

INDRES

On the bland plane of Indris near Coscan a very strange event was about to take place. The most logical of all the tribe was to meet face to face with the most renowned of the lucky few. The lucky few were a brotherhood of men and women who seemed to know very much without understanding much of anything. On this particular meeting day, the sky was wispy with clouds and the wind blew in gasping spurts across the drenched but arid wasteland.

No one knew how the confrontation was going to end, but because their number was growing fewer, it was important that the end would be in favor of the lucky few.

"Why does the cloud precede the rain?" asked the impartial elder. Amugh, the chosen lucky, answered quicker than the gusty, highly charged wind, "Amidst the mist lay the tears, asleep until the blue skies blink white." He struck his foot hard three times against the sand. Three puffs of sand danced together with the wind and beat a rhythm of rain on a nearby tree.

The logical, himself no fool, was quick to offer his rendition. "A condensation of like in kind," he said, "Many drops condense to form a drop so big, the weight and mass of which attracts itself back to earth."

A smile across the elder's face and then a highly charged silence. "Who won?" was on everyone's mind. "Do you like the logic or the lucky?" The elder smiled and turned. Knowing formed his eyes and mouth. He turned and raised his arms to space above. He swayed

his arms between the winds to pause in one precise instant . . . forever. Such majesty.

The rain began to fall soft at first and then a pelt of wind and hail and lightning thundered all around. It was as if the earth had wrenched itself awake, created renewed itself alive, in one instant . . . forever. The elder with grace and power turned and said, "You feel, of course, the sense within the senses which binds and forms the present as is now." And suddenly the storm was a warm and gentle day. He looked on them and asked, "Can one know that what's known is true?"

Amugh and the logical looked on each other's face. The energy had changed between them; the race was over. As if on cue they said together, "The time has come to prove the value of our gifts." In one mind they crossed a silent threshold banishing forever a lonely separation deep inside themselves.

The crowd of people was stunned and dazed. They gazed in knowing as life deep inside them shifted like the hatching of an egg, the power within, no longer contained in its expression. New life with not the knowing of experience, but with the moment, the just right movement of the now, sure and slow but faster than experience. And just to prove that proof was not needed, they watched the future fall from their fingertips. The sand had dried, it mushroomed as they walked. And from some deep spring inside the earth the sand became a lake of life. They watched and knew it would never be the same. They turned and played and danced among the reeds.