



MANTRAS FOR LUCID DREAMING

THE NIGHT OF THE TWENTY-TWO
NINE PATHS TO ONE

L I B R E T O

Luis Miguel Gallardo · World Happiness Press

The Night Knows You Are There

On lucid dreaming

A lucid dream is a dream in which you know you are dreaming. Nothing about the dream necessarily changes — the river is still a river, the house is still your grandmother's house with the impossible extra staircase — but one thing has been added, and it changes everything: awareness. You are awake inside your own sleep. And in that moment the dream stops being something that happens to you and becomes a place where you are.

Humanity has known this territory for a very long time. The Mandukya Upanishad, more than two thousand years ago, mapped consciousness into four states: waking, dreaming, deep sleep, and a fourth — turiya — the silent awareness underneath the other three. The Tibetan tradition built an entire discipline, the yoga of dream, around carrying awareness across the border of sleep; its masters considered the dream state a rehearsal for every other crossing a consciousness will ever make. Aristotle noticed the phenomenon in passing. A Dutch writer gave it the name we still use — lucid dreaming — in 1913. And in the late twentieth century it walked into the laboratory: sleep researchers asked dreamers to signal from inside the dream with pre-arranged movements of the eyes, and the signals came — deliberate, unmistakable, sent from within REM sleep. The oldest claim of the contemplative traditions had become a measurable fact: it is possible to be awake and dreaming at the same time.

Why does it matter? Because the lucid dream is the most private and most powerful studio a human being will ever enter. Nightmares met with awareness lose their teeth and often hand over their gifts. Grief finds faces it can speak to. Athletes and musicians rehearse there; scientists and artists have brought solutions back across the border. And for the contemplative, lucidity is a taste of turiya itself — the discovery, made in the safest possible place, that what you are is not the story but the awareness the story appears in. Practiced gently, over time, that discovery does not stay in the night. It follows you into the day.

This album is built to walk you there. Not by effort — effort is the one thing that keeps lucidity away — but by three quiet companions woven into the music itself, which the next pages will introduce: an intention, whispered; a sound, remembered; and a night with an architecture.

How the Twenty-Two Were Born

A Nine Paths to One experience

The Nine Paths to One saga already held two great numbers when this album asked to exist. It held the Nine — the walkers, the archetypal women whose journeys form the novels. And it held the Sixty-Four — the states of being: the Sisters, the hexagrams, the full circle of what a human life can pass through. What it did not yet hold was what lies between the states: the crossings themselves. That is the Twenty-Two.

Twenty-two is the number of the bridge. Twenty-two paths join the ten spheres of the Tree of Life. Twenty-two Major Arcana walk the Fool home. Twenty-two letters wrote the world in the oldest alphabet of light. And bridges, I understood, are crossed at night — when the day-self loosens its grip and the deep self travels. So this album could not be a collection. It had to be a night: one continuous journey from the moment you lie down to the moment you wake, passing through five Gates — Dusk, the Descent, Deep Night, the Thin Hour, and the Return.

For the crossings I chose twenty-two of the most beloved mantras humanity has ever chanted — texts between four hundred and three thousand years old, from the Upanishads, the Pali Canon, the Heart Sutra, the Vedic healing tradition, the Gurmukhi lineage — every one of them, remarkably, still unused anywhere in the saga. The crown jewels had been waiting, as if the work had been saving them for the night. Each Gate descends in key as the night deepens and rises again toward dawn; each mantra is chanted the way the great devotional recordings taught me a mantra must be carried — one voice, one unbroken drone, the tempo of a resting heart, and silence treated as an instrument.

Bali breathes through all of it. On that island the world is understood as two worlds at once — sekala, the seen, and niskala, the unseen — and the gender wayang metallophones play through entire nights of ceremony because the night itself is understood as sacred work. The bamboo suling, the frogs and ocean of the island's dark hours, the priest's bell at the thin hour: these are the album's body. Its heart is a number the saga holds sacred — 3:14, the thin hour, when the membrane between worlds is at its thinnest. And when I went looking for the deepest mantra of the deep-night Gate, the tradition handed me a gift I still hold with awe: the verse 'All this, truly, is Brahman' lives at Chandogya Upanishad 3.14.1. Three-fourteen. The thin hour had been sitting in one of humanity's oldest books for three thousand years, waiting for this night to find it.

Each of the twenty-two songs is a single piece with its own natural length. Played in order, they form one continuous night; taken alone, each is a complete meditation.

In every song, once, a line is whispered in the two languages of my life — English and Castilian — a dream seed, planted at the edge of sleep. And through every song, about once a minute, a bamboo flute plays the same three soft notes. Those three notes are the album's deepest technology, and they deserve their own page.

PRACTICE

How to Listen

At night: begin the album as you lie down, lights out, volume low — the music should feel like it is coming from the next room of a temple. Let the Gates carry you: Dusk settles the body, the Descent releases the mind, Deep Night holds you, the Thin Hour opens the lucid gate, the Return walks you home into morning. There is nothing to do. The night knows the way.

In practice: any single song stands alone — for savasana, for yoga nidra, for meditation, for the quiet hour of work or study. Teachers will find each Gate is also a complete short journey: Dusk for evening restorative classes, the Descent for healing nidra, the Thin Hour for visualization work, the Return for sunrise practice.

The dream seed: in every song, one line is whispered, in English and in Castilian. As you drift, let that line repeat itself silently a few times in your own inner voice. This is the oldest doorway to lucidity — a gentle intention, planted exactly where waking becomes dreaming, that travels with you across the border.

The Dream Token: Three Notes

Threaded through all twenty-two songs is a single phrase: three soft notes on a bamboo flute, always the same shape, sounding about once every minute, all night long. Three, one, four — the thin hour, 3:14, written as melody.

This is a real practice of dream yoga. A cue that the waking mind hears again and again begins to appear inside dreams — and a cue that has been paired, night after night, with the intention to recognize the dream becomes a key. When you hear the three notes inside a dream — and one night you will — they arrive as a question: are you awake inside this? Answering yes is lucidity. The dream does not end. It opens.

In the final song, at dawn, the flute at last plays the three notes openly and resolves them upward into the morning. They were never a signal only. They were the melody of the whole night, hidden in plain sound — the way awareness itself is hidden in every dream, waiting to be recognized.

THE MAP

The Night Map

#	Song	Gate	Mantra
1	The Inner Teacher	I · Dusk	<i>Ong Namō Gurudev Namō</i>
2	Protected Together	I · Dusk	<i>Om Saha Nāvavatu ...</i>
3	Love as the Bed	I · Dusk	<i>Aham Prema</i>
4	The Serpent Ocean	I · Dusk	<i>Om Namō Nārāyaṇāya</i>
5	The Indweller	II · Descent	<i>Om Namō Bhagavate Vāsudevāya</i>
6	Sun-Moon Healing	II · Descent	<i>Ra Ma Da Sa · Sa Say So Hung</i>
7	The Night Physician	II · Descent	<i>Om Śrī Dhanvantre Namaha</i>
8	Lapis Night	II · Descent	<i>Tayata Om Bekanze Bekanze ...</i>
9	Fullness Lets Go	II · Descent	<i>Om Pūrnamadah Pūrnamidam ...</i>
10	The Ground	III · Deep Night	<i>Om Sarvam Khalvidam Brahma</i>
11	The Great Crossing	III · Deep Night	<i>Gate Gate Pāragate ...</i>
12	One Thin Light	III · Deep Night	<i>Om Amī Dewa Hrīḥ</i>
13	Triple Refuge	III · Deep Night	<i>Buddhaṃ Saraṇaṃ Gacchāmi ...</i>
14	Sword of Lucidity	IV · Thin Hour	<i>Om A Ra Pa Tsa Na Dhīḥ</i>
15	The Power Awake	IV · Thin Hour	<i>Aad Shakti ...</i>
16	Velvet Dark	IV · Thin Hour	<i>Om Krīm Kālīkāyai Namaha</i>
17	The Dream River	IV · Thin Hour	<i>Om Aiṃ Saraswatyai Namaha</i>
18	Blessing from Inside the Dream	IV · Thin Hour	<i>Om Sarveṣām Svastir Bhavatu ...</i>
19	Love's Return	V · Return	<i>Sītā Rām ...</i>
20	Walking Home	V · Return	<i>Śrī Rām, Jai Rām, Jai Jai Rām</i>
21	Golden Hour	V · Return	<i>Om Śrīm Mahā Lakṣmīyai Namaha</i>
22	Carried	V · Return	<i>Tvameva Mātā Cha Pitā Tvameva ...</i>

GATE 1 · DUSK — LYING DOWN

Lying Down



*The body arrives on the bed. The day is thanked and dismissed.
Evening frogs, bamboo, the last warm air. Four mantras to open the
inner teacher, seal the companionship of waking and dreaming,
remember what you are made of, and lie down on the serpent
ocean.*

GATE I · DUSK — LYING DOWN

1 · The Inner Teacher

Ong Namo Gurudev Namo

I bow to the creative wisdom; I bow to the divine teacher within.

GURMUKHI ADI MANTRA · THE TRADITIONAL OPENING INVOCATION OF THE
KUNDALINI LINEAGE

THE BRIDGE

Every practice in the old lineages opens the same way: by bowing to the teacher. Sleep is a practice — the oldest one we have — and tonight the teacher is not in front of you but within you. This invocation hands the night to the one inside who already knows the way through it, and asks to be taught. Whatever the dreams bring, they arrive as lessons from a teacher who loves you.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*When the dream arrives, I will know it is a dream
Cuando llegue el sueño, sabré que es un sueño*

2 · Protected Together

Om Saha Nāvavatu
Saha Nau Bhunaktu
Saha Vīryam Karavāvahai
Tejasvi Nāvadhītamastu
Mā Vidviṣāvahai
Om Śāntiḥ Śāntiḥ Śāntiḥ

May we be protected together; may we be nourished together; may we work together with great energy; may our study be luminous; may no discord arise between us. Om, peace, peace, peace.

TAITTIRIYA UPANISHAD · SHANTI MANTRA OF TEACHER AND STUDENT

THE BRIDGE

For three thousand years students and teachers have chanted this before study. Tonight the student is the waking self, the teacher is the dreaming self, and the study is the night itself. They cross the bridge hand in hand, protected together, nourished together — and nothing that passes between them can be anything but love.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*We cross together, protected together
Cruzamos juntos, protegidos juntos*

GATE I · DUSK — LYING DOWN

3 · Love as the Bed

Aham Prema

I am divine love.

SANSKRIT · TWO ANCIENT WORDS, THE SHORTEST TEXT IN THE CYCLE

THE BRIDGE

Four syllables — the simplest mantra of the album, and the most important. Before descending, the dreamer must know what she is made of, because everything she meets in the night will be made of the same substance. Say it once and the night changes: every figure in every dream becomes a face of the love you are.

WHISPERED, ONCE

I am love, dreaming
Soy amor, soñando

GATE I · DUSK — LYING DOWN

4 · The Serpent Ocean

Om Namō Nārāyaṇāya

I bow to the divine resting-place of all beings.

ASHTAKSHARA · THE EIGHT-SYLLABLE MANTRA OF NARAYANA

THE BRIDGE

Narayana sleeps on the coils of Ananta Shesha, the endless serpent, floating on the ocean of milk — and dreams the universe into being. It is the oldest image of lucid dreaming in human memory: the divine one who sleeps and sustains the worlds at once. Tonight you lie down on the Endless, and your small dream joins the great dreaming that holds everything.

WHISPERED, ONCE

I rest on the endless, and the endless dreams

Descanso en lo infinito, y lo infinito sueña

GATE II · THE DESCENT — FALLING ASLEEP

Falling Asleep



The mind's images loosen and begin to float. The healers arrive one by one: the indweller, the sun and the moon, the celestial physician, the lapis-blue Buddha — and, at the last threshold, the fullness that lets go.

5 · The Indweller

Om Namō Bhagavate Vāsudevāya

I bow to the divine one who dwells within all beings.

DVADASAKSHARA · THE TWELVE-SYLLABLE LIBERATION MANTRA OF THE
BHAGAVATA TRADITION

THE BRIDGE

Twelve syllables, like the twelve hours of night. You do not fall asleep; falling is only what it looks like from outside. From inside, you bow — inward, and further inward — and the one who dwells there catches you. Surrender, in this tradition, was never defeat. It is the doorway.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*I let go into what holds me
Me suelto en lo que me sostiene*

GATE II · THE DESCENT — FALLING ASLEEP

6 · Sun-Moon Healing

Ra Ma Da Sa · Sa Say So Hung

Sun, moon, earth, infinity; totality of infinity, I am That.

SIRI GAITRI MANTRA · KUNDALINI HEALING LINEAGE OF ANCIENT SEED
SYLLABLES

THE BRIDGE

Eight seed syllables that walk the whole cosmos — sun, moon, earth, infinity — and return to the self that contains them. In sleep the body quietly repairs what the day wore down; this is the repair crew's work-song. The outer sun has set. The inner moon is rising. Healing, on the night shift, does not need your effort — only your permission.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*The body heals itself tonight
El cuerpo se sana esta noche*

GATE II · THE DESCENT — FALLING ASLEEP

7 · The Night Physician

Om Śrī Dhanvantre Namaha

Salutations to the celestial physician, holder of the nectar of immortality.

TRADITIONAL DHANVANTARI MANTRA · VEDIC HEALING TRADITION

THE BRIDGE

Dhanvantari rose from the churned ocean carrying the pot of amrita, the nectar of deathlessness — the celestial physician of the Vedic world. Every healing tradition knows the deepest medicine is administered at night, while the patient is elsewhere. This mantra calls the physician to the bedside, thanks him — and gets out of his way.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*The medicine is already inside
La medicina ya está dentro*

8 · Lapis Night

Tayata Om Bekanze Bekanze
Maha Bekanze
Radza Samudgate Soha

Thus: O healer, healer, great healer, king of healing, so be it.

MEDICINE BUDDHA MANTRA · BHAIṢAJYAGURU SUTRA

THE BRIDGE

The Medicine Buddha is the color of lapis lazuli — the exact blue of the sky at this depth of the descent. Where the physician heals the body, Bhaishajyaguru heals the root: the old knots of craving, aversion and confusion loosen in blue light while the dreamer drifts through it. You do not have to do anything here. Blue light, all the way down.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*Blue light, all the way down
Luz azul, hasta el fondo*

9 · Fullness Lets Go

Om Pūrnamadah Pūrnamidam
Pūrñāt Pūrnamudachyate
Pūrñasya Pūrnamādāya
Pūrnamevāvashishyate

*That is full; this is full. From fullness, fullness arises. When fullness is taken from
fullness, fullness alone remains.*

ISHA UPANISHAD · INVOCATION VERSE

THE BRIDGE

The Upanishad's great paradox, placed at the last threshold before deep sleep: it is the mathematics of letting go. You can release the entire day, the entire self, the entire world — and nothing true is lost. The door closes softly on a lit room, and the light is still on.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*Nothing is lost by letting go
Nada se pierde al soltar*

GATE III · DEEP NIGHT — THE DREAMLESS DEEP

The Dreamless Deep



The floor of the night. The voice grows nearly subliminal; the space becomes immense. Four mantras hold the dreamless deep: the ground of being, the great crossing, one thin light, and refuge.

10 · The Ground

Om Sarvam Khalvidam Brahma

All this, truly, is Brahman.

CHANDOGYA UPANISHAD 3.14.1

THE BRIDGE

In deep sleep the personality is gone and only the ground remains — being, without a witness. This mantra is that ground, made audible. And here the cycle offered me its greatest gift: the verse lives at Chandogya Upanishad 3.14.1 — three-fourteen — the thin hour of the Nine Paths saga, waiting in one of humanity's oldest books for three thousand years to be found by this night.

WHISPERED, ONCE

Everything, everywhere, is the ground

Todo, en todas partes, es el fondo

GATE III · DEEP NIGHT — THE DREAMLESS DEEP

11 · The Great Crossing

Gate Gate Pāragate
Pārasaṃgate
Bodhi Svāhā

Gone, gone, gone beyond, gone utterly beyond — awakening, so be it.

HEART SUTRA · PRAJÑĀPĀRAMITĀ TRADITION

THE BRIDGE

Six words that are the whole thesis of this album. In the deepest sleep you go beyond form, beyond feeling, beyond the one who sleeps. And the sutra's secret is where the crossing ends: in bodhi, awakening — which is precisely where lucidity begins. The far shore has a faint light on it.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*Gone beyond, and awake there
Más allá, y despierta allí*

12 · One Thin Light

Om Ami Dewa Hrīḥ

Om, Buddha of Infinite Light.

AMITĀBHA MANTRA · TIBETAN TRADITION

THE BRIDGE

Amitabha is the Buddha of Infinite Light, whose luminous field is entered at the threshold of consciousness — the most practiced visualization at the edge of sleep, and the edge of life, across all of East Asia. In the darkest hour of the night this mantra keeps one thin filament burning. That filament is what the dreamer will climb back up.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*One light stays lit in me
Una luz sigue encendida en mí*

13 · Triple Refuge

Buddhaṃ Saraṇaṃ Gacchāmi
Dhammaṃ Saraṇaṃ Gacchāmi
Saṅghaṃ Saraṇaṃ Gacchāmi

*I go to the Awakened One for refuge; I go to the Way for refuge; I go to the
Community for refuge.*

PALI CANON · KHUDDAKAPĀṬHA · THE OLDEST CHANT IN THE BUDDHIST WORLD

THE BRIDGE

The words two and a half millennia of human beings have said when they needed to be held. At the floor of the night, before the thin hour opens its gate, the dreamer takes refuge three times: in awakening itself, in the path that leads there, and in the community of everyone who ever woke. You are not crossing alone. No one ever has.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*I am held by all who ever woke
Me sostienen todos los que despertaron*

GATE IV · THE THIN HOUR — 3:14

3:14



The hour the saga calls sacred — 3:14 — when the membrane between the seen and the unseen is thinnest and the lucid gate stands open. The music brightens by exactly one shade: enough to know you are dreaming, never enough to wake you.

14 · Sword of Lucidity

Om A Ra Pa Tsa Na Dhīḥ

The mantra of Mañjuśrī, bodhisattva of wisdom; Dhīḥ is the seed syllable of insight.

MAÑJUŚRĪ MANTRA · ARAPACANA SYLLABARY

THE BRIDGE

Manjushri carries a flaming sword that cuts through illusion — and this is the exact anatomy of lucidity: one clean stroke of recognition inside the dream, which does not destroy the dream but reveals it. The hour is thin now. The sword falls gently. The dream continues — but now you know.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*This is a dream, and I am here
Esto es un sueño, y estoy aquí*

15 · The Power Awake

Aad Shakti, Aad Shakti, Aad Shakti, Namó Namó
Sarab Shakti, Sarab Shakti, Sarab Shakti, Namó Namó
Pritham Bhagvati, Pritham Bhagvati, Pritham Bhagvati,
Namó Namó

Kundalini Mata Shakti, Mata Shakti, Namó Namó

*I bow to the primal power; I bow to the all-encompassing power; I bow to that
through which the divine creates; I bow to the creative power of the Mother.*

TRADITIONAL GURMUKHI INVOCATION OF THE DIVINE FEMININE

THE BRIDGE

While the body lies still, something in it is fully awake: the primal current the traditions call Shakti, the creative power of the Mother, which never sleeps. The lucid dream is not manufactured by the clever mind; it is Shakti, playing, delighted to be seen. This invocation bows to her four times — and lets her lead.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*The Mother is awake in me
La Madre está despierta en mí*

16 · Velvet Dark

Om Krīm Kālikāyai Namaha

I bow to Kali, the power of time and the dissolution of time.

TRADITIONAL BIJA MANTRA OF THE DARK MOTHER

THE BRIDGE

The thin hour is when time itself grows thin — and Kali is the one who thins it. Met at this depth she is not fearsome; she is the Mother whose darkness is velvet, who dissolves only what was never real. In the Nine Paths saga it was at this hour that Aurora crossed. The dreamer meets the dissolving and is not dissolved. That is the entire teaching of the lucid state.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*Only the unreal dissolves
Solo lo irreal se disuelve*

17 · The Dream River

Om Aṁ Saraswatyai Namaha

I bow to Saraswati, goddess of the flowing — wisdom, music, speech, and the arts.

TRADITIONAL BIJA MANTRA OF THE GODDESS OF THE ARTS

THE BRIDGE

The lucid dream is the greatest studio ever built: whatever the dreamer imagines, appears. Saraswati — goddess of the flowing river of wisdom, music, speech and art — is its patron. At the thin hour she places the vina in your hands. The books you will write, the songs, the healings, the worlds: all of them are rehearsed first here, in the river of dream.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*I create inside the dream
Creo dentro del sueño*

18 · Blessing from Inside the Dream

Om Sarveṣām Svastir Bhavatu
Sarveṣām Śāntir Bhavatu
Sarveṣām Pūrnam Bhavatu
Sarveṣām Maṅgalam Bhavatu

May there be well-being for all; may there be peace for all; may there be fullness for all; may there be auspiciousness for all.

TRADITIONAL SVASTI BLESSING · SHANTI MANTRA TRADITION

THE BRIDGE

The most advanced practice of dream yoga is not flying. It is blessing. Lucid at the thin hour, the dreamer turns the whole radiance of the dream outward — to every being sleeping and waking across the turning earth. Ten billion, free, conscious and happy — prayed for first from inside a dream.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*From inside the dream, I bless the whole earth
Desde dentro del sueño, bendigo toda la tierra*

GATE V · THE RETURN — TOWARD DAWN

Toward Dawn



*The light comes back the way love comes back: gradually, then all at once. First birds, warm bamboo, temple morning in the distance.
The dreamer walks home carrying what the night gave.*

19 · Love's Return

Sītā Rām, Sītā Rām
Sītā Rām, Jai Sītā Rām

*The divine feminine and the divine masculine — parted through the whole epic, and
restored.*

TRADITIONAL NAMA-KIRTAN · THE DIVINE NAMES

THE BRIDGE

Every night is a small Ramayana: the self and the Self are parted at dusk and reunited at dawn. Sita and Ram — separated through the whole epic and restored at its end — are the first mantra of the return. It is sung softly here, the way you speak near a miracle you do not want to startle.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*What was parted is rejoined
Lo separado se reúne*

GATE V · THE RETURN — TOWARD DAWN

20 · Walking Home

Śrī Rām, Jai Rām, Jai Jai Rām

Victory to the divine — the walking chant of the return.

RAM DHUN · SAMARTHA RAMDAS LINEAGE, 17TH CENTURY

THE BRIDGE

This is the walking chant of India — the dhun Gandhi carried on every march, each repetition a footstep. The last stretch of the night is a walk: out of the dream country, along the lightening road, toward the door of the day. You are not leaving the dream behind. You are carrying it home, and every step is already home.

WHISPERED, ONCE

Every step is already home

Cada paso ya es el hogar

GATE V · THE RETURN — TOWARD DAWN

21 · Golden Hour

Om Śrīṃ Mahā Lakṣmīyai Namaha

I bow to the great Lakshmi, goddess of abundance, beauty, and grace.

TRADITIONAL BIJA MANTRA OF THE GODDESS OF ABUNDANCE

THE BRIDGE

The first gold on the horizon belongs to Lakshmi. At dawn she is not wealth; she is the overflowing of the night's work into the day — the dream remembered, the healing done, the idea carried back across the border. The dreamer wakes rich in the only currency that matters. Let the morning sun find you inside this song, hands full of light.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*I return with my hands full of light
Vuelvo con las manos llenas de luz*

22 · Carried

Tvameva Mātā Cha Pitā Tvameva
Tvameva Bandhush Cha Sakhā Tvameva
Tvameva Vidyā Dravinam Tvameva
Tvameva Sarvam Mama Deva Deva

You alone are my mother and my father; you alone are my kin and my friend; you alone are my knowledge and my wealth; you are my everything, my God of gods.

PANDAVA GITA · TRADITIONAL SHLOKA

THE BRIDGE

The last mantra of the night is the first truth of the day: you wake not alone in a room but held — as a child wakes in arms that carried her all night without her knowing. Mother, father, friend, knowledge, wealth: everything the night was, was one thing, and this verse finally names it. The flute plays its three notes openly now, resolved at last. They were the melody all along.

WHISPERED, ONCE

*I was carried all night; I am carried now
Fui llevada toda la noche; soy llevada ahora*

PROVENANCE

The Words Are Older Than Ownership

Every sacred text in this cycle is ancient and belongs to everyone. The oldest verses here — from the Chandogya, Taittiriya and Isha Upanishads — were first chanted close to three thousand years ago. The Triple Refuge is the oldest chant of the Buddhist world; the Heart Sutra's mantra has crossed Asia for well over a millennium; the bija mantras of the goddesses, the healing syllables, the names of Sita and Ram, have been carried by uncounted voices across uncounted nights. The youngest text in the album, the Ram Dhun, is four centuries old. These words have held sleepers, mourners, mothers, monks and travelers since long before any of our languages existed. Tonight they hold you.

CLOSING

The Twenty-Third Bridge

Nine walkers. Sixty-four states. Twenty-two bridges. The saga's numbers are complete — except for one. The twenty-third bridge is not on the map and cannot be, because the twenty-third bridge is you: the dreamer, waking in the morning light with three soft notes on your lips, not yet sure where you learned them, already carrying the night's gifts into a world that needs them. Cross well. Bless everything. And when the dream arrives — you will know it is a dream.



THE NIGHT OF THE TWENTY-TWO · MANTRAS FOR THE CROSSING

Created by Luis Miguel Gallardo · Nine Paths to One · World Happiness Press

Sekala, niskala — seen and unseen — one breath apart.