

Some Part of You

by Darryl Price

Why can't you just appear? You can take the interesting shape of an intelligent lion standing up there in a glowing white robe, I see, so why not just come on over, Aslan? You're invited. Why does it have to be a mysterious projection of a sign? Can't we just meet and sit down and have a friendly conversation about

anything we want without all the theatrics being involved first? I accepted you the minute I saw you. I didn't run away for hidden cover. I didn't look for a sharp, hard weapon out of unwarranted fear. It never even entered my mind. I just thought, oh, how lovely it all is, here's further proof, but none was actually needed.

Because everything, as it is already, is an ingenious, individual, fascinating being's presence to me, even if they belong to a completely different sort of race than I'm used to seeing around town. Brought forth from the heart of the same universe. The trouble as I see it with talking to some particular older trees, for wisdom, is that they

know how to communicate with you well enough through crystalline windows in nature, but may enjoy seeing you squirm between an unholy, fake reverence and plain acceptance of the newly unearthed facts. For fun. Every living thing enjoys play. But more important, everyone and everything responds to love and kindness, if given the right amount and in the very best,

most innocent way possible. That's what all the gobbledygook nonsense is always trying to show you. You have the power.

The power is you. Plus, they know some part of you senses their own strange intelligence pulsing out of and all around them, but they also feel the resistance of your mind, to accepting anything that proves you may have

been wrong about what you thought you knew all along, for sure. It's all fun and games until the heavy artillery comes back out and we're once again where we started, being afraid to step out into the light without a gun's guaranteed protection. Any light. Any gun. It has got to be let go of. The fooling around. The

awful, slithering fear. The intensity of the joy and of the sorrow. Until what is left is just us being ourselves as we truly are now in our own deepest feelings. Without guilt. Without condemnation. Without regret or blame. Lemurian or Atlantean must come to the table unarmed, vulnerable, and yet alive with all possibility and invention available to us.

It doesn't matter who started the war. We both built deadlier bombs. We both used them to kill ideas. Home is not where the maps said we'd find its shores. It's not too late. So, please, welcome. I'm glad you're here. Let us highlight peace and live in freedom together. Now is no time to hesitate to save the world.

