THE OLD MEXICAN ROOM

Vaulted ceilings of radiating bricks, reddish and orange in hue, almost like the scales of a long extinct dinosaur, lumber up.   This ceiling houses a cupola-type skylight under which a metal candelabrum composed of six mountain-like lights in two tiers.  They are stretching toward the pale blue dome of midday, unfolding into a collection of yellowed glass peaks, majestically ready to illuminate the spacious, yet empty room.  Reaching  towards the light of the day, they seem to say —- “Be in the Light”— peace can be experienced even when the day succumbs to night.

 The dusty glass paneled door peers toward an old, rusted wrought iron spiral staircase as it shows its delicate curves   The three curves of stairs eventually reach an upper outdoor area, a mirador—- yes this stairway  too seeks to embrace the gentle cobalt sky.  From the vantage point of the mirador, the mountains are  spiraling in all directions.  Like the curved shaped lights on the candelabra this spiral is accessible by strenuous hiking and is not just seen in one’s imagination.

So the old room is able to access the magnificence of the sky via portals—-blue at midday, orange-red chromatic at sunset, or sparkling with imaginary fireflies at night.  If one path does not work, there is always another path to follow to seek peace and serenity. No, this is not an empty room but it is a place of endless, fluid thoughts.  Like an open mind, or the adventures of a niñita, the vacuous room is ever expanding.  But the empty room must allow light to enter with windows and doors from which to explore the world and yet return to a safe sanctuary. Empty means the possibility of expansiveness.  Filled means the shutting out of the future.  Which will it be?

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