

There was just the vision of legs in front of me
with voices above them.
My father telling me it was time to go to bed,
and me, protesting:
(earliest verbal memory)
“When I’m OLDER THAN YOU
(you won’t be able to make me go to bed!)”
It was the laughter
that froze the moment.
Suddenly, shockingly, something about my view of
life was changed forever.
I realized something about Time and the process of
growing older.
That it was not quite the quantum phenomenon
I knew it to be.
In an instant it became linear, acquired strict rules,
and dimensions.
Soon, we would dress up in our parent’s clothes
and clomp about in our father’s enormous shoes.
Still,
I missed the day it must have happened.
Forgot my brash vow.
I never fit into my father’s shoes,
and now my tens will never fit his nines.

Looking back
from eyes looking up,
I saw you as the Masters
Your movements a Magic
I didn’t understand
or fully Believe.
So how do I now approach this place?
I know what Sandan is!
It’s what you are / were -
except, you are not here.
I had imagined it as a finite point out in the
Continuum.
And, rather like the mall locator map that says
“You are here now”
in the same detached way that it does to anyone
who feels temporarily disoriented,
I looked for such a sign to reassure me.
But, instead of a marker stone,
there is only a mirror.
The path does not follow a fixed course
and being in the moment is the only real goal.
You are not here,
and that confirms this
as a journey not finished.

Technique without connection
is conceit

Technique with connection
is art

Connection without technique
is Love.

Sandan Essay
- Michael Smith, 27 October 1996