

Forward

by Timmothy Merath

Walking alone, underneath thin, moonlit clouds, the world began to unfold and shows it guts. Deep within the Colorado mountains, miles from the nearest convenience store or free wi-fi connection, I started to merge into the implicate. The brutal truth and essence of reality that is completely undefinable by real world terms and concepts.

Surrounded by the essential elements of nature, the bricks of society lost their weight. Showing themselves as mere clouds disguised as rules and laws. Each one falling silently to the ground, leaving an utterly beautiful void, neither hunger to the filled nor happy to be empty. Just a pure void in which truth could reside without the strings and constraints of expectation. As each of these pieces crumbled, the strength at the foundation of my “being” grew and spread its roots. Given the freedom of the void, true passion bloomed. Not to fill a space, but to accompany and compliment it.

From the first feeling of release through the final stages of acceptance, my brain fought against the unexpected contradictions that came with being a civilized human. The concept of one-for-one and the theory of a vacuum. At the nature of what makes reality, there is no vacuum, no absence. You can create energy. We do not abide by the laws of the universe when it comes to the soul, the core, that which makes each of us... us. We do not need soil to grow, space to prosper. When the walls have fallen, you must abandon all the constraints not abide with them. Collapsed barriers do not hold any lasting effect on your passion. Dimension disappears.

Along these rocks, so near to the clouds, every last brick crumbled and eternity blended with the present to create a clarity that was brilliant yet natural. I took a few steps along the winding switchbacks, testing out all my senses with as much scrutiny as I

could. With the purest white comes at least a little bit of gray, a questioning of whether “this is it” or not. As my left foot pressed down against the heavily worn path, permanently impacting ecosystems and worlds I could only fathom, ease and acceptance radiated up, towards what I assumed to be my center of being. That fatty, sometimes inconvenient piece of meat called the brain. My lungs inhaled and corroborated the facts. This is it. The moment that split life from being. The present from forever.

Each word that comes forth in an attempt to describe it utterly falls short. Each hyperbole folds in upon itself as it attempts to latch on to the feeling. But, the story fights to be told. That moment when a connection permanently forms between reality and our interpretation of it. When the last stop sign to truth disappears and the road becomes empty and accepting. That is where the story lives. That is where it demands to be heard. Here, within the furthest reaches of what defines me, it lives.

It speaks and it is heard. I have no other choice. Once a book is opened... we will read. That moment has happened and there is no turning around. There is no downhill.

