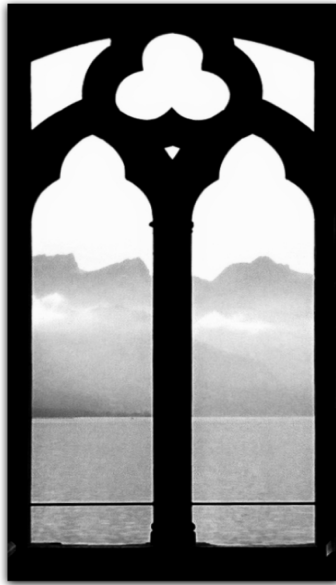


EarthBrother

Zen-Su



NewMind Technologies

Time-Travel ~ Mind-Travel

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“We came to this world together, you and I, EarthBrother. For that is what I call you, even though you are lost. Maybe when the eagle soars, you will hear my wings and we will one day be united again.”

~ Zen Su
[An Ancient Source]

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EarthBrother

I gaze upon an intense golden halo of light, hovering like a silent sunrise of ancient souls – our sacred landscape. A deep blue canopy belonging to other worlds embraces the curving horizon.

Diamond stars appear in the night sky. The air is silent. High above you penetrating blue layers of another world, a vacant memory of fleeting moments echo words long lost to the sound of men walking across desert sands.

Did you look into the canopy of stars that night as you crossed the sand dunes of our existence, and did you see my gaze watching you along the starry backbone of the Milky Way as we shared your crossing?

The young men pull their turquoise blue robes across their Sirian blue eyes, and perhaps in that moment you looked out and saw a glimmer of our laughter.

I watched you move with them, step upon careful step, knowing that you would one day return, and that our final moment was delayed only by the passing of sacred landscapes.

Hiding within crystal caverns of light, I paused to watch the passing galaxies of golden particles swirling from your soul.

At some point your eyes looked up, free from the drifting sands below, sharing the vortex of light guiding our steps. In that moment you remembered, and the indigo-blue canopy of other worlds became your eyes.

I looked through the intense golden halo of light, hovering like a silent sunrise of ancient souls that mirrors our birth. A golden light belonging to other worlds embraced the horizon of our shared existence. It seemed, for a moment, that the stars drifting silently above the desert drifted into our dreams.

You always loved the mountains, and we would laugh and say you could find a mountain existence within a particle of sand. So, I watch you and your small band cross the midnight blue dunes. The deep pools swirl into shallow steps as crystal grains of sand fold into a million stars and disappear.

With the sun barely on the horizon you finally arrive at the oasis. The stars above you twinkle between a faint breeze of palm leaves. Lost in the centre, a small pool of light reflects our perfect existence.

Does the water mirror distant memories of the day we laughed and looked for mountain paths to another world? I watch the water below and for a moment I see you laugh again while your companions tease you. As they drink, you pause to look up at sparkling seeds of light in a sacred landscape.

Where are you EarthBrother? Why have you forgotten to honour our people, as you had promised to do when we first shared this journey so long ago?

[An Ancient Source]

Mystery: A Living Technology



Spirit Walkers

“We were travellers in spirit, walking the path of experience, when some of us got lost.”

~ Zensu

It was late at night and we were lost. We had been arguing about the way to go next, until the car was silent. The rest of our little group had fallen asleep, exhausted after a long journey. I turned the car off the motorway with no idea where to head next. If only I could find a hotel. The road got narrower; there were no street lights. Dark fields lined the small road.

I let my instinct lead me. The narrow road turned this way and that. I turned right at the next empty crossroad. It looked like a road to nowhere. Up ahead a small sign pointed down a tiny side road to the left. I slowed the car and tried to read the sign. It said: La Tène.

I turned the car into the small road. I had no idea what would lie at the end. La Tène, of the ancient Celts. I had always been drawn there, but never thought I would arrive. Drifting clouds were gathering fast as I pulled into a large empty car park. There were some buildings, a camping site and a hotel. In front of the hotel was the lake.

Lake Neuchâtel, the home of the early Celtic La Tène culture. I got out of the car to questions of, “Where the hell are we!” I walked to edge of the lake alone.

Where were we?

We had come home.

The night clouds were drifting high above us. It looked like rain up ahead. The air was warm and yet I was shivering. A large heron flew off from the edge of the lake with angry calls,

sending smaller birds flying noisily from their sleep. Only a few ducks remained at the waters edge to watch me walk along the stone wall, as my friends joined me.

Where are we? La Tène... Where is that? I hope there's somewhere to sleep. Lets go ask someone, it looks like it is going to rain. Their voices echoed away into the background. The silence echoed, the whole place seemed empty; but then it was well after midnight. I stood shivering, looking out across the water, fixated by the swirling energy and in awe.

Above the lake hung a giant portal, a vortex so powerful it seemed to cast an imposing silence into everything around it. I scanned the area with my mind to try and pick up the ancient ones, the ancestors. The Celts had left behind their swords, shields and spears, but not their souls. The place was barren, even though it should have been filled with ancestral memories.

The subtle presence of those who had once lived here was totally absent. Even the land did not speak of their presence. I scanned the layers of reality with my mind and found nothing. All that existed was the mysterious presence of the portal.

I looked directly into the energy portal. It acted like a clear mirror. There was nothing there. Clouds were darkening as the first rain began to lightly fall. The energy mirror rotating above the lake was beyond our comprehension. A blue magnetic field spiralled down from space. Is this where Tolkien got the idea for Galadriel's Mirror? I had arrived home...

High in the sky above, unseen by any human eyes, a large disk shaped craft tipped and pitched in stormy skies. Lightning flashed. There was no sign of life below them. There were no towns, no roads, no people, no lights. The craft swung violently until the pilots appeared to get it under control, and then it plunged straight down into the side of the lake.