



THE  
ZERO  
POINT  
PHOENIX

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## *The Zero Point Phoenix*

By Ronny Bilodeau

# 1

Zoe walks into her candle lit courtyard with a pot of chamomile licorice tea, steam rising into the night air and vibrations of distant thunder rumbling through her chest. A warm breeze heralds a summer storm through the song of handmade wind chimes and the rustling leaves of Zoe's beloved maple trees.

This courtyard, a seamless blend of natural beauty and the whimsical touch of an unpredictable artist, breathes with the breeze and circulates aromas of a dozen different flowers and twice as many herbs.

Colors seen and unseen swirl through the geometries of the courtyard, revealing fractal layers of beauty that silence the mind and tickle the soul. Vibrantly buzzing with energy yet as soothing and nurturing as a mother's embrace; a tribute to polarity, to the elements, and to life itself, this courtyard sings the song of Zoe's essence.

It is her masterpiece, her ever-evolving sanctuary of sensory bliss, her Gift embodied.

Directly overhead the night sky is clear and full of stars, just like Zoe remembers in the remote mountains of her childhood. A warm surge of an inner smile fills her as she pauses to gaze into the center of the Milky Way, vowing to never take this sight for granted now that it's been returned to her.

She breathes in the sweet scents, sights, sounds, and feelings of this perfect moment, registering the experience in the divine library of All That Is. She whispers a pure and potent "thank you" to the Oneness in and around her as she gently sets the teapot onto the table and sits in her favorite chair.

With her bare feet on the Earth, Zoe closes her eyes and shifts her attention to that inner sanctum in her heart where she can hear Gaia's singing. The sweeping, ethereal song of the Great Earth Mother fills Zoe with its rich harmonies and familiar calm rhythm.

She can barely even recall the discordant and staccato cacophony that provided the soundtrack to her early childhood, when humans were just beginning to remember.

Through turbulence came clarity, and through deafness came epiphany.

“Grandma!” a distant voice shrieks in excitement as two bicycle headlights quickly approach from the driveway.

A young girl with bright eyes and a big smile carefully rests her bike down on the ground and begins running toward the courtyard. Her flailing limbs and wild brown hair an effortless embodiment of divine play in action, mixed with the undeniable baby deer-like clumsiness of pubescence.

“We learned about Great Grandpa and his friends in school today!” she said, wrapping her arms around Zoe and squeezing tight. “I didn’t know people used to drill *holes* into the Earth mother to suck out her black goo,” she continued, plopping herself down in the chair next to her grandmother, “Why didn’t she tell them to stop?”

“Oh, sweet Ahri,” Zoe replied, “She did. You know how some of your teachers can’t hear our Earth Mother’s songs? Back in those days, nobody could. For thousands of years our ancestors thought we were just strangers on this planet, and that Earth was just a rock floating in space.”

At hearing this, Ahri sits back and closes her eyes, bare feet on the Earth, contemplative as ever. She often takes an extra moment to let new information settle in her system, a seeming trademark of this new generation. But then again, not all of the children in this generation are quite so—

“Floooo-dee-loo-doo-doooo-DOOOO!”

The silence gives way to a rapturous flute melody raining down from above, a raw but undoubtedly beautiful sound that feels brand new and yet somehow ancient. In call-and-response fashion, Zoe sings the melody back toward its source: the branches of one of her oldest and wisest maple trees.

The response comes from the tree branches, evolving the melody in ways unpredictable by classical music theory:

“Floooo-DOOOO-doo-dooo-DOO-do-do-DOOOOO”

This time Ahri joins in with Zoe as they both sing the melody back, looking at each other with smiling eyes, thunder in the distance adding some rumbling bass to their song.

They sing the last note, and their harmony fades into silence as if the planet is taking a slow, deep breath, a pause of stillness. And then...

From the maple tree comes an aural feast.

A soft, cascading melody falls elegantly like snow and then rises, dancing through the octaves, unpredictable yet familiar to every cell in Zoe's body. The sounds blend into feelings, evoking an entire lifetime of emotional waves, the human experience embodied sonically. The trees dancing, the smells of the garden getting stronger, the galactic center pulsing visibly in the night sky, everything feels present with the song.

The melody begins to quicken, intensifying, building, and Zoe begins to hear a second instrument, a deeper droning sound like a thousand monks chanting "Om" rising from the Earth.

Zoe looks to Ahri—now sitting with eyes closed—and sees the soft, almost imperceptible glow radiating off her skin, every hair standing up. It still amazes Zoe how quickly the children in this age of the sleeping phoenix can enter into this ecstatic state, considering it took Zoe decades to master the ability.

*For the children born of the sleeping phoenix will mark the dawning of a new golden era with their bioluminescence and innate seeing. They are a gift, a mutation of brilliance that will establish the fourth density reality.*

Closing her eyes, letting the sound into her heart center, Zoe begins to pulse with the incredible, immersive song as she entrains to its frequency. Deepening, deepening with every brilliant phrase. The smells of her garden beginning to fade and her senses withdrawing. The familiar tingling begins to spread from her heart center as she feels gravity reversing, filled with complete bliss, drifting, beginning to float—

"BRAP PFFFFTT"

A fart triumphantly sounds, echoing through the now silent garden, and the subsequent belly laughter rushes in from the maple tree as Zoe drops back into her body. Zoe and Ahri look at each other and begin laughing hysterically, doubled over with tears in their eyes.

"Quite a finale, Charles!" Zoe calls out to the boy climbing down from the tree with his flute and tamboori strapped around his back, laughing his silly giggle. His only response is a dramatic bow followed by overly enthusiastic waving to an imaginary crowd. With a giant grin on his face, he walks over to join his grandmother and little sister around the table.

Charles, three years older than his sister with eyes just as big and bright, gives Zoe a hug before sitting down across from Ahri in an effortless lotus pose.

These quiet nights with her grandchildren are some of her favorite times, particularly the conversations around the tea table when they ask Zoe about how the world came to be this way.

In these conversations, Zoe gets to learn how this new wave of beings, *the children of the sleeping phoenix*, experience and understand their reality.

“Charles,” Ahri starts, “did you know that people used to think Earth was just a rock?”

Placing his flute on his lap, he takes a sip of tea from his own handmade mug, a near perfectly symmetrical shape resembling a dodecahedron. “I think some people *still* do, Ahri,” he replies. “But yeah, people back then didn’t know how to know, they only knew how to think with their heads.”

Still visibly confused, Ahri takes a sip of tea from her mug, which she made into the shape of an adorable—and slightly clumsy—elephant, with the trunk as the handle and big eyes that she stuck on either side.

Trying to clarify for her granddaughter, Zoe says, “It may be hard for you to grasp, dear, but people back then were only focused on things they could see and measure, always distracted by everything outside of them.”

Zoe takes a sip of tea then continues, “Since they couldn’t hear the Earth Mother’s song inside them, and couldn’t record it with their technology, they didn’t know it existed. They only saw her physical layer because it was the only part they could measure.”

“I just don’t understand, Grandma, I’m sorry,” Ahri replies, tears forming in her eyes.

*Sweet child of the sleeping phoenix, of course you don’t. How could your pure heart know of the ignorance and ugliness that preceded you?*

“Didn’t they know that not everything can be measured?” Ahri asks. “That the world is so much more than what they can see and touch? What about love and feelings and dreams?”

*Let’s try another way.*

“Ahri, imagine you are in a dark place, with no light at all,” Zoe says.

Ahri closes her eyes and follows along.

“It’s completely dark. You can’t see anything,” Zoe continues. “You blindly stumble around, trying to find a lightswitch or find another person. Anything that you can touch or see.”

“Just darkness?” Ahri asks.

Zoe nods and replies, “Just darkness. Darkness and the worry that you’re completely alone because you can’t see anyone else. Yet you’re still convinced that you will find a light somewhere, so you keep stumbling around.

“You walk in every direction, reaching with your arms all around you, but you still don’t feel anything. Not any walls, any people, any light switches. Just empty darkness.

“After a long, long while, you begin to accept that you will not find the light no matter how far you walk and how hard you look. You accept that you won’t find anything else to touch. Nothing else exists to you because you can’t see it or touch it, so you give up.

“Letting this sink in, you wrap your arms around yourself in a hug. You begin to feel your own body; your arms, your back, your head, your hair. Your attention moves to your body instead of the darkness outside of you. And you discover something.”

“What is it?!” Ahri shrieks.

“You start to touch your face,” Zoe says, “and you feel that your eyes are completely covered. You’re wearing a blindfold.”

Ahri gasps, “A blindfold?!”

Smiling, Zoe continues, “A blindfold. All along. You remove the blindfold, and the light pours in.”

“Wow!” Ahri exclaims. “So the light was there all along.”

“It sure was,” Zoe replies.

“But I couldn’t see it because I didn’t know I was wearing a blindfold,” Ahri continues, exploring this idea. “And I was stuck trying to find a light or a lamp somewhere?”

“That’s right,” Zoe replies, “keep going.”

Ahri taps her little hand on her thigh, considering. “The blindfold was on me the whole time,” she says, “all I had to do was stop looking *outside* of me and I would eventually find the blindfold on myself.”

Working it out in her words, Ahri continues, “By trying to find the lightswitch somewhere outside of myself, I could never find it.”

Zoe nods, “That’s it. Your attention was only focused on everything outside of you, so you were on a wild goose chase.”

“But the light *was* there, I just couldn’t see it because of my blindfold,” Ahri says.

Observing her granddaughter with loving admiration, Zoe asks, “So do you understand now why people back then believed only in things they could see and measure?”

“They were born with a blindfold on,” Ahri ponders, “and thought they could only find light by looking outside of themselves for some kind of lightswitch. They were walking around in circles.”

Ahri continues, articulating it another way in hopes of more clarity, “They couldn’t see what was right in front of them because they were convinced they had to find a light somewhere *outside* of themselves. Oh! I think I get it now!”

“One more thing,” Zoe says. “After you take your blindfold off and your eyes adjust to the light, you begin to see what you couldn’t before: that you are not alone.

“You are surrounded by smiling people, angels, colors, animals, plants, beauty, love. You know that you are connected to each of them, an inseparable piece of this world. Warmth fills you, and you feel a great relief knowing that you are not alone.

“You look down at your feet, and you see that you have been standing on one of those omnidirectional treadmills that your dad has. So no matter which direction you walked, you stayed in the same place, just out of reach of everything.

“Can you guess what the blindfold and treadmill represent?” Zoe asks.

“Their science!” Ahri exclaims, connecting the dots. “Their obsession with measuring things kept them in the dark! It was a blindfold that prevented them from experiencing what was right in front of them.”

“Very good, that’s certainly part of it,” Zoe says, pouring more tea for Charles. “And do you remember how Great Grandpa discovered zero point energy?”

Charles stands up, puts his finger over his upper lip to imitate a mustache, and recites in his best attempt at an old man voice, “You see, I was taking a bath. I believe it was a Wednesday, mm yes, and I closed my eyes, letting my mind relax, and then BING! I saw it in my mind—no, no it wasn’t exactly my mind, but somewhere clearer and deeper.”

“I suppose I didn’t even truly see it. Mmmm but I knew in that moment that I *was* the zero point, young Charles!” he finishes.

Zoe, simultaneously grateful for the uncanny impersonation of her late father and for the recitation of the famous story, looks back at Ahri, who is sitting with eyes closed.

“Great Grandpa spent a lot of his life learning equations and reading books,” Ahri starts. “But his greatest discovery happened with his eyes closed when he was just taking a bath.”

“Mhmm,” Zoe affirms. “Now why would that be the case?”

Charles, still holding his mustache finger up and now wagging a finger at Ahri, exclaims, “The asymptotic.. boundary.. of.. EMPIRICISM!”

“Impressive!” Zoe smiles, “But do you know what that means?”

Charles, finally taking his finger mustache away, shrugs and sits back down in his chair.

Zoe holds her left arm up in a vertical plane, and starts, “An asymptote is a curved line that will never, ever touch a boundary.” She takes her right index finger and draws an imaginary curve in the air, which approaches but never touches her left arm.

“No matter how far you extend the curve, it will never reach its boundary,” she demonstrates by repeatedly moving her right finger in the curved pattern. “It may get closer, but it will never, ever cross that boundary. It’s limited to this side of the boundary.”

Ahri, sitting forward in her chair, says, “And empre.. Empeera-”

“Empiricism!” Charles proudly shouts, quickly raising his finger mustache up then lowering it back down.

“That means,” Ahri continues, “science?”

“Essentially, yes,” Zoe responds. “Empiricism is the belief that something can only be known by measuring it. That knowledge can only come from our senses.”

“You mean the 5 old senses from before?” Ahri asks. “Sight, hearing, smell, touch, and taste?”

“Yes,” Zoe replies, “but only *outer* sight, *outer* hearing, and so on.”

“Right, right,” Ahri nods. “People back then could only see with their eyes and hear with their ears.” Ahri gets a big smile on her face, “And think with their heads!” She giggles as if she’s heard the funniest joke of her life, and then takes a big drink of her tea.

“I think I get it now, Grandma,” Ahri continues. “As long as people are only using their outer sight and outer senses, there will always be some gap in their understanding.”

She points to Zoe’s left arm, still in its vertical position, “*That’s* true understanding! That arm! And your other finger is their scientific method! It can never touch it!”



“Very good!” Zoe replies. “In their self-imposed rule of needing to measure something for it to be true, they created distance between themselves and what they were trying to understand.”

“Which is why,” Ahri says, “Great Grandpa didn’t discover zero point energy through measuring stuff. He said he *became* zero point energy! That’s how he was able to understand it!”

Zoe nods with a smile, “Exactly, Ahri. What you just described is called ‘samyama’, and it is actually a word that is thousands and thousands of years old, from India. Through merging with something, often spontaneously in meditation, one can unlock deeper knowledge of it. This deep knowing unfolds from the inside, like a flower blossoming.”

Ahri, kicking her feet playfully, replies, “The old science people were walking around in circles, thinking they had to measure everything, when they could’ve just taken a bath!”

“It’s not to say that empirical science doesn’t have its place,” Zoe starts. “We owe so many of our discoveries to empirical methods.”

“That approach, while certainly useful, typically doesn’t help us understand the big questions,” Zoe says. “For example, they were able to come up with equations for the mass and energy of the universe, but they couldn’t tell us *where* the mass came from, what the *source* of all of it was. They could tell us that energy is equal to mass times the speed of light times itself, but they couldn’t tell us *why*. Why the speed of light? What really is light? These questions couldn’t be answered by empirical methods.”

A lightning bolt strikes in the distance, causing all three of them to turn and look, waiting for the thunder to follow.

“Samyama creates a lightning bolt of instant understanding,” Zoe continues, “which can then lead to a whole new series of scientific exploration. That’s how science works now, and that’s why we have been able to clean up the oceans, the atmosphere, and develop free energy for the whole world in such a short time.”

“They took their blindfolds off!” Ahri exclaims.

“I like to think so,” Zoe replies.

“How long did they keep the blindfold on?” Ahri asks, face displaying curiosity and a bit of lightness now that she had more understanding.

Charles chimes in, “Wasn’t it like ten thousand years or something, Grandma?”

Zoe replies, “Well, yes, about ten thousand years, since the last flood. But we

have forgotten and remembered these things many times as a species. So this ten thousand years is only the most recent time.”

“I hope we don’t forget again. *I won’t forget,*” Ahri states with conviction, hand forming a fist on her thigh.

Charles pulls out his tamboori and plays a singular, droning note. A low F#, soft and buttery, fills the air and evokes a warm fuzziness in Zoe’s body.

Ahri lets out a tiny giggle, and Zoe turns to see her staring at the table in between them and smiling. Zoe then feels her attention being pulled toward the table as well, just as a bowling ball weighing down the center of a trampoline pulls other smaller objects toward it.

Not seeing anything unusual, she takes 3 slow breaths and lets the sound of Charles’ flute pervade her body. Allowing her eyes to unfocus in the way she learned from her father when she was a young girl, she starts to see a soft glow coming from the top of the table.

Surrendering further into the sound, a fire starts to take shape in front of her. Flames gently lick the air and dance with the breeze, as playful and magnificent as Charles’ music, entrancing Zoe and Ahri into serenity. *Astral fire? He sure is learning quickly.* The inner monologue of the thinking mind pulls Zoe out, and the fire fades from her sight, revealing her tea table in its normal state.

Charles fades his singular droning note out, and reaches for his tea cup. “What’s better than a fire on a summer night?” he asks, his words soaked in innocence, his dark brown eyes sparkling.

“I could feel a little warmth that time, Charles!” Ahri says cheerfully.

*I wonder if I’ll ever get used to this. These two are overflowing with magic and seem to be unlocking new levels of mastery every few months.*

*Children of the Sleeping Phoenix, indeed.*