

How Atlantis Came to Be

A Mind Release by Lisa Hering

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Music by Peder B Helland of Soothing Relaxation

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EbnH3VHzhu8>

A woman walks through a park where there is bright green grass and many blossoming pink trees. Pink petals carpet the Earth beneath the tree limbs. Petals still fall. The sun shines and everything is where it is supposed to be.

She wears a knit top, tiny navy and white stripes crossing her growing belly from side to side, the baby bulge accentuating the stripes. It's her first. Will it be her last? Will it be her only? Will it be?

She has brown hair, slightly wavy, with bangs. She peers into the tops of the trees to try and take in their full magnificence. But the sun is too high in the sky, and she shields her eyes. Birds come to and fro within the organic canopy they call home. The birds have their own unique language that only they can understand, and they talk freely to one another, knowing none other can understand. But she understands, plain as day. They are calling each other by name, and finding out where their partners are. They keep their nests protected and their eggs warm. As it should be, she thinks to herself, the family together in the prime of their lives.

There is a playground nearby and there are children playing in it. She watches. She secretly smiles when they laugh. A little girl is playing mother to two smaller boys, each one trying to be the leader. She walks on.

The baby in her belly kicks. He's real. He's alive. Right now, this very moment. He may be inside me, but he's mine, and he'll be in my arms soon. She feels another kick.

"If only I could check on him now and rock him to sleep," she thinks. "I wonder what he is like. Out of all the possibilities in the world for the person this child could be, which one is it? What will he be like? Will he be handsome and charming? A merry old sailor? An intellect? A great musician? A father himself!"

She decides to sit down beneath a tree and lean against it. As she does, the tree drops pink blossoms, and after a while, she begins to become covered in a pink petal blanket. I'm tired, she thinks to herself. I'll just shut my eyes and dream of my child.

Moments later, she is floating underwater. She remembers a time not that long ago when she lived in a village down here at the base of a coral reef, her Atlantis. It was under a large glass dome and everyone could admire the ocean life as it passed above head. She used to have to stay inside the air dome to survive. But she was gifted with the ability to breathe in the water naturally without gear or surfacing for air. She was set free, released from the confining space, and free to explore the vastness of the ocean and all of its treasures and secrets.

It all seems new, a new world to her. She is teeming with excitement. It's as though she's never lived, and now it's all ahead of her, waiting to be discovered. She begins to explore, but it is difficult to go far or fast because she is small and her arms and legs are untrained. The sun is shining in, so she looks up. The bright surface is high above her at

some distance. A large blue turtle passes slowly by. He is big and must be old. He is headed for the nearby coral reef where there is a great diversity of life and color. She follows the turtle.

As they approach the reef, she sees many interesting things. Plants of every size and shape, many swaying with the movements of the ocean currents. Bright fish hide between them. Critters in beautiful shells carry their homes with them. Her expression is one of awe. Never has she seen such beauty. This is home. This is where I belong. When I say, Take me home, this is where I mean. She can't help but smile. Her delight is as true as that of a child.

She moves along, exercising her body and begins to feel more adept in her environment. She spots something odd. It's a little chest, and it's being watched over by an octopus. "I wonder what's in it!" She swims close, but the aquatic guard does not move.

"I'll swing back by later," she thinks, and continues on. In the sand, she spots a jewel. "Oh my!" She picks it up. An emerald ring. And then, she spots another piece. This one is gold. A coin. And there is more. In fact, the further she looks, the more sparkle and glimmer she sees. The world is just so full of amazing things. She wants to pick up everything and play with it,

But before she can, in the distance, there is a very unusual sight to behold. A ship! She swims closer. Such a sad sight to see, as death would have taken many a soul. It's an old sailing ship from days gone by. Maybe a pirate's ship! Or perhaps immigrants wanting a better life. It doesn't matter now. Whatever their goal was, their dreams are frozen forever in time, here, at the bottom of this sea. This loss is a new experience for her, and she does not like this feeling. She decides she must turn the emotion into something else to make her feel better.

She swims up to one of the portholes. At first it is dark and she can see nothing. She goes to the next one. Inside the ship, she can now see rooms. She finds many rooms, almost like a real home. "This is enchanting," she thought. "This is a place I can stay and make into a home, the ship itself as my husband."

Then something distracts her, something small that swims near her head. She recoils as she is startled and tries to shoo it away. Then she looks. A butterfly! Impossible!

But it is. A blue butterfly. Iridescent. She reaches out her hand to see if it will light upon it. And it does.

“Hello, Butterfly! How are you?” It closes its wings and is very still for a moment. Then it lifts off from her finger and begins to swim away. “Wait!” she says. “Where are you going? Wait for me!” She is much better adapted to the water now, but she still cannot swim as fast as the butterfly can fly. So the butterfly flies as quickly as a fairy to the back of her feet, then sets upon her pointed toes and becomes a mermaid tail which propels her. She is amazed and delighted. “Where are we going?” she asks. But the mermaid tail, which has now become an integral part of her body, simply steers from the back, and she goes where she is guided, knowing that no matter what she sees, it will be of great interest. She now moves in the water with grace and maturity and feels at ease but still curious.

They swim away from the wreckage, aided by the sea currents. Treasure is scattered everywhere, but she touches nothing. It is not necessary, as it all looks perfectly placed right where it is. It decorates the sea bottom and makes it twinkle with colored lights. They swam past the blue green algae, past the yellow sea grass and the clown fish hiding in it, past the violet shells that harbored all sorts of sea critters, past a myriad of things that one must come back and investigate someday. All these things were along the path to one great place, Atlantis, the city under a glass dome. And there it was ahead. The sunlight glinted off of it, and she marveled as she approached.

“Butterfly, what is this you have brought me to?” she asked. They went up to the glass and peered in. “Why, it’s the sailors from the ship wreck!” she exclaimed. “They are alive!” She watched the men for a while. There were all kinds of men, tall, short, thin, fat, old and young. There was a bar inside where they sat and drank beer and whiskey and sang songs.

“They seem to be having a great time,” she mused. Then one of the men noticed her and pointed her out to the others. They all began looking at her and became excited.

“There she is! She’s come to rescue us!” one shouted.

“She’s here!” shouted another. “Look, me boys, she’s real, a lovely mermaid, the more beautiful than ever imagined!” He knocks on the glass. “Help us!”, he shouts. “Save us!”

She became confused. “Why are they saying that about me, Butterfly?” she asked. “I don’t know how to save them.”

The butterfly replied, “You could save one, but only one.”

“Please save us!” several shouted. “You can do it!”

“I can’t save you,” she said. “Can’t you come out?”

“No, we’ll drown,” they said. “When our ship sank, we found this. We get most of what we need, but we don’t have music and we don’t have freedom. We have nothing to do but wait and squander our lives. And I’m sick of looking at the bloody faces of these old sailors everyday. You’re a welcome sight.”

There was one sailor in particular who was watching her. He was quite handsome. He said nothing, but only watched her. Finally, he spoke up.

“You can’t save us, but can you play us a song and lull us to sleep?” he said.

“I’ll try,” she said. “Let me see if I can find something to play.”

Near the entrance to the dome, there was an underwater park. She swam over to it, and began looking around. Who built this place? It’s amazing! There were park benches, and the sea plants were beautifully arranged, there was an anchor for fish to swim around, some pink aquarium gravel under some pink blossoming aquatic trees, but among these things she found nothing that would make a tune.

She swam over to one of the benches and floated on it in a rather pensive fashion. “If only I could help them. I can’t imagine anyone else will ever find them.” She looked back at their pleading faces inside the dome. It was a very beautiful dome, but a prison none the less. She turned to face the center of the park. She noticed there was a fountain.

“How odd, a fountain underwater!” she laughed. As she considered this strange thing, she noticed a few spots where the pink gravel had washed away, revealing a large rectangular objects, ivory and black. She wrinkled her brow wondering what this thing was, and then swam to it and brushed away more of the pink gravel. She uncovered many of these shapes which were all connected. It had the look of piano keys. With the help of the current, she moved the gravel off and revealed an entire keyboard, a big keyboard.

“I can play them a tune!” she said. “But how? I can’t play piano keys underwater.” She lowered herself to touch one, and as she did, the instrument lit up, and the key that she touched played a note as if by magic. Then she touched another one. It too lit up and let out a beautiful sound. She then went from key to key, as they were very large keys and she had to swim to each one. And every single one of them played a note when she touched it. And she was thereby able to make a tune for the sailors trapped in this dome. And they watched her swim from key to key, she, looking like a beautiful mermaid dancing and giving them a lullaby. The sailors had never seen or heard anything so enchanting. And they watched, forgetting their plight for a moment. And one by one, they began to fall asleep until only one remained awake. The handsome one still watched her. Then he said,

“I know you would save us if you could, but I know now I’ll never see the land again. My destiny will be here, in this world forever and I accept that. And I’m glad to have you here, the comfort of a loved one. But I wish you’d grant me one favor.”

“If I can, anything,” she said.

“Let me out of here so I can play music and dance with you for a few moments. I know that’s all the time I’ll have with you.” he said. “I want to be in your arms for just a little while.”

With some trepidation but confident in her decision, she swam to the entrance and placed her hand tentatively on the door, not knowing how to open it and if the sea would swell mercilessly inside when opened. But when her hand touched it, it opened, and not a drop of water went inside.

The young man stepped into the ocean as though he were stepping into a carriage drawn by seahorses. And then he began swimming as beautifully as she. But he had only one breath of life, and played with her such amazing music and they swam and swam to different keys. His smile was her greatest delight.

Then, he began to look sleepy. She took him in her arms and held him, rocking him back and forth until he was completely asleep. At that point, the octopus she had seen guarding the treasure chest appeared.

“I’ve been watching,” he said. “And I know who you are. You can give him your gift of breath. But then you must go quickly, if you choose.”

“I recognize this man,” said the woman. “I don’t know who he is, but I met a young boy a long time ago, and in his face, I see a resemblance. That boy embodied all the goodness of the world. I believe this one does, too.”

Then she kissed him on the forehead and his heart began beating, a familiar heartbeat that matched hers. Pink returned to his cheeks. He opened his eyes and smiled the innocent and delightful smile of a child.

Then she began to grow faint and in need of breath. She could breathe no more from the salty water itself. He produced several large air bubbles and grinned as he popped them into her mouth. Then he produced one more that was big enough for her to get inside of, a large carriage bubble.

“Please, mother,” he said, “step inside. This is your carriage and your loyal steed. He will take you wherever you’d like to go.” And then, the mermaid tail became a butterfly again and followed the octopus back to the treasure chest. The octopus opened the treasure chest and allowed the butterfly inside and then perched himself back upon it, guarding over it again making sure nothing could harm it. Her own feet returned and she stepped inside the bubble.

“I’ll wait for you here,” he said. “I have things I need to do, and I’ll remember you every time I play our song on the big keyboard.”

The bubble kept her safe and she watched the man as he grew smaller and smaller the further away she went. He watched her and waved until she could see him no more. All she could see was an area of pink gravel that glinted in a ray of sun.

She gasped and opened her eyes. The pink gravel had turned into the pink petals of the shade tree. Her hand was lounging lazily on the dome of her belly. She sat up straight.

“Oh I must be getting home!” she exclaimed. “I’ve been in this park for hours!” She stood up. It was a pink twilight and everything seemed like footage in an old film. She followed the sidewalk past the park benches, past the park fountain that was no longer shooting water from its spouts. She passed the playground slide and a child sized toy

shipwrecked boat for youngsters to climb and pretend to be pirates, lookout the portholes, and find a treasure chest locked tight and guarded by an octopus.

The children's swings were still and silent, and the children were gone, but there was one doll left behind on the ground. She picked it up and placed it in her pocket. Again, she felt her baby kick. Then she placed her hand on her rounded belly and began to sing it a lullaby so it would sleep peacefully while it grew within an underwater dome where he received everything he needed except music and freedom. She could give him song now, but that was all. Yet, though he was unborn, she saw his entire life, both his childhood and his manhood. This was more than a fetus. It was not something to be thrown away. He was a person with hopes and dreams and love just like her. She could see his future. He knew him now. He was her son and she saw him as though she were an old lady looking back on his life and his moments growing up. She knew him intimately. She knew his face, his eyes that looked at her, his smile that made her happy, his touch that had saved her life. They had a life together, one to lead and the same that somehow they had already led, so real she could have put together a scrap book of their lives as it truly happened. It was like traveling to the future, learning to love someone, and then traveling back into the past where you can still make decisions and choices.

And ultimately, his freedom was her choice, one way or the other.

Thank you and good night.