

CHRYS ROMEO

THE ONE WHO IS

Copyright: © Chrys Romeo 2019

THE ONE WHO IS

Immemorial times

If you close your eyes to the outside, you open your eyes inwards... and you see the light.

If I close my eyes, a thousand years with myriads of sequences, aspects, perspectives, events, facets of a diamond in millions of reflections appear before me - a single second of multiplied life. A vision of eternal creation in infinite diversity of form, space, time and conscience. A unique consciousness of a timeless "now", a frameless breathing, an absolute awareness of everything.

If I close my eyes, I open them to the light. And the light is alive.

He listened to his own thoughts, forming words, swirling spirals on the edge above the abyss of the beginning and ending of a universe. As he was standing by the steep chaos below, high on the brink of a rocky platform, watching an undulating gathering of birds that flapped their wings dancing in anxious agitated waves across the clouds, moving together at once, round and about, without precise direction, tiny black wings elegantly sweeping the heights of a purplish pink horizon, he could hear his own thoughts and the silent eternity as one voice.

“Everything turns to dust, and everything is born again... Life is an endless force. If you open your eyes to this truth, you see it as it is. Life is light. And light is alive. The shadows are just pauses in the flow of life. Darkness is a temporary interruption, an absence in the universe. It's a cold silence. Yet light

continues ahead, despite the void, because it's infinite and it crosses over.”

He looked up and far away, towards the stormy clouds, inside the colorful changing depth of clouds. In one second, the truth unfolded in his mind like a rolled out scroll, an eternal unwritten parchment, an immemorial papyrus that exhibited the deepest secret of life. He stretched his arms, as if to touch the clouds.

“Now we are the sky. We are the sparkling flood of stars, the joy and heat of summer, the freshness and hope of spring, the diminishing stormy fall and the dull darkness of winter too. We borrow something from the immovable eternal mountains and from the endless motion of the sea waves. We are broken pieces of glass that reflect and refract the colors of the light. We are scattered and full of life, small and insignificant in our glance towards the universe, but capable of greatness in just one moment of being the absolute overwhelming infinity rising. Infinity rises with us, from us and beyond us. Yet we are just people... and still, we are also the rivers, running forever. The birds, flying to the sun. The trees, shuffling leaves in whispers. Sometimes we are more, sometimes we are less. Sometimes we crawl, sometimes we sit in darkness and listen to the howls of the night. Sometimes we are transparent like the purest most beautiful water that twinkles in the light. Sometimes we are a rainbow. Sometimes the entire universe is swirling in our minds, stirring deepest forces in our eyes. And sometimes we are miraculous, valuable and loving to everything that has warmth with the breath of life. The energy of infinite possibilities exists within us. We are it. But we don't know it and we don't know how to become it. We're just finding our way to it. We are endlessly aspiring towards infinity. We are the

distance and the approach, the truth and the deceit. We are constantly changing and evolving beyond ourselves. We are wandering around, changing with the tides. We are who we are. And we are more. As we rise from the star dust, from the ashes of immemorial times, from the glowing water of the beginning of the universe, new meaning keeps rising with the spirals of evolution.

Now is the beginning. Now, with an ending, begins a new opportunity to become again alive. It is now that we exist. When everything turns to dust, a new life begins again. It is the way of the universe... it is never lost - just transformed, renewed, discovered, created, redefined, revealed and expanded into existence again.”

The currents of dust, leaves and paper sheets rising from beneath the platform, from an abyss where a world had once been were scattered in the vast space of a dawn, or a dusk, of an apocalypse or a birth of a new universe... or everything at the same time.

He stared down at the chaos.

And yet it hadn't always been like that moment of total revelation about life on the edge of. Once, below that platform on top of a high steep rock there had been tons of blocks of perfectly arranged geometry: tridimensional geometry, with the power of unimaginable energy of life infiltrating everything that existed, on many levels. The pyramid had always scintillated in brimming life on an invisible but very powerful frequency, its huge blocks of stone almost dazzling the eyes with magnetic resonance. It was impossible not to feel that, standing close to the grandiose construction. It was as if the pyramid was alive itself, with its own awareness, carrying consciousness of immemorial ages inside

the silent stones arranged perfectly to defy time, space and dimensions of existence.

*

Plunging into the turquoise water of the swimming pool, where bubbles of oxygen were rising from the ivory middle of glowing light, surfacing in slow motion, shoulders first, he saw through the steamy clouds evaporating from the water surface two golden knitted sandals on the marble edge.

“Make a wish”, he said to the man carrying a scroll, standing by the swimming pool.

“I thought I'd find you here, swimming in the Fountain of Youth. Isn't that what they call it, my lord?”

“No. They call it the Fountain of Life. Or the Fountain of happiness, oblivion and resurrection”, he answered and paddled the water, reaching the edge with one hand. “What are you doing here? What do you want?”

The man leaned forward humbly, staring eagerly at the core of light, deep underwater, in the middle of the pool, from which swirls and beams were rising to the surface endlessly.

“What shall I call you today, my lord? Ra or Horus?”

“You may call me Horus, for the common people. I don't want to confuse them. Speak! Why did you enter the sacred pyramid?”

“They say this fountain grants you any wish. Is it true?”

Horus looked up with intense steely eyes, the color of the water in the

pool.

“Yes, absolutely. But you must be careful what you wish for. You can never take it back if you change your mind. And if you're not able to handle it, the fountain will swallow you up completely, with your wishes and dreams.”

“You're joking.”

“No. Have I ever joked about anything?”

The other retreated quickly, to make way.

“No, my lord.”

Horus prompted himself up on the edge of the swimming pool, water dripping down his body. As he stood up, he appeared taller than any human around.

“What about my request?” he asked, stretching his muscles as he stood up, facing the old man with the scroll “Have you found what I asked you to?”

The old man unfolded the rolled up papyrus.

“Here are the results of my search: I sent pigeons to the places where she was last seen. The questions remained unanswered. I also sent servants to ask around the streets. There was no trace and no signal that she might have been seen. She's lost in the desert, my lord. She vanished from the face of the earth. People say she was the soul of the Sphinx because she was an oracle and now she returned to it. That's the legend, I swear on my life, my lord. As for my efforts, there's the other half you have to pay me. Here are the calculations.”

Horus stared at him, his eyes squinting, sharp and ruthless. He snatched the papyrus from the messenger's hand, tearing it to pieces in a second.

“Listen”, he said barely alleviating his anger, “you should be thankful I'm

not throwing you to the lions! What you told me is what I already knew - she's gone. But where? The soul of the Sphinx?! You couldn't find out where she is! She's a woman, not a statue! She's out there, in that big world and I must know where! I asked you to find her and you didn't! I promised you another half of what I paid you in the beginning, on condition that you come up with something. But you presented nothing to me: nothing! Now you want to be paid extra to do another investigation? Forget it! Be gone and never show yourself to me again if you don't have news about her.”

He threw the pieces of the scroll in the swimming pool.

“Now get out of my sight before I change my mind about sparing your life!”

Horus' voice thundered above the swimming pool, echoing in the blocks of stone and the whole pyramid trembled for a moment.

The creamy pieces of the scroll floated on the wavy surface of the water for a few seconds, then dissolved in the swirl of bubbles of oxygen coming from underneath, melting into the ivory color.

Horus grabbed a golden satin cape from the display of clothes near the pool and threw it around his shoulders, rubbing it against his head, as he entered another room, walking faster by the minute, trying to ignore the moment of frustration.

“I asked him to do one thing: find her. And he came up with nothing! “ he thought angrily.

“Not one trace, not one name, not one single word that would give me a clue... The Fountain has so much power, yet it doesn't want to reveal her to me.”

He couldn't accept it. He didn't want to give up searching for her, even if it would be a lifetime search of a thousand centuries. *The Sphinx*, he thought angrily. *What an absurd explanation.* The woman was miraculous, mysterious, powerful and with deep visions, her eyes shiny emerald, her stare dignified, majestic and hypnotizing, from under her veils and bracelets of dark opal, as the color of olives that soak in the sun. She was indeed too wise - she knew too much of the unseen and the foreseen. She could have been a representation of infinity, a force of the eternal universe, hidden under veils and jewelry. And yet, she couldn't have been just the spirit of an immovable statue.

Who was that woman, though? Who was that queen? What was she really?

Horus had no idea and no clue: she had been there for a while, in the pyramid, as a servant, as a queen, a confident and a wonder among countless women from many corners of the world - but she could have been a force, a manifestation, an illusion, a reflection of his wishes... She had been a queen from a distant land that he had conquered. She had been given to him as a prize of victory – a price for peace. It had turned out that she manifested the power of premonition and intuition. She was like an oracle that could predict events, read the minds of his enemies and anticipate war. It seemed she was so out of time and out of context, she became more like a creation of his own mind... an ideal appearing like flashes of light, interspersed into reality. After two years of standing by his side, she had suddenly gone and he developed a fixation to find her. He wanted to bring her back. One winter morning, she had escaped the pyramid and vanished from the face of the earth. He hadn't even understood why she wanted to get away. He thought she had found a life in the pyramid.

But she obviously wanted something else, or had already found another life that he knew nothing about.

He swore to turn the world upside down to find her. It seemed that without her, the balance was broken. He knew, deep within his thoughts, from his immemorial infinite-connected existence, his conscious and unconscious awakening, that when that inner eye was open upon the entire universe, there would be something missing. A part of his soul was taken away with her: she had tricked him, put him under a spell or cursed him. He didn't know the reason, but he no longer had peace.

Something in the spinning of the planets, something in the dawn of the galaxies, something in the darkness of matter and the density of expansion, something in the intensity of blazing spheres of fire, something in the slightest spark of light seemed not entirely right. The balance was tipped. The direction of everything was going sideways.

He had the power, the determination, the decision in the grasp of his hand. He had the vision in the eye of his mind. And yet, the mechanical automatic reflexes of the perpetual motion of the universe was reaching its meaning only when he could include her in the structure of infinity. It was the truth he knew in his heart: at the essence of everything there was sense in life, in traveling through time and space only if the harmony she brought could thrive and shine.

*

“The higher awareness is a place in itself. It is many things beyond time and place. It is live energy, intensity and essence. Ascending to it is almost inevitable after moving into the astral dimensions. However, searching it from a material existence is more difficult because the dense walls of the opaque, thick atoms create elusive appearances and block access to the core of a greater truth.” His thoughts ran around as visions.

For as long as he remembered, he had been looking to find out the absolute truth of the universe, of existence itself. Reaching the earthly realm for an uncountable immemorial time, in parallel worlds, he appeared to humans as a rising unexplained power. He presented to them under the name of Horus. Inspiration, light and awareness were one and the same force. He would connect to it by immersing in the opalescent glowing liquid of the pool in the middle of the translucent pyramid.

It was an illusion to most humans who had not awakened to see it, and it was an entrance to another realm or an exit from that dimension of the earth as it was seen and not entirely known by most people. The other side was full of surprises and implied a higher sense that could distinguish and understand what was going on in the refined movement of light that radiated on an elevated frequency, to reveal mysteries and wonders of a multi-sided and infinitely expanded universe.

On the other side, unattached to any paths, tracks or links, stood a temple of the higher sentient clairvoyant guides, popularly named by humans “angels” “gods”, “oracles” or “light spirits”. The temple appeared as if it was made of

light dancing in nuances like water, changing colors from smoky amethyst to pale blue aquamarine, rosy quartz or citron, a continuous rainbow of flashing dazzle.

The host of the palace considered his presence unexpected.

“What are you doing here?”

“I am the son of light. I have a right to be here.”

“You are meant to be on earth. You've interrupted your path to reach out, and it is not the moment to do so, from where you are now. “

“The moment is right if I have access to ascend here, which I obviously can.”

The beams of energy approached, shifting the temperature and rising above him, as if to observe.

“See, you're so confident, you speak as if you're entitled to it. This is the trait of unfinished ascension.”

Horus stood firm.

“ I'm not unfinished, I'm ascending. The earthly existence in itself is by definition prone to falling: people fall all the time into temptation, excess, despair, in love, in anger, in greed of power... On this planet, everyone is potentially slowed from ascending or evolving, at the same time. Alternatively, everyone goes through phases of more or less ascending or descending, rising and falling.. you can't clear away the shadow from the light. The earth has shadows. Here, existence is on a different paradigm.“

A spiral of sparks surrounded him, speaking in musical sounds.

“Yes, that is true. The story of the fallen angel can be anyone's story. Each

human has the power to be and act in the most elevated, positive manner or turn away for a second and fall into the trap of manifesting the shadow negative in the smallest ways that become bigger and bigger. Causing pain around makes one fall. The tiniest seed of evil that exists in one's soul can be fed, fueled to gain strength and expand, making one descend from elevation to darkness. It's enough to lose the grip on the path, and you end up on another level of behaving, existing and creating consequences. The moments that you do that, are moments when you are fallen angels. You trade your ascension for temporary illusions. However, by your presence in this dimension, you are seeking something different in the temple of higher skies. Why are you here?"

"I'm looking for balance. I want to find what's missing."

The bright conscience took the shape of a winged creature, a transparent glowing contour in the palace of perfect and clear colorful crystals, reflected in the depth of a multitude of shiny icicles, elusive atoms joining an arrangement of light.

"And what do you think is missing? You have the vision to see through dimensions and acknowledge the truth. Why do you need another answer?"

The energy could have been a product of his imagination. It seemed to show itself in visions that he could give meaning to, and yet it kept asking questions. He searched his memory of many past lives up to his arrival there.

"I've traveled in many levels, I've seen centuries of glorified ascension and irreversible collapse of empires. I understood there is something missing that doesn't add up to make this universe complete. But maybe it's here and you're hiding it from me."

The energy swirled around him.

“There's nothing hidden here that you can't already see. Everything you need will find its way to you, exactly as it is supposed to. Your coming here will not solve your path. It might shorten it, but it won't get you what you think you must have. You should have it within: light should expand from inside out.”

Horus' eyes took a sharp intensity.

“Where am I to find it then?”

“Search your soul. Look into your heart. You will know. Go back to earth and continue to give meaning to the structure you are able to build, which is not made of stones or bricks, but of elevated spirits. You have the power to help people ascend, elevate, evolve. And that can bring them here, sooner or later, and open the way to move ahead, to gain intensity. Ascending is about concentrated intensity, acquiring awareness, connecting to the higher realms. But you must be the lamp that signals the way for others to join.”

“And if I lose balance? The earth can be overwhelming in darkness. There's so much going on that dims the light. Looking away won't solve anything. Who or what is going to be my lamp if I need to rise from the shadows? ”

“You have the power to overcome it. You must find what you need in your own soul. If you don't have balance inside, you will find it hard to maintain harmony from the outside. A ship can only sink if it gets heavy inside. Stay above the darkness and keep your balance.”

“It's hard to have balance inside when the entire universe is a confrontation, a clash of forces. There's something missing and I have to find

it.”

“What do you believe is missing? Is it this? Or this?”

The light changed to take the shape of the sun. Then it changed again, the swarm of flying sparks moving to form a spectral contour of a beautiful woman. Then it became a glowing colorful sphere, rotating in a dazzling shower of rays. Then it turned into an abundance fountain. After a while, it slowed down and it became a floating pair of wings that kept multiplying, unfolding endlessly.

Horus watched the illusions unmoved by the sequence of images.

“I'm looking for the essence. I don't know what it looks like in earthly dimension. I will know it when I find it.”

The conscience returned to its transparent motion.

“Are you sure? On earth, there are many entities doing a work of elevation. If you find the one who is on the same frequency as you, there's still a high possibility that you will be deceived by appearance. How will you distinguish the truth of the essence?”

“The essence is a part of infinity. It is who I am.”

At that moment, the temple dissipated and he found himself in the swimming pool, surrounded by water, rising to the surface to breathe.

Light Wolf, Dark Wolf

In the night, the flames of the fire were sending sparks to the dark sky.

The old tribe chief was staring at the sparks, the feathers on his head standing up to the sky in pale shadows. Young Hawk-Eye was watching him attentively, as the power of the night was rising in his chest, a mysterious wave as deep as the fresh memories of the fight that had taken place that day. He had seen blood spill on the dry lands, bodies rolling in the dust, arrows flying, knives cutting through moving warriors, heads falling off. It was a hunt, a confrontation, a clash of energies. Life was a race and the rush of the moment seemed to gather whatever it had and break it into suffering and destruction, only to mold it back again in other pieces. The fight was permanent. The pieces were temporary. Time was an illusion. Hawk-Eye knew there was a force in his soul, deeper than the night. There was also a sublime light that could overpower that darkness. And both clashed in his mind, like questions. He was capable of sliding into darkness or rising into light. Both possibilities could lead to endless variables in opposite or parallel directions.

“There are two wolves within everyone of us”, the old shaman spoke. “You can choose the good or the bad wolf. Most people live with both at the same time. How much of each you are, it depends on you. You are free to decide, but be careful: once you decide, it is done.”

The young warrior knew the inevitable dichotomy of life in the universe: it was a permanent discovery of a binary law and a multitude of variables in between. And yet, how to choose between day and night? Both could be appealing. He could have been either of the wolves. He could have been

alternatively each of them.

“The light one is brighter. It is more difficult to be positive, but it is more important to be good”, the old man said. “Because ultimately, we are pieces of light, lost across the sky. And we just need to come home.”

His words dissipated in the darkness, rising with the sparks of the fire and melting in the sky.

“How do I dissociate from the shadow?” asked Hawk-Eye. “ It will follow me no matter how much I focus on the light. It's a part of everything. It can't be erased: fighting it is pointless.”

“You don't have to escape it - you only need to turn away from it. Of course it's a part of life. But you don't have to do much to get a balance. It's simple: find the energy that is missing. Feed the good wolf with light. Find him an answer.”

Then the shaman's body became a smoke contour in the night, his astral shape following the sparks from the fire. Hawk-Eye glanced up at the stars that were twinkling cold and distant. He was alone, with the camp fire. The wisdom of the universe had been a vision, an echo from the mysterious beyond. It had taken an elusive form for a moment and then it had vanished in the blink of an eye.

The young warrior knew he could choose to be kind and peaceful. He could choose to avoid the fight. He could douse the fire in him by soaking his mind in light, elevating his instincts, shifting his focus. He could awaken the vision of the great spirit. He wondered if he could have lived instead a simple but meaningful life, finding a woman to share the happiness and beauty of a

miraculous world, watching children grow and learn to be more than their ancestors. He could have spent time in that way, reaching the wisdom of the rising smoke, able to travel anywhere, for eternity. But he also sensed the night calling him, from a hidden corner in his soul. It was there, waiting to grab an opportunity: the rush of the fight, the unexplained power of the metal blade, the motion that added to the energy of being ahead of the flow and the race. The shadow was there. It would forever remain a possibility. The duality was exclusive, but also implicitly inclusive.

He stirred the embers of the fire with a stick. The wolves were there. Both of them.

At first, it was like a long howl, somewhere distant.

And then, the sound of shrieking metal, loud shouts and the deafening guns surrounded the valley where Hawk-Eye was guarding the tents of his people. He knew the war wolf had attacked. The war wolf was hungry for blood, death and suffering, but mostly for the power the battlefield radiated. The dark power concentrated in the unknown of void places, in the far corners of the universe, the resonant negativity drawing everything in it, engulfing, eating down the energy of life to feed itself and become overwhelming, implacable, irreversible. The war wolf wanted to dominate and rule, moving people to taste the thirst for power and slide down the abyss of hopeless darkness.

Hawk-Eye jumped to grab the bow and arrows. He had no choice but plunge into the agitation and danger. The war wolf had awakened in his soul too. His mind was full of the howling of battle, the adrenaline of the fight, the

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

