

AWARENESS NOW

Looking at the scholar's desk with its exquisite brush pot, ink stone and paper, I was transported to another world. This disciplined world of finely tuned hours in the day. Where calligraphy was not a craft but an art and art was a philosophical discipline rather than an expression of the self.

I tentatively touched my grandmother's brush. I was suddenly there, in the mountain pavilion where she worked every day. She preferred the sea but was aware of the rising sea levels everywhere. The changing colours of the sea were hard to resist with the deepest blue and sparkling turquoise, the green jade with muddy waters. At this time the tides were even changing. Monster tides so high, then water would be dragged backwards and almost disappear. Even the moon's waxing and waning was at different rhythms. People knew the world was out of equilibrium but the few who were trying to correct that imbalance were not enough.

As the coastal towns subsided into the water people fled to higher ground. Incredibly slowly governments started to react as climate change was finally believed in by all. People came together and worked towards balancing their needs and that of nature. There was great deprivation for some time.

However, with the common goal of helping nature and each other, people began to work together, tempering their greed and desires. The struggle for survival gave great impetus.

My grandmother had been in the mountains for ten years by this time, helping others to simplify their lifestyles. She also painted her rugged surroundings of mountains, pines and waterfalls. Her favourite spot was a small pavilion with red lacquered pillars. The pillars were intricately carved with esoteric symbols. Each morning the sun warmed her as she sat in the pavilion painting trees, a waterfall or a misshapen rock.

Each day was different, as the seasons slowly stabilised themselves and the weather became more predictable. The ultimate disaster of annihilation was only just circumvented. Now more crops were successfully grown, thanks to the seed banks and some people began reclaiming the coast.

My grandmother didn't take long to travel back to the coastal fringes. To be where she could smell the ocean, let alone see its blues and greens once more. She longed to feel those negative ions in the air and filling her body with a special energy. It was where she wanted to be. She just couldn't wait.

She is still painting in her pavilion by the beach. Now the columns of her pavilion are blue but the esoteric symbols are still there. There are no walls in her pavilion.

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