

The inverse property of luxury, and naked happiness

I have found a strange and perfect contrast. I used to be as most: swimming in luxury. Most of my time was spent complaining about not having enough, or, how unfair everything was. Now I have everything, and nothing, and the difference is abundant to see. I will show you: The first step was to make sure that all who were part of my life, were honest, and no matter if family or friends, any person who was not, was deliberately and permanently discarded. Self serving people are parasitic. Soon, peace came to find me, and she has never left. To have little, is to have the most. I will show you:

I eat but two meals a day, and my appetite is superb. How incredibly delicious each bite is, if one is truly hungry! The quality of the food is good, and I treasure it so deeply for the scant portions...and have found, that to be drowning in luxury, slipping piles of fatty food into my belly at all hours, left me with no appreciation for the experience whatsoever. Desire, creates sensitivity, and that yields pleasure, not piles of material heaped before you, as your appetite struggles to find interest. There is no TV, and so, sound is pure, no radio, and the world, becomes music, for one who will listen. When it comes to experience...less is the way, to greater appreciation and aesthetic pleasure.

People are always watching, listening, and crowding into the eye and ear, in the city. The excessive constant stimulus, the continuous noise...well, one study I read, indicates this sound pollution may cause autism! Here, there is space, between each note...and so, I can hear. There are no people, and I can be as a human should be...for only our foolish culture could call anti-nature, health. It is not. Connection, to all the world...is health. Have you ever noticed, that clothing is hot, in the 100 degree heat? You know... it is!

So the sewage system I dug, has failed. No matter, I will draw a bath from the stream. How hot it is. Each bucket raised from the silver creek, is heavy, and I am hotter with each step. Perfect! Desire, this is what must be brought to its full force, before it is sated. Luxury, is key, to the lack of luxury we experience, for appreciation is inversely proportional to excess. Soon, the metal tub is filled with water.

All the world is a source of identification. Each part, is...us. As a dream, where past and future coalesce, so is each second. We see the world, and each rolling hill, each sweetly spun cloud, is a painting, which revolves around a point, and holds the key, to the next moment, melting into the last...clouds drift before the sun, she ducks, and I can feel shadow play over my skin as I settle into the cool water. To be blessedly naked, and see the poetry of shining day, to feel her heat on my exposed flesh...is a sort of perfection. I am vulnerable, and alone, draped in sun and wind, the water shimmers, and the sky, holds my body and mind, tenderly looking without seeing, each cloud subtle and silent, a caress raised before blue arch and green glade, drifting. How quiet, and sweet is this silence, a silence which holds the seconds loosely and grasps, without holding. Such tenderness...is bound into the heart...of silence.

I can hear the stream speaking, her laughing heart, a playful voice, running over smooth stone, glazed and shimmering, are the seconds, she ticks, without counting, for nothing is

known here, only felt. Time, is naked...in a perfect world. Did you know that, my friend? The cry of a distant hawk, mixes, with the splash of trickling waters, and shifting grass, folds beneath invisible hands...for wind has hands, and plays the meadow, speaking and singing music, which can be felt, and seen...so soft is the whisper, of beauty, which is unknowing...of any world beyond, the home, from which we all have risen...and may return...should we find reason, to begin again. See the mountain peak, flecked in granite schist, and know...this is right. How soft is the song, how tender the notes, to feel. I am sure...this is music. Can you hear it too? Listen, and know...we are all this way. We...are all things. How broad is the human heart, once unbound. How sweet is the song...which has summoned us. Now you may know, what riches do spill, from the fount...of true luxury. And you may remember, that time, is the highest treasure, to be coveted...and heard, our song of riches, sung and spilled from within and without...in naked silence. —© Rich Norman