

HUMPTY-DUMPTY: THE SELF CAME BACK  
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Your mileage may vary, but like the turtle who sticks its head back out of his shell, it looks like this recent eclipse of my self is coming to an end. And while there are probably other large solar flares still coming down the road, at least for now, I am starting to recover from the effects of those four giant X-Class flares. I am slowly feeling more like my old self again and some of my interests are even starting to perk up, and they were flat-lined only yesterday.

Anyway, I am back (or on the way back) and my self seems to have recovered from its current hiccup and desertion of....well, who would that be? I guess it is me, myself, and I... which were lost track of for a while.

I must say that although the Buddhists point out that the self has no true existence (meaning it is a composite), it is a mighty familiar and handy tool to have around. I would have to think twice about diving into such a loss-of-self willingly, even though a dip in the cosmic ether is always refreshing, but refreshing like a rollercoaster ride is refreshing. I would probably hesitate to volunteer. Learning to surf these solar tides takes practice, and I am still working on it.

So pardon me while I pry my fingers loose from their static grip on the recent past and try for a more relaxed hold on reality. And I didn't even know I was uptight! When so many of my friends tell me they feel out of sorts lately, I know just what they are talking about.

I can only guess what inner changes locked into place while my self was absent or at a low ebb, and I am sure I will find out in time. Like Earth's tectonic plates, the mighty machinery of the mind heaves and sighs as the winds of change whirl around us. Who knows what great events will find that their seed was planted in these recent intense solar events.

Like the aftermath of a hurricane, I find myself taking inventory of what I can remember I was doing prior to the onset of those four large solar flares, or whatever may have caused me to lose track of myself. I ask myself: what do I feel like doing now? Whatever I feel like doing, that is my karma or talents.

And what do I not particularly feel like doing now that I did feel like doing before all this? Whatever that is, it is less important to me, something that apparently requires my self to be in top-top shape to feel like doing at all. I take note of this because this is very valuable information as to what is native to me (my natural state) and what I have added on because perhaps it flatters me. However it would seem that I only feel like doing some things when all things are working smoothly. When the fan gets hit, I am back to basics.

And as the rubber meets the road I seem to drop a lot of my perfumed interests like a hot potato. I can see now that when the tide of the self starts to return, those interests that appear first are more who I really am, while those interests that come lately are closer to what I wish I were like. They are high maintenance, take effort, and a self that has enough energy to support them. My vanity kind of drives these lesser interests, but my true talents drive me. There is a difference.

When the chips are down I tend to abandon the weaker type quickly. Anyway best wishes to all.

I am learning a lot.

How about you? Notice anything?

