

## **Mandala: To my seven-year-old Self.**

All those things they tell you at School. They are not true. They don't say them because they are true but because they wish them to be. They are dreamers who go out wearing sunglasses, complaining that everything seems rather dark.

You swing between anger and sadness. The rage you constantly suppress is a fire consuming your potential. Your sadness is the quenching water that prevents the fire from destroying itself.

A word about love. It isn't what you think it is. For you it will be something quite different anyway.

When that night comes, my dear Self, I will not tell you not to weep for him. You were in the appointed place at the appointed time. It was only death that prevented him from coming as he promised. You will invent a thousand myths to explain your past and constrain your future.

He would have been the first to tell you to sing. For songs you have in you. You may not sing, as they require. You may not sing, as others wish. A bird in the rocky wilderness of Self, you may be rarely heard, but it will be in your own authentic voice.

You have so many lessons to learn, most of them known at the beginning. All your life was a quest for the way back. When you are ripe with years, untrammelled by the conventions or the uncertainties of youth, you can be truly young again.

You will tread a circle in your pilgrimage, only to find yourself where I am now.

After all the years, you will come to where I am, dear Myself, and to write this letter. Please remember to put in it all the things I have forgotten and remind me of what is to come.

For you will realise as you grow, that Time is not as they tell us, and such is the Labyrinth.

Looking back, with no regrets, I remain you. Starting on my journey.

**M Chambers**