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SYNERGISTIC EMERGENCE IN THE 21ST CENTURY

Yoga Readings

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The YOGA of Writing

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The following is a creative piece about René Descartes, the famous philosopher, who was known for his brilliance in questioning his own thinking and impacting philosophy and mathematics. He's best known for his work, *La géométrie*. Abe invented for himself the possibility of standing inside Descartes' life for one day. He wrote this for his 11th grade class taught by Mr. York at Shining Mountain Waldorf School in Boulder, CO.

November 10th, 1619

I woke up earlier than usual, but remained in bed very late into the day. I began to think, and question my very own thoughts. To me it seems as if every thing that I know has collapsed, and left me falling amidst the collapsing brick and mortar of my mind. I asked myself the question, "How do I know what I know?" and came up with the answer that I don't know anything. Most of what has been taught to me is not knowledge that I have gained myself, but rather something that I believed from a book or that a teacher taught me in my youth. But what I really know is a few small facts and tidbits. It seems as if after thinking these thoughts, I can't go back to how I once looked at life. I fear I may be going mad...

Descartes put down his quill and rubbed his eyes to rid them of sleep. Then he leaned back on the pillow and gazed out the window. The snow drifted down upon the ground, blanketing everything, and making the world look perfect and clean. Scratching the now long stubble on his face, he set down his paper and stood, stretching his legs for the first time in hours, and let out a small groan. Then walking over to his washbasin, he splashed his face and dried it on the sleeve of his nightshirt. Opening his eyes, he saw a water drop fall, and disappear into the shadow cast by his windowsill. He blinked, and stood there for several minutes, with the warmth of the stove on his back.

He walked back to his bed and lay down, staring at the ceiling and let out a sigh of air...

Minutes went by.

Then the walls disappeared.

Little by little, his entire world left him, and only he remained. Soon that too was gone, and all there was, was his consciousness, thinking his thoughts... and nothing more.... He was alone.... Yet he was all there was.... Ever... then it shattered.

BAM! Descartes sat up in bed with a start. Someone was banging on the door. He walked over and opened it. It was the man who came to bring him food. He took the food and paid the man. Walking back to his bed he sat down and took a bite out of some bread. Then he remembered...

The man was supposed to come tomorrow...

Descartes looked at his paper on the floor. Then he closed his eyes and lay back upon his pillow, and went off to a world where everything made sense.

In his sleep, Descartes smiled.

