

MAKUT'S TRIP

1623 words

Makut was an indigenous boy who had always lived in the jungle with his tribe. They hunted, fished, and collected the fruits bestowed by the earth. In cold weather they wrapped themselves in the skins of the animals that they captured, and when the tropical heat invaded their land, they went almost naked. All the members of the tribe lived in harmony, and each one knew what to do to contribute to the community's welfare. Their world was a combination of intertwined relationships embracing the blood family and the other tribe members, all under the protection of the spiritual guide, that wise man who possessed all the knowledge to heal the wounds and sicknesses of their bodies and their souls, transmitted them all those teachings that strengthened their bonds as a village, and led all those ancient rites that enhanced their strong connection to nature and the universe.

He was happy was he? Probably or not? Or not as much as he was supposed to be? Or not as much as he saw the others were? But ... why? It seemed that all the of that kind and peaceful village, old and young, strong and weak, rebellious and easy-going, brave and coward, carried inside an innate happiness constantly shared with the other members of the community.

As Makut grew older, he started wondering. He wondered why he felt different, why that fascination that the stories of the sorcerer had always raised in him was turning into an obsession with the passing of time, keeping him from enjoying life as the others did.

In their neverending conversations, the sorcerer tried to calm down his troubled mind with wise words, stories and reflections. «There's no conflict between Man and Nature, just between Man and Man. Only Man can destroy that innate balance with Nature by destroying his Brother, making himself unworthy of Nature's respect and gifts. Man is due to recover that balance by learning from his unconscious behaviour and repairing the damage caused». He tried to make him understand how hard their ancestors had fought to

reach Peace among the different villages, what each of them had the right to claim and what they had to give up and accept before the Big Deal was sealed, which would end up with cycles and cycles of suns, moons, winds and rains blood-stained by war and shadowed by the cloud of suffering.

« Now that Balance and Peace reign again, we are due to adore our Sacred Servants, as they are kind to us, take care of us and provide us with all we need. We are due to be grateful to them for their bestowings. But always remember Makut: they are our servants but we are not their masters. We are not the owners of the Universe. We must always live in harmony with it, and never wish or intend to control or interfere with it. again»

Peace, gratefulness, harmony, balance,... all those words and all the reflections and teachings behind them, transmitted by the shaman with infinite patience and kindness, managed to clear his mind and move his heart while he was listening to them. When he was on his own, however, that obsession with those magnificent, unreachable dwellers of the immense Universe worshipped by the mortals haunted him again.

Of all the stories told and the worship rituals carried out by his tribe, the ones which fascinated him the most were those surrounding the Moon. When everyone was in deep sleep between day and day and only the sounds of the night remained, enveloped in darkness, Makut spent hours watching that mysterious lady, protective and perturbing at the same time, wondering again and again what she intended with that enigmatic and tireless game, growing and waning perpetually before the eyes of all those simple mortals who watched her night after night, enchanted and bewildered. As time went on, that obsession grew more and more unbearable until one night, carried away by the call of a soft, heady voice that reached him through the breeze, like being under a spell, he took a few essential belongings and left the village without saying goodbye to anyone or thinking about whether or not what he was about to do was foreseen in the community rules. He left without knowing where he was heading, or what dangers awaited him in the immensity

of that dense forest, with his mind just fixed on his destination, a destination that was up there, far above, and that night showing herself in all her fullness : a perfect huge sphere, glittering like never before.

With his instinct as his only guide and committed to the call of that voice that was softly repeating his name again and again , he kept on walking and walking without time consciousness towards the mountain that rose in the distance, far away from his village, in a place where he had never been before. Yes, now he could see it clearly: that was the mountain that he needed to climb in order to reach the Moon, to be able to touch her with the tips of his fingers and then let himself in until he got fully involved in all the secrets of her untamed nature, to end up being a part of it himself.

After a long walk, weak and exhausted, he noticed that daylight was emerging, and that the Lady of the Night was slowly disappearing to make way for the King of Light, who was beginning to revive again. Makut let himself fall down under a giant tree, drew some food from inside his bag, and lay down to rest and restore his energy before taking up again his journey to the slope of the mountain, which he intended to reach before nightfall, when he would finally begin the ascent to his fascinating destination.

After a long, deep sleep, Makut awoke with a sensation of renewed energy throughout his body. With a fresh mind and a determined spirit, he headed again towards the giant rock. But all of a sudden utter bewilderment ... The mountain was not there ... Gawking and uncertain about direction, he slowly began circling the ground under his feet, with his wide-open eyes staring carefully at every single particle of the world moving around him, before confirming definitely that baffling mystery: the giant rock was gone.

Dismayed and unbelieving, Makut sat down again rubbing his eyes to see if he was really awake. Then he remembered the teachings of the shaman in his village: The Sun, the Moon, the Thunder, the Lightning, the Wind, the Rain, all of them coming and going, sometimes protective and others threatening, but each fulfilling a mission, transmitting a message, providing an answer to maintain or restore harmony between man and nature.

However, he could not remember any story in which the Mountain, the Rock, the Tree ... appeared and disappeared. The Tree was slowly growing and eventually dying, but so many suns and so many moons had to go by to complete that cycle, that it was almost imperceptible. And the Mountain always remained there, in its place, beneath the suns, moons, rains, thunder, lightnings and wind ... always there, quiet and undisturbed. So what was going on? How could it be that the mountain he had been heading to all the previous night had suddenly vanished? Finding no answer and with his instinct as his only guide, he set off again following the path which had led him to his resting spot, and kept on walking and walking all day long. When the king of stars began to descend and the darkness was close again, Makut stopped for a meal and rested again for a while.

Sitting on a small rock and concentrated on the food that he was voraciously swallowing, it became completely dark much faster than he thought, and when he raised his head, the spectacle was waiting for him again: a sumptuous mountain crowned by an almost round and bright Moon remained in the distance. Invaded again by stupefaction and with his heart beating like a bird fluttering desperately to leave the cage, Makut began to run to the giant rock to complete his pilgrimage that night. But the faster he ran and the harder he tried to get closer, the further she seemed to remain, and that puzzling game went on and on all night long until she disappeared again as dawn made her way out of the darkness.

Dumbstruck again, unable to understand the meaning of that challenging riddle, he slowly felt invaded by a totally new and strange feeling. He knew curiosity turned into obsession, he had experienced surprise turned into confusion, he was familiar with fear and uncertainty.... but he had never felt frustration before. Makut was completely frustrated, and with tear-filled eyes, carried away by a wild instinct and moved by a kind of rage and helplessness never experienced before, he began to punch and kick everything around him involved in a furious, uncontrolled ritual dance. After a long time he was lying on the ground, unconscious and full of blood.

Exhausted and weak, he slowly opened his eyes to see how twelve suns and twelve moons passed before them. In his stillness, not knowing where he was or who was protecting him, he could see the brightness of the enigmatic lady waning night after night,

and the outline of the majestic mountain slowly blurring as that light was fading away, until it completely disappeared.

Dark, silence, night. Makut now opened his eyes again to meet the familiar look of the shaman, the look of Wisdom, of Peace, of Healing. No words were needed. Just that look.