



A QUIET REVELATION...

I find myself drifting, coolly imperturbable, self-sufficient and entirely impersonal. It is not an aimless drifting, but rather, I am cradled in a sense of perfect harmony, with contraction and expansion so balanced as to create an effortless activity. This is a beautiful feeling, this totality of being, yet it is more than a feeling. It is an arcane awareness, a consciousness of oneness: that in which I am floating is the same substance as I. There is a cool calmness about the world and my own form in it.

The sun hangs high above, hurling down white rays on my planet of crystal. The light doesn't warm me but shafts harmlessly off the infinite ridges and crevices of my exterior into thousands of rainbowed spectra dancing in wild bursts of uncontrolled kaleidoscopic choreography.

I am seen and yet concealed; most of me is hidden, yet there is much revealed. I appear to be purposeless but I provide massive peaks for the wind to sound around. And the heavy, silent polar bear lopes across my floor, conferring solitude upon solitude. And I help to illumine this great thick stillness by flinging reflected light into a fairyland of prisms.

Fate has ordained that I flow implacably. Nothing can disturb my quiet or my confidence. Conflict is unknown. In my presence there is only peace.

I am, you see, an iceberg.