

THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD BELOW (A spread out view of the mythical dimension)

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Abstract: No doubt, if one comes to search for the truth, he/she will find it. It is a journey to the inner self translated as simple yet complex developments of narrative symbols and myths. We are transported into a magical world of subtle senses and meanings where one has to learn the different traces of history that we are transuded into. There are two sides of this mirroring that we find in those two tales. The first one takes us, metaphorically, in front of the tree of life, the source of knowledge that is accessible only by the pure hearted. The connection through the person of the Sun Goddess Amaterasu Omikami can only point out where the light does deviate all of us. The second one is an imperative message, as a meditation, the moment that we disconnect from our minds. Those two parts can feed us with the knowledge of the human beings, in order to fill the love core connected with the feeling coming out from the experience of these two tales. You can take a magical tour into the world of the mirrors that we are revealed here and try to gaze into the future, searching for meanings that perhaps you have never thought about. Either way it is a positive approach towards knowing who we really are.

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THE CRYSTAL TREE

- What story do you greet me with today, old man?
- Dear girl, today I dreamt of something very strange and I prayed all day to understand the dream's meaning, but no sign... so far.
 - What is the dream about, grandpa?
 - It is about a monk from faraway lands, dear child.

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- It was as though, in my dream, a tree was rising, a seemingly crystal tree and there was much noise around it.

The noise could be heard up until the Takamagahara hill, where monks were seeking, hungry for serenity, a century of silence.

One of them arose, calmly, austere in his noble hemp Ryasa and looked up over the hill, as if he was searching the noise source that stirred his evening prayers.

He had made an oath of silence with the sky and the earth, and as a reward, the great Amaterasu had promised him the birth of another sun if the Man would find the crystal tree in the eye of Izanagi.

For many years, the monk praised her as a woman for her dance around the trees, but every time he prayed to her, she revolted with tempest and darkness saying:

- I am the mirror of the great clay sun, Amaterasu Omikami, I am!

To my world I give my strength for your sky to brighten again!. You kneel before my maidenhood, but I am the warrior of the talking trees and the Goddess of the world below.

After Amaterasu Omikami found the bronze mirror hung from the tree of life, she transformed its branches into thousand crystal particles and spread them inside her cave saying:

- And you will search the light of the tree, blinded by your own reflection.

And you will enter the mirror and meet yourselves at life's feet, stealing the water from the sky and bringing it to your roots, back to the ground.

And you will find the crystals of life, the light of the mute-tree you will learn, after centuries of silence you'll grow it and you will pray to the light to lead you up to your own reflexion.

In end you will praise the mirror of the worlds, gazing through it, the memory of your birth and death, you will find.

The monk descended from the hill, following the living voice from the sunset. As he reached the end of a chasm, he stopped and asked the sky:

- Goddess give me a name so I can hear myself called by you or by the others and give me the strength of praying until the end of life, so I can embrace the wonder of the crystal tree!

At peace with the disease of solitude, the old monk moved down till he reached the hill's bottom where the noise and the gurgle of waters scattered the craved silence of his world.

A colossal garden appeared before his eyes and dozens of faces pierced the darkness tittering with life and freedom.

The more he approached the garden, the more he was detaching from the power of Amaterasu Omikami.

This thought gave him thrills but he locked the warmth of his hidden body. When the old man bent before the soil, he formed a tiny mudra out of his fingers as if he was willing to welcome the universe into his palms. He shivered thinking of betraying the celestial world, so he kissed with ardour the lint of grass, feeling its sap piercing his eyes and temples.

He felt being pulled by the leg, down the grass, like a strong tingle throughout his spine, and then he fearfully withdrew his foot. Drops of water clenched his shoulders – at first like a tender dance of the breaking clouds, then letting their weight be felt it on his back.

He looked down to his feet and saw between his legs a coloured ball, rolling up to his dark mantle and strongly dragging him downward.

The sky stingy spread sparkles over his resting arms in the green grass.

He saw the smiling face of a child, holding on to his mantle with her little hands, pulling him down to the garden with an inconceivable strength.

- Let go child! So the monk said in a hoarse voice, shuddering away from the gloomy apparition.

- Home... home! So the little voice whispered, ceaselessly clinging to the wet ragged frock of the old man.

- Where is your home, little one?

The child stood up from the monk's feet, releasing her grasp, pointing her finger to a small modest looking house, full of children gathered around a sparkle into the midst of the darkness.

The old man rushed toward the radiant rift, frightened and amazed by this unfathomable invisible world, like hypnotized from the laughter that was dragging him out there.

An unusual tree rose in front of him, soughing restless humid sparkles all over the garden, as if falling out of the sky. Rubbing his eyes he chased away the weariness of his presumable dream, making his way through the children to see the miracle.

- It's a miracle! A miracle! The old man insanely shouted out, kneeling before the tree, ever so humble.

- Praise thee Amaterasu Omikami, for such kindness and holiness to a humble monk, lost into the world.

Behind him, a joyful mild voice was heard while he was touched by a hand, so smoothly, as if not to be awakened from such a rapture.

- It's raining sun, grandpa. My mother told me about the bursting clouds over the sun: the spread love over the man, when he is touched by the birds.

Hiding his tear-stained eyes, he let himself fall down to his feet in front of the tree, praying to the sky:

- Oh, mighty Amaterasu Omikami! Behold your man! Why give my soul the joy of your not seen heaven? How can I let my world see the miracle of the nightly sun?

The little girl cuddled into his arms in a grasp she never felt before, she covered the monk's tear-stained eyes with thousands of kisses and said:

Look grandpa, it grew really big! Till you came back home, the tree waited for you peacefully, like you said.

Clinging to the old man's neck, the little girl had embraced the tree and felt the warmth of the dazzled sparkles.

Like in a dream, the old man understood that the secret of Amaterasu Omikami's crystal tree was so simple:

The whole search, the starvation, the sleeplessness, all given to Amaterasu Omikami as a sacrifice, was in vain.

By one single embrace of his little girl, he received the everlasting warming light at the Takamagahara foothills, even if no one had ever shown him the light before, beyond the Amaterasu's sun.

The light stood there under the empty sky over the many years of prayers. He found it deep down inside the little girl's heart, which put her small hands around the rainy-tree, bringing joy into his heart. He shackled himself with Omikami's loam sun.

So simple was the coming-life grass, the crystal raindrops tree that has overturned his dream into a small puddle, where his feet enjoyed the bodily desire and wetness.

He was Man... Above all celestial birds, he was the servant of the trees and light and he had been seeking it to his humbleness over the time, beyond the unfathomable and unknown heaven.

Ashamed by the child and his mistrust, he found his soul enlightened by a simple embrace, that brought love and forgiveness, but he never thought to look for it, inside his heart...

SPARE WINGS

If you forgot how the skyline looks like, if you forgot how fallen angels pray, if you have seen old people walk with their hands at their back, beware my dear child: they all have spare wings!

If through your pockets you will search, or through the box inside your cupboard full of small memories, through your coin collection, or through the tickets inside your night slippers, in every corner shadowed by the mingy time, you will somehow find those spare wings that you tore in the past.

Do you recall the smell of Saturdays and your grandparents' sweet bread's smell too... have you ever sneaked in the pantry after the jam jars or

hid under your blanket to enter that world of stories where fear had no place in?

Did you ever wonder why morning comes when you have nothing else to lose, why everything's repeating at life's masquerade?

If you haven't... then today is the day to take a good look behind and find the traces of the torn wings at your back, where your arms have forgotten how to open up towards flight and selfless giving.

Look up at the light that's drawing you to awakening, don't bury yourself in the past when it's so easy to get out from the blanket, to look outside the window, watching the angels begging behind their clouds for wings, flying so close to the earth, so close to you.

Did you ever seek out a soul, a memory, did you ever feel a loss, unrest, a fear of moving forward and in all your found quests, did you ever ask for your right to wings? Our first steps, the first toy, the very first shivers of the very first touch, the first smile, dance or tears, the first longing for someone, the first kiss, the first hug, the first bench you sat on, the first piece of poetry read, the first breakup, the first resignation, the first negation, the first rebellion, the first anxiety, the first flight, the first secret, the first forgiveness, the first chance, the first revolt, the first comparison, the first song, the first flower, the first vow, nevertheless... the first wings.

They all pass through us and they guide us down life's unknown path, for in the end we seek out the first memories and give them spear wings.

You sit down on a bench, just you and the leaves, the park and its silence... dozens of people around you, sad faces, happy faces, passing by, watching you as you watch them, exploring them you question, then you gaze upon two old people joining hands on their last road, you admire them and search for their wings, but you don't find them.

You'd like to feel them, know their moment, their time, the grinded thoughts put on their faces by hundreds of restrains, or grimaces, then you get up and leave them out the park as legacy, losing yourself in their midst.

The road home beckons you and you seek it along for those you have dreamt of, wanted, hoped for.

You open a door and feel an Eden hanging on a wall; you touch it, feels like an entire universe breaking behind you, a deaf pain takes hold of your arms and you are lifted up to the sky by her or his face.

You feel your wings growing, remembering your first birth and then you know...

Why is it so hard to except spare wings, dilute the gravity to that minuscule form of worldly love?

We all have our share of flight, we all want bedtime stories before falling asleep, to be kissed on the forehead, tucked in and be held tightly until dawn, to open our eyes to that someone and hear the morning's call near the person that has been the guardian of our sleep, we all want to return home, even after a lifetime of wondering through darkness and temptation.

Why are you so afraid to admit that the universe of your innocence is hiding underneath the heavy armour that's keeping your demons at bay, why can't you hold the hand of that which is dear to you, why do you hide dreams from your soul, when it is dreams your fellow man is found in?

If the sky can be overwhelmed by clouds, can sift ice, or shine for you, why can't you light your own way?

If death has descended to show you the way to the heavens and give you wings for that, why don't you use them?

How many seconds you let go until you smile to saddened souls, how many years you let pass until acknowledging the love within you, how many centuries of rebellion are lost in written tales before the desiring peace, my sweet child?

At the end of the road, while leaning on the window pane, you watch the hands you've given with, took with, caressed or murdered with and then wonder what you take with you if not some spare wings, in the end...

You fit them between your shoulders and with your last breath you fly to those waiting for you up there and wonder then why it took a whole lifetime to search for them, though you never used your arms.

Do you remember how close you were to Him dear child, how you tore your wings, your first flight, how you've made up wild horses and false heroes when you've returned defeated by fear and resignation?

Why do you seek to blame time when you waste yourself in so much pursuit and discrepancy, when all your choices and unfits tame you; why do you defy the sky in your smallness when you've been granted the flight from your first cry inside the womb belly.

Look around you child, you have eyes to look at your world, your dreams, your desires, your madness... you have hands to touch your pain, hatred and neglect what you misunderstand...

You have so much time to forgive yourselves and move forward towards the flight, why do you break your wings when at the end of the road you'll always have spare ones? Maybe you'll be broken down, cast away, bleeding, ruined, and beyond you the earth will seem just a dark spot, but at its end do not forget to look at your weariness, saturation and weakness, because it's all you have left...

What more do you have to lose, when you know that in every station there are substitutes standing in, at the delay of your passing, when every moment brings an "earlier", or a "later", when nothing coincides with your time, your memory, or with your hope?

Why don't you let your wings envelop your longing, your dreams and your smiles?

Why do you crucify your soul with lies and resignation, when it is not life fighting against you, it only reminds you that whenever you seek a shoulder to lay down your weary forehead, you have forgotten your spare wings...

Small hands seeking to hold you, through shadows and silhouettes, hands flinching from pleasure and new... and at last you'll find shaking hands looking for the end.

In the whole labour of life, man has forgotten to enjoy all the regression and chance, has forgotten to seek out the lesson in life, searching for a life in the teachings of others he has forgotten that all the fullness of his research is right by his side, the whole time, having a pair of wings...

Search then through your pockets or through the box inside your cupboard, full of small memories, through your coin collection, or through the tickets in your night slippers, in every corner shadowed by the meaning time, hoping somehow you will find those wings of yours, which tore in the past.