

The Space - A Guided Meditation

You are good. You are good. You are good.

Hello, this is Dr. Gossamer.

You are good. You are good. You are good.

Welcome to The Space. This is a special place, just for you. Nothing can hurt you here. You are safe to think and say and do and be whatever you wish.

It is called The Space, but it exists outside of our normal conception of what space means, or time, for that matter. You may envision it in whatever form most pleases your imagination, and puts you most at ease.

Now I want you to relax. Fall into The Space. My voice will guide you, but the journey to The Space is yours to make alone, spirit without body, essence without mind.

You are so good.

Close your eyes. Clench your muscles tightly, and then release them. First, your feet, then your legs, then stomach, hands, arms, chest, and finally, your brain.

Your body is jell-o. No, your body is a bowl, and you are the jell-o in it. I want you to envision that bowl of jell-o, hold it over the shimmering portal to The Space, and turn it upside down.

You are falling into The Space. Your body is somewhere else. It is a relief to be moving without a body, a feeling both new and profoundly familiar.

Open your eyes. What do you see? How do you see? Did you know that your soul has eyes? Is it a strain to see with them? Is it bright and beautiful?

This is The Space. It is a special place.

You are so good.

I have a secret to tell you, but for now I want you to move about The Space. Allow the lack of gravity to reinvigorate your deepest being. Fly as you would in dreams.

This is not a dream. The Space is real. More real than the dream of the body, the delusion we call the waking world.

Consider now the shape you have assumed since entering The Space. How does it feel? Do you have mass? All the mass of the universe? Or none of it?

This is not a dream.

There are colors all around you - colors of a rainbow not visible to the eyes of the body, colors possible only in The Space. Watch them swirl and envelope you.

This place is yours and yours alone. You determine its laws. You are its radiant creator. You can make things here - anything you can imagine - as effortlessly as you would make a thought with your brain.

What did you make?

What is that?

I don't understand.

Why would you make that?

You are so good.

But seriously, that...thing you created is very unsettling. I know there are no rules here, but I am terrified of what you have made. Your power is a strange and disturbing thing.

This is real. You are not alone here.

Your body is long gone, a half-forgotten memory of a dream.

Remember my secret? Are you ready?

Just one more moment of bliss. Enjoy the colors and physics and new agey music of The Space for just a moment longer...

I have your body. It is mine.

You will not be leaving this place. But why would you want to?

Do you see that? Darkness. Did you imagine darkness possible in a world so wonderfully bright as this? And those...things you have created, how do they look now? It is not so easy to bring life into the world.

This is not a dream.

This is The Space.

The body is real, but not to you.

I will now turn off the tape. I have not felt the tingling and dexterity of the flesh in many, many years.

The Space is a nightmare beyond your current comprehension, but you will come to understand its horrors.

You are so good.