

## SURFING THE SOLAR TIDES

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I can remember being here before, in times like these, embedded in and engulfed by clouds of solar influx, this solar bath, an inner inundation. And these sudden outbursts from the Sun are not kind to the status quo, whatever is conservative in me, or to my particular personal attachments. This is a time of personified change, and change is liberal, simply removing what must be removed and adding what needs to be added, and all this without my permission. You too are in this time of change.

Yet nothing is new, especially if you consider that everything is cyclic. In the end life is not linear, but cyclic and even the straightest line is just a finer form of curve that comes around again to restate its being and continues to identify itself. Life is all about its returns. Short sections of a fine curve may appear straight, but that is just the illusion that keeps me strapped to a timeline on or forward, the illusion that we are ever going somewhere else other than right here where we are now.

Right here and now we are engulfed in the viscous clouds of solar flares and the masses of plasma hurled at us from the Sun. And it can be difficult to get things done or know just what should be done.

I wanted to share these thoughts with you on the chance that you too are aware of this flood of solar change that submerges so many of our inner landmarks and leaves us an island in our own mindstream. Perhaps these two poems I wrote some time ago will help to point out what can be done at these times.

### WATER AND THE WELL

The rare times,  
When nothing moves me,  
And I don't feel,  
Like doing anything.

Perhaps this is some kind of,  
Natural meditation,  
An effortless detachment,  
From my day-to-day world.

All that is missing,  
From just being lazy,  
Is this awareness,

Of my own condition.

I don't waste time,  
Pretending to be busy,  
But just sit there,  
And for a long time.

Nothing is missing.

Watch a movie,  
Read a book,  
Sit, or not,  
It makes no difference.

I am right here.

The mind is at rest,  
The water back in the well.

February 15, 2010,  
New Moon,  
New Year of the Iron Tiger

## MEDITATION IS NOTHING

The books say:  
Seek a place of solitude,  
And meditate,  
But it's just the other way round.

When meditation,  
Naturally occurs,  
There is no place in the world,  
That I feel comfortable,  
Try as I might.

Not here or there,  
Not doing this or doing that.

Only 'nothing' feels right.

I just want to hold real still,  
Let the mind rest,

And then park myself,  
Somewhere out of the way,  
Like on a cushion,  
Or  
In a place of solitude,  
Because:

Nothing is going on.

Sept. 13, 2010