



# The Story

## 01 - Tale Of The Phoenix

The strings were vibrating and I was trembling inside with them. I was alternating chords and stamping with my foot to a lively rhythm. All around me, I watched the golden light and the orange wild vortex rising from the ground and taking on different shapes in response to the music. Constantly emerging and disappearing various harmonic spirals especially caught my eye. As a whole, it created beautiful scenery. I felt a pleasant warmth and bathed in its beauty.



The vortex suddenly accelerated, and a majestic bird Phoenix emerged from its core. He swiftly waved his wings, flying higher and higher in circles. When his spiral reached its seventh round, he turned down steeply to the ground. Then, just above the ground, he changed direction again and flew straight towards me. I felt a strong flow of pleasantly hot air running over me as he gracefully stopped right in front of me by a couple of sweeps with his mighty fiery wings.

Despite Phoenix's apparent great power, I was not afraid of him at all for some reason. I had a feeling of home in his presence. I recalled how I was always fascinated and attracted to fire. Already when I was a little boy, I was awaiting with excitement when we would go to the forest or the house with the fireplace again. In some kind of natural meditation, I always watched the dancing flames or lit the end of a long stick and painted fleeting lines of fire in the air under the night starry sky. I tended toward fiery pictures and I liked to draw fire. I was carefully examining all the different combinations of red, orange and yellow. Even though it wasn't quite right, I kept on drawing and trying diligently.

"Hi!" I said to him.

"Nice to see you," Phoenix replied. "You summoned me with your guitar playing, which kindles your inner fire. And the fire of creation and inspiration is my element."

"I can't get enough of your blazing wings and crest. They are so lively and dynamic."

Phoenix tilted his head slightly and watched me for a moment, then he said:

“I feel in you a great desire to know and understand. To cross the boundaries and discover the deep corners of your infinite inner world. You’ve experienced and gone through a lot in your life. As a result, you are increasingly finding out how all your experience and knowledge are but a grain of sand on a vast beach.”

“That’s right! I remember the feeling when I was convinced that I already understood almost all the fundamentals, and all I had to do was figure out the last few details to be clear about everything,” I laughed.

“Yes,” Phoenix was amused with me. “And maybe the feeling isn’t as much in the past as you’d like to think,” he added with a witty tone.

That really caught my attention. He apparently noticed it from my look and continued.

“You still want more clarity in your life, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“This desire,” Phoenix continued, “can be the driving force but also blinders on the eyes. You already know how hard it is to see your own blinders when they make up your whole familiar world. And then it’s even harder to have the courage to put them down. You’ve already experienced that. You know the feeling of both relief and horror from what you suddenly see without them and what it means. You’ve undergone such putting down of the blinders several times,” Phoenix looked at me deeply.

“Yeah, apparently those blinders are multi-layered,” I sighed. “I think I understand now what you meant when you said that the feeling is not so far away for me. And it’s true that I would love to think it is. That I’m over it. That I’m done with it.”

I was silent for a moment, but after a while, I expressed one more thought: “It looks like precisely because of the desire for clarity, I still hope it’s just a thing of the past, right?” I added and looked at the fiery bird in front of me.

“You think about things a lot,” he said, “but you already know how limiting words are, and no matter how hard you try, you won’t grasp much with them. However, direct experience that’s a phenomenon on a whole other level. All the words refer only to that as small shards of a broken mirror. No matter how you put them together and try to find out what’s behind you, you’ll never see it the way you do when you actually turn around.”

I nodded in agreement and listened curiously for more.

“If you’d like, I’ll take you on an adventure where you’ll experience a lot. It will be a living story, like life itself.”

“I would like that very much. So let’s go!”

## 02 - Dance Through Life



As I said it, Phoenix turned into a little red character brimming with life, who by brisk gesture turned the tone in the golden surroundings from orange into a passionate red.

“You will see immense things. Life is beautiful and full of different colors and shades. In addition to those light and pleasant, often also very demanding. And if you can’t dance through it and be in constant conscious dynamic movement, then also very heavy and difficult. It takes ease, playfulness and a good mood, as you can observe, especially in children. After all, life is a dance

of infinite diversity and perspectives on the same form. If you feel uncomfortable in one position, keep on dancing where your body is leading you, and suddenly, your point of view will change in a way you never dreamed of. A new potential appears, a new perspective. There are so many ways to be!” he exclaimed with enthusiasm and his arms wide open as if to embrace all that diversity.

“In waves dance together atoms, cells, leaves in the wind, lightning in storm clouds, the falcon and the mouse, bee swarms, destructive volcanic lava bringing new fertile soil, migrating flocks of birds, man and woman, tribes and nations, planets spiraling in space around the stars, black holes and billions of galaxies resembling a vast cosmic neural network. It may seem wonderful but also frighteningly unpredictable and threatening. Therefore, before we set out on this adventure from this safe space filled with golden light, we will joyfully dance together for you to get really anchored in this state of mind. So you’ll be able to rely on it for support in difficult moments.”

As he finished, he swiftly turned around, and the space in front of him suddenly exploded into the most diverse shapes I had ever seen. They were constantly changing, twisting, turning and flowing, but with a deep and clear inner order. Together they were creating a harmony that I was just looking at, speechless with amazement. Through all of

that, he was jumping around and carried on creating with such ease and joy that my speechless amazement turned into a wide smile from ear to ear.

I was hearing energetic, lively music from all around and felt how my body started to move. It went to a movement without thinking, to a movement where there is no mistake, to a movement that was so refreshing and from which I was drinking to the fullest. It flowed like a turbulent river and a gentle little forest stream at the same time. It flowed in accord with everything around me and inside me. It couldn't be stopped by anything!

What would that even mean to stop it? After all, it is present constantly and penetrates deep into the most hidden and smallest corner of time and space. Maybe one could only try to pull attention away from it, and then it could seem as if that movement stopped for a while. This could also give the impression that there exists some problem... Yes, this probably actually happens quite often. However, in fact, it is always present. All the time, everywhere, in every heartbeat, and in every inhale and exhale. This eternal dance through life!

### 03 - *The Grumpy Wizard*

The surrounding area suddenly changed from warm fiery colors to cold blue and purple. Even though my blood was still boiling with excitement from the dance, I immediately felt the harsh chill begin to seep under my skin.

I looked around as much as possible through the heavy snowing, and everywhere in my line of sight was a winter landscape. After a while, however, I spotted a hut from clear light-blue ice. The snow seemed to magically bounce off from it. So I went in that direction. As I was approaching, I noticed a light inside



that created fascinating purple refractions across the ice walls. I observed them for a while, but then I took the last three steps toward the door and opened it.

I stepped through and found myself in a small room. I saw a set table in front of me with a cooked Sunday lunch for five people, all under a thick layer of clear ice. Everything around here was similarly frozen. Wooden furniture, children's toys, straw dolls, ... The only thing that brought this freezing scenery to life was the floating flickering blue flame in the middle of the room, which illuminated it all. However, no heat radiated from it either.

"What do you want?!" a hoarse voice echoed through the room, and a figure emerged from the dark; in which I recognized the wizard when he stepped into the light. I twitched a little, but I answered him directly:

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, but I wonder what happened here? Why is everything covered in ice? And why are you so grumpy?"

"Do not bother me!" he retorted. He walked wobbly across the room to the wall and stared at it wordlessly for a moment. I just tensely watched him and waited. He was still looking into the wall but also started to mumble:

"Frost took over the country because I closed my heart. Here I am the one who rules, do you understand?!" he turned suddenly and looked at me piercingly.

Under his penetrating gaze, I unintentionally took a step back. However, I still looked him straight in the eye and silently nodded. Those eyes were cold, but they felt somehow familiar, and I was fascinated by them.

“And isn’t it unpleasant for you?” I’ve spoken quietly after a while.

“Pff! I don’t care! People live closed in their own worlds and have no real interest in each other. They just pretend it if they can get something out of it for themselves. They can’t appreciate what I can do. Though I can create huge and diverse worlds, they don’t give a damn. They are full of themselves, and if anything catches their interest, it’s just how to wrap their crap into a nice shiny package. They don’t understand me, and I have no desire to understand them at all!”

“Don’t you feel lonely here?” I asked.

“I don’t know, and I don’t want to search for answers to your stupid questions,” he retorted. There was a moment of silence, during which I stared at the wizard with a look full of interest. He eventually let out an annoyed sigh, rolled his eyes, and irritated continued speaking:

“But since you’re so persistent, I might be able to do something for you. I know a creature that can lead you deeper. Maybe there you’ll find what you’re looking for. But it’s a day trip from here.”

“Thank you, so show me the way.”

The wizard looked at me mockingly and laughed at me.

“Oh boy, oh boy, you wouldn’t go far on foot... Even though it would be fun to let you try and watch you.” He stared into the flame in the middle of the room for a moment.

“I mean the day if you travel through the sky. Just because I’ve closed up doesn’t mean I lost my huge power. Like I said, I can create whole worlds. Something like this is a piece of cake to me. So move out and watch!”

So we went out back to the snowstorm. The wizard raised his hand and opened his palm, in which a blue fireball appeared. He was looking at it, and it was apparent how he was concentrating. The sphere started to get larger and larger and continued to grow until it became a bright sun.

“Step in and get ready; it will be quite a ride!”

I did as he said. Then, he stretched his arm and threw the ball of fire with me at lightning speed into the sky.

## 04 - A Day



I was surrounded by a blinding light through which I saw nothing else. Like I was in white nothingness. I decided to fully immerse myself in it. I began feeling how my boundaries were starting to melt away, and my perception was expanding. Finally, the white nothingness began to recede, and a view of the vast green forest landscape I flew over emerged.

It was an exhilarating feeling to have such a view. I saw how my light was turning the sky into a pleasant orange color. I felt how I was whizzing through the sky at a tremendous speed. Still, the ground

below me naturally flowed very slowly, so I could watch it without any problems. My eyes were as sharp as a razor, and I could recognize every leaf or needle in the tree. I saw a jumping squirrel and an ant on his exploration. Nature was just waking up as I was bringing the morning rays of life-giving light. The people whose dwellings I just observed were also waking up with nature. They are getting up to start their new day of life.

A door opened wide in one of the houses, and a young man with blond hair and an orange T-shirt came out. He looked around until his gaze stopped on me. With his eyes closed, he looked at me for a while, smiling lightly. I enjoyed how pleasant my beams were to him, and I felt that he knew it too. He took a deep breath, opened his eyes, and ran towards the forest. He was drumming with his bare feet on the body of mother Earth. He was listening to her rhythm as his body was vibrating in various ways with each impact of his foot, whether into a soft moss carpet, rustling dry leaves, or prickly gravel along the way. The trees around welcomed his presence with a pleasant soft chattering, to which a small bird was singing, looking for his female.

From a distance, I noticed a woman in a simple green dress with tangled twigs in her thick long hair, which held them as she leaned over the creek and washed heaps of clothes in the stream. It all came from busy people who handed them over with trust to her. She liked her work, even though it was really demanding. She paid full attention



to it, and it could be felt how with every move, she was lively communicating with the cold water. It was splashing and refreshing her skin in contrast to my warm rays, by which I was caressing her cheek. She took a break for a moment and also looked at me kindly as if she sensed that I was watching her. At that moment, a barefoot young man running on the other side of the creek caught her attention. She watched him with interest as his body moved forward with the certainty of a flying arrow. She saw that he took a fleeting glance at her for a slight moment as well, but he kept on running.

I saw many other scenes from people's common lives during that day. How ordinary and yet so special! However, if I would not show up here for a while, none of that would be possible. Not everyone was aware of that preciousness as the first two. Many have been cursing at me from the bottom of their hearts if I can't finally hide away somewhere, so it is possible to live around here. It was really lovely. I liked to see them all here in all their diversity, like little shimmering sparkles on the river's surface. Regardless of their differences, I was joyfully shining on everyone with the same love.

As evening drew close and I was approaching my destination, I was watching people gradually coming together. Soon dancing, hugging and exuberant joy were ever-present down there. I also saw a familiar young man from the morning, noticing a girl sitting quietly watching the flickering candles on the table in front of her. She seemed familiar to him, but he was sure he didn't know her. He thought he might have spotted her in the woods this morning. He walked towards her. From here on, they will be able to do without me today, I thought as I noticed her smile as I was setting beyond the horizon.

## 05 - Spirit Guide

Beyond the horizon, I felt my perception was shrinking back, and I was sinking into some kind of purple sticky jelly-like mass. The ease of movement suddenly disappeared, as if it didn't want to let me go further. As if I was approaching some barrier. I didn't like that at all. I really wanted to go further. I wanted to handle it! After all, the wizard did say that by one day over the sky, I would get where I needed to. How could I be fooled so much? I should have known that he just wanted to get rid of me... The harder I tried, the deeper I sank, and the sky's orange light was disappearing from my sight more and more.



This is not good at all! The enclosing space worried me, and I began to doubt that I would ever return from here. As I inwardly scolded the grumpy wizard who had sent me here, one more possibility came to my mind. Maybe he didn't want to get rid of me, and I just didn't understand what was going on here yet. He sent me to some being he knows. Maybe she's here somewhere... I can't handle this alone; whoever you are, please help!

At that moment, I felt the dense purple mass began to ripple and was gradually melting away in the orange light. Directly through this mysterious phenomenon came a charming bird-like being, from whom I felt that it would easily penetrate even the most sticky and rigid barrier of time and space.

"I'm here," she said. I've never rejoiced these two short words as much as I do now. I looked at her and watched in amazement as the orange and purple space around slowly and gracefully swayed with her.

"What do you want to know?" she asked me.

"Who are you?" came out of me.

"I am the spirit guide."

"And how come you showed up just now?"

“You’ve wanted to do it yourself for a long time, and I always respect your free will.”

I thought about it and said, “Yes, you’re right, I didn’t even realize it, but I really wanted it like that...” Then, after a thoughtful moment, I recalled why I had actually come here.

“I wonder why the wizard who sent me to you has closed his heart. There is freezing cold all around him now; it’s not pleasant over there at all. He was really grumpy, but when I looked him in the eye, it seemed to me that he wasn’t always like that.”

The being was just slowly swaying for a moment and then spoke:

“You have to dive deeper. To see the world in more dimensions.”

“More dimensions?” I raised an eyebrow. “I already feel that the world around is so much richer and more complex than I was used to.”

“What you just see may seem like an incredible vastness up to the point you see more.”

Suddenly an image of what looked like a silvery thread stretching to infinity began to unfold before my eyes. The whole scene then started slowly rotating by 90 degrees. I watched in awe as millions of other parallel threads emerged behind this single thread. Now they all together appeared as an endless sparkling carpet. I was amazed and felt that familiar enthusiasm from the desire to learn new things.

“Will you take me there?” I said with a plea in my voice.

“Come.”

The waves of the surroundings began to accelerate, and this time my consciousness was not expanding into space, as when I became the sun, but I felt as if it began to penetrate the space itself. The rippling intensified until it began to appear continuous. Then it completely disappeared, and I was left in deep silent darkness.

## 06 - Migratory Birds Fly Back Home



From within the emptiness, I began to distinguish intertwined threads. Those threads were constantly fractally evolving in ways I've never experienced before. It was impressive but very difficult to navigate. As if someone put an inexperienced me right in the plane's cockpit and locked the door behind me.

I could feel the tension spilling over my body. "What am I going to do now? I don't even know how to move around here!" I thought. However, I realized that no one was forcing me to start flying straight away with that plane. "So I'll just try

to look around here first." I noticed how space immediately responded to my thoughts. The vast chaos of the threads was turning more peaceful, and I began to recognize tiny, diverse bubbles in which various stories took place. One of them was pulling me strongly. It was shining with a pleasant blue glow. I let this attraction evolve freely, and as a result, I felt how it started to suck me right into it.

I found myself over a vast ocean with a distant green landscape on the horizon. I felt regular rocking movements and realized I was sitting on a big flying bird. When I looked around, I saw it was part of a huge migrating flock.

"We are your thoughts..." I heard.

Confused, I looked at the head of the bird I was sitting on. His gaze was locked straight forward while flapping his wings in a steady, regular rhythm. He didn't look at me at all, and it didn't seem to bother him that I was suddenly sitting on him out of nowhere.

"Our element is air... We are not bound to the earth and its density," they continued.

I looked below into the distant ocean. I felt a dark, mysterious depth that my consciousness could not reach. The perspective and the safe distance took a grip on me, but when I looked into the depths, I felt an unpleasant dryness in my mouth.

"You are far from people and from the world..." I heard again.

“Well, you just told me some unexpected news there. How come would the people show up over this expansive ocean?” I thought.

“There are many of us... Many kinds and shapes... Whole legions... We cannot be controlled by amount and quantity... Now we fly straight and focused. But remember where we’re flying from.”

As they said it, I was taken aback by the vivid image of herds and herds of quarreling and restless birds screaming for their lives, stepping on their heads and craving for my attention. Trying to calm them down and silence them seemed desperately futile.

“We are powerful... We divide one into two... We sort scattered beans into nifty bowls... We create technology... We are the bearers of both wisdom and limitations... We shed light on the truth and construct the illusion... Our home is principle, boundaries and barriers...”

I felt how we began to descend slowly. Below me, instead of the ocean, I could already see vast grassland. The hills were rising to the left, and the wide ocean continued to the right. It was so beautiful, and I was looking at it all from above like in a dream.

“You really enjoy observing. You rely on how you can keep your distance and insight in life... But that’s not enough; it’s time to sit on the ground and meet face to face,” the birds said again.

“Face to face with who?” I asked uncertainly. However, there remained pure silence, interrupted only by the whistling of the wind. But the silence I usually like so much was worrying me now.

Silence before the storm... came to my mind. Fortunately, the sky is so clear that I definitely don’t have to worry about that. But I wasn’t looking forward to the landing at all. Plying the air plains was so pleasant and intoxicating! I had the world in the palm of my hand, and it couldn’t reach me over here. All the dramas were safely far away, although I could still enjoy their story and make a witty comment on it here and there. However, the birds were apparently clear in their direction. So I closed my eyes and turned my attention to my chest as it slowly expanded and fell back down.

“Whatever will happen, it’s very nice here and now,” I said aloud this time. I opened my eyes and stared at the ground in front of me. I felt a pleasant warmth and gentle tingling in my body.

As the ground approached, I even started looking forward to the solid ground beneath my feet, after all. We landed without complications, and I jumped down. The bird I flew on turned upright, and I could finally look him straight into his wise, calm eyes. I bowed to him and thanked him for how well he is serving me. It’s nice when we’re not dragged by our thoughts, but they’re here for us, and we let them take us to new places.

## 07 - Storm Horses

I set out walking when the grassy landscape with the blue sky suddenly began to transform. The grass turned purple, and the sky went through purple to red. Dark red clouds appeared, and in the distance, I heard thunder and saw a cloud of dust approaching me. I was a little mortified, but I said to myself:

“It’s definitely going to be okay; it’s just a storm.” The dark red clouds were becoming denser and denser. The dusty cloud was approaching at a dangerous speed, and with a deafening rumble, a radiant bolt of lightning stroked through the sky.



It was uncompromisingly reminding me of such overwhelming forces that my high perspective slowly began to fade. I’ve felt fear but also humility and awe.

Three wild horses emerged from the dust, appropriately accompanied by another powerful lightning strike. However, in addition to their raw ferocity, I also felt their grace and majesty.

“I’m Anger!” one of the horses spoke in a deep thunderous voice. “You’ve feared and neglected us for a long time. We will not tolerate a disrespectful relationship with us in the long term. We want you to change that!”

I stared into his flaming eyes for a moment, and then with a noticeable fear in my voice, but with determination, I answered:

“All right. I think I’m ready for that.”

Anger exclaimed firmly, “Then get on!”

I walked over to the one I liked the most, but Anger furiously grabbed me with his teeth, threw me on his back, and started mercilessly running across the country. I heard the other two horses galloping side by side behind us. As we were rushing, I began to feel bone-crushing anger at people who have restricted, doubted, shaped, or wronged me so much in my life. Bolts of lightning from the sky began striking more often with each strong memory.

How could they dare to take away my competencies all my life, as if they knew what was best for me?! “Experts” and hypocrites! The society full of aggrieved adult children throwing to the floor, raising more eternally aggrieved adult children like me!

And She! The one for whom I did everything! I saw her in front of me in an empty dark room. With a strike of my hand, I cut her up into little pieces, the walls were covered in blood, and I cursed and crushed those pieces until I annihilated her every single atom out of the universe and existence itself!

I realized that I suddenly found myself on the second horse who took the lead now, with Anger backing off to his side.

“I am Perseverance! We will certainly get on with each other well!” the horse said to me.

As he said this, I felt an unstoppable determination to discover the truth. Suddenly I saw fragments of the truth about me in all the people who have hurt me. Nevertheless, they allow me to discover that truth! Also, by making me mad at them! Otherwise, it wouldn't move me at all. I feel the thirst to go with full commitment further into myself. I don't want to just throw that pain at those people anymore. I want to go through it straight to the other side to my Self! Then I realized the reason why I wanted Her, for whom I had done so much, so violently erased out of existence. She mirrored all the truth about me most strongly and to the bone. How desperately was I afraid to show my darkest sides in front of her! Well, thanks to perseverance, I did it, and it was a moment full of healing cry and love. As true love is the most powerful force in the universe, these horses, with all they bring, undoubtedly belong to it!

I felt a change again and found myself on the last horse, who seemed so sympathetic to me from the beginning.

“I am Enthusiasm! I can finally carry you freely so we can create and explore together!” he neighs excitedly.

I understood that he had let me be saddled only by me making friends with Anger and Perseverance. I was now seeing so many possibilities that inspired me. I was feeling an unbelievably turbulent, but this time joyful energy. He was taking me out of this wild stormy land. Forward to a holistic life! As it is!

## 08 - The Morning Sun



Enthusiasm took me to the high mountains, where I got off from him in the morning. I thanked him for everything he and his fellow companions gave me. I was still full of energy enjoying the clean and fresh mountain air.

“Oh, what a relief!” came out of me spontaneously. It’s so much easier to breathe now. I rejoiced and jumped around a few times until I jumped on a rock, from where I looked around at beautiful blue mountains. The sky was completely cloudless, and the golden morning sun shone directly in front of me. I reached out to him and thanked

in my heart for his precious warmth he was gifting me with here in the peaks of the rocky mountains.

“May it benefit you!” I heard.

“Whee, you’re communicating with me! That makes me so happy!” I exclaimed.

“Of course, I love communicating with people! Although they perceive it in their own way, mostly as their own thoughts, but I see no reason to explain it to them; it’s their kind of game. After all, how they interpret this miraculous multidimensional reality is their free choice. I feel close to them, and I shine on their winding path whenever they let me. I’m glad to see you relieved when you let go of your deeply repressed emotions. However, I also see that you are still avoiding people,” the Sun told me.

I thoughtfully looked down toward the distant city immersed in the blue haze.

“You’re right, I feel so good to be by myself now, but I don’t feel like going back to them. Now I just want to rejoice and enjoy your warm rays. Perceive nature and observe the surrounding world. I’ve always been drawn to wandering alone, but somehow I never decided to do it... Now I feel like it will work! With people, I often feel that if I show myself the way I am, I disturb their personal world too much. Then they don’t like me and want to transform me into their image. When I play their social games, we get along well, but I often feel empty in those cases and don’t like it anymore. I feel I can take care



of myself and don't have to beg them for attention anymore. However, it is true that I also desire very much that they would accept me as I am, and we would support each other in our otherness. But I also see how difficult and even annoying it is for them, so it works best for us to get out of the way."

The Sun listened carefully and continued to rise slowly through the sky until he spoke again:

"I understand. Thanks to their constant mirroring, relationships are often challenging, and you now need to gain strength in solitude and find solid ground under your feet. After all, the pillars that you relied on most of your life have crumbled to dust. However, the inner peace that has emerged from below the layers of all that accumulated frustration serves you as a new pillar to stand on. But don't fall asleep on it by locking yourself in solitude. Consider if you don't underestimate yourself. Maybe you can get on with people much more harmoniously than you think. The biggest obstacle seems to be that you still can't see the world through their eyes."

"I'd love to, I've been trying to do that for some time, and yet it usually turns out completely differently than I intended!" I sighed.

"So maybe try less and let their world come to you in silence. When you strive to do that, you just see your projection as you think their world and experience could be. However, there is another option, and that's to experience it directly. But you have to go even deeper than you got so far. You already know that there are far more dimensions to reality than you thought, but in order to gain access to these dimensions, this intention must be in full and honest alignment with you. It's actually like listening to people. Either you will try hard and then wander through countless illusions as to what these dimensions might look like, or you will simply let them come to you in silence and release, when the time is right. But now enjoy the freedom; let the mountain air heal every one of your cells tired of everything you've been through. When you feel ready, create an intention, and the path will be clear to you."

I felt how it all fits together and new possibilities open up for me.

"I did not look at it this way, but I think I understand. I know that feeling; I only need to deepen it!" I exclaimed enthusiastically.

"But don't forget that there is no hurry," the Sun reminded me.

"Thank you, you're right," I said more sensibly. "I often don't even notice how my peace unexpectedly turns into that strange urgency. As if something was eluding me. I'm going to walk around now and ground myself."

Once again, I took several deep breaths and went for a quiet walk. I took my running thoughts with me, but I made it clear that I would not follow them beyond any corners and nooks. I know they get defensive and don't like it when I drive them away. However, since we started to build our relationship on mutual respect, I feel like they're starting

to take me more seriously. I appreciate their cooperation and I don't take it for granted. Suddenly I heard the sound of an eagle. I raised my eyes to the skies and watched him majestically circling in the heights right above my head.

Since I was at the top, I walked down and descended slowly and carefully. Along the way, I noticed many springs and streams that began to merge, forming a raging mountain river. The river was meandering and led me to the waterfall. I listened to it closely. It was a lively ringing laughter of nature that was caressing my soul and vibrating my body, making it jump and briskly progress further. I felt ready. I closed my eyes and focused inside. A bright picture of the moon suddenly emerged from the emptiness. I stepped forward to it, and when I opened my eyes, a dense dark forest stretched out in front of me.

## 09 - Realm Of Mystery

I entered the forest and walked into its depths. It was already a dark night and not only I couldn't see the end of my nose, but there was also the uncomfortable suspicion that someone was watching me. Finally, the landscape began to lighten slightly. I looked up and saw a greenish moon peeking out from behind the clouds. The clouds parted more and more around it until it brightened the sky to a rich green color.

Only now did I fully see what mysterious realm I found myself in. The tall, leafless trees all around me cast shadows of stretching forest limbs, and a thick purple mist was lazily rolling between them. I was alert, but kept on walking slowly, step by step, as in a trance.

It seemed to me that something was glistening in the fog. I focused my full attention there, and suddenly two shadows surged straight at me. They flew past me and headed for the treetops, where they slowed down and began circling me. At that point, I began to recognize that they were strange, irregularly shaped beings who seemed to constantly change slowly and fluidly. When I was about to conclude that they have wings, so they could be birds, they began to change faster as I thought that, and there was no sign of the wings anymore, as if they didn't want to be grasped or defined in any way. However, this obviously did not cause them any problems in flying. They circled around me and gradually approached. Even though they didn't have eyes, I felt the intensity with which they were scrutinizing me. I also felt like they are reading me like an open book. Perhaps they're guardians, so no one with unclean intentions passes through here, I thought. I had no doubt about their power, but I felt confident they did not want to hurt me, so I opened my palms and raised them slightly towards the beings in a sincere gesture of openness.

They rapidly flew up to the sky, grabbed the moon, and handed it to me. When I looked at it, I saw in its reflection a boy traveling by train across the country.



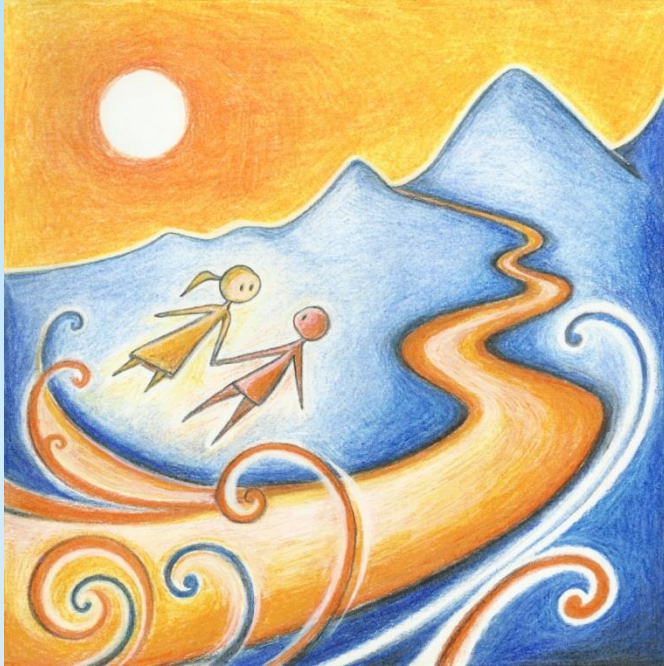
The sky in his world seemed to melt from one side and smudging into soft rainbow colors. It worried him and he longed to go to his dear love. He wasn't sure at all if he would be able to get to her again and was afraid something had happened to her since he had just been away from her for a week, alone in the dark.

I could feel their love and the strong connection, but something didn't quite fit there. I looked ahead and saw the vision in the plastic details of what a stagnation in their development would have caused if he had lived with her all his life, as he had so clearly planned. They even got married two years ago. I wanted to warn him somehow, so I began to fade his world into white emptiness. However, he really wanted to reach her and kept turning back time and hurrying more. I saw him running up the street, and she was already opening the door, wanting to throw herself into his arms. Fortunately, I made it, and again, everything disappeared into white nothingness. I saw a large switch next to me. I quickly switched it off, and with a loud sound that he apparently heard, his world plunged into darkness.

Hopefully he'll understand now; I was relieved... I've seen a tremendous amount of grief, anger and despair over their division on his potential journey. Still, I've also seen that he can handle it without much trouble, and most importantly, it will finally disrupt the key hardened patterns he clings onto so much. He is so sure of them that they are a ruthless prison for him. The chains that cut into his flesh, but he got so used to it that he didn't even know about them anymore. Not to mention that he wrapped himself in them in the first place. I saw his readiness, but it was clear to me that they both had to decide for themselves in the end, and nothing was certain.

However, I was interested in what draws them together so much. I would like to know more about it. So I looked up at the circling creatures. They transformed into two massive pillars, stretching up high where they bent until they joined to form a gateway that cut through the dark forest with blinding white light. Astonished, I admired this beautiful phenomenon and crossed the gate to the other side...

## 10 - Playful Journey



Surrounded by light, I heard children's laughter and lively conversation from a distance. It was the chatter of two connected souls. The chatter of a boy and a girl, full of curiosity and desire to know each other. They were here in their world by themselves, sipping fully from the source of understanding. They were so thirsty, but the arid desert they were struggling through most of their lives was finally over, and now they rejoiced in this oasis of mutuality. Nothing else mattered so much.

The boy was still shy and insecure when the girl was encouraging him to play freely and go crazy. He was just getting used to the fact that being weird in front of another person is not only okay but even appreciated. However, what meant most to him was that even though he was very afraid of something, she took his hand, smiled encouragingly, and caressed him gently. As his trust in her was deepening, his shyness and closedness were fading away.

She has not always been so unchained, spontaneous, and full of life, either. In the desert of rules, good manners and upbringing, she wandered so long and painstakingly that she was skinny to the bone and ready to die. Then one day, this boy with blue eyes appeared, gave her his hand, and let her drink from his heart.

He was a safe place for her. A shelter where she could finally breathe and rest. A fragment of the world in which she started to feel the courage to live her truth and rejoice. She had gained strength ever since, and now as she was dancing in front of him with an innocence of a child to a gentle melody, streams of joyful tears were rolling down his cheeks. She embodied for him the purest and truest aspect he had ever known. She was a source of unstoppable motivation for him, which overcomes every obstacle.

I saw them holding hands and taking off like two playful birds. Behind them, flickering blue and orange ripples and swirls formed, which gained on their own lives and joyfully joined their play. As they were flying around, exulting and melting over all that

beauty, their gazes met, and they saw something new in each other. It was a flash of adulthood. Their naive and unconditional children's love allowed them to really grow up. She was becoming a woman and he a man. They no longer had to be dependent on each other because they allowed themselves to reach the point where they were finding their inner source of their own.

Strange how tangled human stories can be, I thought. If I did not see their further development clearly, one would say that they will live happily ever after. But this change was fundamental. It couldn't happen without that love, but it couldn't support that love in the same form anymore. Love is pulsating with life in its full form, which is as ruthless as merciful and wishful. It grants every experience. If it stagnates in a static pattern, as blissful paradise as it may seem, it gradually becomes an arid desert as time goes on. The desert from which these souls together found their way out.

## 11 - *The Great Vision*

I felt that their story was intrinsically relevant to me. As I turned my attention to them more and more, I was diving into the green mist, in which images from their later life were swirling. Not one, but thousands and thousands of versions, which I perceived all at once.

I saw how her heart fell for another man, and her husband suffered from hatred, rejected her, and stopped believing in any form of sincere love between people. For the rest of his life, he carried the massive burden of his justified deep grievance. The only thing that was bringing him



some comfort was the pleasure at the thought of how their life together would sooner or later end up in ruin, and then they would finally feel the same pain as him.

On the other path, after the initial grieving, he decided to cut himself away from her without hatred, but with the intention of focusing exclusively on another woman so that this time she could no longer have any doubts, nothing would be missing, and she would clearly feel how he was giving her everything. They fell in love and went through a similar cycle of love, frustration and separation. So he tried again and again, and his unwavering conviction that the new one would finally be the right one with whom he would find an everlasting rest was crumbling only very slowly. Even on his deathbed, he experienced that familiar feeling of how he was not and never had been good enough for anyone. But in his unconscious, the thought was floating near the surface that he might start focusing on being good enough for himself.

In his next path, I saw him go straight through his pain and recognize in her the gift that was bringing him to greater integrity. Their mutual trust remained intact, and formal divorce only strengthened the kinship of their souls. By taking full responsibility for his demons, he turned straight to them so that they would give him everything they had for him, and he let more and more of his bones to break. With each acceptance, the pain subsided and became more bearable. He became flexible and fluid,

which helped the three of them to respect one another, support one another and discover the new creative possibilities and freedom that the recognition of their own shadows was bringing them. Later, when he met another woman at the right time, it happened from a substantially different level of consciousness and wisdom. Therefore, challenges of a different nature could arise in their relationship instead of repeating the same unconscious patterns.

At that moment, something took me to the heights, and I began to perceive these myriad paths of development in all the people with whom I am connected. It was an onslaught of experiences of such intensity that I just barely kept my sanity. Through them, I experienced adventures from such different angles that even that which seemed most sacred at first glance led to horror in others, and what seemed most terrible on the surface also led to beauty and love. The overall experience I had was an ingenious interplay of all the possible shades they created together. It was a gentle, soul-nourishing harmony, softly caressing the hair. Still, at the same time, it was powerful and merciless, like a hurricane or bared fangs of an animal with every muscle on its body ready to jump. I felt the immediate presence of powerful archetypes that transcended not only me as an individual but also the combined strength of entire civilizations, which besides them seemed like defenseless, just-born, weak cubs.

The Sun was telling the truth! This could not be compared to how I was trying so many times to think about how other people are living their lives. Even the most noble sentence or idea is so desperately dry compared to direct experience! Namely, the idea of the whole is not direct contact with the whole. In front of me, I saw the golden Sun as a father, the source of life and energy in love with the receiving mother Earth, from which grows a wild, unfettered life. The lives of individual people were sprouting plants grounded in the Earth and longing towards the Sun. So fragile and negligible compared to the power of the source and at the same time so vital, soulful and irreplaceable in the whole mosaic of life!

As I slowly got used to the level of intensity, I began to take a closer look at the paths and destinies of people I felt misunderstood by, angry with or feared. I've seen as everyone have their sufferings and joys, which are so different from mine and yet somewhat similar. I was clearly aware of the context that brought them to where they were, and I began to regret how I often judged and condemned them. I know very well how unpleasant it is to be condemned. Gradually, all those situations were coming to my mind, and in each case, I carefully looked at and experienced a series of key moments that shed a whole new light on even the most disgusting deeds. The light of the desire to be loved. Often a very desperate desire that led to these desperate acts.

Tears of affection and compassion rolled down my cheeks and washed away my prejudices. Judging the good and the bad, the right and the wrong, simply ceased to be



possible here. This was only possible inside the narrow bubbles in which those beautiful beings lived. More precisely, narrow from my current point of view. But for their personal consciousness, so vast that they seemed like everything that existed, their whole image of the world, everything they thought of it. They do not see this broader context, and then a collective delusion about the supremacy of humanity in this infinite creation naturally arises. The delusion which is the source of most of their suffering. But is it possible to be angry with them for that? That idea seemed absurd to me, and in this great vision, I suddenly could do nothing but to love them unconditionally.

It was such a beautiful and liberating feeling. I turned towards the Sun and felt the golden space all around. It reminded me of the safe, bright space where I danced with the red character that Phoenix had turned into at the beginning of my journey. I wanted to just create and dance freely again. To fully feel my body in this magnificent context into which it fits so beautifully. I knew that I could give freely and nothing of me could be lost while I am aware of this whole. I felt as if I had wandered all my life with a candle in my hand around a huge hall where everything one could think of was present, and now someone lit the whole hall and even my well-known pathways, which I was getting to know only by the dim candlelight, looked completely different than I have ever imagined.

I also remembered his words:

“... after all, life is a dance of infinite diversity and perspectives on the same form. If you feel uncomfortable in one position, keep on dancing where your body is leading you, and suddenly, your point of view will change in a way you never dreamed of. A new potential appears, a new perspective. There are so many ways to be!”

And suddenly it wasn't just the words I thought I understood at the time. Now I was living it directly! Who knows if he was saying it already, knowing I would get here... I have finally arrived home, and I can rest here forever!

At that moment, the radiance and beauty of the great vision began to fade until nothing remained...

## 12 - Deep Feel Cave



I found myself in a dark cave. The all-seeing perspective that had been available to me seemed to evaporate, and darkness was suddenly my only companion. I didn't understand what was happening, and I started feeling scared. At that moment, a voice spoke to me:

“Seeing everything in context is wonderful, but it's just one of many aspects of life. Darkness is just as important, and when you are surrounded by light, you don't really have a chance to know it. Here you can feel your understanding in a situation when you do not know

where you are going. I invite you to surrender to the flow of life.”

A voice speaking out from the depths of darkness certainly didn't help my fear, but to start walking really came to me as the best option.

I lifted my foot and began my first step very carefully. As I slowly laid it down, I was uncertain whether, instead of taking a step, I would fall into the depths of the unknown that would instantly swallow me. I was very relieved when I felt the solid ground under my foot. I took a next step a little more confidently, then a third, a fourth... I had no idea how to get out of here, but I decided to always focus fully on my next step.

As I was surrendering, the fear subsided, and trust was coming into its place. I began to see a soft blue and red glow shining on my path, and I was feeling deeply all the accumulated feelings that my journey opened up.

After a while, I suddenly realized I was no longer walking but sitting in a boat and sailing smoothly forward. I felt pleasant warmth spilling over my body until I regained that wonderful feeling of unconditional love. But now, I perceived it differently. Before in that brilliant light, I experienced my boundless capacity to love, but now in this dark cave, I felt my unlimited capacity to be loved. It was a feeling of safety, acceptance, and the most gentle warm caress. The feeling lingered on, and I was blissfully melting away in it.

“I’m very pleased that you understand it much more fully now,” I heard. “You’re ready to see what you’ve been blind to...”

## 13 - Rewilding Of The Heart

I sailed to the end of the cave, where I found myself in a huge orange room with a beating red heart in its center. That heart seemed familiar and close to me. I could feel the passion and the will to live from it, yet it was beating somehow uncertainly. As if it was sleeping for a long time and was only recently slowly recovering. I saw a withered plant in it. I really wanted to know what happened to it and why. If I can help it somehow. So I reached out and touched it.

Then I got a glimpse of the freezing winter and the frozen closed heart of the wizard. Suddenly

I realized that I am the wizard... that I am also all the beings I had met on my adventure! That I accompany myself! That's actually my heart! I asked him why he closed it, and now I can finally see it clearly. Since it is my heart, I am also the one who can fully open it again in all its fierceness!

I began paying my full attention to it and was caressing it with love. I watched as life-giving veins were slowly growing out from it through which it was absorbing the energy of my intention. The plant inside was coming back to life and climbing upwards. As it was happening, I felt that not only was I giving strength to my heart, but it was also giving it back to me immediately. It was cooperation. It flowed in the cycle as natural and important as the hot blood flowing in my veins. I was feeling intense excitement and joy.

"Stop!" a powerful voice roared.

I saw a fire coming from the side and jumped back to dodge it. A huge three-headed dragon flew between me and my heart. Flames expelled all around from his wide-open mouths, and my contact with my heart was interrupted. One of the dragon's heads was staring at me and spoke:

"Consider what you are doing! Remember why you left it here. It wasn't a mistake, and no one outside forced you to do so. You decided to close your heart and created me



as the guardian of this space. The state of an open heart is far from pure pleasure! I hope you didn't fall for all the sweetie love talk again! Sure, it's intoxicating to experience all those beautiful feelings with an open heart, but did you forget that you will be vulnerable again? Everyone will gladly abuse it, and when you expect it the least, they will stab a dagger right into your heart! Know that I shall protect you from this pain the best, and I will not allow anyone to hurt you! Don't you appreciate it when you question your decision now and want to give yourself up to them all?"

I stood still and looked the dragon straight in the eye. I felt that he truly wanted only the best for me; everything he was talking about, I began to remember. However, I felt that something was fundamentally different now.

"Thank you for your service," I replied. "You indeed protected me well when there was more against me than I was prepared to face. But, you forgot one thing... I paid a huge price for your protection! I'm ready now, and I know what I'm doing."

Then I called out in a firm voice, "Now back off!"

The dragon was still growling, but he had stopped spewing fire and was staring at me with all six eyes. It seemed that my words carried a lot of weight to him, but he was still making sure of my readiness.

Eventually, he nodded slowly and stepped aside. I felt something lift me up, and I found myself sitting on Enthusiasm the horse, who looked back and winked at me. At the same time, I noticed Phoenix sitting on my shoulder, who winked at me as well, and I felt such surge of energy that I didn't even know I was capable of feeling.

I roared from the depths of my soul as we surged forward towards my heart. The feeling of enthusiasm permeated my whole body, and I began to laugh at how wonderful and simple it all was.

Then I heard another, this time a woman's laughter. I looked to the side and noticed a flying fairy with wavy dark hair, pale skin, and a fiery spark in her eyes.

She smiled at me. How beautiful; she inspires me so much! Is she a part of me as well?

However, I still have a long way to go. Nevertheless, only now is my world taking on its true full colors...



Darkness... emptiness...

“Where am I?” ...

“Within,” said the voice.

“Within? What does it mean? Within myself?” I asked, confused.

“Call it yourself if you like. Everything is present here. The whole Being,” he continued benevolently. “However, it’s time to go back. You went very deep. I see that you really enjoy riding Perseverance,” said the voice in a very pleasant and smiling tone.

“Yes! And not only that, there is so much I enjoy!” I replied, full of enthusiasm.

But suddenly, my enthusiasm dropped off as I started to sink somewhere again. The whole world was twisting with me, and everywhere I turned my attention, amazing fractal patterns were unfolding before my eyes. In them, I began to recognize myriads of universes and landscapes. Although I could still see through them, I could no longer get into them. Nevertheless, I was trying very hard; there seemed to be so much more interesting to experience. But the more I resisted what was happening, the more they got away from me.

My perception was narrowing as if impenetrable barriers were forming around me. All the while, I was surrounded by a vibrant vortex of bright yellow and magnificent purple. Although it was all gradually moving away, I could clearly feel how it was transcending me indescribably. The vivid vortex of colors was becoming an ever slower and slower waving of the space that was growing grayer and darker until I finally remained in complete darkness and silence again.

I listened to the silence and recognized the distant buzz of the refrigerator and the soft cooing of a dove somewhere outside. I opened my eyes and realized I was lying on the couch. It seemed to me I heard a gentle tap on the guitar...

“Pheeew...” I exhaled deeply. That was quite a ride! I looked out the window, where it was slowly getting dark. I got the urge to take a walk while there was still light. So I jumped to my feet, got dressed, and went for an evening town walk.

## 15 - Evening Town Walk

I felt full of energy, and as soon as I stepped out into the street, I started to walk briskly. Yes, I was full of energy, but also questions and awe from everything I experienced. But I certainly wouldn't call that feeling happy. "I simply need to process this!" I said to myself. What always helped me processing strong emotions was walking and immersing in the music I love so much.

So I put on my headphones and played my new song. I composed and recorded it quite recently. It represents the last, fifteenth possible color pair combination for my album

"Hear The Colors". I was concerned that I wouldn't do much with red and green, as it is quite a tricky combination, but in the end, I like it very much. It has intense energy, and it fits my current mood very well. But it will be a bonus track; I'm still sure about that. Fifteen songs on the main album would be too much. I want it to be well listenable, not too long, and most importantly, I want it to take a person on a journey through a balanced spectrum of emotions and thus tell a story.

But as a bonus, it will be great! From the point of view of the emotional story, it will actually be like an essential encore...

Oh... But what still worries me is that there are parts of that experience that I can hardly remember at all... Though they were so beautiful, it all made sense! I just remember the feeling of how everything fitted together. Well, now it's gone. As if I wasn't able to contain that enormity at all. Somehow it's escaping me, and I would really like to grasp it. How much I would like to feel a clear meaning in my life! At that time, I felt it completely, without the slightest hesitation or doubt, but again, it all somehow slips through my fingers...

But what happened next I remember more clearly... That cave, the darkness. What was that voice saying? I think something about how life is not just about light and that I see everything and know everything. And... that darkness is just as important...



that it teaches me to trust and surrender to the flow of life, even though I can't see where I'm walking. And also to love... and be loved... Hmmmm... Then it felt so much easier and more pleasant when I surrendered...

I even started to see somehow from within. Yes, yes, that soft blue and red glow... It seems to me that here in this world, it is dark, limited and often scary like that as well. I also often don't see under my own feet here in my life when some unexpected turn of events throws me off balance, and there is definitely no lack of suffering around here...

I walked on in silence, watching my feet alternate as they were moving back and forth. I looked up and slowed down. In the distance, I noticed an owl on the tree, how it was calmly and wisely looking at me. I stopped, and we looked at each other like that for a while. In fact, I quite like this world, I thought... Could it be my idea to enter this worldly cave as well? Did I just forget about it in the dark? Indeed, one without the other would not have that charm...

I began walking briskly again further down the sidewalk and felt a cool evening breeze on my body. I looked up at the sky. Even though the sun was setting, its red work of art was still visible in the cloudy sky.

Pff... I can't help, but I would still like to see more anyway! I'm also often getting tired and fed up with that darkness... I'm going home, I decided, and without further ado, I just focused my attention fully on the intertwined branches of the surrounding trees, which were now illuminated by street lamps.



## 16 - *By Empty Room*



I went upstairs to my apartment, opened the door, and entered an empty room from which once used to welcome me her joyful voice. I sat down and listened to the silence. A familiar melody began to sound in my head. Simple but imaginative, high, gradually descending guitar tones...

Oh, that is the introduction to “By Empty Room”, my old song from over twelve years ago! Apparently, the atmosphere of this room brought it to my mind.

Twelve years ago, I was sitting like this in an empty high school classroom with a guitar in my hand.

The class was long over, but I was looking forward to the guitar class I had later that day. I didn’t go home in the meantime as I usually did, so I was sitting there by myself. Suddenly this melody emerged from the silence, which I managed to capture, and another one over it joined it right away.

I recorded them on my cell phone, and I couldn’t get enough of them all the way to the guitar class. I love such moments of inspiration. I was already experiencing them at that time, but otherwise, I was terribly shy and very afraid to express myself spontaneously, even in front of the closest people, let alone in public. But my guitar teacher was one of the few who understood me. It was completely different with him.

A lot has changed since then, and I’ve come a long way. Maybe I truly matured a little and learned something from it all.

Then suddenly I saw that beautiful fairy right in front of me. Joyfully she jumped to my ear and whispered:

“Maybe the song matured with you. I love it so much! Please record it again!”

I was surprised, but I was so pleased with her presence that I grabbed the guitar and started playing. Again, I was gradually layering the melodies, developing them, and patiently putting my current essence into it. It was truly completely different. It matured,

and I fell in love with it in this new, fully fleshed-out form. Even though it would never occur to me that I would return to it at all...

The fairy was right! *"How beautiful; she inspires me so much! Is she a part of me as well?"* I heard my own voice in memory.

Yes, that's how it ended; I just remembered... Well, I suddenly felt kind of sad... She's not here.

I looked out the window. The night was coming close, but I could still see the dove sitting in the tree in front of me.

"You are still here? You welcomed me when I came back, didn't you?"

Suddenly I clearly saw a fire in that dove...

"Phoenix? Is that you? So I'm not alone here?"

A bright ringing laugh resounded in the room; it felt like such a pleasant caress.

"Of course, you're not alone here. You were never alone. That is not even possible; you just kept your eyes closed for a long time. But don't worry about it. That's very common for people; it also has its purpose."

"You know... I've been feeling it like that at times for a while. Especially when I slow down and listen to the silence... It feels like home. It's very nice... Do you understand me?" I told Phoenix with trust what was on my soul.

"I do. That's why I took you on this adventure because you're starting to communicate instead of just resigning and closing like you used to do," Phoenix replied, tilting his head gently to the side.

"But now sadness came to me," I said in a low tone.

"That's all right, and it's wonderfully human. However, there are many other human feelings as well. Do you remember the one you experienced at the end of the story?"

"Of course, I remember; it was amazing!" I cheered up at the memory. "I felt so much enthusiasm, happiness, and she was there laughing with me. Everything made sense, and my heart was beating wildly again! I would like to live that here as well, physically."

"And what's stopping you?" Phoenix asked.

"It's much more difficult here. I'm more afraid, I see less, there is so much more darkness around," I explained.

"Remember again what you learned about the darkness. You even remembered that outside on the walk, am I right?" he asked.

"Yes, you are. It seems that my constant forgetting is bringing me most of my problems," I laughed.

"I agree," Phoenix smiled.

"Sometimes it's hard here..." I sighed.

"I agree as well," he replied calmly again.

"But the story can't end like this," I began to object, unsatisfied. "I like it better how I felt before when I was in full harmony with myself. This is not a happy ending at all!"

"You're unbelievable!" Phoenix laughed.

"First of all, life is so much more colorful than some ordinary happy ending. Actually, you would make it completely deprived. Secondly, this is not the end. This story never ends. Why do you think I took the form of a phoenix? Only the fear of the end and that it will not be "happy" and according to your expectations causes your suffering."

"It seems right..." I said thoughtfully. And then suddenly, something came to my mind.

"I just recalled what the truly last thought in that story was: *However, I still have a long way to go. Nevertheless, only now is my world taking on its true full colors...*"

"Great," said Phoenix.

"I'd like to bring those colors more here," I turned to Phoenix. At that time, I looked at him more closely and noticed that, compared to our first meeting, now he looked more wise and old, even though he hadn't lost any of his vitality.

"You can definitely do that," he said encouragingly.

"But how?" I still didn't understand.

Phoenix continued, "I see your desire bringing light into the darkness so that these aspects can dance together in harmony. And that you've decided to reopen your heart and love people as they are. Even though that process hurt, it was worth it to you. I also see that you don't want to bring that light just into your private bubble, but you also want to get closer to people."

"Yes, exactly," I exclaimed, "but it's hard. I often feel incomprehensible in this world, where communication is mainly in words."

"Don't worry about it at all," Phoenix continued kindly.

"You will learn what you need at the right time. Each person is unique and brings light into the darkness in their own unique way. Words are just one of them. Where do you feel the most enthusiasm? Where it feels most natural for you to live with an open heart?"

"Definitely with music! When I compose it and when I play it. That's when I experience an endless source of energy, and also this world is full of colors!" I spoke with notable joy in my voice.

As I said it, I actually noticed the colors around me coming slowly to me in gentle, thin and wavy streams from all sides.

"There you go. Here and now, that's enough. Tell people my tale through music. I feel that you remember it better and better, so it should not be a problem to communicate it to them live. Brighten up your heart in music, and you will see that you will be more understandable to people. Don't worry about what's to come later.

Remember, this story never ends. Through each of its retellings, I get into the minds and hearts of people as a new phoenix. Everyone who hears it will hear their own story in it and thus give me a new and unique life in their minds and hearts. After all, there are so many ways to be!"

"I really like that! Thank you," I said excitedly.

Then I stopped. "One more thing just came to me... When you are a part of me. Isn't that story of yours actually my story?"

Phoenix just winked at me and ignited in a magnificent flame. All that was left of him was a pile of ashes. As if feeling it, the dove on the tree bounced off the branch at that very moment and flew into the darkness.

I stared out the window at the tree for a moment, then turned my attention to the window itself and saw myself in the reflection of the glass. I smiled, picked up the guitar, and listened to the first note of the double bass from which the Phoenix rose again so that he could fly among the people.

HEAR THE COLORS – THE STORY

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