

(PAGES 20-28)

Nothing. It's First Pure Form

She went into the shed and pulled out the canoe. She looked around for the life-vests, but couldn't find them. She moved a few boxes and bicycles, but still couldn't find them. She went into the house. "Do you know where the life-vests are?"

"I'm pretty sure that they are in the boat.," aunt.

"I just pulled the boat out and I didn't see them."

"Well I don't know then," aunt.

She walked back out to the shed. She looked at the canoe. She rolled it over onto its hull. Sure enough the vests were there. She laughed. She pulled it down to the water and set it half way in. Sometimes she might feel angry that no one helps her do things, but it fleets away quickly, like a risen tide in an ocean. It wasn't bothering her at all today. She began to put on her life-vest. She hesitated slightly as she slid it on. It was cold and wet, but she had learned that to engulf herself in the pain of something meant the pain would end fast. She pushed her body to accept the vest, and she quickly grew used to the shock. But to even it out a bit more she seeped into the water.

She looked up to her cousin. He was still in the car. She yelled up to him. "Do you want to come with me."

"No. But I will," said the cousin.

"I don't need you to go."

"Yes you do. Your aunt said so," cousin.

"I don't care."

“Hang on, I’ll go,” cousin.

He ran down and sat in the boat. “Push off with that oar.” He did, as she pulled the boat out into the water.

“Should I put on this vest?” cousin.

“If you can’t swim.”

“You can’t swim. Is that why you are wearing a vest?” cousin.

“Yes.”

“God. How old are you and you can’t swim?” cousin.

“Thirteen.”

“Are you afraid of the water?” cousin.

She looked down to the ground. *Looking into herself.* “I am.”

*She saw the fear.*

She climbed back into the boat and they paddled out into the lake.

The cousin pulled out some goggles from his pocket. “I just got these,” cousin.

“Can I see them?”

“Ya,” cousin. He hands them to her. They seem nice. She takes off her glasses. She puts them on. “Can you see without your glasses?” cousin.

“Watch.” She puts her hand in front of her face and slowly pulls it closer. When it is about eight inches away she says, “I can see the lines in my hands right there.”

“Wow, that would suck,” cousin.

She takes off her vest and jumps into the water. The canoe shakes. The cousin clings to the sides of the canoe. “What the hell are you doing? You could have flipped this over,” cousin.

“What are you afraid of? I’m the one that can’t swim.”

She sinks down into the water and pops back up. “I thought you

couldn't swim," cousin.

"I can a little bit, but not to the point where I would say that I *can* swim. I can move a bit and tread a bit."

"Oh," cousin.

She takes in a deep breath and sinks back down into the water. She flips herself onto her belly with a great deal of effort. She stares down into the water. She looks for fish, but sees none. It is so quiet. She flips back up out of the water for air. While she has been under the water testing out his new goggles the cousin has paddled away. "Come back!"

"What?" cousin.

"Come on! Get back over here!"

"Just swim over here," cousin.

"I can't!"

"Then you will drown," cousin.

"Please!"

She becomes more frantic. She feels a wave of fear sweep over her. She flaps erratically in the water. A wave comes up over her head and she loses concentration. She sinks down into the water without a breath. Her eyes shut tight, as a reflex, not realizing that the goggles would shield her eyes. As she sinks down the loudness of her terror is silenced by the encompassing water. Her voice and the sound of her arms smacking the water are hushed completely. She kicks frantically. She bobs back up and cracks the elemental plane between her life and death. With a great breath and a sharp fluttering opening of her eyes she yells.

"Help!!!"

He laughs. He sits back in the boat. She goes under again. She

feels the fatigue in her body. Her energy drained by her short burst of adrenaline. The weakness in every thrust of her limbs. She feels pointless. She knows she can't make it to the canoe. Suddenly all of her terror, all of her struggle...ended. It was done. It was so deeply quiet. Not quiet like she couldn't hear anything, but quiet like there was nothing to hear. It was silent. Every fear that she felt...every dream that she had...every will to keep herself alive...vanished. She noticed that she was above the lake. She saw without eyes. Her mind was not afraid of what was happening. She was at peace. Everything she ever knew...ceased. She was merely there. There was no place she had to be. There was nothing she had to do to survive. It was more pure than that. There was nothing she had to love. There was nothing she had to hate. There was nothing she had to save or condemn. There was nothing and it felt so full. What she had suspected all along seemed true. Nothing mattered. The gods. The histories. The words. They were nothing. Only dying, made up lies. She felt so infinite. So endless. It felt so light, and airy, but it was beyond that. There was no weight. There was nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Endlessly empty. Endlessly complete. It was already what it was. And it could not be anything else.

Then, with no route, with no effort, she was back in her body. Within the silence of the lake. Within the terror, though it was different. *What a gift is death.* It seemed as if she was gone for such a long time, such a full time, that she should have definitely drown. But she did not. Her eyes were open and she stared through the water. She looked around. She saw the algae

floating in front of her. The rays of light seeped in between the waves. It was beautiful. The buoyancy brought her up again, like the water was pushing her up from it. As she felt herself rising, she knew, she made the full decision, that if she went under again, she would not try to come back up. *Nothing makes one more comfortable with death, than the gift of having nothing matter, and not by spite, but from the simple conclusion that it is true. And so she changed, even though she stayed the same, she certainly changed.* She broke the surface of the water with a suffocating breath. The boat had drifted closer to her. She lunged for it. She missed. But found the final bit of strength to lunge again. She gripped the side of the canoe with everything she could. Her hands shook with exhaustion. She tried to lift herself into the boat, but couldn't. She moved herself to the front of it and slid her arm under a rope that was rapped around the front. "You prick! You fucking prick." *Overcoming the barrier of shame hidden in profanity.*

He paddled back to shore. The shore was only about fifty feet away. It seems short, but it was not during those seconds. Her mind only wanted that boat, and it was much closer than the shore. Perhaps if she had just tried to swim she would have reached the boat without a problem instead of burning up all her energy struggling to stay afloat. *But then what would she have gained.* She climbed to shore as soon as she could touch the ground. She collapsed onto the beach. "You stupid jerk." She tried to hit him with a hand full of rocks, but she didn't have the strength to throw them far.

"I thought you were kidding. It looked like you were trying not to

laugh. It looked like you were smiling,” cousin. He pushed the boat back into the water and paddled away. She thought on his comment for a time. That must be what terror looks like. It is odd that terror looks so much like joy. Maybe there is not much that the body can look like when it loses control of itself. She eventually worked her way to the house and her room. She changed her cloths and laid under her covers for hours. She thought on what she felt and why she still felt so eager to survive when she returned to her body. There were so many questions in her, though she knew now that they truly didn't matter. She still had them. How did she know what body to return to? What is the point? Of course, she knew there was no point. She knew death was only freedom. She answered the question of the eagerness to survive quickly. It was the human condition. It was the human game. Survival is what it does. There are a series of concrete variables that make something a thing. Certain things make life exist. We have a certain construct, one of the things is survival, another is that we feel gravity. Like water can only exist if it is two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen, or a car can only move with an engine, however that works she does not yet know, but it must be a certain specific way. *She gained knowledge, while others could have gained fear and paranoia for water. Her brain saved her. Her doubt saved her. She knew that all the views she had been exposed to, and through all the hypocrisies she had seen, that nothing was right. And if nothing was right, could it all be wrong? She has the way about her. She has the true knowledge. Where did it come from? Past life momentum? I don't know, she won't ever know either. One can deduce a*

*great many things, but for the “whys” of things...We must accept that we may not ever know, for now, or forever. It is a technique best learned young, acceptance of final truth. Death.*

## Sitting Down and Working Hard

Her intellect was strong and deepening. Her understanding was vast. She saw what many great minds see only at the end of their lives. She knew through existence the truths that so many wrote. She knew the death that the *Bhagavad-Gita* wrote on. She knew the *Tao de Jing*. She knew it all, even though she didn't know these books existed. She wanted above all to deepen what she had felt. She wanted to surpass the lies that she believed, she wanted to surpass all that made her what she was. She wanted to feel at peace in the human condition. She knew that she was at peace in her purest form, as her spirit. but how could she reach it within humanness? How could she unite what she is in this world and what she is in the world she felt for a fleeting flash of endless time.

She set down with herself and entered her mind. She wanted to see if she could push through her voice and the visions she saw in her head. She sat and she sat, for about four hours every night. She sat in darkness. She sat, unafraid of what might be out there in the dark. She sat with herself, knowing that she was indestructible. She sat with her spine straight, like in the clichés of meditation she could see on books and in movies in her aunt's house. She wanted the deepest peace so badly. She would light candles and stare into the flame, not knowing that this was an ancient practice. She merely wanted to learn from the most base creations. Flame had no life, and it was very clearly life itself. It could not communicate, but it eats fuel, it moves, it breeds from one candle to another, it needs oxygen, it meets a number of

assigned categories, but no one calls it alive. But it seems so pure, and to stare into it, it seems so deep.

In the first waves of meditation she would close her eyes and often see images. Most would be distracting, but she wanted freedom. Freedom no matter what existed around her. She knew she could have it, for in her drowning she did have it. She only had to drive through the mental hallucinations. For every image she saw, she looked for the darkest spot in the image, into the nothing of it, and she stared through it. She stared to the next image that would appear. She did it, again and again, with infinite patience. *Patience is a technique that is often bred from the necessity of a desire that requires so much time, and so much distance. She moved, though she went nowhere.* People had achieved bliss, why not her? *She had already felt it, she at least knows what the destination looks like.*

While she meditated she grew the urge to write, to dance through the questions that tickle humankind's mind. Even though she knew it was irrelevant, she wanted to. It seemed like fun for her mind. And so she began to write. She wrote of great heroes that could live and die without fear. She wrote of wars and glory without guilt. She wrote of death and dying, accepting and surrendering, and never being defeated. *Silly girl. What she writes is the same exact thing that one finds in Emerson's works, Thoreau's works, bibles, and so many ancient texts. She writes what has been written a thousand times, and that no one fully understood, but the original creator of the philosophy. And often times not even the creator because they could envision their ideal but not become it, just as no one can understand what she is*

*saying, until they are dead. Cute. Her great wisdom is that she knows she is irrelevant while these other's thought they were important. She is becoming what they understood. I shall try to find some of her writings within her mind.*

*She sees into the irrelevancy of the anger she clings to, of the hopes she has, of everything that defined the reasoning behind her thoughts and emotions...*

She began to understand that the hypocrisy of her mother and her father were irrelevant. However, if they had realized it their lives would have been more satisfying to them. Unfortunately, her mother died a slave. As for her father, she had no way of knowing. She could not remember precisely what the hypocrisies were in them, but she knew that they made doubt in all things that could have trusted within her. If only her mother knew. If only she knew that it was all right not to know, and to admit it...*didn't she admit she didn't know.* She didn't have to be any way, she didn't have to lie about what she really was. The ideals of this world, the idolatry of fanciful desires, breeds a Society of Darkness that turns love into lies for the sake of feeling important to someone, to anything, to a child that will hate you for lying to ease its suffering and to bring it happiness. To know that fear often changes the true reality of things...Oh well. Her poor mother. Maybe she shouldn't have been "cruel" to her before the dying happened. Oh well. *The girl has no need to have remorse over having no control. She is as much a slave as all of us. Trapped by circumstance and physical reality. It is important that she realizes that she can have remorse, it is just useless and*

*creates pointless suffering for her.*

