

A Dance in Time

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“Everything is determined, the beginning as well as the end,
by forces over which we have no control.
It is determined for insects as well as for the stars.
Human beings, vegetables, or cosmic dust,
we all dance to a mysterious tune,
intoned in the distance by an invisible piper”

Albert Einstein

I was driving along a deserted road up somewhere north of Mallaig in the Western edge of Scotland. It was one of those crystal clear evenings, the sun was lingering on the horizon, unwilling to release its grip on the day, casting golden finger shadows onto the sea lochs below me.

I pulled over and stopped the car. It was too much to keep travelling onwards, it was time to stop and take in the view.

Silence.

On getting out of the car I saw that I was at the edge of a steep cliff that fell down below to the ocean, far down below. Weaving their way between the rocks, crackling with white foam, the dull thunderous waves smashed into a thousand, thousand droplets, only to drag away again and join the next wave washing the land.

I turned startled, sitting on the bonnet of my car was Pan. He looked straight into my eyes, a piercing stare.

What are you doing? He asked.

Looking at the ocean. I replied.

What are you really doing? He asked again.

I don't know what you mean. I stalled.

Well? What are you doing? He persisted. His fierce stare cutting into me. What are you really doing, what will you tell your children, and what will they tell their children about you? What are you doing? What?

I felt the call of his voice deep in my soul.
I am trying.

What? It's not enough. Not even close to beginning to be enough. He snapped.

I was ashamed.
I'm sorry. I mumbled.

Begin. He ordered. Begin it now and never, ever stop. I'll be back.

With that he was gone.

The sun had gone.
It was dark.

My first encounter with Pan.

We open a door.

From whence come thee? I heard his voice again, whispering in my ear, shrill and cold. I wasn't sure that I was being invited to answer so I kept silent and still.

From whence come thee? he repeated angrily.

This was the second time I had encountered Pan in a matter of days and I was more than a little disturbed by the intensity of the encounter.

This vision, was capable of poking me, sharply in the chest with enough force to cause me to stagger backwards and drop into a chair.

He stood there, hands on hips looking down at me snarling.

Sir! I said, I am unsure what you mean, I am sorry!

Sorry! You are sorry? Sorry? You? He threw his arms up in a dramatic flounce of hand and tutted. You have much to be sorry about and little time to redress. Do you know who I am? He pointed to himself and stared me down, eyes green pierced far far down, deep into my soul.

I know not, I mean, I don't know. I was so confused. What were these words coming from me, why was I starting to speak in a tongue that bore no resemblance to my daily speech?

It is with regret that I am here again. He continued. I am merely a messenger, I have my own reasons for the visit but in reality it is not my message I bring. What I bring pertains to you and your time, now listen and act accordingly. And with this brief introduction he started to unfold his story...

Once, upon a dance in time, a time upon a place, a place upon a forest, a forest within a land, there was a weave of togetherness. This land unfolded, unfolded, thriving and succulent, abundant and rotting it oozed and pulsated the red ochre of richness. Here we flew on the wind, we sang on the dew drops with the bees and danced between the butterflies and the daisies. A long day led to a long night, with clear sky and crystal stars. You were young then, younger than you knew, and you saw this in your dreams. That night moved forward and we came to another time, the same place.

Once upon another time. Here is famine, drought, paucity of light, density of misery and no place for dances of time, laughter or smiles. Instead the calling is for more, ever more, from those who have it all already, and for those who have nothing the call is for some, and for all the call is death.

You choose the time you lead. You choose. It is not destiny, or chance, it is choice. Every person you have ever met has led you to make these choices, every walk in every street, every tree you pass, every moment that you open the door to another possibility you make those choices. What they lead to is what you become.

What are you? I heard myself asking. What are you and what do you want?

I am Tharmas, I am Urizen, I am Luvah, Urthona and Enion, Vala and Ahanian, and I call upon thee to act. The rebellion is all around us, whirling and twisting, you can hear it in the morning air and sense it in the evening songs. This is no time to wait, this the time of action, the time of being and the time of none. Your scholarship will take you nowhere, your dreams will tell you lies. Listen, listen to the heart of the madness because the sane are crazy and there within is the stillness that you need.

He leaned away from me, I had not noticed how close his face was to mine, eyes wide and glaring, he threw back his head and his long straggling hair cracked like a whip behind him.

Now go! he said. Come back when you know something.

We have opened the door to A Dance in Time.

Red blue
blue Red
heaven Above
& heaven below
or ...

Each alternative
is the dance - in time
from time
before & to come

The Revelation, The Expression
of what

is human -

Spirituality's expression
Answering the Unanswerable
for generations to come.