

Timshel  
*(Thou mayest)*

Let go of my hand for a moment.  
What we went through had befallen others before.

The world we had lived in had grown beyond our understanding. The weary hands of time had cast a veil of shadows on our thoughts. We knew not, for we could not know, what reality was and what we only believed to be real. We were living in a world frozen by loneliness, isolation and the ever increasing distortion of human relations. We were seeking refuge from the convenient dullness of everyday existence in makeshift and pointless pastimes. We withdrew ourselves from the often burdensome yet irreplaceable company of others around us. We talked to each other but said nothing. We looked at each other but saw nothing. We listened to each other but heard nothing. Every single day, again and again, we refused to face reality. Most of the time we were simply stuck with the idea that being passive and labouring under delusions was an accepted and even glorifying form of existence. Our true senses had been long lost — we only believed what our eyes could see. All our wisdom and all human knowledge was buried in our tales and our religions, waiting for the awakening of a new era.

And then one day the time came for a change. Suddenly, my companions and I sensed it was the day we had been waiting for years. It was the day to make the decision and take our chance. Our experience from the old world and our visions and hopes of the new one became the starting point of a journey whose end no one could see. It was not difficult to decide. Realizing that there was a choice — that was the real challenge.

We reached a crossroads, and no one knew what tomorrow would bring, or if there was tomorrow at all.

Words can hardly describe what followed. I was surrounded by my companions, but we were not in fact together. Although we had lost sight of each other, I sensed their reassuring presence. I was pacing through yesterday yet I was walking on the uncharted plains of tomorrow. Everything that had ever happened or was ever to happen to us was laid out in front of me. I had nothing left to do but to step over it, and enter the gate of the unknown, into a realm filled with perils and aspirations. To exit my self, and fall into the arms of nothing and everything.

This strange, transcendent state of mind which I experienced for the first time gave me a glimpse of the hidden essence of things, a part of Truth, the underlying laws of our world. I realized that the gate I had just entered was guarded by mighty forces, creatures that bred upon weakness, despair and loneliness. Completely invisible to me from the old world, they only materialized now as light fell upon their indiscernible figures from a new angle. I also realized that these creatures were trying to cheat time and reason by using people as pawns. But I could not talk to those people any more.

Welcome as we were in the new world, we had to accept the fact that we lived in isolation from the rest of mankind caught on the other side in a dark and lowly maze of despair and frustration. Leaving all doubt and uncertainty behind, we saw both past and future clearly from where we were. Finally, the true nature of our mission unfolded. We understood that we had to save all lonely lives from the old world before the Plague that had tortured them for decades would wipe them out for good. Before long we knew that this war would be different from the heritage of our sombre history. There were no weapons or soldiers. There were only forces and intentions we had to learn and support.

Then one day the Plague hit the world with unprecedented cruelty. People in the old world had lost sight of all things by then. They did not see each other, nor themselves, nor did they see the threat itself. Following its inevitable and irreversible course, the Plague reached its climax and the old world was torn apart. People who reached a new level of consciousness survived, and entered a realm of imagination they had believed to only exist in their fantasies. But the rest — men and women, young and old — were trapped on the other side, lost forever for us and lost forever for themselves.

Life goes on here, on this side. Slowly, we learn to inhabit our benign and untouched world. All we had learnt in the past has proven useless and must be forgotten. We have to get used to our ability to see the essence of things with our eyes closed. Where no lies prevail for Truth herself reaches out to everyone. When, at long last, spiritual growth comes from within, and time, virtue and love bring about a healthy blossoming of our soul. We must learn to see each other once again, so that there would be nothing else left but what would make our world complete, alive and divine.

So that there would be only You and I.