

I first saw it deep in my mind. Part of it I'd seen many times before. The other part was a surprise. I'm not sure where it came from, yet I know it came from deep inside me.

I see a single long stem rose, floating vertically in the air against a backdrop of still and cool blue water.

The rose is red, yet has the strong fragrance of a lavender rose I know so well. The shape of the petals are somehow wrong for this kind of rose, yet I see it clearly. There are no leaves on its long stem, just a few thorns. My quest is to grasp the rose, petals and thorns both.

It hovers above the cool blue stillness in silence, in such a calm, cool, tranquil place. I can tell from the low hollow sounds of the moving air that this is a large enclosed space with hard walls, a cave or a grotto. I can't see the walls yet; the lighting is soft and diffuse. Do I hear a dripping sound in the distance?

This is a tranquil place, a place where I want to be very much. I smile -- one part of me finds it so hard to get here, yet another part of me knows it is inside me, I carry it with me all the time.

My path to this place should be easy -- it will be easy. I've found the path, now if I can't find an easier path, then I will make one.

Reach for the rose.