

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION:

Exploring the Boundaries between Myth and Reality



In a small café that smelled of roasted beans and the faint ozone of laptop screens overheating a group of friends gathered to hear some poetry and prose. Outside, the city was melting into twilight, its corroded towers catching the of the fading orange light.

Wan-Sze leaned back in his chair, the glow of his laptop painting his face in cold blue. "Transcendental Meditation," he said slowly, as if tasting the words for hidden meaning. "Wait—wasn't that was the Maharishi's whole thing, right? The 1960s guru vibe?"

Kasim didn't even look up. His fingers circled the rim of his coffee cup almost hypnotically. "That's the one," he replied. "High-octane mysticism meets mass-marketing. He wasn't just spreading enlightenment; he was selling mantras like they were subscription services."

Wan-Sze's brow creased. He made an airy motion with his hands, like a bird testing the air for flight. "What about the levitating part, though? The yogic flying? Weren't some of his followers supposed to be levitating?"

At that, Kasim finally looked up, a ghost of amusement flickering across his face. "Floating?" His laugh was short and sharp. "More like bouncing. Check the tapes—the great transcendence was just a batch of sweaty guys hopping across foam rubber mats. Gravity doesn't surrender, not even to gurus."

Nadia let out a long, heavy exhale, a sound of pure, unadulterated exasperation. "Unbelievable," she muttered, earrings trembling as she shook her head. "People will believe anything if it makes their ordinary lives sound cosmic. It's like self-delusion as an art form."

Will remained silent, staring out the window at the gray city skyline, his reflection looking back at him with a haunted sort of curiosity. "Maybe," he whispered, "that's what we're built for. Chasing illusions. Maybe we trained ourselves for it—practiced until we became experts at pretending meaning into everything."

The café's soft hum returned, blending with the patter of rain—four friends suspended between mockery and melancholy, wondering if the joke had ever really been funny.

– T Newfields

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