

The Island of Anamorphoses

Ken Robinson White's version

Like Water in Water

Close your eyes.

Listen carefully to my voice.

Listen carefully to my soothing voice.

You are comfortably seated in a soft plush chair of blue crushed velvet. Your arms rest comfortably on the soft crushed velvet of the chair, your wrists limply dangling off the arms of the soft crushed velvet chair, your feet comfortably resting on the plush gray carpet.

You are in a fictive dream. I will guide you. You are safe.

On the screen of your mind you see an ocean of aquamarine stretching all around you. You are floating high above the aquamarine ocean, buffeted gently by the wind, the lulling sound of the planet a murmur in your ears. Sunlight dazzles your eyes. There are no clouds in the deep blue sky.

Your eyes search for your destination. All you can see is the aquamarine ocean stretching endlessly around you.

Time passes, slowly, comfortably. You have no worries, no anxieties. The ocean stretches endlessly.

Ahead, as you float gently on the air, a small speck of land appears, slowly coming toward you. In time you see that the land is an island, the Island of Anamorphoses, alone in the vast endless ocean, unmarked on any map.

See the palm trees, see the white sand encircling the tall palm trees. You float closer to the island, closer and closer, the white sand coming toward you, and you slowly, gently touch down on the soft white sand of the island. Your toes nestle into the warm white sand.

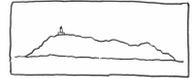
Take a look around, you are in no hurry. Tell me what you see.

“I see palm trees, tall, fronds reaching to the sun. A slight breeze gently moves the fronds. White sand covers the island. The island is surrounded by blue-green water.”

How do you feel?

“Peaceful.”

How does that feel?



“Indescribable.”

You have not known peace, not since you were a little girl. Now you feel it. Step slowly forward. Do you see the large house?

“Yes. It has large windows on both floors, rows of flowers flank the steps leading up to the large red door.”

Open that door and step inside.

“I see a large room, sunlight-filled, and a long hallway.”

At the end of the hallway?

“A woman appears. Tall. Long brown hair falls past her shoulders. She walks slowly toward me. We come face to face. She looks familiar. She has brown eyes with flecks of gold, lively intelligent eyes, eyes without grief. She stands on the beach looking at the aquamarine ocean. She sees her father, much younger now, standing beside the water. A young girl is next to him. He stares out at the water. A small boat comes into view, and they climb into it. He grips the sides of the boat. She looks at him. He appears to be struggling to stay calm. The effort seemingly was excruciating. They circle the island, and come back safely to the beach where they had started. He tries to pry his hands off the boat. He walks from the front porch, counting each step, his footsteps in a straight line in the sand, to the edge of the water. He turns and sees the girl on the porch. She is wearing a tan sweater, two sizes too large for her. My mother’s sweater. My mother is in the house, lying in bed, a dream fading and melting away, like water in water. A dull ache fills her head. Too ill, too tired to get up, she slips back into a dream.”

A dream of a woman and a girl and a man. But where now there are three—.

“Soon there will be two, the man and a young girl named Amelia.”

In a house on an island in the middle of an aquamarine ocean.