

Excerpt from

CHAPTER 8: “Consciousness in a Coma: *the City of Hell and Love*”

Compassion is trying to wake the dying man

“Do you remember when you found me again at the borders of the city where pavement and trees met?”

As she holds his essence close to her soul, she envisions pouring forth the visions and memories within her with hope that they’ll also awaken within him. Woven within such visions is the end of a large park where nature meets a busy commercialized city street. The two worlds, one of pure and one of delusions, clash and contrast their own versions of reality.

“I had past through the dark city of chaos and pain that day. I saw the hungry children living on the streets without cradles to comfort their loneliness... so weak and desperate for more than just food... for a bit of sweet happiness to trickle upon their hardly sleeping hearts.”

Compassion recalls from that day a homeless beggar woman with a dirty worn face in front of an uncaring fast food restaurant. The beggar woman’s leathery face is etched in pain holding the engravings of hardship by the sculptors of life. She holds, in tremble, a cup she shakes for just a bit of change from the passer-byes. She holds, in tremble, a cup she shakes for a bit of change from the so called leaders who lied in Compassion’s sacred name to care for them all, while never caring for them one bit. They’re the forgotten children who collect the memories of cold shoulders, the children who grew up to disappear. This life of the tattered beggar is not the *dream come true* cast by the precious little girl she once was with perfect face sweet and small. This is not the story she was supposed to tell to her precious sweet grandchildren who will never come to be. This is not the legacy for the her pure grandchildren she never got to meet

within her lineage now gone.

Compassion trembles to continue, “They cried... secretly they cried within their hardened bitter shells just for the warming touch of a mother's compassion to melt them back into themselves. I saw them silently yearning for the forgotten mother to remove the masks they wore. They wore masks to keep out the cold of the harsh enclosing world... They wept so silently inside hiding their fears from being seen below the masks of rage and pain.”

The vision within Compassion shifts out from the closeness of the busy city streets into a bird eye view above it all, away from the aged old child shaped by the neglect of the hoards of hoarders. Above, Compassion sees the expanse of a cluttered city within their high paced rat race to no where. She's saddened by their empty hollow creations that only care to stake their claim within the game. They don't know what is beyond the game. While they fight for their slice of pies, their blindness never reveals that we are the pie up high. Objects became the new value rather than the essence of Compassion herself being the true value. The paper became worth more to them than the very people holding it. Upon the other side of her, she feels the distant seas of sadness within the seas of people, both with and without the paper. Sadness haunts all.

As quickly as her sights came up, her vision descends back down into a barren trash alley with a homeless couple arguing about something empty and petty that somehow became the most important thing to them. They are raging in each other's broken faces with borderline violence on both sides. Despite their crawls together through the lands of hell, they somehow have grown to hate each other almost as much as they hate themselves. They find tainted comfort in their rage, for they have each finally found the perfect person to blame for all their pain and distorted agony. They find comfort in finding someone to blame for their plagued pain through their twisted scorched lives.

“I walked through that hell city of blooded streets and I saw the waring couples. I saw them unknowingly and desperately trying to close the distance between each other. At the same time, I saw them fighting one another tossing sharp stones of bruising blame back and forth upon each other’s once precious skin. Each time, every crack of bone, they were left with more bruises and greater injury upon the very soul they were desperately trying to love the whole time. They wore the mask of hate upon the mask of pain that cloaked the face of love from sight.”

Compassion sees the raw worn couple with scars and scabs from the side of them. The slabbed cement below is as cracked as they are. There’s only a few feet between them to lash out from within to without, which they utilize. A red brick wall half-transparent separates the couple invisible to their eyes, but very clear to Compassion. Within the bitter brick wall separating them are several gaps giving a greater sense of semi-transparent and semi-solid. Though the rough wall obscures love from passing through to the other, within their thirst, the pain passes through just fine all the same. Little does this couple know of the villainous invisible wall that separates them. What is so obvious to Compassion is just alien unawareness to them. This fact fills Compassion with the futile feeling of helplessness that twists deep within her heart for them. She begins to shed a mourning tear for each brick that they laid and for each stream of love they denied. If only they spoke in kisses instead of words, perhaps they would hear what the other was truly trying to say, but they listened to warped minds instead.

“There were so many bricks of so many kinds walling out the light between one another. Bricks of regret, bricks of money, bricks of misunderstanding, bricks worry, bricks of childhood pain, so many bricks in their walls that they could no longer see each other anymore... I just wanted to tear it all down for them, but they held on so sadly tight to it.”

To Compassion, those bricks are merely manifestations of something not even real.

Though the invisible bricks are in fact delusional constructs of their own societal minds, the sadness is so thick that they painfully demand it is real and true. Still, all Compassion could see was love. But they didn't share the vision in their world of casting bricks and blame.

“Where were the beautiful faces they fell in love with once upon a time? Did they forget the very faces at the start of it all that hypnotized each other into blissful peace to bay them surrender to love? How did they forget such beauty?... There was too many stones for me to count. I tried to shout at them to hear, but their yelling was too loud, they couldn't hear!”

She stops momentarily with the feeling of desperation for Consciousness to be present to help her understand this cruel absurdity.

“I tried, they wouldn't listen, they knew not how. I wept for them and shed the tears they no longer shed through their tortured shells that hid soul. Instead of truly seeing each other, they saw only the shadow of the other as just rocks and stone to break. How cruel, all they saw was shell, all they wanted to do was hurt each other... It was as if they had merged with the other through their narrow line of sight to become a cold stone love together... They became the pain they felt. Since they couldn't be together in love, they were together in hell and pain. A tragedy of romance.”

Her vision shifts, as the lovers become more like the blurred bricks that overlap with their once human form. Within The Objectification, they're becoming more like objects to each other than living souls alive and awake.

“They blamed each other for being part of the invisible wall they knew not of, as if that was who they are. The whole time within their brutal two person war, they were trapped in between leaving and staying. They were tied at the core of their souls bound to each other... They never saw me watching, as I stood on the side of the wall between the two. I saw their

desperate souls trying to pass through the holes between the bricks. I wish they could have seen themselves through my eyes... the beauty that lay beyond their walls. If only they could have seen how I saw them.”

She speaks in such deep remorse, “Love was there the whole time. They never saw me... but I saw them. I saw the sadness behind the pain and the pain behind the anger and the love within the sadness. I wept in the tears they could not shed. I wondered if they knew how they were eternal soulmates and how beautiful that was, it was beyond this world. They never knew what they had or could have had. I felt the expanse of the sadness as it poured into me.”

She pauses to clench Consciousness’s hand tighter with tears then continues, “And I took some of it with me as I continued to walk through that city of love and hell.”

The emotions of Compassion stir deep within her beside the bed of Consciousness. While it’s unclear if her words penetrate deep enough for him to hear, the notion of being heard is warming comfort to her. So many times she has tried to speak to such lovers and friends just to get them to realize that she was there and present watching. So many times they ignored her. The irony is that compassion became an outsider looking into their pretend worlds.

Compassion pulls her vision of memory away and above the tangled and twisted city streets in an attempt to leave it all behind, as her vision now returns to watch the city again from above.

“I passed the warring mates. I passed the weeping children. I passed the lost addicts searching to find themselves again in a sea of the lost. I passed the consumer commercial craze promising the cure to this deep pain they inflicted. I passed the sadness. I passed the pleading desperation. I passed the lost dreams of what should have been... until I got to the edge of the city where the sidewalk ends and earth begins. It is the place where the creations of humans gaze

eye to eye with the creations of nature. It is the place where the horizontal pavement walls fade away into the barren and exposed fertile earth that gave birth to us all.”

Her vision now travels the above to a sacred place of where the park meets the city. Behind her is the dissipation of Nature into delusional constructs, but in front of her is the returning cloaks of serenity of a living forest park where dying city melts into living life force.

Her vision descends down into the lush plush plots of nature filled with golden sunshine that trickles warm and uplifting illumination. The leaves touch the honey warmth of sunshine light, as if they listen with the grace of heaven from some other place. Looking above, she sees the vaporous clouds in silver threads and bright illumination where elements kiss and merge into new creations. Below, the branches of breathing trees dance in celebration. Within the light of the celestial clouds, heavenly revelation weaves and continues to weave through the words she speaks from her essence upon another side.

“Outside within the living truth is where I found you again, my dearest love... You saw the depth of the sadness I held and the worn tears flowing from my eyes... And you kissed me, Consciousness. You kissed me with the light I forgot to see. I melted as I closed my eyes. And somehow I began to see everything. I saw the growing beauty of the flowers I smelt upon the warm wind that I heard from miles away. I saw the soft illumination of the beautiful and celestial welcoming stars twinkling brilliance beyond the blue blanket of sky, the cloak of daylight sun...”