

How We Came to Know Truth

Our village mystic (who,
by
the way, is President
of the National
Mystical Association)
decided he had studied
enough.
He would, by
God, climb
the sacred mountain
out beyond the village
limits and find
out what
was what.
We villagers don't
understand him,
but we know he must be
quite
great.
Someone even says there's
a faint halo around
his head, visible
only to the more advanced
souls.
This is probably
true, for why would an advanced
soul lie
to anyone?
So Mike (our mystic) climbed
the sacred mountain
a week
ago when there
was a quadruple conjunction
of some planets I'd heard
of and some I hadn't
(I don't understand
these things, but I did
think the air
smelled different that
day).
Mike meditated (you know, where
you sit
down and do holy
things to yourself)
and then climbed the
mountain just like he owned
the damn thing.
We all watched from the
bottom.

He was at the top about
half an hour,
maybe receiving his
instructions,
and then he came back
down.

We all gathered around
him and asked him what
he saw, what he learned,
what he heard, how did it
feel?

Mike rolled
his eyes up and
began to speak in a
quiet but firm voice, saying:
"I have been to the mountain
top.

I have had
an Experience.
I cannot possibly tell you
how it really was.
I must speak in veiled
terms for your own good.
I say unto you,
'Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
What's false is false,
And what's true is true.'"
As he spoke,
I thought I noticed a faint
shimmer of light
around his holy head.
It is humbling to be
able to live in the
same village with
one who knows,
and who knows
he knows,
and has a
halo according
to some reports.