

Yellow Flowers and Solipsism

Physicists predict only 4% of what we perceive as reality, to be actual *reality*. Kira had recently read that statistic online, on some verified science page. She had sort of scoffed when reading it, though noting silently at the possibility that this conclusion may in fact be true.

At that point in time Kira had lightly brushed the idea off. She had no clue what a profound effect this finding would eventually have on her life. It's a lot to think about, something she didn't feel she had quite the time or emotional bandwidth to process at the moment.

Since the age of 12, Kira had been practicing the concept of the, "law of attraction," or the theory that your thoughts produce measurable waves and that those waves attract more thoughts with a similar frequency into your experience, essentially working as a magnet.

The growingly popular theory worked to explain the phenomenon of bad days getting worse and good days getting better. It predicted that based on your emotional point of attraction or your energetic "vibration", you could begin to determine what physical events would eventually make their way and materialize into reality.

For 10 years Kira worked with this theory of attraction and had found enough personal success to confirm that her thoughts were in fact attracting events into her life. Though she had never quite focused sharply enough to consistently manifest something she had desired, she did acknowledge a deep sense of validity to the idea.

But now, just a couple weeks after reading this new statistic boldly declared by validated physicists, something had begun to change on a subconscious level in the way that Kira began to think and the way that her emotions were magnetizing.

It started with flowers.

Kira began manifesting yellow flowers quite easily. All she would have to do is sit for five minutes a day and lightly intend them to appear before her. She would close her eyes and smell the flowers' poignant scent. She would run her fingers over their silky petals in her mind. She would put them in her grandmother's vase and set them on the dining room table.

The way she saw things, if only 4% of perceived reality is real, why wouldn't the flowers she so vividly imagined in her mind actually already *be* as "real" as everything else? She could feel and sense them just as solidly as if they really were there on her table, therefore, Kira truly believed she *already had the flowers*.

When the first bouquet of yellow flowers arrived, Kira was absolutely thrilled. The delivery boy had arrived at the wrong house, but said she could keep them anyway. Kira danced around in a little circle in her living room. She had matched her vibration to the flowers- so here they were.

The formula had worked!

One month later, the second bouquet of flowers had arrived from a friend who sent them with a warm letter on the anniversary of her Grandmother's passing.

The third bouquet of yellow flowers had come just one week later at her work office, apparently from a secret admirer. *Could this really be happening?* Kira thought to herself, starstruck and shaking her head. With the slightest bit of uneasiness, she left the flowers at her desk.

By the arrival of the fourth bouquet, which was abruptly handed to her, mid-sip, by an old lady with a gentle smile at her local coffee shop, a different emotion began to settle into Kira.

Terror.

It unsettled Kira greatly that she was able to so easily manifest these flowers with her thoughts. If this reality really was as malleable and easily bendable as she had recently proven with the yellow flowers, then what was real?

Were her friends real? Her family? *Was she?* How alone was she in this reality that was quickly turning more dream-like by the day? Everything around her was melting to putty. Was there anything solid at all?

At the sight of the sunset, Kira would cry. Everything she had once thought to be beautiful and true, now seemed to be nothing more than a dream. 96% of life, wasn't real.

Kira was witnessing the strings of her universe falling apart at the seams and found herself desperately clawing at the loose threads as they dangled, suspended in space. It seemed the very fabric of life was made up of nothing but emptiness. She tried to rebuild her comfortable ideas of reality piece by piece, yet the void prevailed, mercilessly staring her in the face.

When sleep would not relieve her of her racing mind, Kira drove her fresh flowers to her grandmother's grave. There she screamed furiously at God, demanding he explain himself. She sobbed until her throat was raw, begging for an answer before realizing that *even if she got a response*, who was to say God wasn't just a projection of her own creation?

Even if a holy voice and bright white light reigned down on her, it would only have been that which she was attracting, that which she was actively *creating*- just another piece of the empty fabric's thread, designed to validate exactly what she had wanted to hear.

"Put me back!" Kira whimpered, though she wasn't sure where exactly *back* was.

A matrix? A dream? It seemed it was too late to escape her new dimension. What had been undone could not be put back together.

“You might as well create what you want then,” were the words of her mother, when Kira sought comfort in who she now believed to be only an extension of consciousness itself.

It would take five years before Kira stopped avoiding yellow flowers with dread and began instead to find peace in the simplicity of their being, or at least, the *idea* of their being.

Indeed, If all there was, was that which was created, then she would have to find meaning in creating something, even if that something came from absolutely, positively *nothing*.