

# The Understanding



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Once upon a time there was a man, who carried something great. He did not quite know what it was. It was too big for him to see that.

He didn't know why he was carrying it either, but what he did know was, when he looked up to this something great, his arms opened automatically and his whole body reached out for it.



*This man had a long journey behind him. He had walked across mountains and through valleys, through huge expanses that made him feel that the something great that he was carrying above his head, was also at his feet.*

*He had walked for so long, that he had forgotten all the names of the world.*



*One day the landscape around him changed. Where first it had felt hot and fiery under his feet, now the ground became softer and cooler. The plain stretching out before him was different and seemed to be moving in his eyes.*

*He walked towards a new sound, that was overpowering and soft at the same time. The moment he reached the spot where the solid plain became the moving, he stood breathlessly. So much movement he had never seen that he could remember!*



In the meantime he hadn't noticed someone had come to stand beside him.

"A very good morning indeed!", the cat said. "I see you're carrying something great too!" The man turned to his side and saw a being next to him, that fitted the coolness he felt at his feet perfectly. It had both darkness and light in its appearance and as he looked at it, he felt the urge to touch it.

"Could you help me with something?", the cat spoke. "I am carrying something great with me, but I can't see it. Could you tell me what you see?"



The man heard the sounds this being was making, and he felt he understood what it wanted.

He started to move his mouth, as he had seen the cat do, and wished with his entire being that he could give the cat what it longed for.

And he felt that the something great he was carrying emptied into him and became the filling for the sounds he formed.



*The cat understood: "I see your brother on your head. You look like your brother, but whereas you I want to touch, your brother I only want to watch from a distance. No, rather this: I want him to watch me with his eyes, which can detect the slightest movement in the dark.*

*Your brother's eyes are connected by your mother and the robe of your father. Your father is a man of faith and his robe is the mantle of love, which covers the hands of your mother.*

*And the something great your father is carrying is your mother."*



*"Ah, you want to touch me!", the cat said. "That would be such a delight!" and she bend her head towards the man.*

*He accepted her invitation, squatted down next to her and stroked her head, her body and so on to the tip of her tail.*





*The cat enjoyed his touch so much that she tried to fold her body so that she could feel him in as many places as possible at once.*

*She welcomed the warmth loosening up her tense muscles. She released and relaxed and reached out to him, and became one big smile, looking at the images of her own journey.*



*She saw how she had travelled for so long, through a snowstorm, wrapped up so tight. How she had held reins, which had been tied to the air, and how she had been dragged by the wind.*

*And to her surprise she noticed, as she looked back on her journey, a horse that had followed her all along.*



*The reaching and stretching had become tumbling and twirling and so the man and the cat rolled over the beach and over each other, and when they were sated, their greatness had fallen from them.*

*The cat told the man about the journey, the snowstorm, the reins and the air.*



*When she described the horse, the man took the form of the horse.*

*"Is this what it looked like?", the cat understood and changed into a horse too.*

*"Yes, exactly like that", the man understood.*

*And together they harnessed themselves for their greatness and went underway.*