

Tunnels and Plains

by magus Wednesday, Feb 5 2020, 3:40am

international / prose / post

free floating in the undifferentiated

[the Hindus believe that when a soul takes on another incarnation it is given peace/rest for nine months in its mother's womb to prepare it for another turn of the wheel.]

swimming in space devoid of external stimuli/light but illuminated by the light of consciousness, tho unable to see itself, upon which state nothing impinges but the rest and peace of infinity. then as time progresses on this newly formed body the mother's once safe haven begins to expel the child from her womb, as happens on this plane.

first the fluid breaks then the child is forced/pushed through the birth canal and the tortuous experience of this transition sees the soul remember itself and pray to creation, save me from this torture (birth) -- the shock is stupendous -- the soul implores and begs creation, I will be a good boy or girl please save me from this hell, and yet the child has not yet been born; such is the struggle through the birth canal into the frightening, perverse world that the experience must be forgotten time and time again.

[the Hindus believe the memory of this horrid (birth) experience must be smothered as no soul would voluntarily undergo it again if it remembered one birth experience and yet we undergo hundreds of thousands, sometimes millions before we finally realise we've had enough of this rebirth shit and seek emancipation.]

in the word now; a rabbit strays too far from its burrow seeking sweet grasses unaware a fox has targeted the rabbit upon which it pounces, the rabbit yelps, such was the stealth and slyness of the fox, the rabbit is caught completely unawares. it implores me, a man, to save it as all beasts are subject to man. surely mr. rabbit you know that foxes eat rabbits, would you that I interfere with the nature of things, why did you stray too far from the safety of your burrow? I was tempted and lost myself eating sweet grasses! indeed, mr rabbit such is the way of this world, fascination/temptation occurs before capture and once captured, you have lost yourself but in this instance death will be quick, so resign yourself to the nature of things and learn how your folly and weaknesses lured you to destruction.

but please mr. sapien, you are able to save me and if you do I would grant you a great favour, as I am a magic rabbit. are you indeed? then use your magic to escape the clutches of the vixen that would feed you to her young. I cannot, my magic fails me against the nature of things as you know. then resign yourself to your fate. however, when you become a lion, you need not worry about foxes and other wild beasts as only man would be above you. and so the rabbit surrendered to its fate but learned a lesson.

after many and various births this rabbit became a lion, fearless and powerful from which most beasts withdrew in terror.

a solitary sapien walked casually across the grassy plains close to the lion's territory, not at all

attempting to avoid or hide from the terrifying lions. the lion instinctively jumped up and swiftly approached this intruder. but stopped abruptly. why do you not fear me, I am king of the beasts and am able to tear you to shreds, my pride relies on my strength and protection, this is the nature of things here on the plains. Indeed it is, but I mean you, your mates and cubs no harm you are safe as I pass through. I won't have it, your presence alone undermines my power if I do not kill you for straying into my territory I would betray my status as king. then do what you must.

the lion pounced, but the sapien shifted position slightly and the lion lost its target/bearing. what is this, are you a sorcerer? no, I'm not, but I do not fear you, lion, I fear nothing in this world (a rare sapien indeed.) the lion was sorely perplexed as it relied on fear to disorient and paralyse its prey, so it impulsively pounced and missed again. careful mr lion, you are making a fool of yourself, your lionesses and younger challengers are watching your failures, should you strike and fail again i'm afraid you will lose your alpha status and be rejected by your pride, so I would offer you a solution.

the lion listened. I will throw my garment broadly disguising myself as an unknown animal spirit and shriek a sound that terrifies all beasts. okay, I can't lose face with another failed strike, do your trick and I will feign an attack so you are forced to flee, deal? okay, responded the sapien, deal.

and so it went, the lion returned to his pride a hero and the sapien, amused by the encounter, continued on his *fearless* journey through existence.

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-991.html>