

Catherine Grant

Excerpts From
Aria Kalsan
Kalervan Principles

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Aria Kalsan: Kalervan Principles

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The Long Void

In the beginning, there existed a realm that spanned all known space and wove itself through the fabric that we rarely stop to conceive of; that of life. It showed through the complexity in its mysteries, that there is indeed much more to heaven and earth than we care to consider, and that events taking place within its confines, whatever they are, and the purpose they serve, should be held on to and guarded with life, for as Kubele, and Kupaka before her found experiences within this strange and mysterious dimension are the essence of life. Let me share with you one such experience, it is theirs, and it could have helped shape the future of their worlds. It may even help shape the future of our own. It takes place in the mysterious land which lies between that of being awake and the other of sleep; an area which moves silently out with the confines of space and time, even life and death, and there it exists comfortably and safely within each and every soul.

It is the world of dream.

The strange thing is, the contents of this dream had crossed formerly uncharted boundaries and left something behind for all. It is in this strange area, where time appears to stand still, and a lifetime can be played out in the blink of an eye, our story begins. Perhaps you should read it for yourself and make up your own mind as to its authenticity, for it happened in a moment that could be tomorrow or it could even have been yesterday and it was at this crossroad that Kubele found herself after her long and gruelling training session at the Kalsan Alliance headquarters on Mercury Kesseke. She was just in time to catch the last shuttle home and glad of the opportunity to rest and relax even for the short duration of the flight. As the shuttle started its descent to the planet U22, the layers of atmospheric turbulence buffeted it. Out of the small window, she could see the purple mountains in the distance as they rose towards the sky, their peaks hidden beneath a pale white veil of cloud and within minutes it landed at the shuttle port.

It was only a brief journey home from there by hover taxi. Once outside, she stopped for a moment at the gate and looked at the old house, one of only a few that mirrored a farmhouse style from earth in the past. Kubele had always thought it held a charm that escaped many of the more modern buildings, then again perhaps she, like so many others, was searching for something she thought lay trapped in a part of the past she could never hope to see.

Once inside she lit the fire and made something to eat before sitting down by the hearth on the soft comfortable chair. She felt each muscle in her back almost separate from the others as she attempted to stretch out her body. Shadows appeared in the room

as the last rays of the twin suns sank lower in the evening sky and day quickly gave way to the promise of night. Kubele was exhausted after the rigours of training which she'd found herself less prepared for than first imagined but, as she knew, it was just a question of discipline and it was, after all, still too early for her to really know if she would make the grade.

She felt herself begin to float as her eyes opened and then started to close. The room was warm and quiet as she continued to drift towards, and then away from, sleep. Kubele watched the flames as they flickered before her eyes.

Time passed and as she gazed at the grate, the last remaining embers were now crackling, expending their final throws of life, with light and warmth.

Just then she heard the sound of a woman's voice, it was very faint at first and as she listened it grew clearer, but she was just too tired to reason or even fear.

Then the voice stopped and Kubele laid her head down once more. As her eyes closed, she heard only the sparking of the embers and the slow rhythm of her own heartbeat. Images of recent events mixed with hopes expectations, as her eyes found it increasingly difficult to remain open. Again, she heard the voice as it beckoned her to hear its story. Too tired to resist now, she stretched out on the soft chair, and her body finally gave way to slumber. The voice continued. She fell deeper into the land of sleep, and as the sound of her heartbeat faded it merged with the soft rhythmic verse spoken by the voice:

Spinning a gossamer web from a dream
Each thread holds a life in its glistening seams.
Traversing the catcher of dreams on a route
Where the Silk Road is carrying spices and books.
The mountains, a spine holding backbones of life,
For a future once written as century's strife.
Societies organized systems and States,
In the hope that the masses would bypass their fate,
And meekly obey; just be cogs on a wheel,
That would turn in frenzy, unable to feel.
Till one day a person would see what was real,
And know they were working the sign and the seal.
So most would be trapped and unable to move,
Let alone find the time they would need to now choose,
As slaves of the system, they'd help feed the greed,
Which would grow in mankind, it could plant its own seed.
Like the gossamer web or a labyrinth vast,
Its complexities symbolize future and past,
For those who are willing to look and see more,
There's a clue to the answer that lies at the core.
So, hope plays a hand beside fate and her route,
Sprinkling gossamer threads like a rope and a hook,
For those who would want to see positive change,
In a world which sees light as a tool that is strange.
But the Catcher of dreams has much work still to do,
Spinning, creating, a light that shines through,
Until that is done, just take care when you see,
Each shimmering, gossamer web could be me!!

Section 1: Catalyst of Chaos

The perfect deception is in the twisting of truth until at the end of the day only the deception remains. That is what they call truth.

Lady Kalerva

Lady Kalerva is seen on the screen,
Making a plea for the fields that were green,
Tops of the mountains once covered by snow
Which is melting, and people with nowhere to go.
Inside the room some souls are now seated,
Tempers will flare as the talk becomes heated,
But not by the thoughts of the chance to help out,
They don't really care what this plea is about.
Lady Kalerva is explaining the plight,
To the masses who see, but relinquished their sight,
With apathy, meaningless shades of a dream,
Where no one is anything more than they seem.
Meanwhile, the lady cries out from the box,
Where every door opens, sees more that are locked.
"Why won't they listen, it's their future too?"

They're locked behind bars in a spiritual zoo.
Pictures and scenes of the havoc we've caused
Are beamed through to us, now we must pay the cost.
A bird takes a rest on the branch of a tree,
And looks to the scum that now floats on the sea.
Nature is bleeding, the wound now turned sour,
From inside the earth there's a building of power,
To blow from the surface the ones who won't care,
She's saying, "Just carry it on if you dare."
Meanwhile there is Lady Kalerva in tears,
For the apathy, here is the total of years,
So sad to talk out and it fall on hard hearts,
For it's they whom must change and they must make a start.
But, no, they still sit and just stare at the screen,
Where no one is anything more than a dream,
Reality gone, there is only a void,
And purpose of causes just make them annoyed.
'Just what will it take?' she now thinks to herself,
To get them to take an idea from the shelf,
A nuclear war or a leak of some gas,
Into the water, would that change their mass?

It's no use, it's late, and we only have minutes,
For man has exploited his world to the limits.
Drastically wrong is the path that he took,
Now Mother Nature is let off the hook.
She will devastate everything living on her,
Reduce what was beautiful into a blur.
No mercy, a mirror of what she was given,
Deflects to the people, who now wait for heaven.
But no, yet another twist, one we forgot,
It's not just the earth that was cooked in the pot.
Due to the poisons ingested by man,
He's changed his true course from the track that it ran.
Now as a mutant, he too an outsider,
It's time that is lord, and the human decider.
What he'll become, there is no telling now,
But the future's been sold for mankind had allowed,
Decisions that should have been his to be taken,
For an easier life, and his being forsaken.
So, the picture that showed in the room on the screen,
Where no one is anything more than a dream,
Is fading, and with it the room and surrounds

It's going so fast and receding the sound.
The people are blurred and no substance have they,
The clock has now stopped, no more night time, or day.
And Lady Kalerva is once more a light
That unhappily could not give people new sight,
For they would not listen to what she would say,
And now it is too late for even to pray
Would not make a difference, existence is gone,
No more it will live, for all hope is forlorn.
So now somewhere else there's a picture on screen,
Where no one is anything more than a dream,
And all through the Universe, the sound of a scream....

Planetary Link

Each and every one of us must take the time to think,
And realise that we are just a planetary link,
Between the other galaxies that constitute existence,
To be the most evolved we can, show evil true resistance.
How many times have you sat down and switched your T.V. on?
To watch a film with blood and guts, then thought that it's all wrong.
Or do you just accept what's fed to you across your screen?
This ensures that nightmares will replace the human dream.
You see, just like the dirt and muck that clogs the atmosphere,
Dark energy of negative and evil breeds as fear,
Creating round our planet blue an aura grey and black,
That tells the other life out there, "Don't bother coming back."
For humans are too hostile, and spiritually dead,
They would not dare approach us yet, their hearts are full of dread,
For all the inhumanities of man against each other,
Remember everything that lives is a sister or a brother.
I'm not a crank, but I believe that very soon the earth,
Will show us all, she'll take no more, the choice is life or death.
So at that point, it's up to us to clean it up at last,
Make sure the energy of earth in light and love is cast.
To help us to our own true goal, give energy of healing,
Only then our planet earth will send the darkness reeling,
And we will have the chance to be what once was laid in stone,
In Egypt, and in ancient Greece, in France, and Spain, and Rome.
Then Isis, or the mother earth, some know her as Cybele,
Or Artemis or just La Mere, it doesn't matter really.
This archetype of all that's good can leave our world, she knows,
In confidence that once it starts, the light will grow and grow.
She'll go to where she started, a planet very far,
In Capricorn she knows her source, the very brightest star.

Section 3: Let The Battle Commence

The perfect illusion is that sight has the vision to see all that the soul comprehends and that which it does not.

The Battle in The Wood

Go jump in the lake t'was not a mistake,
As the Leprechaun leapt on the ground,
The owl sat and stared, from the branch that it shared
Whilst the moon shone, but made not a sound.
"It is I that you see, and no better than thee,"
Squawked the eagle whilst hovering high,
"And you'd better sit up, take a sip from the cup,"
As a dark cloud crept over the sky,
All alone in the woods the animals stood,
Where they once played and scurried around,
Each looked at the tower where gargoyles had glowered,
As lives of a past gone were found.
"It is I," cried the dove as it flew high above,
"Remember the dream that we shared,
In the forest of green where lived the white queen,
The thoughts we once shared were of love."

It was life that was pure, though no one was sure,
The owl nodded once as he frowned.
It was sight that they had lost, and since paid the cost,
As the source in the deep water drowned.
"You are living a lie and it's better to die,
Than remain in a state of no thought,"
Said the dove as it landed, it too had been stranded,
By the fear of the darkness it fought.
The birds and the bees and the ancient oak trees,
Gathered round in a circle they stood,
As the darkness became the soul with no name,
And their fear it consumed as its food.
They looked to the tower and gargoyles that glowered,
And realised from inside its walls,
There flickered a light, even though it was night,
Good could prevail after all.
They huddled together, decided that never
Again would they suffer the dark,
So they drew on the light, which gave them new sight,
And the strength of the lion to larks.
Then a whisper so soft, it was more like a cough,

Filtered down across rivers and trees,
Said "Just keep to the light to take dark from the night,
It is only the pure who will see."
Such a fragrance so sweet, though the woods held no heat,
Breathed the spirit of earth in her wake,
Her task it would seem was to help in the dream,
Of her purpose there was no mistake.
Armed with their love and the light from above,
From around all the cosmos they came,
To remove the dark scourge with their light and their love,
It was just like the old Gothic Game.
A few words were said to the living and dead,
Then the battle commenced in the wood,
"Now is the hour, come on squirrel don't cower,
It is strength from the light that is good."
The cloud spread across, and the daylight was lost,
As the leaves on the trees shook with fear,
The breeze became strong, as it whispered its song,
Now the hour of battle was here.
The eagle moved first, he must quench his thirst,
On a few drops of rain as they fell,

Then he looked at the light and his wings pushed the night,
To the place whence it came, they call hell.
Dark grew angry with this and it started to hiss,
Good was stronger, much more than it thought,
It must use all its might against good in this fight,
It must squeeze all the life from this lot,
But the spirit of earth who had given life birth,
Knew she must help the life in the wood,
For survival of them, meant a chance for all men,
In a world where the norm should be good.
So she spoke to the moles as they left from their holes,
And the birds she addressed with her song,
The owl turned his head, just ignoring the dread,
Knowing this fight would not last for long.
The dark formed a ball that was evil in all,
As the light shone like stars in the sky,
The evil one moved, it was his chance to chose,
The last step he would take and then fall.
Mustering love and the light from above
From the spirit of good and the like,
With an almighty beam from the heart it would seem,

That the darkness would pass from the night.
Rejoicing in this, in the forest they kissed,
And they hugged all their friends and their brothers,
In the knowledge that good had prevailed in the wood.
Let this place set the pace for all others.
The moral you read, is to say every deed,
And the thoughts that you have take effect,
In a world that was empty, to give love and plenty,
It is life that can teach us direct.
So to all of mankind, this tale will remind,
That everything live must evolve,
But for that we need light,
To giving loving its sight,
Only then will the darkness dissolve.

Hope

A crack in time for those who know,
To take a form and quietly go,
To where no soul has gone before,
Through the love and healing door.
Down, and filter yet again,
So un-evolved this world of men.
They know not what they could have done,
Since they were here, why did they come?
And yet it seems that deep inside,
Where thoughts run deep and spirits glide,
That magic spark imagination,
Which builds creating earthly nations
Has one redeeming ray of light
To chase away the dark of night.
A word to all, that word is love,
Giving hope the spirits dove,
That flies through space on wings of time.
That love is all, it's yours, it's mine.
But somehow lost along the way
Replaced by evil and decay,
As deep within the earth a roar
Is shouting loud "I'll take no more.

Be gone all darkness leave this place,
And take away your faceless face.
Destroy no more my bones and skin
And forests green that life is in
But soothe and heal the hurt and pain,
Then wash away the muck and rain.
Hear my prayer please mother earth,
Who gave me life and gave all birth."
Among the cloud and sulphur fumes,
The toxic waste and poisonous plumes,
Like phoenix rising from the flame
The soul of love must live again.
But gone, no hope, lost in the fog,
The cry for help, the sinking bog.
Destruction mass, and resignation,
Upheaval has no destination.
Brought to a time in evolution,
When all is lost, there's no solution.
How different it might all have been,
If man had held on to his dream.
What's that! A thought was all it took,
A forward thought, a backward look.
At last a glow, a hazy light,
Could it be? Oh yes it might.

The hope to cling to, build a new
And brighter future, will it do?
Don't take too long for it will go
If negative is still on show.
At last the second near to twelve,
The clock has stopped as life did delve,
Into itself and thought of others,
Mothers, fathers, children, lovers,
And turned the tide of life's destruction,
From evil deeds and mass eruption,
As mother earth now calms the storm,
And healing love at last is born.