

The Cosmic Serpent Within

March 21st began like any other day during our initiatic pilgrimages to the Mayan sites; up early, breakfast, and then an often arduous bus ride to our site for the day. In this case, we were on our way to Chichen Itza to watch the descent, down the Great Pyramid, of the serpent Kulkulcan, as he ushered in the spring equinox.

When we reached the archaeological zone, cars were parked for miles away on the narrow streets of the adjacent town and roads. In the last ten years, since the arrival of the serpent phenomenon at this site, the crowds have grown larger and larger, from 52,000 in 1999 to 65,000 in 2000.

We were a relatively small group; 11 English speaking men and women from various countries, and another group of 15 native Japanese. We joined the throngs of people, mostly indigenous and Mexican, and settled into the crowds to await the descent of the serpent; a phenomenon that takes approximately three hours from start to finish, and which only lasts, in its completed geometric form, for about seven minutes.

The crowds were polite and surprisingly orderly. I laughed about this with Sandra, the English tour coordinator who had brought five other people with her to witness the event. We both agreed that had the same number of people come together either in the U.S. or in Britain, the crowds would most likely be drunk, unruly, and boisterous. My first thought was of Woodstock, where the religion of the early 70s was sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll--a hippie love-in fest that had its fatalities. But this was a far different event to the people who attended; a spiritual meeting of like minds and like hearts, waiting for a message from the galactic serpent that the energy was transforming for yet another cosmic cycle of sentient life and renewal. During the first four hours or so the phenomenon was mostly visual as the serpent began its descent on the NW corner of the pyramid, down the bannister from the top stair of the pyramid. The crowds grew and suddenly the majority of the people sat down on the ground so that everyone could experience the event that was going to occur. I furiously shot pictures, not quite understanding what all the excitement was about in just watching a shadow of light which, in its descent, turned into the form of a serpent represented by seven perfect triangles.

There were announcers who gave an account of the occurrence in Spanish so that any native, not aware of the phenomenon, would know what to expect. At about 5PM the crowd began to get excited and I eased my way over to the sitting native observers. I asked politely if I could please just snap one photo of the entire pyramid, showing the serpent descended and the head of Kulkulcan on the bottom of the banister lit up. I was invited to sit with the group, and despite the large crowds and cramped space, they graciously made room for me. When it seemed that the serpent had completed its descent I snapped a few photos, thanked the group, and moved back into the standing masses.

All of a sudden and quite unexpectedly, a feeling of extreme joy shot through the chakras of my body and out the top of my head. Within seconds, the crowd broke into a harmonious and a cappella cheer that lasted for close to a minute. The announcers announced the completion of the descent and festivities broke out amid the crowds.

Our group began a prayer to Hunab Ku, and I held up the small serpent fetish that I had purchased in San Francisco weeks before at the Chinese New Year's festival of the Dragon. After infusing it with the energies of Kukulcan, I offered the group the opportunity to share the energy of the serpent in my hand. We passed the fetish around, mostly to the Japanese group, which was more interested in the serpent energy, and when done I returned the fetish to my safety pouch for transport back to the states. The experience of the event, while similar to a Woodstock love-in, had far more significance in the scheme of things. Woodstock ended and thirty years later no one can recreate the event and the experience. But what we shared at Chichen Itza was a cosmic kundalini experience brought on by the subtle energies of these wondrous sites built for such timeless events. The rising kundalini energy is archetypally synonymous with serpent power. At these sites, humans are touched by the cosmos with its subtle energies and powers, and can relive these energy experiences from site to site, from season to season, and from day to day. The energies epitomize the life and death cycles of the earth and its inhabitants, and the eternal spirit of the human being, who can interact with the cosmos through these earth portals.

Woodstock can never be relived, but the spirit of the Maya flows through every human on the planet regardless of race, color, religious affiliation or culture. The Maya are born and reborn every day and you can experience this rebirth at the sacred sites, regardless of the body you were clothed in at birth. The equinox event, shared by many who come from around the world, grows bigger and better every year as more like-minded spirits join in the reoccurring cosmic experience.

I want to sincerely thank the gracious people of the Yucatan for sharing their sites and their home with us on this day. There were no differences between us during this cosmic event--Mexican, Mayan, British, Finish, Dutch, Estonian, American, and Japanese--we were many and we were one, all in the spirit of the Maya.

In Lakech, Dawn