Every moment of mindfulness, awareness of what are my thoughts and feelings and whether they belong to Chronos or Poseidon brings me closer to the Source

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I’m brushing my teeth and watching the thoughts that are flowing through my head. I’m looking at them as if they were rough waves at sea.

This time, the water flowing through my head is turbid, it has the color of lead, is heavy and thick. I’m watching how bullets are forming out of the leaden mental matter. Thoughts are becoming aggressive and aggravating. They are circling like fighters around the topic of a certain relationship and are getting ready to shoot. They’ve tracked down the target, found the guilty party and in a moment there will be a mental execution, shooting the enemy with accurate, pre-planned arguments. I’m watching it all, observing the trajectories, the well-worn ruts of
logic, its magnetic orbits, which, like sticky spider webs, attract to themselves black flies of thoughts present in the Earth's atmosphere. They are attracted by the matrix that exists around me, the vibrational key and the certain hunger present in me that demands proper food.

I am like a living library, full of binders in which there are various matrices and thought patterns. Based on them, the writer present in my system creates the stories, fairy tales, dramas, war novels, romances, and morals... which I participate in as if I were in a strange trance...

I’m getting my thoughts back to the body. My hands, as if they were programmed, are brushing my teeth. And consciousness is watching all this martial spectacle that is taking place in my head. I’m straining all my strength to remain focused. I know that my current consciousness is like balancing on a rope spread over the precipice. One inconsiderate movement and I will again fall into the abyss of unconscionness, hypnosis and sleep. And I will follow like a cobra the fakir’s pipe, playing a melody of thoughts that will seduce me and lead me to act in accordance with one of the matrices projected on my personality.

I’m finishing brushing my teeth. I go to the living room, sit in the chair, close my eyes and move to the inner land. By the power of one decision, I’m penetrating through the luminous gate leading to the kingdom of Poseidon. Poseidon was swallowed by Chronos - the Lord of Time and Space. Time and Space are the main software of his kingdom. The great celestial bodies and trajectories of their movements weave for him from the many-colored planetary and stellar energies - a gigantic, multidimensional macramé of reality.

I am one of its innumerable cells. Woven as a bead into a macramé, I serve to feed Chronos and his guards with energy. I have something that Chronos does not have. I have access to Lights of the Primary Seas, to the energy that Chronos needs like air. So, I am a battery that powers him and his system. A slave caught in the space-time trap. I usually wander through the mazes of the past and the future that capture my energy. Sometimes, however, I manage to snatch it for myself. These are the moments in which I immerse myself in the Now. The Now is eternity. An eternity that has been stolen from me and from billions of other beings by the dream factory; the illusion factory.

I’m returning to the body, to the present moment. I am fighting for sobriety.

I’m immersing my consciousness in the luminous sea of silence. Poseidon takes me in his arms and is cuddling me. By the force of his order, the rough waves are
silenced. The water becomes soft and receptive. Delicate and sensitive. It can be like this because he protects it with his strength. Peace and understanding appear. Patience and acceptance. Trust.

The only path that leads to liberation from the mouth of Chronos is attentive love, surrounded on one hand with wisdom and on the other one with power. It is Poseidon's holy trident, the sacred cosmic rake, with which he sets the directions and paths of the water flow of which he is the ruler.

I want to get out of the captivity of Chronos - this powerful Leviathan, the Whale, who swallowed some of the sacred waters and called it his world. I want to get out of the shackles of the body, which tightened around me like jaws. The body is dazing and hypnotizing me. I want to go home! I carry it in myself! Every moment of mindfulness, quiet observation and awareness of where I am and what is happening to me, what are my thoughts and feelings and whether they belong to Chronos or Poseidon - this is another step that brings me closer to the Source.

I’m recognizing hypnotic programs. In the world of Chronos, matter is sacredness. Body, money and objects are made of it. The body craves for pleasure, luxury. Its controlled by matrices and senses do not know the pure Light; they know only the light reflected and displayed on the whale’s abdominal walls. One catches these slops like a fool, and they flow through his fingers and slip out of his hands. He tries to catch love but like a moth, clings to another human being. This one offers only reflected imperfect light, deformed by matrices. He tries to catch wisdom and absorbs books full of Chronos programs and patterns. The "wisdom" of this world - a toxic, indigestible collection of instructions on generating suffering at all levels of life. He's sick of it. He tries to catch power and starts imitating Leviathan, destroying and devouring those who stand in his way. He tries to catch wealth and destroys nature to create it. But the wealth that this world has to offer carries the seed of death. What has emerged from destruction is marked by it. Wealth gradually loses its lustre and undergoes corrosion, degeneration, oxidation and slow dying. Man falls into the vicious circle of buying and throwing away. He surrounds himself with cold matter, and his heart becomes more and more calcified from lack of warmth.

And finally, after millions of fruitless attempts to capture happiness, suddenly there is despair and depression, emptiness and burnout. Man sees that his hands are empty. Where am I? Who am I? In what world do I live? Vanity, it’s all vanity!

I know that there is a different world somewhere else! Free of battle, death, loss
and suffering. Free of devouring and digestion. Full of bliss and silence. In which everyone is happy. The heart is the gate to it. Inside the heart there is a bright drop of the Poseidon’s Water. When one notices it, follows its voice, it begins to drill the wall creating the way out of the shadowland.

The drop is constantly growing and there is more and more light in me, and less and less shadow. I need to be attentive and vigilant all the time to distinguish the Light from the Shadows at any moment! In order to not become fooled by false whispers, in order to follow what is important. I know that the key is the desire for freedom ABOVE ALL in this world. The vibration of this desire, of this longing must be so strong that it breaks through the walls of the prison. I remain attentive to resist temptations that try to hypnotize me again. I remain attentive and fulfill the Need that the present moment brings with it. I saturate it with my awareness. I am in Now, step by step I am regaining the lost eternity.