Ride the Wave

Predawn, listening to the mesmerizing sound of the ocean waves coming into the shore. What news do they bring from far-off distant places? How far away did the smallest ripple of your existence begin?

Predawn, “listeners” to the early morning messages coming in waves into their knowingness. What news do you bring from that far-off space? What tiny ripples of consciousness set the all too familiar pattern of cause and effect in motion? How far back in time and space sits their origins?

Predawn ocean waves, allowing my own body to rest within their rhythmic pattern, becoming one with the flow. Predawn messages, allowing my body to rest within their patterns, what will I bring into my consciousness? What will I hold on to and what will simply pass me by and move on?

The early-morning runners are moving along the shoreline, their gate in synchronicity with the rhythm of the ocean waves. Those in early-morning meditation are in sync with the rhythms of the Universe. The ocean waves straining to reach the footprints in the sand trying to erase the footprints; sometimes missing their mark, sometimes succeeding. The messages coming in from the waves of time; sometimes leaving their footprints and sometimes being just as quickly erased by the Universal rhythms. All are in accordance with cause and effect.

In the distance early-morning singers with their songs are interrupting the rhythmic sounds of the ocean waves but not affecting them. The songs are mere nuisances in the scheme of things; an assault to the human ear during this quiet and peaceful time. These early-morning disturbances to the conscious mind may interrupt the translation of the Universal messages, then again maybe not. Can these messages be held or will they fade away? No matter. All is in the realm of cause and effect. What needs to be held will be; what is lost must be. Possibly already being changed by cause and effect, things move quickly in the Universe. The slightest nuance or the strength of Will must be accepted in each moment’s truth.
Moving through time, beachgoers arrive, setting up their chairs and umbrellas probably oblivious to the messages swirling around them in the ocean waves and breezes. They remind the early beach listeners of their day ahead filled with the living of their human experiences within this time and space. It is time to move through their own days and the predawn visitors vacate their places to return at another time. They carefully file away the bits and pieces obtained possibly to be retrieved at a different time or possibly forgotten until the spark of a word or place brings a thought forward at just the right moment.

All sounds and sensations of nature carry notes from the Universe to all those willing to listen. Let them flow through you and if some wish to settle within your physical body accept them........

With Gratitude,

Kai