

THE KEEPERS OF THE ROSE

At night they would sleep with only one eye closed. As the sun would rise each morning everyone would clear their mind and be off in an instant. They, the keepers of rose, would never rest until all the world over became a rose. Their road was long and hard, for to cover the whole earth in one lifetime was the life of the keepers of the rose.

The sun inside the wind was glowing fresh that day. Sparkles filled the air. The roses bloomed for miles around. The endless sky reflected roses on the earth. The sun and rains had gifted them a vintage year. Their work was nearly done. A small bit more work to do and then the world would become a rose for good. Or so it seemed.

Their vision shared a glowing rose. This vision cleared all eyes to see so they knew the way. An instinct moved a single will, they worked without a second thought. As one they won their golden goals and all went well until one day when came a sound, a whispered voice that rose inside the mind of one of them.

He heard the voice and came to know that thoughts alone dispensed the future of the Earth. He let this thought distract his eyes, his vision dimmed. He soon became a keeper of the thoughts. For him it worked, he thought it worked. This new awareness to others spread, a rising tide arose. Many keepers of the rose now joined the keeper of the thought.

They thought the future lay within their thoughts. More and more they stopped their work and sat to plot about their dream. They lost themselves in thoughts of thought and thus their past possessed them deep in thought, it blocked their view, it stopped the new.

The keepers of the thought forgot about the glowing vision of the Earth and problems rose when work was left undone. The more keepers of the rose changed to become their thoughts, the more the roses suffered and dried. The more the roses died, the weaker became their vision and the circle of thoughts fulfilled a downward spiral. It can't work because it isn't working.

The keepers of the rose would not see their project die. They could not bare the thought. Their hearts absorbed each tiny pain, their tears fell like the peddles off a dieing rose. They could not fight the tides, the roses were a crying child to them. The universal news came all at once. United thoughts would bathe their minds at once. (We would go under any conditions. You must aid us in our attempt to bring the world to become a rose. The answer was beyond their expectation. We knew you would come to join us. We have been waiting for you for a long time. We won't aid you, we will join you. They set off to their work with the kind of strength that feeds itself.