

## Whispering Walls of Petra

Twilight, still in its infancy, lightens as I walk deeper into the zone where rock walls stand tall beside me. It is shortly after six in the morning and not even a donkey is stirring.

I saunter alone in the Siq of Petra. It is quiet with an unspoken Zen-pulse swaying about. A shiver runs through me as if an inner notification is trying to tell me that what I am experiencing is a rarified and beautiful moment. Something, in the form of a mystical internal alarm clock, tells my soul to rise and shine.

The curvaceous contours of the rock walls are bold in some places, subtle in others. They play eye-tricks in a way one would think an illusionist and a painter joined forces. Colours of sand, rust, orange, blue and grey gloriously flow and mesh with each other: Where does one colour begin and the other end?

My inquisitive frame of mind takes me to a place of perplexity. How can two rock walls infuse ingenuity and a dreamy element of wonderment? Oh. But they do.

I hear faint echoes and imagine the rock walls whispering to each other. In a hushed voice, I speak to them and await their response. Am I crazy? I think not. It appears the great Siq of Petra has enraptured me and at this moment, its enchanting hex over me cannot be broken.

*But from the rock as if my magic grown,  
eternal, silent, beautiful, alone!*

...Johann Ludwig Burckhardt