

## Parable #59 from Chindia

In the land of not-long-ago, a wandering flower-seller asked the quick-talking gents who came through her hometown's marketplace, "Oh, dear sir, what sort of flower would you like the best? I know the hills and mountains too, and perhaps I can find it or something very like it for you, and you shall come and buy it from me three days from now?" Oftentimes, she would hike off into the mountains, find the gift after hours of work, return at the next market-day, but her customer would mislay his promise and not return - or he might grab the rare flowers, but refuse to pay. Her auntie said it was a natural risk for a girl like her, and her brothers just laughed or scoffed at her trust. Afterwards she would arrange the day's unsold flowers in beautiful patterns, combining their separate perfumes and living colours with inner pleasure.

As she grew more mature, she carried the delicacy of her tastes into dance-like movements, combining the warmth of her inner body with the shy curving of her limbs. She gathered and flowed slow, soothing sequences of joyous, harmony movements in daily dancing-by-yourself secret ritual ceremonies in hideaway peaceful nature places. She found sources of energy surplus there, and likewise found which herbs enrich which nice things to eat and cure which ills, and in this way met the hermit woman in the forest, who taught her ways to satisfy her nourishment needs, and to whom she could confess the pains of her heart and her whispering longed-for connection with some special, loved man. Here or there, her path of friendliness and deep bonding remained her faith.

Long before the yogi mountains, his dreary village loomed like a bad dream; there, communication with others had been a foreign country; their feelings and thoughts were in some other language; the others' many expectations had brought him shame, anger, abuse, and daily sufferings; there, words rebounded, their meanings twisted and watered-out; there, the language of their bodies had been clothing he couldn't fit, misplaced gestures, a warmth he couldn't reach in any acceptable right way. But still he was willing to transform and change for the better, if there be a way out of his heavy secret prison.

So having practiced the skill of turning a certain deafness to pain... Above the tree-and-bush zone in the mountains, this now sage rishi not-young not-old used his heart and body to stretch and slow the waves of breath. Attentive and calm, his sensual pleasures of white light and the spreading warmth of a full blood-circulation gave him his inner dance. Cleaning and clearing consciousness became his religious zeal, his prayer to some higher universe. Meeting the cycles of currents of air, hunger, skin apart from others, clear unthinking thought, and gifts of focused insight. His daily gathered food was spiced with frequent fasting.

She, the brown defenseless larva, body-long pasted to its leaf in a furry film of blindness, dreamed of standing up still, firm, and straight by its feet only. A vision came of orange, yellow, and blue-green wings, of free movement, of leaving the earth and only returning for rest, of feeding on nectar and water. Of sunlight warming a coming mirrored pair of huge, thin membrane-fans. She grew so willing to grow and expand.

One strange, returning out-of-body vision criss-crossed his inner eye: looking down on a large black and white butterfly which in its center was himself.

And the butterflies play and travel together in intricate, joyful patterns, touch and rebound, creating shifting adventures as they flutter around each other, in and out, in matching directions, essence connected in the wingbeats of life.