

Rain Over Sedona

A Mind Release by Lisa
Hering
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Music by Healing Tree Music

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



I am in my home on Forest Road in Sedona. It's raining. The sound of the rain comforts me. It's cool. I can relax. I am lying on my couch. Just listening. I see the raindrops running down the windows. And then, the rain begins to fill the room. Water starts rising from the floor. I watch. The water rises. The furniture is engulfed. I am lifted off the couch. The water is cool. The room is now filled with water. I am swimming. Outside, it's still raining. Inside is underwater. I rise to the ceiling. My hair floats all around my head. I swim to the tall windows. I have no trouble breathing. I touch the windows. The windows melt. And outside the house is now a shallow sea. Everywhere is water. Sedona is an ocean, as it was in times before man. Water fills every crevice. I can swim through time. My air bubbles rise, but to where I do not know. I do not see a surface above me. I swim past all the recognizable paths that I used to hike. This must be many years in the future, when the sea has transgressed back into this area. Man is no longer here. Only relics, vestiges of a former human existence. No one is here but me. I have it all back. I wished it so. It must have been that desire to come back, that time I wished upon a star, to have it all back. I wished to go back and change it all, so that I never had to lose this. Be careful what you wish for. Everything is still here, everything but people. I am the only one who can live in this underwater Atlantis. There is no one else. No point in knocking on doors. No one is at home. The place is silent. I only hear the rain. And the rain will not stop.

I remember lying on the couch long, long ago. I was listening to singing bowls playing in the rain. The sound comforted me. That was the only time I could relax. The sound took me away from reality. By then there was already stress. I already wanted to close my eyes and drift. People were pulling at me, taking things away. I couldn't stop them. They took and took. I thought it was mine. But I couldn't hold on.

Now they are gone. I am the only one left. Everything is mine. I can sit here in my vast empire all alone. No one will bother me. No one will take anything away. It is all safe. There are no cars on the highway, no patrons in the cafes. Though we are under water, it is still raining. Or is that the sound of my tears? Watching the drops slide down the glass from inside. Memory is all I have. Hope was all I had then. A dream. A false impression of glory. It was just a trap. I was a guppy, and I was swimming with the sharks. Cole, you were right. Why didn't you explain it to me then? You left me with the sharks. You died, and I lived. Why didn't you tell me? I should have paid more attention.

But now it's all mine. The sharks are gone. The other guppies are gone. Did the meekest person of all actually inherit the Earth? Am I all that is left on this planet? Will there be 40 days and 40 nights of rain? There are no animals here to save. No two by two of the coyotes and ravens. There is only water.

It's as beautiful as ever. I can climb Schnebly Hill Road with ease as I simply drift upward. My old vantage points remain fresh. I thought I would live here forever. I thought these would be my own personal picnic spots for all time. I tasted ambrosia. And it was good. The gods were at my table. I, with a god. Unlikely. Were the gods in on the game? Were the gods the game? Were the gods the bankers in disguise? Zeus, laughing,



Poseidon, playing with his staff, Achilles, angry about his heel. They are all gone now. The joke is on them. I outlasted them all. I can sit here by myself now, and have it all.

I have nowhere else to go. This is where I belong. It is my damnation to be here for eternity without another soul. When I was with people, I didn't appreciate them. I didn't understand them. I wasn't like them. Even when I was with them, I was alone. So there is little difference now. Anyone whom I might want here are long gone. They have their destiny, and I have mine. Am I alive, or am I dead? Is this my heaven, or is it my hell? Oh, precious past, why have you gone away? Why can I not live in that moment forever? The day I arrived, August 23, 1999, my parents were with me. We drove together, yes, my parents drove all the way with me. It was monsoon season, the summer rains that cooled the August heat and lit up the deep blue skies with white clouds. For once, I had nothing I had to do. I had quit everything to come here. And I found this house, up on the side of a hill, across from fantastic monuments of Snoopy and a camel's head. I climbed them my first day here, though I had hardly ever hiked before, and never alone. I got lost off trail and my feet were sore, and I walked miles out of the way. But I was happy. At home, from the grand windows, I watched the mountains everyday. It was like a big screen TV all day everyday. Here comes the sun would play in the mornings as I watched the sun rise. I found Marilyn in the afternoon. At sunset, I'd stop whatever I was doing, and toast the firelight on the mountains with a tequila margarita on ice, and I found the birth of the moon birth late in the night that helped me find my way home. I found rocks and wildflowers and agave, and sandstone, and limestone, and quartz sponges, and canyons and warm, dry heat and red rainbows, and rain.

I thought I was going somewhere. But really, I was staying somewhere. I was creating a moment. I was creating memories. I wasn't creating a future. I was creating a past. From the beginning, it was a story already written. I was the star. And then, someone pulled the plug. And the water began draining out of Sedona. I could hear the strong voice of the tornado it created in an unseen abyss, the vortex of Sedona. It was the vortex calling. The vortex I had tried so hard not to believe in, not to understand, not to feel. It was now the only other entity here. The vortex was doing this. It was reclaiming its own. Sedona was long before man a place of mysticism. It lives within its mysteries. And its mysteries will reclaim it. No one will ever own it, though they may think they do. It was mine for a moment. It was mine for the moment I created. And then, it was gone. Just like

everyone I know. All gone. Sedona vanished down the vortex. As the water level sank lower and lower, the scenery became blurred, wavy, twisted, and encircling me like a hurricane. Then it was all sucked down a giant drain, down in the bowels beneath Bell Rock where they park the spaceships so neatly lined up and freshly washed. There too was the rock plaque that Clint had shown me, a beautiful rock carving that was removed by an unknown thief, like a thief that was stealing the water. The vortex was taking everything back. It was all there, under the rocks. The vortex took it all back and returned it to nature. As it should be.

And the scenery was gone. I was left on a blank map to start over. There was nothing but white. No marks anywhere else. No plants, no homes, no people. Nothing. Just white. I was an infant. Reborn. Ready to start over. Ready to record each and every moment anew. So small, amid something so extraordinary, the womb had been so peaceful, comfortable. It had been home to me. Floating in happiness all alone, resting, waiting, enjoying the scenery. And yet now, I have died in that world. It is dead to me. But I am somewhere new. But I don't know where I am. I'm a babe starting out in life, knowing nothing of my surroundings. I see only white. I have not yet painted the picture that will occupy this space. That will come with time. I must reach out and take a step. Each of my steps will leave a foot print. Then a path, then a way. It will bring me to a maze. And I must find my way again. How many times must we begin? How many times must we leave our comfort zone? One becomes tired after a while. A blank map. On all four, I begin to crawl. And my path is recorded. I rise and walk. And my footprints are in the sand. I can see them behind me, proof that I have been here, that I have existed. I am learning my way and recording each movement, each moment, each experience. And the scenery slowly begins to fill in behind me, like watercolor falling down a canvas. Though I cannot see the image yet ahead of me yet, it is a large map, so I have much time. It is my game, my candy land. I will grow in this world, and it will be different from the last one. You cannot go back, no matter how hard you try. You must go forward. And each time you find that comfort zone, the rain will wash it away. Mark my words. Do not basque too long in your comfort. Do not take it for granted. For tomorrow, it will be gone. We are constantly changing. Our world is constantly changing. Our map is constantly changing. Nothing ever stays the same.

Whether that is good or bad is not for me to decide. Why does a thing have to be good or bad? Can it not just be? In a mist in front of me, I see a strange thing, a red rainbow and a setting sun of pink and purple. There is a pot of gold at the end. But it is empty except for water and my own reflection. Neither the pot nor the gold was the goal. I am the goal, self understanding and love, for myself and the journey I must make. The journey is always the goal and the goal is always the journey. The goal is nothing but the journey's endpoint. If you get to the goal, the journey is over, and you stop. It isn't what you can get, and not even what you can keep. It is how you get from here to there, from this moment to the next moment, from this day to the next day, from this life to the next life, from this map to the next map. The fetus in the watery womb dies at birth, and I am born, not remember my past life, not knowing my new life, but alive all the same, one step in a succession of going from world to world, life to life. As I climb the marshmallowy trail along the red rainbow, the final scenery is being filled in. The rain hurries me along as the ground begins to flood and the water rises to my ankles. I scoop up a cat, wet from the deluge. I take him with me. We will be fine together. We will stay together. We will find a place that's safe and warm and dry. And if we don't, then, well, we will swim to the ends of the earth and the ends of the universe, to the grid of love in the heavens, and we will sit there together. Till the end of time, and nothing can disturb us there. Unless we want it to.

Thank you, and good night.

Dedicated to Magellan, Sassy, Marilyn, Cole, Clint, and everyone else I knew in Sedona that I no longer know.

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