

6.19.2015: as I wait for a shuttle

eye contact softens - be patient - into the gentle smile

finishing up a week in Antigua. Took it slow, lazy days perambulating the cobblestones from one nice meal to the next, coffee, reading and window shopping punctuating my way.

Took a hike up El Volcán Pacaya, crossing a lava flow poured fresh just last year. There is a Mayan name for the responsible deity, but it escapes me. I will do a better job seeking out the indigenous dynamic beneath the colonial influence.

Heading to Lake Atitlán today, floating through a couple villages before taking the forty minute walk from San Marcos to Tzununa on Monday, where/when the (likely) most significant moments of my journey will begin - the yoga intensive. Six hours a day, six days a week for just under six weeks

Plans to meet up with Tracey today. She is a friend found during a two hour conversation in front of the temple at Black Rock City in 014. She happens to be in Atitlán this weekend as well.

"I felt it today. The pinpoint spot of the ego. It was trapped, into the corner recess of the center of my mind. It was longing, hungry, demanding of a particular world, a world of possession, ownership, isolation, containing an entire experience, frozen in time

...

These are the things to let go of, because I either love them or I don't, but letting go is the same necessity either way."