### **A Story Of Shiva**

We sink into the dark…

…the dark reddens, coalesces to Martian landscape pulling away into distance, fast — we’re on a train, facing backward, seeing the endless, red-cratered dust speeding away into the distance…

Immense temples, castles, ziggurats, akin to Sumerian or Babylonian mud brick megastructures, big as the pyramids, then crumbling to dust, sinking beneath the sands, all reddish, dusty, Martian colored clay clouds, rising and falling, like we are seeing millennia, aeons passing as if seconds, the sea of dust slowly settle sand flows and shifts, blowing in the winds…

Slowly it greens into aqua, sinking underwater into a flooded world and then as slowly as it flooded we sink to the bottom and into the mud and down through to a space…

We gradually sink down, a ceiling rising above, a huge, vast, absolute colossal space, red, as if dark but we can see color, everything is the color of blood. sinister, and gargantuan, there’s moldings and inscriptions, stretching into the distance endlessly and though appreciable in width it could be a mile or some immense distance though visibly bound, on a scale that shouldn’t enclose a space like a man made building — it is endless and huge and big. and red.

…and we sink to the bottom and there’s bones. and corpses. the bottom of this space is just endless death. remains.

Falling above us but at a similar speed and also heading toward this bottom is another figure — greyish, similar size to us and sort of humanoid but sort of skeletal, possibly winged, like a fallen angel.

As we reach the bottom although there’s no appreciable impact we are now caught by the mass of bones and corpses and it’s rising, lifting us up as if we are floating atop a massive sea of death slowly filling the immense space, seemingly impossible yet there’s a constant rising tide and we are lifted upwards, ever upwards….

…then we progress toward the side, a wall, the closer we get more detail becomes apparent, its not smooth, upon close enough approach, the apparent smooth wall is completely covered in writing, inscriptions an unintelligible language, sort of like Sanskrit but somehow different and very definitely evil.  
The red, terracotta type, sorta peeling eggshell on plaster but deep terracotta red, bloodlit walls of text are slowly complexifying into structures, lattices and struts and beams and complex carved with sinister, arcane scripture.  
Eventually we travel into the gaps in the structure and move through spaces into an opening until we reach a slight change into an opening where the walls are just rough red earth and clay and gravelly stuff, like an archeological dig pit.

The redness becomes brownish red earth and we start to move sideways along the wall of the pit, it turns darker, greener, under. ground. instead of open pit and slowly it progresses into an underground waterway in a cavern, the flowing water below reflecting greenish light onto the brown dirt/clay/rubble that makes the walls and ceiling we see…

The water reflections ripple and flicker and swirl and slowly the greenish water takes over the whole image not just in reflection but as a whole flowing, rippling, swirling wash of water that envelopes the scene…

A face coalesces — female, could be described as beautiful but not sexually just flawless and completely perfect and serene — Shiva, destroyer of worlds.

We flow through world after world, universe after universe, each emerging, blowing away into dust in a shockwave wind, like a nuclear blast, and as each is blown away to dust by the winds, Shiva in a slightly different character and face emerges and smiles serenely before the endless volition-evolution and flow of time creates and destroys an infinity of worlds, one after another after another, all born, emerging, existing, crumbling to dust and then being gone as yet more are born…  
an infinity of worlds, universes, a multiverse of infinite creations and destructions all laid out before us..

Time is infinite but all is seen, all worlds, all universes, all existence — it begins, exists, happens, and comes to end end.

All in the presence of Shiva, creator and destroyer of worlds.

Supreme.

courtesy of a very wise man