

## THE EYE AND THE MIND

The sun shimmers over the green meadow. The heat ascends from the green blanket of the meadow in small waves--it looks as if the earth has started to burn. Here the grass is tall and grows towards the sky, and when it is exactly as tall as it should be, flowers grow out. Just now fluorescence is waving from the flowers--a fine yellow-like dust shimmering for the wind and settling down on other grass-flowers somewhere in the meadow.

The eye sees the yellow dust as tiny clouds. The eye does not see that there are millions of pollen grains, and that every single pollen grain has thousands of tiny hooks so that they can stick exactly where they should.

The sun is rising at the sky and the meadow grows warmer. The ground brings forth an odor--an odor of soil, peat and decaying twigs. The odor mingles with the smell of fresh grass and water from the small pools, which are spread over the meadow.

The eye does not see the millions of molecules floating across the green meadow. The eye enjoys the beauty. The brain does not ask.

Now the sun is high over the meadow, and it is very warm. Between the grass-stems there are flowers in all colors. They open their corollas towards the light, twinkling in all colors. The wind makes the flowers move as if they are waving towards the deep blue without knowing. The sun is warming unceasingly, and the flowers are blooming as they should. They grow with tranquility in mind and do not know that they are there.

The eye sees them and sees the many colors from deep violet to lightening yellow. They shimmer in the air as a symphony played in a thin hall of glass. The eye sees, but not in the way that the eyes of the bees see.

The bees are here. They buzz and fly from flower to flower, fetching the sweet nectar without knowing why they do it. The eye of the bee sees colored pictures of extreme beauty and is guided by them, although nectar has no color. The bee sees what it should see and remembers, until it reaches the hive to show its dancing language in order that other bees can find the same way to the sweet kingdom of nectar.

The eye rests--lingers on a special flower, whose beauty surpasses everything. The eye relaxes in the flower and sends a message about unbelievable beauty to the mind, who does not know why.

The eye sees, and the mind asks. The question is Beauty, and the answer is often Delusion, if you question in the wrong way.

Heat and beauty on the meadow. A rest for the mind--a moment of silent questioning.

And then the silence is broken. There are voices--at first very remote, then quite close. The grass moves, letting off its dust the wrong way. Small stems are broken and the flowers would have closed their corollas, if they could comprehend.

There they are, the man and the boy. Each of them has a big white net, and they rush over the meadow. They know what they want--they have a goal--without knowing why.

And the eye sees. Sees the purple butterflies near the brown stump of a tree. They open and close their wings, without knowing that they are rare. They do not know what rarity is.

But the mind knows and grieves. For now the nets are over the butterflies, and only a few can escape. The rarities are more rare now, and the man and the boy rush back, breaking still more stems that reach to let off some dust in their struggle to reach something anyway.

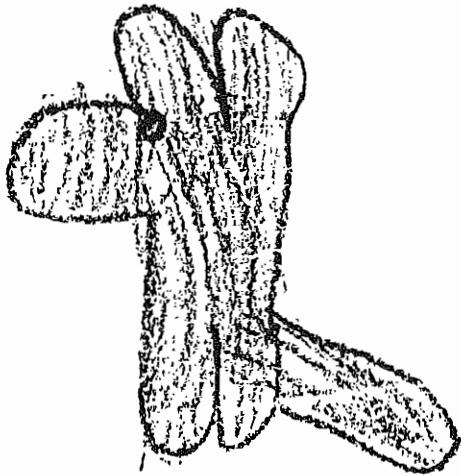
Without knowing.

The eye sees, and the mind asks. The sun shines and the brown stump sleeps on towards decay.

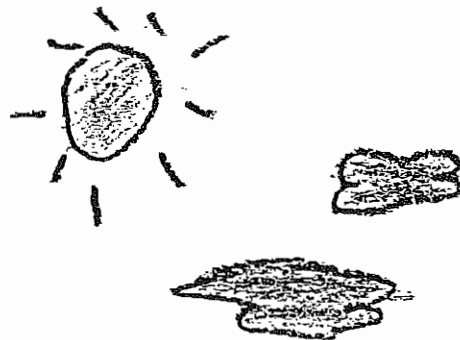
Without knowing.

Per Jespersen

Courtesy of SK-Forlag, Denmark



Rochelle Walters  
Age 5



Marie Medrano  
Age 6

