bewilder

for every one lost
. . . and found,
in the darkness of night

© bewilder.be

innocence unveiled 1
becoming unstoried 7
light of longing 11
waking witness 15
alive and, well 21
alive and, well 25
the edge of water 29
sense and sensitivity 33
self-less . . . help-less 39
that is All 45
enough 47
clarity cleansing 51
vessel of value 55
in-to-me-see 57
a little gardening 61
diving practice 63
memories, boxed 65
memories, unboxed 69
khàos 73
khàos 79

© bewilder.be

khàos 83
Unconditioned Love 85
I am 89
mystica 93
a muddied image 99
elemental self 103
. . . in the beginning was the Image and 105
mirror, mirror 109
capacitated 113
reality check 117
breath of Life 123
inseparable 125
Sovereign Commitment 129
oneliness 135
dual flame 139
Alone 143
exhale 149
inhale 153
the end 157
cyclical *spirical* 161

© bewilder.be

stillness dissipates the fog that obscures

© bewilder.be

innocence unveiled

Journal #366

Going forth in every direction are the grand gardens of a beheaded queen.
Two perfect rows of centenarian trees are lining a grassed avenue, providing welcome shade during the peak heat of the day.

I have taken refuge under the third tree, my body tucked up in the outstretched arms of her raised roots.
My back is straight, though not rigid, and feels to be magnetised to the trunk. As I tune in deeper, I can feel the connection of each vertebra and my spine's subtle shifting as it returns to alignment.
I can feel the roots wrapping around my hips, offering them a seemingly immutable earthen coolness. No matter how long the sun pours down, the arbory's core constitution continues to feel unaffected and timelessly grounding.

I have both knees bent towards me, feet firmly planted, journal balanced across both thighs. Though a pen is in hand, the page before me is blank, with my focus favouring the intricate delights of the landscape over the desire to translate it into words.
Over the desire to capture what I see, feel, or think.

I look like a cast member on location, pausing between calls to action. Resting whilst preparing to transpose pages of a sentimental period novel into moving images.
Or, perhaps I look more like the figure of feathery realism in a modern impressionistic painting.
The imaginal musing emerging on canvas.

© bewilder.be

It is a way of being that is slowly coming to be . . . as each day I am increasingly embodying elements of that iconic, romanticised archetype.

The solitary, sovereign figure, cradled by nature.
No hurry, no rush.

Witnessing the world . . . without agenda.

I feel the relief of a light breeze as it passes over my skin.
The air is moving all around me, encircling my body, my things. Gently dishevelling anything that can be convinced to move . . . unrestricted clothing, untied hair, the unbound pages beside me.
The wind does not care what is moved, only that things are shifting.

I look from fluttering pages back to the soft colouring of the forget-me-nots surrounding each tree.
My gaze continues to move between their golden centres and a child about to unfurl and fly a kite.
Collectively, it feels as though the universe is providing an elaborate dash of whimsy, for the pure purpose of amusement. As though I could declare, *where oh where is my parasol* and one would appear. One would tumble tip over handle with exuberant enthusiasm to get to me, to slide into my hand, to be a part of and complete the scene.

A scene that continues to become akin to one of those tranquil artworks that stir something deep within me.
That arouse the sense of a longing, beginning to awaken . . .

Or, perhaps, it is actually a memory.
Something within, magnetised to surface by its own reflection.
By images of those that seem to exist in unforced peace.

Beings that appear inextricably immersed in the temporal and spatial abundance of the natural world.
Who exude an aura of iridescent radiance as they stare into the wilderness. Or, as they look boldly out towards their observer.

© bewilder.be

Whether subtle or explicit, their whole being beckons the witness to join them.

An invitation that brings me to wonder . . . how does it feel to exist in that state?
How does it feel to have the deepest internal yearning utterly satiated?

To *be alive . . . whilst resting in peace*.

Sitting here, in the Stillness I have begun to uncover, life feels simple and easeful. It feels like any other day, although, in no way banal. In no way lacking in the rich, lush, liberty of those glorified portrayals.

It feels special, in that I am aware of the aliveness within, and without. Yet it is a specialness wrapped around a core sense of is-ness. A way of being that is natural, not the specialness that is rare, one-off, or a pinnacle only few can achieve.

It is a mundanity borne of truth . . .
That this extraordinary ordinariness ought to be common.

In this lucidity, I realise that those artworks reflect life after fire. Life, after flames have taken to the concerns and cares, the hustle and heartache, of an existence constructed up around us.

I see that they are reflecting the peaceful emptiness that *is*, after releasing all that *has been*. All that has come into our lives, seemingly, without consultation. Without fully informed consent.

I can feel that this calm is that which is left, after surrendering all that is not what we truly need, nor who we truly are.
It is that which remains, when we let all that is not authentic burn away . . .

© bewilder.be

Yes, the beauty of this art is not found in the floral minutiae, or in the capturing of autumn's subtle variations in hue.

It is in the absence of things. The absence of some *thing* wrong, of some *thing* to worry about.
A quietly coveted vacancy, seen in the serenity of the central figure . . . not possessing something others do not, but free of the things that possess.

A spirit unburdened.
A mind unwed.

It is a beauty portrayed in the figure's nakedness. In the purity of their unshrouded and unabashed repose.
In the way they are sitting, utterly safe, secure, and content, without physical protections or possessions.

It is an impeccability that also finds form in whispers of cloth. In material present, yet hiding nothing, floating incandescently translucent under the clarifying light of the artist's sun. Encircling and elucidating the wisdom of denuded being.

It is a potent message elsewhere symbolised by a cloth of spotless white. Or, by a lightly draped headdress framing a poignant face. There to illuminate the individual's wholeness, and humanity. To highlight their intimate knowledge of the full breadth of life.
To aid us in discerning what is etched, line and curve, upon their skin . . .

Their experience of birth, death, joy and sorrow.
Their being victim and saviour, oppressor and oppressed.
Their simultaneous embodiment of lover and beloved.

Living and feeling through it all, and existing now . . . unstained.
Immaculate, once more.

The original virginal figure.

Whose meaning . . . whose wisdom . . . has lain hidden for so long.

© bewilder.be

My thoughts come to stillness as I tune deeper in to my body . . . as I feel this contemplation shifting . . . unfolding internally . . .

Now, I feel to Know . . .

It is not sex that is absent from their lives. It is Shame.

I see that their state of innocence is not one of ignorance.
That they live in the world and are surrounded by worldly things.
That they are born tethered and have lived tethered.

As we all are.
As we all do.

Now they sit, not unaware of it all, but unfettered by it all.
Having gifted themselves release from all bonds.
Internal and external.

Becoming and recoming pure, once more.

And I know now that their radiance is not temporal.
That its presence is not conditional, nor its source exhaustible.

That it is not caused . . . it is causation.
The ever-present iridescence of innate inner light.

Visible . . . in the absence of Shame.

© bewilder.be

© bewilder.be

becoming unstoried

Journal #366 continued

I am not the person in the picture.
I cannot be. For things still bind me.

It is evident in the imagery. In the scene I am in, I am surrounded by crumpled paper. Drafts of letters of explanation to my friends, to my family. Physical testament to the lingering pressure to explain myself. To defend my disappearance.

Yet I cannot find the words to explain my leaving.
Words to offer loved ones, or words to satisfy my self.

All I know, is that the intuitive call to leave did not feel optional.
It came preconceived of inevitability, as if a hidden part of me had already chosen it.
As though my ego was pushing against a primeval something that was fixed long ago; against an element of my consciousness that could see a bigger picture; or, against a deeper yearning that could no longer remain in the shadows.

It meant that all my resistance to leaving achieved nothing.
Except, to rob my departure of grace.

Once gone, I began grieving all that I had left behind. A process that felt stymied by additional grief for that which I was still, more gradually, letting go.
My mind tried to ease the pain by weaving a narrative of what it perceived to be happening to me.

© bewilder.be

It tried to carefully position, then forcefully ram, a wild waved way into the square hole of socially acceptable plot lines.
Tried to reconcile the mental demand to reason and rationalise my actions and non-actions, with the inexplicability of the intrinsic nature that both moved me and held me still.

Occasionally I still find myself gravitating to that position. Poised and tenderly hunched over imperfect text, churning unconsciously through alternating storylines, trying to find one that fits. Trying to find words with capacity to hold it all.

At times it is a physical position assumed, sometimes a purely mental one. Though in both I feel contraction. The sensation of handing over power to an external gaze.
To the desire to explain, justify, narrate . . . that which simply is.

Yes, I have not yet fully surrendered into living life *unstoried*.

I am still trying. Trying to bridge the gap between what the world is used to, comfortable with, open to comprehending, has the language for . . . and that which I know we are capable of.

Perhaps trying is the problem.

I could simply write loved ones about the mundanity of what I was physically doing. Keep it as superficial as an open post . . . 'went here, amazing food. Went there, wonderful people. Next is this place, everyone says it is ~~amazing~~ incredible.'
An update without aliveness, without essence or fingerprint.
What would that achieve? Anyone, or anything, could write it.

Perhaps the only way I can truly stop trying, is to release my desire to control the narrative.
Perhaps the only way I can stop pushing and forcing, is to *allow the silence to speak . . .*
.

© bewilder.be

My back is still resting along the rough skin of the tree's trunk. It is still holding me, grounding me. Yet I feel that I am beginning to fall.

Energy is shifting from my mind towards the sensation arising in my body. To the feeling of Knowing . . .

Release the doubt . . . you already Know.

It seems that as soon as the feeling of falling begins, it also stops.
I hit the ethereal earth and the touch of its intangible solidity reawakens my mind.
It feels like the long cord of a hypnic jerk pulling me back out of the void. Like a sharp, rude return to emphasise the peace of the preceding repose.

Over the summer I have gradually surrendered to siesta. Slowly welcomed the designated daily opportunity for rest and replenishment. For renewal.
In each afternoon pause, I can feel more of the stiff edges of my body softening, more rigidity releasing, greater tension offloading from muscles and tendons.

I can feel my body luxuriating in the cultural permission granted, to process the day that has been.
To reset my nervous system for what is to come.

To *be, without the call to do*.

© bewilder.be

© bewilder.be

light of longing

Journal #366 continued

Release the doubt . . . you already Know.

I draw my attention back to this sensation in my body.
To this feeling that speaks, yet is beyond words.

This is something new that is beginning, or perhaps, something old that is returning. Something emerging in the offering of space to be.
It is a communication of sorts. A whisper from the depths of consciousness.
One that is becoming increasingly familiar and accessible.

Sometimes I wonder if my body is resting, or whether it is consciously opting for a fishing expedition. A quick venture in, to retrieve the something that is ready to be realised. To be brought to full awareness.

Though, that sounds more active than it is. For this is not something that needs to be sought. It is always present.
Always available in a state of receptivity.
In stillness.

Release the doubt . . . you already Know.

© bewilder.be

Yes, it is in allowing this spaciousness that the process of awakening is becoming less polarised.
That states of being are beginning to blend . . .

Awake. Asleep.
Dreams. Reality.
Dreaming. Realising.

It is within this space that the amnesic fog is dissipating . . . the veil of forgetfulness lifting. That which partitions consciousness and drip feeds through only what we are ready to remember, integrate and know.

A divide that is self-protective and elective.
That exists to serve us. To protect us.

Yet also keeps us segregated, compartmentalised . . . unwhole.

I feel the fingers of my right hand entwining themselves in blades of grass. My body organically seeking the soothing balm of nature's touch.
A comfort for my nerves, a grounding, as the realisation sinks in deeper and the questions emerge . . .

What is it that I have cordoned off and hidden within? What have I not felt ready to know?
Why am I choosing to forget?

I know that there can be great comfort, even some happiness, in not knowing. Ignorance is bliss, as they say.

Perhaps . . . in the short term. Though in the long run, doesn't this limit life's potential? With our wildest hopes and boldest dreams, inextricably linked to our deepest fears and darkest shames.
With that which we long for, paired and repressed, alongside that which we long to forget.

© bewilder.be

Does living partly unaware not restrict our experience of pleasure and of peace? The longer we live a partial life of fragmented memories and incomplete truths . . . the longer we live in fear of that which we have suppressed and imprisoned . . . the longer our fears seep out from shadows and dreams to create our thoughts and our actions.

The longer we exist, without knowing why we do the things we do, and therefore, remain powerless to change.

As I am becoming aware of the segregation, I am also coming to accept that I am not bound to this divided life. That I have choice.

I have free will.

And I have one such choice being offered to me now.
The question is . . . am I ready?
Am I ready to recall? Am I ready to know?

From this space of soft stillness, the answer feels simple. From here, my awareness rests easily on the potential for wholeness and the decision morphs smoothly into a surety of the way.

I choose to remember.
I choose union.

This intention immediately begins reuniting the separated realms of consciousness within.

I feel my self surrendering more deeply . . . my desire to control evaporating . . . my body opening.
Space being created for internal mysteries to unfold.
For hidden treasures to resurface.

© bewilder.be

Release the doubt . . . you already Know.

I become aware that the contemplation has shifted my spine.
I straighten back into the textured tree trunk, feeling how it welcomes and receives me.

I close my lids and the sovereign being in those artworks returns to my mind's eye . . .
I tune in to the peaceful resonance of the Image . . . feeling how this sensation exists and originates from within me.

I feel doubt falling away, as the presence of Knowing strengthens.
I feel to know that I am capable of remembering.
That I am capable of returning to such wholeness.

I feel the connection between my back and the bark.
I feel my limbs further slacken and soften as my body, my self, continues opening. Readying to receive nature's energetic transmission.

Simple osmosis. Deep cellular change.

© bewilder.be

© bewilder.be

This is the end of the preview.

Click below to return to . . .

bewilder.be

© bewilder.be