

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LEON FERNANDEZ INTO A STAR GATE

december 3 1993 dear david i have had the profound luck of after years of effort and friendship with you to have re-discovered many subtle treasures in my being and i should like to share with you and others that a rose to the left of the center of my chest commonly called the heart has bloomed in response to the tears of a nightingale located in my brain as glimpsed through the lens of my intuition and they are denizens of a beautiful and verdant bower which is fanned by the zephyr of breathing and from below jets a fountain which nourishes the garden entire with streams and rivulets which course throughout this inner glade and at the apex of this fountain can be seen a pearl that alternately descends hovers and ascends from the fountain through a vertical waterway of joy and near the rose is a pool which reflects all that surrounds the garden and when i sense into the pool i am surprised to see through the beyond of its bed a shimmering vault of stars radiating richness and depth and from nowhere and everywhere a sun shines through the entire being and sometimes glimpsed and sometimes unseen and always sensating from within and reflecting back consciousness and reflecting consciousness and joy is at the bottom of every person as a pearl embedded in a sorrow and i have befriended my inner daimon and i harvest a jewelly tiara and a connection exists between my genitals and the back of my neck and a location above my head and the center of my brain and the center of my chest and potential yet formless sexual energy is harbored in my genitals while the back of my neck is the center of my will or my passive facet of ideas which observes and awaits wisdom through action and the center of my brain is the seat of my attention or the neutral facet of ideas which forms into the pearl of knowledge between the back of my neck and ideas arising from the tension created between them during contemplation and the location above my head is the seat of my consciousness and the active facet of ideas where they take form and the center of my chest is the locus from which the expression of this wisdom loves from when i find and am my self and the return of love enters my reception in a way that is intimately connected with consciously receiving impressions of light on the milk skin of a very beautiful jewish sicilian scot swedish california woman named ocean and as ever i am your friend leon stars shine bright on shatter light and sooner or later or now love flights