

Allegory of the Blindfold (short)

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Allegory of the Blindfold

Imagine for a moment a society like no other. Imagine a civilization of love, peace, and compassion where nobody goes hungry, nobody wants for anything, and everyone is equally loved. Imagine a perfect society with few worries, no suffering, and no wants. Imagine a society where a wise and shining population danced out their days in peace, prosperity, and joy. Imagine a garden paradise, an Eden, a Shambhala. Now, imagine that one day, everybody in this society starts to wear a blindfold. One moment, the people are dancing in the light, and the next they are plunged into darkness.

As you might guess, being plunged into darkness in this fashion made life a lot more difficult. In darkness, the people struggled. They crashed into each other. They dropped stuff. They broke things. It was not too long before the bumping and the crashing caused them frustration, anger, and pain. It was bad and it got worse every day.

You would think that as things continued to deteriorate, these people, these **Dwellers in Darkness** would take off their blindfolds, but they did not. They forgot they were wearing blindfolds at all and so, as the generations passed, these once shiny people gradually transformed into angry, bitter ogres who no longer had the time nor the energy to care about anything or anybody but themselves.

Still, no matter how bad the suffering became, no matter how many generations passed, there were always stories. Elders would tell tales of a shiny, happy place that had once existed, where the children danced and played. In this happy place, the elders said, there was no poverty, war, or disease. In this happy place, everybody smiled all the time. That is what the elders said, but *most* people accepted the status quo. Most thought these elders were just telling stories. Still, some did wonder and some asked questions.

“Why is everything so dark and confusing?

Why are we always bumping into things?

Has it always been this way?”

Various answers to these questions were proposed.

Some came to the conclusion that there was no explanation for the darkness and confusion. For these, the universe was empty, life was random, this is how it had all evolved, and that was the end of the

story. The best the people could do was simply accept the cold, bitter truth and try to be healthy and happy.

Others accepted the inevitable darkness but, unhappy with the existential, appended bizarre meaning and purpose—These ones, the priests, said we were here for a “good” reason, to learn our lessons, to be punished for our sins, to be tempered in a cosmic forge, or some other such poppycock nonsense.

Still others, a handful, were not happy with existential emptiness or the purpose the priests had provided. These ones, let us call them the mystics, continued to search until one day, after meditating in calm silence, eating some mushroom, dropping some acid, smoking way too much pot, or consuming some other [Connection Supplement](#), their blindfolds fell surely away. With the blindfold off, these mystics could see the problem, and the solution, which was maybe not as great as you might at first think. One minute the mystics were walking in total darkness and the next they saw with full light. One minute nothing, and the next the entire world instantly revealed. To eyes accustomed to total darkness, the new light was blinding, confusing, and quite frightening. Instinctively, they snatched the blindfold back, instantly returning themselves to the familiar dark.

Because the initial revelation was powerful and even frightening, most of the mystics chose to stay in darkness, endlessly reflecting on a single experience or two. And who could blame them. With minds and emotions weakened by generations of trauma, reality was hard to handle. However, a few were not satisfied with a mere [Glimpse](#). And who could blame them? In the brief moment of full light, the world they saw was beautiful, and easily—so easily—within reach. If only they could get their blindfolds off permanently. And so these ones went back, meditating in quiet, eating their supplements, and endlessly on the bright visions, each time staying longer in the light. Slowly, step by step, they were able to handle it. Slowly, step by step, they understood what they were seeing. As they did they came forward, as authors, artists, musicians, and just plain folk, speaking of the truths and sharing what they had learned. At first, people were scarred, scared, and confused, but these teachers persisted, saying

“Don’t be afraid,”

“Take some deep breaths and calm down.”

“We will help you to see.”

And sure enough, slowly but surely, eventually, everybody will learn to see again. And on that day there will be great rejoicing. On that day a new dance of peace and prosperity, a sacred dance of unity, bliss, and oneness will begin once again.

It's not something in a far of distant utopia.

It is easily within reach even now.

Just don't be afraid.

Take some deep breaths.

Stay calm.

Relax.

Take off that thin cloth that blinds you.

Join us in peace and celebration as we dance in a new world emerging.

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