

# The Fables of Lokaii

— The Heart of the Forgotten Tao —

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Aviilokín K'shi

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*May the case of discrimination against higher levels of consciousness be recognized*

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## Table of Contents

Introduction .....	vi
Poetic Metre .....	viii
Lingual Convention .....	ix
MIRO'ANN AND LOKAI .....	10
TRUE PROFUNDITY.....	11
TRUST AND SURRENDRANCE .....	12
NOURISHING THE FOUNDATION .....	13
THE SANCTUM OF THE NOVICE .....	14
THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCIPLE.....	15
THE WINTER AND THE NIGHT .....	16
THE BED OF LOVE .....	17
TRANSCENDENTAL CLARITY .....	18
THE MOUNTAINS OF ORIÉLL.....	19

## Introduction

While I was in China, ever wandering in solitude as I do, I beheld from the corner of my eyes that I was being watched by a Taoist master. Her face took on that to me very recognizable expression, of when a mystic uses his or her spiritual capacities to use the ethereal plane to read the quality of things. At length she approached me, and told me I had been a Taoist in previous lifetimes. This was to me a validation; being born somewhat spiritually gifted I am at times able to remember my previous lifetimes, and reintegrate some of my previous mystical cultivation. She had wanted me to join the Taoist path that she walked, which is the *Quanzhen* form of Taoism, often compared to Buddhism in terms of practice and monastic structure. But I declined, for in my soul there lives a very different Tao, a Tao I humbly confess I deem forgotten and lost to the contemporary world, including China. This was a Tao free of religion, and but pursued a mystical unification with nature.

It all started at the age of sixteen. After a lifetime of having my humble inborn spiritual qualities suppressed by contemporary society, my kundalini energy awoke. *Kundalini* is a primal cosmic evolutionary power located at the base of the spine, when awoken it ascends up the spinal cord, nourishing a person's evolutionary potential. The kundalini energy had reactivated some of my spiritual potential, for I suddenly attained a humble degree of mediumship, by which I would enter into contact with higher realms and the spiritual beings who live there. One of them I would come to know as *Shizuka*. *Shizuka* turned out to be a Japanese name, for I know him from my myriad lifetimes devoted to the Japanese paths of esoteric self-cultivation.

I was told in a wordless language that meditation is a developed facet of my soul, and that I should give in to it. While I would sit, *Shizuka* induced meditative breathing techniques upon me, and so I entered upon the path of the mystic.

As my awareness became more and more refined I started to naturally integrate certain mystical qualities that I have cultivated in previous lifetimes, through myriad esoteric paths. One of these paths was *Taoism*, and it is upon that spirit that my humble message is founded. Here I would like to clarify I solely speak from out the Tao cultivation that continues within my soul, and that I do not seek to represent Taoism nor its adherents in any of its official, established forms. Because I speak directly from out my own humble mystical capacity of experiencing the Tao, I will here not be like other Taoist authors that will seek to introduce and explain the Taoist phenomenon by referring to its classical scriptures or its historical elements.

Taoism is a path that did not only perceive the Tao as the divine source of life, but especially as a passageway into nature.

In order to understand this, we must see that the Tao is not only the source of life but naturally also the universal essence of all things. Because the Tao is the universal essence of all things, it has a *bridging function* between all things, as if it enables a neural network to exist between the myriad facets of life. Therefore those who learn to live in compliance with Tao learn to interface with reality, and so become wise and harmonious.

I also like to refer to this quality as *transcendental empathy*.

The meaning of *empathy* is that one is able to understand another person by being able to place oneself in his or her position. By living in compliance with Tao, one places oneself in the universal essence of all things, thereby attaining an *empathic relationship* with the truths of life, including the laws and principles of nature. This is the origin of esoteric wisdom such as yoga, qi gong, inner alchemy, the mystical martial arts, and tantra. I believe transcendental empathy also holds the key as how to advance into a technological society that destroys

neither itself or its environment.

To explain transcendental empathy further, imagine three empty bowls. All three bowls contain the same “emptiness”, the same *transcendental essence*. Let us say that one of these bowls is you. The second bowl is ordinary, daily things, such as rivers, mountains, trees and other lifeforms. The third bowl stands for more abstract things, such as the laws of nature. When one bowl makes contact with its own emptiness, it simultaneously connects with the emptiness of the other two bowls, because their emptiness is actually the same. Because of this, the bowl that realizes its emptiness attains a very strong empathic bond with the other two bowls, and comes to understand them very deeply. It becomes very deeply attuned with them for that it actively shares in their common, universal nature.

Taoism is often presented as a set of esoteric techniques, and providing reams of ancient, classical texts to study. However, this little book rather emphasizes making contact with the transcendental realm of Tao, for esoteric methodologies and sacred knowledge are but a *symptom* of transcendental empathy, the latter which I deem is the (forgotten) essence of Tao cultivation. This book talks about the Tao through a poetic story, in which Taoist master Lokaii wanders with his disciple Miro’ann through the wood *Eternal and Nameless* towards the mountain peak of Oriëll. In their dialogue are revealed some basic tenets of attuning oneself with the transcendental principle of Tao. With this, this book does not seek to be spectacular in its insightfulness, though its metaphors give it a multi-faceted application quickly overlooked by the uncultivated mind.

I have decided to publish *The Fables of Lokaii* for free, because its message is rather similar to my other publication *Daughter of Xiu*. For more of my work, see: [www.aviiokinkshi.net](http://www.aviiokinkshi.net).

## Poetic Metre

*The Fables of Lokaii* is written in a poetic style. This means that I do not employ colloquial sentence structures, but found my phraseology on patterns of phonological harmony in speech. In other words, the sentence structure is guided by a sense of harmony in terms of sound.

The ancient Taoists always wrote in this manner, for these patterns of phonological harmony in speech had a deep mystical meaning to them.

The ancient Taoists were so at one with nature, that they were able to perceive that nature began in a state of chaos while gradually evolving into a state of order and harmony. We now understand this primordial chaos as the Big Bang.

Quantum physics tells us that all things are actually patterns of vibrational energy. The clothes that you wear, the chair upon which you sit, the air that you breathe, your body, your thoughts — all these things in truth but consist out of patterns of vibrational energy.

The way nature seeks to harmonize and stabilize her original chaos energies is by causing *coherence* between them. This means the myriad energies of existence bond, connect and resonate with each other.

We perceive these harmonious energetic coherences as *graceful*, for when we look at the beautiful forms of nature, we in truth behold these patterns of quantum energetic harmony. One who cultivates the Tao inevitably unifies himself with this evolutionary principle. Because he unifies and actualizes nature her laws and principles within himself, he too attains a state of higher energetic harmony. Not only do these patterns of higher energetic harmony manifest in all his facets and daily efforts, but also in his athletic, scientific and artistic pursuits. When a Taoist mystic is given to the art of penmanship, he manifests the patterns of energetic harmony that he experiences in his deeper mystical self-realization, into patterns of phonological harmony in speech. This means that the Taoist mystic employs the grammar of nature herself, and thereby inevitably becomes a poet. Should people be sensitive enough, these patterns of phonological harmony hold the potential to inspire the Taoist's audience into feeling the mystic's state of being. In this manner a subtle spiritual transmission takes place that unifies people with truth on a deeper level.



## Lingual Convention

The aim of poetry is to create phonetic rhythms of harmony in one's sentences while speaking with the power of suggestive metaphor. This book incorporates elements of Early-modern English in order to create a nice archaic feel, but reserves the poetic freedom to not overtly strictly adhere to this mode of English when this serves the poet's foremost mode of grammar: *phonetic harmony*.

*Miro'ann* is pronounced as *Mee-ro-ann*. All vowels marked with the acute accent are slightly elongated in pronunciation (Ósakín). All non-English words are pronounced with a strong Japanese *R*. The *I* in all non-English words is pronounced as *ee*, such as with *Iridon* (*ee-ree-don*). *Lokaii* is pronounced as *Lo-kaay*, with *aay* being similar to the English word *eye*.

MIRO'ANN AND LOKAII  
— CHAPTER ONE —

**M**any days yet did Miro'ann wander through the wood Eternal and Nameless, wisdom in his heart unfolding where he would listen to the lore of murmuring streams, or where the silence of the trees would by moments return him to the stillness of Origin. But in his heart yet smouldered a discontentment that was lasting, and his inner quest continued still.

But on a day he entered upon a glade, and with long, thin rays did the golden light of the rising sun filter through the foliage of the trees, piercing the silvern dawn of morning's twilight. And there, clad in robes of white, an old man sat in deepest silence by ancient sylvan roots. And though motionless was the serenity of his gaze, and raised he not his sight to the arrival of Miro'ann, seemed it his inner vision had yet at full perceived all that lay in Miro'ann's heart. Miro'ann bowed to him, ere he himself would sit.

And Miro'ann spake, "here have I found one whose silent vision is as a mirror unto the deepest that lies in my own soul yet hidden and asleep."

And the old man spake, "some weeks ago I looked into the mere of Amôr, and in its reflection beheld I the twining of two white clouds, and knew it a sign I would meet a man of greater worth. Thy soul has called me to awaken what thou hast thyself yet bestown upon me, in a lifetime now long bygone. In the Nameless do I rest, and yet the world calls me Lokaii; and I belong to an order of hidden sages."

And Miro'ann said, "o old Sage, it is the Nameless that calls me, and yet by the world Miro'ann am I named. I have left the Cities of the Night, seeking the light of dawn in the wood Eternal and Nameless."

And Lokaii spake, "it is well that thou art come; an ancient bond between our souls, estranged by the cycles of birth and death, shall now be restored. I am on my way to the summit of Oriëll, where grows a root that bestows life immortal.\* And let us walk together there-to, and may our speech and silence, and the signs of the Wood, awaken what lieth yet latent within thee."

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\* *The root of immortality* is a metaphor for the Tao, for the ancient Taoists used the infinite power of Tao to develop an ethereal body that could be detached from the physical body. This was called one's *immortal body*, with which one transcended the cycle of death and rebirth.

TRUE PROFUNDITY  
— CHAPTER TWO —

**A**nd thus Miro'ann would walk together with Lokaii upon the pathless ways of the Wood, and the song of Seeking played in Miro'ann's heart — to Lokaii not hidden. And Lokaii spake, "I hear thine inner song, o Seeker of the Way, and I hear how thou singest of the clarity of Knowing. But why walkest thou not, o oldest of friends, with the clarity of that which beyond both ignorance and knowledge? For this is the clarity of the Sage, where-in the mind awakens with lucidity unto the Present and the Now, and so obtains True Seeing. For, o Miro'ann, it is through this True Seeing that the mind may join with life as it truly is, and only then shall life truly speak unto thee. Foolish are those who believe that life shall answer to the limitations of the personal mind. Nay, the Wise rather makes himself Empty, and surrenders his inner being unto the truths of life, and allows them to give shape to his heart. And so it is, o Miro'ann, that when a wise one speaks of truth, that he but speaks in natural accordance with what he *is*, without him necessarily being able to answer to the *how* and the *why*. And this is what it means to obtain the heart of True Profundity.

"See'st thou now, then, that this very Not-knowing, that so thine heart into seeking stirred, yet from the very beginning contained the clarity so dear to thee?"

And Miro'ann answered, "I perceive there is truth in thy words, o old Sage, but somehow I feel kept from truly fulfilling what thou sayest."

And Lokaii said, "o Child of Man, born in cold and in hunger; the Path of the Wise needs a courage greater than that of the noble warrior. O, how thou huntest and how thou gatherest and how war thou wagest with hostile peoples, and waking art thou for the white tiger, and for the elements that may so harm thee. O vulnerable Child of Man, Trust is thy lesson, and the mastering of Sagacious Surrendence."

TRUST AND SURRENDRENCE

— CHAPTER THREE —

**M**iro'ann and Lokaii wandered in silence aside the song of a stream, while Miro'ann nourished in his heart the growth of Trust. And for a while they sat in deepest rest by the shore, and beheld how the sun and the trees cast dappled, shimmering light upon the deep-silvern of the water's surface.

And Miro'ann asked, "o old Sage, many are now the days in which I have sought to nourish the virtue of Trust. But within me there is a child, and he asks with a voice quivering what it is that must so be Trusted."

And Lokaii answered, "it is the power of Origin to approach and benefit her beings from-out the timelessness of her transcendental abode; and so there was land ere the First arose from the Ancient Seas to breathe the vital air of the trees and to eat the lustres fruit of green foliage, and like so the sky existed ere the first crane spread its wings with majesty, and learn the ways of heaven. Embrace this principle in thine heart, o Miro'ann, and give unto it thy Trust, that the power of Origin may enter into thee, and bring thy being into divine order." "A vital peace is kindled within me," said Miro'ann.

And Lokaii answered, "in thy Trust thou hast attained serenity, so that now thy life force may flow more freely, and Origin may bestow upon thee thy true power. And like the silvern river rests in Surrendrence upon the beds of the earth, so thou must be unto the bottomless of Origin, that her inexhaustible power may settle deeper within thee."

NOURISHING THE FOUNDATION

— CHAPTER FOUR —

**A**nd in the days that came did Miro'ann greaten his vital serenity, and clear was his mind and in the realms of his eyes dwelled the light of a timeless wisdom; and the powers that through him coursed nourished the harmony of his worldly vessel, so that he walked with grace regal and yet with the strength of a warrior also. But at times these virtues seemed to fade, and then he felt bereft of a thing he loved.

And thus he asked unto Lokaii, "I now know the joys of self-cultivation, but in its wake is come also a new-found grief; o old Sage, Origin nourishes me with divine providence, and yet by times these blessings seem just to fade away. Ever more then do I feel the hunger of my inner being, now that I have eaten the bread of the imperishable realm."

And Lokaii smiled when, some yards before them, a deer jumped away from them in fright, vanishing in the dark-green depths of the Wood. "See?" said Lokaii, "already the Wood gave thee a sign, for thou art as is the frightened deer that seeks to leap from its darkness unto the promise of the Light; and thou art as is the pouncing tiger that with great hunger desires the flesh of its prey. When the Great Light dawns to thee, o Miro'ann, go not forth but withdraw a step, and allow Origin to perform its Work. O vulnerable creature that is Man, thou art the child of the hunting and the gathering, and when the divine light reveals itself to thee respondest thou with *having* and *obtaining*. But nay, with this thou but repudiatest what by nature precedes the elevations of the soul; thou reachest unto the fruit and yet forgetest at full the roots in the deeps of the earth. A sage nourishes the foundation and leaves it not, and thus he remains serene and detached when the mystical and mysterious come to him.

"Nay, when the High should enter him, ever more does he nourish what is Low."

THE SANCTUM OF THE NOVICE

— CHAPTER FIVE —

**A**bove the heights of distant trees showed the wise bearing of Oriëll, whose peaks were veiled with shreds of drifting mist. And Miro'ann and Lokaii beheld the blue and the grey, and Miro'ann spake then unto the old sage, "o wise Lokaii, like the trees and the mists are settled between me and Oriëll, so are there an endless shiftings of thoughts in the deeps of my heart, disrupting my unity with Origin."

And Lokaii aimed at the white eagle in the sky, "like the white eagle in the flawless welkin may behold the tides of the earth, like so is there a flawless observer in the mind whom may, unblemished and unaffected, behold the tides of our feelings and our thoughts. It is the Seeing of Origin itself, o Miro'ann, and it is the light of consciousness that is present in all beings, for we are Origin, and Origin is not different than ourselves, for each we are as leaves upon the same white lotus, and share the same transcendental heart. Settle thyself enough in this flawless heart, o Miro'ann, and behold the ceaseless shiftings of the personal self. And let those times of restless sorrow but affirm to the changeless stillness of the Seeing of Origin, and this is called the Sanctum of the Novice.

"And when at last, after the myriad days of many lifetimes, the individual self may at full behave in accordance with the principles and harmonies of Origin, this we call Functional Oneness, or also the birth of Sagehood."

THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCIPLE  
— CHAPTER SIX —

Upon a day Miro'ann and Lokaii came upon a ridge and looked into a lustrous valley, and blossoms vernal their white flowers bloomed, and their leaves were gently cradled upon the wind, and were carried hither and thither, and fell into the waters of a stream.

And Lokaii said, "it reminds me of the vales of Othaníl, beyond the gate of my Order in the high mountains of Ósakín; the light flowing hills there are dotted with the immortal blossoms of Iridon, whose white leaves are upon the wind cradled, and divided over all the land. And there we shall sit, o Miro'ann, in serenity sacred, and thou shalt inhale the scents of celestial aromas that thy Knowing cannot touch, for the scents of the immortal blossoms come forth off the incomparable nature of Origin."

"Why callest thou the nature of Origin incomparable?" asked Miro'ann while he and Lokaii descended into the vale.

And Lokaii answered, "the White know we for what is Black, and the High measures the Low, as even the Day defines the Night. Yes, o Miro'ann, it are these opposites that permitted life to be, and yet the transcendental nature of Origin is beyond the contrasts of distinction, and so there there is no Cold to compare the Warm, nor is there the Damp by which we may know the Dry. And Knowing is but the child, o Miro'ann, of comparing This to That, and therefore do we call the nature of Origin Unknowable and Incomparable."

"And yet we realize the transcendental within our being, do we not?"

"So it is," said Lokaii, and he aimed unto there where the water entered the dark mouth of a cave, and faded into the deeps of its darkness. "We attain Origin by training our minds upon her Harmonizing and Incomparable principle, but the actual realization is called the Mysterious Passage for that we enter the Unknowable and Unseeable, a process that is ever beyond the reach of words."

THE WINTER AND THE NIGHT  
— CHAPTER SEVEN —

**M**iro'ann and Lokaii descended into the deeps of the vale, and the white blossoms about them whirled and settled upon the vernal grass. And the merl and nightingale sang a song beatific, and the water whispers chanted on truths lasting and eternal. But all the sudden Miro'ann felt a deep lonesomeness, and thus he asked unto Lokaii, "wilst not thou speak with me on the Bed of Love?"

"Not yet," answered Lokaii. "Rest now, o Miro'ann, for the days have yet given with plenty, and thine inner being must now adjust to what is unfolding within thee, like the beds of the earth must yield to the growth of fair foliage. Not forever is it the hour of the morning nor that of the day, where-in sleeping things bloom open, that they may nourish of the light, and so continue their growth; nor are all the days the days of summer or of spring, when all seeks greatness, and pursues the heights of heaven. Enter now into thine inner night, and dwell some in the fall and the winter, for it is then that thou shalt reap what thou hast so eagerly sown."

And thus saying did Lokaii sit and closed he his eyes, and forgot his own being, and allowed he the rhythms of life to organize great harmony within him. And Miro'ann looked upon him with admiration, for it seemed to him that the body of Lokaii came but a shell containing a space that was endless. He bowed to him, and he himself would lay down and listened unto the song of birds and the murmur of the streaming water, and he saw how the white flowers whirled by him in the serenities of the wind. And in the days that came he wandered in the vale and he bathe in the cold waters of spring, or he looked upon the whitest clouds that above tall trees drifted, placed upon ridges that enwound the land. And he felt as the fallen leaf whom with great serenity upon the cradling wind finds its natural lot, and returns in surrendence unto the silent call of the earth, and nourished her beds for a phase of new growth.

And then Lokaii came to him, and he said, "in serenity the leaf is fallen and by the earth consumed, as even the truths thou hast realized have entwined with thine inner self, and are come a part of thy natural being. Let us now speak of the Bed of Love."



THE BED OF LOVE  
— CHAPTER EIGHT —

**A**nd Lokaii spake on the Bed of Love: “The organ of copulation is that with which we create new life, give affection to the one we love, and through the wise use of the tantric method refine and cultivate ourselves. These three applications of the Organ allow us but to perceive it as sacred. And through the urges of the Organ seekest thou to arise above the fundamental incompleteness of the personal self, giving thyself to the bare embrace of thy companion in the Bed of Love. And there lieth sacred meeting and elevation, and a wordless speech between souls, but a most treacherous error also, for the passing of Fundamental Lack thou shalt but find in the boundless Emptiness of Origin, and so thou askest of thy companion what is beyond her to give, for she cannot give thee the Uncreated; the trans-personal Emptiness alone shall make arise thine heart unto what is neither deficient or complete. Lay not upon another the task of giving thee the Great Contentment, for thy disappointment is ever so unjust. A good meal shall never truly silence the hungers of the heart, nor shall the body or the love of another give thee the satisfaction of the Lasting. I advise thee: Give thyself with wisdom to the bare embrace, that the aggravations of the needful heart finds silence enough, and in the space of that contentment, gradually thou mayest cultivate thy return to Origin. Wise and blessed would I call that man and woman whom have found within themselves the realm of the Uncreated, and that through their tender touch the Divine may begin to embrace itself.”

“But what sayest thou of those whom dwell in lonesomeness, seeking the independent heart?”

“The stillness of the serenity of the emancipated heart is the house where Origin has its lasting awoken seat, but the heart that is needful may but know her as an honoured guest, for the eternal silence of the Emancipated is as the eternal silence of the self-existent of Origin, and so they join in a seamless unison. Even the wise man and woman whom choose not the path of deprivation shall on a day must master the art of lonesomeness, and so they shall live in the sacred fields of inexhaustible providence, and this is called the maturity of the soul. And it is but in this maturity, o Miro’ann, that a bond between beings attains its truest worth, and so the Divine shall perceive itself through beings beholding beings, and enters it into communion with itself.”

TRANSCENDENTAL CLARITY  
— CHAPTER NINE —

**M**iro'ann and Lokaii from the vale ascended and walked many days in clearest silence; and the light of the golden sun shimmered, for the canopy of the high trees was played by the sighing of the wind. And Miro'ann trained himself upon the Emptiness of Origin, Divine and Boundless, and as ever it nourished his being and the insightfulness of his mind. But on a day they sat in serenity deepest, when Miro'ann rubbed mud along the length of his arm. And unto Lokaii asked he, "o old Sage, I train my mind upon the Incomparable Nature of Origin, so that I am nourished with clearest silence, and yet one thing understand I not. In the Incomparable Nature of Origin there is no Day to define the Night, nor is there heaven to compare the earth, but behold here the truth of the mud upon my skin. Wilst not thou speak with me on how the transcendental relates to the Created?"

And in answer did Lokaii stretch his powerful legs, and he said, "walking is an activity of the body, and these two are an inseparable unity, and yet the body is not limited to this mere one activity. Like so is the relation between the transcendental of Origin and the Created: the Created is an activity of the transcendental, and they are one and the same, and yet the transcendental is not limited to the Created. And this is why the sage cultivates unity with the Imperishable in all that is transient, and beholds he the highest in what is common and mundane. Practice this acknowledgement unto all that thou perceivest, be it suffering or be it joy, or unto what is Wet or what is Dry. He who may meditate deeply shall never be as wise as he who may perceive the transcendental in both concentration and distraction. And this is called the cultivation of Transcendental Clarity."

THE MOUNTAINS OF ORIËLL  
— CHAPTER TEN —

**M**iro'ann and Lokaii came more and more imbued with the power of the mountain, but there was a morning when Miro'ann awoke from deepest sleep and beheld that a mist was upon the land.

“Master!” called he, for Lokaii found he not.

“Old sage!” he called again; but still no answer returned to him.

But in Not-knowing he rested, and gave unto Origin his Surrendrence and his Trust; and soon, as if by the Invisible guided, found he at the foot of the mountain the first step of a long carved stairs of stone.

And so he climbed through the mist, and he was blinded still by this fog that enwound him. But he found refuge in the Sanctum of the Novice, and beheld as if from afar the turmoils of his Seeking heart.

“Master!” cried he; but his voice but vanished into the lasting silence.

The days that came were heavy, and cold were the nights, and he slept upon the chill of the grey stone of the steps, or he sat against the hard mountain walls.

But walking thus by Not-knowing, and Surrendrence and Trust, was his perception nourished by the primordial light of divine consciousness, and beheld then that even the blinding mist was at one with Origin.

And so the mist was clarity to him, as no-mist would have been clarity to him also.

And so he continued, and even through the pain of his being he entered the transcendental realm of Origin. And then at last, beyond the final step, he entered upon a clear space and found he Lokaii sitting in deepest rest, and in his hands he held a root.

“See?” said Lokaii. “I but showed thee that thou hadst thought to be lost, but in truth wert not. How the Sage may wander, but in the very present of his wandering finds he ever the Great Destination; nay, even the very thought of lostness blinds him not from the transcendental that underlies it.”

“My gratitude is deep,” bowed Miro'ann.

But Lokaii smiled upon him, and yet a sadness was in his eyes also. And he said, “mayest thou realize that for thy Stillness and inner power thy Sight is come subtle, and in less than a blink of an eye thou shalt know the hearts of the people; but know, o Miro'ann, thou knowest thyself and the people, but never shall the people know thee or themselves. And in their lack of both their self-knowing and the knowing of the principles of life, shall yet they in great confidence shout the illusions of their heart. Let them not overwhelm thee with their strength so benighted! for not can compare their words to thy Stillness, and in thy Stillness shall never they see the answer to the deep ignorance that is in them.

“And though thou art come hither as a man of virtue and of worth, shall yet I send thee back. Go! dwell yet in the Cities of the Night, for thou art as is the leaf of the aspen that is shifted by the sigh of the gentlest wind. How may I ordain thee into the highest, if it but brings thee into deep-most shame? And how shalt thou embody the Light, if truth thou see'st in the words of loathing that the darkness shall speak of thee?

“And the cultists and the wizards shall never see thee as a mystic of prominence, and the priests of the temples shall despise thee, for e'er thou findest the divine nature of all things in even a lump of earth, and knowest thou no need for their religions or their rites. And the philosophers whom so suffer from the ailment of Intelligent Ignorance shall frown upon thee, for thy virtue of True Profundity they shall hold as foolish and without reason. Nay, none these people shall be able to distinguish the copper from the gold. Findest thou but refuge in the virtues of Origin; and if thou perceivest the divine Stillness in even their baleful words, then shall I name thee great and worthy.

“Go! o Miro’ann most-noble. When thou returnest shall I have dried the Root of Life Eternal and shall have ground it into powder, and we shall drink of it a tea sacred and divine. And here I shall wait for thee with another white robe, and with love and honour I shall give it unto thee.”

“So be it,” answered Miro’ann. And with veneration bowed he unto his master, and turned he around to return to the Cities of the Night.