

Soaring...

40,000 feet over northern Mexico. I am inspired by the land below. Vast mountain ranges growing taller with each passing moment, scorched valleys and wide open flatlands in the distance, and just beneath a thin misty layer on the horizon, separating earth from endless blue sky, another sliver of blue, shimmering, almost glowing - the sea, where dolphins frolic & old brown skinned fishermen in skiffs haul in their catch in handmade nets. It brings me peace to know such a world still exists. From up here I imagine myself underwater, a diver, floating through the tranquility encasing all this majesty & wonder below, eager to explore every nook, every crevice, every giant rocky outcropping giving way to gaping canyons, every curve in the sinewy rivers that snake their way so elegantly, so perfectly through this alien surface...

But alas I am not in control here. I am merely a passenger on a magic carpet whisking me where it will, and as we float on... More mountains, running in parallel rows, like giant saw teeth, miles of distance between them. Then comes another canyon, even bigger than the last, then a series of jagged spires rising up from the flatlands, little islands amid a desert ocean... then what looks to be a farm, nestled in the shelter of two ridge lines. Who lives there? What do they grow? Are they happy? Do they live well? Or do they struggle? My curiosity lingers... But the magic carpet moves on...

Over a remote town, a high plateau blanketed in deep green, some hearty vegetation to live out here, interspersed with patches of sandy brown, then suddenly dropping off over deep & intricately eroded walls of earth & rock, multicolored striations like layers of an enormous cake - millions of years of history laid bare - dropping down into another canyon ten times the size of the last. You could spend a lifetime and never see all of it... And in the distance another, and another, and another... Each one more massive, more grand than the last. There's SO MUCH!! How is it possible?! Where does it all come from? Where will it go? Ten million years from now what purpose will my being here have served? Is there a reason for it all? Or like a flower am I meant simply to soak up water & sun & give off whatever comes naturally out of me & let the rest be arranged by the Source? The unknowable & unimaginable force behind all this creation. To be awed. Maybe that's the reason. Purely & simply to recognize the wonder of it all, to enjoy it, to be inspired by it, to be fed by it... and to not fuck it up...

The magic carpet carries me now further inland, where the mountains abruptly give way to yet another vastness, a giant sea of what appears to

be more desert, and for a moment it seems raw, untouched, strange swirls of reddish earth mixed among the lighter browns, like the image u might expect to see looking thru a microscope at a Petri dish filled with colonies of bacteria, magnified times a jillion. Eerie from one perspective, stunningly beautiful from another. As alien as any landscape in the universe. But then suddenly there are fields. In the midst of this middle of nowhere, perfectly rectangular plots of tilled ground, one after the other, a giant checkerboard of shifting hues, oranges and yellows & browns & reds, iron coming up from below the mantle & mixing with the clay, as if god were doing a color study, or perhaps He or She or It or Whatever It Is was painting and left the pallet to dry...

More mountains now. More canyons. More greens & now grays. A long dirt road slanting through it all. A small lake. Another town. A flock of birds, immaculately white, soaring in a V beneath me. Then they're gone. A network of dry riverbeds, crooked & stark, like scars. Deep deep scars. Then more mountains, more crop fields, more vastness, more strangeness, more beauty, more... more... MORE!! It's too much... It's not enough... It's perfect... It's a mess...

Then it occurs to me: It's love. It's LOVE! Don't you see?! It has to be. Only love could have done all this...