

Ataraxia, Agharti

"They became proud and defiant
- We are the kings, we are the Gods - they said,
they took beautiful wives,
they erected temples to the human body,
they built immense towns with precious marbles and adored them.
...So the third eye stopped seeing...

The first massive waters came
and swallowed the seven big islands.
A few remained, some yellow, some brown,
some red remained,
the moon-like coloured ones
had disappeared for ever."

[extract from M. Blavatsky's"The Book of Dzyan"]

Tide, distance,.. sailing, where?
fading, raising, flying, submerging
in a memory, an instant