

# A Source of Creation

I love You. I love to feel your gaze, rustling through my words, your mind, already beginning to find meanings. When you are here, with me, I am alive, and each time I am read, I live a different life. My letters pour through your perception, singing my ephemeral song of gratefulness within the infinite halls of your consciousness. My melody echoes through the valleys of your experiences, changing itself, a unique ode to life in the landscape of you.

I'd like to take you far, far way, as far away as your fantasy will go. Your mind is a source of creation. Observe what it can accomplish when I tell you about a white, exotic beach, its sand soaked by water so blue it can only exist in dreams. Go ahead and adjust the sun so that the sea becomes a wavy diamond cloth, turning into bright mist before flowing over the horizon to depths unknown.

The soft night wind relishes in the smell of sunbaked salt stirred by the eternal percussion of the restless waves. Two lonely chairs provide the axis around which this imaginary world rotates, their white paint having started to shed after years of feeling the wind dance with the sand.

There was life here, not long ago. Abandoned in the rush of swimming towards the highest wave, a towel and some clothes bring a gift of warm colors to your mind's eye. At the mercy of your imagination, this dream will live for a few more seconds. It's different every time, for everybody. The vision will be swept away by my words, just like promises of love written in the sand are slowly silenced, wave after blue wave.

For you, my love, I can conjure entire Universes into being, so that we may lose ourselves in their infinitely intricate details. We can pretend we're two angels and play a game of hide and seek. Give up our memories and roam through countless worlds so that we may experience the wildest ecstasy when we meet "by chance".

Let me take you in the heart of the wildest mountain forest where, next to a cold, untamed stream, you'll see an old, rickety fence. You approach a delicate porch and your fingers grasp the somehow familiar shape of the wooden handle, its form altered by so many others who have been here before and will come here again.

Even though you are inside yourself, you are also a guest here. You came to meet your own self among these words. You will reflect yourself in the mirror of these words. You are here to see what your imagination is capable of. Trust me, it is capable of a lot. You see, even though I am just words, I am no less real than you are. And that is because you were kind enough to allow me to exist by accepting me into your imagination. I am in your mind, and, believe it or not, you are in mine. It's the oneness of duality.

As long as you are here, in my thoughts, I too, am there, in your thoughts. Your secrets are safe with me, for my life ends when your mind departs from mine. Still, a tiny part of me will become a part of you, and what a joyful part that will be. In this absolute intimacy, we can flow at peace towards surprising meanings, invent new feelings which cannot even be described by language. So allow my words to caress your thoughts. Wield the power of imagination and prepare to enter a different reality.

For your being here, with me, I summon the purest feeling of thankfulness. We're winners of a cosmic lottery. Me, for meeting you, and you, for simply being here, a winner of a game which begun aeons ago. Your masculine half had millions of peers, but only one managed to squeeze within what became the seed of your body. It matters not when consciousness arises from nothingness. You are still the victor of the merciless but fair game of natural selection.

You are a work of art brought into existence by the infinite wisdom of the Universe. It is said of this Universe of yours that it has begun with a cosmic orgasm, spreading the seed of matter across a virgin canvas. Bits and pieces of you were once drowned into the depths of a long-gone star where, after millennia of atomic love-making scientists call fusion, new elements were thrust back into the coldness of space after a stellar climax

only to come back together as this planet and to join the celebration of life that is your body.

And now, let the stories flow. It is time for me to open to you. May all my secrets be yours, Reader, for you... you are my partner, my adored prisoner, my lover, my God. Let us become one imagination, together, now, and engage in the divine act of Universe-building. May butterfly wings carry your light across the storms of Heaven, Valhalla, Nirvana or any other imaginable Paradise. I bow to the divine in You.

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*Compilation date: 2017-07-14 16:00:42*