Yet I perceived him as the antithesis of me, my double reversed, the opposite extreme and yet, through this contact it seemed that everything was possible. Opposites born of matter and fire, first cause facing the final reason, could they join together? Could we annihilate for a brief

moment, all that separates us? Beyond the risk of an infinite vertigo, we became conscious of each other's existence. I wanted to move closer to contemplate the depth of his universe, to see if his contours had limits but a force prevented me from falling into this overflow of differences. A countless number of live sparks gave me a glimpse of the complexity of his facets. The absolute perfection of that being in the making came to me in terms of my short life. I was afraid to see my future challenges and I stepped back. For a time, suspended, we were united in the middle of a star and through this link hope returned in each one of us. Hope to be one someday. For a moment we were united; a moment later everything separated us. One step back and the old barriers are erected again. One step further and our two realities were grasped inexorably from each other. The feel of the hot sun became unbearable. I had no choice but to get carried away by an energy projection blown by its center. The image of that being was already melted in this extreme environment, grasped by its own light.

This blow that carried me away was so dense that it could only spread itself around in rarified ether. The tension provoked by the strong vibrations faded as I walked away from the ball of fire. Saturated frequencies again became noticeable. The treble modulations slowed down by stretching to become severe and deep. The star of the day became more discreet while a blue ball invaded my entire field of vision.

Still under the effect of the thrust of the sun and having all the appearance of its rays, I could see the contours of what seemed to be the surface of emerging land, the continents with their textures, their roughness. The closer I came, more I was drawing landscapes with all the richness of their tones; mountains and plains; fields and cities; small colored cubes which serves as a refuge for tiny beings. Finally, loomed the indentation of a seaside and a beach that drew me in particular. One of these tiny creatures was lying on the beach, napping. I ventured down even lower to clarify, detail the silhouette of this sleeper. In my approach I was seized with an irresistible desire to profile the envelope further, to caress it even, as if it was of course the reason for my luminous existence. By mistake I believe instead of touching it I sank into it.

Under the shock I felt trapped, I quickly went around it and measured its limits. Impossible for the moment to escape. However, I had to acknowledge that this container too tight also had possibilities. My consciousness readjusted and my vitality reanimated this inert body. The union was made. This heat, this light that warmed and stimulated me, it was me. I took a deep breath and the air, the ether that filled and lightened my lungs, it was me. I moved my arms numb and fluid, the liquids that circulated and softened me again, it was me. I got up on my wobbly legs and the frame, the muscles that straightened and supported me, it was me. I am made of stone, water, air and fire. I am not a stranger lost on the wrong planet because I am made of the same vital elements. I am part of this world and this world is part of me. I am separated from it only by my own inability to know my reason for being here on earth.

Standing and in possession of all my ability I have gone back to my daily routine but again confident to fully enjoy my present.

At every return, at every waking everything can be reinvented. This inner journey that I just lived is issued from my imagination and my desire for self-discovery. My interior universe is as vast and filled with the unknown as the universe around me can be. Both are made of the same components. Who could say which one is more real? The one I created alone or the one I created with others. The reality that we see every day is it not issued from the imagination of a God who dreams. Whatever universe we adopt it is the one that transform us in a greater, more conscious being that must prevail. My inner travels are there to bring me closer to a state of well-being, to a very concrete serenity for all my possible bodies. But an interior world that does not have the outside world as benchmark, as anchorage, would be as sterile as a collective universe where the personal universe of each one would not have its place. Each one should be a motivation for the other. The constant frictions between the two worlds provoke sparks of consciousness that can only stimulate the evolution of each one in this entire universe.

This is my vision.

Colin Chabot



