

*Two excerpts from*

**CHAPTER 17: “A Well Well-In”**

**[EXCERPT 1]**

*Passion, Madness, and Certitude examine the deeper plunge into the well in search for lost soul-part friends.*

Beside the well within is made of green and gray mossy brick with dim light shining, the three shadowy characters stand leering into it. Outside of their semicircle of this mountain well, pines whistle with the cold kiss of passing wind. The details of their shapes are hidden within the cloak of the eerie night that blanketed all around. What is inside that aged well that intrigues them with such great interest? As we take a closer look at the three shadowed characters, we see a talk, thin, and bold man standing at the center of the other two.

The bold form of the man, Certitude, speaks, “What do you see in there?”

To his right, his friend and fellow companion, Madness, speaks, “Not much certitude. Just looks like a bunch of muck and shit to me. Same old muck and shit as before.”

Now the soul part of madness is nothing to be trifled with. Perhaps you’ve never met true madness, but his power is beyond anything you can imagine. In that, be careful of the preassigned associations you may have of his identity. He will cut them down quicker than you can put them up.

Certitude continues, “No, no... there’s definitely something in there!”

The third shadowy figure to accompany both Certitude and Madness is that of Passion. Passion is a power of her own, but the kind of power and love that you just want to get swept

away within. While Madness pushes, Passion melts. For both Certitude and Madness, it is her heart that breathes reason into the seemingly pointless trajectory to it all. Without her, they would be lost.

Passion responds in her inspired muse nature, “The night is dark and the dimly lit moon offers little to see by.”

Oh how it is like Passion to get carried away within the sensory moments of heightened bliss. The touch of the silky moss bricks stirs her. The light and gentle clapping sound of the pine needles in the wind warmly comforts her. The rippling feeling of waves cast by the gentle caressing of two lovers hands a million miles away awakens a piece of her that breathes new life. You can find her within the savoring of life.

She continues with soft wisp, “Oh dear moon, I see your gifts of intuition are obscured by hazing wet clouds bearing thoughts of heavy shrouds bathed in night. I see the layers upon layers that divide us from seeing face to face.”

Passion gazes intuition above to the thick and cold misted clouds of layered depth to penetrate through to the velvet sky above their shadowed world and upon the other side. The wind whistles through the pine trees below with intuition above. It is the experience of cold and damp.

Passion continues with errs of frustration, “What little light there is here. Oh, what great light is walled off by the drifting unyielding clouds carrying dense cold misted perception. This wall is so thick it binds sight, while gifting up blindness. Had the night allowed the day in surely the high noon sun would shed some light on this drifting subject. I have seen him nowhere though in these endless searches! He is barely mentioned to memory! Here where night hides from day and yet consorts to hide the day away bowing to the will of the misted wall.”

Passion pauses with realization and empathy for the night, “Perhaps it's the tears of the injured night that welds the curtain thick. Perhaps it is the unhealed heart that shells the solitude and the great divided between day and night. I can almost hear the injured night still wail with echoed haunt.”

Certitude, with the trajectory of forward, intercedes gently, “We must work with what we got. She'll have to wait. Draw the pail.”

While the gift of Madness is unyielding persistence, he also comes with the curse of jadedness, “For what purpose? The pail here is as pale as pail can be. It is cracked and can hold the waters no more. No more placid pools by which the life cracked pale still holds. And yet... despite this, the waters hold pale.”

Madness and Certitude both draw up the withered wooded pail on a rope that shines pale in dime light. The water seep out the cracks to justify Madnesses sense of futility. Passion stands by the edge of the well with hopeful curiosity.

Passion speaks gently, “You see Certitude, we draw it up, but the poor water pours back into solitude. Oh how I try... I softly draw my breath, as if to seal the cracks from where I stand to bay the water stay. I hold it in, but the waters spill back down and all we are left with is droplets. These lonely droplets only hint scattered whispers at something deeper. It pales in comparison to how far down the well really goes.”

All three of them stare deep within the well.

Certitude concludes, “Well, we'll hitch a ride down, for we must go in to see what is truly there.”

Madness sincerely yields power to the noble certitude, “You seem to know it all, Certitude. I vote you to go.”

While Certitude knows his own power, he also knows his own weakness,

Certitude replies, “I’ll drown in there even with the strength of great will. I have the bravery, but also the knowledge otherwise of my fall. The well is ill, not well at all. I can’t be certain of anything there... I will certainly lose myself, but you two will not. You will always be true to you.”

Here is where we come to the curse of Certitude in that his strength is his weakness. He is no coward, but he knows himself too well.

He continues, “If I go, who will paint the future if I am not me? Who will hold the space of destination if uncertainty overcomes me? As long as I am me, there will always be a hope of certainty. I am best outside looking in sending in sight if even if it is just faded echos from above. It is something. I’m sorry, but it has to be you or Passion.”

Passion will do anything for the sake of love, sometimes to a fault, and she is willing to thrust herself in, “I’ll take the plunge, I’m used to it now!”

Madness reflects and shares experience with Passion, “Every time I’ve been in the coursing cool, I find sadness floating just below the surface. Not that it bothers me, you should know that though.”

Passion now recollects her own experiences, “Me too, it can be bitter cold... but I’ll go anyways.”

Passion climbs and stands on the pail and is lowered into the well by the other two. She submerges into the crisping water tightening and clenching within the waters stealing of warmth. She treads water upon the surface examining the spectrum of senses she endures: the musty smell, the sharp shiver, the subtle pale ripples of near gone light from above.

[EXCERPT 2 ]

*Passions memories of the wishing wells*

Passion's face is glowing, as her eyes gaze into the veil of dim light around to once again see within the well that she used to love to visit. Within her own memory, it is more like a door looking into the past she enters herself into. Passing through, she can still see the coins of the wishing well falling down within the glimmering light that shines reflection upon them from above. From deep within that Wishing Well, Passion gazed up to see the passing by of people looking into the well and tossing down their forgotten coins. Returning to these many moments in time, Passion feels her heart expand with heartfelt inspiration.

In a gentle softness, she speaks, "I recall all those beautiful moments by the many wishing wells, the looks of hope on the children's glistening faces. But I was fascinated to see the adults in their momentary peaceful indulgence the most. Every penny they spent... the price of a beautiful dream."

Both Madness and Certitude know that when Passion is dazed in the haze of dreaming that they must give her the gift of silent listening. It is like a self-intoxication for her that stirs the many layers of her own being.

As she continues to gaze within the dark veil, she sees the watery image of a person by a well holding a small handful of coins. He sifts through the coins examining one of them.

Passion continues with precious realization, "They bought dreams... which they cast to fall into the depth of the waters, as they sunk within themselves to find the truth within. I recall those were the moments of truth when they stood in perfect silence, such warm vibrating truth that contradicted the reals of broken realities that defined their default world."

The man by the well selects a single coin after a long contemplation of the perfect selection. He takes the single coin and puts the others back in the pocket. He lifts it in front of his face looking closely at it with a heartfelt intent.

Passions continues, "Those precious moments were the tender moments when the truth was more real than the reality. Oh, the wishing well was so sacred then."

She pauses in anticipation as the man places the coin on his thumb, as if ready to launch it in some ceremonial initiation.

She continues raw and beautiful as if trying to whisper to him, to us, to anyone through time who ever stood beside the Wishing Well. I'm sure we all have.

"Do you recall... that very moment of grace and silken pause when the metal kisses your gentle thumb? That moment you are in the precious stillness of the perfect wish... Do you recall the warm wishes you held humbly in hand and heart within those flashes of beautiful time so long ago. Real that precious moment you hold the wish in your very hand, as if eternally sacred, real, alive. That is a warming moment when you are the most honest with yourself... all your dreams captured in a single dream you believe is yours to receive. It's your pure golden truth. Imagine that... for just the price of a single coin, you can buy your own permission to make your present reality. And for a fleeting moment you believe happiness is in reach. For a brief flash of time or two, you hold your deepest dreams gently clasped within your finger tips ready to send it out into the waiting world... It is real, you are real, you are divine and beautiful and true. So gently you hold onto that penny from heaven, as if it was angelic magic. And then it happens..."

The man by the well flicks the coin from his thumb into the waters below slowly fading from sight. A look of lost and loss etches upon his face, as he watches the coin get fainter and fainter within the dark waters below.

Passion continues feeling raw from the emotion upon the man's face, "Then it happens... the moment of stillness passes. And in a brief fleeting of that moment, you had tossed your dreams into the deep, back where they came from. A penny for your thoughts, a penny into the deep."

As the coin falls and spins within the icy water, the image of the man above fades with the light of the ripples consuming it. The coin continues to endlessly flip, as it travels deeper into the darkening waters. Its slight reflection on the shiny metal coin dulls in the growing depth.

Passions continues, as she watches this all unfold, "There was a sadness to it... just a few moments after the stillness of pure truth, they forget the dreams again. They cast it away not knowing that they were pennies from heaven. Into the deep the dream falls and fades away. You throw it away rather than throwing it a way forward. A stream of divinity kissed your hand and you let it go as if it was never really there. I would watch them walk away feeling unworthy of it happening... as if the dream was never real and their precious child to keep."