i sit here in glenary's, a westernized bakery/cafe/bar in darjeeling. wireless connection and hot lemon drink at my beckon call. i am fond of this hill city for its easier and slightly more familiar ways. as a mountain person myself i find a bit more ease here as well as the people being more relaxed. i am not the only one of the opinion that hill people are, in general, more easy going. i think it partially due to the terrain. it takes longer and more energy to move from one place to the next. this relaxed atmosphere is complimented by a somewhat cleaner environment. the monsoon rains are just about over. days are starting with a clarity that gives way to clouds and sporadic rains. a week earlier we had three days of crisp, clear days. the type of days where the air grabs your psyche and the boundaries between yourself and the world are thinned. the air itself is a place of beauty, a place filled with possibilities just beyond our grasp. yet it's there. it is more than feeling. it is other than visceral. beyond yet part of this world. it is this air, this effect, this reality that hints at what is possible if we but listen to what is around us. these days, where the air is a vehicle of spirit as well as physical, strengthen and sadden me. it is a strange brew. i wonder how many days will there be of this potential in the future? how many other people have the opportunity to be reminded by and to exist in this air? there is a great concern in me that these days of clarity are growing fewer. that our children will rarely, if at all, know this experience, this reality. we have been gifted an amazing world. these are easy words to say. the thing i wonder is, how many of you have experienced a time, a place, a knowing where these are not mere words? i pray that you have. if so, you'll understand what is at stake. i like that phrase for this that i describe. for we are literally burning this world. do you understand this? excuse me if sound as a preacher. the thing is, as fewer and fewer of us experience a day where the air is beyond crisp, where we are pulled to a place not described, both of and beyond our understanding, what than? what of our children who will never know these days? what are we taking from them? what i am asking is for us to think beyond our selves. to be like a day where the air seems to exist as a rememberance. and to consider, what will we truly lose if the air never again takes us to a place beyond the boundaries of self?