

Michael's
Rabbit Hole

A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Michael's Rabbit Hole
Le Terrier du Lapin de Michael
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

*All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways*

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Submit or Die
A Universe Unto Its Self
This Thing Called Life
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Basking in Neutral
The Weight of All Things Imagined
The Quantum Infinity
A Wisp of Nothingness
You are the Moment
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The Sands of Time
An Epic Revolution
The Mystery of Awareness
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One at a Time
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Has There Ever Been Even One Choice?

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The You, You Are
The One and Only Truth
You Are Eternity
Getting Its Own Legs
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Done, Done, the Damage Done
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A Dead Poet Strategy
A Piece of Writing
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Vanity, Vanity, All is Vanity
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Six Words Down a Rabbit Hole
The Good News
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You Are All of It
Entangling Briars
You, Me, He, She, They, All
Prior to All Things
Call It What You Will
The Limits of Rationality
The Abyss of Awareness
A Choiceless Existence
Naught But Awareness
The Root of All Things Human
Staring at Walls
Illusions Beyond Counting
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The Untouchable Awareness
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What Do You Really Know?
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The Mystery of You

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The Great Jester in the Wings

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Awareness Witnessing a Dream

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Sweet Surrender

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A Singular Kind of Faith
Awakening to the Eternal Fact
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The Crosses We Bear

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The Myth of Unconditional Love
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Preface

Greetings,

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on eternity and the human paradigm's part and particle of it, it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. Another friend had suggested this a few years back, and I had set it on the backburner of possible projects. As might be expected, the creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with a rabbit hole wander of thoughts from all the major titles: *The Stillness Before Time*, *The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim*, the seven *Breadcrumbs* titles, and *The Return to Wonder*.

rab·bit hole
noun

1 a rabbit's burrow: a heather-covered hillside full of rabbit holes.

2 used to refer to a bizarre, confusing, or nonsensical situation or environment, typically one from which it is difficult to extricate oneself:

he'll continue fearmongering to promote his agenda no matter how far down the rabbit hole it takes him.
[with allusion to Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865), which describes how Alice enters a land of magic and strange logic by falling down a rabbit hole.]

This work is blogged at:

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
<https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com/>

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though

an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidentally, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time Website

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
<https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/>

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

A PDF is available at:
<https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf>

Main Blogs

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
<https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com/>

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
<https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com/>

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes From the Unknown
<https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Other Blogs by Michael

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
<https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com/>

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
<https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com/>

Imagination: The Great Usurper
<https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com/>

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
<https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com>

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
<https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com>

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
<https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com>

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
<https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com/>

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
<https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com/>

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
<https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com/>

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
<https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com/>

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
<https://mysterymysteryandmoremystery.blogspot.com/>

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
<https://imaginationandmoreimagination.blogspot.com/>

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
<https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com/>

Science, Science & More Science
<https://yajekimscienceandmorescience.blogspot.com>

History, History & More History
<https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com/>

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
<https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com/>

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
<https://reincarnationandmorereincarnation.blogspot.com/>

Standouts From 'The Return to Wonder' Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
<https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com/>

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
<https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com/>

To Be, or Not to Be
<https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com/>

The Mystery of the Mystery
<https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com/>

Who Was the First?

<https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com/>

The Real is Discovering

<https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com/>

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#\$*!?

<https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com/>

Definitions

An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

<https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Conversations

A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odd 'n Ends

<https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com/2021/>

Titles, Titles & More Titles

<https://evenmoretitles.blogspot.com/>

Even More

Titles, Titles & More Titles

<https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com/>

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time

A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

<https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com/>

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

<https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

<https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com/>

The Standard Ripostes

The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

<https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com/>

My (Not Quite) Haiku

<https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com/>

Once Upon a Christmas

<https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com/>

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

<https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com/>

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young up to Speed
<https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com/>

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
<https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com/>

What is Written Here

What is written here,
Has been spoken, written, and lived,
By many in many times and places in human history.
Ever disguised by innumerable masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
Its mysterious nature has timelessly confused and frightened,
Those unable to discern beneath the surface.

This aphoristic vision is simply another attempt,
Using contemporary masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
To illustrate in thought something as old as old is,
That which has ever yet never been.

It is for those who desire nothing from this manifest dream,
But that it be a journey into freedom.

Best wishes.

The Stillness Before Time 1996

A Poem for Michael

His goals are few,
with no worries to pursue.
A life well-stirred,
as variety is to stew.
Branching from his native view,
He's learned a thing or two:
How to handle a machine that spews,
Managing a newspaper crew,
How a lens can capture you,
Writing philosophy of the zoo,
Even joined a staff or two,
To teach others what to do.
Now he speaks with a clue,
Of how he's gained his world-view.
There's nothing left to misconstrue,
He's living life impromptu!

**Rhonda Allen
Chico, California, 2002**

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve very much alone in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space-time, of consciousness with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading; one that attempts to look beyond humanity's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions, one that values insight and wisdom, one that elevates rather than detracts, one that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations to create solutions to problems all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped that time and space do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs each and every one of us envision, translate differently. Thoughts of god or gods, love, morality, money, tradition, politics, ad infinitum, inspire a myriad of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, fantasy, make-believe, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, they are lead dancer in their chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual mind plays out incalculable variations of the passion born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset fabricates in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything but through the conditioned choices of imagination that some call free will. Those who discern their own law see this manifest play far differently than those who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature to become that to which they aspire; intuitively, spontaneously free to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation

and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the drama to which all are witness. It is a vision so infinite as to include each and every one of us, along with all the other myriad life forms across the planet, as its source.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective delusional ignorance, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following insincere leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, greedy, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline as true human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures great and small, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am to which mystics across the world throughout time point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways

to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough to see that ethereal thing called truth is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all to see that every form born of space-time is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes.

M

The Stillness Before Time, 1996

Got God?

Do you believe in God? If so, describe what you mean by that?

Godness is the “I am That I Am” within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every drama imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind, the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how you slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If you were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo though the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do you believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If you really have faith, do you need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging, and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience you have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is source to all creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything from the smallest particle of an atom to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as seen through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are

splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements are born of the illusion of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

The Stillness Before Time, 1996

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of awareness, of Self, witness to the reality and unreality, the irony and paradox of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world and the inherent rights of all creatures small to great. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as you would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what you have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those you serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if you intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which you are so attached.

The Stillness Before Time, 1998

The Matrix

Another aphoristic journey,
For those who see, hear, feel, and breathe,
A mystery which can never be but what it has ever been.
An array of thoughts on what is known and what will ever be unknown.
Reflections from a mirror given over to the sojourn of sages and the fools they become.
For the dancers and singers who chuckle at the theater of imagination,
Those who seek to tread immortal waters, fearless.

The Stillness Before Time Website, 2000

Embracing Your Totality

You can only observe the theater of manifestation,
And intuit its ultimate, absolute nature.
There is nothing to be changed.
Nothing to be done.
Nothing which can be done,
Except to freely embrace your totality.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, One

Birth

Male and female merge in the pinnacle of sexual ecstasy.
In the quiet tempest of goo, two fertile eggs unite.
In the mystery of the woman's fertile womb,
In the eternal absoluteness before time,
The seed grows, forms into life.
Out comes an organism,
Wired for a fate yet unknown,
Into a universe of its own conception.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, One

The Immutability of Awareness

The senses tease and taunt you.
They are lies of the illusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And discern with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the immutability of awareness,
Are you as real as real allows.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, II

The Burden of Consciousness

The kaleidoscoping play of dreamtime illusion
Offers an infinity of pleasures and pains.
Fearing the loss of all you cling to,
All that you believe you know,
You choose the continuity of identity,
And thus suffer the burden of consciousness.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, III

The Choiceless You

When you truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The you immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,
That which is prior to all creation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IV

False Expectations

If you expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion,
And you may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing groupthink,
Another meaningless bottleneck born of imagination.
Is it any wonder some of use end up in caves,
Very much alone, very much at home.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, V

The Ocean Within

As you awaken, it becomes increasingly apparent
That your existence is not really yours to own.
Fabrications begin to gradually fall away.
That once self-absorbed persona dissipates,
Giving way as impenetrable mist does to the sun.
Eventually it becomes apparent that nothing can persevere,
Except this ungraspable sense of abiding awareness,
Which pervades every element of your being,
As drops of indivisibility do the ocean.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VI

Formlessness

Is there anything not made stronger,
When fashioned by a certain amount of challenge,
A certain amount of adversity, a certain amount of pain and suffering.
Of the qualities needed for survival in this manifest world,
Formlessness is likely only rarely included.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VI

Have You Ever Seen Your Face?

What might it have been like to have never seen your face, or even thought of it?
To have never gazed at your reflection in a puddle of water, or a mirror.
To have never had an illustration painted, or a photograph taken.
To have abided only in the many reflections of others,
As you wandered about your perceived world.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VIII

Hard Paths

Assumptions can take one down many hard paths.
Be careful to choose as shrewdly as possible,
In whatever impetuous spirals you take.
Else the wind will be only too happy,
To cast you willy-nilly, this way, and that.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VIII

Why So Gullible?

Humanity has devised every sort of mythology
To explain that which is indivisibly, indelibly ineffable,
Yet pain and suffering and angst continue unabated in every venue.
Organized religions, priests, sages, shamans, channelers, shysters, and charlatans,
Have failed to bring about any lucid, elemental commonality.
Why do you continue to be so gullible?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IX

Human Vanity

Dump whatever we will into the ground,
Spew clouds of venom into the air,
Pour rivers of toxic waste into the water,
Torment any given life form any way imaginable,
And then annihilate whatever still survives any way possible.
If that is what it takes for human vanity to awaken,
To what is really running the show here,
So it goes, with a shrug.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXV

Of Subjects and Objects

The sense of separation created by the senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, touch –
Has been the underpinning of languages across the world, across time.
The subject-object attributes of me, of you, of we, of they, of it,
Have fashioned a dualistic dynamic of every imaginable reckoning.
The indelible indivisibility from which this three-dimensional dream has risen,
Is a fact few minds are capable of discerning, and even they must abide the day-to-day.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLX

The Source

The source is momentary, inscrutable, unfathomable, incomprehensible,
Inexplicable, mysterious, impenetrable, imperceptible, paradoxical,
Primal, potential, dynamic, untraceable, amoral, intractable,
Infinite, infinitesimal, unbound, integrated, transient,
Detached, indecipherable, vexing, imperturbable,
Undiscoverable, ironic, ethereal, anonymous,
Seamless, puzzling, immaculate, cryptic,
Unaccountable, dynamic, holistic, holographic,
Unknowable, iconoclastic, indefinable, intractable,
Intricate, incongruous, coincidental, abstract, universal,
Inexhaustible, concealed, ambiguous, enigmatic, intangible,
Implausible, unexplainable, arbitrary, esoteric, literal, figurative,
Indistinguishable, polymorphous, serendipitous, unblemished, arcane,
Capricious, vaporous, indivisible, unassailable, total, complete,
Absolute, inextinguishable, sovereign, immortal, eternal,
And, of course ... all, some, and none of the above.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

Here You Are

Here You are ...
Sitting, standing, walking, running,
Drinking, chewing, watching, thinking, speaking, sleeping,
Ever the indivisible, indelible, ineffable mystery within and without ... here You are ...
Timelessly witnessing a kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional theater in time.
From one instant to the next ... to the next ... to the next ...
... to the next ... to the next ... to the next ...
Ever You are, right here, right now.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

Questions of a Thousand Dreams

Who's the who whose who-ing?
What's the what that's what-ing?
Where's the where that's where-ing?
When's the when that's when-ing?
Why's the why that's why-ing?
How's the how that's how-ing?
Questions, never to be answered,
Asked over and over, ever over again.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

Prior To All Dreams

Are you this earthly, temporal, finite, mortal body?
Are you that of which this body is made?
Or are you that which is prior to all form and context,
Prior to consciousness and its innumerable channels of speculation.
Prior even to that inexplicable awareness by which all dreams of time are perceived.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVI

An Ineffable Mystery

Everything is indivisibly connected at the quantum level,
And it is in that very still, momentary awareness,
That those rare few who earnestly quest,
Will discern that essence, which many call God,
Or Brahman, or Tao, or Yahweh, or Allah, or Great Spirit,
Or whatever other sound it has been given, or will someday be given.
In truth, it is an ineffable mystery, to which all names are meaningless and absurd.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

The Mortal Game

The collusion of continuity maintains the human condition.
Everyone pretends they are the same person they were way back when.
How challenging to discern everything dies every moment,
And it is only the concoctions of consciousness,
That keep the mortal game afoot.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

Original Sin

It is through the sensory weaving,
Of the given heredity, the given environment,
That the untarnished consciousness of any given newborn,
Is channeled into the movement of dualistic notion.
Call it original sin, or whatever else you will,
But, in truth, it is merely the beginning
Of a lifelong, time-bound struggle,
Through the relentless blend,
Of one pleasure or pain,
One agony or ecstasy, or another.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

But, But, But, But, But ...

We can kill and maim and destroy all we please.
There is nothing that really matters on the ultimate scale.
But, but, but, but, but ...
Would it not be kind of a pleasant change of pace,
If we could really truly put aside all our differences, and ... perchance get along?
Do a little more healing, a little more creating, a little more preserving.
We can squander away this magical garden as we like.
Mother Nature does not care one iota,
Whether or not this planet is layered with human beings,
Or dinosaurs or insects or vegetation ... or by complete and utter desolation.
That is The Way, and we as a species can either figure it out,
Or continue driving on madly toward extinction.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXVI

What Will We Do With Ourselves?

What on earth will we do with ourselves,
After all there is to undo has been undone?
After all there is to pillage has been pillaged?
After all there is to ravished has been ravished?
After all there is to annihilated has been annihilated?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXIX

Ever You

Sometimes you sleeps, sometimes you wakes,
Sometimes you sits, sometimes you wanders.
Sometime you attends, sometimes you ponders.
And the ever-present moment, ever You,
However imagination frolics.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXXIII

The Questions

Who is who?
What is what?
Where is where?
When is when?
Why is why?
How is how?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXXVI

No Sanction Required

Why would you ever need another to tell you that you are remarkable?
Why would you ever need another to tell you they valued you?
Why would you ever need another to tell you anything,
When what you really are requires no sanction.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCII

The Key to Eternal Salvation

Are you weary of this world?
Are you so awash in experience,
You sometimes feel like exploding?
Have you yet discerned a point,
A purpose, worthy your time?
Does this field of dreams
Offer you the home you seek?
Or are you serene beyond all knowing?
Have you discerned the source all veils hide?
Only you know the answers to these and other questions,
Only you hold the key to eternal salvation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCII

The Motionless Witness

Experiences stream by,
Thoughts whizz to and fro,
And all the while, the witness,
The one and only observer,
Motionless in their midst.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVI

The Foundation of Creation

As endlessly challenging as it is to discern,
You are not the container, nor are you the mind.
You are the flawless, absolute space of awareness,
Upon which, in which, all creation is founded.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Of Order and Confusion

In the topsy-turvy of all things vainly absurd,
One topsys, the other turvys; one turvys, the other topsys.
One man's confusion is another's order; one's order, another's confusion.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

True Self

How could That which is immortal and meaningless and insignificant,
Ever even more than momentarily imagine its true Self,
Mortal and meaningful and significant?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Of Enlightenment and Liberation

Enlightenment is merely
A mind that has gone irrational,
Finally discerning the riddle of existence.
But even more challenging is achieving liberation,
Within the clarity of eternal awareness,
In the momentary nowness,
Of the day-to-day.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

The Space of Awareness

As endlessly challenging as it is to discern,
You are not the container, nor are you the mind.
You are the flawless, absolute space of awareness,
Upon which, in which, all creation is founded.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Food for Worms

You are not the body; it is but a temporary vehicle,
Ultimately no more than food for worms,
Or kindling for a funeral pyre.
Dust waiting to happen.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

The Winds of Time

Any given personality,
Is no more than a survival strategy,
Fashioned to cope with the post-traumatic stress,
That the winds of nature and nurture,
Inflict upon the mind-body.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Mere Persuasion, Mere Belief

How can you ever convince others,
That what is inside is outside, and outside, inside,
And that the truth of reality is not subject,
To mere persuasion or belief.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

There is No Other

There is nothing upon which to hold, to cling, to stick, to attach, to hang.
The clear, immaculate space of awareness, is without bounds.
Space and time is without meaning, without purpose.
There is no other, never was, will never be.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

What You Truly Are

What you are, truly, is awareness.
Life is but a temporal, dreamy mirage,
The fleeting enchantment of imagination.
Only imaginary consciousness is born.
Only imaginary consciousness dies.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

A Kaleidoscoping Illusion

There is no other, you are totally alone.
The world offers every form of distraction,
But it is no more than a kaleidoscoping illusion,
No matter how much you wish to believe it otherwise.
Face the fact, detach from imagination, dive into eternal life.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

Truth

Any belief about truth,
Pales in the light of experiencing truth.
That which is true is neither attached to, nor bound by,
Any thought, concocted by any mind.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCIX

An Eternal Infinity

The corporeal container,
Is but a temporary means,
To witness a flowing theater,
Full to the brim with distraction,
To one inescapable end or another,
All played out within an eternal infinity,
That discerns neither beginning nor end.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCIX

The First Page

We are all created of the same source,
By whatever name you might wish to call it.
Our sense of individuality is merely a fleeting illusion,
Born of the attachment of consciousness to mind-body-spirit.
In reality, we are all equally the same awareness permeating all things.
All dualistic notions are vain delusion fabricated by imagination.
Yes, it all seems real and true enough at any given moment,
But if you fully contemplate the ever-present now,
You will discern that this state we call life,
Is really nothing more than a very temporary,
Touchy-feely, three-dimensional, sensory reverie.
The indivisible, absolute mystery, pretending existence.

* * * *

Everything comes and goes, appears and disappears,
Changes in each and every inexplicable moment.
A magical mystery tour of bewildering origin.
And to those many so full of themselves,
Unable to perceive the unfathomable,
That every moment beckons their attention,
How did the mindboggling become so mundane?

* * * *

Discern the indivisible awareness prior to all attributes,
All genders, all languages, all ideologies, all creeds, all geographies,
All families, all friends, all acquaintances, all antagonists,
All anything, all everything, under any given sun.
Discern that which is solely awareness,
Unblemished by any perception,
Born of conscious design,
Mortal or otherwise.

* * * *

Every existence is entirely unique,
In this grand, magical theater of time and space.
The unfolding of the song of mystery is a creation extraordinaire,
In every way, shape and form into which the mystery,
Has spontaneously, choicelessly unfolded.
You are one of countless dreams,
All witness to the totality,
That which is prior to all perception,
That which is absolute, both within and without,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is ever You.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, The First Page

Prior to All

That source, that origin, that fount, that nucleus, which is called by many names,
Is prior to any sensory theater, prior to all forms small to great,
Prior to any whimsical certitudes of imagination,
Prior to any notion of this or that,
Prior to all dualities,
Prior to every definition,
Inspired by the myriad other.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 3

Ever Unchanging

Strolling the infinity within,
Does not require anything special.
Wear anything, or nothing, if you prefer.
Sit, lay, stand, walk, or sprint anywhere you please.
Name it whatever comes to mind, if you must.
It is always the same, ever unchanging,
Ever here now, to delve or dive into,
The source prior to all dreams.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 7

A Contemplation

What would it be like to never see anybody, anything, ever again?
To retire forever into the abyss, and never re-emerge into consciousness.
No more desire, no more fear, no more dread, no more worry, no more sickness,
No more injury, no more caring, no more bother, no more death or taxes.
And, of course, no more beer, wine, drugs, sex, or rock and roll.
To die for all eternity, or come back for another round,
Will that yay or nay decision be the last box,
On some Pearly Gate questionnaire?
Or do you just sign in or out as you please?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 8

What Is There to Learn?

What there is to learn, what there is to impart,
Is prior to all the volumes ever written,
All the institutions ever concocted,
All the idolatry ever asserted,
All the rituals ever established,
All the temples ever constructed,
All the incalculable inanities, insanities,
Ever carried out in some imaginary god's name.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 8

Same Soul

A different day,
A different life,
A different form,
A different world,
A different universe,
Same Soul.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 16

Creation is the Creator

The drop is within the ocean, and the ocean within the drop.
The writing is within the writer, and the writer within the writing.
The painting is within the painter, and the painter within the painting.
The sculpture is within the sculptor, and the sculptor within the sculpture.
The garden is within the gardener, and the gardener within the garden.
All creation is within its creator, and the creator within all creation.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 18

An Ephemeral Dwelling

The mind-body is but a transitory dwelling; chaff,
From which the kernel drops into the ground,
From which the drop returns to the ocean,
From which the self merges into Self,
From which the persona dissolves,
Into that which is timelessly absolute.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 22

Perceptions

What sights would there be, if there were no eyes?
What smells would there be, if there were no nose?
What sounds would there be, if there were no ears?
What tastes would there be, if there were no tongue?
What sensations would there be, if there were no skin?
And how many other perceptions might there be,
Had we crawled out of a different puddle?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 25

All Too Predictable

Any given religion was once a cult.
And every cult was a fabrication,
Founded on a pack of assumptions,
Likely concocted by a charismatic persona,
Willingly accepted by a small group prone to following,
Who conditioned their progeny to believe with little or no question.
And voilà, yet another organized religion is born,
To brew what havoc it surely does.
All too predictable.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 40

Wonder

Who is the who, who wonders who is who?
What is the what, what wonders what is what?
Where is the where, where wonders where is where?
When is the when, when wonders when is when?
Why is the why, why wonders why is why?
How is the how, how wonders how is how?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 46

The Imaginary Everything

Everything you think you are,
Everything you think the world is,
Is all completely imagined.
Everything.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 48

Of Capricious Minds

Truth is not the Yahweh of Moses,
The Allah of Muhammad,
The God of Jesus,
The Tao of Lao Tzu,
The Brahman of Krishna,
Nor the Buddha of Siddhartha.
It is That, which has neither name nor face.
It is the source prior to all assertions,
Born of the capricious mind.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 48

The Dualities of Imaginary Design

Knowledge cleaves this unfathomable mystery of consciousness,
Into every sort of dualistic conception under the sun.
The forbidden was harvested, and Eden lost.
Fallen monkeys, indeed.
And this pillaged garden will hobble on,
For as long as humankind survives its memories real.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 49

Of Riddles and Riddlers

Zen-ish riddlers abound in every moment,
Every corner of this temporal, worldly dreamtime.
For ignorance to awaken to their paradoxical irony, however,
Is too unlikely, to even bother imagining for more than a pittance of time.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 49

However You Will

You could do this,
Or ... you could do that.
Or that or this ... or this or that.
Or you could just stay at home all alone,
And do absolutely nothing-nada-nichts-ikke noget.
It is your fate your dream, to play out,
However you will.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 49

A Quickly Passing Dream

You only imagine you exist.
You only imagine you are that mind-body.
You only imagine you are of this world, of this universe.
Is anything born of imagination ever more,
Than a quickly passing dream?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 49

Magical Thinking v. Nth-Degree Doubt

Any Supreme Being must surely be an amalgamation of all the greats:
Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, Superman,
Harvey, Peter Pan, Tinker Bell, and Captain Hook.
Much easier to accept any given phantasm,
Than to doubt to the nth degree.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 50

Gone Before You Know It

This moment, this very moment,
Is all you really have.
Use it wisely,
For it is already gone.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 50

Nothing Without, Nothing Within

To gaze out into the sensory theater,
And recognize nothing,
And look within and discern the same.
It is to that, which all who hear the call, unknowingly aspire.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 50

The One and Only Reality

The one thing of which You can be very certain, across all time, across all space.
Is that You are not at all separate from anything, in any way, at any moment.
How do You discern this? Because You are the dreamer dreaming it all.
You are the seamless, singular awareness, the one and only reality.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 50

Atheism & Believism v. Agnosticism

The atheist is as misguided as any believer.
All assertions are but the self-deceptions of imagination.
Agnostic |ag' năstik| noun: a person who believes that nothing is known,
Or can be known, of the existence or nature of God,
Or of anything beyond material phenomena;
A person who claims neither faith,
Nor disbelief in God.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 51

Ripples, Ripples & More Ripples

Every life form,
That has ever lived,
Died that you might live.
And every life form yet to come,
Will flower from your ripple the same.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 51

Deities & Demons Beyond Counting

If religions are all they claim to be,
Then there must be more than one god.
So, are they all warring with the same devil,
Or is there more than one of those bad boys, too?
And how many heavens and hells are harvesting souls?
Or how many reincarnations must one endure?
Ooh, ouch, ouch, ouch ... brain freeze.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 51

The Effervescence of Imagination

All anyone really knows, is what they, or somebody else, thought up.
All things fashioned of consciousness are nothing more,
Than the effervescence of imagination,
In the stardust of mind.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 51

The Unborn-Undying All and None

Every life form that is born of this mysterious essence,
Creates and experiences its own finite universe,
With the same awareness inherent in all.
We are all That which never sleeps,
Is never born, and never dies.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 52

Cradle and Coffin

The body is not You; You are not the body.
You have no body, you never have, and you never will.
The mortal container is merely a fleeting means to one end or another.
A formless, indivisible infinity, without foundation,
Without beginning, without conclusion.
Awareness is the cradle,
From which all things rise into being;
The coffin to which all things are one day laid to rest.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 52

Will Be Done

Knowing You are solitary witness to Your version of the theater,
Discerning You are awareness manifest, how will You play out your role?
Will You be angel, or demon, or some spontaneous blend between?
It is Your reverie to do as Your desire, Your law, dictates.
Be it heaven or hell, or some purgatory between,
It is Your creation, and Your will be done.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 53

The Awareness You Ever Are

Every point and particle of this dream,
Is ultimately to fully perceive the singular truth,
That You are the eternal upwelling, that You are That I Am.
By whatever arbitrary sound You may describe it,
That Truth ... that Life ... that Way ...
Is the awareness You ever are.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 53

The Same You in All

Who cares if there is but one lifetime or many?
In reality, the ultimate source, the You,
You really are, has been all.
And this existence,
Is the one and only one,
To which attention need be given.
It is in this moment that all futures are created.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 53

Wrangling Over Childish Things

Wrangling over which notion of divinity reigns supreme,
Is for those many who have not yet put away childish things.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 53

Oblivion

Oblivion is the end to all lies, all fabrications, all self-deceptions.
It is the vital source, the essence prior to all becoming.
It is the experiencing prior to all experience,
The intangible prior to all that is tangible,
The awareness prior to consciousness,
The actuality prior to all that is imagined,
The substantial prior to all that is insubstantial,
That which is prior to all context, prior to all manifest dreams.

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The Ungrasped Lesson

The big lesson humankind is still hard-pressed to learn, hard-pressed to even begin to grasp,
Is that absolutely everything is connected at every level across the board.
Each and every particle working, playing, dancing together,
Every simultaneous, unrehearsed moment,
To create this grand dream.
That so many take it all for granted,
And deceive themselves and others in so many ways,
That we have become so absurdly disjointed, is folly beyond the pale.

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Individual v. Group

Any given group, any given alliance, evolves and maintains an equilibrium,
Between the needs of the individual, and the needs of the group.
Imbalance either way creates a tension in the dynamic,
Remedied either by the individual's departure,
Or a change in the group's dynamic.

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And So Are You

When Jesus is rumored to have long ago asserted, "I am the Truth, the Life, and the Way,"
What seems to have been unheard, mislaid, or perhaps edited out, was ... "And so are you."

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Of Fates Light to Dark

How many instances have you given heart and mind and spirit,
To one thing or another, only to watch it all go badly?
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is really only a mysterious dream.
Some get a pleasant reverie;
Others a dark nightmare.
Discern the greatest context,
And be content, be at peace, be in grace,
That it was your mystery-given destiny, to play it so.

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Dust to Dust, Vanity Between

From the quietude of boundless slumber, awareness awakens,
And gazing into the pool of memories, stokes the dream into another day.
Dust to dust, a few breaths, a few thoughts, between.
Let the vanity have its way.

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No Hopeful Taste From This Pen

It is a most curious thing how so many writers,
Feel required to leave some hopeful taste in the reader's mouth.
The reality of it is that this garden world's prospects are growing bleaker every day.
There is absolutely no precedent for this manifest mirage as it is unfolding.
Eight billion cancer cells could be nine billion in ten or twenty years,
Assuming it is not well into dystopian collapse long before that.
And, so sorry, there is no way our little two-legged brain,
Is going to keep things rolling forever, no matter,
How ingenious we believe ourselves to be.

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There Is No Knowing

In all the incalculable star systems strewn across whatever infinity entails,
There may be many worlds, many dimensions, packed with life forms of every variety.
And yet, ours may be the only one with consciousness as we perceive it,
And, much to our chagrin, we will very likely never know.

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All the Imaginary Differences

All dogmas discuss, debate, battle, over imagined facets of the same origin.
Different metaphors, different archetypes, different interpretations,
Different sounds, different principles, different speculations.
Different this ... different that ... different whatever.
All struggling over the same eternal source,
The same inexplicable fountainhead,
Over and over and over again.

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Eternity's All-Inclusive Matrix

That You are one with all, is not something to be taken vainly, narcissistically,
But as something to be discerned at the very essence of Your being.
The kingdom is the sovereignty of the indivisible source,
Within all things both manifest and unmanifest.
The eternal matrix is all-inclusive,
Including even You.

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Supreme Beingness

'Supreme Being' is being, in the most,
Omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent way.
It is less about some imaginary, individual deity,
Than it is the austerity of pure, unadulterated awareness.
Agape is the indivisible, unconditional, impersonal indifference.

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Worm's Breath in the Making

Face it, one day, sooner or later,
The body is going to give that bucket a mighty kick.
But until then, get out there, and partake whatever living you can muster,
So that you can realize, without malice or concern,
It is all really no big deal,
Just worm's breath in the making.

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How Bored God Must Be

That which we call god, is the quantum essence which is never born, and can never die.
But if there were a personalized supreme divinity, that so many have imagined,
He, she, it – or whatever – would more than likely be bored to tears,
Having to daily endure the ceaselessly predictable inanities,
Of our two-legged, thumb-wagging, tool-making, monkey-mind kind,
And the ongoing devastation, of what is very likely one of eternity's greatest creations.

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The Surreality of Duality

There is absolutely no rhyme or reason to suspect, much less believe,
There is some sort of supreme being outside your Self,
Or at least one that does not also include You.
How could any of this be happening,
Without Your participation,
To the very core of Your beingness.
Any duality is false, from all beginnings, to all ends.

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The Whimsical Concept

All concepts are merely concepts, no matter how noble or corrupt.
They morph, they dissipate, they are all nothing more,
Than brief, transitory, imaginary whims.

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No Outside Intervention Required

How is it anyone truly believes some sort of alien race was required to create our kind,
Or set us on some sort of long, winding, convoluted, evolutionary journey?
How is it anyone could gaze upon this astonishing garden planet,
And not assume it entirely capable of being the source,
Of all the innumerable life forms it sustains?
It is a curious thing that so many require the belief,
In some outside intervention, to explain the mystery they are.

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Chasing the Moment

By the time you recognize and react to any given memory,
Awareness has already moved on to the next,
And the many nexts beyond that.
And on and on,
An eternal, immortal sprite,
You can never touch, never catch, only be.

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The You in Everything

Do not be at all intimidated by all that has been said, done, and written.
It has all been You from the beginning of all beginnings,
And will be until the end of all endings.
And, of course,
Before and after all that, as well.

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Cosmic Weavings

Who, what, where, when, why, how ... does any universe come into being,
But through the awareness of the observer, the beholder, the witness.
All based on structure, sensory input, capacities and limitations.
Every creature small to great resides in a cosmos of its own weaving.

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The Vanity of Imagination

Ultimately, there is no evil, there is no sin, there is no dark side.
There is only corrupted, twisted, perverted consciousness.
There is only the veiling, the muddying of awareness.
There is only ignorance and delusion and duality.
Evil does not truly exist in any way or shape or form,
But through the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity of imagination.

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A Formless Sea

What is within? A formless sea.
What is without? A formless sea.
The mortal container is but a dream,
Born of the sensory mind.
There is no other.
The formless,
Is source to all.

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A Brief Mortal Reverie

All vanity is absolutely insignificant to that which is prior to time.
The entire quantum universe is but an immeasurable, timeless ocean,
In which all manifest forms appear and disappear in the smelter of what is.
You are simply one witness, playing out a mortal reverie, for but a brief while.

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The Ever-Present Nowness

The senses offer an ever-kaleidoscoping, timeless universe.
Why be overly concerned about where it has been, or where it is headed,
When the ever-present nowness is in itself so extraordinary;
A mystery to be witnessed however any wills.

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Figurative Wordplay

The mountains of the so-called spiritual climb,
Are not really about any particular geography or time.
The metaphors of philosophers should only rarely,
Be taken as more than figurative wordplay.

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The Last Historian

Who will be the last historian,
The last chronicler of the human paradigm?
Who will be the last to discern, to set down all that has passed,
Since the first recording of humanity's dream?

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A Gaia of Paradigms

Paradigms within paradigms within paradigms.
Paradigms of indiscernible proportion, dancing in the froth of consciousness,
Flowing with all the other paradigms about this earthly jacuzzi.
Paradigms within paradigms within paradigms.

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The Great Game

“Let us play a game of irony and paradox,” suggested one quantum.
“With every agony and ecstasy imaginable,” added another.
“And a slathering of absurdity,” suggested a third.
“But why bother?” moaned a fourth.
“Why not?” said yet another.
“Indeed,” agreed all the others.

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A Dearth of Critical Thinking

What a baffling, vexing, amazing, even astonishing thing,
To run into supposedly intelligent people who lack the doubt,
And are harbor to the critical thinking capacity of potato heads,
When it comes to superstition, and so many other absurdities.
How is it we have survived ourselves as long as we have?

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The Indivisibility of Differences

A different day, a different night,
A different container with a different eye,
But ever of the same indivisible essential nature,
No matter the given who, what, where, when, why or how.

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Live and Learn, Die Anyway

The knowledge and insights and skills,
You sponge in the early part of your existence,
Will be finely-honed by its middle,
And forgotten by its end.
Live and learn; die anyway.

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Freedom's Irony

To catch the hungry monkey,
The coconut is baited for desire.
The searching hand goes so easily in,
But will not come out with the fisted delight.
The treat will quickly bring about death,
Unless the frantic creature discerns,
The paradigm of the open hand,
Is freedom's curious irony.

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The Winds of Conscious Design

There is nothing more than this ephemeral now
That can be more than witnessed as a fleeting dream.
Consciousness may play out every distraction imaginable,
But it will never be anything more than the wind of its own design.

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The Path of the Middlemen

Who first came up with the idea that God was a separate deity,
And that it must be feared and worshipped and kowtowed to daily?
Who else but someone craving the usual suspects: power, fame, fortune.
And that, along with a few other trifling details, is human history in a nutshell.

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What Will You Be?

Born into this world.
Told you should be someone.
That you should achieve great things.
That you should crave this or that, or that or this.
But what if you neither believe nor yearn nor trouble for any of it?
What if no “should” calls you, what then, Pilgrim? What will you do? What will you be?

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The Simplicity of Truth

Truth is so obvious.
How can any resist its simplicity?
How can ignorance be so intractable, so confined?
How can it always so closely, with such complete and utter conviction,
Link up with some propagandized, talking-head, forked-tongue, true-believer, doublespeak?

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The Simplicity of Truth

How many worship some imaginary deity, praying for blessings, for forgiveness,
And then spend every other moment possible in one pursuit or another,
Lying, cheating, thieving, even plotting murder and mayhem,
Never discerning their hypocrisy and self-deceit, or just not caring.

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The Wisdom of Insecurity

How much of your life do you worry over this or that?
How many problems do you spin from practically nothing?
How concerned do you get over everything from micro to macro?
To be free in the unruly mind, you must be utterly insecure,
Completely undisturbed, absolutely vulnerable.

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Cleanse Your Mind

You need not participate in any mindset, any groupthink, large or small.
Cleanse your mind, your awareness, of all memes, all inventions, all fictions,
All contrivances fashioned of imagination's perpetual collection of absurd notions.
Stand alone, and be as inwardly free, as the moment before you were conceived.

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Tragic Distractions

All the idolatry in the world,
Will not transport anyone any nearer to God,
Than they each and every single one already every moment are.
All scriptures, all dogmas, all images, all symbols, all intermediaries, all assertions,
Are but empty, meaningless, untoward, even tragic distractions.

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Senseless Absurdity

What a thing to spend an existence,
Locked in dogmas and idolatries;
Bound up in traditions, superstitions;
In fear of some god or gods or demons;
Concerned about heavens or hells or karma.
Why allow imagination to have such free reign?
Why give your Self over to such senseless absurdity?

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Neither New nor Old

All great seers of the ultimate reality,
Are simply incisive knowers of themselves.
Anyone can apprehend it, if they have the insight,
And an unrelenting, unwavering, blade of discernment.
This is yet another conscious articulation of an age-old inquiry.
Indeed, there is nothing either new or old, under this or any other star.

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Liberation

Find a space where you can sit quietly, alone.
Ignore the ever-churning sensory theater.
Allow the thoughts to pass without interference.
Observe completely the beingness throughout the passing.
That simple awareness, that nowness, is the eternal, original nature.
To abide in the essential ever-fleeting moment, the mind still,
Is liberation from the fabrications of false identity.

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The Functioning

Without skin, what could you feel?
Without eyes, what could you see?
Without ears, what could you hear?
Without nose, what could you smell?
Without tongue, what could you taste?
Without all functioning simultaneously,
How could your dreamtime universe be?

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Realization of the Indivisible

If this orb was considered a small lifeboat upon an infinite sea,
The prophets, the mystics, the seers, are those who dive over the side,
Explore the unseen depths, and climb back aboard to share their discoveries,
With those clinging passionately to the vain, illusory safety of their berth.
Many, perhaps most, will very quickly turn away and refuse to listen.
Some will quarrel, scoff, or curse, praising imaginary clay gods.
Some will avidly listen, and then label themselves followers.
Some will timidly test the unknown and find it too cold,
Or, worse yet, misguidedly think they, too, have it.
Some, seeing what needs be done, will dive in,
Perhaps to one day also return awakened,
Emptied by the realization of the indivisible.

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Irony and Paradox Rule

You are the body; you are not the body.
You are the world; you are not the world.
You are the universe; you are not the universe.
You are the dream; you are not the dream.
You are everything; you are nothing.
Change is the way of all things.
Irony and paradox rule.

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Eternal Life

Eternal life is simply living in the awareness of the ever-streaming moment,
Oblivious to the space and time in which the manifest mind abides.
The state of being when the allure of the many attributes,
The countless fabrications of imagined identity,
Lose all meaning, all purpose, all concern,
When the magnitude of the singular present is all.

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Arbitrary Spins

How deep is deep? How shallow, shallow?
How wide is wide? How narrow, narrow?
How infinite is infinite? How finite, finite?
The definitions inspired by any eye, any mind,
Are but endless, arbitrary spins of me, myself, and I.

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Proof Enough

If you are genuinely earnest in your inquiry into Self,
The unadorned fact that you have never seen,
Nor will you ever see, your own face,
Is surely evidence enough.

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A Still Mind

When the mind is still, where is the yearning for continuity?
Where is the notion of duality that harbors passion?
Where is the player, the actor, the identity?
Where is the witness woven of time?
What is there but the awareness of emptiness?
What is there but that birthless-deathless creation of all?
What is there but eternal life, eternal oblivion, eternal redemption?

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Speculation and Hearsay

God as projected by the dogmatic mind is patently, woefully absurd.
That which is eternally omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient,
Cannot be confined in any way, any shape, any form.
The mystery is ever unknown, ever insoluble.
All assertions are but vain speculation and hearsay.

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All of Page 100

Imagine, if from your beginning,
You were among a modest, wise people,
Who clearly imparted that You were the mystery.
That You were the epicenter of your individual universe.
A guardian of this garden, and that the entire universe about You,
Was filled with teachers, each valued for their gift, whatever it might be.
And that You were also one of their teachers, likewise valued, likewise ordained.
Imagine that You were brought up with the certainty, that each and every fellow life form,
From the very smallest to the very largest, are all kin in the highest sense,
And that You are a solitary witness to the eternal song of mystery,
Never to doubt, even once, that You are truly of the One.

* * * *

We are all of the same awareness,
Etched by the diversity of consciousness,
Into untold assumptions of self-absorbed pretense.
It is only at the source that you will discern,
The vast, indivisible commonality.
There truly is no other.
Thou art God.

* * * *

It appears that You are ensnared for yet another day,
In this mortal frame, so profoundly temporal.
Yet You are not a body, You are not a mind.
You are not, have never been, nor will ever be,
Bound by any manifest container, that any creation,
No matter how inexplicable, has ever, or can ever, muster.

* * * *

You are that which is brick and mortar, to all spaces, to all times.
That which is witness to every dimension, to every dream.
That which is awake, even during the deepest sleep.
That which is asleep, in even the most alert vigil.
That which is the tiniest, infinitesimal point.
That which is the most infinite expanse.
That which none can either claim to be,
Nor feign, except in delusion, not to be.
That which is, ever was, and will ever be.
That which is not, never was, and will never be.
The quantum matrix, prior to all imaginings born of mind.
The eternal nature, prior to all attributes formed of consciousness.
Indivisible, unblemished, singular, supreme, sovereign, absolute, without peer.

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Forget It All

Forget what your eyes have seen,
Your ears have heard, your nose has smelled,
Your tongue has tasted, your hands and body have felt.
Forget everything the indivisible weavings of earth, water, air, and fire,
Have ever concocted in this temporary mortal container.
Allow the mind to become utterly still,
Timelessly present, completely anonymous.
You will, in those moments of absolute awareness,
Be what you truly are, have always been, and will ever be.

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The Relativity of Perception

The ever-morphing universe, every moment,
Appears and disappears before the mind-body receptors.
What is existence but a few breaths, an assortment of experiences,
A succession of conversations, a collection of minutiae,
And the vaporous perception of relativity.

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Of Quantum Design

You are not your body, your mind, your relationships, your things.
You are not your likes and dislikes, nor the perceptions of all your memories.
You are not your world, you are not your universe, you are not anything under any sun.
You are naught but the awareness of totality, witnessing a magical mystery tour of quantum design.

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The Planet of the Apes

We are all merely monkeys here, an entire planet covered with monkeys.
Jesus was a monkey, and so were Buddha, Muhammad, Lao Tzu, and Nietzsche.
Your father and mother are monkeys, and your brothers, your sisters, your grandparents,
And your uncles and aunts and cousins and friends and acquaintances and strangers and enemies,
And even you, are all just two-legged tree-swingers, who one day climbed down,
And wandered out into the plains, and across the pale blue dot.

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Sovereign Witness

Your world, your universe, expands in consciousness,
Until you at long last, realize fully, that it never really existed,
As anything more than an indivisible, ephemeral dream,
To which eternal awareness, is sovereign witness.

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The Price

The price of good is evil.
The price of right is wrong.
The price of wealth is poverty.
The price of pleasure is pain.
The price of white is black.
The price of life is death.

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The Abiding Witness

The senses are ripples away from the awareness where You abide.
The eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh, all feeding into the mind;
How can they ever be the one and only You, but through attachment to assumptions?
How can they ever be more than distant devices, to be witnessed however nature-nurture allows?

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Slap Your Self

If your concept of a deity does not incorporate you as more than a sheep,
To be herded to and fro, in some groupthink-follower-collective,
Then perhaps you need to incite some serious doubting,
For a very up-the-ante-worldview-change-up.
Slap your Self, so to speak, very hard.

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The Daily Slog

To turn it off, you can either become very still, very detached,
Or you can, through a variety of means, off the body.
Suicide is the greatest philosophical question.
So, embrace the absurdity of it all,
Moniker yourself Sisyphus,
Abandon all hope,
Get ye shoulder to ye boulder,
And whistle while ye daily slog it up the hill.

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Just Imagination

It is all just imagination's attachment to this or that.
A sensory dream in the matrix of eternity.
You are untainted awareness,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Just putting in your time in whatever way the dream calls.

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Every Mind's Eye

So much of everything within any given cosmos.
Nothing new, nothing old, everything the same, nothing the same.
On and on, the unknowable conundrum churns, ever creating, preserving, destroying.
The timeless in every mind's eye, witness to a kaleidoscoping sensory mirage.
The awareness has awakened in so many dreams, in so many universes,
In so many paroxysms, in so many reflections of consciousness.
To the eternal, in which all small to great equally abide.
You are it, it is You, there is ultimately no other.

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Never Once

The truth of it, is, that not even one atom,
Across an entire cosmos indivisibly full of them,
Can for even one iota of an eternal moment, still itself.
And yet, the awareness within and without its ever-churning all,
Has never once, across all time and space, even stirred.

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A Temporal Window

For what, exactly, are you hoping?
Power? Fame? Fortune? Security? ... Immortality?
You already have so much: sentience, health, food, water, air, space, time.
As austere as it may well sound, things so often taken for granted, are truly the greatest treasure.
After all, you only dream this manifest play for as long as mortal destiny allows.
Try not to squander the temporal window of beingness too lightly.

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Where Is the Gap?

How intelligent does one have to be, to not be stupid?
How beautiful, to not be ugly? How good, to not be bad?
How correct, to not be wrong? How wise, to not be foolish?
Where is the line between any yay, any nay, any this, any that,
But some inflated, arbitrary formulation, of the given mind.

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Pfft

Why should you be a sheep to some shepherd?
Why should you kowtow or pray to what you are?
Why should you fear that which you have ever been?
Pfft on all dogmas devised by minds embedded in time.

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Quantum Breathing

Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe,
Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe,
Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe.
Breathe in the universe ...

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Be a Human ... Being

Reality is ceaseless and carefree, indivisible and inexplicable.
Only imagination ebbs and flows, starts and stops.
In reality, you are the You that You are,
Not the you that you imagine.
The soul of mystery exists, not in time,
But in the timeless nowness of eternal beingness.
To achieve full potential as human being, be a human ... being.

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Only You

What are we but portions of quanta playing out a three-dimensional theater,
Immortal at the essential level, yet mortal in whatever form played.
Birth, death, and the life between, are but an illusory dream.
In the ultimate eternal reality, prior to all creation,
There is no existence, there is no other, there is only You.

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Humility

We are all of the same mystery, the same awareness,
But the character, the personality, the identity,
Wears the cloak of whatever illusory dream,
The given nature-nurture has spawned.
Nothing about which to be inflated, really.

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What Else Would Any Mystery Be?

It is all You,
Terribly, wonderfully, absolutely alone,
A vast stillness without measure, without rhyme or reason, without cause or effect,
Without purpose or meaning, without beginning or end,
What else would any mystery be?

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Born Again

What is it to be born again,
But to be the awareness of a newborn.
As still and silent and attentively timeless as the cosmos,
From whence all phenomena small to great have been immaculately woven.

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The Disharmony of Duality

It is only in human consciousness,
That the disharmony of dualistic notion takes place.
In whatever way you might observe this infinite, indivisible matrix of a dream,
Whether physics or chemistry or biology, everything is connected,
Without any separation, any otherness, whatsoever.

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The Eternal Freedom of Awareness

You were never really born,
You have never existed,
You have no future,
You have no past.
You are the I in I,
The Am in Am,
The That in That.
You are That I Am.
The Truth, the Life, the Way.
Awareness, pure, simple, eternally free.

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What Would It Have Been Like?

What would it have been like to have witnessed this world,
Before the indelible ascendance of humankind,
With all its fences and roads and tracks,
Its countless inventions of every size and variety,
Its boxes of every shape and purpose, strewn across the land.

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Outside Your Mummy's Tummy

Your first lesson that existence was going to be somewhat harsh,
May have been the exit-from-the-womb whack, that inspired your first breath,
A defining wake-up call, into what all that puzzling commotion,
Outside your mummy's tummy, was all about.

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The Dystopian Pit

The worldwide winds, to which all humankind have synergistically contributed,
Are daily growing far too strong for any to find a truly safe harbor.
The imminent is a cavernous, exacting, dystopian pit,
Into which all but the most resilient,
Must inevitably fall.

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Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time, it all seemed as real as real could be,
And then, the one and only reality, awakened your eternal mind.
It is a solitary, less traveled, winding yellow brick road,
Down which many are called, and few inclined.

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More Than Enough

You really do not know anything, and no one else does, either.
There is no need to be afraid; there is no need to worship false idols.
There is no need to make some meaningless, absurd, bad-theater game of it.
Wonder, ponder, speculate all you please, do with your existence whatever you will;
But the source that you and all things are, is an insoluble enigma,
In which merely being here now, fearless and free,
Is, indeed, more than enough.

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The Infinite Ocean

The infinite ocean of totality, is in no way, no shape, no form,
Interested or concerned or involved, with any illusory fabrication of consciousness.
It is solitary witness, within and without, all phenomena small to great,
But untouched by any dream bound to space and time.

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The Quest for Truth

True science is not a religion.
It is a quality of mind, solely intent, on rational,
Dispassionate, impersonal, accurate, lucid, measurable observation,
To whatever conclusion the quest for truth may bring.

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Of Awareness and Consciousness

How can awareness be thought to have either beginning or end,
When its momentary nature, is so ever-present, as to be unequivocally eternal.
Consciousness, however, is an entirely different bag of worms.
For all practical purposes, it is unable to hold still,
And is insatiably able and willing,
To distract itself and over and over,
With every antic it can possibly conceive.

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Earth, Water, Wind, Fire

Earth is earth, wind is wind, water is water, fire is fire.
Once you, without doubt, without equivocation, fully understand this,
And that these forces interact in every way imaginable,
And that you are eternal witness to it all,
What else is there to know?

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Seven Plots

Some who specialize in the study of literature,
Claim it can be distilled down to as few as seven plots:
The yearning for justice, love, order, pleasure, and validation;
The challenge of morality when choices have to be made;
And the fear of the unknown/unknowable and death.
A few basic narratives told over and over and over,
In different times, in different places, in different tongues,
With a likely never-ending array of nuances, for every inclination,
Yet permeating all, the human craving for life's telling, so much the same.

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Fate Is as Fate Does

There your parents were one night or day, messing around, all hot and heavy,
And suddenly, through no fault of your own, no choice of your own,
You were in the oven, baking your way into consciousness.
When exactly does fate begin its wayward trail?

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Madhouse Contenders

Every religion started off as a cult,
Until its followers put down enough spare change,
To construct impressive, daunting, holier-than-thou sanctuaries,
Filled with enough middlemen, to shield the sheeples from their crazed delusion,
And muster the potency to be a contender in the madhouse.

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The Delusion of Time Travel

Regarding time travel,
How can that which does not exist,
Ever be journeyed, except through imagination?
This streaming instant, born of senses and mind, is all there is.
To pretend otherwise, is just one delusion or another.

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The Alimentary Canal

The critical difference,
Between a mouth,
And an asshole,
Is one end has fangs,
Earthworms must crunch,
At a much more moderate pace.

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The True Voice

The true voice is in all small to great.
To discern it, one must merely, with intention,
Observe prior to the passion, the fear, the false identity,
And surrender courageously, to the sovereignty of the timeless now.

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The Source

The greatest view of the history of all manifestation,
Would be the synthesis of every universe born of conscious design.
It would include a seamless wander through the matrix, through every nook and cranny,
To which the mystery of imagination, is witness in every way possible.
All within the infinite, indivisible, timeless stillness,
Of that source prior to all naming,
That source prior, even,
To that which many call God.

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The Immortal Mind

The mortal mind is transfixed
By the ceaseless permutations of limitation.
As for that which is immortal, well, find even one boundary, if you can.
After all, the indivisible is indivisible, much farther,
Than any eye will ever see.

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There is No Other

What is so arduous about realizing the truth,
That the awareness within all, that the witness within all,
Is completely detached, objectively indifferent, benignly disengaged,
To the countless dreamtimes of consciousness, in all its pursuits, in all its passions.
It is the ether, the mysterious spirit of totality; name it if you must.
Duality is but the splintering of imaginary perception.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

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The Nectar of Awareness

What else do you possibly need,
Once simple awareness,
Is nectar enough?

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The Odyssey Within

As doubt seeps through the many cracks of the dike You have in mind erected,
You can run, but You cannot hide; like it or no, You are embarked upon an odyssey within.
You have the potential to be a Buddha, a Christ, a whatever-You-want-to-call-it,
If You can just get past the countless limitations of idolatry and dogma.

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No Greater Truth

What words can more than vaguely describe,
That which is prior to consciousness,
That which is prior to perception,
That which is prior to sound,
That which is prior,
To all illusions,
Inspired by the senses.
Be still, be absolute, be totality.
What greater truth can You possibly be?

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All Equal Players

In the grand scheme of consciousness.
It is really not your awareness,
Nor mine, nor his, nor hers, nor its.
All living forms exhibit this sentience,
In whatever way nature and nurture allow.
None are truly greater, nor lesser, to any other.
All are equal players in totality's quantum play within.

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The Indelible Awareness

Any given seed, any given kernel, any given spore, any given stone, is merely a temporal blueprint,
Through which the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, indelible awareness,
Witnesses all creation, all things from small to great,
Playing out their patterning,
As the matrix of manifest time dictates.

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Over and Done

Still looking for some shiny new knick-knack, some exciting new distraction, are we?
More than a little chaffing to be unknown inwardly for very long.
Must indeed be very over and done with the world,
To give yourself over to your Self.

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An Agnostic Stance

Regarding the question of so many unconfirmed, unsubstantiated mysteries,
Mysteries that may even be asserted by prominent groups or individuals,
(e.g., God, ghosts, unidentified flying objects, abominable snowmen,
Vast conspiracies by unseen organizations, et cetera ad infinitum);
Any assertion that is, as yet, unproven in your own experience,
That you have yet to discern as being in any way authentic;
An agnostic stance is the only aboveboard state of mind.

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What Next?

You have climbed the mountain,
You have flown to the sun and fallen to the earth,
You have wandered the cosmos, you have witnessed all creation,
And you have discerned clearly the eternal absolute within each and every particle.
So, Pilgrim, what next?

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A Fleeting Piece of Jewelry

Mother Nature only allows each of us,
To play out this little reverie for the briefest of whiles,
And then one-by-one melts all down for another generation's ascension.
To think of oneself as more than a fleeting piece of jewelry,
Is to miss discerning the essence you really are,
In this indivisible matrix of a theater.

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The One and Only

Just say no to scriptures, dogmas, idolatry, crystal basilicas, dress codes,
All the absurd belief systems born of the conditioned mind.
You are it, it is You, plain and simple, absolute.
The one and only house of mystery,
Is the awareness within,
Sovereign, indivisible, complete.

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What Will Be Left?

In ten years, one hundred years,
One thousand years, ten thousand years,
One hundred thousand years, one million years,
What etchings will be left of this dream of consciousness?

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Describe Your Face

Without a mirror, a photograph, a drawing, or any other reflection or memory,
Describe your face as the awareness sees it from within, right now.
Eyes, nose, ears, mouth, chin, hair, teeth, skin, eyebrows,
And what of your neck, shoulders and back?
Cannot do it? Well, why is that?

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Just Another Shuffle

How does it feel to fathom,
That you are just another shuffle,
In the random genetic lottery of eternity?
Do you choose your dance, or merely succumb,
To whatever paradigm the given nature has thrown you?
A speculative venture from the get-go.

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The Time Machine Imagination Built

If this thing we call time really existed, would not you be able to halt it?
Or at least wander to and fro, in the manifest here and there?
As it is, imagination is the only time machine,
And all it has going, is the ethereal filament of perception,
Only as good as the wiring, and only for long as the gray matter holds fast.

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Beyond Belief

Unassailably amazing what the mind-body,
Has been programmed through evolution's long meander,
To see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to touch, and perchance to contemplate.
And every other life form from small to great across the theater,
Perceiving its sensory dream in its own unique way.
The vast singularity of it all is immutable,
And ineffable, beyond belief.

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The Same Indelibly Ineffable Intelligence

Despite the miasma of consciousness, and its ceaseless portfolio of divisiveness,
You are ultimately neither superior nor inferior, to anyone or anything.
All creation is as indivisibly equal, as equal can indivisibly be.
The same indelibly ineffable intelligence, resides in all.

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Follow Your Nature

Fight fire with fire, meet peace with peace.
Turn the other cheek if you can,
But it is not required,
That you submit to tyranny,
To know That which you truly are.
Follow your nature, wherever it may lead.

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Awareness, the Timeless Now

Being mindful of the source of consciousness, That which You truly are,
Is not a belief system, nor anything about which to be unbending.
It is simply an experiential awareness of the timeless now,
The observer inherent in all things small to great.

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Dare to Be Free

Go back, back, back,
To the beginning of existence,
To the awareness prior to the universe,
To the newborn's eternal filled-with-wonder mind,
Before the patterning began sculpting itself,
Into the consciousness, You call you.
Dare again, to be completely,
And unutterably free.

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Everything and Nothing

Everything is real, nothing is real.
Everything is good, nothing is good.
Everything is special, nothing is special.
Everything is mystery, nothing is mystery.
Everything is sacred, nothing is sacred.
Everything is god, nothing is god.

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Everything the Same

The same magic,
The same mystery,
The same miracle,
The same wonder,
The same source,
Is in everything.

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The Maze of Delusion

To be concerned what posterity thinks of you is meaningless.
It is absurd enough spending this temporal existence,
Endlessly mired in the muddle of the other,
Without projecting your narcissism,
Into the maze of delusion,
Long after your exit.

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What is There to Fear?

Once you are no longer attached to pleasure or pain,
Once you are detached even from death,
What is there to fear?

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Nothing to Salvage

Regarding some messiah,
Coming back to save anyone,
What, pray tell, is there to salvage,
But a mortal vat full of narcissistic notion,
And a world well afoot into its dystopian calamity.
Far too ludicrous, too insane, too late, to even bother about.

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Physics 101

No superstitious notion has ever, or can ever, even for one moment,
Change, alter, or modify the fundamental laws of physics,
That have been established since time began.
Anyone who pretends otherwise,
Needs to wake up,
And pay closer attention,
To what is going on around them.

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An Infinite Field

Awareness is an infinite field.
It cannot be contained by any dogma,
Any creed, any belief, any faith, any philosophy,
Any ideology, any principle, any law,
Any thought, whatsoever.

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One Thing or Another

If it is not one thing, it will surely be another.
So, you may as well face whatever is coming, the best you can,
With whatever resources and gumption, you are in the moment able to command.

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False Gold and Delusion

Unless you put aside everything you have been told,
And examine the mystery for your Self,
You will likely just become,
Another meme,
Smugly complacent,
With false gold and delusion.

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Neither Mine nor Yours

It is not your awareness, my awareness,
Nor any other's awareness.
It is simply awareness,
And all are equally sentient.

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The Molding of Mind

The seers, the mystics, the prophets, the philosophers,
Have always dealt out their many thoughts,
Strategically, tactically,
Shifting, shaping consciousness,
Attempting to mold it more manageable,
Within the milieu of the given time, the given space,
The given collective, the given mythology, the given potential.

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Rises and Falls

It is the nature of all civilizations to rise and fall.
To transform from lean, agile, fruitful, to obese, inept, barren.
From a foundation of gumption to one of absurdity,
From one motivated, to one entitled.

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The Boundless Immeasurable

Dimensions are merely different arrangements;
Gradations in the mystery's dream.
Ho-hum, yawn, stretch.
How many layers before You discern,
That totality which is immeasurable, utterly boundless?

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An Indescribable Immensity

There is an indescribable, eternal immensity,
In the innermost sanctum, to which you alone have access,
To which words cannot help but be caught, by the limitations of translation,
By the capacity for discernment, of any given listener's ear.

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The Challenge

The challenge is to discern the passing dream of consciousness,
The here and now, as it is; fresh, without preconception.
To detach the filter of the mind caught in time,
To see reality, not how you think it is,
But clearly, from the stillness of attentiveness,
Without concept, feeling, motive, stereotype, prejudice.
To fathom the mystery of Youness from oblivion's point of view.

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Will Ever Be

Where were You before sperm and egg
Randomly merged within your mother's womb?
Who is your mother, who is your father,
Who were all your ancestors
Since life's beginning,
But the same You that truly is,
That has always been, and will ever be.

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The Facades of Dust

The oceans, sometimes deeper than mountains are high,
Are merely a thin ever-moving facade upon a spinning orb of dust,
Which is but a teeny particle in the vast infinity of a universe,
Which is truly nothing more than a speck in your eye.

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Same Old Story

Only faces, names, places and details change.
All the stories conceived throughout the human epoch
Are essentially the same narratives, repeated over and over,
In every culture across the world, across all time.

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The Monkey-Mind Spectrum

No one can aid anyone else, being truly happy or content.
Each is entirely on their own in discerning that which is eternal,
And it is more than a little unlikely, that anyone can ever truly manage,
The given monkey-mind, unperturbed, every single moment.

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A Blink of Eternity

In a mere blink of eternity, a life,
A figment of imagination, of vain notion,
A flurry of smoke in a gusty wind,
All the pleasure, all the pain,
All the understanding,
All the experience,
Perhaps even wisdom,
So quickly come and gone.

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Ungraspable, Undefinable, Unsolvable, Unknown

There is an awareness, but it cannot be grasped.
There is an absolute, but it cannot be defined.
There is a mystery, but it cannot be solved.
There is a truth, but it cannot be known.

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The Eternal Mirage

A conceited little theater,
On a tiny spinning sphere,
In a mere speck of a universe,
Floating in the bottommost corner,
Of an eternal eye, that is but a mirage.

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Feigning Reality

The quantum essence has no divisions,
No partitions, no boundaries, no borders, no restrictions, no limits.
It is indivisible, inseparable, undividable, blended, united, conjoined, indissoluble, inextricable.
There is no time, there is no space, there is only imagination feigning itself real.

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From Dust to Dust

... dust ... creation, preservation, destruction ... dust ...

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Learning for Learning's Sake

What good fortune it is to enjoy learning for learning's sake,
Without having to endure the bother of regurgitation or testing.

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Where You Are

And if there were no other to engage You, no other to distract You, confound You,
Where would You, could You be, but where You are, have always been, will ever be.

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No Matter the Eye or Ear

Mystic, seer, hierophant, minister, priest, sanyasi, sage, prophet, priest, vicar,
Spiritualist, wizard, monk, soothsayer, clairvoyant, prescient, fortuneteller, forecaster, oracle,
Sorcerer, diviner, sibyl, augur, prognosticator, crystal-gazer, medium, herald, psychic,
Telepathist, mind reader, cleric, preacher, rector, parson, reverend, holy man.
All descriptions of those inquiring into that which is genuine and true;
That mystery which is the ever same, no matter the eye or ear.

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The Same Ineffable Origin

Human beings are in reality, very much the same as every other life form on this planet.
We may be able to create and preserve and destroy in every imaginable way,
But all sentience is of the same mysterious, ineffable origin.
Absolutely, indivisibly, immeasurably equal,
Despite countless pride-filled,
Self-absorbed claims to the contrary.

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No Saving Anyone

One might aid in easing another's existence,
But in this mortal theater of toil and woe and agony,
Laced with ceaseless narcissism and never-ending absurdity,
No one has ever, or will ever, save anyone else, much less themselves.

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No Escape

In the times that are quickly advancing from the horizon toward us all,
Things across the globe will deteriorate and renew in every imaginable way,
From chaos to cooperation, from absurdity to sensibility, from agony to ecstasy,
As this world, fragmented by human pride, downshifts into a paradigm of a lesser way.
No one born into it can evade it, no one born into it, can do anything but abide it.

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Some Call It Evolution

Being around religious true believers of any rhyme or reason,
Is like listening to children go on and on and on about Santa Claus,
And all the presents and treats they will be getting on Christmas morning.
What an absurd species we have managed to become.
And some call it, evolution.

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Figurative v. Literal

In the regards to the spiritual quest,
All words, all narratives, are merely analogies,
Metaphors, concepts, symbols, ciphers, allegories, parables.
They are meant to be taken figuratively, not literally.

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You Can Run, But You Cannot Hide

You can attempt to run in any and every direction imaginable,
But no matter the way, the shape, the form, in which you are cloaked,
You can never ever, even for one single moment, hide from the witness within.

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Sometimes

Sometimes you live and let live.
Sometimes you live and let die.
Sometimes you die and let live.
Sometimes you die and let die.

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Self-Love

True Self-love is not narcissistic in the mortal sense.
It is the immersion into the incorruptible within,
And that is the ultimate goal of existence,
For those for whom consciousness,
And dreams of time and space,
No longer entice or delude.

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Your Inherent Nature

Perfection is your inherent nature.
Duality, the original flaw.
Your perfection was misplaced,
When the time born of consciousness,
Took root in the tabula rasa of your innocence.

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Ever a Challenge

It is much easier to leave behind a long string of bodies,
Than it is to forgive those who take advantage, or seek to hurt us.
To forgive and forget, to do no harm, to be and allow, is ever a challenge.

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The Truth, the Life, the Way

There is the imaginary existence of consciousness: worldly, temporal, secular, profane, mundane.
Naught but a brief illusion, a brief collusion, a brief delusion of time and space.
But the real and only You, the real existence, the real eternal life,
Is the indelibly, indivisibly, absolute awareness.
You are the truth, the life, the way.
There is no other.

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Same Gold

There is only one source, one creation,
And you are but one of its countless manifestations,
Absolutely the same essence, the same gold,
But entirely matchless all the while.

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Pawns of the Quantum Twinkle

We are all but pawns of the genetic lottery,
And the winds of consciousness into which we are cast.
Call it what you will: fate, destiny, kismet, fortune, providence, karma:
In the grand matrix of it all, you are but a quantum twinkle.

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Malthus: Not Wrong, Just Delayed

“The power of population is indefinitely greater,
Than the power in the earth to produce subsistence for man.”
Robert Thomas Malthus was only off by a few centuries.
Technology cannot forever save us from our inanity.

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Adapting to Change

A re-alignment of the human paradigm is unavoidable.
The only important questions are where you, your progeny,
Your friends, and your community, will be,
When the inevitable comes about.
As Charles Darwin wrote:
It is not the strongest
of the species that survives,
nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change.

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All in a Dream

Who, what, where, when, why, how, am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, are you?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, is anyone?
Same source, same awareness, all dreams.
All dreaming themselves autonomous.
All dreaming themselves distinct.
All dreaming themselves real.

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The Void Is the Void Is the Void

The void is the void is the void, and, try as hard as you might,
The grand emptiness can never even for a moment be filled.

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So Amazingly Simple

You are that which is god, I am that which is god.
Just playing out different perspectives.
It is that amazingly simple.

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A Day in the Life

The embodiment of nonchalance
Is standing in a crowded line of urinals,
A dose of magic and a few shots of gin and tonic,
Morphing happily through your veins,
An iPod with Chopin playing,
The tile wall in your eyes dancing,
All as if it was just another day in the life.

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Dark Age Coming

A dark age is on the horizon.
As dark as anything humankind has ever seen.
And, despite the good intentions of many, there is, alas, no stopping it.

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Statistical Certitude

Humankind cannot grow, grow, grow,
Without there some harsh day being a huge collapse,
Of our own making, of our own synergistic dearth of accountability.
Follow any given Pied Piper, to whatever cliff you will;
There will at some point in time come a fall.
Whatever goes up will come down.
It is a statistical certitude,
Of the highest order.

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The Indivisible Way

Every context is unique.
Every situation constantly changes.
No one's rendering of the universe is ever the same,
Yet prior to the myriad imaginary concoctions,
Every version is very much the same,
In the most indivisible Way.

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The Ninth Day

And the eighth day passed.
The garden had been thoroughly trashed.
Humankind – lost, dazed, confused – blind to its fate,
Wandered about the dystopian wasteland of its bittersweet handiwork.
Into the dawn of the ninth day, the day of the inevitable reckoning, what would transpire?
Complete and utter chaos and destruction? Oblivion of consciousness?
Or the reformation of the monkey-mind paradigm?
Would that there were a time machine,
To witness the play's inevitable conclusion.

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So Many Ways

Every sage across the world, across time,
Integrates the language, the geographic assumptions,
The frame of reference, from which s/he hails.
So many ways to say the same thing.

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The Sands of Imagination

Every destiny happens of its own mysterious accord.
All are written in the sands of imagination.
Some stay a while, maybe longer.
Some slip into oblivion,
Never to be seen,
Or heard from again.
C'est la vie and so it goes.

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A Book Without Conclusion

You cannot stop fate; it is already written.
You just need to reach the last page,
In a book without conclusion.

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And So Are You

If the Jesus so many idolize did not say,
“I am the truth, the life, and the way ... and so are you,”
Then he was just another self-absorbed fraud,
Another charismatic cult leader,
Whom true believers,
Always place on pedestals,
And without question, blindly follow.

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Go Tell It to the Ocean

Go lecture, harangue, curse, or worship the ocean,
And see if it cares about anything you think or do.

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Piles and Piles

Well, at least we will leave piles and piles,
Of photographs and videos of the blue marble,
And all our fellow earthlings small to great,
For the progeny to see what they missed.

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Ever Inexplicable

No matter how deeply you delve,
It ever remains an inexplicable mystery.
All conclusions are no more than idle speculation.
It is meaningless to do more than give the passing moment,
Your complete, unvarnished, constant attention.

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Forget the Imaginary

Forget the world, forget the universe,
Forget everything you imagine you really are,
Everything you are not, have never been, will never be.

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Where Art Thou?

Pray tell, where is this supreme being outside the Self?
This great creator, this absentee landlord,
This driver asleep at the wheel,
That so many are so convinced exists.
Where art thou, oh noble lord of heaven and earth?
Do you exist anywhere, but in so many vain plays of imagination?

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Study for Your Self

Study for your Self the original writings, the genuine insights,
Not the religions (a.k.a., cults), and all the dogmas they have inspired.
Within them will perhaps be discerned the clarity, you at the core within seek.

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Curious

Curious that anyone could ever even for the briefest of moments,
Believe they were somehow distinct from that which created them.

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Only One Truth

There is really only one truth,
And it is the core of all that is, and all that is not.
No one possesses any greater truth, and it is for each to alone discover.

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Ignorance is the Cancer

Whatever is left of this passion play,
Is really just the scratchy record of history,
Repeating the same predictable song over and over.
Many would happily re-shape the garden into a kinder place,
But, alas, the biological imperative will out.
Ignorance is the cancer.

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The Speculations of Vanity

Call it religion, call it spirituality, call it mysticism, call it philosophy,
Or call it whatever else the incessantly restless mind concocts,
All conclusions are ever but the speculations of vanity.

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Gauging the Intent

Into every account, every chronicle, every memoir, every history,
The motive, the agenda, the intention, of the writer,
Should be very carefully gauged.

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The Groundlessness of Dogma

All dogma is artificial and arbitrary.
Attempts to mold into reality,
That which is prior,
To all manifest dreams,
Is a sojourn filled with every variety,
Of groundless, pride-filled absurdity and delusion.

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Something More Attuned

Is it not all more than a little passé at this point?
Do we have to continue regurgitating the same absurdity?
Are we not ready to evolve into something more attuned to reality?

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Doubt v. Belief

Endlessly fascinating how some cannot help but doubt,
While others are, even to the point of savagery, entirely incapable of it:
“What!? Make me think!? Make me question!? How dare you!! Infidel!! I will kill you!!”

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Beyond-All-Pales Amazing

Every part and particle throughout the entire cosmos, ineffably synchronized,
Spontaneous, impromptu, unplanned, unarranged, unpremeditated, unprepared, unrehearsed,
Extemporaneous, improvised, makeshift, spur-of-the-moment, off-the-cuff,
Ad-libbed, ad hoc, played by ear, on the fly, on cue.

What an amazing beyond-all-pales thing,
This quantum singularity.
And You are it, and it is You, there is no other.

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The Sovereignty of All

We are all sovereign players in each other's dreams.
Whether key roles, or merely shadows in a crowd,
It is the same for all, whatever the stage or play.

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The Dread of Anticipation

Dread is the worry of time,
Of what may yet come,
Of what may yet be endured,
All born of the ramblings of imagination.
Anticipation only creates unnecessary pain in advance,
Over things that may never even happen.
Best just to jump in a cold stream,
Without thinking about it.

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An Unknowable Abyss

The sciences can only peer into the hypothetical-theoretical for so long,
Before it all becomes, for-all-practical-purposes, an unknowable abyss,
Which is the word-filled domain of philosophers and mystics and fools.

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The Transience of Knowledge

The nature of knowledge is that it must ever be re-kindled anew,
Or be quickly lost in the ephemerality of Eden's inexplicable enterprise.
Minds fade, clay tablets break, books dissolve, and the digital world,
Is but a flick of a switch away from the black hole of oblivion.

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The Courage to Wander Alone

So many ways this vain dream can be played out.
No need to follow, no need to imitate, no need to duplicate,
For those who have the courage to wander alone.

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Even Shit is Sacred

We are all kin of the same quantum creation.
We are all born of the same oblivion.
We are all pure awareness.
Even shit is sacred.
Without its golden reality,
Neither flowers nor you would be.

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Synergy

The behavior of any individual,
The synergy of any group,
Can cultivate both boon and bane,
Advantage and detriment, fortune and blight,
Benefit and bother, blessing and horror.
For every action, consequence,
For every cause, effect.

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The Differences Between Star Dust

What are any of us but a few handfuls of star dust,
Temporarily organized to partake a relatively few breaths,
Until the quantum abyss of oblivion resumes its formless nature.
The only difference between existence and non-existence,
Is in the whimsical narration of the sensory mind.

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Players All

The same awareness, the same consciousness, permeates every imaginable difference:
Different bodies, different languages, different times, different spaces,
In order to play out a very-much-the-same mystery.
All the universe is a stage,
And all life forms, merely players.

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Right Now, Wherever

Eternal life is right now, wherever You are.
The only real question is, do You exist as a mere mortal,
Or as an eye of eternity, a timeless witness,
To the unfolding mystery.

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The Point of Philosophy

Why would anyone ever participate in any religion,
That advocates disharmony and conflict?
What sort of philosophy is it,
That does not bring deep, lasting peace,
Contentment, serenity, grace, perchance even joy?

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The Right to Departure

Since that which You truly are, was never born and never dies,
Technically, no one can really kill themselves.
So, suicide is really just about,
Being done with all the pain and suffering,
With all the pretense, with all the games, with all the bothers.
Not everyone wants to be here anymore, and why should that bother anyone else?

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Returning to the Natural State

The infant begins with no knowledge,
Of what it is seeing, hearing, touching, tasting, or smelling.
Over time, the collusion into which it has been cast, will sculpt it to its own ends.
Few will likely ever doubt with enough abide-alone courage,
To decline and return to the natural state.

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Only as Real as Imagination Pretends

How can You expect another to see the real You,
When You, your Self, have never, can never see it, either?
It is naught but reflections, smoke and mirrors,
Only as real as imagination pretends.

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The Sea of Grace

You are immersed within the sea of grace,
But are too blind to quench your thirst.

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You are That I Am

None of this is really happening.
You are not a body,
Nor a world,
Nor a universe.
You are That I Am,
Prior to all boundaries,
Concocted by consciousness.

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Ever the Same Nothingness

It is ever the same nothingness,
The same mystery, the same unknown,
The same quantum-hologram-matrix-ether,
Into which the given sensors extend their probes,
And generate universes of every variety and dimension.

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The Witness of All

You can see, hear, taste, smell, and touch,
Everything having to do with the play of consciousness,
But it is awareness – unknowable, indiscernible, indivisible, enigmatic,
Mysterious, impenetrable, inexplicable, inscrutable, incomprehensible, indecipherable –
That is the source, the fountain, the ground, the essence, the witness, of all.

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An Idol Ponder

Let us idly speculate for a few moments, that God really is a he,
And that he looks something like the Michelangelo Sistine Chapel rendition.
And that Jesus really is the fundamentalist, M-16 toting, bad hair, very vengeful Son of God.
And like Santa Claus, God is keeping a naughty list, and you are near the top of it,
No more than two or three demerits away from eternal damnation.
Who really cares? No, seriously, who cares, really?
Why would anyone even for a moment,
Think of worshipping such a preposterous creator,
Or of idolizing a son, whose testament to the world was so absurd.

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Normal

Who decides what is normal, anyway?
And is what is normal here, normal over there?
And is what is normal now, what was normal back then,
Or what will be normal in some future when?
More than a little arbitrary, indeed.

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From Their Graves

It is a regrettably curious thing, the destructive grip that ignorance has upon the world.
Modern sciences obviously tender more accurate, verifiable observations and measurements,
Than the ancients across the planet ever could, in their geocentric, ethnocentric domains.
And yet they, from their graves, rule current times as absurdly as they did their own.

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On Debating True Believers

Ignorance, being its own distorted, corrupt end;
There is really very little point in debating with any true believer.
If someone is seething dogma about anything fashioned of this manifest dreamtime,
Then it is no doubt much less bothersome to put them behind you,
And just walkabout some other direction.

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How Could It Be Anything Less?

It is all just theater.
The actor within each of us,
The same witness, playing every form,
In a boundless matrix, beyond all comprehension.
How could it be anything less?

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Smart Phones v. Belly Buttons

Probably almost everyone has many, many other,
Much, much more, important things to do,
Than mull over their inner mystery.
Who can disagree, that it is much more intriguing,
To stare deeply into the screen of a state-of-the-art smart phone,
Than it is the infinite void of an exceedingly lackluster, lint-infested belly button?

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Blue Marble Voyeurs

Others make it possible to explore, to sightsee mindsets,
Outside your limitations, beyond your boundaries.
From the security of your couch, so to speak.
We are all really just voyeurs, onlookers,
Rubber-necking every which way.
Some consciously, some not.

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The Limitations of Imagination

A question for the sciences: How small is small? How big is big?
What exactly is ever being measured but the limitations of imagination?

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The Way is Simple

The way is simple.
No priesthood, no followers, no doctrine,
No edifices, no dress codes, no symbols, no tithing, no groupthink,
No oppression, no burden, no bondage, no encumbrance, no annoyance, no yoke whatsoever.

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Hotel California

Everyone is a fabrication here.
Hotel California of the quantum blend:
“We are all just prisoners here, of our own device.
‘Relax,’ said the night man, ‘We are programmed to receive.
You can check-out any time you like,
But you can never leave.’”

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A Dream With No History

No bird has ever written down even one chirp.
Nor a dog a bark, nor a cat a meow, nor a badger a growl.
This dreamtime would be without even one history,
Had humankind not imagined otherwise.

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The Goldilocks Syndrome

Too hot, too cold, too this, too that,
So many minds wallowing in discontent.

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Gumption

Gumption: shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.
Initiative, resourcefulness, enterprise, ingenuity, imagination, astuteness,
Shrewdness, acumen, sense, common sense, wit, mother wit, practicality, spirit, pluck,
Backbone, mettle, nerve, courage, wherewithal, get-up-and-go, spunk,
Oomph, moxie, savvy, horse sense, street smarts.
Concepts to bear in mind and heart in the coming storm.

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More Discipline, Not Less

As far as maintaining health of mind and body go,
It is wiser to get more disciplined as you get older, not less.
Ultimately, you cannot hold onto anything in this manifest playhouse,
But it will not hurt to take care of what you have been given,
During the relatively brief interval you have it.

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Impetuous Fire

What impetuous fire there is in youth.
The exuberance, the innocence, the arrogance, the folly.
Curious how life's passing gradually tempers, even dampens, the many passions,
As the uncarved block, the a priori, is gradually whittled into destiny.

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Stay Free

Just more inane dogma in a world,
Already seething with endless monkey-mind blather.
So many telling others what they should believe, how they should exist.
Just walk away from it; put behind you all those who would limit,
Your every thought, your every step, your every breath.
Live bold; be the freedom you were born to be.

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Don't Know, Don't Care

What happens after death? ... Don't know ... Don't care.
Didn't ask to be here, ain't prayin' to be stayin'.
Seen and done enough to be ready,
For some eternal rest in the land of oblivion.

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Stand Aloof

Political correctness has always been played out,
By those many who fear standing alone.
Many sheep have only two legs.
Muster the courage;
Stand aloof from the herd.

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The Benevolent God

If there was anything benevolent about God,
Why would it have ever created the human species,
To trample, manipulate, torment, and destroy this garden,
And all its myriad creatures, from small to great?

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True Believers

If someone over age five declared that they believed in Santa Claus,
The Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, Harvey the Pooka, vampires, or any other imaginary friends,
The true believers of any given creed would laugh, and think him but an idiot and fool.
Well, mirror that vain notion for a moment, and know what a fair number,
Think of any and all dogmatic, holier-than-thou assertions.

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Put No Gods Before Me

When Jesus said, put no gods before me,
He, hopefully, was not referring to Jesus.

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No Going Back

The world will be scarred,
With the ruins born of mind,
For a long, long time to come.
There is no going back.

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Keeping the Flame

The doubt of your doubt by others,
Can be an undermining, infecting snare.
The quest for certainty is a solitary pursuit.
You may spark others, but must ever be vigilant,
Lest the flame be inadvertently damped by ignorance.

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Carrying On

If the strategies and tactics,
You have established to survive, are failing,
Do you have the intelligence, the gumption, the grit in the belly,
To adapt to new ones, to shape new ones, in order to carry on, in order to survive the day?

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All of Page 270

What difference could it possibly make,
What others might think of You, or anything else,
When it is really all You anyway, utterly, indivisibly alone.
When it is all nothing more than imaginary notion stirred by the senses.
Pure, unadulterated, insatiable fabrication from the get-go.

* * * *

To be imbued with certainty, to be without even a smidgeon of doubt,
How is that even vaguely, remotely, figuratively, tenuously possible?

* * * *

Gaia, such a wondrous, magical gift, a garden extraordinaire.
Yet, given everything, the monkey-minds still wanted more.

* * * *

To really not care about anything, even existence itself,
How far, how deep, how alone, will you dare journey?

* * * *

It is by the light of awareness within, that all is seen.

* * * *

What is the universe but the same quantum dust,
Spinning ceaseless patterns of every magnitude.

* * * *

Nothing is long once you have seen the short of it.
Nothing is short once you have seen the long of it.

* * * *

The road to contentment is an arduous, rocky journey,
Long and winding, full of every imaginable distraction.

* * * *

The ever-present, timeless nowness of this garden cosmos,
Is ever right here, right now, ready to take you back into its fold,
Back into the ceaseless kaleidoscoping of its ever-dreamy matrix reality.

* * * *

The mind is a forest of words, in which most wander bewildered.
To see the forest though the trees, the mountain upon which the forest stands,
The sky beneath which the forest rests, and the upwelling within all,
Is a daily challenge to which few rise, much less achieve.

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All of Page 271

Adrift in formlessness, wandering a dream you mistakenly call your own.

* * * *

So many assert heart superior to mind, but how could heart be discerned without it?

* * * *

Ever-changing dream that it is, best never to take anything for granted.

* * * *

We are all the longing of quantum stardust feigning existence.

* * * *

Nobody is just a student; nobody is just a teacher.

* * * *

Any idea is only as strong as its intention.

* * * *

Freedom is yours for the beingness.

* * * *

A-dreamin' in the streamin'.

* * * *

Who can free you, but you?

* * * *

What flame can any moth resist?

* * * *

The monkey-mind; a never-ending jungle.

* * * *

All dogma is the spew of one middleman or another.

* * * *

What seam can there be in that which is indivisibly formless?

* * * *

From nothingness to nothingness, and the pretense of somethingness between.

* * * *

And how they do quibble over the seed of yet another dogma.

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Same Mystery

Different jewelry, same gold.
Different stars, same universe.
Different waves, same ocean.
Different eyes, same mystery.

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The Dualities Born of Light

You are the original source, the light that creates,
All form and shadow, all meaning and purpose,
All duality, in every imaginary way possible.

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Differences That Never Mattered

Existence is a mystery.
It is not a Christian mystery,
A Buddhist mystery, a Hindu mystery,
An Islamic mystery, or anyone else's mystery.
It is equally the same mystery for all.
Any given belief system,
Is merely vanity,
Promoting differences,
That have never once mattered.

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The Time of Consequences

Yet another perceptive observation,
Another witty thought, another clever story,
And not much more to show for it but a fallen garden,
Covered with cement, asphalt, garbage, technology, and conflict.
It is far, far too obvious, there will be no halting our kind,
Until we slam into the mountain of consequence,
Towards which we every moment race.

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A One-Time Design

Nobody has ever seen what you have seen.
Ever thought what You have thought.
Ever done what You have done.
You are a one-time design.
The once-and-only You,
In the once-upon-a-time of it.

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The Existential Moment

Eternal life is merely playing out the existential moment.
The very same moment in which every other creature on the planet,
Is instinctually, seamlessly, effortlessly, simultaneously, selflessly functioning.

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The Ultimate Potential

The ultimate potential of any given mind,
Is not merely to wander and abide the manifest dream,
But to discover the portal, to that which is called god, by many names.
That which each must ultimately explore, completely alone.

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The Timeless Mystery

From the ether of nothing, burst quantum, which formed itself into many earth-wind-water-fire elements,
That created a vast universe, sprinkled with countless stars, around which many worlds twirled,
Upon which, on at least one whirling marble, volcanoes spewed and oceans roared,
And life upwelled into existence, and mutated into biological streams,
One of which gradually, irrevocably, evolved into you,
Mortal witness to the timeless mystery,
To which there are but questions without answer.

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You Are It, It Is You

You are yet another flowering of nature.
How can you even for a moment consider yourself separate,
Or in any way lesser or greater than anything else?
You are it, it is you, there is no other.

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Ignoring the Siren's Song

Through the other, you gradually discern your Self,
Until you perhaps fully drink of the grand elixir of singularity.
Absolutely alone within the peace of the inner sanctum,
Irrespective of whatever songs the sirens sing,
To entice you to crash into the rocks,
Of the ever-tumultuous mind.

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All and None

Ascend the mountain, you are the mountain.
Wander in the valley, you are the valley.
Walk in the forest, you are the forest.
Swim in the sea, you are the sea.
Stroll upon the plain, you are the plain.
You are your world, you are your universe,
And yet through it all, you are none of it, as well.

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Snowflakes of Our Own Device

Why would you ever even contemplate,
Much less expect, any other to be like you?
To see or do anything, exactly the way you do?
We are all just snowflakes here, of our own device,
Forever alone in our individual shard of the singularity.

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Living, Breathing, Being

Why does there always need to be a point? A meaning? A purpose? A value?
What is so wrong with just living, just breathing, just being in the beingness?

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The Lack of Imagination

Some things you do for years; some things for months.
Some for days, some for hours, some for minutes, some for moments.
And some, you just scarcely even need to imagine,
And that is more than enough.
Illusion is for those who lack imagination.

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Where is the Line?

What is close? What is far? What is here? What is there?
Where is the dividing line between you and anything?

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A Solitary Dream

How can it be anything more than streaming sensation?
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the skin,
Are nothing more than nerve endings, channeling into the brain,
Which every moment imagines a conditioned translation of what is called a universe.
A solitary dream of consciousness, awareness playing its Self real,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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Eternal Presence

The entire religious-spiritual game is just that, a game,
Artificial diversions fabricated by others,
For monkey-minded purpose.
There is only You,
And no other is necessary,
To fully apprehend, to fully appreciate,
The ineffable mystery of every moment's eternal presence.

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Childhood's End

When you are a child,
You speak and think and reason as a child.
But when you grow up, you put away all those childish notions.
What does that mean, really?

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The Great Disconnect

The great disconnect between humankind, and that called god by many names,
Is entirely fashioned of consciousness and the inherent limitations,
Of all concepts lodged in the dualistic temporal vision.
Only those who transcend the false belief,
That they are the mind and body,
Realize what they truly are,
Have ever been, and will ever be.

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You, The Source of All Creation

You are That I Am.
You have ever been That I Am.
You will ever be That I Am.
Utter it however you will,
You can never not be,
The source of all creation.

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Who Created Who?

Was it God that created man in his own image,
Or man that created god in his?
 Seriously folks,
Is it not more than obvious?

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Teaching the Unknowable

You cannot teach what you do not know,
And you cannot teach something well, until you know it very, very well.
And you cannot teach that which can never be known,
 Until you have very, very clearly discerned,
 That you are the unknown.

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A Smidgeon of Crust

Probably 99.99 percent of all life on this garden world,
 Exists between the heights of Mount Everest,
 And the depths of the Mariana Trench.
That is only just a smidgen over twelve miles,
Which is where to where, in your dream of a world?

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The One Teacher

How can there be just one teacher,
 When your universe has been laying the foundation,
 With every sort of instruction, since long before you were conceived.
Awakening is a timeless process, not any particular mask, not any particular point in time.

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Center Stage

We must all play to the given audience on the given stage.
And no matter how many stages You may,
In any given life wander,
In your own dream,
You are ever lead character,
Immortal protagonist in the grand theater.

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Predator & Prey

Megalomaniacs, narcissists, sociopaths, psychopaths and other predators,
Have always manipulated the course of the human drama,
Because in the natural order of things,
Prey rarely do well,
At more than hiding or dodging or running.
Evasion and subjugation are the hallmarks of so-called civilization.

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The Maze of Existence

You cannot open a door that will not open,
No matter your deepest yearning that it would be so.
Nor can You help but wander through one that seamlessly yawns.
Fate is as fate does; ever drawing You forward to its unknowable conclusion.

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Eternity's Poker Game

You believe you have the power to make things happen.
Well, Pilgrim, only if it is in the cards You were shuffled,
Only if it is the part assigned long before You were born.

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Onc Voice

Some of your finest friends have been dust,
For hundreds, even thousands of years.
But they bequeathed many thoughts,
Which ever speak the same truth,
The same voice, in many guises.

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Serenity

From fear, fearlessness.
From desire, desirelessness.
From passion, passionlessness.
From conflict and struggle, serenity.

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Sodom and Gomorrah

Sodom and Gomorrah arise anew in every epoch, in every geography.
It is the outcome of the monkey-mind's hedonistic nature.
Few move beyond the biological imperative,
And those who do not discern,
Succumb to one consequence or another.

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The Nature of Existence

What is existence but a relatively few breaths,
A relatively few pleasures, a relatively few pains,
A relatively few successes, a relatively few failures.
A relatively few comrades, a relatively few adversaries,
A relatively few anything of everything,
And everything of anything.

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The Idolatry of Middlemen

Idolatry, laced with dogma, has never,
Nor will ever, have anything to do with truth.
Put any middleman who claims otherwise behind you.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 310

From Knowledge, Eternal Life

What is the point of all this knowledge,
If it does not transmute from trivia into intelligence,
From intelligence into wisdom, and from wisdom into eternal life.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 310

Waiting for the Mother Ship

Still waiting for the Mother Ship,
To pick you up and return you home, are we?
Well, alas, bad news, amigo, it was long ago sucked into a black hole,
And you – tinker, tailor, soldier, spy – are marooned,
Amid this inexplicable alien species,
For the rest of time.
Best not to scream too loud.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 310

The Pool of Serenity

Suspend craving, disregard fear, ignore dread,
And what remains but the essential You?
Unwind your weary mind and body,
Dive into the pool of serenity,
That is the source of all.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 311

The Faceless Unknown

The unknown is faceless.
Put away all the photographs.
Forget the reflection in the mirror.
Shelve all the knowledge of this and that.
You are the immeasurable; You are the mystery.
As pure, as simple, as free, as you allow your Self to be.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 311

The Malthusian Reality

The first billion population mark was breached by humankind in 1804-ish.
The second in 1927-ish, the third in 1960-ish, the fourth in 1974-ish, the fifth in 1987-ish,
The sixth in 1999-ish, the seventh in 2011-ish, the eight projected in 2023-ish,
The ninth for 2040-ish, and the tenth and beyond whenever-ish.
Seven billion in a little over two hundred years.
To what beyond the pale will Gaia allow us to take it,
Before the Malthusian reality finally kicks us down the line?

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The Courage to Stand Free

The malarkey of fear and superstition and ignorance,
Would have you bow and scrape and pay homage for all eternity.
But in truth, there is nothing to which you are in any way required to submit,
If you have the courage to stand free of all claims, utterly alone,
In the elemental winds of your quantum dream.

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As Sky Is to Clouds

You are not the body, nor the mind; You are not the left hand, nor the right.
You are not the eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, nor the layers of nerve-ridden flesh.
You are not the heart or any other organ, nor are You the tip of the biggest toe.
You are naught but awareness, as ethereal as the sky is to clouds.

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Who Are the Blasphemers?

What courage it takes to stand alone, and be that which You truly are.
Do not abide the many true believers who say it cannot be,
For who are the blasphemers, but those who deny,
The truth, that is within and without all.

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Absurdity is Absurdity

Neither supernatural storylines, nor daunting deities,
Nor ornate edifices, nor imposing statues, nor gold-trimmed regalia,
Nor grand paintings, nor elaborate décor, nor great multitudes, do for truth make.
Hokum is hokum, twaddle is twaddle, bunkum is bunkum, claptrap is claptrap, drivel is drivel,
Hoey is hoey, gibberish is gibberish, absurdity is absurdity, no matter the pretense.

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You, Quantum

You, Quantum.
Quantum field.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum freedom.
Quantum tranquility.
Quantum indelibility.
Quantum sovereignty.
Quantum absoluteness.
Quantum indivisibility.
Quantum timelessness.
Quantum singularity.
Quantum totality.
Quantum truth.
Quantum joy.
You, Quantum.

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The Price All Pay

Nothing for which to feel guilt or remorse.
Nothing for which to apologize or beg forgiveness,
The pain is the price all must pay to be right here right now.
Only the rare few discerning the one and only reality.
Forgive your Self, and carry on, best you can.

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The Artificiality of History

Why be bound by any historical notion?
Why be crimped by any mythology or tradition?
Why not be entirely free in the sovereignty of awareness?
It is only fear that ordains you acquiesce to any artificial limitation.

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Fathoming Awareness

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now ...
Eternity is right here now, the mystery is right here now,
Prior to all attributes, prior to all assumptions, prior to all identification,
Prior to all movement of consciousness, of imagination.
You are it, and it is You; there is no other.
What is so difficult to fathom,
About the stillness of the ineffable awareness,
Which as simple as simple can be?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 319

Just Another Story

To assert the allegory of Jesus, “the greatest story ever told,”
When you have not really read anything else,
Is more than a little absurd.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 319

The Ant's Life

Tiny ants wandering their hills and caves,
The grand infinity of their six-legged universe,
That few two-leggeds will ever fully realize,
Is more than a little similar to their own.

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Starting All Over Again

What would you do,
If you were able to begin again,
With a shiny new, completely healthy body,
And all you have gleaned from this brief life, entirely intact?
Would you wander down the same trail,
Or break new ground?

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That Which is Prior to Consciousness

It is not through thought that You, the witness, exists.
The You, you really are, is not this time-bound, fabricated character.
What You really are is the awareness, the presence,
The nowness of the eternal life.

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The Innocence of Childhood

The labor of children is timeless play.
The labor of adults, all too often time-bound drudgery;
A state of mind to which none need succumb.
To retain the innocence of a child,
Is a wondrous talent.

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The Rarest of the Rare

A Self-reflective inclination,
Is obviously not calling,
To every one across the board.
The abyss within, is perhaps too large,
Perhaps too frightening, perhaps too unenticing,
For all but the rarest, to want to peer into at any given time.
The old 'many are called, few are chosen' theme,
Played out in any given solar flare.

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By Gosh and By Golly

You are only fooling yourself, if you think you will be back.
You are only fooling your Self, if you think You will not be back.
You can check out, Pilgrim, but, gosh and by golly, you can never leave.

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The Greatest Doubt

Few are inflicted with the great doubt,
That eventually conveys them all the way back,
To the ephemeral awareness prior to all consciousness.
So many temptations, so many distractions, so many delusions,
On the long and winding ever here now road home.

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All Done?

Are you prepared to leave everything behind?
To be totally, absolutely free, of all manifest claims?
Are you prepared to be, You, absolutely alone, dreamless?
Naught but pure awareness; formless, for all eternity?
Or will you do all this to your Self, yet again?

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A Vast Difference

What a vast difference between
Thinking you are infinity
And being infinity.
One the product of thought,
The other simply mystery its Self.

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Wallowing

And what point is there, really,
In wallowing in all this sentiment,
This passion, this imaginary pretense,
Of such an obviously impermanent nature?

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The Eternal Life of True Nature

Let go all the struggle.
Be completely, unequivocally effortless.
Give yourself over to the beingness, the nowness, the stillness,
Of the absolute awareness prior to consciousness.
It is your true nature; it is the eternal life.

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Absolute Aloneness

No matter how many ways you may find to distract yourself,
No matter how large a family you might propagate,
No matter how many people you may know,
Or the size of crowds you may daily stride through,
You are ever, have ever been, will ever be, absolutely alone.

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All of Page 323

Your dream of existence is a mystery,
That time will never long attest really happened.
Truly not at all different than any tree falling alone in a forest.

* * * *

Creation is an ever-unfolding, ever-evolving transmutation of energy.
Of the stardust, the elements, the quantum, the singularity,
Playing at existence in every way imaginable.

* * * *

When did you under every moment's were this mind-body?
That it belonged to you like all the other possessions,
With which emptiness continually shrouds itself.
What point is there, really, in being attached,
To its ever-changing corporeal nature,
For even one iota of a singular moment?

* * * *

There is no formula in rearing children.
Everyone has their own approach to parenting,
Some for good, some for ill.
And from it all,
Human history unfolds.

* * * *

Group dynamics include in their synergy,
The individual attributes of isolation and fear,
And thus, are often shrouded with irrational notions,
Of self-serving, self-righteous, self-promoting, persecution.

* * * *

When you are merely awareness, you are free.
When you are a mind attached to a body, you are bound.
So guileless, as to be yet another, of the greatest stories never told.

* * * *

Arrogance accumulates many an opportunity for one just reward or another.
Pity they are not always bestowed at all, or as quickly, as might be deserved.

* * * *

What ego could exist without attachment to the body-mind,
And all the perceptions that have been but imagined,
In the streaming dream of absolute awareness.

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Muddied Thinking

You may be the indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying mystery,
But you are still cousin to a hodgepodge of monkeys,
Chimpanzees, gorillas, and sundry primates.
In other words, you are but a beast,
An evolutionary invention,
Of puddle magic,
And muddied thinking.

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Politically Incorrect

It is likely not politically correct to say it,
But is it not obvious there is an array of differences,
Within the human species, the same as every other life form.
Whether insects, plants, fish, birds, reptiles, amphibians or mammals,
There are countless variations across the board, within each and every grouping.
Rottweilers and Toy Poodles are dogs, Persians and Siamese are cats.
And every human being across the world, may walk on two legs,
But in the evolutionary choices made in every geography,
Distinctions in capacity and limitation, are clear as day.
It is not a right or wrong thing, nor a good or bad thing,
Nor any other variety of things, about which to self-absorb.
It is just the way it is; the way it has always been, will ever be.

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Eternal Salvation

Eternal salvation is not about the body or mind or soul being saved.
It is the purging of the fabricated identity, of the ceaseless inventions of the mind,
And timelessly being what You truly are; that which is mystery.
You are the Truth, the Life and the Way.
Be That I Am,
The Self of all selves.

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Every Mind-Body a Destiny

Though there is absolutely no requisite,
For any moment to be played out in any particular way,
Everyone performs their destiny according to the given nature-nurture.
Though someone could perhaps do anything conceivable in the quantum-matrix sense,
Free will is an illusion, and all will journey through whatever destiny their form,
Their capacity and limitation, their amalgamation of desire and fear allows.
For anyone to do something entirely out of mind-body character,
Really just means it was in their character from the get-go.

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Pain Is the Teacher

Pain, whether physical or psychological, is a cruel, unkind, foul,
Nasty, brutal, pitiless, malicious, spiteful, vindictive,
Merciless, vicious, heartless, ruthless,
Harsh and callous meanie.
And ... more than a little likely,
The only way more than a handful of us,
Would probably ever actually learn some things.

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The Awareness Within All

Think you cannot at all get along without someone or something?
Oh, you will, my fine friend, rest assured, you will, indeed.
Whether voluntarily, or from your cold, lifeless hands,
Absolutely everyone and everything will cease to exist when you do.
When this magical mystery tour of a dream reaches its most certain conclusion.
Consciousness is but a temporal state, requiring a vessel of some sort, in which to play out.
The promises of everlasting life, of access to one deity or another, will always prove but empty and vain.
And of what is called rebirth; it is not some individual persona, but the mystery that all things are.
And that quantum “You-ness” born anew, will blow in the nature-nurture winds of its time.
Experiencing many things; always with very much the same awareness within all.

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Cosmic Child

Seriously, who really cares about this mundane universe, or any other?
Set them all down, wander the infinity, blissfully carefree.
Be the cosmic child you have always been.

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One Seed for All

This pale blue dot is but an infinitesimal iota of dust,
In an immense ocean of ineffable mystery.
Who truthfully knows if or when,
You will ever exist again?
But, tell me, Pilgrim, have you ever seen,
Any seed being given a second chance, much less a third?

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Extinction is Nothing New

It is likely inevitable in this vast mystery of a cosmos,
That any given garden world will allow life forms to evolve,
Which will sooner or later potentially threaten their very existence,
Creation is destruction, destruction is creation, extinction is nothing new.

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A Slice of Imagination

Everything simultaneously streaming, unfolding one moment to the next,
In this immeasurable quantum matrix of a holograph universe.
Only your little slice of imagination is about you.

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All of Page 337

How marvelous, for those who were born in the magical land, of the one true religion.

* * * *

There is no such thing as theology, just mythology starting with the twentieth of twenty-six letters.

* * * *

Seriously, what is so great about you, that any supreme being would want to save?

* * * *

How can there be character flaws, when the character is the original flaw?

* * * *

The challenge, is not confusing idolatry and dogma, with truth.

* * * *

Identity is merely awareness, temporarily usurped.

* * * *

The seed you plant is the harvest you get.

* * * *

Every moment erased by the next.

* * * *

In solitude, the peace of transcendence.

* * * *

The tyranny of absurdity is beyond reckoning.

* * * *

Let political correctness be someone else's problem.

* * * *

The ever-accelerating exponential of all things humankind.

* * * *

Curious how our idols become exactly what we dogma them to be.

* * * *

All there is to learn ultimately boils down to how little there really is to know.

* * * *

Yet another vague memory spinning its way toward oblivion.

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The Primary Directive

Any given container is at most,
Only concerned about its biological survival,
And the reproduction of its genetic material in manifest time.
Anything beyond that primary directive is but the recreation of consciousness,
And its seemingly boundless, delusional predisposition,
For bad theater in every venue.

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Vanity's God

Created of the infinite unknown, a mystery beyond all reckoning,
You encapsulate it with your finite vanity,
And call it God.

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The Harbor of All Solutions

To discern a question fully, is to fathom its answer.
Any given problem is harbor to its own solution.

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Grasping Nothing

Once upon a time, you knew so much.
You were a sponge for knowledge,
For every sort of experience,
Until you saw how little,
It all really meant.
And now you grasp,
So much less, so little,
That it is all but laughable,
Perhaps slightly embarrassing,
To recall the conceit and arrogance,
Of that self-assured, youthful innocence,
You so effortlessly consumed not so long ago.

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To Know God

If you would know God,
Then look within, friend, look within.
Look within, so deeply, that it all becomes so indivisible,
That the entire cosmos instantly dissolves,
Into this very moment.

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Who is Content?

What is this thing called hope? What is it for which so many are always hoping?
More fortune? More fame? More power? More pleasure? More respect? More love?
More friends? More health? More harmony? More time? More this? More that?
Who is content with the who-what-where-when-why-how they are right now?

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Stories of the Monkey-Mind

Do not all stories have a certain predictability about them?
Same old monkey-mind plots drawn up with different characters and sets,
Different languages and costumes, different this, different that.
All ultimately merely tributaries of consciousness,
Racing in time back into the eternal,
From which all arise.

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Ever the Same Mystery

The ancients called the elements,
Earth, air, water, fire, ether.
Scientists in these times,
Call it the periodic table.
Intuit it, name it, label it, describe it,
Measure it, organize it, in whatever way you will,
It is, has ever been, will ever be, must ever be, the same mystery.

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The Male and Female Dynamic

Every sexually reproductive species has its evolutionary partnership between genders.
In the human paradigm, males hunted and fished and farmed, protected the perimeter, provided the seed.
Females attended the village, bore and nurtured the young, passed on the culture.
Adapting these ancient relationships, so long in the making,
To a world seething in disassociation,
Is the challenge for the future ever-now unfolding.

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The God Prior to Conception

There is no god in the way you or anyone else across time or space has ever conceived.
That which is supreme is so indivisibly, formlessly prior to consciousness,
That all human concoctions are absurd by any comparison.
And you are it, it is you, there is no other.

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The Internment of Obligation

Such internment this obligation to others can so often be.
For their desire for so much You no longer desire.
For their fear of so much You no longer fear.
For their attachment to so much You no longer cling.
For their passion toward so much for which You feel nothing.

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Figuratively v. Literally

The universe born of consciousness is awash in metaphors.
Though the literal often transcends in many subtle ways into the figurative,
Every sort of confusion and havoc can arise when anything figurative is taken too literally.

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The Relativity of All Things

How white is black? How black is white?
How right is wrong? How wrong is right?
How heavy is light? How light is heavy?
How all is nothing? How nothing is all?
How true is false? How false is true?
How high is low? How low is high?
How far is near? How near is far?
How hot is cold? How cold is hot?
How huge is tiny? How tiny is huge?
How light is dark? How dark is light?
How large is small? How small is large?
How strong is weak? How weak is strong?

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The Rutted Mind

The rutted mind begins taking shape,
As soon as nature and nurture,
Begin meshing in the theater of time.
By the age of grayness and weariness and rigidity,
Ruts run so deep, that new ground is only by the rarest traveled.

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The Way It Is

No matter the effort any mind has ever made,
None have ever changed or altered,
Even one tiny hair on truth's chinny-chin-chin.
The play of consciousness has absolutely no say in the matter.
The way it is, is the way it is, the way it has always been, the way it will ever be.

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To Believe, or Not to Believe

To believe, or not to believe; therein lies the answer.

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So Much Absurdity

So much ambition, so much vanity, so much absurdity,
To be what you already are, have ever been, will ever be,
In this right here, right now, indivisible quantum mystery.

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A Matrix of Quantum Design

Is the fish separate from the water?
The worm from the ground?
The bird from the air?
The sun from the flame?
'Tis a matrix of quantum design,
Pure, simple, nothing more, nothing less.

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The Calling

If it is your calling to discern that which is mystery,
That which is within all, small to great,
You must let go everything.
Yes, everything.
The you, you pretend,
Fabricated by imagination,
Must become so inwardly quiet,
That you divine the awareness You are,
That which is boundless prior to all conception.

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The Illusion of Duality

Duality is nothing more than an arbitrary, meaningless concept,
Born of the sensory illusion that you are separate.
It has no ultimate reality whatsoever.
You are the primal essence that is indivisibly singular,
Unfathomable, absolute, prior to all imaginings born of consciousness.

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The Fickleness of Opinions

Today you have one opinion, tomorrow another, and the day after still another.
How fickle these opinions, and yet how attached we are to each and every one.

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Science v. Superstition

Though we peer across world, and into the far reaches of the universe,
Though we see into the infinitesimal of which all is created,
Still we cling to all the traditions and superstitions,
Of one geographic assumption or another.
How absolutely amazing is that?

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The Boundless Awareness

The boundless awareness is, without any movement of me or myself or I.
It cannot be altered, claimed, manipulated, possessed, or usurped.
It is the untapped spring, the uncarved block, the tabula rasa.
It is the primal source of all; partial or beholden to none.
It is prior to all manifestation, equally present in all;
And ever carries on after the dissolution of all.

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Do Unto Others

The many others across all eternity are no different than you,
And the Golden Rule says it as clearly as it can be said:
Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.
What need for any further suggestions, principles,
Guidelines, rules, decrees, edicts, amendments,
Or commandments or regulations or laws?

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From Beginning to End

Why should you be concerned,
With what others think,
When it is really,
Your own creation,
From beginning to end.

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The Artless Program

Absolute awareness is the underlying operating system,
Upon which all consciousness is artlessly programmed.

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Quantum Everything

Quantum earth, quantum water, quantum fire, quantum wind, quantum sky.
Everything ultimately of the same quantum indivisibility,
No matter how mind slices or dices it.

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The Shifting Sands of Time

All things that arise from the shifting sands of time,
Must inevitably fade and fall and dissolve back into it.

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Under the Sun

Nothing new under the sun, everything new under the sun.
So predictably unpredictable, so unpredictably predictable,
Every unfolding, eternally streaming, matrix of a moment.

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Eight Philosophical Questions

Eight philosophical questions that will never be solved:
Why is there something rather than nothing?
Does God exist? Is our universe real? What are numbers?
Do we have free will? Is there life after death? What is the best moral system?
Can you really experience anything objectively?

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No Choice About It

Life, there is just no choice about it.
Every seed is cast into one fate or another.
Every seed must play out whatever hand is dealt,
Or else conceive a means to fall on one sword or another.

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The Tyranny of Tradition

The past had its momentary window.
You need not allow it to dominate, to control, yours.
The tyranny of tradition has no power, but through your acquiescence.

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All is You

Who knows what incredible mysteries may reside,
On other worlds, in other dimensions, of this vast quantum matrix?
You must rely on your own frame of reference, to hypothesize all possibilities possible,
Yet how can any ever be anything but You, whatever the guise?

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All of Page 351

Many chatter away about truth, but none have ever, or will ever own it.

* * * *

Idolatry is idolatry, no matter the myth, no matter the image, no matter the figurine.

* * * *

Who is who? What is what? Where is where? When is when? Why is why? How is how?

* * * *

The Memedom of God: Memeism practiced by memeists seeking memehood.

* * * *

Where would your universe be without you to create and witness it?

* * * *

Psst, Don Quixote, they are just the windmills of your mind.

* * * *

To what new limitation will the body aspire today?

* * * *

The internet: the library of consciousness.

* * * *

You are an audience of one.

* * * *

What effort is woven into a web of lies.

* * * *

Only the eye of the monkey sees itself any different.

* * * *

The hoity-toity rule a silly little world of their own absurd design.

* * * *

Best not to judge other points of history merely through the reflection of your own.

* * * *

For the mind that discerns totality, what matter what is done or undone?

* * * *

A universe without, a universe within, you are That I Am.

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All of Page 352

Believers and atheists, all playing their little game, dancing their little dance.
Pretending to know what they cannot, never have, and never will.
To know you know nothing is the only honest stance.
Make-believe may offer some solace,
But no assumption can ever touch what is real.

* * * *

The parochial mind is incapable of discerning its Self.
To explore the farthest reaches and beyond,
One cannot be bound by anything.

* * * *

The journey may begin with the first step,
But the pace along the winding trail,
Is set by the slowest trekker.

* * * *

It is whatever you think it is.
It is not whatever you think it is.

* * * *

More words, ever more words.
More differences, more confusion,
For the witch's brew to simmer and stew.

* * * *

This momentary nowness,
Is all that is really happening.
The dream is just that ... a dream.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Depending on the color of your skin,
The depth of your wallet,
Or the witnesses lined up against you,
Probably best never to assume you will get a fair trial.

* * * *

Curious how so many mystics,
Across time and space,
Give over a portion of their existence,
Attempting to help others discern their inherent freedom,
Often inspiring dogmatic absurdities of every hue in their well-intentioned wake.

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The Only Anecdote

How beyond all pales absurd it at some point becomes.
We prattle endlessly about the silence, the serenity, the austerity, of a still mind,
But to remain in that state every moment, is for most, if not all, very challenging, very unlikely, indeed.
The monkey-mind is ever an absorbing thunder and lightning show,
To which death is really the only antidote.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 353

The Ineffable Unknown

Call it That I Am, call it Brahman, call it Tao, call it God, call it Self, call it whatever you will.
It is all the unnamable awareness that is prior to all dreams of consciousness.
Absolute, indivisible, complete, supreme, without peer.
And You and everything else, it as well.
There is nothing that is not this ineffable mystery.
Despite all imaginary inventions, it is ever the indelible unknown.

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The Huff and Puff of Imagination

All translation must be observed with a dubious, discerning eye;
Especially the interpreter, the sorter, the filter, in your own inured mind.
Everything you perceive, translates through the biases of your frame of reference;
Entirely subjective, entirely slanted, entirely unique, entirely idiosyncratic, entirely alone.
Step back from your conditioning, and realize, from the dispassionate view of the quantum matrix,
That your entire existence, from womb to grave, is all nothing more than the huff and puff of imagination.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 357

Eyes That See, Ears That Hear

Dogma is the worldly vision,
Of those who, for whatever reason,
Lack the eyes to see, and the ears to hear,
The infinite mystery, in which each and every one,
Equally participates in so many ways.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 358

Intelligence v. Ignorance

For memes to let loose their rigid grip,
Would require a revolutionary paradigm shift,
Seemingly well beyond the monkey-mind's capacity.
In the eternal struggle between intelligence and ignorance,
It is not rocket science to predict which mindset will rule the future.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 360

No Limits for Truth

Who cares who said it?
Or what was said, where it was said,
When it was said, why it was said, or how it was said.
If it is true, it is true, and that which is true,
Can never be bound or captured,
By the limits of mind.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 361

The Enthusiastic Teacher

If you will not learn something,
Out of some sort of inherent common sense,
Then, rest assured, pain is always an enthusiastic teacher;
In the wings, ever alert, patient, fully armed.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 363

An Unnatural Relationship

Those who dominate the world have no relationship with nature or themselves.
Therefore, alas, Mother Gaia and all her creatures small to great,
Are condemned to enslavement and destruction,
For whatever coin can be fashioned from their demise.

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Where is the Me, the Myself, the I?

Where is this vain, resolute, notorious “I” we so readily assume real?
Is it the ever-changing body, the ever-changing identity?
Is it the rambling compendium of perceptions?
Can it even be the timeless awareness,
Common to all things living?
How can there truly be,
“Me, myself, and I”
In that infinity which is prior,
To all forms fashioned of quantum vibration?
That which is ageless, formless, indivisible, sovereign, absolute.
That which has never even once suffered mortal birth,
Much less the pangs of imagined death.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 364

An Ever-Burning Fuse

Every streaming moment, so fleeting, like an ever-burning fuse.
Every point of nowness, gone as swiftly as it arrives.
Everything, but figments of imagination.
Merely a dream of the senses.
A magical, mystery theater of illusion.

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The Nature of Caring

Throughout your life,
You have cared about this or that,
For lengthy, moderate, or brief slices of time.
And yet, sooner or later, care’s capricious nature, inevitably,
For whatever *raison d’être*, draws to a close.
So, the question becomes:
Why do you care about anything?

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A Momentary Flurry

This garden world has been spinning round and round for several billion years,
And the universe billions more than that, as it will be for eons more.
How can anyone seriously believe their imaginary notions,
Are anything more than a momentary flurry,
In the grand totality of it all?

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The Essential Requirement

What is required to awaken,
Is to inwardly pay very close attention,
In a non-intellectual, prior-to-consciousness way,
Until you very logically, without doubt, discern for your Self,
That you, the witness, the observer, are the observed.
All duality is the concoction of imagination.

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The Pricelessness of Truth

In all its pricelessness,
The irony and paradox of Truth,
Is how little profit it offers those who mine it.

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One Law

There is ultimately only one law in this world,
And it is enforced with complete equanimity by Mother Nature.
Those who ignore or transgress this simple reality,
Inevitably pay one price or another.

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If You Want Peace, Prepare for War

You have an absolute right to protect yourself,
Against any and all who would harm you and yours.
As much as many a heart would choose to see it otherwise,
In this shades-of-gray garden, if you want peace, prepare for war.

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The Mystery of All Mysteries

It is a mystery.
It is the mystery of all mysteries.
It is not a Christian mystery, it is not a Jewish mystery.
It is not a Muslim mystery, it is not a Hindu mystery, it is not Taoist a mystery.
It is a mystery that does not belong to, or favor, any -ist, or any -ism.
It is not subject to any idolatry, it is not subject to any dogma.
It is a mystery free and clear from any and all claims,
By any individual or group across all eternity.

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Forgetting Everything

Forget the body,
Forget the mind,
Forget the world,
Forget the universe,
Forget everything.

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Ever Alone

From infinite to infinitesimal, everything to nothing, known to unknown,
Top to bottom, small to great, here to there, this to that, that to this,
You are indivisibly, infinitely, perfectly, absolutely connected,
Yet completely, irrevocably, forever alone all the while.

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The Reflections of Otherness

There is no existence in any creation, no matter the dimensions, that will not be but temporal illusion,
Because, no matter how hard it tries, Self, the grand witness in all things small to great,
Can never discern its true reality but through the reflections of otherness.
So, delude yourself in any and every way for all eternity,
It is ever the same dreamer dreaming;
Ever You, in one imaginary holograph or another.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 374

The Nature of Relationships

Family, a given.
Friends, a pleasure.
Acquaintances, tolerable.
Adversaries, a bother.
Enemies, a hazard.

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Groupthink Kool-Aid

The curious thing about most-if-not-all organized religions,
Is they truly believe theirs is the only true religion,
And that their true god will favor only them,
And will cast everyone else into hell.
Groupthink is ever groupthink,
No matter the flavor of the Kool-Aid.

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The Clarity of Now

Sometimes the mind become so clear,
That it seems You have finally awakened for all eternity.
But then the murkiness of consciousness resumes its conditioned grooves,
And You must once again stumble about the convoluted labyrinth of your very vivid imagination,
Until the eternity of every moment breaks through the mists anew.
Perhaps one day You will stay here.

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A Moment of Reflection

“The way of humankind is harsh,” God said wistfully.
“But was it not a splendid creation?” Mother Nature sighed.

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The Immaculate Spirit

Your spirit has never known anything but well-being and good fortune.
It is impervious to the vagaries of any form, any existence.
It is pure, immaculate, untainted, innocent,
To the most indivisible, sovereign, absolute degree.

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One Life to Live

If you yearn a relatively simple, candid, serene, anonymous, streets-lined-with-gold existence;
Better to be born a peasant than a king; better to be a nobody than a somebody.
For there are far fewer constrictions imposed by the many others,
And it is much easier to walk the path you choose.

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Another Fine Day

What hath science and industry and technology and commerce,
Wrought upon this ever-spinning garden world,
And all its innocent residents,
This fine day?

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The Winds of Illusion

History is written by winners, losers, survivors, abiders;
Whoever makes the effort to set down one version or another.
But sooner or later, all eyes grow dim, and all ears, deaf,
And all chronicles are lost to the winds of illusion.

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Delusion and Absurdity

It is attachment to the mind-body,
That is the source of all this angst and suffering,
All this delusion, all this absurdity.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 379

No Middlemen Required

True religion, true spirituality, true grace, true faith,
Is a grass roots, solo kind of endeavor.
No middlemen required.

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Of Beginning and Endings

At which beginning,
Do you stop calling it a beginning?
At which ending, do you stop calling it an ending?

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That You Exist

That you exist is not mystery enough?
That you exist is not eternal enough?
That you exist is not time enough?
That you exist is not gold enough?
That you exist is not real enough?
That you exist is not true enough?
That you exist is not holy enough?
That you exist is not sacred enough?
That you exist is not magical enough?
That you exist is not spiritual enough?
That you exist is not purgatory enough?
That you exist is not heaven or hell enough?

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A One-Time-Only Show

When the given existence gives way to inevitable departure of the container,
The vast cosmos that mind and senses have into dreamtime spun,
Will dissolve back into the indivisible quantum mystery,
The given mind-body is a one-time-only show,
Never really “yours” from the get-go.
This is the only imaginary you,
That is, has ever been, will ever be.

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The Unborn-Undying Reality

Why would the moment after the last wheezing breath,
Be any different than the one just before it?
Or the one just before birth,
Be any different,
Than the one just out of the womb?
The totality that is unborn-undying, is without attributes.

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Sometimes

Sometimes you wander,
Sometimes you sit,
Sometimes you eat,
Sometimes you sleep.
Sometimes you are busy.
Sometimes you do nothing at all.
Sometimes you just are, and call it enough.

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Regarding Progeny

If you want to save your children,
From sickness, injury, aging and death,
And the countless forms of torment throughout,
Probably best not to bring them here in the first place.

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Freedom

Free of past, of future, of desire, of fear.
Free of birth, existence, identity, hope, dread, death.
Free of the sensory theater, of the world, of the cosmos, of any deity.
Free of anything and everything, free even of nothing.
Simply awareness, eternally alone.

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Pay Attention

Pay attention.
That moment is gone,
And another who knows how many,
Just streamed by, too.

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The Smokey Reality

Are you really any more,
Than the smokiness of any flame?
That ghostly trail wafting evenly from a pipe,
Is truly as real as your meager role in this ineffable dream.

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All You

You want to know the one and only truth?
It is all You, nothing but You, and You absolutely alone.
Now, Pilgrim, sally forth against the many windmills of space and time,
And discern yet again, You are the source, You are the mystery,
If such dreamtime fate be yours in some future telling.

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Either You Got It, or You Do Not

Either you have the incisive intelligence to discriminate it, or you do not.

No waffling, no babbling, no playing-the-middle-maybes.

No iffing, no anding, no butting about it.

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Nothing to Do, Nothing to Undo

Nothing to grasp, nothing to spurn.

Nothing to say, nothing to take back.

Nothing to know, nothing to not know.

Nothing to establish, nothing to dissolve.

Nothing to hold on to, nothing to let go of.

Nothing to embrace, nothing to relinquish.

Nothing to borrow, nothing to pay back.

Nothing to retain, nothing to renounce.

Nothing to accept, nothing to reject.

Nothing to do, nothing to undo.

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The End of Karma

Discerning the infinite truth of your Self,
Erases all karma, erases all consequences,
And aligns your dreamtime fate with eternity.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 385

What Need for Religion?

Why does anyone need any religion to be kind?

Why does anyone need any doctrine to be considerate?

Why does anyone need any scripture to live a pious existence?

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The Confabulations of Mind

It is through language that all conscious distinctions are made.
Prior to the articulation of imaginary self through personal pronouns,
Prior to the fabrication of knowledge, Eden was free of any dualistic notion.
There is no god, there is no devil, there is no heaven, there is no hell,
But through the ceaselessly absurd confabulations of mind.

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Things, Things, Things

Shopping, shopping, shopping, until you be dropping,
Looking for the next thing you just cannot possibly exist without,
But will very likely forget as soon as it is stowed away in one closet or another.

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When the Curtain Falls

You need not keep rehearsing, you need not continue practicing.
You have your little character down, you have it figured out.
The big challenge now is enduring getting off the stage,
Taking off the costume, and departing the theater.

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All the Same

Hot or cold, hard or soft,
Awake or asleep, engaged or unengaged,
Honest or dishonest, clothed or naked, seen or unseen,
Clean or dirty, comfortable or uncomfortable,
Self-absorbed or self-absorbed,
It is all the same.

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What is Anything?

What is freedom?
What is truth?
What is real?
What is not real?
What is aloneness?
What is indifference?
What is absoluteness?
What is contentment?
What is detachment?
What is equanimity?
What is happiness?
What is serenity?
What is bliss?
What is totality?
What is the Way?
What is That I Am?

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An Ocean's Dream

One man's babble is another man's song; one man's pleasure, another's pain.
No one sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels, anything the same.
We all sail alone within an ocean's dream.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 393

From Where Did Nothing Come?

The origin had to be nothing; else something could not be.
But where oh where did nothing come from?
The ultimate unanswerable question.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 393

Sounding the Depths

Going further than a couple zeros on either side of the decimal point,
Is the abstract realm of theoreticians of one focus or another.
Scientific abstractions, as accurate as they may well be,
Jump through cerebral gymnastics, all but meaningless to daily existence,
Wherein consciousness must every moment sound the depths of its own imaginary invention.

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Traces of Perception

Traces of perception,
Harvested by the senses,
Warehoused on a neuron trail,
For imagination to fashion,
Into another bit of time.

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From First Breath to Last

From the first breath to the last,
What is the sensory mind really about,
But hedonistic consumption of its universe,
And a narcissistic fixation with an imaginary self.

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Mystery's Expression

Nature is the mystery's expression,
And humankind but one of its myriad creations.
Separate only in consciousness, dualistic only in the mind,
In no way any less indivisible than all creation can be from its creator.

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Intelligent Design

What is this inexplicable universe, but an immense aquarium, filled to the brim with quantum essence;
Playing out every conceivable permutation consciousness might project, and physics allow.
Intelligent design, indeed: indivisible, total, sovereign, real prior to any perception.
The everything and the nothing, indelible, well prior to anything imaginable.
And you, sovereign witness, born of the same enigmatic source.

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Put Up or Shut Up

If Jesus and his omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent Daddy,
Really want/need to be believed in, as much as so many seem to assume,
Well, then let him reappear and prove two thousand-plus years,
Of idolatrous absurdity were worth the wait.
Put up or shut up, so to speak.

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Cutting Loose

That baggage you daily carry about in your mind,
Jam-packed with knowledge, likes, dislikes, fears, desires, worries,
Hopes, beliefs, regrets, all the this's and that's, that formulate your dreamtime universe;
You could just put it down for a bit, perhaps even never pick it up again.
But no, cutting loose of all your imaginary renditions,
That would be beyond all pales.

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Misinterpretations of the Literal Mind

Mystical writings across the world,
Are figurative how-to manuals for budding mystics,
All too often misinterpreted by minds spun in the unwavering literal.

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The Preciousness of Innocence

One of the many challenges of growing older,
Is reminiscing one's youth, and the yearning for all the things,
Queuing up to be seen and heard and tasted and smelled and touched and understood.
The preciousness of innocence can only be lost once.

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The Audacity to Stand Alone

The play of imagination requires collusion for the world of mind to abide.
As Shakespeare through Hamlet spoke: To be, or not to be, that is the question.
You need not give over to any of it, if you have the wit, the audacity, to stand alone.

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The Raison D'être of Absurdity

What hope can there possibly be, when the bar,
Is set at meaningless, irrational absurdities, across the board.
When nature is usurped, ravaged, squandered, in every way, in every corner.
When the absurdity of trivia and distraction, carnivals and clowns, power and fame and fortune,
Become the mainstay, the lifeblood, the prime directive, the raison d'être.

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The Gaping Abyss

The sages say, look within,
And when you do, you find zilch, nada, zip, nil.
And so, you begin looking everywhere else for something, anything,
Because a still, gaping abyss could not be all there is.
It just has to be more than naught,
But, alas, it is not.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 400

No Need for Belief

What nonsense, this need to believe in anyone or anything,
Much less have anyone or anything believe in You.
Here You are: unknown, indefinable, timeless.
Nothing to believe in, nothing to prove,
Once the beingness of awareness
Has reclaimed its primacy.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 400

Gazillions and Beyond

What will the dreamtime you now witness,
Be in 10 or 100 or 1,000 or 10,000
Or 100,000 or 1,000,000
Or gazillions beyond counting.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 400

Imagination Askew

Why would you need for anybody,
To know you, or know of you,
Once you discern your absolute nature?
Vanity is nothing more than imagination gone askew.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 400

What Will Happen?

What will happen to your world, your cosmos, after the body disincorporates?
What will happen to everyone and everything after you are no longer present to witness it?
Imagine the dissolution of consciousness, of letting go of everything,
As everything is simultaneously letting go of you.

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All of Page 401

Your raison d'être is what you think about alone in the darkness.

* * * *

The nothingness offers little into which imagination can bite, ergo, much ado about it.

* * * *

Every birth the creation of a new universe; every death the destruction of one.

* * * *

You have never been anywhere, but this ever-present, eternal now.

* * * *

What petty gods that needs incessant worship and praise.

* * * *

Creator and creation are always one in the same.

* * * *

It is a quantum-eat-quantum universe.

* * * *

So many carnivals, so little time.

* * * *

Lost in time, found in time.

* * * *

A collusion of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

The senses and mind timelessly creating time.

* * * *

It is not how or where you begin, but how and where you end.

* * * *

The senses are the veil that words sew with the robust thread of imagination.

* * * *

Identity is something of a trespasser, a squatter, upon the indivisible indelibility of awareness.

* * * *

Life is a string of momentary decisions, choices, to which the only end is death.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 401

Forget Everything

Forget everything.
Dismantle the conditioning;
The attachment to any conceptual weavings.
Become that which has no boundaries.
That which discerns no duality.
No within, no without.
No inner, no outer.
No this, no that.

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What Cannot Be Known

See what cannot be seen,
Hear what cannot be heard,
Smell what cannot be smelled,
Taste what cannot be tasted,
Feel what cannot be felt.
Be what cannot be known.

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Regurgitating Illusion

How draining it can so often be,
To daily regurgitate and play out,
This imaginary edifice of perception,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 403

The Sands of Illusion

You are but one of a universe chock-full of every sort of pattern,
Playing out its programming, for as long as the given design abides,
Its written-in-the-sand destiny, in its transitory slice of time and space.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 403

Front and Center Stage

Every mind, front and center stage, in an entirely different play.
Each and every one, the leading star of their own show,
All costumed up to reveal the inner reflection.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 404

The Futility of Persuasion

The literal-minded will never comprehend truth,
No matter how adroitly it is articulated.
It requires a figurative awareness,
To ascertain the ultimate.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 404

The Unreality of Consciousness

As fascinating and absorbing as history,
And all things intellectual are,
They are all imagined,
And therefore, ultimately, unreal.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 404

Call of the Siren

Born again into yet another manifest form,
And through her innumerable sirens, the primordial mother,
Beckons you with every imaginable enticement,
To one rocky shoal or another.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 405

A Stitch of Time

Somewhere along the line,
You realize it just does not matter anymore,
But carry on as if it did, just to play out the character designed,
The pattern being woven in your little stitch of time.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 405

Hold Fast to Rationality

The Jesus-walking-on-water allusion is obviously figurative from a quantum perspective.
And he probably brought the wine and bread, and Lazarus was more than likely not really dead.
Accepting anything literally that you have not for your Self scientifically observed and/or experienced,
Is generally a dubious misstep into the ceaselessly precarious absurdities of any and all delusion.
Hold fast to the rational, the sensible, the balanced, the coherent, the logical, the realistic

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The Indifference of Awareness

Awareness is awareness.
Neither light nor dark, right nor wrong, strong nor weak, vibrant nor passive,
Kind nor cruel, sweet nor bitter, great nor small, good nor evil.
Absolutely indifferent in every way imaginable.

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Save the World?

Save the world? What, pray tell, is there to save?
How can that which was never spent, ever be depleted?
That which was never something, ever be nothing?
That which was never one thing, ever be two?
That which was never light, ever be dark?
That which was never born, ever die?

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The Spring of Eternal Life

The newborn is pure awareness.
In the infant and child,
The seeds of consciousness,
Begin gradually sprouting in the mind,
In whatever direction the winds of time may blow.
But it is in the awareness, that all truly are,
Have always been, will ever be.
It is from the source of all,
That eternal life ever springs.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 408

Peace on Earth

Peace on earth,
Requires peace of mind,
And good will towards each and all.
What are endings but outcomes of beginnings.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 408

Therapy for the Seer

Therapy for the blind is vision;
For the deaf, hearing; for the hungry, sustenance;
For the numb, feeling; for the artist, creativity; for the gluttonous, more;
For the seer, the mysterious unknown.

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All I Can Tell You

You ask me who ... I tell you I do not know.
You ask me what ... I tell you I do not know.
You ask me where ... I tell you I do not know.
You ask me when ... I tell you I do not know.
You ask me why ... I tell you I do not know.
You ask me how ... I tell you I do not know.
All I can tell you is ... I am That I Am.
All I can tell you is ... you are, too.

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All of Page 410

How seriously to take this kaleidoscoping dreamtime, depends on your nature.
To be light and breezy all the time, well, few can truly manage to be that free.

* * * *

Where is the exact demarcation between this so-called good and evil?
A line or two in the sand of an ever-shifting consciousness, indeed.

* * * *

Any given universe offers an all but infinite set of experiences,
But no lesson is ever learned until you teach it to your Self.

* * * *

Wisdom is wisdom across all time, across all space.
None can ever possess what is discernable by all.

* * * *

Barefoot in the remnants of an ocean wave;
What is that sand rushing between your toes,
But You in yet another of the myriad forms.

* * * *

Any given mind is an ever-fluctuating wander-fest,
No matter the landscape or horizon or pale beyond.

* * * *

The garden world you might have happily preserved,
Were such a thing even possible, was long ago undone.

* * * *

Feel the craving of worms for your sack of juicy, tasty flesh,
As you wander above ground for only but a little while longer.

* * * *

Are you looking at things with fresh eyes, with an alert, serene mind;
Unfiltered, uncompromised, untethered, by the mirage of imagination?

* * * *

Unless their actions force you to pay attention to their ceaseless absurdities,
Why should you care even one iota, what all the other monkeys think and do?

* * * *

Amazing as it is, in its function as a portal, into this touchy-feely sensory dreamtime,
What a revolting piece of work, the human body, once you yellow-brick-road it closely.

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Too Small a Vision

Contending that there is no god, does not necessarily make someone an atheist.
It may simply be asserting that one refuses to subscribe to a limiting definition.

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Earnest v. Discerning

God is prattled about in consciousness; merged into, in awareness.
Always a case of earnest conviction versus discerning equanimity.

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Good Fortune

Count the boulder fortunate that it need not collude itself a boulder,
And can merely sit alongside the river, watching its dream stream by.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 411

The Forever Unknowable

Any earnest scientist inevitably discerns that the observer is the observed.
Measurement can only go so far, before it evaporates in the limits of imagination,
The pale beyond which, the eternal immeasurability, is forever unknowable.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 411

The Only You

Your entire cosmos,
Is but a speck of dust,
At the tip of a fingernail,
At the edge of the infinity,
That is all, the only You,
You have ever been.

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All the Differences

A different time, a different existence.
A different appearance, a different dream.
A different world, a different universe.
All the differences; same mystery.

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Why Believe in Anything?

And why do you need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being enough, without all the babble born of imagination?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 414

Life Eternal

All the attachments,
To all the things,
To all the memories,
To all the relationships,
To all the this's, all the that's;
What weights chaining the free spirit.
Distractions from the ever-present awareness,
In which life is eternal, in which the real You, ever are.

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A Case of the Munchies

It is a god-eat-god world; chew well.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 419

It Is What It Is

It is what it is.
Nothing anyone anywhere has ever said or done,
Is saying or doing, or will ever say or do,
Will ever change it even one iota.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 419

Scientific Method

Scientific Method ... noun ... a method of procedure,
That has characterized natural science since the 17th century,
Consisting in systematic observation, measurement, and experiment,
And the formulation, testing, and modification of hypotheses.

- 1) Define the question
- 2) Gather information and resources (observe)
- 3) Form hypothesis
- 4) Perform experiment and collect data
- 5) Analyze data
- 6) Interpret data and draw conclusions that serve as a starting point for new hypothesis
- 7) Publish results
- 8) Retest (frequently done by other scientists)

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The Given Ear

Whether words imprison or free, depends upon the ear.

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The Ephemerality

I have given you conscious reality.
Through this mind, you exist.
Had we never met, or had I never heard of you,
You would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside this awareness, this consciousness,
You do not exist.

You have given me conscious reality.
Through your mind, I exist.
Had we never met, or had you never heard of me,
I would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside your awareness, your consciousness,
I do not exist.

What is the world but a brief ephemeral dream for all.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 421

What Did He Really Mean?

Included in the relatively few quotes attributed to or about Jesus in Christian mythology,
And largely misinterpreted by those many inclined to idolatry and dogma:

Know thy Self; Love thy Self; Physician, heal thy Self;
You shall love your neighbor as your Self;
To thine own Self be true;
Husbands, love your wives as your Selves;
Have this mind in your Selves, which was also in Christ Jesus.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 422

The Illusion of Free Will

You really believe you have free will?
Only if you are in denial of all that has transpired,
In the eons long before you were born.
What will play out will play out,
As if choreographed,
With unimaginable precision.

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The Way

Sometimes you create.
Sometimes you preserve.
Sometimes you destroy.
That is the way of it.

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The Sandbox of Eternity

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
Everything in one pattern or another,
Because that is how this mystery matrix works,
For as far, for as wide, for as deep, for as long,
As the quantum sandbox of eternity plays out.

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The Instinctual Roots of Groupthink

Group, herd, gaggle, flock, swarm, mass, crowd, throng, rabble, drove, multitude, company,
Host, army, pack, troop, gang, troupe, party, band, bevy, knot, cluster, bunch,
Posse, crew, surge, stream, huddle, school, horde, hive, mob.
So many words describing groupthink.
An instinctual thing; functional until it is not.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 428

Time's Illusion

If yesterday and tomorrow were real,
Why cannot you see and hear and touch and taste and feel them?
Even this moment is forever done and undone.

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So It Goes, Deal With It, Get Over It, Move On

The natural laws govern all creatures, all things, from small to great.
Gibberish is not what makes the universe spin round and round.
There is not some deity tracking demerits on a naughty list.
Heaven, hell, is the world you every moment imagine.
You are ultimately on your own, completely alone.
Even your mother cannot shield you for long,
From the long and winding road ahead,
On which the many agonies and ecstasies,
Will reveal the lessons to which you subscribe.
So it goes ... deal with it ... get over it ... move on

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 429

The Essential You

All the sensations, all the passions,
All the concoctions of mind and body,
None are the essential, real You,
The sovereign, immaculate,
Absolute witness,
The heart of awareness,
The oneness prior to all dreams.

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The Earnest Seeker

If it is your fate to discern a larger perspective,
Than the given geography allows,
You must exit the cave,
And leave no stone unturned,
In the hologram your mind perceives.
And in reality, it may not be at all that necessary,
To leave the squalor of the cave, or turn over even one stone.
The only real question is whether or not you seek to be free of all constraints.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 429

On Your Own

Truth is not something for which you must petition permission to discern, to realize.
You are on your own, ever alone in an odyssey of Self-discovery,
Within the infinite essence of the quantum sea.

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The Long and the Short of It

Life, long no matter how short, short no matter how long.

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The Immortal Presence

The course humankind has taken is not all that inspiring anymore.
The petri dish is getting too trashed, too crowded,
Too predictable, too absurd.
It is all vanity and greed,
And there is really no way out,
But for the rarest, most astutely discerning,
Who can, in the face of any temporal sensory temptation,
Maintain a steadfast immortal presence in the eternal “so it goes” of it all.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 430

Free Will Looking Forward, Fate Looking Back

It may all be written in the sands of time,
But it is you who must live it out, one moment at a time.
Free will, such as it is, looking forward,
Fate looking back.

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The Delusion of the True Believer

Even when their dream is afire,
Human beings have the delusional capacity,
To believe that a deity is looking over them, protecting them,
And that he/she/it, will help them somehow continue on, as they always have.

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Interest v. Boredom

The ongoing interest in anything, is in the comfortable appreciation,
Of its fathomable aspects, of its layered subtleties,
Of its unfolding nuances.
And boredom, too much of the same.

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The Cosmic Mind

The cosmos is an eggshell; the mind a beak.
Eternal salvation is the sovereignty of every given moment.
It is the ineffable timelessness of awareness, that the perpetual now ever offers.

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Nothing Undone

From the ultimate perspective, there is likely not anything,
You have not done or said or thought, or at some point will.

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The Edge of the Petri Dish

Is the human species really that much different,
Than any bacteria consuming its way,
To the edge of a petri dish?

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Wandering the Eternal Life

To wander the eternal life,
You must be both in and out of life,
In each and every breath, each and every step.

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Strolling the Mountain

Discerning the one and only truth within and without;
As arduous as a long, winding climb to the highest mount;
As effortless and agreeably simple as a stroll in an idyllic park.

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So Many Sounds, So Many Concepts, Same Mystery

All these sounds are but interchangeable concepts describing the same unfathomable reality:
God, Brahman, Buddha, Jesus, Allah, Soul, matrix, unicity, oneness, stillness,
Indivisible, sovereign, absolute, awareness, consciousness, bliss,
Serenity, divinity, nothingness, totality, ether, dream,
Universe, quantum ... mystery ...

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Moderation in All Things

Best to take ecstasies in small measure,
Agonies with a whopping dollop of stoicism,
And moderation as regularly as possible.

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Are You? Are You Not?

Who are you? Who are you not?
What are you? What are you not?
Where are you? Where are you not?
When are you? When are you not?
Why are you? Why are you not?
How are you? How are you not?

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The Tit for Tat of Quid Pro Quo

This world is your home.
You were born here,
You will live and die here.
There is no other viable alternative.
If you do not cherish her, if do not nurture her,
She will tit for tat you, she will quid pro quo you, in spades.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 435

No Need for Religion

All religion is unnecessary, pointless, superfluous, gratuitous.
Whether one deity or many, not one is real, not one is true.
All are imaginary inventions, collusions, lies, of the monkey-mind.
What dogma, what idolatry, can there be, in the indivisible formlessness?

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All That Really Counts

The gist, the meaning, the crux, the essence, the substance,
The point, the kernel, the core, the lesson, the heart,
The moral, the wisdom, the spirit, the truth,
Is all that really counts in any story.

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A Churning Vat of Brewing Goo

The body-mind is a churning vat of brewing goo,
In which agony and ecstasy, both real and imagined,
Play out ceaseless twists and turns of every concoction.

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The Wisdom of Insecurity

Deities have always been invented across the world, across time,
To cope with the unknown, to deal with the waves of agony and ecstasy,
Of this sensory dream, in which we play out our endless vanities.
The wisdom of insecurity is for the few and far between.

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Ever the Same

It is the same stillness, the same nothingness,
The same nowness, the same perpetuity,
As it has ever been, and will ever be.
In each and every breath, a tidbit of eternity.

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Reality

The dream births you,
Attends you,
Feeds and clothes you,
Gives you pleasure, inflicts pain,
With every intention of someday killing you.
And you, in return, accept your destiny, and believe it all real.

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The Synchronized Moment

It is the same awareness in all,
Dreaming eternally in one simultaneous here now,
Witness to all genesis, in every way, in one synchronized, indivisible instant.
I, Quantum ... You, Quantum ... He, Quantum ... She, Quantum ... Us, Quantum ... All, Quantum.

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The Limitations of Mythology

Have we not seen enough cults to know that every group creates its own mythology,
To sustain its groupthink vision, its groupthink vanity, its groupthink raison d'être.
No need to believe, no need to follow, no need to subscribe to any limited notion.

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Another

Another place, another time, another sunny day, another stormy night,
Another conversation, another meal, another cup of coffee, another shot of whiskey,
Another book, another movie, another television show, another play, another song, another photo,
Another workday, another vacation, another holiday, another anthropological event,
Another journey to the privy, another shower, another preening moment,
Another war, another accident, another birth, another death,
Another creative moment, another amusement,
Another ... another ... another ...
Another so it goes.

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Why So You?

Why so sad?
Why so angry?
Why so fearful?
Why so serious?
Why so zealous?
Why so rushed?
Why so lonely?
Why so needy?
Why so you?

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Save! Change! Become!

What urgency is there in this universe,
Once you recognize it for the dream it is.
What is there to save, to change, to become,
But what you are, have ever been, will ever be,
What you are not, have never been, will never be.

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What Need to Believe Anything?

Why would you really need to believe the mythology,
The folklore, the legends, the customs, the traditions, the history,
All the many perceptions, of any given culture, ultimately real and important,
Including the dreamy sliver of space and time that you call your own?

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Too Hot, Too Cold

The dilemma with too much is that it is just too much,
The dilemma with too little is that it is too little,
And the amazing thing about almost right,
Is how few seem satisfied with it.

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The Tabula Rasa Mind

What is any given childhood but an empty mind, an innocent mind, a tabula rasa mind;
Not yet filled with a lifetime of perceptions, of desires, of fears, of dreads,
That future agonies and ecstasies, will over time imagine real.
Forget everything; be reborn into the timelessness.
Into what you were before all beginnings.

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An Imaginary Reverie

Ultimately, this reverie is nothing more than a passage of imagination.
Ever-kaleidoscoping perceptions to which you are so attached.
The key to freedom is in the stilling of the busy mind,
And a clear, discerning, fearless detachment,
Toward the infinity of sensory hooks,
Playing out within and without.

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The Rise and Fall of Consciousness

On a small spinning pale blue dot, in an outback of a brief manifestation,
Vanity arose in a noisy flurry, for barely a whisper of the space-time it imagined real,
Before relatively quickly dissolving back into the indivisibility of its fundamental quantum nature.
Such is the outcome of all imaginary forays inspired by the theater of consciousness,
In the likely very rare moments that it manages to evolve into being.

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The Wonder of It All

There is nothing everlasting about any form, about any dynamic.
Nature is a chaotic divinity; illusion an anchorless dream.
And through it all, is an indivisibility, so cosmic,
Only in wonder can it be comprehended.

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A Curious Fact

Curious how many find it so unfathomable,
That every other life form small to great,
Is born of the same intelligence as we.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 451

Chaotic Divinity, Anchorless Dream

There is nothing everlasting about any form, about any dynamic.
Nature is a chaotic divinity; illusion, an anchorless dream.
And through it all, is an indivisibility, so cosmic,
Only in wonder can it be comprehended.

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Mind's Journey to No Mind

Thinking from very small, to thinking very large,
Takes some to where they only seldom think at all.

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The Impermanence of All Things

You are but a filament of breath.
Feel that breeze wafting through your nostrils,
And realize, yet again, the unequivocal impermanence of all things.

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The Windmills of Your Mind

To be as passive as the lotus;
Well, not easy, my friend, not easy.
Especially when you are bearing the wounds,
From so many battles with the windmills of your mind.

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An Immeasurable Playground

The mind is the immeasurable playground of quantum imagination.
All history, all science, all art, all vocation, all trivia, all anything,
Is but a perpetual dance in a matrix too vast to fathom any edge.

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A Sea of Relativity

All these traditions,
All these geographic assumptions;
Vainly vying for supremacy in a world of dreams,
Where all patterns small to great orbit in a vast sea of relativity.

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The Dream is Not the Truth

What is consciousness but a dreamy cloud of imagination;
Of dualistic notions inspired by the sensory creation.
One may clearly distinguish reality though it,
But the dream in itself is not the truth.

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The Tranquil Depths

The shift from consciousness, from imagination, to awareness,
Is like a submarine moving from the churning surface,
To the stillness of the tranquil depths below.

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Truth or Lie?

We all, in any given interaction, present our inner truth,
And if one expounds a lie, then a lie is the truth.
Whether or not one sees the difference,
Is the lie's truest achievement.

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Could You Start Over?

What if you truly discerned,
That you had gotten it all wrong?
Would you be able to somehow recalibrate,
And, like an uncarved block, start over, begin anew?

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The Particulars of Attachment

You are but a minute speck of this vast conundrum of a universe,
That happened, for whatever speculation might be mustered,
To have been born into this dreamtime as a human being,
Into a particular geography, with a particular mindset,
To which you have likely become particularly attached.

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All In

Everyone is dealt a different hand,
In this poker game of time and space.
Each plays it out as the given cards allow,
But it is nothing more than smoke and mirrors.
And someday, no matter how well any player bluffs,
Every stack of chips inevitably topples in the last wager.
Masks and players ever change, but the game goes on and on,
For as long as the house has the cards to shuffle and chips to play.

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Stop Pretending

Stop pretending you know anything.

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How Brief It Is

... eternity ... birth ... an imagined existence ... death ... eternity ...

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Repeat After Me

The real You is indivisible, unchanging, sovereign, absolute.
Repeat after me: I am the Way, I am the Truth, I am the Life.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 455

Pure Awareness

True meditation is not at all forced,
And no tradition, no scripture, no posture, no symbol,
No dogma, no mantra, no status, no garb, no diet, no gender, no vernacular,
No attribute contrived by the monkey-mind is in any way required to abet its momentary process.
Pure awareness is the source, the baseline, the witness, of all quantum creation.

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Poof!

You are born now, you live now, you die now.
Time is just a temporary state of imagination.

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Regarding Advice

If someone was really going to take your advice,
Would they have even needed it in the first place?

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True Believers All

You are so caught up in the sensory dream,
So hypnotized, so conditioned, so brainwashed,
That you believe it all real, you believe it all important.
You believe everything thought, you believe everything felt.
All is vanity, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but,
And it the key to the mind in which you reside.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 456

The Courage to Stand Alone

Find your own voice, free of all the conditioning.
Free of the misinformation and disinformation of propaganda.
Free of the indoctrination and habituation of any brain-washing, whatsoever.
It is in there if you have the courage to stand alone against all tides.

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The Story of History

There are those who create history, those who regurgitate it, and those who ignore it.

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Regarding Speculation

The challenge is to never believe any speculation to be more than speculation.

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Settling for Mystery

How can anyone ever even begin to settle,
For any infinitesimal egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-solarcentric vision,
Of this beyond-all-pales enigma of a mystery?

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The Truest Anything

The true scientist, the true historian, the true anything,
Never gives up questing as accurate a rendering,
As their swirl of consciousness can muster.

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Cousins of the Same Puddle

All life is born of the same origin, the same source.
Despite our attachment to genetic bloodlines,
We are all cousins of the same puddle.

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A Singular Serenity

Across the universe, throughout eternity,
There are an inestimable number of perceptions,
Within each and every imaginary moment,
From each and every imaginary angle.
So boggling as to make any mind,
Singularly serene in wonder.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 458

The Medicine Bag

The great number of hallucinogens,
That Gaia across her orb offers,
Take those open to inner exploration,
Down many trails, across many borders.
For those who would pursue a grander vision,
It a journey to be taken as dauntlessly as will allows.

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Bwahahahahaha ...

From the bliss of the womb,
Through the birth canal, into hell.
Thank you, Mother, thank you, Father,
For an excursion surely no one of sound mind,
Would ever even more than fleetingly fantasize taking.
And the real nightmare is you know what:
That it might well happen again.
Bwahahahahaha ...

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The Deepest Furrow

Each and every mind falls prey,
To whatever prompts the paramount delusion,
To whatever carves the deepest furrow in the patterned mind.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 460

The Tribal Mind

Group dynamics are group dynamics, no matter the size or nature.
Really nothing more than tribalistic notions founded in the jungle long ago.
The common denominator of all religions, nation states, families, and high schools.
Just the monkey-mind over and over in different levels of self-absorption.
Egocentricity, ethnocentricity, geocentricity, heliocentricity,
Were written into the original DNA source code,
Long before the will born of mind,
Began plying Darwinian truth to its own ends.

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Quantum Matrix

Quantum light.
Quantum sound.
Quantum vibration.
Quantum consciousness.
Quantum awareness.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum home.
I, Quantum.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 461

Suicide is Not Cheating

Suicide is not cheating death;
Only taking a hand in how it will happen,
Rather than lingering for a more tedious, painful finale.
Charon still earns his obol for yet another voyage across the river Styx.

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Specialization v. Generalization

Specialists often tend to be blind to many things outside their sliver of interest,
And generalists too wide-ranging to cultivate much depth in the immensity of theirs.
It can be a cannot-see-the-forest-through-the-trees, trees-despite-the-forest, chasm thing.

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Hell and Damnation

So many spending their existence trying to be good, trying to stay out of trouble,
Based on the contrived belief in an extremely jealous, vengeful deity,
That will see that they are eternally judged and punished,
If they fall short of the dogmatic mark.

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Many Called, Few Inclined

Much easier to worship idols,
Much easier to follow someone else's law,
Than it is to perceive the timeless within for your Self.
Many are called; few are inclined.
So it goes.

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The Indivisible Truth

Despite the muddle humanity has in every way imaginable made of it,
How can it possibly be that all creation is not fashioned of the same source?
All the creeds ever devised across all eternity cannot negate this one indelible truth:
That the quantum in one is the quantum in all, and the quantum in all is the quantum in one.
No one possesses the ultimate indivisibility any more than anyone or anything else,
Regardless of the incalculable machinations of the undiscerning multitudes,
Given over to every imaginable paradigm under any given sun.
Do not be drawn into delusion by the fog of words.
Monkey-see-monkey-do is not bona fide.

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That Which is Prior to Consciousness

That which is prior to consciousness is awareness.
Awareness is timeless; consciousness, time.
Awareness is still; consciousness, movement.
Awareness is reality; consciousness, imagination.
It is what it is; nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 467

All You Are

All you are, all anyone or anything else is,
Is the timeless awareness playing out a pattern,
A blueprint, a design, an archetype, a genetic construct.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 467

Of a Philosophical Nature

Philosophers, students of existence that they are, ponder anything and everything.
No stone is left unturned as many times as are needed to learn,
Whatever it is he/she is born to discern.
We are all seekers, seeking out one fate or another.

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What Are You?

What are you, but,
A historical collage,
An economic statistic,
An anthropological result,
A psychological adaptation,
A sociological paradigm,
A scientific curiosity.

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Pandora in a Bottle

Consciousness is an evolutionary mutation of instinct.
The fruit of this garden world is knowledge.
Once it was plucked from the vine,
Once Pandora's Box was opened,
Once the Genie was out of the bottle,
All the cards followed suit, all the dominos fell.
Much less about original sin than it is original separation.
The rub is reattaching the fruit, closing the box, corking the bottle,
Shuffling the cards, and somehow putting Humpty-Dumpty back together again.

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Perceiving the Mystery

Why would anyone be unable to see this mystery as anything but a spontaneous creation?

Why would anyone embrace any make-believe dogma, when none are essential?

Why would anyone adhere to a deity limited by any vain confabulation?

Why would anyone debate the fact that they are whatever it is?

Why would anyone ever feel the need to be anything,

But very much present, very much right here, right now.

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Labels, Labels, and More Labels

What is this monkey-mind need to identify with things,

To always be describing ourselves in so many ways,

Tagging ourselves as so many this's and that's?

As if all the labels have ever meant anything.

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Why Others Are Required

Bother that it is for those who must endure the mortal aspect,

The quantum essence cannot know its Self but through creation of the other,

In as many ways as possible as often as possible, to better reflect upon all things imaginable.

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The Upshot of Patterns

Wisdom is the upshot of a great deal of pleasure, a great deal of pain, in every way imaginable.

It is the outcome of having witnessed patterns over and over enough,

To well anticipate their inevitability.

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Differences and Similarities

How similar we are in our differences; how different we are in our similarities.

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Law of the Club

Call it justice, call it revenge,
But some form of law will be kept,
By whoever possesses the fiercest club,
In whatever way the pendulum of time swings.

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Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum

This world is filled with great violence and chaos.
Most cannot afford a bodyguard, much less an escort,
So it is prudent to always be at the ready should need arise.
Si vis pacem, para bellum: If you want peace, prepare for war.

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The Evolution of Warfare

A fist is a stone is a club is a sword is a spear is an arrow is a bullet is a bomb is a missile.
In warfare born in the jungles, in the rivalries of long ago, the relativity of tool-making is all.

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The Unknowable Unknown

Every life form is of a seed line,
An eternal thread of life sowing new life,
All evolving from life's origin, however it began,
To which speculation and conjecture proffer every answer.
That the unknown is forever unknowable does not seem to register.

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Science, the Student of Nature

Physics is physics, chemistry is chemistry, biology is biology.
Nature is what it is; the rubrics of the game are set.
Play well, or suffer the consequences.

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Zeroes, Zeroes & More Zeroes

How big is big? How small is small?
Scientists, mathematicians, and other bean counters,
Always adding zeroes to every end,
To what end?

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True Science

Science that does not flow with nature is not science.
Science that manipulates nature to unnatural ends is not science.
Science that generates mayhem and destruction upon the garden is not science.

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The Final Chapter

From the neurology of the primal brainstem, the dawn of consciousness,
Gradually evolved into the imaginary perception of a separate self.
The inherent collusion of a species on its journey of survival.
In the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but of it all,
The challenge is to move on to the final chapter,
To discern the unconditional singularity,
The origin of all things quantum.
Whether or not that will ever happen,
Will be in some far-future-stay-tuned telling.

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Why Not Every Day?

And why should not every day be rife with contemplation of the unknown?
Why should not every day, even in the tempest of great activity, be a day of rest?
What is it so many are striving to be, to prove, in this most astounding dream of time?

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The Nature of Genius

A writer is precise with words,
A mathematician, with numbers,
An artist, with shape and color,
An athlete, with movement,
A musician, with notes.
Each its own genius.

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The Eye of Mystery

The eye of mystery is within all,
But it is the rare who seek and discern it,
And the rarer still, who become it.

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A Citizen of the Cosmos

Ultimately, the task is to move beyond flag-waving for some mind-made outcome,
And discern that you are really a resident, a citizen, of the cosmos, across all eternity.

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All for Nothing

You work so hard to become something in this world, in this manifest dream.
Challenging to realize, challenging to accept, that it was all for nothing.
The winds of vanity ... nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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Where Differences Dissolve

The quantum clayness plays out any given genetic function,
Without judgment, without qualification, without rhyme or reason.
Consciousness is witness to the innumerable differences,
Awareness, to the indivisibility of the all.

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Who Can Out-Do Anyone?

Who can out-Wittgenstein Wittgenstein?
Who can out-Schopenhauer Schopenhauer?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Lao Tzu Lao Tzu?
Who can out-Heraclitus Heraclitus?
Who can out-Kafka Kafka?
Who can out-Buddha Buddha?
Who can out-Plato Plato?
Who can out-Yogananda Yogananda?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-James James?
Who can out-Ram Dass Ram Dass?
Who can out-Ashtavakra Ashtavakra?
Who can out-Watts Watts?
Who can out-Marx Marx?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Patanjali Patanjali?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Nietzsche Nietzsche?
Who can out-Sartre Sartre?
Who can out-Locke Locke?
Who can out-Thoreau Thoreau?
Who can out-Emerson Emerson?
Who can out-Bacon Bacon?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Vonnegut Vonnegut?
Who can out-Krishna Krishna?
Who can out-Hume Hume?
Who can out- Ikkyū Ikkyū?
Who can out-Machiavelli Machiavelli?
Who can out-Comte Comte?
Who can out-Whitman Whitman?
Who can out-Rousseau Rousseau?
Who can out-Russell Russell?
Who can out-Hobbes Hobbes?

Who can out-Foucault Foucault?
Who can out-Kierkegaard Kierkegaard?
Who can out-Mill Mill?
Who can out-Confucius Confucius?
Who can out-Osho Osho?
Who can out-de Beauvoir de Beauvoir?
Who can out-Aquinas Aquinas?
Who can out-Carneades Carneades?
Who can out-Hess Hess?
Who can out-Diogenes Diogenes?
Who can out-Smith Smith?
Who can out-Parmenides Parmenides?
Who can out-Pascal Pascal?
Who can out-Chomsky Chomsky?
Who can out-Thales Thales?
Who can out-Wollstonecraft Wollstonecraft?
Who can out-Muhammad Muhammad?
Who can out-Shankara Shankara?
Who can out-Sina Sina?
Who can out-Derrida Derrida?
Who can out-Epicurus Epicurus?
Who can out-Kant Kant?
Who can out-Aurelius Aurelius?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Dewey Dewey?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Voltaire Voltaire?
Who can out-Hegel Hegel?
Who can out-Holshouser Holshouser?
Who can out-Plato Plato?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Heidegger Heidegger?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Zoroaster Zoroaster?
Who can out-Jesus Jesus?
Who can out-Camus Camus?
Who can out-Spinoza Spinoza?
Who can out-Krishnamurti Krishnamurti?
Who can out-philosophize the weight of history?
Hemmed in by the sages of the ages, we are, we are.

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Once the life course has been set, once the world view has been molded,
A fair number of monkey-minds do not do well with too many choices, too many options.
Many feel the need to change, even destroy anyone, anything that is too different,
Which for some means almost everyone and everything on the planet.
What a thing to be so confined, so narrowed, so limited,
So incapable of embracing the great all of it.

* * * *

Why maintain any sense of fabricated self, any sense of imaginary identity, at all?
To pretend you are other than the awareness of the eternal moment,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is all,
Why would you want to do such a thing?

* * * *

So many artists, so many inventors, so late in the game, looking for a novel niche,
Something no one has, under the given sun, ever done.
Good luck with that.

* * * *

Krishna, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus,
Socrates, Aristotle, Muhammad, Confucius,
And on and on and yawn and yawn.
All clichés, all stereotypes,
All two-dimensional souvenirs,
Afflictions of time upon the timeless.

* * * *

You fell into the dark pool, the primal abyss of vanity.
To what narcissistic delusion will you submit this day?

* * * *

In the statistical relativity of it all,
Things likely could be far worse or far better.
Gratitude is an attitude, a mindset well worth cultivating,
If the hand you have been dealt in this game of life is at all equitable.
Count your blessings if you are so fortunate as to have some.

* * * *

Here you are: eating, drinking, sitting, walking, running;
Living out each and every day, sleeping through each and every night.
Here you are, witnessing the sensory dream playing out every moment in your mind.
Here you are, seeking meaning and purpose, in a vista that offers none,
But through imaginary intercourse with perception.

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What is humankind but an assortment of strands of evolving-devolving chromosomes,
Rushing about in every way imaginable, often pretending all the while,
That its little play of consciousness is somehow important,
To a cosmos likely indifferent to its existence.

* * * *

Insight into the unknown has never been a group thing, and never will be.
Groupthink only muddles the truth of it into one absurdity or another.

* * * *

True religion, true belief, true faith, true conviction,
Is surrender to the beingness, the aloneness of the eternal moment.
There is no deity, no creed, no dogma, no groupthink.
It is for you, and you alone, to discover.
So simple, as to be discerned, in each and every breath.

* * * *

And to those who abide in the biblical framework,
What is the length of a day, what is the length of a night?
What is anything having to do with space-time,
To those harboring the eternal eye?

* * * *

Why would anyone ever be in denial about the good news,
That they were the quantum creator experiencing its creation?

* * * *

Dissolve back into the quantum womb of your origin.
Free of all desire for existence, free of all fear of existence,
Discern the unicity, be the unicity, prior to all born of imagination.

* * * *

Your body and mind are riddled with every sort of fear and worry,
The post-traumatic stress of the synergy of life's ever-streaming currents,
Some soft, some harsh, but all sculpting you, as the winds of time do all things.

* * * *

Challenging, perhaps all but impossible,
Not to discern the sensory present through the countless filters,
The mind-body's tree rings from a lifetime of abiding the dreamtime of the given universe.
Only the newborn perceives it for the kaleidoscoping unknown that it ever is,
And none for long as the mind steadily puts order to the chaos
Into which it has from oblivion been cast.,

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Pardon Me

Pardon me for inquiring, but why do some humans ...
Seem to loathe nature and her many creations?
Become so determined to control others?
Go to such extremes to feel happy?
Believe gold so important?
Seem to delight in hurting others?
Partake in so many preposterous notions?
Corrupt the world with so many unproven creations?
Despise so many others simply because they abide by different values?
Become so vain about their bodies that they cloak them with every imaginable costume?
Focus on so many differences when there is so much more in common?
Acquire so much more than they could ever need or use?
Bear children in whom they have little interest?
Create a world so indigent and forlorn?
Learn so little from history,
And are so blind to its reckoning?

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The Buddha Mind

What is the Buddha mind, the eternal mind,
But the mind that thinks without thinking, sees without seeing,
Hears without hearing, smells without smelling, tastes without tasting, feels without feeling.
The sensory theater is but an ephemeral, ever-kaleidoscoping dream.
A quantum play, nothing more, nothing less.

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What Would It Have Been Like?

What would it have been like to only know a tiny slice of this garden world?
To have lived among a small group in forest, a valley, a prairie, a mountain, an island, a desert.
Communicating orally using a unique language spawned by the given geography.
Scratching out an arduous existence with nascent tools and weapons.
Wearing simple attire, living in caves or modest shelters.
Hunting, fishing, gathering, harvesting.
Consuming whatever the niche about you offered.
Gazing up at the boundless unknown in wonder, perhaps in dread.
Weaving stories, establishing traditions, rituals, customs; creating myths, legends, gods.
The prehistoric etchings of what we vainly call the modern, civilized world,
All in the same eternal moment it has always been, will ever be.

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An Eternal Game of Hide-and-Seek

We spend so much of our existence spouting over and over and over:
I am this ... I am that ... I am not this ... I am not that ... I am ... I am ... I am ...
When in truth it has all along been the indivisible quantum nothingness,
Playing a timeless game of hide-and-seek with its Self.

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A Dystopian Nightmare to Extinction

How did we evolve into playing it out in such discordant fashion?
What is this monkey-mind need to believe in anything?
What is this insatiable craving for power, for fame, for fortune?
Here we are, somewhere near or past the summit of our brief history of time,
And where can it possibly go, but into some dystopian nightmare, on a sure road to extinction.

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A Solitary Existence

What would existence be like if you were completely alone for the rest of your life?
Whether in a valley, a forest, a mountain, a desert, a tundra, or an island,
What would it be like to never see another human being again?

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No Authority in the Here Now

No set of writings, no persona, no group,
Should ever be accepted thoughtlessly as some authority.
Everything should be approached vigilantly, rationally, with a critical eye.
You are captain of the given mind-body to which You are witness.
Take command of your helm, navigate your own course.
History has its station, but You are here now.

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What Is to Believe?

Breathe in the cosmos ... breathe out the cosmos ...
Breathe in the cosmos ... breathe out the cosmos ...
Breathe in the cosmos ... breathe out the cosmos ...
What is to believe?

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Immortal Aloneness

The mystery, the unknowable you truly are, is utterly anonymous.
Identity is but the temporal fabrication of consciousness,
Of imagination, and its secular attachment to form.
The source, the awareness, is prior to time, prior to mind,
And the rare who fully discern it, abide in the unassuming solitude,
The sovereign, unconditional, indivisible, immortal aloneness of eternal life.

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Blind Acceptance v. Rational Doubt

To accept blindly is foolish; to doubt rationally is prudent.
Why should you accept anything you have not discerned for your Self?
Why accept any fable, any myth, any legend, any folktale, any fairytale, any invention,
Without some reservation, some critical inquiry, some judicious oversight?

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What is the Point?

All religion, all science, all technology, are proving to be ultimately nonsensical.
What is the point, the *raison d'être* of all this knowledge, really,
If it only ends up in mayhem and annihilation?

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The Bounds of Natural Law

Why would you believe, beyond-the-pale-more-than-unlikely events, happened thousands of years ago,
When you have never once, witnessed anything outside the bounds of natural law?
All are folklore born in the forges of one groupthink or another,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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The Blade of Discernment

Within the unfathomable immensity of the quantum matrix, endless fallacies flourish:
Mirages, hallucinations, illusions, visions, delusions, fantasies, figments.
Where the unreal is made real, form after kaleidoscoping form.
Where every Kansas is an Oz, and every rope a snake,
Until with a sharpened blade of discernment,
The Gordian Knot is cut, and all again real become.

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Death by Ennui

If you break down existence into its many parts, sub-parts, and sub-sub-parts:
Food, sex, work, play, cutting the nails, trimming the verge, agony and ecstasy, ad infinitum,
Going round and round in the same groove, doing the same old thing over and over,
What would really be so enticing about existing in some imaginary forever?
The manifest dream must renew its Self, else it will die of ennui.

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Regurgitating Absurdity

You really – despite a mind chock-full of so-called religious knowledge,
To which you cleave with such self-absorbed tenacity – do not know anything of the great unknown.
All you are doing is regurgitating the countless absurdities of universes forever undone,
Instead of fully living in the given right-here-right-now, free of all claims.

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The Nature of a Philosopher

As with any organism small to great born into this whirling garden world,
Human consciousness seeks out similar wavelengths within the spectrum of possibilities,
Thus preserving, spreading whatever perceptions, whatever memes, are harbored in the given mindset.
To discern one's conditioning, and perchance to be free of it, or at least attentive to it,
Requires a skeptical, introspective nature of the highest order.

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The Wind of Mind

Those who know of you, shall remember both the good and bad about you,
But gradually, they will cease thinking about you, except in rarer and rarer moments,
Until all traces of you wash away, and you are forgotten completely,
As all things finite eventually are, and must ever be.
Vanity is but the wind of mind.

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The Consequences of Actions

How many things will you steal before you discern the meaning of honesty?
How many deceptions will you spawn before you discern the meaning of integrity?
How many people will you harm or destroy before you discern the meaning of compassion?
How much life will you live before you realize every act ripples out far and wide?

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A Labyrinth With No Operator's Manual

For any newborn, fresh from the womb, a whole agony-ecstasy existence underway,
And no operator's manual to aid in the long and winding labyrinth.
Just a world chock-full of memes striving diligently,
To absorb them in endless absurdity.

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The Sculpting of Fate

What is birth but the beginning of a story, and death its end.
It is in the manifestation, the consciousness, that all creation unfolds.
For the newborn, not a care in the world – chaste awareness,
Witnessing the senses buzz away, slowly sculpting,
The chronicle, the legend, the fate ahead.

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Just Another Cancer

With all our so-called astuteness and aptitude,
To ultimately comport as mindlessly as any cancer,
Is irony and absurdity intertwined well beyond measure.

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Widgets of the Ordinary Sort

An examined existence is an unlikely probability,
In those whose thoughts been prompted by a dreary education,
Bent on shaping the given mind into a mundane widget of the ordinary sort.

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What Is the Point of Education?

What is the point of an education that does not inspire critical thinking?
What is the point of an education that does not inspire the mettle to inquire fully?
What is the point of an education that does not inspire the capacity to question everything?

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A Sensory Weaving

What are the sensory organs – eyes, ears, tongue, nose, flesh – of any mortal vessel,
But readers of the ever-streaming colors, flavors, tastes, smells, and textures.
What is any universe, but awareness witnessing the creative handiwork,
Of the mind's rendering of the data, the nervous system weaves?

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Entirely Up to You

All the words and symbols, all the theories and speculations, mean diddly-squat.

It is up to you to perceive, on your own, all alone, for your Self,

The one and only You, prior to consciousness

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To Simply Be

What is it, to be completely vulnerable, spontaneous, without artifice?

To bear no vain notion, to merely exist, without concern or motive?

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The True Enemy

The mind caught in the web of friend and foe,

Will find the true enemy is the division within.

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No Bounds

Truth is truth, reality is reality,
Bound by neither light nor sound,
By neither form nor concept,
Bound by nothing in all.

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A Voice From the Wilderness

You may speak the truth clear as day,
But only those hungry for what is real,
Can hear a voice from the wilderness.

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The Blend of Contraries

Right begets wrong; wrong begets right.
Love begets hate; hate begets love.
Yes begets no; no begets yes.
Good begets bad; bad begets good.
White begets black; black begets white.
In everything, its contrary, waiting to bloom.

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Grasping an Enigma

The great tombs only show how fearful some can become,
In their vain attempts to grasp that which is but an enigma.

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Soon Enough

Enjoy your quickly fleeting youth as best ye may, for as long ye may,
For you will, if you manage to survive, be geezer or hag soon enough.

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On Playing the Game

Temporal existence is a game of sorts,
In which by being born you must in one way or another play a part.
A game in which you must somehow learn the written rules, as well as those never once uttered.
A game you must endeavor to play as well as your capacity and limitation allows,
For as long as the mind-body endures the agony and ecstasy of it,
Or at least for as long as it manages to interest you.

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Whimsicalities

The one-percenters and their minions will always find a way,
To make a dime on the whimsicalities of the bottom-feeders.

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Ever the Same Inexplicable Mystery

How attentive are you the garden world about you?
The birth, the death, and all the exquisite dancing between.
And all the befores, all the durings, all the afters,
Ever the same inexplicable mystery.

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What Is v. What Should Be

Like it or not, examining what is, is far more real,
Than spouting an endless array of what-should-be's.

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Prior and Beyond

Look prior and beyond all religion,
And recognize for your Self the one and only Truth,
That you are That I Am; the source, the ground, the essence, its Self.
You are eternal, singular, sovereign, absolute.
There is no other.

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The Same Deity in All

Why would you believe some deity
Would be more interested in you than everything else?
You really think being a tree, an insect, a fish, or a bird, is any less absorbing,
Than all the inflated silliness, you are ever-managing to concoct?

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Witness to Everything

What agony, what ecstasy, it is to exist; every possible delight, every possible torment.
Each and every life form – across all space, across all time – experiencing a unique rendering.
And the awareness, prior to the quantum play, witnessing it all – right here, right now – in every way.

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If you were that which is mystery, and wanted to experience each and every one-of-a-kind creation,
How else to do it but by casting your Self center stage in each and every role?
It is, indeed, a god-eat-god, beyond-all-pales mystery.
And you are the mystery, in just one of its incalculable forms.

* * * *

No one is truly free in this mortal human paradigm.
Ultimately, all are bound by one frame of reference or another.
Bound by geography, culture, religion, language, gender, conditioning, events,
Capacities and limitations, ambition, opportunities, ad infinitum.
Like it or no, that is how the genetic lottery rolls.

* * * *

Timelines within timelines within timelines,
An indivisible quantum sea playing out a space-time relativity.
Everything written in the sands of ever-timeless time,
For you to discern as mind and heart allow,
In this very mortal walkabout.

* * * *

Who, what, why, when, where, how are you,
But imagination attached to its manifest dream.
Still the many thoughts the senses inspire,
And be the anonymous, faceless one.

* * * *

Someone spins a parable; the future calls it scripture.
And if enough join the cult, it may even become a religion.
Dogma and idolatry and persecution and mayhem, sure to follow.

* * * *

What is memory, but electrical impulses whizzing down neural trails?
What is emotion, but biochemical secretions oozing through membranes?
It is imagination's translation of sensation, that navigates any given existence.

* * * *

So many families with unhappy, wretched sagas.
What is that worn adage about blood being thicker than water?
What might that mean, if twists of irony and paradox were to tinge the brew?
Is it thicker than the water of the womb? Is it thicker than the milk of the mother's breast?
Or is it perhaps the blood bond, the mutual covenant between the truest of friends?
Are alliances we choose, more robust than the one into which we are born?
Is the blood-bond of friendship thicker than that of water and milk?

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All the so-called scriptures were written by seers and sages,
Really no different than anyone who has pondered existence before or since.
We are all cousins of the same puddle, responding to the life and times into which we are cast.
The geography, culture, language, technology, and on and on, are inevitably different,
But guaranteed, beyond all doubt, we are all very much the same monkey-mind,
And prior to that, very much the same quantum stardust of all creation.
It is but a veiled, temporal play, in which the myriad players,
Are, in the ultimate eternal reality, one in the same.

* * * *

Discerning eternal life takes a little more insight than mere belief teamed up with hope.
It is always right here, right now, but you must have the astuteness, the wit,
To realize, to perceive, that time is but a notion of consciousness,
Masking the eternal here-now, the majestic theater,
Within which all manifestation dances.

* * * *

How many books have been written since the advent of the printed word,
Most of which have been long lost, many likely all but unread.
So much thought, so much effort, and for what?

* * * *

What is this herd instinct to follow, to imitate, to duplicate?
Why would you ever need or want to mimic anyone else's vanity,
When your own recital is surely more than absurd enough?

* * * *

Every mind imagines a world to which its nature-nurture,
Its capacities and limitations, its frame of reference, subscribes.
No one can be more or less than what the genetic lottery has allotted.
Any rubber band, no matter how elastic, can only stretch so far.

* * * *

Eternal life is the instinctual default for all life forms,
And though many creatures may exist with some sort of sense of time,
Humankind is so immersed in it, as to need religion and every other form of distraction,
To offset the pain and suffering that a mind, chock-full of memories, inspires.

* * * *

The extraterrestrials will have a great time exploring our relics, watching our movies,
And perusing all the bookstores and libraries that managed to stay open until the pithy end.
We will be big hit in some galaxy far, far away: the little green scholars and twelve-legged bards,
Will cast nets far and wide in every sort of speculation about humankind's rise and fall.

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How would it be possible that You are not ultimately the same Me as Me, and Me the same You as You?
The same He as He, the same She as She, the same We as We, the same It as It, the same All as All
Identification with the mind-body is the pretense, the façade, the charade, of consciousness.
At the quantum fount, how can it be anything, but same all in one, the same one in all?

* * * *

Have you really, ever thought, said, or done anything all that different,
Than anything thought, said, or done countless dreamtimes before and since?
Perhaps, but likely ever so rarely, and really, naught but minor tweaks,
In the eternally evolving patterning spun of quantum stardust,
In the puddles and jungles of the unfolding long ago.

* * * *

What is the smallest small, what is the largest large,
And what are you if not the awareness, the nothingness,
The indivisibility, that weaves within and without all.

* * * *

How can there be happy endings,
When there is no conclusion to anything?
Perhaps happy process, but beginning and endings,
Are but the punctuation points of consciousness,
Caught in the filament of unfounded notion.

* * * *

How interesting it would be to know the stories,
Of all the things you have lost or sold or given away.
To know whether they are still being used and cherished,
Buried in some landfill, or a part of some collector's potpourri.

* * * *

Human existence, as it is known,
Is about the accumulation of imaginary conceptions.
To release the mind that attains, is to relinquish all, to the eternal nowness,
The timelessness that is as near to the one and only ultimate reality,
As awareness, through mindfulness, is capable of realizing.
Only in a very serene mind, only in that awareness,
Can the mystery you truly are, be realized.

* * * *

You may believe all this the intentional working of some supreme-on-high deity,
But even if that is true, it must certainly be subject to the same force underwriting all.
Subject to the same evolutionary process, the same pool in which all attributes ebb and flow.

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That the cosmos, that You, exist at all, is beyond the scope of all rationality, all sensibility.
And yet why should the ultimate truth, not be forever impenetrable, unfathomable, inscrutable?
Why should it, how could it, ever be required or obligated, to make any sense whatsoever,
To any but the relatively rare few, inexplicably called to witness its indelible way.

* * * *

And in that oblivion, that obscurity, that emptiness, that gap, that space,
That abyss, that vacuum, that void, that nothingness,
That nada of awareness, You are.

* * * *

Unhook the engine, let loose all the baggage cars.
Be that sharp-cutting-edge, up-front-and-center awareness,
That which was never born, that which never dies,
That which You truly are and are not.

* * * *

Even if there is some on-high deity,
What need to constantly bow and scrape?
What need to tarry in guilt and self-loathing?
What need to again and again pray for forgiveness?
What need to beg for what is not freely given?
What need to give thanks even once?
What point projecting vanity,
Upon that which should have none?

* * * *

Real spirituality is a solitary endeavor.
If You are following some beguiling personality,
Or participating in some strain of intoxicating groupthink,
Rest assured that You need to push the reset button.

* * * *

What You do or say today,
In no way makes you duty-bound,
To play it the same in any given tomorrow.
It is nothing more than vanity that strikes a bargain,
That You incarnate the same persona from one day to the next.

* * * *

Be the world, the cosmos, everything You imagine it might contain.
Do not be held back by the innumerable limits of your given conditioning.
Stand alone, absolute, indivisible, inscrutable, the zenith of your panoramic view.

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At some point on some day after some tomorrow,
Consciousness, as humankind has portrayed it, will simply disappear.
And on and on the abiding earth will whirl, until the cosmic dominos fall, however they will.
And more likely than not, despite all science fiction to the contrary,
No alien species will ever come across all the residue,
Of our relatively transitory tenure.

* * * *

Of all the knowledge gleaned since the fruit of the garden was figuratively picked,
Your little set is but a speck of a bit of a tad of a drop of a crumb,
Of a trace of a fragment of a morsel of a smidgen,
And yet all of the all, all the while.

* * * *

You can likely carry on, despite what others think of you.
Unless, of course, they are willing to beat you up, enslave you, or even kill you,
In which case, you should probably tread lightly, or even run.

* * * *

Identity is a charade born of the monkey-mind in some long ago,
A mortal game that you are forced to play to one degree or another,
If you wish to survive for at least a modicum of mind's potential.

* * * *

The only way any teacher ever becomes truly inspiring,
Is if he/she has at least one student earnestly seeking to learn.
For them to happen into each other, well, that, my friend, is the rub.

* * * *

We all have an individual worldview, a unique universe of our own making.
All are equally authentic in their own indelible, imaginary way.
And yet, all are created equally of the same origin,
The same inexplicable mystery.
There is no way it can ever be truly changed.
It may gradually evolve into something somewhat dissimilar,
But its roots will always harbor the conditioning of its nature-nurture beginnings.

* * * *

You see and hear and taste and smell and feel,
Through the mind-body filter, to which you are so attached.
The memes of dreamtime have molded you into a pattern you think you.
Only by discerning the indivisible awareness prior to the nature-nurture programming,
Can the essential, intrinsic freedom, of that which is timeless, that which is eternal life, be truly won.

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Witnessing the Mystery

The human paradigm, perhaps the paradigm of all manifest, conscious existence, created of awareness,
Is about consumption of the given sensory feed: sights, sounds, tastes, smells, textures.
Experiences of every imaginary scope, filling every conceivable moment.
Meditation is a state of beingness, less about consuming,
Than it is riding the kaleidoscoping wave,
Impassively witnessing the inexplicably timeless mystery,
That which has neither beginning nor end, cause nor purpose, rhyme nor reason.

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An Imaginary Veil

To discern the awareness prior to consciousness,
You must look prior to all the perceptions, all the memories,
Prior to all the thoughts drifting willy-nilly in the smoke of imagination.
Consciousness is but an imaginary veil, behind which is ever the essence You truly are.

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How Could It Be Anything Less?

As limited as any given manifestation must be to dream any existence,
The ultimate You – omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent –
Is within all creation and the space between.
Why would anyone imagine it to be anything less?

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The Web of Life

You very likely, are not at all concerned what happens to some seemingly insignificant life form,
In a tide pool or stream or valley or desert or mountain or ice sheet, in another corner of the world.
But, comprehend it or not, that web of life, of which absolutely everything is part, is why you exist.

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Every religion began as a sect, a cult, of supporters, of enthusiasts, of followers, of groupies,
Who worked very diligently to persuade others they were gatekeepers of the truth,
And should be acknowledged, venerated, and compensated accordingly.

* * * *

To all those who class themselves higher, greater, more substantial,
Know that behind your back, or after you have left the room,
There are many who snigger at your inflated absurdity.

* * * *

Are you really this form, this mind-body?
Or is it merely a vehicle for consciousness to play out its dream,
And you nothing more than a passenger, a witness;
Awareness, timelessly observing it all.

* * * *

Until you left the tranquility of the womb, there was no other.
And once you moved out into the roar of the world,
Consciousness began its sculpting,
And here you are.

* * * *

Why would it possibly matter what anyone thinks of you?
Be your sovereign universe, and allow others the same.

* * * *

To which modern time might we be referring?
All modernity has its moment in each and every mind,
And all are forever lost, the very instant they become memory.

* * * *

Humankind reached its first billion in 1804.
Its second billion in 1927.
The eighth was up and about by 2023.
Eight billion two-leggeds in just over two hundred years.
The total number who have ever lived is estimated to be a 100 billion or more.
How can any paradise ever hold up to such a feeding frenzy?

* * * *

Attitude is all.
With the flip-flop of a thought, sorrow becomes joy;
Bad, good; bitter, cordial; anger, calm; violent, gentle; arrogant, humble; sour, sweet; dark, light.
The remedy to a dualistic world, is the within that is within all withouts.

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We humans are all animals here,
Mammals with consciousness enough, with imagination enough,
To perceive the sensory play in such a way as to fabricate the notion, the absurdity, of individuality.
Animals with a beyond-the-pale aptitude for communication and tool-making.
But animals, nonetheless, animals, nonethemore.

* * * *

If you were in a jungle, and had not learned the means, the tools, necessary for your survival,
How long do you think others would share the boon of their skill in the hunt?
Every bird must abandon the nest, flying upon its own wing.
Anything less is not the Way of Eden.

* * * *

Why is every man not respected, venerated, as one would,
A grandfather, a father, an uncle, a brother, a husband, or a son?
Why is every woman not treated, respected, venerated, as one would,
A grandmother, a mother, an aunt, a sister, a wife, or a daughter?
What is it that makes our kind so callous toward strangers?
Why are we so caught up in the squalor of differences,
Rather than the common thread weaving all?

* * * *

This brief dream is likely just a one-shot dog and pony show,
In your mind-body's, so very vain sliver of forever,
So, enjoy it as best ye may, while ye may,
For it will all be over sooner than soon enough.

* * * *

Even the most vile foe, is teacher to you, and you to s/he.
There is no occurrence that has not played its part,
In your reaching this moment in dreamtime.
You may not much care to offer heartfelt thanks,
But the truth of it, best be acknowledged for what it is.

* * * *

There are always subtleties within subtleties within subtleties.
No one ever achieves excellence any first time,
Nor does anyone ever truly know everything about anything.
Attaining mastery always takes practice; the beginner is always a beginner.

* * * *

Go back to the You before the mortal body, and forward to the You after it has fallen away.
Of what importance is this ever-changing vessel, this vague set of imaginary notions, really?

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The addictive mind is an insatiable mind, a consuming force, obsessed with every possible extreme:
Food, sex, alcohol, drugs, religion, power, fame, fortune, materialism, greed ad infinitum.

A habitual, undisciplined, pride-filled mind, driven to debilitating dependency,
By what is really nothing more than a kaleidoscoping sensory theater.
Ever running from the aloneness, the stillness, the essence,
Of the indelible mystery permeating everything.

* * * *

Here You are – awareness, consciousness, imagination – timeless, right here, right now.
And really no answers to the questions: who, what, where, when, why, how.
Agnostically faking it the best you can, the modus operandi.

* * * *

Desire and fear and dread saturate the primordial roots of every human endeavor.
From the dark jungles, obscure and ominous, passion burned across the world.

* * * *

What is any history but what some storyteller's imaginary frame of reference,
Coupled with the translation of your frame of reference.
Very dubious from the get-go.

* * * *

Who are you to argue with somebody who wants to believe in a deity,
That is as real as the Tooth Fairy or the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus?

* * * *

What is the body but a bag of perceptions,
Of memories, of desire, of fears, of ecstasies, of agonies,
All cavorting in eternity's indivisible stillness, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Why investigate and corroborate anything and everything to your satisfaction?
Because you are a scientist, and resolute, exacting reflection, is first and foremost.

* * * *

The future of Eden – relentlessly corrupted by the mind of humankind – daily unfolds.
The purity of its Darwinistic origin, forever tainted by the cancer it before time fostered.

* * * *

Nothingness is the timeless constant, within which, every imaginable variable –
Each and every one fashioned of the quantum essence and its ever-shifting nature –
Ever condenses and evaporates, like clouds in the sky, in its unborn-undying here now.
The mystery has been labeled by many names, to which, it has never even once answered.

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Pretend you are already dead.
Die to time, literally be here now, right here, right now.
As still as the morning dew, totally alone, eternally present, not a care in the world.
All knowledge vaporized, no family, no friends, no enemies, no problems.
No attachment to the agonies and ecstasies of the sensory feed.
Unequivocal negation of any and all assumptions.
No body, no identity, no possessions.
Just attentive awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The awareness, the spirit, the soul, the essence, the mystery;
How can it be said to belong to anybody, if not everybody and everything?
In the raging sea of metaphors, it is all very much the same.

* * * *

What is any given mind but a set, a bag, an array, of programming.
A circulating loop of habituation, conditioning, brainwashing.
A frame of reference believing its thoughts real and true,
Its manufactured identity sacrosanct and enduring.

* * * *

How ludicrous to imagine that we really know anything,
That all our speculations mean diddly-squat,
That all our ceaseless wordplay,
Is any more than another form of wind.

* * * *

What are the shades of gray between black and white,
Good and bad, right and wrong, right and left, bitter or sweet,
Or any other dualistic notion born of the monkey-mind's play of time?

* * * *

The difference between any you and any me, is all in our heads, is all in our minds.
Our perceptions, our imagination, our relentless emphasis on the ever-kaleidoscoping universe,
Playing out every timeless moment, bewildering us all with its inexplicable veil.
And who has the unshakable witness behind the curtain ever been,
But the same You that is Me, the same Me that is You.

* * * *

And if it is perchance in your cards to figure out this mystery of mysteries,
How far will you glean it? What will you say? What will you do?
How will you play this, what might be called, fate of fates?

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The Last Page

Every one the same quantum indivisibility playing the manifest theater real.
Every one the immortal essence peering through mortal eyes, feigning a mortal game.
Every one as free, as aware, as their shard of spirit demands, and mind allows.

* * * *

Those, whose destiny it is to become seers, ponder many things,
Until they gradually become aware of the foundation of consciousness itself,
And in that observant attentiveness to the awareness that never sleeps,
Their minds discern that from whence all things come and go,
And in that awareness merge back into the indivisibility,
Of the eternity that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is there any creature, any form, fashioned in this vast universe,
That does not journey to the conclusion of its paradigm?
All nature is naught but patterns within patterns,
All functions of the same choicelessness,
All programming of quantum design,
Indivisible within one and all for all eternity.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility is sightless,
Soundless, senseless, odorless, and tasteless.
Only in consciousness does any universe appear real.

* * * *

If the world, if the universe, was truly real,
How could it, would it, every instant be changing?
Only you do not change, only you have ever been the same,
Only you have ever been the one and only you,
Awareness, witnessing a dream.

* * * *

The Tao, by whatever sound you call it, is always the same.
The same as when you were born, the same as when you die,
The same as before you were born, the same as after you die.
Life is a brief opportunity to view it the same while you exist.

* * * *

That quantum essence that you truly are cannot die, for it was never born.
You are eternity, the stuff of stars, come to life in a dreaming of time.
There is no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

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Make-Believe is Not Forever

All groups, all cultures, since the origin of language,
Have used their natural environment to communicate their world.
The sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the climate, the geographical features,
The myriad fellow creatures from small to great, all played parts in every mythological paradigm.
In these our modern times, we use our own creations to decipher the universe about us.
Technologies, politics, religion, business, media, personalities, ad infinitum.
Every conceivable mind-made, artificial, contrived invention,
Has all but usurped the relationship with nature.
The rules of the game are ever the same,
But ignorance leaves us deaf and blind and dumb,
To the one and only reality, that all creation is eternally interwoven,
At such an indivisible level, as to make any part, absolutely inseparable from anything else.
Imagination, and all its fabricated notions, all its dualistic concoctions,
May believe it can control this biosphere, this cosmos,
But it cannot make-believe for long,
Much less forever.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Hope for the Best, Prepare for the Worst

The world is changed. You can feel it in the water.
You can feel it in the earth. You can smell it in the air.
Much that once was is lost, for none now live who remember it.
All bell curves collapse, and where will you and yours be when the dominos really begin falling?
If you have not already begun taking steps, it is time to think hard, prepare strong,
For a when-shit-hits-the-fan rough road in the times rapidly unfolding.
Batten down the hatches, lock and load, watch and wait.
Hope for the best, prepare for the worst.
May sound trite, but it be true.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Mystery You Are

There is no middleman between you and the mystery you are.
There is no need to endlessly agonize over questions that have no answer.
There is no need to believe, to worship, to follow, to pray, to grovel, to tithe, to dogmatize,
To dread judgments from an on-high, to quake over imaginary heavens and hells.
You are That I Am, you are that which is unborn, enduring, undying,
As untainted and free as you allow the state of mind to be.

* * * *

You are the mystery of you, the wonder of you, the eternity of you.
Only sensory perception, imaginary notion, separate you
From that most inescapably authentic reality.
Realize it, grapple it, know it, be it.

* * * *

How can the here-now, the ever-present moment, ever be born, destined to one day die?
How can that which is without attributes, that which is indivisible, ever exist?
How can there be light or dark? Sound or silence? Right or wrong?
How can there be any this, any that, in an indelible mystery,
In which space and time are not, have never been, will never be?

* * * *

Despite all assertions to the contrary, humankind is not the be-all-end-all of this manifest mystery theater.
We have certainly played out a remarkable reverie in our trifling fragment of space-time,
One possibly not replicated anywhere else across the starry-starry cosmos,
But our egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric hullabaloo,
From whatever prelude to whatever finale,
Has never really been more
Than vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity on steroids.
At best a negligible undulation in the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Being domesticated, being cultivated, being trained, as a human being,
Does not make you any closer to godness than any other life form.
Every single beast has evolved from the same quantum origin.
The only difference between you and any other organism
Is an inexorable egocentricity born entirely of imaginary notion.
The entire human drama is nothing more than a collusion of consciousness,
Made possible by the evolutionary happenstance of an ingenious, group-oriented mind,
Two arms, two legs, a larynx, opposable thumbs, and high-capacity lungs.
No critter ever born into this mystery ever stood a chance.
And, being far too clever for our own good,
Neither, ultimately, do we.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who Does Anything?

Who contemplates?
Who perceives?
Who knows?
Who cares?
Who feels?
Who loves?
Who hates?
Who hopes?
Who believes?
Who does anything?

Breadcrumbs 2015

In Every

In every yes, a no; in every no, a yes.
In every truth, a lie; in every lie, a truth.
In every good; a bad; in every bad; a good.
In every vague, an exact; in every exact, a vague.
In every blessing, a curse; in every curse, a blessing.
In every unknown, a known; in every known, an unknown.
In every intangible, a tangible; in every tangible, an intangible.
In every abundance, a shortage; in every shortage, an abundance.
In every superiority, an inferiority; in every inferiority, a superiority.
In every inexplicable, an explicable; in every explicable, an inexplicable.
In every immeasurable, a measurable; in every measurable, an immeasurable.
In every intelligible, an inscrutable; in every inscrutable, an intelligible.
In every open hand, a closed fist; in every closed fist, an open hand.
In every creation, a destruction; in every destruction, a creation.
In every brilliance, a dullness; in every dullness, a brilliance.
In every positive, a negative; in every negative, a positive.
In every logic, an absurdity; in every absurdity, a logic.
In every infinite, a finite; in every finite, an infinite.
In every deep, a shallow; in every shallow, a deep.
In every right, a wrong; in every wrong, a right.
In every large, a small; in every small, a large.
In every whole, a part; in every part, a whole.
In every plus, a minus; in every minus, a plus.
In every savant, a fool; in every fool, a savant.
In every gray, a gray; in every gray, more gray.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Are You?

Who are you?
What are you?
Where are you?
When are you?
Why are you?
How are you?
... Are you? ...

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Sound of One Hand Clapping

The sound of one hand clapping is the sound of ...
The big bang five trillion big bangs ago,
The moment just before a sneeze,
The other hand clapping,
A dust ball swirling,
An atom splitting,
A minnow winking,
A wave's furthest reach,
The wiggle of a loose tooth,
Dust settling upon a dewdrop,
The moment before a door slams,
Wind wafting along the edge of a rock,
Time changing on the face of a digital clock,
A water balloon bursting through a chain link fence,
The brush of a butterfly's wing upon the surface of the moon,
A paper plane gliding through the stillness of a room,
The ground falling toward a descending plane,
Sunlight reflecting off a beetle's back,
A wheel bouncing above the road,
A mosquito's needle piercing,
A gnat flapping one wing,
The space between the eyes,
A crippled cockroach dancing,
A tear tugged downward by gravity,
A spit wad just before smacking its target,
Angels dancing madly on the proverbial pinhead.
The pause between breaths, the breath between pauses.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Awareness Is

Neither one nor two,
Neither single nor double,
Neither solid nor ephemeral,
Neither everything nor nothing,
Neither what is nor what is not,
Neither living nor nonliving,
Neither right nor wrong,
Neither time nor space,
Neither here nor now,
Neither good nor evil,
Neither true nor false,
Neither judge nor jury,
Awareness is.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Groupthink

The groupthink creates.
The groupthink conducts.
The groupthink influences.
The groupthink manipulates.
The groupthink persuades.
The groupthink controls.
The groupthink harvests.
The groupthink destroys.
The groupthink perseveres.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who? What? Where? When? Why? How?

Who is there to become?
What is there to realize?
Where is there to arrive?
When is it going to happen?
Why is there no end to questions?
How will you ever be free?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up

How many star-filled universes may have come and gone before the so-called Big Bang
Or Creation or Genesis or Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up,
Or whatever other metaphors mind may have conjured up.
And how many will come and go after this rendering,
And how many are simultaneously happening right now,
And what was and will be before and after any or all of them,
As if there could ever be any before or after any timeless fabrication,
Before or after what may well have never really happened in the first place.
Anything and everything, is on the table in the indivisibleness of all things quantum.

Breadcrumbs 2015

What Do You Your Self Intuit?

What is it little old you discerns in this theater into which you have without choice been cast?
Without all the countless devices we toolmakers have devised to measure our universe,
Without all the sciences, without all the mathematics, without all the technologies,
Without all the things the monkey-mind will do to quantify to the nth degree,
What is it you for your Self alone intuit, you for your Self alone deduct,
What is it you for your Self, without any influence from any other,
Discern real and true in this immeasurable enigma beyond all pales?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who is the Who?

Who is the who, who desires? Who is the who, who fears?
Who is the who, who plays out any action, plays out any passion,
But the indivisible awareness cloaked by the attachment of consciousness,
To the mind-body presenting itself, pretending itself, colluding itself, real and true.

Breadcrumbs 2015

A Quantum Reverie

The entire human spectacle, and all its countless histories,
Is nothing more than ever-changing, temporal, imaginary perception.
A make-it-up-as-we-go, spontaneous kind of thing, that really is not any thing at all.
A holographic dream, which all are genetically programmed, culturally conditioned, to play along.
An enigmatic quantum reverie: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Very bemusing to all concerned, indeed, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Catching the Drift

Time to get another trim, cut another nail.
Time to eat another steak, drink another bottle of wine.
Time to take another jaunt, another walk, another shit, another piss.
Time to fill another form, smog another car, pay another bill, lace up another shoe.
Time to abide another debate, cast another stone, suffer another injury, endure another death.
How many times does one need to do something to catch the drift?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Nature's Dogma

Nature's dogma is the unwritten law determined and enforced by quantum mechanics:
Irrevocable, irreversible, unalterable, unchangeable, immutable, undeniable,
Incontrovertible, indisputable, permanent, binding, absolute, final.

Breadcrumbs 2015

You Are All

It does not matter how you are.
It does not matter why you are.
It does not matter who you are.
It does not matter what you are.
It does not matter when you are.
It does not matter where you are.
You are all the same consciousness.
You are all the same awareness.
You are all the same dream.
You are all the same now.
You are all the same me.
You are all the same you.
You are all the same quantum.
Call it God, call it Buddha, call it Tao,
Call it Allah, call it Brahman, call it whatever,
You are all the same prior-to-consciousness mystery.
If truth does not bring you the harmony of peace, nothing will.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Infinity of Hells

The details, the details.
The nuances, the nuances.
The minutiae, the minutiae.
The particulars, the particulars.
The elements, the elements.
The niceties, the niceties.
The facets, the facets.
The facts, the facts.
The parts, the parts.
The aspects, the aspects.
The specifics, the specifics.
The finer points, the finer points.
The infinity of hells that havoc the mind.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Seemingly

Seemingly mortal, yet not all the time.
Seemingly carefree, yet not all the time.
Seemingly arrogant, yet not all the time.
Seemingly egocentric, yet not all the time.
Seemingly narcissistic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly sociopathic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly psychopathic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly courageous, yet not all the time.
Seemingly intelligent, yet not all the time.
Seemingly attached, yet not all the time.
Seemingly relaxed, yet not all the time.
Seemingly intense, yet not all the time.
Seemingly foolish, yet not all the time.
Seemingly this or that, yet not all the time.
Seemingly so many things, yet not all the time.

Breadcrumbs 2015

What Will You Do?

T-Shirt Karma,
Coffee Mug Dharma:
What Would Jesus Do?
What Would Lao Tzu Do?
What Would Nietzsche Do?
What Would Siddhartha Do?
What Would Muhammad Do?
What Would Zoroaster Do?
What Would Krishna Do?
What Would Waldo Do?
What Will You Do?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Forever Inexplicable

Awareness, the source of all creation, knows nothing.
Self-knowledge is but the imaginary fabrication of consciousness.
Without the matrix of quantum indivisibility, without the dream of otherness,
There would be no reflection, there would be no inquiry into the mystery of all mysteries.
And even in that reflection, as expansive or focused as it might be,
The inexplicable remains forever inexplicable.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Passions

The passions can be a heady mix of emotions, often impetuous, barely controllable.
From Wikipedia, a list of the A-to-W ways it can play out in any of us: affection, anger,
Angst, anguish, annoyance, anticipation, anxiety, apathy, arousal, awe, boredom, confidence,
Contempt, contentment, courage, curiosity, depression, desire, despair, disappointment, disgust,
Distrust, ecstasy, embarrassment, empathy, envy, euphoria, fear, frustration, gratitude, grief,
Guilt, happiness, hatred, hope, horror, hostility, humiliation, interest, jealousy, joy,
Loneliness, love, lust, outrage, panic, passion, pity, pleasure, pride, rage, regret,
Remorse, resentment, sadness, saudade, schadenfreude, self-confidence,
Shame, shock, shyness, sorrow, suffering, surprise, trust, wonder,
Worry, and who knows how many honorable mentions
In the hard-wiring of the jungles of long ago.
We are the Planet of the Apes, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2015

You, Scientist

Trust your Self.
Trust your own mind.
Trust your own awareness.
Trust your own perception.
Trust your own intuition.
Find your own way,
You, scientist.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Ebb and Flow

Ebb and flow,
Yield and resist,
Listen and speak,
Receive and impart,
Retreat and attack,
Maneuver and fire,
Block and strike,
Give and take,
Yin and yang.

Breadcrumbs 2015

What You Cannot Know

You cannot feel that which cannot be felt.
You cannot see that which cannot be seen.
You cannot hear that which cannot be heard.
You cannot taste that which cannot be tasted.
You cannot smell that which cannot be smelt.
You cannot know that which cannot be known.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who, What, Where, When, Why, How

Who, what, where, when, why, how ... am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how ... are you?
Who, what, where, when, why, how ... is anyone?
Who, what, where, when, why, how is anything?
But the same indivisible upwelling permeating everything.
Call it by whatever vibration you choose, it is the same clayness,
The same omniscience, the same omnipotence, the same omnipresence,
The same unborn-undying awareness, ever creating its Self anew.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Be the Light

See the light,
Hear the light,
Touch the light,
Taste the light,
Feel the light.
Be the light.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Mystery, I Calls It

Some call it God.
Some call it Allah.
Some call it Yahweh.
Some call it Brahman.
Some call it Quantum.
Some call it Jehovah.
Some call it Shiva.
Some call it Tao.
I call it Mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Liar, Cheat, Thief, Murderer

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I am only a hypocrite when bored out of my mind, and just can't help my Self.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I ain't no gol-durned hypocrite, unless of course, the truth don't bear telling.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
But I am only a hypocrite when given moments of vanity force my hand.

I may be a liar, I may be a cheat, I may be a thief,
And I may daily conspire every variety of murder and mayhem,
But at least I ain't no Jesus-loving-god-forsaken-double-dealing hypocrite.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
That said, hypocrisy and pretentiousness are not strangers at the table, either.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between bouts of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least I am not a hypocrite more often than vain notion calls.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And whatever that does not deal with makes me a hypocrite, too.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And sometimes, when the mood strikes, I even go rogue and dip into hypocrisy.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And let us not leave out all the hypocrisy that dallies between the cracks.

How many worship some imaginary deity, praying for blessings, for forgiveness,
And then spend every other moment possible in one pursuit or another,
Lying, cheating, thieving, even plotting murder and mayhem,
Never discerning their hypocrisy and self-deceit.

x

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between stretches of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least you are not a hypocrite, more often than vain notion calls.

Do not even for a second believe that I did not more than a few times play the demon.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And I am guardian serving and protecting all.
I am consciousness,
Every facet unfurled as the given time calls.

Breadcrumbs 2015

59 Moments to the Way It Is (And Is Not)

The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#\$*!?

- 59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
- 59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
 - 59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
 - 59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
 - 59 Moments to Eternity
 - 59 Moments to Oblivion
- 59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
 - 59 Moments to So It Goes
- 59 Moments to Fearlessness
- 59 Moments to Timelessness
 - 59 Moments to Truth
- 59 Moments to Born Anew
 - 59 Moments to Nirvana
 - 59 Moments to Passé
- 59 Moments to Godlessness
 - 59 Moments to God
- 59 Moments to Rationalism
- 59 Moments to Existentialism
 - 59 Moments to Annihilation
- 59 Moments to Common Sense
 - 59 Moments to Discernment
- 59 Moments to Critical Thinking
 - 59 Moments to Gumption
 - 59 Moments to Grit
- 59 Moments to Resourcefulness
 - 59 Moments to Imagination
- 59 Moments to Inventiveness
 - 59 Moments to Creativity
 - 59 Moments to Wit
- 59 Moments to Born Again
 - 59 Moments to Ingenuity
 - 59 Moments to Enterprise
 - 59 Moments to Reality
 - 59 Moments to Absurdity
 - 59 Moments to Humility
- 59 Moments to Hopelessness
- 59 Moments to Minimalism
 - 59 Moments to Evermore
 - 59 Moments to Hedonism
 - 59 Moments to Discipline
- 59 Moments to Narcissism
 - 59 Moments to Ecstasy
 - 59 Moments to Heaven
 - 59 Moments to Hell

59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism
59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other
59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility

59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!
59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments ... To Be Continued

Breadcrumbs 2018

Be What You Gotta Be

Be what you gotta be.
Do what you gotta do.
See what you gotta see.
Feel what you gotta feel.
Shit what you gotta shit.
Like what you gotta like.
Love what you gotta love.
Play what you gotta play.
Hate what you gotta hate.
Hear what you gotta hear.
Taste what you gotta taste.
Think what you gotta think.
Sweat what you gotta sweat.
Dream what you gotta dream.
Breathe what you gotta breathe.
Consume what you gotta consume.
Believe what you gotta believe.
Smell what you gotta smell.
Own what you gotta own.
Toss what you gotta toss.
Kill what you gotta kill.
Die what you gotta die.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Monarchs of the Mind

Pride, more pride, even more pride.
Envy, more envy, even more envy.
Lust, more lust, even more lust.
Sloth, more sloth, even more sloth.
Greed, more greed, even more greed.
Wrath, more wrath, even more wrath.
Gluttony, more gluttony, even more gluttony.
The Seven Deadly Sins: Monarchs of the human mind.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Why Should There Be? How Can There Be?

Why should there be, how can there be, any who?
Why should there be, how can there be, any what?
Why should there be, how can there be, any where?
Why should there be, how can there be, any when?
Why should there be, how can there be, any why?
Why should there be, how can there be, any how?

Breadcrumbs 2018

You Are, You Are Not

You are this set of biological functions; you are not this set of biological functions.
You are this set of bodily networks; you are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions; you are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories; you are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths; you are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods; you are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes; you are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes; you are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes; you are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures; you are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references; you are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences; you are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions; you are not this set of intentions.
You are this set of desires; you are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears; you are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections; you are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures; you are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains; you are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities; you are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations; you are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections; you are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Titles on Consciousness

The Hedonist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Depths of Consciousness
The Cloud of Consciousness
The Conscious Eye
The Parameters of Consciousness
The Nuances of Consciousness
The Miasma of Human Consciousness
The Maelstrom of Human Consciousness
Paradigms of Consciousness
The Conscious Breath
The Conscious Witness
The Matrix of Consciousness
The Sands of Consciousness
The Bounds of Consciousness
The Theater of Consciousness
The Big Bang of Consciousness
The Sphere of Consciousness
Consciousness is Smoke; Awareness, Fire
Self Consciousness
The Spectrum of Consciousness
The Living Death of Consciousness
The Collusion of Consciousness
The Winds of Consciousness
The Relativity of Consciousness
Consciousness or Awareness, Your Choice
Ethereal Awareness, Ephemeral Consciousness
Consciousness Measures, Awareness Streams
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
Faces of Consciousness
Harbors of Consciousness
Windows of Consciousness
Streaming Consciousness
Consciousness is the Flaw
The Fog of Consciousness
The Dance of Consciousness
The Bane of Consciousness
Instinct Slathered with Consciousness
The Absurdity of Consciousness
A Collusion of Consciousness
The Schizophrenia of Consciousness
The Mystery of Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness, Prior to Quantum
The Motley Winds of Consciousness
The Netherworld of Consciousness
The Hubris of Consciousness

The Bravado of Consciousness
Wandering the Relativity of Consciousness
The Narcissist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Web of Consciousness
The Contractions of Consciousness
The Awareness Prior to Consciousness
The Oppression of Consciousness
The Intelligence Prior to Consciousness
Consciousness, the Usurper
The Gordian Knot of Consciousness
Consciousness (a.k.a., Imagination)
The Trilogy of Consciousness
The Whims of Consciousness
The Shallows of Consciousness
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
The Pleasure of Consciousness
The Pain of Consciousness

The Trilogy of Consciousness:
Power, Fame, Fortune

The Ever-Changing Consciousness:
Remembering and Forgetting Its Imaginary Creation.

Titles, Titles & More Titles 2018

The First and Last Freedom

In the pure nihilistic mind,
The mind that doubts everything,
The mind that no longer seeks meaning,
The mind that no longer necessitates purpose,
The mind that no longer acknowledges dogma,
The mind that no longer maintains principles,
The mind that no longer asserts knowledge,
The mind that literally believes nothing,
The first and last freedom reigns.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Even More

Effing the ineffable, more effing the ineffable, even more effing the ineffable.
Gobbledygook, more gobbledygook, even more gobbledygook.
Human drivel, more human drivel, even more human drivel.
Mind gorp, more mind gorp, even more mind gorp.
Much ado about nothing, more much ado about nothing, even more much ado about nothing.
Dogma, more dogma, even more dogma.
Glory, more glory, even more glory.
Vanity, more vanity, even more vanity.
Chaos, more chaos, even more chaos.
Absurdity, more absurdity, even more absurdity.
Rules, more rules, even more rules.
Laws, more laws, even more laws.
Power, more power, even more power.
Fame, more fame, even more fame.
Fortune, more fortune, even more fortune.
Concepts, more concepts, even more concepts.
Done, more done, even more done.
Scourge, more scourge, even more scourge.
Mind doodles, more mind doodles, even more mind doodles.
Déjà vu, more déjà vu, even more déjà vu.
Metaphors, more metaphors, even more metaphors.
Consequences, more consequences, even more consequences.
Meaninglessness, more meaninglessness, even more meaninglessness.
Purposelessness, more purposelessness, even more purposelessness.
Me, myself, and I, more me, myself, and I, even more me, myself, and I.
Cute, more cute, even more cute.
Entitlement, more entitlement, even more entitlement.
Duh, more duh, even more duh.
Doh, more doh, even more doh.
Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
Say whaaaat?!!, more say whaaaat?!!, even more say whaaaat?!!
Tool-making, more tool-making, even more tool-making.
Home invasion, more home invasion, even more home invasion.
Deception, more deception, even more deception.
Civilization, more civilization, even more civilization.
Savagery, more savagery, even more savagery.
Delusion, more delusion, even more delusion.
Confusion, more confusion, even more confusion.
Revenge, more revenge, even more revenge.
Forgiveness, more forgiveness, even more forgiveness.
Folderol, more folderol, even more folderol.
Be here now, more be here now, even more be here now.
Be there now, more be there now, even more be there now.
Nowhere now, more nowhere now, even more nowhere now.
Life of moi, more life of moi, even more life of moi.

End is nigh, more end is nigh, even more end is nigh.
 Nowhere, more nowhere, even more nowhere.
 Bragging, more bragging, even more bragging.
 Dramas, more dramas, even more dramas.
 Soap operas, more soap operas, even more soap operas.
 Insoluble problems, more insoluble problems, even more insoluble problems.
 Empowerment, more empowerment, even more empowerment.
 Disempowerment, more disempowerment, even more disempowerment.
 Self-absorption, more self-absorption, even more self-absorption.
 Self-aggrandizement, more self-aggrandizement, even more self-aggrandizement.
 Opening game, more opening game, even more opening game.
 Middle game, more middle game, even more middle game.
 End game, more end game, even more end game.
 Projects, more projects, even more projects.
 Conundrums, more conundrums, even more conundrums.
 Play the gray, more play the gray, even more play the gray.
 No-others, more no-others, even more no-others.
 Intelligencia, more intelligencia, even more intelligencia.
 Aristocracy, more aristocracy, even more aristocracy.
 Plutocracy, more plutocracy, even more plutocracy.
 Oligarchy, more oligarchy, even more oligarchy.
 Tyranny, more tyranny, even more tyranny.
 Bourgeois, more bourgeois, even more bourgeois.
 Proletariat, more proletariat, even more proletariat.
 Deplorables, more deplorables, even more deplorables.
 Legalisms, more legalisms, even more legalisms.
 Number-crunchers, more number-crunchers, even more number-crunchers.
 Politicians, more politicians, even more politicians.
 Lawyers, more lawyers, even more legalists.
 Bureaucrats, more bureaucrats, even more bureaucrats.
 Technocrats, more technocrats, even more technocrats.
 Political intrigue, more political intrigue, even more political intrigue.
 Philosophical babble, more philosophical babble, even more philosophical babble.
 Lone ranger, more lone ranger, even more lone ranger.
 Pleasure, more pleasure, even more pleasure.
 Pain, more pain, even more pain.
 Death, more death, even more death.
 Killing, more killing, even more killing.
 Desperation, more desperation, even more desperation.
 Problems, more problems, even more problems.
 Solutions, more solutions, even more solutions.
 Answers, more answers, even more answers.
 Questions, more questions, even more questions.
 Punctuation, more punctuation, even more punctuation.
 Words, more words, even more words.
 Food, more food, even more food.
 Sustenance, more sustenance, even more sustenance.
 Pathos, more pathos, even more pathos.

Anguish, more anguish, even more anguish.
 Tragedy, more tragedy, even more tragedy.
 Joy, more joy, even more joy.
 Sorrow, more sorrow, even more sorrow.
 Misery, more misery, even more misery.
 Grief, more grief, even more grief.
 Drugs, more drugs, even more drugs.
 Sickness, more sickness, even more sickness.
 Technology, more technology, even more technology.
 Engineering, more engineering, even more engineering.
 Science, more science, even more science.
 Buzz, more buzz, even more buzz.
 Noise, more noise, even more noise.
 Knowledge, more knowledge, even more knowledge.
 Plagiarism, more plagiarism, even more plagiarism.
 Civility, more civility, even more civility.
 Vulgarity, more vulgarity, even more vulgarity.
 Boorishness, more boorishness, even more boorishness.
 Incivility, more incivility, even more incivility.
 Coarseness, more coarseness, even more coarseness.
 Bullying, more bullying, even more bullying.
 War, more war, even more war.
 Revolution, more revolution, even more revolution.
 Unrest, more unrest, even more unrest.
 Strife, more strife, even more strife.
 Hunger, more hunger, even more hunger.
 Hoitytoityville, more Hoitytoityville, even more Hoitytoityville.
 Craving, more craving, even more craving.
 Contentment, more contentment, even more contentment.
 Planet of the Apes, more Planet of the Apes, even More Planet of the Apes.
 Something happened, more something happened, even more something happened.
 Serenity, more serenity, even more serenity.
 Human balderdash, more human balderdash, even more human balderdash.
 Eclectic, more eclectic, even more eclectic.
 Mystery, more mystery, even more mystery.
 Birth, more birth, even more birth.
 Paths to glory, more paths to glory, even more paths to glory.
 Whining, more whining, even more whining.
 Pap, more pap, even more pap.
 Space cadet, more space cadet, even more space cadet.
 Being, more being, even more being.
 Becoming, more becoming, even more becoming.
 Thinking, more thinking, even more thinking.
 Quietude, more quietude, even more quietude.
 Desire, ore desire, even more desire.
 Fear, more fear, even more fear.
 Dread, more dread, even more dread.
 Abyss, more abyss, even more abyss.

Serendipity, more serendipity, even more serendipity.
 Illusion, more illusion, even more illusion.
 Non sequitur, more non sequitur, even more non sequitur.
 Endorphins, more endorphins, even more endorphins.
 More, more more, even more more.
 Soma, more soma, even more soma.
 Babbleon, more babbleon, even more babbleon.
 Twitteron, more twitteron, even more twitteron.
 Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
 Twitterheads, more twitterheads, even more twitterheads.
 So it goes, more so it goes, even more so it goes.
 Food for words, more food for words, even more food for words.
 Ineffable, more ineffable, even more ineffable.
 Trees falling, more trees falling, even more trees falling.
 No-mind, more no-mind, even more no-mind.
 Mindless perception, more mindless perception, even more mindless perception.
 Wisdom, more wisdom, even more wisdom.
 Foolishness, more foolishness, even more foolishness.
 Weariness, more weariness, even more weariness.
 Game face, more game face, even more game face.
 Practice, more practice, even more practice.
 Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
 Bittersweet, more bittersweet, even more bittersweet.
 Caring, more caring, even more caring.
 Non-Caring, more non-caring, even more non-caring.
 Sweet, more sweet, even more sweet.
 Bitter, more bitter, even more bitter.
 Sour, more sour, even more sour.
 Smorgasbord, more smorgasbord, even more smorgasbord.
 Consumption, more consumption, even more consumption.
 Parochial, more parochial, even more parochial.
 Cosmopolitan, more cosmopolitan, even more cosmopolitan.
 Cruelty, more cruelty, even more cruelty.
 Kindness, more kindness, even more kindness.
 Nothing, more nothing, even more nothing.
 Something, more something, even more something.
 Meditation, more meditation, even more meditation.
 Contemplation, more contemplation, even more contemplation.
 Existence, more existence, even more existence.
 Creation, more creation, even more creation.
 Void, more void, even more void.
 Nil, more nil, even more nil.
 Naught, more naught, even more naught.
 Brazen, more brazen, even more brazen.
 Gold, more gold, even more gold.
 Real gold, more real gold, even more real gold.
 False gold, more false gold, even more false gold.
 Scorn, more scorn, even more scorn.

Desolation, more desolation, even more desolation.
 Things, more things, even more things.
 Sounds, more sounds, even more sounds.
 Sights, more sights, even more sights.
 Flavors, more flavors, even more flavors.
 Tastes, more tastes, even more tastes.
 Smells, more smells, even more smells.
 People, more people, even more people.
 Nada, more nada, even more nada.
 Mindful, more mindful, even more mindful.
 Mindless, more mindless, even more mindless.
 Wordplay, more wordplay, even more wordplay.
 Numbers, more numbers, even more numbers.
 Symbols, more symbols, even more symbols.
 Images, more images, even more images.
 Colors, more colors, even more colors.
 Shades of gray, more shades of gray, even more shades of gray.
 Forms, more forms, even more forms.
 Formless, more formless, even more formless.
 Art, more art, even more art.
 History, more history, even more history.
 Ivory Tower, more Ivory Tower, even more Ivory Tower.
 Creativity, more creativity, even more creativity.
 Preservation, more preservation, even more preservation.
 Destruction, more destruction, even more destruction.
 Anthropological events, more anthropological events, even more anthropological events.
 Crapola, more crapola, even more crapola.
 Yoke, more yoke, even more yoke.
 Conversations, more conversations, even more conversations.
 Habit, more habit, even more habit.
 Rut, more rut, even more rut.
 Patterns, more patterns, even more patterns.
 Human bullshit, more human bullshit, even more human bullshit.
 Human babble, more human babble, even more human babble.
 Definitions, more definitions, even more definitions.
 Grace, more grace, even more grace.
 Perfection, more perfection, even more perfection.
 Quantum consumption, more quantum consumption, even more quantum consumption.
 Futility, more futility, even more futility.
 Whodunit, more whodunit, even more whodunit.
 Beeps, more beeps, even more beeps.
 Gorging, more gorging, even more gorging.
 Herd games, more herd games, even more herd games.
 Berserko, more berserko, even more berserko.
 Calamity, more calamity, even more calamity.
 Hobbies, more hobbies, even more hobbies.
 Whatchamacallits, more whatchamacallits, even more whatchamacallits.
 Wallahoo, more wallahoo, even more wallahoo.

Human chatter, more human chatter, even more human chatter.
 Digestion, more digestion, even more digestion.
 Indigestion, more indigestion, even more indigestion.
 Lies, more lies, even more lies.
 Extinction, more extinction, even more extinction.
 Migration, more migration, even more migration.
 Yabba-dabba-doo, more Yabba-dabba-doo, even more yabba-dabba-doo.
 Cleverness, more cleverness, even more cleverness.
 Doubt, more doubt, even more doubt.
 Quibbling, more quibbling, even more quibbling.
 Contrarianism, more contrarianism, even more contrarianism.
 Eternity, more eternity, even more eternity.
 Indivisibility, more indivisibility, even more indivisibility.
 Silly as it is, more silly as it is, even more silly as it is.
 Never mind, more never mind, even more never mind.
 Wandering on empty, more wandering on empty, even more wandering on empty.
 Obviousness, more obviousness, even more obviousness.
 Translation, more translation, even more translation.
 Virtue, more virtue, even more virtue.
 Excellence, more excellence, even more excellence.
 Areté, more arête, even more arété.
 Possibilities, more possibilities, even more possibilities.
 Similarities, more similarities, even more similarities.
 Differences, more differences, even more differences.
 Edifices, more edifices, even more edifices.
 Corruption, more corruption, even more corruption.
 Charades, more charades, even more charades.
 Bonkers, more bonkers, even more bonkers.
 Trivial pursuit, more trivial pursuit, even more trivial pursuit.
 Wankers, more wankers, even more wankers.
 Pedal to the metal, more pedal to the metal, even more pedal to the metal.
 Aphrodisiac, more aphrodisiac, even more aphrodisiac.
 Compromise, more compromise, even more compromise.
 Half-baked, more half-baked, even more half-baked.
 Indifference, more indifference, even more indifference.
 Like, more like, even more like.
 Dislike, more dislike, even more dislike.
 Values, more values, even more values.
 Quality, more quality, even more quality.
 Shapes, more shapes, even more shapes.
 Calculations, more calculations, even more calculations.
 Manipulations, more manipulations, even more manipulations.
 Truths, more truths, even more truths.
 Order, more order, even more order.
 Formlessness, more formlessness, even more formlessness.
 Awareness, more awareness, even more awareness.
 Small talk, more small talk, even more small talk.
 Idle chatter, more idle chatter, even more idle chatter.

Great thoughts, more great thoughts, even more great thoughts.
 Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
 Dangerous toys, more dangerous toys, even more dangerous toys.
 Contradiction, more contradiction, even more contradiction.
 Psychosis, more psychosis, even more psychosis.
 Imaginary friends, more imaginary friends, even more imaginary friends.
 Decadence, more decadence, even more decadence.
 Hogwash, more hogwash, even more hogwash.
 Shenanigans, more shenanigans, even more shenanigans.
 Babble-izing, more babble-izing, even more babble-izing.
 Sentimentalizing, more sentimentalizing, even more sentimentalizing.
 Gaia disrupted, more gaia disrupted, even more gaia disrupted.
 Mutuality, more mutuality, even more mutuality.
 Human ordeal, more human ordeal, even more human ordeal.
 Figurative love, more figurative love, even more figurative love.
 Literal love, more literal love, even more literal love.
 Witnessing, more witnessing, even more witnessing.
 Gibberish, more gibberish, even more gibberish.
 Quantum mirage, more quantum mirage, even more quantum mirage.
 Quantum dust, more quantum dust, even more quantum dust.
 Quantum dust storm, more quantum dust storm, even more quantum dust storm.
 Busy, busy, busy; more busy, busy, busy; even more busy, busy, busy.
 Tangible, more tangible, even more tangible.
 Intangible, more intangible, even more intangible.
 Ground, more ground, even more ground.
 Essence, more essence, even more essence.
 Reality, more reality, even more reality.
 Deceit, more deceit, even more deceit.
 Past, more past, even more past.
 Future, more future, even more future.
 Now, more now, even more now.
 Clutter, more clutter, even more clutter.
 Afterthoughts, more afterthoughts, even more afterthoughts.
 Dribble, more dribble, even more dribble.
 Naysaying, more naysaying, even more naysaying.
 Stuff, more stuff, even more stuff.
 Broken, more broken, even more broken.
 Strange, more strange, even more strange.
 Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
 Quantum moi, more quantum moi, even more quantum moi.
 Middlemen bullshit, more middlemen bullshit, even more middlemen bullshit.
 Yes, more yes, even more yes.
 No, more no, even more no.
 Maybe, more maybe, even more maybe.
 Yes-no-maybe, more yes-no-maybe, even more yes-no-maybe.
 Jeopardy, more jeopardy, even more jeopardy.
 Drivel, more drivel, even more drivel.
 Consumeracracy, more consumeracracy, even more consumeracracy.

Grumpy, more grumpy, even more grumpy.
 Mayhem, more mayhem, even more mayhem.
 Domestication, more domestication, even more domestication.
 Untamable, more untamable, even more untamable.
 Repentance, more repentance, even more repentance.
 Et cetera, more et cetera, even more et cetera.
 Ad infinitum, more ad infinitum, even more ad infinitum.
 Ibidem, more ibidem, even more ibidem.
 Holding on, more holding on, even more holding on.
 Letting go, more letting go, even more letting go.
 Dreams of glory, more dreams of glory, even more dreams of glory.
 Choices, more choices, even more choices.
 Round and round, more round and round, even more round and round.
 Quantum dreaming, more quantum dreaming, even more quantum dreaming.
 Negation, more negation, even more negation.
 Evolution, more evolution, even more evolution.
 Carved block, more carved block, even more carved block.
 Uncarved block, more uncarved block, even more uncarved block.
 Moth and flame, more moth and flame, even more moth and flame.
 Unmasking, more unmasking, even more unmasking,
 Zoo, more zoo, even more zoo.
 Modern daze, more modern daze, even more modern daze.
 Rhetoric, more rhetoric, even more rhetoric.
 Attributes, more attributes, even more attributes.
 Passè, more passè, even more passè.
 Wear and tear, more wear and tear, even more wear and tear.
 Pain and suffering, more pain and suffering, even more pain and suffering.
 Tabula rasa, more tabula rasa, even more tabula rasa.
 Beauty, more beauty, even more beauty.
 Plain, more plain, even more plain.
 Ugly, more ugly, even more ugly.
 In-spades, more in-spades, even more in-spades.
 Toying with history, more toying with history, even more toying with history.
 Change, more change, even more change.
 Changeless, more changeless, even more changeless.
 Babblespeak, more babblespeak, even more babblespeak.
 Nadaville, more nadaville, even more nadaville.
 Breathless absurdity, more breathless absurdity, even more breathless absurdity.
 Introspection, more introspection, even more introspection.
 Extrapolation, more extrapolation, even more extrapolation.
 Nuances, more nuances, even more nuances.
 Unborn-undy, more unborn-undy, even more unborn-undying.
 Endeavor, more endeavor, even more endeavor.
 Now and then, more now and then, even more now and then.
 Good news, more good news, even more good news.
 Bad news, more bad news, even more bad news.
 Ugly news, more ugly news, even more ugly news.
 Enough, more than enough, even more than enough.

Enough already, more enough already, even more enough already.
 Undone again, more undone again, even more undone again.
 Quantum fare, more quantum fare, even more quantum fare.
 Quantum faire, more quantum faire, even more quantum faire.
 World weariness, more world weariness, even more world weariness.
 Cheerleading, more cheerleading, even more cheerleading.
 Laziness, more laziness, even more laziness.
 Humility, more humility, even more humility.
 False humility, more false humility, even more false humility.
 Life, more life, even more life.
 Tribalism, more tribalism, even more tribalism.
 Buddhaspeak, more buddhaspeak, even more buddhaspeak.
 Passionate mind, more passionate mind, even more passionate mind.
 Leftovers, more leftovers, even more leftovers.
 One-liners, more one-liners, even more one-liners.
 Soundbites, more soundbites, even more soundbites.
 Assumptions, more assumptions, even more assumptions.
 Sensations, more sensations, even more sensations.
 Perceptions, more perceptions, even more perceptions.
 Debacles, more debacles, even more debacles.
 Connections, more connections, even more connections.
 Effort, more effort, even more effort.
 Gerrymandering, more gerrymandering, even more gerrymandering.
 Accumulation, more accumulation, even more accumulation.
 Discarding, more discarding, even more discarding.
 Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
 Absurdity and horror, more absurdity and horror, even more absurdity and horror.
 Might makes right, more might makes right, even more might makes right.
 Peter Pan, more Peter Pan, even more Peter Pan.
 Pitter-patter, more pitter-patter, even more pitter-patter.
 Meaningless chatter, more meaningless chatter, even more meaningless chatter.
 Complacency, more complacency, even more complacency.
 Hoarding, more hoarding, even more hoarding.
 Travels, more travels, even more travels.
 Adventures, more adventures, even more adventures.
 Journeys, more journeys, even more journeys.
 Rumination, more rumination, even more rumination.
 Samsara, more samsara, even more samsara.
 Smoke, more smoke, even more smoke.
 Soundless, more soundless, even more soundless.
 Other, more other, even more other.
 Bullshit, more bullshit, even more bullshit.
 Smoke and mirrors, more smoke and mirrors, even more smoke and mirrors.
 Double entendre, more double entendre, even more double entendre.
 Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
 Herd shit, more herd shit, even more herd shit.
 Dabbling, more dabbling, even more dabbling.
 Whatthe#\$*!, more whatthe#\$*!, even more whatthe#\$*!

Research needed, more research needed, even more research needed.
 Squawking, more squawking, even more squawking.
 Charades, more charades, even more charades.
 Habitual thinking, more habitual thinking, even more habitual thinking.
 Games, more games, even more games.
 Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
 Go, more go, even more go.
 Hubris, more hubris, even more hubris.
 Stop, more stop, even more stop.
 Yield, more yield, even more yield.
 Social distancing, more social distancing, even more social distancing.
 Breeding, more breeding, even more breeding.
 Aimlessness, more aimlessness, even more aimlessness.
 Diminishment, more diminishment, even more diminishment.
 Bleak ends, more bleak ends, even more bleak ends.
 Regurgitation, more regurgitation, even more regurgitation.
 Grand theater, more grand theater, even more grand theater.
 Embracing oblivion, more embracing oblivion, even more embracing oblivion.
 Chatter, more chatter, even more chatter.
 Lists, more lists, even more lists.
 Roshambo, more roshambo, even more roshambo.
 Finicky, more finicky, even more finicky.
 Names and faces, more names and faces, even more names and faces.
 Myths and legends, more myths and legends, even more myths and legends.
 Progress, more progress, even more progress.
 Bottom-feeders, more bottom-feeders, even more bottom-feeders.
 Suffering, more suffering, even more suffering.
 Moronic, more moronic, even more moronic.
 Natural selection, more natural selection, even more natural selection.
 Unnatural selection, more unnatural selection, even more unnatural selection.
 Capitulation, more capitulation, even more capitulation.
 Inner dialogue, more inner dialogue, even more inner dialogue.
 Plagiarization, more plagiarization, even more plagiarization.
 Duplication, more duplication, even more duplication.
 Observation, more observation, even more observation.
 Bitter brew, more bitter brew, even more bitter brew.
 Mumbo-jumbo, more mumbo-jumbo, even more mumbo-jumbo.
 Foul purpose, more foul purpose, even more foul purpose.
 Pandora, more pandora, even more pandora.
 Storytelling, more storytelling, even more storytelling.
 Human concoction, more human concoction, even more human concoction.
 Conceptual fray, more conceptual fray, even more conceptual fray.
 God-eat-god, more god-eat-god, even more god-eat-god.
 Nothing less, more nothing less, even more nothing less.
 Nothing more, more nothing more, even more nothing more.
 Nothing but, more nothing but, even more nothing but.
 Splinters, more splinters, even more splinters.
 Selfie madness, more selfie madness, even more selfie madness.

Watching, more watching, even more watching.
 Hysteria, more hysteria, even more hysteria.
 Perspectives, more perspectives, even more perspectives.
 Holy shit, more holy shit, even more holy shit.
 Trial and error, more trial and error, even more trial and error.
 Inner narration, more inner narration, even more inner narration.
 Genomic sequencing, more genomic sequencing, even more genomic sequencing.
 Human poppycock, more human poppycock, even more human poppycock.
 Subtlety, more subtlety, even more subtlety.
 Titles, more titles, even more titles.
 Travesty, more travesty, even more travesty.
 Irrationality, more irrationality, even more irrationality.
 Banality, more banality, even more banality.
 Naps, more naps, even more naps.
 Processing, more processing, even more processing.
 Dittyfesting, more dittyfesting, even more dittyfesting.
 Mirages, more mirages, even more mirages.
 Dreamtime, more dreamtime, even more dreamtime.
 Discord, more discord, even more discord.
 Dissipation, more dissipation, even more dissipation.
 Distrust, more distrust, even more distrust.
 Disgust, more disgust, even more disgust.
 Development, more development, even more development.
 Distraction, more distraction, even more distraction.
 Terror, more terror, even more terror.
 Gossip, more gossip, even more gossip.
 Nagging, more nagging, even more nagging.
 Already forgotten, more already forgotten, even more already forgotten.
 Torture, more torture, even more torture.
 Just being, more just being, even more just being.
 Doofus, more doofus, even more doofus.
 Stepping back, more stepping back, even more stepping back.
 Sweet surrender, more sweet surrender, even more sweet surrender.
 Celebration, more celebration, even more celebration.
 Boogaloo, more boogaloo, even more boogaloo.
 Nostalgia, more nostalgia, even more nostalgia.
 Empty chatter, more empty chatter, even more empty chatter.
 Phases, more phases, even more phases.
 Hurt, more hurt, even more hurt.
 Zip, more zip, even more zip.
 Moving on, more moving on, even more moving on.
 Pollyanna, more pollyanna, even more pollyanna.
 Hidden treasure, more hidden treasure, even more hidden treasure.
 Yada yada, more yada yada, even more yada yada.
 Intensity, more intensity, even more intensity.
 Revelations, more revelations, even more revelations.
 Preening, more preening, even more preening.
 Chaff, more chaff, even more chaff.

Hooey balooey, more hooey balooey, even more hooey balooey.
Tales of woe, more tales of woe, even more tales of woe.
Middlemen, more middlemen, even more middlemen.
Menus, more menus, even more menus.
Puny thinking, more puny thinking, even more puny thinking.
Fluff, more fluff, even more fluff.
Sisyphus, more Sisyphus, even more Sisyphus.
Joyful curmudgeon, more joyful curmudgeon, even more joyful curmudgeon.
Memories, more memories, even more memories.
Wordsmithing, more wordsmithing, even more wordsmithing.
Reflections, more reflections, even more reflections.
Magical thinking, more magical thinking, even more magical thinking.
Gods, more gods, even more gods.
Deities, more deities, even more deities.
Impressions, more impressions, even more impressions.
Th-th-th-that's all folks, more th-th-th-that's all folks, even more th-th-th-that's all folks.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Real is Discovering

The real light is discovering there is no light.
The real gray is discovering there is no gray.
The real dark is discovering there is no dark.
The real point is discovering there is no point.
The real before is discovering there is no before.
The real journey is discovering there is no journey.
The real creation is discovering there is no creation.
The real universe is discovering there is no universe.
The real quantum is discovering there is no quantum.
The real judgment is discovering there is no judgment.
The real and-so-on is discovering there is no and-so-on.
The real destruction is discovering there is no destruction.
The real awareness is discovering there is no awareness.
The real beginning is discovering there is no beginning.
The real unknown is discovering there is no unknown.
The real existence is discovering there is no existence.
The real beautiful is discovering there is no beautiful.
The real meaning is discovering there is no meaning.
The real formless is discovering there is no formless.
The real mystery is discovering there is no mystery.
The real purpose is discovering there is no purpose.
The real religion is discovering there is no religion.
The real nirvana is discovering there is no nirvana.
The real eternity is discovering there is no eternity.
The real process is discovering there is no process.
The real ecstasy is discovering there is no ecstasy.
The real known is discovering there is no known.
The real wealth is discovering there is no wealth.
The real source is discovering there is no source.
The real karma is discovering there is no karma.
The real power is discovering there is no power.
The real vanity is discovering there is no vanity.
The real agony is discovering there is no agony.
The real death is discovering there is no death.
The real belief is discovering there is no belief.
The real mind is discovering there is no mind.
The real space is discovering there is no space.
The real other is discovering there is no other.
The real fame is discovering there is no fame.
The real form is discovering there is no form.
The real good is discovering there is no good.
The real right is discovering there is no right.
The real after is discovering there is no after.
The real faith is discovering there is no faith.
The real path is discovering there is no path.
The real here is discovering there is no here.

The real view is discovering there is no view.
The real goal is discovering there is no goal.
The real time is discovering there is no time.
The real ugly is discovering there is no ugly.
The real now is discovering there is no now.
The real end is discovering there is no end.
The real evil is discovering there is no evil.
The real life is discovering there is no life.
The real you is discovering there is no you.
The real why is discovering there is no why.
The real who is discovering there is no who.
The real what is discovering there is no what.
The real when is discovering there is no when.
The real where is discovering there is no where.
The real how is discovering there is no how.

Breadcrumbs 2019

What is the Eternal Mind?

What is the eternal mind?
A mind that is awareness.
A mind that is perpetual.
A mind that is quantum.
A mind that is timeless.
A mind that is infinite.
A mind that is unborn.
A mind that is undying.
A mind that is absolute.
A mind that is immortal.
A mind that is indivisible.
A mind that is ever-present.
A mind that is ever-tranquil.
A mind that knows nothing.
A mind that is immaculate.
A mind that is everlasting.
A mind that is unbound.
A mind that is at rest.
A mind that is clear.
A mind that is solitary.
A mind that is sovereign.
A mind that is no mind at all.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Here and Gone

Sounds are here and gone, ever-changing.
Visions are here and gone, ever-changing.
Tastes are here and gone, ever-changing.
Smells are here and gone, ever-changing.
Touching is here and gone, ever-changing.
All things are here and gone, ever-changing.
Only in indivisible awareness does change still.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Dance of Duality

Without life, is there death?
Without good, is there evil?
Without light, is there dark?
Without white, is there black?
Without ecstasy, is there agony?
Without right, is there wrong?
Without love, is there hate?
Without yes, is there no?
Without either, is there or?
What is duality but a menagerie
Of an all but infinite array of possibilities
In which all dreams of consciousness dance their dance.

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Rewind, No Excuses

Coulda, shoulda, woulda.
Coulda, woulda, shoulda.
Shoulda, coulda, woulda.
Shoulda, woulda, coulda.
Woulda, shoulda, coulda.
Woulda, coulda, shoulda.
However you might choose to say it,
Essentially the same no-rewind-no-excuses meaning.
Essentially the same oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2019

More or Less

You may be more intellectual than someone else, or they may be more intellectual than you.

You may be more attractive than someone else, or they may be more attractive than you.

You may be more powerful than someone else, or they may be more powerful than you.

You may be more affluent than someone else, or they may be more affluent than you.

You may be more famous than someone else, or they may be more famous than you.

What does it matter, really, all the superficial differences, all the superficial judgments,
The human mind inexorably, with only rare respite, contrives in this absurd little dreamtime?

Breadcrumbs 2019

What Do You Do?

Do you give? Do you take?

Do you heal? Do you injure?

Do you create? Do you destroy?

Do you nourish? Do you consume?

Do you think? Do you regurgitate?

Do you dance? Do you march?

Do you live? Do you die?

Were you ever born?

Breadcrumbs 2019

You Imagine

You imagine you were born.

You imagine you were a child.

You imagine you were an adolescent.

You imagine you spent life as an adult.

You imagine so many things along the way,

Including the mortal end yet to come.

Has any of it really been real?

Breadcrumbs 2019

All Across the World

All across the world, the same conversation.
No matter the geography, no matter the time, no matter the culture,
No matter the tradition, no matter the politic, no matter the economics, no matter the technology,
No matter the religion, no matter the philosophy, no matter the language, no matter the dress,
No matter the gender, no matter the family, no matter the education, no matter the work,
No matter the war, no matter the sport, no matter the pastimes, no matter anything;
Each and every human being, males and females of all ages and persuasions,
Are in every way imaginable, essentially having the same conversation.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Every Life Form

Every life form ever born is of the same source.
Biological organisms sculpted of the same quantum essence.
No matter how large, no matter how small, none are really different at all.
For humankind to assert itself distinct or superior in any way, in any shape, in any form,
Is nothing more than consciousness imagining a collusion of delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Without Judgment?

Awareness is pristine and immaculate and clear of any blemish or stain,
But is it at all possible for consciousness to be without judgment?
Is not everything thought one form of judgment or another?
Opinions, assumptions, stereotypes, conventions, ideals,
Ethics, principles, labels, laws, pigeonholes, beliefs,
Conclusions, notions, expectations, values, norms,
Any patterns, any definitions, any attitudes, whatsoever.
The roots of pride, of vanity, are saturated with all of the above.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Roots of All Things Human

All this was set in motion millions of years ago back in the jungles of Africa.
We are all born of a natural selection process that runs through the core of our DNA.
No point getting upset about the fact that men do what men do, and women do what women do.
The contemporary world may make the tango of our species absurdly complex,
But the fundamental patterning is ever very much the same.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Whose Version Are We Talking About?

Whose version of Schopenhauer are we talking about?
Whose version of Wittgenstein are we talking about?
Whose version of Lao Tzu are we talking about?
Whose version of Buddha are we talking about?
Whose version of Comte are we talking about?
Whose version of Bacon are we talking about?
Whose version of Heraclitus are we talking about?
Whose version of Kafka are we talking about?
Whose version of Hume are we talking about?
Whose version of Ikkyū are we talking about?
Whose version of Rousseau are we talking about?
Whose version of Russell are we talking about?
Whose version of Hobbes are we talking about?
Whose version of Machiavelli are we talking about?
Whose version of Foucault are we talking about?
Whose version of Plato are we talking about?
Whose version of Kierkegaard are we talking about?
Whose version of Krishna are we talking about?
Whose version of Mill are we talking about?
Whose version of de Beauvoir are we talking about?
Whose version of Hess are we talking about?
Whose version of Aquinas are we talking about?
Whose version of Carneades are we talking about?
Whose version of Diogenes are we talking about?
Whose version of Smith are we talking about?
Whose version of Confucius are we talking about?
Whose version of Arendt are we talking about?
Whose version of James are we talking about?
Whose version of Parmenides are we talking about?
Whose version of Pascal are we talking about?
Whose version of Chomsky are we talking about?
Whose version of Thales are we talking about?
Whose version of Patanjali are we talking about?
Whose version of Watts are we talking about?
Whose version of Ram Dass are we talking about?
Whose version of Osho are we talking about?
Whose version of Derrida are we talking about?
Whose version of Marx are we talking about?
Whose version of Vonnegut are we talking about?
Whose version of Wollstonecraft are we talking about?
Whose version of Descartes are we talking about?
Whose version of Sartre are we talking about?
Whose version of Muhammad are we talking about?
Whose version of Locke are we talking about?
Whose version of Emerson are we talking about?
Whose version of Nietzsche are we talking about?

Whose version of Arendt are we talking about?
Whose version of Dewey are we talking about?
Whose version of Zoroaster are we talking about?
Whose version of Whitman are we talking about?
Whose version of Kant are we talking about?
Whose version of Shankara are we talking about?
Whose version of Plato are we talking about?
Whose version of Epicurus are we talking about?
Whose version of Ashtavakra are we talking about?
Whose version of Aurelius are we talking about?
Whose version of Socrates are we talking about?
Whose version of Jesus are we talking about?
Whose version of Yogananda are we talking about?
Whose version of Aristotle are we talking about?
Whose version of Camus are we talking about?
Whose version of Voltaire are we talking about?
Whose version of Spinoza are we talking about?
Whose version of Thoreau are we talking about?
Whose version of Hegel are we talking about?
Whose version of Socrates are we talking about?
Whose version of Heidegger are we talking about?
Whose version of Krishnamurti are we talking about?
Whose version of (fill in the blank) are we talking about?

Breadcrumbs 2019

One in the Same

Awareness is all.
A moment ago, is forever expired,
And the next more ungraspable than the farthest star.
Space and time are the weavers of an inexplicable, imaginary dream,
Given illusionary reality by the temporal sensory-mind.
Creation and creator are one in the same.

Breadcrumbs 2019

That Is the Question

The immaculate awareness you truly are, is ever absolutely alone,
Unbound in the indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying solitude of eternity.
Your illusory universe will distract the mind you occupy in every way imaginable.
Fashion every possible hook to every moment, draw you out into its kaleidoscoping theater.
And as challenging as it may be to realize, to accept, it is ever your choice whether to give in, or not.
And in every moment, you do acquiesce, in every moment, you do sip the quantum elixir,
You become but a marionette playing out an ultimately inconsequential dream.
To believe or not believe, to slumber or awaken, that is the question.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Awareness is Awareness

Awareness is awareness.
What is to intellectualize?
What is to mythologize?
What is to dogmatize?
What is to illuminate?
What is to symbolize?
What is to systemize?
What is to idolatry?
What is to translate?
What is to elucidate?
What is to canonize?
What is to ritualize?
What is to worship?
What is to convert?
What is to believe?
What is to imagine?
What is to venerate?
What is to persuade?
What is to interpret?
What is to formalize?
What is to evangelize?
What is to proselytize?
What is to propagandize?
What is to institutionalize?
What is to traditionalize?
What is to anything?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Genesis of Choice

There are no teachers, no coaches, no masters.
It is you who chooses to school yourself.
It is you who chooses to learn, or not to learn.
It is you who chooses to study, to observe, to realize.
It is you who chooses to put together an imaginary cosmos.
It is you who creates the frame of reference in which you will abide.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Illusion and Delusion

From nothingness, awareness.
From awareness, quantum.
From quantum, chemistry.
From chemistry, biology.
From biology, medium.
From medium, consciousness,
From consciousness, imagination.
From imagination, Me and Myself and I.
From Me and Myself and I, illusion and delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Nothing

There is nothing more.
Nothing to achieve.
Nothing to grasp.
Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
All but a dream.

Breadcrumbs 2020

All Things Imaginable

Time is a creation of the human mind.
The timeless moment is all there is.
All meaning and purpose is illusion.
Only the mind moves the clock's hands.
Only the mind travels the calendar's pages.
Only the mind measures all things imaginable.
Only the mind imagines its world, its universe, real.

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Does the Mystery Care?

Infinite or infinitesimal, what does the mystery care?
Spiritual or agnostic, what does the mystery care?
Clean or dirty, what does the mystery care?
Live or die, what does the mystery care?
Wealthy or poor, what does the mystery care?
Alive or dead, what does the mystery care?
Believer or atheist, what does the mystery care?
Subtle or blatant, what does the mystery care?
Kind or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Sane or insane, what does the mystery care?
Straight or gay, what does the mystery care?
Sage or fool, what does the mystery care?
Fast or slow, what does the mystery care?
Do or do not, what does the mystery care?
Long or short, what does the mystery care?
Succeed or fail, what does the mystery care?
Love or hate, what does the mystery care?
Still or moving, what does the mystery care?
Real or unreal, what does the mystery care?
Tit or tat, what does the mystery care?
For or against, what does the mystery care?
Up or down, what does the mystery care?
Around or through, what does the mystery care?
Clear or unclear, what does the mystery care?
Fat or thin, what does the mystery care?
Strong or weak, what does the mystery care?
Gratis or priceless, what does the mystery care?
Hard or soft, what does the mystery care?
Give or take, what does the mystery care?
To or from, what does the mystery care?
Wise or foolish, what does the mystery care?
Beautiful or ugly, what does the mystery care?
Big or small, what does the mystery care?
Known or unknown, what does the mystery care?
Fore or aft, what does the mystery care?
Awake or asleep, what does the mystery care?
Heavy or light, what does the mystery care?
Rich or poor, what does the mystery care?
Awake or asleep, what does the mystery care?
True or false, what does the mystery care?
Ecstasy or agony, what does the mystery care?
First or last, what does the mystery care?
Creative or destructive, what does the mystery care?
Full or empty, what does the mystery care?
Sweet or bitter, what does the mystery care?
Loud or quiet, what does the mystery care?

Straight or rounded, what does the mystery care?
 Bright or dim, what does the mystery care?
 Well or unwell, what does the mystery care?
 Astute or obtuse, what does the mystery care?
 Like or unlike, what does the mystery care?
 Appealing or revolting, what does the mystery care?
 Clear or opaque, what does the mystery care?
 Thick or thin, what does the mystery care?
 Brave or cowardly, what does the mystery care?
 Sweet or sour, what does the mystery care?
 Equal or lopsided, what does the mystery care?
 King or slave, what does the mystery care?
 Queen or whore, what does the mystery care?
 Expansive or contractive, what does the mystery care?
 Soft or harsh, what does the mystery care?
 Young or old, what does the mystery care?
 Male or female, what does the mystery care?
 Honest or dishonest, what does the mystery care?
 Wild or tame, what does the mystery care?
 Early or late, what does the mystery care?
 Pure or foul, what does the mystery care?
 Cautious or reckless, what does the mystery care?
 Hit or miss, what does the mystery care?
 Lead or follow, what does the mystery care?
 High or low, what does the mystery care?
 Naive or cynical, what does the mystery care?
 Truth or lie, what does the mystery care?
 Deep or shallow, what does the mystery care?
 Open or closed, what does the mystery care?
 Rational or absurd, what does the mystery care?
 Near or far, what does the mystery care?
 Singular or dual, what does the mystery care?
 In or out, what does the mystery care?
 Free or imprisoned, what does the mystery care?
 Yes or no, what does the mystery care?
 Attached or detached, what does the mystery care?
 Course or fine, what does the mystery care?
 All or none, what does the mystery care?
 Shiny or dull, what does the mystery care?
 Smart or stupid, what does the mystery care?
 Tall or short, what does the mystery care?
 Forward or backward, what does the mystery care?
 Before or after, what does the mystery care?
 Selfless or selfish, what does the mystery care?
 One or two, what does the mystery care?
 Within or without, what does the mystery care?
 Yay or nay, what does the mystery care?
 Close or distant, what does the mystery care?

Normal or weird, what does the mystery care?
Wet or dry, what does the mystery care?
Hot or cold, what does the mystery care?
Constant or fickle, what does the mystery care?
Positive or negative, what does the mystery care?
Happy or sad, what does the mystery care?
Fair or unfair, what does the mystery care?
Over or under, what does the mystery care?
Similar or different, what does the mystery care?
Loose or tight, what does the mystery care?
Plus or minus, what does the mystery care?
Above or below, what does the mystery care?
Inside or outside, what does the mystery care?
Simple or complex, what does the mystery care?
Black or white, what does the mystery care?
Smooth or coarse, what does the mystery care?
Wide or narrow, what does the mystery care?
Gentle or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Humble or vain, what does the mystery care?
On or off, what does the mystery care?
Here or there, what does the mystery care?
Have or have not, what does the mystery care?
Sharp or dull, what does the mystery care?
Good or bad, what does the mystery care?
Right or wrong, what does the mystery care?
Everything or nothing, what does the mystery care?
Something or nothing, what does the mystery care?
White or black, what does the mystery care?
Light or dark, what does the mystery care?
This or that, what does the mystery care?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Who Was the First?

Who was the first to come down from the trees?
Who was the first to walk out into the plain?
Who was the first to gaze up into the skies?
Who was the first to use a hand signal?
Who was the first to utter a word?
Who was the first to stand?
Who was the first to walk?
Who was the first to run?
Who was the first to pursue?
Who was the first to build a fire?
Who was the first to throw a stone?
Who was the first to make a spear?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a basket?
Who was the first to tame a wolf?
Who was the first to tame a cat?
Who was the first to cook a meal?
Who was the first to use fire as a weapon?
Who was the first to write a word?
Who was the first to build a tool?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a spoon?
Who was the first to make a fork?
Who was the first to make a cup?
Who was the first to plant a seed?
Who was the first to create many gods?
Who was the first to create one god?
Who was the first to make a canoe?
Who was the first to dig a canal?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to make ink?
Who was the first to make a knife?
Who was the first to use a club?
Who was the first to make a needle?
Who was the first to make cloth?
Who was the first to color clothing?
Who was the first to make a sword?
Who was the first to make a slingshot?
Who was the first to solve a math problem?
Who was the first to devise a geometric shape?
Who was the first to draw a line?
Who was the first to draw a square?
Who was the first to draw a triangle?
Who was the first to draw a circle?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to do a string figure?

Who was the first to make music?
Who was the first to make a flute?
Who was the first to make a drum?
Who was the first to make a harp?
Who was the first to make a harpoon?
Who was the first to make a fishing pole?
Who was the first to build a shield?
Who was the first to devise a currency?
Who was the first to make a bed?
Who was the first to enter a cave?
Who was the first to build a hut?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to make a sling?
Who was the first to make a bow?
Who was the first to ride a horse?
Who was the first to form a hunting party?
Who was the first to make a mirror?
Who was the first to make a comb?
Who was the first to make a brush?
Who was the first to use build a home?
Who was the first to build a boat?
Who was the first to name a star?
Who was the first to make first painting?
Who was the first to design first symbol?
Who was the first to create a deity?
Who was the first to conceive good and evil?
Who was the first to create paint?
Who was the first to use a stylus?
Who was the first to make pottery?
Who was the first to devise cuneiform?
Who was the first to conceive numbers?
Who was the first to conceive letters?
Who was the first to conceive language?
Who was the first to awaken to Self?
Who was the first to conceive love?
Who was the first to conceive romance?
Who was the first to kill a beast?
Who was the first to wear clothes?
Who was the first to make a wheel?
Who was the first to make a cart?
Who was the first to make a boat?
Who was the first to make a sail?
Who was the first to barter?
Who was the first to create money?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to create a business?
Who was the first to chip a stone?
Who was the first to make an awl?

Who was the first to wear jewelry?
Who was the first to dig for metal?
Who was the first to make a forge?
Who was the first to create an explosive?
Who was the first to make a shield?
Who was the first to make a rope?
Who was the first to sew?
Who was the first to make clothes?
Who was the first to write graffiti?
Who was the first to wear a tattoo?
Who was the first to domesticate an animal?
Who was the first to swaddle an infant?
Who was the first to bury a body?
Who was the first to eat fruit?
Who was the first to take a hallucinogen?
Who was the first to make alcohol?
Who was the first to create a currency?
Who was the first to smoke tobacco?
Who was the first to kill another?
Who was the first to use a pillow?
Who was the first to float on a log?
Who was the first to swim across a river?
Who was the first to make sugar?
Who was the first to harvest honey?
Who was the first to kill a tiger?
Who was the first to ride an elephant?
Who was the first to make a saddle?
Who was the first to make a stirrup?
Who was the first to milk a goat?
Who was the first to sow a seed?
Who was the first to create a herd?
Who was the first to make a blanket?
Who was the first to make a coat?
Who was the first to dig a well?
Who were the first to hunt as a band?
Who was the first to dam a river?
Who was the first to discover gold?
Who was the first to walk a beach?
Who was the first to milk a cow?
Who was the first to climb a mountain?
Who was the first to sail on the ocean?
Who was the first to wear a dress?
Who was the first to wear pants?
Who was the first to make a belt?
Who was the first to make glass?
Who was the first to wear underwear?
Who was the first to milk a horse?
Who was the first to make a candle?

Who was the first to make a stairway?
Who was the first to build a house?
Who was the first to make a hammock?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to catch a fish?
Who was the first to make a net?
Who was the first to trap an animal?
Who was the first to sing a song?
Who was the first to wear makeup?
Who was the first to get a haircut?
Who was the first to tie a knot?
Who was the first to trim his beard?
Who was the first to breed an animal?
Who was the first to harvest a crop?
Who was the first to rape another?
Who was the first to steal from another?
Who was the first to hoard wealth?
Who was the first to torture another?
Who was the first to fight a battle?
Who was the first to bake bread?
Who was the first to build a castle?
Who was the first to make up a story?
Who was the first to see a reflection of their face?
Who was the first to imagine a sense of self?

And who will be the last?

Breadcrumbs 2021

In the Stillness of Awareness

In the stillness of awareness, there is no self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no birth.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no death.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no vanity.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no duality.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only here.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only now.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only Self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only you.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Home, Sweet Home

Home, sweet home.
Peace, sweet peace.
Silence, sweet silence.
Solitude, sweet solitude.
Obscurity, sweet obscurity.
Awareness, sweet awareness.
Anonymity, sweet anonymity.
Realization, sweet realization.
Emptiness, sweet emptiness.
Rightness, sweet rightness.
Serenity, sweet serenity.
Home, sweet home.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All the Problems

All the problems, the mistakes, the bumbles, the panics, the boo-boos, the miscalculations,
The complications, the faults, the errors, the catches, the slip-ups, the bruises, the oversights,
The inaccuracies, the disquiets, the bloopers, the gaffes, the muddles, the obstacles, the dilemmas,
The cuts, the lapses, the tears, the rips, the strains, the riddles, the missteps, the pains, the questions,
The dreads, the delays, the hitches, the lengths, the tortures, the glitches, the strivings, the nightmares,
The struggles, the stings, the distresses, the cruelties, the twinges, the anguishes, the slips, the concerns,
The inconveniences, the setbacks, the drawbacks, the stains, the hiccups, the stoppages, the intricacies,
The exertions, the adversities, the indiscretions, the horrors, the fears, the fretfulnesses, the nuisances,
The conundrums, the challenges, the posers, the enigmas, the cautions, the sufferings, the calamities,
The errors, the bloomers, the misprints, the faux pas, the howlers, the hurts, the aches, the sweats,
The worries, the anxieties, the strains, the griefs, the predicaments, the quandaries, the frights,
The phobias, the toils, the alarms, the brainteasers, the angsts, the troubles, the tribulations,
The apprehensions, the punishments, the afflictions, the snags, the troubles, the blights,
The obstructions, the difficulties, the blindsides, the bottlenecks, the hindrances,
The anomalies, the efforts, the trips, the oopsies, the oh-my-gods, the snafus,
The doubts, the blunders, the botch-ups, the cockups, the fuckups ...
You just have to wrap your head around living with them.

Breadcrumbs 2021

More, More, More

More creation, oh boy.
More waking, oh boy.
More laundry, oh boy.
More cleaning, oh boy.
More preening, oh boy.
More car washing, oh boy.
More exercising, oh boy.
More working, oh boy.
More errands, oh boy.
More chores, oh boy.
More sleeping, oh boy.
More shopping, oh boy.
More pleasure, oh boy.
More reading, oh boy.
More movies, oh boy.
More games, oh boy.
More wine, oh boy.
More song, oh boy.
More sex, oh boy.
More eating, oh boy.
More drinking, oh boy.
More wandering, oh boy.
More mindfulness, oh boy.
More preservation, oh boy.
More destruction, oh boy.
More breathing, oh boy.
More bother, oh boy.
More pain, oh boy.
More bills, oh boy.
More taxes, oh boy.
More peeing, oh boy.
More pooping, oh boy.
More indigestion, oh boy.
More Hallmark Holiday, oh boy.
More anthropological events, oh boy.
More, more, more, more, more, more, more ...

Breadcrumbs 2021

To Be, or Not to Be

To be, or not to be.
To become, or not to become.
To doubt, or not to doubt.
To see, or not to see.
To share, or not to share.
To love, or not to love.
To serenity, or not to serenity.
To taste, or not to taste.
To think, or not to think.
To imbibe, or not to imbibe.
To give, or not to give.
To inquire, or not to inquire.
To hate, or not to hate.
To eat, or not to eat.
To still, or not to still.
To protect, or not to protect.
To smell, or not to smell.
To coexist, or not to coexist.
To kill, or not to kill.
To tranquil, or not to tranquil.
To battle, or not to battle.
To embrace, or not to embrace.
To know, or not to know.
To touch, or not to touch.
To hear, or not to hear.
To resist, or not to resist.
To breathe, or not to breathe.
To revolt, or not to revolt.
To serve, or not to serve.
To take, or not to take.
To hope, or not to hope.
To live, or not to live.
To instruct, or not to instruct.
To die, or not to die.
To order, or not to order.
To create, or not to create.
To preserve, or not to preserve.
To destroy, or not to destroy.
To pray, or not to pray.
To grok, or not to grok.
To who, or not to who.
To predator, or not to predator.
To try, or not to try.
To wrath, or not to wrath.
To camouflage, or not to camouflage.
To covet, or not to covet.

To repose, or not to repose.
To exist, or not to exist.
To academic, or not to academic.
To boast, or not to boast.
To what, or not to what.
To sow, or not to sow.
To empathy, or not to empathy.
To follow, or not to follow.
To denounce, or not to denounce.
To torture, or not to torture.
To enjoy, or not to enjoy.
To compete, or not to compete.
To waffle, or not to waffle.
To grow, or not to grow.
To ally, or not to ally
To sojourn, or not to sojourn.
Th charge, or not to charge.
To abide, or not to abide.
To beg, or not to beg.
To rebel, or not to rebel.
To permit, or not to permit.
To mold, or not to mold.
To join, or not to join.
To review, or not to review.
To affiliate, or not to affiliate.
To dream, or not to dream.
To waiver, or not to waiver.
To conquer, or not to conquer
To win, or not to win.
To shuffle, or not to shuffle.
To lose, or not to lose.
To surrender, or not to surrender.
To go, or not to go.
To dive, or not to dive.
To write, or not to write.
To discern, or not to discern.
To propagate, or not to propagate.
To stop, or not to stop.
To learn, or not to learn.
To succeed, or not to succeed.
To impede, or not to impede.
To where, or not to where.
To nurture, or not to nurture.
To sympathy, or not to sympathy.
To fail, or not to fail.
To sit, or not to sit.
To prey, or not to prey.
To recline, or not to recline.

To lead, or not to lead.
To victim, or not to victim.
To innovate, or not to innovate.
To wander, or not to wander.
To lie, or not to lie.
To produce, or not to produce.
To idol, or not to idol.
To investigate, or not to investigate.
To when, or not to when.
To fall, or not to fall.
To assert, or not to assert.
To draw, or not to draw.
To sheeple, or not to sheeple.
To understand, or not to understand.
To collaborate, or not to collaborate.
To quest, or not to quest.
To fly, or not to fly.
To increase, or not to increase.
To cease, or not to cease.
To pass, or not to pass.
To observe, or not to observe.
To help, or not to help.
To why, or not to why.
To speak, or not to speak.
To extrapolate, or not to extrapolate.
To symbol, or not to symbol.
To work, or not to work.
To narrate, or not to narrate.
To renounce, or not to renounce.
To play, or not to play.
To invent, or not to invent.
To remind, or not to remind.
To tolerate, or not to tolerate.
To contend, or not to contend.
To feel, or not to feel.
To contort, or not to contort.
To fantasy, or not to fantasy.
To lust, or not to lust.
To mention, or not to mention.
To argue, or not to argue.
To angel, or not to angel.
To own, or not to own.
To decrease, or not to decrease.
To how, or not to how.
To save, or not to save.
To journey, or not to journey.
To trip, or not to trip.
To rhetoric, or not to rhetoric.

To participate, or not to participate.
 To allow, or not to allow.
 To respond, or not to respond.
To romantic, or not to romantic.
 To analyze, or not to analyze.
 To act, or not to act.
To complain, or not to complain.
 To passion, or not to passion.
 To walk, or not to walk.
To challenge, or not to challenge.
 To throw, or not to throw.
 To desire, or not to desire.
 To drudge, or not to drudge.
 To berate, or not to berate.
 To state, or not to state.
To cast off, or not to cast off.
 To tribe, or not to tribe.
 To teach, or not to teach.
 To true, or not to true.
To achieve, or not to achieve.
 To drift, or not to drift.
To maintain, or not to maintain.
 To toss, or not to toss.
 To start, or not to start.
 To rant, or not to rant.
 To disdain, or not to disdain.
 To inflict, or not to inflict.
To explore, or not to explore.
 To quit, or not to quit.
To criticize, or not to criticize.
 To spend, or not to spend.
 To buy, or not to buy.
 To rise, or not to rise.
 To sermon, or not to sermon.
 To infinite, or not to infinite.
 To care, or not to care.
To groupthink, or not to groupthink.
 To heal, or not to heal.
 To condemn, or not to condemn.
To doublethink, or not to doublethink.
 To address, or not to address.
 To quantum, or not to quantum.
 To extinct, or not to extinct.
To cooperate, or not to cooperate.
 To rage, or not to rage.
 To party, or not to party.
To pragmatic, or not to pragmatic.
To existential, or not to existential.

To react, or not to react.
To false, or not to false.
To dismiss, or not to dismiss.
To thoughtcrime, or not to thoughtcrime.
To remark, or not to remark.
To grasp, or not to grasp.
To demon, or not to demon.
To superstition, or not to superstition.
To quarrel, or not to quarrel.
To experiential, or not to experiential.
To listen, or not to listen.
To drink, or not to drink.
To comprehend, or not to comprehend.
To harangue, or not to harangue.
To practical, or not to practical.
To one, or not to one.
To fix, or not to fix.
To empirical, or not to empirical.
To critique, or not to critique.
To riot, or not to riot.
To protect, or not to protect.
To sell, or not to sell.
To totality, or not to totality.
To twist, or not to twist.
To flourish, or not to flourish.
To zip, or not to zip.
To cultivate, or not to cultivate.
To hunger, or not to hunger.
To vie, or not to vie.
To paradox, or not to paradox.
To irony, or not to irony.
To hint, or not to hint.
To describe, or not to describe.
To mature, or not to mature.
To newspeak, or not to newspeak.
To zeal, or not to zeal.
To explain, or not to explain.
To fish, or not to fish.
To doublespeak, or not to doublespeak.
To condone, or not to condone.
To run, or not to run.
To reason, or not to reason.
To anarchy, or not to anarchy.
To seek, or not to seek.
To repair, or not to repair.
To desecrate, or not to desecrate.
To deride, or not to deride.
To wise, or not to wise.

To comment, or not to comment.
 To kneel, or not to kneel.
 To nest, or not to nest.
 To assist, or not to assist.
 To oppose, or not to oppose.
 To perceive, or not to perceive.
 To defend, or not to defend.
 To witness, or not to witness.
 To thirst, or not to thirst.
 To ask, or not to ask.
To announce, or not to announce.
 To shield, or not to shield.
 To harvest, or not to harvest.
 To delve, or not to delve.
 To note, or not to note.
To mayhem, or not to mayhem.
 To fathom, or not to fathom.
 To delight, or not to delight.
 To dig, or not to dig.
 To partner, or not to partner.
 To sally, or not to sally.
 To adapt, or not to adapt.
 To attack, or not to attack.
 To venture, or not to venture.
 To evolve, or not to evolve.
To chameleon, or not to chameleon.
 To have, or not to have.
 To pretend, or not to pretend.
 To struggle, or not to struggle.
 To endure, or not to endure.
 To wonder, or not to wonder.
 To question, or not to question.
 To be, or not to be.

Those are some questions.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Axis of Evil

Nepotism

the practice among those with power or influence
of favoring relatives or friends, esp. by giving them jobs.

Cronyism

the appointment of friends and associates to positions of authority,
without proper regard to their qualifications.

Favoritism

the practice of giving unfair preferential treatment
to one person or group at the expense of another.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Same Grave

Death is a dispassionate reaper.
The powerful and the weak,
The wealthy and the poor,
The famous and the unknown,
All find their way to the same grave.

Breadcrumbs 2021

To Discern That

You must look very closely, to discern that which cannot be seen.
You must listen very closely, to discern that which cannot be heard.
You must smell very closely, to discern that which cannot be smelled.
You must taste very closely, to discern that which cannot be tasted.
You must feel very closely, to discern that which cannot be felt.
Reason very closely, to discern that which cannot be known.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Only Consciousness

Only consciousness conceives.
Only consciousness believes.
Only consciousness judges.
Only consciousness cares.
Only consciousness loves.
Only consciousness hates.
Only consciousness wants.
Only consciousness creates.
Only consciousness preserves.
Only consciousness destroys.

Breadcrumbs 2021

You Did Not Choose

You did not choose your birth.
You did not choose your body.
You did not choose your mind.
You did not choose your family.
You did not choose your gender.
You did not choose your culture.
You did not choose your tradition.
You did not choose your language.
You did not choose your geography.
You did not choose your education.
You did not choose your ethnicity.
You did not choose your customs.
You did not choose your politics.
You did not choose your history.
You did not choose your mores.
You did not choose your creed.
You did not choose your status.
You did not choose your caste.
You did not choose your time.
You did not choose your space.
Have you ever really had any choice,
In your long and winding journey to destiny?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awareness

Awareness is totality.
Awareness is indelible.
Awareness is sovereign.
Awareness is enigmatic.
Awareness is indivisible.
Awareness is inscrutable.
Awareness is inexplicable.
Awareness is unknowable.
Awareness is unfathomable.
Awareness is incomprehensible.
Awareness is indecipherable.
Awareness is unexplainable.
Awareness is inconceivable.
Awareness is immeasurable.
Awareness is impenetrable.
Awareness is indescribable.
Awareness is interminable.
Awareness is immaculate.
Awareness is everything.
Awareness is nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Just Stop

... Stop believing ...
... Stop believing all you know ...
... Stop believing in the world ...
... Stop believing in the universe ...
... Stop believing in deities and demons ...
... Stop believing you are a human being ...
... Stop believing you are alive ...
... Stop believing you will die ...
... Stop believing you were ever born ...
... Stop believing you are more than awareness ...
... Stop believing you are even awareness ...
... Just stop ...

Breadcrumbs 2021

You Are Not

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not your talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; you are not everything.
You are not ... You are not ... You are not ... You are not ...
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all ... and none.

Breadcrumbs 2021

From Dust to Dust

From dust to dust.
From null to null.
From void to void.
From sleep to sleep.
From abyss to abyss.
From silence to silence.
From stillness to stillness.
From nonbeing to nonbeing.
From extinction to extinction.
From nothingness to nothingness.
From nonexistence to nonexistence.
From insignificant to insignificant.
From indivisibility to indivisibility.
From annihilation to annihilation.
From detachment to detachment.
From insentience to insentience.
From unconcern to unconcern.
From emptiness to emptiness.
From obscurity to obscurity.
From quantum to quantum.
From inertness to inertness.
From oblivion to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

You Are

As huge as huge is, as small as small is, you are.
As strong as strong is, as weak as weak is, you are.
As kind as kind is, as merciless as merciless is, you are.
As virtuous as virtuous is, as corrupt as corrupt is, you are.
As illustrious as illustrious is, as ordinary as ordinary is, you are.
As something as something is, as nothing as nothing is, you are.
As abundant as abundant is, as scarce as scarce is, you are.
As aware as aware is, as ignorant as ignorant is, you are.
As infinite as infinite is, as finite as finite is, you are.
As true as true is, as untrue as untrue is, you are.
As real as real is, as unreal as unreal is, you are.
As all things are, as all things are not, you are.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Un-Imagine

Un-imagine you are this mind-body.
Un-imagine you are this existence.
Un-imagine you are this world.
Un-imagine you are this cosmos.
Un-imagine you are this dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Cosmos?

What cosmos does any creature perceive?
What cosmos does an aardvark perceive?
What cosmos does a cockroach perceive?
What cosmos does an octopus perceive?
What cosmos does a sparrow perceive?
What cosmos does a buffalo perceive?
What cosmos does a giraffe perceive?
What cosmos does a turtle perceive?
What cosmos does a trout perceive?
What cosmos does a tiger perceive?
What cosmos does a dog perceive?
What cosmos does a tree perceive?
What cosmos does a frog perceive?
What cosmos does a seal perceive?
What cosmos does a clam perceive?
What cosmos does an ant perceive?
What cosmos does a bush perceive?
What cosmos does a hawk perceive?
What cosmos does a whale perceive?
What cosmos does a shark perceive?
What cosmos does bacteria perceive?
What cosmos does a human perceive?
What cosmos does a lobster perceive?
What cosmos does an oyster perceive?
What cosmos does a dolphin perceive?
What cosmos does a penguin perceive?
What cosmos does a scorpion perceive?
What cosmos does a kangaroo perceive?
What cosmos does any creature perceive?
Perception is a nature-nurture phenomenon.
All things great to small, very much alone together.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Mortal Slime

The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
A mystery born of mortal slime.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Who Knows?

Who knows who?
Who knows what?
Who knows where?
Who knows when?
Who knows why?
Who knows how?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Like You Thought It Would?

Does it look like you thought it would?
Does it sound like you thought it would?
Does it taste like you thought it would?
Does it smell like you thought it would?
Does it feel like you thought it would?
Or did you even think about it at all?

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Would Your World Be?

What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the eyes to see?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the ears to hear?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the nose to smell?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the tongue to taste?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the body to touch?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the mind to think?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without all of the above?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Fate

The fate of the universe is the fate of the universe.
The fate of the world is the fate of the world.
The fate of all life is the fate of all life.
The fate of you is the fate of you.
All just aspects of the same mystery.
No need to make anything more than it is.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Plays of Imagination

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are you separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Who?

Who who's?
Who what's?
Who where's?
Who when's?
Who why's?
Who how's?
Who exists?
Who dies?
Who sees?
Who hears?
Who smells?
Who tastes?
Who feels?
Who listens?
Who speaks?
Who writes?
Who sleeps?
Who wakes?
Who sits?
Who walks?
Who runs?
Who cares?
Who likes?
Who longs?
Who laughs?
Who yells?
Who cries?
Who hopes?
Who loves?
Who mates?
Who dreads?
Who fears?
Who hates?
Who begs?
Who dreams?
Who works?
Who owns?
Who pays?
Who saves?
Who spends?
Who consumes?
Who knows?
Who wonders?
Who, who, who, are you?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awareness of the Eternal Moment

The awareness of the eternal moment neither creates nor destroys.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither favors nor opposes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither leads nor follows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither covets nor limits.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither moves nor stills.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither gives nor takes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ebbs nor flows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither rises nor sinks.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither wins nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither loves nor hates.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither comes nor goes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither thinks nor acts.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither begins nor ends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither profits nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grasps nor frees.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither lives nor perishes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither succeeds nor fails.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither accepts nor denies.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grows nor shrinks,
The awareness of the eternal moment neither attacks nor defends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither reveals nor conceals.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither obsesses nor ignores.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither harshens nor softens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither indulges nor abstains.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither brightens nor darkens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither increases nor decreases.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither appears nor disappears.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither conquers nor surrenders.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither consumes nor preserves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither condemns nor absolves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ascends nor descends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither hopes nor despairs.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither seeks nor finds.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Dualistic Notion

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are you separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Easier

Easier to glimpse it than it is to see it.
Easier to listen to it than it is to hear it.
Easier to devour it than it is to taste it.
Easier to whiff it than it is to smell it.
Easier to touch it than it is to feel it.

Breadcrumbs 2021

There Are Times

There are times for war, there are times for peace.
There are times for strategy, there are times for tactics.
There are times for argument, there are times for diplomacy.
There are times for replenishment, there are times for scarcity.
There are times for maneuver, there are times for extermination.
There are times to press forward, there are times to withdraw.
There are times to lay seige, there are times to move around.
There are times for order, there are times for mayhem.
There are times for victory, there are times for loss.
There are times to die, there are times to renew.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Same Quantum Mystery

Asleep or drowsy or indolent or awake,
It is all the same quantum pointlessness,
It is all the same quantum unfathomability.
It is all the same quantum unborn-undying.
It is all the same quantum unknowability.
It is all the same quantum indivisibility.
It is all the same quantum dreamtime.
It is all the same quantum mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Was Anyone?

Was Jesus really the Jesus you think he was?
Was Moses really the Moses you think he was?
Was Lao Tzu really the Lao Tzu you think he was?
Was Shankara really the Shankara you think he was?
Was Muhammed really the Muhammed you think he was?
Was Zoroaster really the Zoroaster you think he was?
Was Krishna really the Krishna you think he was?
Was Buddha really the Buddha you think he was?
Was anyone really the anyone you think he was?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Same Awareness

All sentient life forms small to great gaze out upon their unique universe,
Each and every one, the same indivisible, ubiquitous awareness,
The same indivisible source, the same indivisible mystery.
Declare the awareness to be one god or many,
By whatever deific-sounding sounds comes to mind,
The inscrutable that humankind ever aspires to penetrate,
Is eternally indifferent to, unaffected by, all conscious endeavors.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Mystery of the Mystery

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.
It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.
It is an archetype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.
It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.

It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivaled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.
It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.
It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.

It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.
It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.
It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.

It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.
It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is ... a mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Limits of Frames of Reference

Any translation is an outcome of the translator's frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Intertwining Nature of History and Language

All languages evolve from their history.
All histories are imbedded in their language,
For as long as the given culture endures.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Sculptures of Storytellers

No matter the migratory path across the globe,
The human paradigm is about stories in all their many different forms.
Call them whatever you will: histories, accounts, chronicles, parables, narratives, folklores, legends,
Myths, sagas, fables, fairytales, tall tales, fish stories, jokes, puns, yarns, anecdotes, witticisms,
Memoirs, journals, diaries, records, annals, aphorisms, descriptions, maxims, proverbs.
Whether fictional or non-fictional, whether prose, poetry, drama, or some hybrid.
No matter the genre: literary fiction, historical, mystery, magical realism,
Thriller, fantasy, horror, romance, science fiction, bildungsroman,
Dystopian, western, speculative fiction, or realist literature,
Or some other slice and dice of the mind-built pie,
The storytellers sculpt our world, our epoch,
Into whatever form imagination allows.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Imagination

Imagination, creator of all that is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that has never been anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that will never be anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, only as material as the sensory-born illusion of the given moment.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Will It Really Matter?

Will it really matter in one second?
Will it really matter in ten seconds?
Will it really matter in one minute?
Will it really matter in one hour?
Will it really matter in one day?
Will it really matter in one week?
Will it really matter in one month?
Will it really matter in six months?
Will it really matter in one year?
Will it really matter in two years?
Will it really matter in five years?
Will it really matter in ten years?
Will it really matter in twenty years?
Will it really matter in one hundred years?
Will it really matter in five hundred years?
Will it really matter in one thousand years?
Will it really matter in ten thousand years?
Will it really matter in twenty thousand years?
Will it really matter in one hundred thousand years?
Will it really matter in one million years?
Will it really matter in ten million years?
Will it really matter in one hundred million years?
Will it really matter in one billion years?
Will it really matter in ten billion years?
Will it really matter in one trillion years?
Will it really matter in one gazillion years?

Did it really ever matter at all?

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Mind Is, the Mind Is Not

The mind is, the mind is not, a dream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a delusion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a habit.
The mind is, the mind is not, a truth.
The mind is, the mind is not, a practice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trance.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fixation.
The mind is, the mind is not, an obsession.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fondness.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tendency.
The mind is, the mind is not, a bent.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fabrication.
The mind is, the mind is not, a lie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pretense.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chameleon.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hope.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reality.
The mind is, the mind is not, a passion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reverie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hallucination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a leaning.
The mind is, the mind is not, a desire.
The mind is, the mind is not, an aspiration.
The mind is, the mind is not, an idea.
The mind is, the mind is not, a notion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mirage.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a preference.
The mind is, the mind is not, a memory.
The mind is, the mind is not, an irony.
The mind is, the mind is not, a paradox.
The mind is, the mind is not, a figment.
The mind is, the mind is not, a daydream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wish.
The mind is, the mind is not, an ambition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pattern.
The mind is, the mind is not, a frame.
The mind is, the mind is not, a nightmare.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trick.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tradition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a thought.
The mind is, the mind is not, a window.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fear.
The mind is, the mind is not, a template.
The mind is, the mind is not, an artifice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.

The mind is, the mind is not, a convention.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chimera.
The mind is, the mind is not, a projection.
The mind is, the mind is not, an impression.
The mind is, the mind is not, a goal.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pipedream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wont.
The mind is, the mind is not, a deception.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fantasy.
The mind is, the mind is not, an addiction.
The mind is, the mind is not, a problem.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mold.
The mind is, the mind is not, a character.
The mind is, the mind is not, a liking.
The mind is, the mind is not, an inclination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a matrix.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Can You Ever Describe It?

How can you ever describe a sound?
How can you ever describe a sight?
How can you ever describe a taste?
How can you ever describe a smell?
How can you ever describe a feeling?
How can you ever describe anything?
And yet we are ever linguistic acrobats.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What is Genesis?

What is Genesis but a wind propelling its own sail.
What is Genesis but a brush frolicking upon its own canvas.
What is Genesis but a hammer pounding upon its own nail.
What is Genesis but a wave heading toward its own shore.
What is Genesis but a flame burning in its own darkness.
What is Genesis but a particle drifting in its own space.
What is Genesis but a dream floating in its given mind.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Only Vanity Believes

Only vanity believes it is real.
Only vanity believes it is important.
Only vanity believes in gods and demons.
Only vanity believes in ghosts and monsters.
Only vanity believes in messiahs and saints.
Only vanity believes it is harbor to change.
Only vanity believes in more, more, more.
Only vanity believes nil is not an option.
Only vanity believes imagination exists.
Only vanity believes itself immortal.
Only vanity believes belief is true.

Breadcrumbs 2022

So It Goes

So many sights you will never see,
So many sounds you will never hear,
So many scents you will never smell,
So many flavors you will never taste,
So many textures you will never feel,
So many thoughts you will never think,
So many things you will never own.
So many things you will never do.
So many things you will never be.
So it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Only as Real as You Imagine Them

Differences are only as real as you imagine them.
Conclusions are only as real as you imagine them.
Assumptions are only as real as you imagine them.
Speculations are only as real as you imagine them.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Can You Look, and Not See?

How can you look at this mystery, and not see it is you?
How can you look at any other, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a mountain, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a plant, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a stream, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a rock, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a table, and not see it is you?
How can you look at an insect, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a bird, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a fish, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a horse, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a man, and not see he is you?
How can you look at a woman, and not see she is you?
How can you look at a child, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the ocean, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a cloud, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the sky, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the moon, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the sun, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the stars, and not see they are you?
How can you look at a particle of dust, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the space between all, and not see it is you?

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Difference?

To be, or not to be, what difference?
To see, or not to see, what difference?
To hear, or not to hear, what difference?
To taste, or not to taste, what difference?
To smell, or not to smell, what difference?
To touch, or not to touch, what difference?
To think, or not to think, what difference?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Regarding Intelligence

Somebody came up with eight types of intelligence:

- bodily kinesthetic (body smart)
- interpersonal (people smart)
- verbal linguistic (word smart)
- logical-mathematical (logic smart)
- naturalistic (nature smart)
- intrapersonal (self smart)
- visual-spatial (picture smart)
- musical (music smart)

Another collection also lists eight, with slight variations:

- mathematical (number smart),
- musical (music smart),
- linguistic (word smart),
- naturalistic (nature smart),
- intrapersonal (self smart),
- interpersonal (people smart),
- body-kinesthetic (body smart),
- visual (picture smart)

Another fellow, named Mark Vital, stoked it up to nine:

- naturalist (understanding living things and reading nature)
- musical (discerning sounds, their pitch, tone, rhythm, and timbre)
- logical-mathematical (quantifying things, making hypotheses and proving them)
- existential (tackling the questions of why we live, and why we die)
- interpersonal (sensing people's feelings and motives)
- bodily-kinesthetic (coordinating your mind with your body)
- linguistic (finding the right words to express what you mean)
- intrapersonal (understanding yourself, what you feel, and what you want)
- spatial (visualizing the world in 3D)

Likely many, if not most, fall into at least one of the above categories.

And what sort of intelligence is required to be any other life form, any other earthling,
On this spinning rock some humans call Earth, in a cosmos some call the Universe?

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Gift of Eternal Life

These reflections are an offering, a gift, of the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one, for spouting these many musings? Or you, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having participated in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Yesterday & Tomorrow

Who was yesterday? Who will be tomorrow?
What was yesterday? What will be tomorrow?
Where was yesterday? Where will be tomorrow?
When was yesterday? When will be tomorrow?
Why was yesterday? Why will be tomorrow?
How was yesterday? How will be tomorrow?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Ultimate Reality

Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all visions.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all sounds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all tastes.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all smells.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all touch.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all senses.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Before All Beginnings, After All Ends

When did imagination begin? And who was it before? Who will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And what was it before? What will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And where was it before? Where will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And when was it before? Where when it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And why was it before? Why will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And how was it before? How will it be after it ends?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Existence is Enough

Existence is enough.
The moment is enough.
It does not require stories.
It does not require philosophies.
It does not require deities or dogmas.
It does not require more, more, ever more.
It does not require meaning, it does not require purpose.
It does not require power or wealth or celebrity.
It does not require pedestrian groupthink.
It does not require political sanction.
It does not require consciousness.
It does not require knowledge.
It does not require anything.
Not even the illusory you.
The moment is enough.
Existence is enough.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Water Does Not

Water does not battle the rock.
It does not disobey gravity.
It does not resist the sun.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Just Another

Just another sound.
Just another sight.
Just another taste.
Just another smell.
Just another touch.
Just another thought.
Where is the space?
Where is the time?

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Garden of Dualistic Notion

The Garden of Life and Death.
The Garden of Good and Evil.
The Garden of Desire and Fear.
The Garden of Sweet and Bitter.
The Garden of Black and White.
The Garden of Sound and Silence.
The Garden of Kind and Callous.
The Garden of Full and Empty.
The Garden of Hot and Cold.
The Garden of Ones and Zeroes.
The Garden of Dualistic Notion.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Ever the Same You

You are ever the same You.
Everything is ever the same You.
There is nothing that is not the same You.
No matter the dimension.
No matter the quantum.
No matter the matrix.
No matter the universe.
No matter the galaxy.
No matter the star.
No matter the world.
No matter the space.
No matter the time.
No matter the culture.
No matter the language.
No matter the mind-body.
No matter the dream.
No matter the gender.
No matter the costume.
No matter the vocation.
No matter the dogma.
No matter the politics.
No matter the attitude.
No matter the whatever.
You are ever the same You.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What is Hope?

To hope, or not to hope, that is the question.

What is hope?

What is hope, but:

Hope is to:

Hope is:

Hope:

Go back to the drawing board
Beat around the bush
That ship has sailed
Go down in flames
Have eyes bigger than one's stomach
Fly in the ointment
A dime a dozen
A bitter pill to swallow
Call it a day
Take with a grain of salt
Cutting corners
All thumbs
Get your act together
Break a leg
It's not rocket science
Make a long story short
Wild goose chase
Straw that broke the camel's back
Miss the boat
No horse in this race
Hook, line and sinker
Couch potato
Heard it through the grapevine
At the drop of a hat
Barking up the wrong tree
A hot potato
By the seat of one's pants
Chink in one's armor
Bird brain
Cut somebody some slack
My two cents
Kill two birds with one stone
Bed of roses
Pull someone's leg
Pull yourself together
Speak of the devil
Time flies when you're having fun

By the skin of one's teeth
Two a penny
Elephant in the room
Don't count chickens before they hatch
No dog in this fight
To make matters worse
For a song
Pushing up daisies
Trip the light fantastic
We'll cross that bridge when we come to it
Shoot the breeze
Throw under the bus
Wrap your head around something
Screw the pooch
Your guess is as good as mine
You can say that again

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Happened

What happened to the Egyptians,
What happened to the Persians,
What happened to the Chinese,
What happened to the Greeks,
What happened to the Spanish,
What happened to the French,
What happened to the English,
What happened to the Germans,
What happened to the Russians,
What happened to the Aztecs,
What happened to the Incas,
What happened to the Zulus,
What happened to the Romans,
Is what happens to all robust tribes.
Everything that rises, sooner or later falls.
That is the statistical certainty of all manifestation.
Including this genesis, this matrix, and any and all creations prior and hence.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Blobs Everywhere

Blobs everywhere.
Some with eyes.
Some with ears.
Some with noses.
Some with mouths.
Some with fingers.
Some with toes.
Some with legs.
Some with arms.
Some with tails.
Some with muscles.
Some with fat.
Some with wings.
Some with feelers.
Some with fins.
Some with flesh.
Some with hair.
Some with scales.
Some with wit.
Some with folly.
Some with ...
Some with ...
Some with ...
Some with whatever.
All blobs, nonetheless.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What is Left?

What is left, after you stop imagining you are the body?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are the identity?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are all these memories?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are all these relationships?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are anything at all?
What is left, but the still, pure awareness, you ever are,
That to which all manifestation is but a dream.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Only as Real as You Imagine It

Reality is only as real as you imagine it.
Space is only as real as you imagine it.
Time is only as real as you imagine it.
History is only as real as you imagine it.
Science is only as real as you imagine it.
Mathematics is only as real as you imagine it.
Music is only as real as you imagine it.
Art is only as real as you imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as you imagine it.
Industry is only as real as you imagine it.
Technology is only as real as you imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as you imagine it.
Existence is only as real as you imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as you imagine it.
Other is only as real as you imagine it.
Nature is only as real as you imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as you imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as you imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as you imagine it.
Everything is only as real as you imagine it.
God is only as real as you imagine it.
Awareness is only as real as you imagine it.
Self is only as real as you imagine it.
You are only as real as you imagine it.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same You

Through all times,
Through all spaces,
The same genesis in all,
The same unknown in all,
The same consciousness in all,
The same imagination in all,
The same awareness in all,
The same moment in all,
The same mystery in all,
The same voice in all,
The same You in all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Who Really Knows? Who Really Cares?

How many really know, really care, what Schopenhauer thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wittgenstein thought?
How many really know, really care, what Lao Tzu thought?
How many really know, really care, what Buddha thought?
How many really know, really care, what Comte thought?
How many really know, really care, what Bacon thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heraclitus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kafka thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hume thought?
How many really know, really care, what Rousseau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Russell thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hobbes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Machiavelli thought?
How many really know, really care, what Foucault thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kierkegaard thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishna thought?
How many really know, really care, what Mill thought?
How many really know, really care, what de Beauvoir thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hess thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aquinas thought?
How many really know, really care, what Carneades thought?
How many really know, really care, what Diogenes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Smith thought?
How many really know, really care, what Confucius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what James thought?
How many really know, really care, what Parmenides thought?
How many really know, really care, what Pascal thought?
How many really know, really care, what Chomsky thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thales thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sina thought?
How many really know, really care, what Patanjali thought?
How many really know, really care, what Watts thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ram Dass thought?
How many really know, really care, what Osho thought?
How many really know, really care, what Derrida thought?
How many really know, really care, what Marx thought?
How many really know, really care, what Vonnegut thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wollstonecraft thought?
How many really know, really care, what Descartes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sartre thought?
How many really know, really care, what Muhammad thought?
How many really know, really care, what Locke thought?
How many really know, really care, what Emerson thought?
How many really know, really care, what Nietzsche thought?

How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what Dewey thought?
How many really know, really care, what Zoroaster thought?
How many really know, really care, what Whitman thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kant thought?
How many really know, really care, what Shankara thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Epicurus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ashtavakra thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aurelius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Jesus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Yogananda thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aristotle thought?
How many really know, really care, what Camus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Voltaire thought?
How many really know, really care, what Spinoza thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thoreau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hegel thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heidegger thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishnamurti thought?
How many really know, really care, what you think?
Never hurts to get over yourself anytime soon.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Will Your Death Be Like?

What will your death, your departure, your exodus, be like?
Will it be passionate or peaceful? Painful or painless?
Will it be expected or unexpected? Quick or slow?
Will you be all alone or surrounded by others?
Will you be whimpering or unconcerned?
Will you be pleading to some deity?
Or already at home in the abyss?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Real Friendship

Real friendship does not change.
Real friendship does not judge.
Real friendship does not betray.
Real friendship does not detract.
Real friendship does not steal.
Real friendship does not intimidate.
Real friendship does not envy.
Real friendship does not manipulate.
Real friendship does not deny.
Real friendship does not overwhelm.
Real friendship does not attack.
Real friendship does not cling.
Real friendship does not dissolve.
Real friendship does not differentiate.
Real friendship does not desert.
Real friendship does not ridicule.
Real friendship does not labor.
Real friendship does not diminish.
Real friendship does not dogmatize.
Real friendship does not malign.
Real friendship does not abandon.
Real friendship does not deceive.
Real friendship does not hurt.
Real friendship does not destroy.
Real friendship does not turn away.
Real friendship does not end.

Is there such a thing as a real friend?

Or is it just a lot of yada-yada, comparable to fallacious notions of family and flag?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Nothing More to Be

Stop wishing you were some other place.
Stop wishing you were some other time.
Stop wishing you were some other life.
Here You are ... right here, right now.
Awareness ... pure, simple, absolute.
Ineffable, inexplicable, unfathomable.
Nothing more to be, nothing else to be.

Breadcrumbs 2022

You Are the Awareness

You are not the self.
You are not the mind.
You are not the body,
You are not the world.
You are not the cosmos.
You are the awareness.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Let go all dreams.
Let go all illusions.
Let go all delusions.
Let go all attachments.
Pay attention to the moment.
Be free of space, be free of time.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Without the Mind-Body

Without the mind-body,
What is wet, what is dry?
What is hot, what is cold?
What is loud, what is quiet?
What is sweet, what is bitter?
What is pleasure, what is pain?
What is coarse, what is smooth?
What is harsh, what is gentle?
What is any now-soon-then?
Without illusion its game?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Work on Imagining

Work on imagining who you really are, and are not.
Work on imagining what you really are, and are not.
Work on imagining where you really are, and are not.
Work on imagining when you really are, and are not.
Work on imagining why you really are, and are not.
Work on imagining how you really are, and are not.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Regarding Free Will

You really believe you have free will?
 Could you be free of your time?
 Could you be free of your space?
 Could you be free of your genetics?
 Could you be free of your body?
 Could you be free of your face?
 Could you be free of your eyes?
 Could you be free of your ears?
 Could you be free of your nose?
 Could you be free of your tongue?
 Could you be free of your touch?
 Could you be free of your language?
 Could you be free of your ethnicity?
 Could you be free of your gender?
 Could you be free of your status?
 Could you be free of your knowledge?
 Could you be free of your memories?
 Could you be free of your beliefs?
 Could you be free of your wealth?
 Could you be free of your religion?
 Could you be free of your politics?
 Could you be free of your feelings?
 Could you be free of your emotions?
 Could you be free of your prejudices?
 Could you be free of your reflections?
 Could you be free of your insights?
 Could you be free of your appetites?
 Could you be free of your family?
 Could you be free of your friends?
 Could you be free of your acquaintances?
 Could you be free of your adversaries?
 Could you be free of your heritage?
 Could you be free of your tribe?
 Could you be free of your work?
 Could you be free of your habits?
 Could you be free of your foods?
 Could you be free of your liquids?
 Could you be free of your pleasures?
 Could you be free of your pains?
 Could you be free of your sexuality?
 Could you be free of your things?
 Could you be free of your hobbies?
 Could you be free of your loves?
 Could you be free of your likes?
 Could you be free of your hates?
 Could you be free of your reactions?

Could you be free of your banter?
Could you be free of your algorithm?
Could you be free of your world?
Could you be free of your cosmos?
Could you be free of your moment?
Could you be free of anything at all?
The human paradigm is as fixed as any.
It may seem a complex, superior pattern,
In which consciousness reigns over instinct,
But you are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.
Even your most unpredictable actions are predictable.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
Your destiny awaits your arrival.
Die to it now, if you can.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Moment is Now

The moment is now.
Not before, not after.
There is no who in it
There is no what in it.
There is no where in it.
There is no when in it.
There is no why in it.
There is no how in it.
The hustle misses it.
The bustle misses it.
The mind cannot grasp it.
The moment is right here, right now.
Discern the moment, discern the moment you are.
The moment you have ever been, the moment you will ever be.
The moment you are not, never were, will never be.
Abide in the awareness, witness to all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Domesticated Are You?

How domesticated are you.
How domesticated are you?
How domesticated are you!
How domesticated are you!?
How domesticated are you?!

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Envy of Fellow Earthlings

Why would an elephant envy you?
Why would a snail envy you?
Why would a tree envy you?
Why would an ant envy you?
Why would a bear envy you?
Why would a mouse envy you?
Why would a sparrow envy you?
Why would an eagle envy you?
Why would a jellyfish envy you?
Why would a tiger envy you?
Why would a dolphin envy you?
Why would a salmon envy you?
Why would a cockroach envy you?
Why would a snail envy you?
Why would a monkey envy you?
Why would a deer envy you?
Why would a crab envy you?
Why would a badger envy you?
Why would a rose envy you?
Why would a weed envy you?
Why would a salamander envy you?
Why would a snake envy you?
Why would an alligator envy you?
Why would a microbe envy you?
Why would a butterfly envy you?

All life forms are masters of their given worlds.

Why would any fellow earthling ever envy any human?
Why would any ever want to be anything other than what it is?
Only human beings are at all dissatisfied with their roles,
The parts, into which the genetic lottery has cast them.
All existence plays whatever fate has been ordained.

Breadcrumbs 2022

As Intangible as Intangible Can Be

Awareness cannot be seen.
Awareness cannot be heard.
Awareness cannot be tasted.
Awareness cannot be smelled
Awareness cannot be touched.
Awareness cannot be thought.
Awareness is as intangible,
As intangible can be.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Worms Do Not Care

Die wealthy, die poor.
Die powerful, die weak.
Die known, die unknown.
Die brave, die coward.
Die loved, die hated.
Die happy, die sad.
Worms do not care.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Choice?

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?
Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Waiting for Jesus

Waiting for Schopenhauer.
Waiting for Wittgenstein.
Waiting for Lao Tzu.
Waiting for Buddha.
Waiting for Comte.
Waiting for Bacon.
Waiting for Heraclitus.
Waiting for Kafka.
Waiting for Hume.
Waiting for Rousseau.
Waiting for Russell.
Waiting for Hobbes.
Waiting for Machiavelli.
Waiting for Foucault.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Kierkegaard.
Waiting for Krishna.
Waiting for Mill.
Waiting for de Beauvoir.
Waiting for Hess.
Waiting for Aquinas.
Waiting for Carneades.
Waiting for Diogenes.
Waiting for Smith.
Waiting for Confucius.
Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for James.
Waiting for Parmenides.
Waiting for Pascal.
Waiting for Chomsky.
Waiting for Thales.
Waiting for Sina.
Waiting for Patanjali.
Waiting for Watts.
Waiting for Ram Dass.
Waiting for Osho.
Waiting for Derrida.
Waiting for Marx.
Waiting for Vonnegut.
Waiting for Wollstonecraft.
Waiting for Descartes.
Waiting for Sartre.
Waiting for Muhammad.
Waiting for Locke.
Waiting for Emerson.
Waiting for Nietzsche.

Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for Dewey.
Waiting for Zoroaster.
Waiting for Whitman.
Waiting for Kant.
Waiting for Shankara.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Epicurus.
Waiting for Ashtavakra.
Waiting for Aurelius.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Jesus.
Waiting for Yogananda.
Waiting for Aristotle.
Waiting for Camus.
Waiting for Voltaire.
Waiting for Spinoza.
Waiting for Thoreau.
Waiting for Hegel.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Heidegger.
Waiting for Krishnamurti.
Might be best not to hold your breath.

Breadcrumbs 2022

So, You're in Love With a Blob, EH?

So, you're in love with a blob, eh?
What's your favorite part?
Nerves or arteries?
Brain or body?
Heart or spleen?
Clitoris or ovaries?
Mouth or anus?
Lungs or liver?
Eyes or ears?
Nose or tongue?
Penis or testicles?
Legs or arms?
Knees or elbows?
Flesh or womb?
Big toes or thumbs?
Belly button or buttocks?
Imagine kissing and licking them all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Matter?

Here you are, now.
What matter, who?
What matter, what?
What matter, when?
What matter, where?
What matter, why?
What matter, how?
Here you are, now.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same Answer

Who are you in there?
What are you in there?
Where are you in there?
When are you in there?
Why are you in there?
How are you in there?
Is not the truest answer,
The same for one and all?

Breadcrumbs 2022

First and Last

This is the first and last breath, breathe it.
This is the first and last sight, see it.
This is the first and last sound, hear it.
This is the first and last taste, taste it.
This is the first and last smell, smell it.
This is the first and last touch, touch it
This is the first and last breath, breathe it.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Point?

No point changing what cannot be changed,
Journeying that which cannot be journeyed,
Preserving that which cannot be preserved.
Criticizing that which cannot be criticized.
Revealing that which cannot be revealed,
Traveling that which cannot be traveled.
Advising that which cannot be advised.
Creating that which cannot be created,
Pushing that which cannot be pushed,
Chasing that which cannot be caught,
Pulling that which cannot be pulled,
Loving that which cannot be loved,
Hating that which cannot be hated,
Mending that which cannot be torn,
Seeking that which cannot be found,
Solving that which cannot be solved,
Sharing that which cannot be shared,
Beginning that which cannot be begun,
Finishing that which cannot be finished,
Destroying that which cannot be destroyed.

Breadcrumbs 2022

When More is Never Enough

The deeper meaning.
The greater buzz.
The higher high.
The bigger big.
The fuller full.
The nth degree.
The larger large.
The farthest shore.
The greater purpose.
The grander whatever,
Where more is never enough,
And forever never ends.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same Mystery in All

Do the engineering.
Do the architecture.
Do the language.
Do the science.
Do the math.
Do the art.
Do the music.
Do the history.
Do the athletics.
Do the humanities.
Do the good, the bad.
Do whatever you please,
The same mystery is in all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Infinity: Everything and Nothing

Infinity is not a number.
Infinity is not a word.
Infinity is not a time.
Infinity is not a space.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not a sound.
Infinity is not a sight.
Infinity is not a taste.
Infinity is not a smell.
Infinity is not a sensation.
Infinity is not great.
Infinity is not small.
Infinity is not a distance.
Infinity is not a concept.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not an emotion.
Infinity is not a thought.
Infinity is not anything.
Infinity is everything.
Infinity is nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Horror! The Horror!

The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
The vanity! The vanity!
The hunger! The hunger!
The algorithm! The algorithm!
The division! The division!
The creativity! The creativity!
The greed! The greed!
The hypocrisy! The hypocrisy!
The sorrow! The sorrow!
The discordance! The discordance!
The subtlety! The subtlety!
The laziness! The laziness!
The love! The love!
The paradox! The paradox!
The wealth! The wealth!
The poverty! The poverty!
The loneliness! The loneliness!
The disparity! The disparity!
The dullness! The dullness!
The violence! The violence!
The obesity! The obesity!
The pain! The pain!
The disharmony! The disharmony!
The genetics! The genetics!
The novelty! The novelty!
The ambition! The ambition!
The stress! The stress!
The predictability! The predictability!
The ugliness! The ugliness!
The brilliance! The brilliance!
The dogma! The dogma!
The monotony! The monotony!
The matrix! The matrix!
The bullshit! The bullshit!
The wisdom! The wisdom!
The stupidity! The stupidity!
The boredom! The boredom!
The hate! The hate!
The tradition! The tradition!
The suffering! The suffering!
The bother! The bother!

The corruption! The corruption!
The loyalty! The loyalty!
The worry! The worry!
The rigidity! The rigidity!
The cacophony! The cacophony!
The deceit! The deceit!
The pleasure! The pleasure!
The viciousness! The viciousness!
The irony! The irony!
The repetition! The repetition!
The conflict! The conflict!
The beauty! The beauty!
The harmony! The harmony!
The insanity! The insanity!
The tribalism! The tribalism!
The cruelty! The cruelty!
The industry! The industry!
The emptiness! The emptiness!
The drama! The drama!
The inanity! The inanity!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The horror! The horror!

Breadcrumbs 2022

Destroy! Destroy! Destroy!

Destroy all the knowledge.
Destroy all opinions.
Destroy the other.
Destroy the world.
Destroy the cosmos.
Destroy all the creation.
Here You are, right here, right now.

Breadcrumbs 2022

All Blobs the Same

Some blobs are slimy.
Some blobs are gooey.
Some blobs are chewy.
Some blobs are crunchy.
Same quantum essence, all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Mystery Is All

I am mystery.
You are mystery.
We are all mystery.
Everything is mystery.
Every no-thing is mystery.
There is nothing not mystery.
Give up all attempts to know it.
Let go all that you think you know.
Inhale the timeless-spaceless moment.
It is the integrity, the virtue, you truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Would Your Frame of Reference Be?

Imagine having never smelled a smell.
Imagine having never tasted a flavor.
Imagine having never seen an image.
Imagine having never heard a sound.
Imagine having never felt a sensation.
Imagine any combination of the above.
What would your frame of reference be?
What would your world, your universe, be?

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Is the Universe of a Bee?

What is the universe of any life form?
What is the universe of a bee?
What is the universe of a hawk?
What is the universe of a sparrow?
What is the universe of a cockroach?
What is the universe of a tiger?
What is the universe of a virus?
What is the universe of a frog?
What is the universe of a dandelion?
What is the universe of a crow?
What is the universe of a shark?
What is the universe of an elephant?
What is the universe of a bat?
What is the universe of an ant?
What is the universe of a butterfly?
What is the universe of a whale?
What is the universe of a deer?
What is the universe of a microbe?
What is the universe of a snake?
What is the universe of a spider?
What is the universe of a plant?
What is the universe of a moth?
What is the universe of a lobster?
What is the universe of a bear?
What is the universe of a seagull?
What is the universe of a minnow?
What is the universe of a clam?
What is the universe of a dolphin?
What is the universe of a tree?
What is the universe of a snail?
What is the universe of a seal?
What is the universe of a buffalo?
What is the universe of a cow?
What is the universe of a chicken?
What is the universe of a pig?
What is the universe of a salmon?
What is the universe of a badger?
What is the universe of an octopus?
What is the universe of a kangaroo?
What is the universe of a panda?
What is the universe of a gnat?
What is the universe of a pike?
What is the universe of a rat?
What is the universe of a worm?
What is the universe of a guppy?
What is the universe of an owl?
What is the universe of a tarantula?
What is the universe of a sloth?

What is the universe of a wolf?
What is the universe of a giraffe?
What is the universe of a starfish?
What is the universe of an otter?
What is the universe of a penguin?
What is the universe of an alligator?
What is the universe of a mushroom?
What is the universe of a salamander?
What is the universe of any human being?
No matter the form, no matter the sensory input,
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.
Every organism, absolutely unique; all, the same timeless mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Where Is Your Face?

Where is your face? What does it really look like?
What about the back of your noggin? Or either side view?
What about your back? Or the back of your neck? Or your shoulders?
Or your derrière, without a mirror? What do others see, when you are walking away?
Discerning the matrix vista, that state of awareness, prior to consciousness –
Detached, relativistic, indivisible, timeless, spaceless, boundless –
Is ample proof, if You are fated to achieve such a feat,
That you are indeed the mystery, unto Self.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Can You Prove Anything?

How can you prove now; why should you have to?
How can you prove time; why should you have to?
How can you prove space; why should you have to?
How can you prove infinity; why should you have to?
How can you prove quantum; why should you have to?
How can you prove anything; why should you have to?
How can you prove everything; why should you have to?
How can you prove awareness; why should you have to?
How can you prove eternity; why should you have to?
How can you prove naught; why should you have to?
How can you prove You; why should you have to?
And as for some God, what would be the point?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Will That Be the Last Time?

Will that be the last time you think that?
Will that be the last time you say that?
Will that be the last time you do that?
Will that be the last time you see that?
Will that be the last time you hear that?
Will that be the last time you taste that?
Will that be the last time you smell that?
Will that be the last time you feel that?
Will that be the last time you read that?
Will that be the last time you write that?
Will that be the last time you discern that?
Will that be the last time you wonder that?
Will that be the last time you manipulate that?
Will that be the last time you calculate that?
Will that be the last time you draw that?
Will that be the last time you paint that?
Will that be the last time you sculpt that?
Will that be the last time you paint that?
Will that be the last time you paint that?
Will that be the last time you dance that?
Will that be the last time you play that?
Will that be the last time you covet that?
Will that be the last time you like that?
Will that be the last time you love that?
Will that be the last time you hate that?
Will that be the last time you travel there?
Will that be the last time you walk there?
Will that be the last time you run there?
Will that be the last time you sit there?
Will that be the last time you eat that?
Will that be the last time you cook that?
Will that be the last time you trade that?
Will that be the last time you print that?
Will that be the last time you yell that?
Will that be the last time you whisper that?
Will that be the last time you create that?
Will that be the last time you preserve that?
Will that be the last time you destroy that?
Will that be the last time you anything that?

Breadcrumbs 2022

A Short List of Modern Entitlements (Not necessarily in order of importance)

Food and drink
Security
Running water
Septic systems
Garbage collection
Retirement homes
Pensions
Social security
Disability
Unemployment
Welfare
Satellites
Building codes
Electricity
Weights and measures
Oil
Glass
Metals
Plastics
Clothing
Ovens
Refrigeration
Air conditioning
Heating
Air filtration
Financial systems
Education
Science
Technology
Military services
Police services
Fire services
Health services
Doctors
Nurses
Paramedics
Hospitals
Ambulances
Medications
Dentists
Jails and prisons
Bars and nightclubs
Coffee shops
Service organizations
Religious organizations

Insurance
Computers
Phones
Mobile phones
Televisions
Internet
Wi-Fi
Touch screens
Casinos
Bluetooth
Streaming
Online banking
Online gaming
Lightbulbs
Batteries
Vehicles
Lotteries
Scratchers
Showers and bathtubs
Roads and freeway
Sidewalks
Stop lights
Streetlamps
Retail outlets
Restaurants
Bicycles
Public transport
Water drainage
Inventions
Tools
Weapons
Architecture
Building codes
Building materials
Toys
Games
Debt
Machines
Democracy
Rule of Law
Monetary system
Graphics
Fans
Media
Music
Software
Algorithms
Consumables

Office supplies
Toilets and urinals
Kitchen utensils

And who knows how long a more detailed list would be?

Breadcrumbs 2022

You

The word is not the thing.
The note is not the melody.
The number is not the actuality.
The imagination is not the awareness.
The moment is not the perception.
The thought is not the now.
Truth is not a concept.
You are not you.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Of Rises and Falls

Every life form has its rise and fall.
Every tribe has its rise and fall.
Every culture has its rise and fall.
Every nation has its rise and fall.
Every boulder has its rise and fall.
Every mountain has its rise and fall.
Every world has its rise and fall.
Every star has its rise and fall.
Every galaxy has its rise and fall.
Every universe has its rise and fall.
The mystery is all, the mystery permeates all.
The awareness, every moment, indelible witness to all.
There is no other; only the quantum matrix, and its eternity of appearances,
Kaleidoscoping a most excellent dream of space and time, that only the rarest minds discern unto Self.

Breadcrumbs 2022

You Are the Ephemeral

You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral awareness.
You are the ephemeral intelligence.
You are the ephemeral astuteness.
You are the ephemeral compassion.
You are the ephemeral twinkling.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral right now.
You are the ephemeral awakensness.
You are the ephemeral here now.
You are the ephemeral alertness.
You are the ephemeral absurdity.
You are the ephemeral madness.
You are the ephemeral discrimination.
You are the ephemeral keenness.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral foolishness.
You are the ephemeral intuition.
You are the ephemeral moment.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral fluidity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral flexibility.
You are the ephemeral instant.
You are the ephemeral insight.
You are the ephemeral now.
You are the ephemeral acuity.
You are the ephemeral jiffy.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral here.
You are the ephemeral perception.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral present.
You are the ephemeral passion.
You are the ephemeral dexterity.
You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral perceptiveness.
It you are thinking it, you are not being it.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Will History Call It?

What will history call it?
The Great Reckoning
The Great Alignment
The Great Adjustment
The Great Fall
The Great Devaluation
The Great Collapse
The Great Extinction
The Great Disintegration
The Great Annihilation
The Great Extermination
The Great Decline
The Great Termination
The Great Correction
The Great Cascade
The Great Avalanche
The Great Retrenching
The Great Meltdown
The Great Dissolution
The Great Downfall
The Great Demise
The Great Andropocene
The Great Difference
The Great Exodus
The Great Depression
The Great Retreat
The Great Articulation
The Great Descent
The Great Apology
The Great Reduction
The Great Plummet
The Great Repression
The Great Extinction
The Great Desolation
The Great Undoing
The Great Departure
The Great Awakening
Step right up, folks!
Time machines for sale!
Get 'em while they're hot!

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Matrix of Imagination

You are eternity, You are the eternal, You are the now of awareness,
Peering out through stardust, into stardust; peering out through quantum, into quantum.
You are ever a mystery, to which there is no answer, no theorem, no philosophy, no religion, no anything.
Your challenge is to simply be it; unburdened by all the complexities, all the vagaries,
That the imaginary mind ceaselessly manifests into veil after veil,
Masking the stillness, You this moment are.

Breadcrumbs 2022

You, Alone, Are

You are alone, You have always been alone.
You were born alone, You live alone, You will die alone.
There has never been even one single moment when You were not alone,
When You were not pure awareness, when You were not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times to countless worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of You, is utterly inconsequential.
And how You discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In its myriad imaginings.
It is but a reverie.
You, alone, are.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The No-Mind of Eternal Life

All human stages, all human endeavors, all human theatrics, no matter the time, no matter the place,
Be they scientific, mathematical, architectural, martial, philosophical, religious, mystical,
Commercial, engineering, manufacturing, craftsmanship, competitive, domestic,
Cultural, artistic, musical, dance, or literature in all its abundant arrays,
Have as their origin, the ever-enticing filament of imagination.
The entire human paradigm is its unrelenting handiwork.
The only freedom, for those rare few who seek it,
Is a mind given over to absolute awareness,
A mind given over to the tranquility of no-mind,
A mind given over to the equanimity of an eternal life.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Labyrinth of Imagination

Who can more than speculate what is actually going on in the grand starry-starry mishmash of all genesis?
Except maybe that fabled supreme-deity, Santa Claus, crisscrossing the cosmos in his enchanted sleigh.
Who must, surely, be bone-weary, from the on and on, of the never-ending labyrinth of imagination.
All over something, that may well have been, nothing more than a now much-regretted impulse.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Same Ineffable Elephant

Seers have explored the mystery in countless ways throughout all times, all geographies.
And no matter their conclusions, or the traditions that evolved,
They are all the same elephant.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Mystery Few Glean

Perhaps the mystery created this dream of space and time,
That the rare few might fathom its mystery, its wonder, its truth.
And those who are not called to inquire, live their lives as fate dictates.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Automatons All

The human paradigm is complex enough that many assume it is infused with free will.
But in the up-close-and-personal, individuals are but roiling algorithms.
Automatons, each playing out their daily Sisyphean toil,
As set by the cosmos, and all that is prior.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Unifying Awareness is You

The unifying principal is not some word, some equation, some symbol, some sound, some anything.
It is You, You alone, this one-and-only timeless moment, that has ever been, will ever be.
It is the You that is the unadulterated awareness, the tabula rasa, the perpetuity,
The omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent eternity within and without all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Witness to All

Though human beings are complex genomic sequences, patterns, that imply free will,
They are patterns, nonetheless, each playing out their daily Sisyphean routine,
All perform their temporal existence as predictably as any algorithm,
Wandering through each moment as the nature-nurture ordains.
All live out their brief dreamtime as was set in motion,
The instant the mystery burst into the space-time continuum.
The You, You truly are, is witness to your splinter of that creation.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Campfires of Imagination

Any history is entirely reliant on storytellers who tell, and listeners who listen.
No history is ever completely accurate, and many, if not most, are never even close.
The campfires of imagination weave their way into every conceivable reckoning,
And it is left to the solitary few, to realize not even one, has ever been real.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Imagination's Crown

Reflections such as these cannot but remain marginalized by the masses,
Because imagination will not allow itself, cannot allow itself,
To be purged, or even brought to heel, from the annals of this garden world,
But through complete annihilation, to which end, it every moment drives closer to probability.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Aliens of Imagination

For extra-terrestrials to reach our doorstep, however they might make their way across the vast expanses,
Would require that the ineffable mystery, somehow craft like evolutions on other garden worlds.
The number-crunchers fill their time with every sort of calculation of such possibilities,
But the actuality of such, has thus far never come to pass in any scientifically observable way.
Meanwhile, storytellers in this garden, are cauldrons, fueling imagination's every imaginable whimsy.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Just This Moment

There is just this timeless moment.

Sometimes it is ecstasy, sometimes it is agony.
Sometimes it is true, sometimes it is false.
Sometimes it is full, sometimes it is empty.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is sad.
Sometimes it is known, sometimes it is unknown.
Sometimes it is life, sometimes it is death.
Sometimes it is pleasant, sometimes it is noxious.
Sometimes it is fast, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is clear, sometimes it is foggy.
Sometimes it is tangible, sometimes it is intangible.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is on, sometimes it is off.
Sometimes it is white, sometimes it is black.
Sometimes it is large, sometimes it is small.
Sometimes it is real, sometimes it is imaginary.
Sometimes it is smart, sometimes it is stupid.
Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is crooked.
Sometimes it is punctual, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is busy, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is reassuring, sometimes it is scary.
Sometimes it is serene, sometimes it is bustling.
Sometimes it is beautiful, sometimes it is ugly.
Sometimes it is sharp, sometimes it is blunt.
Sometimes it is day, sometimes it is night.
Sometimes it is bright, sometimes it is gloomy.
Sometimes it is loving, sometimes it is hateful.
Sometimes it is simple, sometimes it is complex.
Sometimes it is icy, sometimes it is tepid.
Sometimes it is friendly, sometimes it is hostile.
Sometimes it is young, sometimes it is old.
Sometimes it is energetic, sometimes it is lethargic.
Sometimes it is colors, sometimes it is gray.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is wrong.
Sometimes it is interesting, sometimes it is boring.
Sometimes it is close, sometimes it is distant.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is left.
Sometimes it is same, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is exact, sometimes it is approximate.
Sometimes it is similar, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is in, sometimes it is out.
Sometimes it is sweet, sometimes it is sour.
Sometimes it is early, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is soft, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is tasty, sometimes it is bland.

Sometimes it is fragrant, sometimes it is smelly.
Sometimes it is yin, sometimes it is yang.
Sometimes it is inhale, sometimes it is exhale.
Sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is wavy, sometimes it is flat.
Sometimes it is round, sometimes it is square.
Sometimes it is up, sometimes it is down.
Sometimes it is excellent, sometimes it is mediocre.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is silent, sometimes it is noisy.
Sometimes it is expensive, sometimes it is cheap.
Sometimes it is male, sometimes it is female.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is depressed.
Sometimes it is good, sometimes it is bad.
Sometimes it is reasonable, sometimes it is absurd.
Sometimes it is near, sometimes it is far.
Sometimes it is sane, sometimes it is insane.
Sometimes it is light, sometimes it is dark.
Sometimes it is hot, sometimes it is cold.
Sometimes it is dry, sometimes it is wet.
Sometimes it is here, sometimes it is there.
Sometimes it is now, sometimes it is then.
Sometimes it is this, sometimes it is that.
Sometimes it is born, sometimes it is dying.
Sometimes it is unborn, sometimes it is undying.
Sometimes it is beginning, sometimes it is ending.
Sometimes it is everything, sometimes it is nothing.

But it is always the same timeless moment.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Unlikely You Will Ever Read This

If you are unable to decipher American English, circa Year 2000, Anno Domini-Common Era, Specifically, California Great Central Valley, with a Germanic, Midwestern-Southern, lingual mélange, You will, alas, more than likely have great difficulty reading even a few pages of this manifesto.
For all languages require frame of reference compatibility, to be even partially grasped.
So, be wary of all translations, should such an unlikely thing ever come to pass.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Human Pyramid Scheme

The human pyramid scheme in a nutshell:

One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percenters
Five-Percenters
Twenty-Percenters
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseers
Overseers
Régime slaves
Self-Employed slaves
Middlemen slaves
Rancher slaves
Farmer slaves
Salary slaves
Wage slaves
Intern slaves
Future slaves
Homeless slaves
All-purpose slaves
Not yet dead slaves
Not yet born slaves

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Ever-Morphing Nature of Language

Every language morphs on and on and on, for as long as imagination rolls.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Subjectivity of All Translation

Many philosophical works, from all times, from all geographies, have been translated into many tongues.
Which means, what readers are reading, is subjective interpretation of an author's original intentions.
Some works have been strained through several languages, through several frames of reference.
So, who knows if any of those who inquire, have at all gleaned, what was initially written.
And that assumes, of course, that the rendition of the original storyteller can be trusted.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Stumbling Along Disparate Trails

Language, being the ever-changing play of consciousness that it is,
How can there ever be accurate translation between two or more frames of reference?
Even the most sincere, serious, intent, between two like-minds,
Inevitably stumble along disparate trails.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Warped Mirrors of Translation

What is it but another metaphor
– Idiom, simile, allegory, expression, symbol, image –
That no other culture, no future time, will ever even begin to comprehend.
All languages are but the dynamic – ever-changing, quickly-changing – gyrations of imagination.
It is all but impossible that any translation will exactly mirror any writer's intent.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Of Sounds Given Concept

Fitting your Self into an idea,
Believing a role nature-nurture has dictated,
Is not necessary, and is often counter to the quest for freedom.
Words are tools for communication; not ends, not goals, not realities, in themselves.
Never believe you can be encapsulated by any sound given concept.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Of Similarities and Differences

If there were somehow several hundred clones of you as an infant, randomly scattered all about the world,
In every variety of culture, every variety of language, every variety of socio-economic orientation,
And those replicas, totally unaware of each other, were brought together at some point,
What would the muster be like? What would be the reaction of all involved?
How similar would they be? How different would they be?
How well, or how badly, would they get along?
And how quickly might they pull out the steely knives?

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same Voice

There are many writers writing, there are many speakers speaking.
All describing the same mystery though the prisms of different frames of reference.
Different times, different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different everything.
There is no need to favor one over another; only to ascertain if the voice is the same.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Relative Light of the Relative Mind

How can anyone ever truly perceive, truly understand, truly inhale, any culture,
To which they do not have first-hand entrée from the earliest etchings.
The harmonies between all dreams cannot be discerned,
But in the relative light of a relative mind.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Required: A Wide-Ranging Frame of Reference

To interpret anything clearly, accurately,
The translator must possess a wide-ranging frame of reference,
Including language, history, culture, art, philosophy, folktales, myths, metaphors, symbols,
And whatever else intersects, intertwines, the present context,
With that of the original source.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Grand Theater

You are the unfathomable, playing fathomable.
You are the immutable, playing mercurial.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the infinite, playing limited.
You are the timeless, playing time.
You are the ineffable, playing effable.
You are the infinitesimal, playing huge.
You are the changeless, playing changing.
You are the neverborn, playing existence.
You are the indelible, playing delible.
You are the flexible, playing inflexible.
You are the interminable, playing finite.
You are the everlasting, playing transient.
You are the perpetual, playing temporary.
You are the unknown, playing known.
You are the unutterable, playing utterable.
You are the absurdity, playing logic.
You are the unborn, playing life.
You are the undying, playing death.
You are the constant, playing irregular.
You are the impenetrable, playing penetrable.
You are the intangible, playing tangible.
You are the intrinsic, playing acquired.
You are the unending, playing destined.
You are the unceasing, playing sporadic.
You are the irrational, playing rational.
You are the inexpressible, playing expressible.
You are the enduring, playing short-lived.
You are the ageless, playing age.
You are the abyss, playing shallow.
You are the indefinable, playing definable.
You are the immortal, playing mortal.
You are the eternal, playing transience.
You are the unspeakable, playing speakable.
You are the unchangeable, playing changeable.

You are the You, playing you.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Both Part and Whole

Time is but a concoction of imagination's perception of gravity's dust balls,
Angled this way or that, in varying distances from the furnaces of their given stars.
A galactic potion, double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
The natural selection of the mystery playing its Self, by its Self, across its eternal nothingness.
Awareness, in its quantum collider, its laboratory of creation, all outcomes naught but illusory dreams.
And you, that ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
Playing out your little part, in your little dream, all alone, right here, right now, poof.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Dialing Into the Moment

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.
Dial into the timeless moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Challenge of Change

Change is a challenge for minds bent on custom, on belief, on habit, on ritual, on convention, on tradition.
To be free of inward constraints, to be unfettered by limitations of human consciousness,
Is not something for which any oracle will find widespread reception.
Paradigm shifts are not instigated by the multitudes,
And revolutionaries often run afoul of swords, not always their own.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Ever the Same One

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaebacterium plays out its archaebacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Clouds Through an Untouched Sky

This mind-body you imagine yours, is a drop of the quantum matrix,
Streaming like a current through the electromagnetic spectrum,
Flowing through lesser masses; stopped by more solid ones.
Physics is physic is physics; there is no breaking the laws.
And what is the ether allowing it all to happen: Awareness.
We drift like clouds passing to and fro in an untouched sky.
A touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

No Direction Known

Space and time are illusions, to which there is no direction.
There is no forward, no backward, no right nor left, no up nor down,
Nor any other bearing that imagination might in sensory perception envision.
The quantum dream is always, right here, right now, kaleidoscoping, no direction known.
And You are the centerstage, You are the awareness, You are the witness,
To the ineffable mystery playing out the given sentience.
All that is, all that is not, every moment.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Alas

Alas for fame that You relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that You have more than enough.
Alas for power that You allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that You know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Eternity's Offer

Whether or not your brief existence, and all the knowledge and wisdom you may have gleaned,
Will be warehoused by the quantum matrix, be stored in some great eternal library,
Is but the idle speculation of those still bound in the space-time dream.
Read by the five senses, fashioned by central processing unit,
The cosmos, the kaleidoscoping illusion, is spun,
In the only moment the mystery of eternity has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Light Unto Your Self

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss.
All you need do, is be still enough to discern it.
We are all that which is called God by many names.
Each of us exploring our own exclusive matrix of creation.
And why do you need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being, enough, without all the nonsense born of imagination?
The infinite ocean is an infinity of drops; how could all this be, any other way?
Without the endless splintering, there would be no existence, there would be no witness.
And it is You, who must endure it all, with all your spirit, very much alone, a light unto your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Wrap Your Head Around It

It is indeed beyond boggling, to fathom: You are the universe and beyond.
That you are the indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
But wrapping your head around it, is as simple as letting go, and wrapping your head around it.
One does not ask for permission to be free; one asserts it, affirms it, champions it, with their entire being.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Eye of the Beholder

Creation is the moment; destruction, the same;
With a kaleidoscoping of eternity's moment between.
And creation to one beholder, may be destruction in another's.
The quantum matrix is an ever-morphing playhouse;
All witnessed by the ineffable awareness,
Through the eyes of sentience.
There is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Cancerous Tyranny

Imagination has thoroughly conquered this garden dust ball.
And thrashed it into a twisted shadow of its naturally-selected, Darwinian purity.
It is a cancer wreaking havoc upon the host, that cannot forever allow its wayward nature to continue,
If Gaia is to survive and blossom anew, in the grand theater of this grand mystery.
The story's conclusion will never see its campfire telling.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Quenching the Narrative

Science is only is what it is, because of all the technologies,
That awareness, through imagination, has created to measure the cosmic illusion.
The dreamtime, that the electromagnetic spectrum – the quantum stardust, the divine dance, the Shiva –
Has spun into sentience upon this pale blue dot, is a sentience capable of exploring its mystery.
As to the question – whether it is intelligent design or naturally-selected happenstance –
Is it really, worth, all the absurdity, all the horror, our kind every moment inflicts,
Upon one another, all our fellow earthlings, and this very pale blue dot?
We are all the same mystery, come unto the dream of existence;
What narcissism to give it more narrative than that.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Captains of History

Whether you want to believe it, accept it, or not,
The warriors who madly charged oblivion, were the ones others followed.
They were naturally selected in the jungles of old, and have steered the course of human history.
This can be a bit much for the domesticated, the housebroken, the so-called civilized sort,
Who lounge in laps of luxury, hold their teacups just-so, and prefer their beasts tame.
That it does not abide well with the hunter-gatherer coursing through our veins,
Become daily more and more obvious, as we race toward the precipice.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Hunger for More

There is absolutely no concoction of consciousness, of imagination, human or otherwise,
That will even for a moment hold fast, in the spaceless, timeless awareness,
Of the ineffable, indivisible, indelible stillness, of eternity.
Quantum illusion is ever quantum illusion;
No matter its hunger for a more,
That has never been, and can never be.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Unclenched Mind

Imagination creates time, imagination travels time, imagination is time,
And through it all, imagination make-believes it truly exists forever and a day.
Only in the timeless tranquility of awareness, can it be discerned as the perjury it is.
Nothing the busy-busy mind will ever concoct, will ever fathom what you are, and are not.
To be truly free of all its monkey-mind assertions, the no-mind, the unclenched mind, is the key.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Particle Wafting To and Fro

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.
The quantum sea allows every variety of form to play out however it will,
Without parameters, without attachment, without judgment.
Only human imagination, imagines otherwise.
What need for any deity, for any dogmatic entanglements,
Once you have discerned right-relationship, with the mystery's totality?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Horror of Imagination

Who-what-when-where-why-how, exactly, is this self, you so adamantly imagine yourself to be?
It is an invention, a collusion, a lie, that imagination has swept our genomic-sequencing,
To impromptu-play across all the horror our kind has wreaked upon this garden.
And its harsh, unforgiving, dystopian endgame, is well past self-evident.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Blindness of Imagination

Imagination has blinded humankind to the garden of its origin.
Unlikely as it is to happen, it is on the future to regain its sight.
How difficult it will be, to throw everything out, and start over.
And will it be possible, in the ruins of a torn and tattered world?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Within Every Part and Particle

Hot or cold, hard or soft, clean or dirty, clothed or naked,
Comfortable or uncomfortable, asleep or awake, seen or unseen,
Engaged or unengaged, self-absorbed or Self-absorbed, it is all the same.
The awareness is equally within every particle of creation.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are it; it is You.
The other is but imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Of Childish Things

True believers in any religion (a.k.a., cult) should read 1 Corinthians 13:11 a little more closely.
Whoever scribed it way back when, was speaking to them, not the non-believers, not the critical thinkers.
When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man, I put aside childish things.
Think about it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Primary Directive

Procreation is the primary directive of the genomic sequencing within all life.
Think of the who-knows-how-many lives, how many generations, it has taken for you to be here.
Every one of them relatively unconcerned about the pain, the suffering, the death,
Into which they were casting, catapulting, their matériel génétique.
The Grand Théâtre of Quantum, come unto existence.
An electromagnetic matrix in which many,
If not all things, are possible.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Star Trek Dilemma

How could any existential form across the universe,
Ever reach the level of consciousness, of imagination, that our kind has,
Without some form of nature-nurture natural selection, anchored to Darwinian principles?
And what would it take to get that foundation, working well enough together,
To fabricate the technologies, it would take to travel across space,
To find and reach our little blue marble dust ball?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Surfing Existence

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But you need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony you can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Struggle Ahead

Like a Ponzi scheme coming undone, the dream is changing across the board,
And that is just the way it is; there is nothing anybody can do about it.
The politicians and talking heads are just earning their buck,
And Wall Street and Las Vegas will likely take it down to the last bet.
This is the course our species set long before we departed the jungles of long ago.
Knowing more than the gist, filling one's head with nonstop gorp, is hollow trivial pursuit.
All any can do is play out their little Sisyphean algorithm; enjoy and endure whatever the fates allot.
The tempest is going to be beyond the pale sooner or later, and perhaps even relatively quickly for many.
And those unfortunate enough to be born, those now running about in backyards and playgrounds,
Are just going to have to survive whatever comes at them, or perish in flames if they cannot.
Every geography will have its own anthology of consequences, its own crash and burn,
And will deal with them as human beings always have when struggling to survive.
It will be, as always, might makes right, as savage as the given players deign,
With Conrad's "The horror! The horror!" and Vonnegut's "So it goes,"
Echoing throughout the last throes of human consciousness as we know it.
Whoever is going to be the final two-legged lingering in this Anthropocene epoch,
Will be last witness to all the absurdities our genomic sequencing has ceaselessly perpetrated.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Breed or Perish

As far as this garden dust ball goes,
As far as your mundane window of time goes,
As far as the mysterious nature of your brief existence goes,
You are truly only as significant, as relevant, as pertinent, as germane,
As the continuation of your ancestry's genomic sequencing.
Extinction is the norm; breed or perish, fate decides.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Star of the Show

So, there was that timeless, very still moment in the abyss, when You, the mystery, all alone,
All of a sudden, came up with an inspiration for a gargantuan playhouse,
With You, the one and only, centerstage to all parts.
And bam, the quantum matrix,
A kaleidoscoping, extemporaneous realm, explodes into being.
Le Théâtre Absurde, produced and directed by natural selection; You, sole thespian,
The showstopper is realizing that you are none of the forms in which you ever play the starring role.
They are but crunchy-chewy-goo, from which you peer out through the given perceptions,
Upon all that is but illusion, and all the delusions the given dreamtime inspires.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

There Is Only You

The You, You truly are, is not a belief system.
You are not a leader, You are not a follower, You are on your own.
You do not require priests, You do not require sanctuaries, You do not require scriptures,
You do not require faith, nor dogmas, nor the support of others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only pure awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Dying to Little Self

Eternal life is this one and only timeless moment,
This one and only right-here-right-now timeless awareness,
This one and only omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent timeless now.
To be the big Self, you must die to the little self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Organized Protoplasm

What are human beings but collectives of organized protoplasm,
With exteriors about which narcissism and hedonism and greed orbit.
About which consciousness, about which imagination, makes endless ado.
Crunchy-chewy-goopy vats of imagination, vats of make-believe;
Dreamtimes, dancing in the timeless void of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Red Pill, Blue Pill

Some wake up to a larger reality than the original nature-nurture,
To branch out as far and wide and deep as their wings in space and time allow.
The truth is, most do not, which offers a théâtre absurde, for all those who chameleon along.
Ignore it, if you red-pill-head-in-the-sand can; embrace it fully – suck down that blue pill – if you cannot.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Same Old Bubble

Same old bubble of misinformation.
Same old bubble of deception.
Same old bubble of contention.
Same old bubble of conspiracy.
Same old bubble of fraud.
Same old bubble of treachery
Same old bubble of dishonesty.
Same old bubble of artifice.
Same old bubble of stories.
Same old bubble of invention.
Same old bubble of tall tales.
Same old bubble of falsehoods.
Same old bubble of lies.
Same old bubble of notions.
Same old bubble of absurdity.
Same old bubble of debate.
Same old bubble of belief.
Same old bubble of trickery.
Same old bubble of controversy.
Same old bubble of argument.
Same old bubble of shams.
Same old bubble of subterfuge.
Same old bubble of claims.
Same old bubble of excuses.
Same old bubble of half-truths.
Same old bubble of propaganda.
Same old bubble of spin.
Same old bubble of fabrication.
Same old bubble of duplicity.
Same old bubble of cheating.
Same old bubble of opinion.
Same old bubble of strife.
Same old bubble of dispute.
Same old bubble of disagreement.
Same old bubble of whatever.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Well?

Found your face, yet?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Tabula Rasa

Does tabula rasa think itself tabula rasa?
Does a microbe think itself a microbe?
Does a squirrel think itself a squirrel?
Does a salmon think itself a salmon?
Does a spider think itself a spider?
Does a turtle think itself a turtle?
Does an ant think itself an ant?
Does a frog think itself a frog?
Does a squid think itself a squid?
Does a lobster think itself a lobster?
Does a sparrow think itself a sparrow?
Does a newborn think itself a newborn?
Does awareness think itself awareness?
Does cosmos think itself cosmos?
Does now think itself now?
Does Self think itself Self?
Do You think yourself You?
Does mystery think itself mystery?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Almost

Almost like you never did it.
Almost like you never saw it.
Almost like you never heard it.
Almost like you never tasted it.
Almost like you never smelled it.
Almost like you never sensed it.
Like it never happened at all.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Maybe Does Not Mean Yes

That answer is yes.
That answer is no.
That answer is maybe.
Maybe does not mean yes.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Attributes of Good Health

The attributes of mental and physical health
Have many aspects, many characteristics, many points of view:

Acuity
Adroitness
Agility
Alertness
Athleticism
Balance
Brawniness
Cardio
Tone
Concentration
Coordination
Core
Drive
Energy
Dexterity
Discipline
Durability
Dynamism
Ease
Efficiency
Effortlessness
Élan
Endurance
Energy
Equilibrium
Fitness
Flexibility
Fluidity
Force
Grit
Gumption
Hardiness
Healthiness
Ingenuity
Litheness
Liveliness
Might
Muscularity
Nimbleness
Poise
Potency
Power
Proficiency

Quality
Quickness
Reaction
Resilience
Resoluteness
Robustness
Self-Assurance
Sharpness
Skill
Slickness
Speed
Spryness
Stability
Stamina
Staying Power
Steadiness
Strength
Sturdiness
Suppleness
Swiftness
Toughness
Velocity
Verve
Vigor
Vitality
Vivacity
Willpower

Best not leave well-being to chance if you wish to live long and well.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Be the Nothingness

See the nothingness.
Hear the nothingness.
Taste the nothingness.
Inhale the nothingness.
Feel the nothingness.
Be the nothingness.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Le Théâtre Absurde

It is an omnipresent theater.
It is an omnipotent theater.
It is an omniscient theater.
It is an elemental theater.
It is a dreamtime theater.
It is a morphing theater.
It is an illusory theater.
It is a quantum theater.
It is a timeless theater.
It is a worldly theater.
It is an eternal theater.
It is a sensory theater.
It is a cosmic theater.
It is a mirage theater.
It is a matrix theater.
It is a mortal theater.
It is a neural theater.
It is a dreamy theater.
It is a fleeting theater.
It is a manifest theater.
It is a vibrating theater.
It is a space-time theater.
It is an imaginary theater.
It is a monotonous theater.
It is a touchy-feely theater.
It is an immaculate theater.
It is a Shakespearian theater.
It is an unborn-undying theater.
It is an incomprehensible theater.
It is a three-dimensional theater.
It is an extemporaneous theater.
It is an ever-churning theater.
It is an ever-changing theater.
It is an immeasurable theater.
It is a kaleidoscoping theater.
It is an unfathomable theater.
It is a monkey-mind theater.
It is an orchestrated theater.
It is an unknowable theater.
It is an incalculable theater.
It is an inexplicable theater.
It is a never-ending theater.
It is an astounding theater.
It is an impromptu theater.
It is a time-bound theater.
It is an indivisible theater.

It is a predictable theater.
It is a narcissistic theater.
It is an expansive theater.
It is an immortal theater.
It is a Darwinian theater.
It is an indelible theater.
It is an ineffable theater.
It is an immense theater.
It is a hedonistic theater.
It is a ceaseless theater.
It is a pointless theater.
It is an esoteric theater.
It is a temporal theater.
It is a majestic theater.
It is a magical theater.
It is a mystery theater.
It is an empty theater.
It is the grand theater.
It is le théâtre absurde.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

No Need for Anything

No need for deities.
No need for souls.
No need for angels.
No need for saints.
No need for demons,
No need for belief.
No need for scripture.
No need for dogma.
No need for priests.
No need for idols,
No need for worship.
No need for prayer.
No need for superstition.
No need for cathedrals,
No need for heavens.
No need for purgatories.
No need for infernos.
No need for anything.
Awareness is all.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Disappear

Disappear right-here-right-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this twinkling; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this moment; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this instant; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into here-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into oblivion; continuity is illusion.
Be the eternal beingness, the eternal awareness,
Be the timeless beingness, the timeless awareness,
You truly are, You have always been, and will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

What is an Elephant?

What is an Elephant?
Is it a wall?
Is it a spear?
Is it a snake?
Is it a tree?
Is it a fan?
Is it a rope?
Only to the blind.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

No Thought About It

Truth, is not in any thought about it.
What is, is not in any thought about it.
Awareness, is not in any thought about it.
Quantum, is not in any thought about it.
Mystery, is not in any thought about it.
Reality, is not in any thought about it.
Space, is not in any thought about it.
Time, is not in any thought about it.
Here, is not in any thought about it.
Now, is not in any thought about it.
You, are not in any thought about it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Who Created This World?

It was not Alexander or Genghis Khan or Napoleon or Hitler that conquered.
From the beginning, it was the toolmakers – the scientists, the engineers, the architects,
The miners, the metal and wood and stone and glass craftsmen – that made any of it at all possible.

They created the short-range weapons:

Rocks, sticks, knives, blades, clubs, axes, swords, spears, halberds, pikes, lances.

They created the firearms:

Revolvers, rifles, shotguns, semi and fully automatic guns, machine guns.

They created the explosives:

Acetylides, fulminates, nitro, nitrates, amines, peroxides, oxides,
elements and isotopes, and a variety of mixtures and sundry miscellaneous.

They created the defensive equipment:

Armor, chainmail, shields, bulletproof vests, flak jackets, bulletproof glass.

They created the long-range weapons:

Spears, slings, crossbows, bolos, flamethrowers, grenades, bows and arrows,
boomerangs, cannons, torpedoes, land mines, naval mines,
depth charges, rockets, missiles, lasers.

They created the battle gear:

Armor, chainmail, uniforms, helmets, boots,
saddles, bridles, reins, bits, stirrups, horseshoes, wheels, chariots,
rope, whips, chains, climbing gear, boats, sails, parachutes, pontoons, bridgeworks.

They created the defensive fortifications:

Castles, forts, walls, towers, moats, trenches, bunkers, earthworks.

They created the siege equipment:

Siege towers, battering rams, siege engines, catapults, ballistas,
onagers, trebucheta helepolises, siege hooka,
sambucas, scorpions, mangonels.

They created the communications systems:

Hand signals, codes, semaphore flag signaling systems,
signal lamps, telegraphs, radios, computers.

They created means to scout adversaries from afar:

Binoculars, cameras, radar, sonar, spy planes, satellites.

They created the vehicles for land, water, air, space:

Tanks, trucks, airplanes, submarines, warships, drones, spaceships.

They created the chemical weapons:

Nerve agents, vesicant (blister) agents, hydrogen cyanide blood agents,
tear gas, pepper spray

They created the biological weapons:
Biological toxins or infectious agents: bacteria, viruses, insects, fungi.

They created the nuclear weapons:
Nuclear fission (“atomic”) bombs, nuclear fusion (“hydrogen”) bombs,
radiological elements (uranium, plutonium, etc.).

They created the emergency medical system:
Medical research and devices, hospitals, medicines, first aid gear, ambulances.

They created the execution and torture devices:
Ropes and chains, racks, strappados, wooden horses, breaking wheels,
water tortures, electric shock devices, chemical dependency, hangman’s gallows,
guillotines, electric chairs, lethal injection, gas chambers.

As well as all the logistical networks and processes and equipment upon which warfare depends:
Supply chains, animals (horses, mules, oxen, pigeons), wagons, trucks, trains, ships, planes.

Alexander and Genghis Khan and Napoleon and Hitler are in the history books,
but it was the supporting cast who put them there.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Discerning Self

See your Self, see eternity; see eternity, see your Self.
Feel your Self, feel eternity; feel eternity, feel your Self.
Hear your Self, hear eternity; hear eternity, hear your Self.
Taste your Self, taste eternity; taste eternity, taste your Self.
Smell your Self, smell eternity; smell eternity, smell your Self.
Discern your Self, discern eternity; discern eternity, discern your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

You Are, You Are Not

You are the observing; You are not the observing.
You are the tasting; You are not the tasting.
You are the feeling; You are not the feeling.
You are the hearing; You are not the hearing.
You are the smelling; You are not the smelling.
You are the discerning; You are not the discerning.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Underlying Mystery

You are the underlying formlessness.
You are the underlying shapelessness.
You are the underlying amorphousness.
You are the underlying preposterousness.
You are the underlying meaninglessness.
You are the underlying ineffectiveness.
You are the underlying senselessness.
You are the underlying nothingness.
You are the underlying uselessness.
You are the underlying emptiness.
You are the underlying nonbeing.
You are the underlying oblivion.
You are the underlying fluidity.
You are the underlying nihilism.
You are the underlying cavity.
You are the underlying space.
You are the underlying void.
You are the underlying hole.
You are the underlying dross.
You are the underlying abyss.
You are the underlying nullity.
You are the underlying vacuum.
You are the underlying absence.
You are the underlying unreality.
You are the underlying hollowness.
You are the underlying incongruity.
You are the underlying irrationality.
You are the underlying ineffectuality.
You are the underlying pointlessness.
You are the underlying worthlessness.
You are the underlying nonexistence.
You are the underlying nonduality.
You are the underlying absurdity.
You are the underlying mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Evolution of the First Grunt

What did it take for the first sound, the first click, the first grunt, to evolve into this sentence?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

How Much More Anything?

How much more creation?
How much more preservation?
How much more destruction?
How much more desire?
How much more pain?
How much more suffering?
How much more sorrow?
How much more fear?
How much more dread?
How much more hunger?
How much more assumption?
How much more bother?
How much more anticipation?
How much more generosity?
How much more greed?
How much more compassion?
How much more violence?
How much more empathy?
How much more sympathy?
How much more low?
How much more high?
How much more breadth?
How much more depth?
How much more derision?
How much more judgment?
How much more hate?
How much more love?
How much more joy?
How much more despair?
How much more depression?
How much more anticipation?
How much more time?
How much more timelessness?
How much more eternity?
How much more misery?
How much more solution?
How much more grief?
How much more argument?
How much more agreement?
How much more insanity?
How much more inanity?
How much more dissolution?
How much more derision?
How much more birth?
How much more death?
How much more gain?

How much more loss?
How much more attachment?
How much more detachment?
How much more torture?
How much more horror?
How much more absurdity?
How much more thought?
How much more feeling?
How much more passion?
How much more insight?
How much more pity?
How much more tragedy?
How much more pathos?
How much more dreaming?
How much more debate?
How much more power?
How much more value?
How much more subjugation?
How much more arrogance?
How much more consequence?
How much more significance?
How much more meaning?
How much more purpose?
How much more profit?
How much more mockery?
How much more esteem?
How much more treasure?
How much more pestilence?
How much more merit?
How much more usefulness?
How much more achievement?
How much more quantity?
How much more attraction?
How much more distraction?
How much more assessment?
How much more insignificance?
How much more regard?
How much more scorn?
How much more ridicule?
How much more tolerance?
How much more intolerance?
How much more pride?
How much more vanity?
How much more completion?
How much more accomplishment?
How much more conclusion?
How much more division?
How much more infinity?

How much more infinitesimal?
How much more dreamtime?
How much more similarity?
How much more difference?
How much more duality?
How much more nonduality?
How much more foreverafter?
How much more whateverafter?
How much more noteverafter?
How much more everything?
How much more anything?
How much more nothing?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Past is Streaming

The past is streaming before your eyes.
The past is streaming before your ears.
The past is streaming before your nose.
The past is streaming before your tongue.
The past is streaming before your fingertips.
The past is streaming within your consciousness.
And where are you in all this streaming?

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No Other

What are You, really, but an observer, observing?
What are You but an onlooker, onlooking?
What are You but a viewer, viewing?
What are You but a witness, witnessing?
What are You but a spectator, spectating?
What are You but a bystander, bystanding?
What are You but an eyewitness, eyewitnessing?
What are You but the centerstage eye, centerstaging?
The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.
Awareness is all, Self is all, You are it, it is You, there is no other.

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How Many Times?

How many times have you pontificated?
How many times have you masticated?
How many times have you intoxicated?
How many times have you abbreviated?
How many times have you delineated?
How many times have you fornicated?
How many times have you obliterated?
How many times have you demarcated?
How many times have you illustrated?
How many times have you delineated?
How many times have you fabricated?
How many times have you arbitrated?
How many times have you anticipated?
How many times have you abrogated?
How many times have you demonstrated?
How many times have you mediated?
How many times have you differentiated?
How many times have you discriminated?
How many times have you obliterated?
How many times have you isolated?
How many times have you segregated?
How many times have you obfuscated?
How many times have you expatriated?
How many times have you situated?
How many times have you pulsated?
How many times have you pontificated?
How many times have you subjugated?
How many times have you matriculated?
How many times have you decimated?
How many times have you abridged?
How many times have you decimated?

How many times have you done something to the -ated degree?

Words that end in -ated

<https://www.thefreedictionary.com/words-that-end-in-ated>

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You Are Self, Be Self

You are ineffable, be ineffable.
You are indivisible, be indivisible.
You are immaculate, be immaculate.
You are unfathomable, be unfathomable.
You are oblivion, be oblivion.
You are flawless, be flawless.
You are solitary, be solitary.
You are indelible, be indelible.
You are unknowable, be unknowable.
You are witness, be witness.
You are intangible, be intangible.
You are intrinsic, be intrinsic.
You are immortal, be immortal.
You are indifferent, be indifferent.
You are irrational, be irrational.
You are emptiness, be emptiness.
You are unborn, be unborn.
You are blameless, be blameless.
You are undying, be undying.
You are inexpressible, be inexpressible.
You are overwhelming, be overwhelming.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are observer, be observer.
You are deep, be deep.
You are timeless, be timeless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are untroubled, be untroubled.
You are spectator, be spectator.
You are solo, be solo.
You are nihilism, be nihilism.
You are imaginary, be imaginary.
You are ineradicable, be ineradicable.
You are enduring, be enduring.
You are permanent, be permanent.
You are indiscernible, be indiscernible.
You are impalpable, be impalpable.
You are obscure, be obscure.
You are faultless, be faultless.
You are mundane, be mundane.
You are alone, be alone.
You are unstained, be unstained.
You are average, be average.
You are onlooker, be onlooker.
You are matchless, be matchless.
You are unique, be unique.

You are peerless, be peerless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are void, be void.
You are unutterable, be unutterable.
You are absolute, be absolute.
You are supreme, be supreme.
You are unimaginable, be unimaginable.
You are unicity, be unicity.
You are whole, be whole.
You are incessant, be incessant.
You are inconceivable, be inconceivable.
You are unfastened, be unfastened.
You are infinite, be infinite.
You are endless, be endless.
You are infinitesimal, be infinitesimal.
You are rational, be rational.
You are undeniable, be undeniable.
You are watcher, be watcher.
You are detached, be detached.
You are nothingness, be nothingness.
You are perfect, be perfect.
You are unrivaled, be unrivaled.
You are inimitable, be inimitable.
You are incomparable, be incomparable.
You are spotless, be spotless.
You are unbiased, be unbiased.
You are impeccable, be impeccable.
You are everlasting, be everlasting.
You are perpetual, be perpetual.
You are unconcerned, be unconcerned.
You are ceaseless, be ceaseless.
You are ageless, be ageless.
You are priceless, be priceless.
You are impersonal, be impersonal.
You are absurdity, be absurdity.
You are aloof, be aloof.
You are mysterious, be mysterious.
You are nonexistent, be nonexistent.
You are fictional, be fictional.
You are interminable, be interminable.
You are eyewitness, be eyewitness.
You are carefree, be carefree.
You are enigmatic, be enigmatic.
You are inscrutable, be inscrutable.
You are unreadable, be unreadable.
You are inexplicable, be inexplicable.
You are indecipherable, be indecipherable.
You are incomprehensible, be incomprehensible.

You are unintelligible, be unintelligible.
You are meaningless, be meaningless.
You are inconsequential, be inconsequential.
You are anonymous, be anonymous.
You are nameless, be nameless.
You are ordinary, be ordinary.
You are lasting, be lasting.
You are perceiver, be perceiver.
You are engrained, be engrained.
You are impenetrable, be impenetrable.
You are imperceptible, be imperceptible.
You are eternal, be eternal.
You are Self, be Self.

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You Do Not Really Exist

You do not really exist.
Your mind-body is energy.
Your perceptions are illusions.
Your ideas and beliefs are delusions.
Your possessions have no reality, either.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Party on, in your Yellow Brick Road walkabout,
Or get a shotgun, and leave a Rorschach on some wall.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

An Infinite Cosmos

In times not all that long ago,
A person's geography determined their world.
If you were born in the mountains, that was all you knew.
If you were born on an island, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a valley, that was all you knew.
If you were born on a plain, that was all you knew.
If you were born by the sea, that was all you knew.
If you were born on a mesa, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a forest, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a desert, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a wetland, that was all you knew.
But these modern times subscribe to an infinite cosmos.
And in all these differences, the relativity of all is ascertained.

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The Rise (and Fall?) of Imagination

How did imagination begin but through very gradual evolution, very gradual natural selection,
That is estimated to have begun 140 million years-ish ago in the jungles of Africa.
Something to do with memory cells gradually gaining enough oomph,
To start working together to counterfeit a sense of identity,
And the rest is the chaos of vanity and greed,
Given the name history, for the lack of a better word.

On the evolution of imagination, from Wikipedia:

Phylogenetic acquisition of imagination was a gradual process.

The simplest form of imagination, REM-sleep dreaming,
evolved in mammals with acquisition of REM sleep 140 million years ago.

Spontaneous insight improved in primates
with acquisition of the lateral prefrontal cortex 70 million years ago.

After hominins split from the chimpanzee line 6 million years ago
they further improved their imagination.

Prefrontal analysis was acquired 3.3 million years ago
when hominins started to manufacture Mode One stone tools.

Progress in stone tools culture to Mode Two stone tools by 2 million years ago
signify remarkable improvement of prefrontal analysis.

The most advanced mechanism of imagination, prefrontal synthesis,
was likely acquired by humans around 70,000 years ago
and resulted in behavioral modernity.

This leap toward modern imagination has been characterized by paleoanthropologists
as the "Cognitive revolution", "Upper Paleolithic Revolution", and the "Great Leap Forward".

And where is this cognitive revolution, this upper-paleolithic revolution, this great leap forward,
Irrevocably taking we two-leggeds, and many if not all, of the life forms in this world,
But down an ever-accelerating-exponential path to a very dystopian extinction.
To survive what it has through human consciousness over millions of years fashioned,
Imagination would need to, and rather quickly, mutate a wholistic, less individualistic platform.
Whether that is possible in this snail-paced, naturally-selective garden, seems more than a little unlikely.
And thus, will the rise of consciousness in this tiny iota of the mystery, fall upon its own sword,
And the vain hope that humankind might somehow shine its light across the cosmos,
Be forever dashed upon the austere reality, that it never really mattered,
That it was never more than a fallacious blip of absurdity.
And the eternal abyss, will eternally abyss, as it eternally does.

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Awareness Does Not

Awareness does not think.
Awareness does not see.
Awareness does not hear.
Awareness does not taste.
Awareness does not smell.
Awareness does not feel.
Awareness does not desire
Awareness does not dread.
Awareness does not fear.
Awareness does not recall.
Awareness does not hate.
Awareness does not care.
Awareness does not hesitate.
Awareness does not suffer.
Awareness does not anger.
Awareness does not unhappy.
Awareness does not distress
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not elate.
Awareness does not gloomy.
Awareness does not regret.
Awareness does not divide.
Awareness does not discern.
Awareness does not surprise.
Awareness does not disgust.
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not sorrow.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not choose.
Awareness does not content.
Awareness does not bliss.
Awareness does not exult.
Awareness does not accept.
Awareness does not deny.
Awareness does not love.
Awareness does not passion.
Awareness does not evolve.
Awareness does not change.

This dream is entirely quantum faire.

The universe but a matrix born of the imaginary mind.

Awareness is the clear endless sky, the mystery in its entirety, You truly are.

It does not participate, it does not regulate, it does not adjudicate, it does not concern its Self, in any way,
But without it, none of it would be possible.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Eternal Nature

The ineffable, eternally ineffable.
The indivisible, eternally indivisible.
The immaculate, eternally immaculate.
The unfathomable, eternally unfathomable.
The oblivion, eternally oblivion.
The flawless, eternally flawless.
The solitary, eternally solitary.
The indelible, eternally indelible.
The unknowable, eternally unknowable.
The witness, eternally witness.
The intangible, eternally intangible.
The intrinsic, eternally intrinsic.
The immortal, eternally immortal.
The indifferent, eternally indifferent.
The irrational, eternally irrational.
The emptiness, eternally emptiness.
The unborn, eternally unborn.
The blameless, eternally blameless.
The undying, eternally undying.
The inexpressible, eternally inexpressible.
The overwhelming, eternally overwhelming.
The indefinable, eternally indefinable.
The observer, eternally observer.
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The timeless, eternally timeless.
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The untroubled, eternally untroubled.
The spectator, eternally spectator.
The solo, eternally solo.
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The unstained, eternally unstained.
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The onlooker, eternally onlooker.
The matchless, eternally matchless.
The unique, eternally unique.
The peerless, eternally peerless.

The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The void, eternally void.
The unutterable, eternally unutterable.
The absolute, eternally absolute.
The supreme, eternally supreme.
The unimaginable, eternally unimaginable.
The unicity, eternally unicity.
The whole, eternally whole.
The incessant, eternally incessant.
The inconceivable, eternally inconceivable.
The unfastened, eternally unfastened.
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The infinitesimal, eternally infinitesimal.
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The watcher, eternally watcher.
The detached, eternally detached.
The nothingness, eternally nothingness.
The perfect, eternally perfect.
The unrivaled, eternally unrivaled.
The inimitable, eternally inimitable.
The incomparable, eternally incomparable.
The spotless, eternally spotless.
The unbiased, eternally unbiased.
The impeccable, eternally impeccable.
The everlasting, eternally everlasting.
The perpetual, eternally perpetual.
The unconcerned, eternally unconcerned.
The ceaseless, eternally ceaseless.
The ageless, eternally ageless.
The priceless, eternally priceless.
The impersonal, eternally impersonal.
The absurdity, eternally absurdity.
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The enigmatic, eternally enigmatic.
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The inconsequential, eternally inconsequential.
The anonymous, eternally anonymous.
The nameless, eternally nameless.
The ordinary, eternally ordinary.
The lasting, eternally lasting.
The perceiver, eternally perceiver.
The engrained, eternally engrained.
The impenetrable, eternally impenetrable.
The imperceptible, eternally imperceptible.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Rich Man's Life on a Dime

Rich man's life on a dime, is how this life has spun.
Why go to all that work, when the pearl was there for the taking.
Of course, being content to merely be, remaining single, never going into debt,
And being happy to sleep on a couch, or in a van, were key enablers in my unplanned epoch.
All the monotony it would have taken to become rich and famous and powerful,
Would have been far too toxic, far too boring, for this plebeian spirit.
Far more interesting to swing from adventure to adventure.
To let the mystery set this destiny's mortal course.
And somehow, it has reached this moment,
This keyboard, this cup of coffee.
How could I not be content?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Genetic Lottery

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaeobacterium plays out its archaeobacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Every Possibility

- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience every possibility?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience anything and everything?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a particle of dust?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a universe?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a world?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an ant?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a sloth?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a raccoon?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a clam?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a rock?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a snake?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being giraffe?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being fly?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tree?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a weed?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a flower?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being wave?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being chimpanzee?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a dinosaur?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being slug?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bird?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being frog?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being brick?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an automobile?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a chair?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being cloud?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a mountain?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a gopher?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a pencil?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a computer?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a spider?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being deer?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tiger?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a whale?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a garbage dump?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being submarine?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a satellite?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a lobster?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a beer can?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a salamander?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a microbe?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a urinal?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a virus?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being fireplace?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a taxi?
- Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a dewdrop?

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tank?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a missile?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a log?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a fence?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an island?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bottle?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being statue?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a forest?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a mushroom?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a wolf?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a prairie?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a housecat?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an eagle?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being antelope?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a kettle?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tortoise?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being piece of lint?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a painting?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a waterfall?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a sword?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a house?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an alligator?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a star?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a shield?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a chimney?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an ocean?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hat?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a volcano?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a moon?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a diamond?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a screwdriver?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a fork?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a guitar?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a buffalo?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a doll?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a peach?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being radio?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a drug?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a book?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a building?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being river?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bucket?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being desert?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being golf ball?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being mineshaft?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being tractor?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being wagon?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a parachute?

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a reef?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hurricane?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a couch?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a pond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a butterfly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a pile of dung?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being anything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a human being?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being you?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Why?

Why do you allow any desire to grip you?
Why do you allow any fear to grip you?
Why do you allow any dread to grip you?
Why do you allow any passion to grip you?
Unclench the mind, let go all thought.
Let go all that is but imaginary.
Be the whole mind.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Nothingness

Nothingness has no notion.
Nothingness is without airs.
Nothingness knows no other.
Nothingness has no bounds.
Nothingness has no space.
Nothingness has no time.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Trouble

The trouble with too little, is it is too little.
The trouble with too much, is it is too much.
The trouble with just right, is it is what it is.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

What Good?

What good is a chef who cannot taste?
What good is a painter who cannot see?
What good is a musician who cannot hear?
What good is a perfumer who cannot smell?
What good is a masseuse who cannot feel?
What good is a thinker who cannot think?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Forget

Forget who you are sometimes.
Forget what you are sometimes.
Forget where you are sometimes.
Forget when you are sometimes.
Forget why you are sometimes.
Forget how you are sometimes.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Eternity's Moment

How many moments in an attosecond?
How many moments in a nanosecond?
How many moments in a second?
How many moments in a minute?
How many moments in an hour?
How many moments in a day?
How many moments in a month?
How many moments in a year?
How many moments in a decade?
How many moments in a century?
How many moments in a millennium?
How many moments in a million years?
How many moments in a billion years?
How many moments in a trillion years?
How many moments in a gazillion years?
How many moments in a moment?
Eternity, right here right now.
Triple-whammy bam!

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Up to You

Whether it is infinite or infinitesimal,
Whether it is spiritual or agnostic,
Whether it is clean or dirty,
Whether it is live or die,
Whether it is wealthy or poor,
Whether it is alive or dead,
Whether it is believer or atheist,
Whether it is subtle or blatant,
Whether it is kind or cruel,
Whether it is sane or insane,
Whether it is straight or gay,
Whether it is sage or fool,
Whether it is fast or slow,
Whether it is do or do not,
Whether it is long or short,
Whether it is succeed or fail,
Whether it is love or hate,
Whether it is still or moving,
Whether it is real or unreal,
Whether it is tit or tat,
Whether it is for or against,
Whether it is up or down,
Whether it is around or through,
Whether it is clear or unclear,
Whether it is fat or thin,
Whether it is strong or weak,
Whether it is gratis or priceless,
Whether it is hard or soft,
Whether it is give or take,
Whether it is to or from,
Whether it is wise or foolish,
Whether it is beautiful or ugly,
Whether it is big or small,
Whether it is known or unknown,
Whether it is fore or aft,
Whether it is awake or asleep,
Whether it is heavy or light,
Whether it is rich or poor,
Whether it is awake or asleep,
Whether it is true or false,
Whether it is ecstasy or agony,
Whether it is first or last,
Whether it is creative or destructive,
Whether it is full or empty,
Whether it is sweet or bitter,
Whether it is loud or quiet,

Whether it is straight or rounded,
Whether it is bright or dim,
Whether it is well or unwell,
Whether it is astute or obtuse,
Whether it is like or unlike,
Whether it is appealing or revolting,
Whether it is clear or opaque,
Whether it is thick or thin,
Whether it is brave or cowardly,
Whether it is sweet or sour,
Whether it is equal or lopsided,
Whether it is king or slave,
Whether it is queen or whore,
Whether it is expansive or contractive,
Whether it is soft or harsh,
Whether it is young or old,
Whether it is male or female,
Whether it is honest or dishonest,
Whether it is wild or tame,
Whether it is early or late,
Whether it is pure or foul,
Whether it is cautious or reckless,
Whether it is hit or miss,
Whether it is lead or follow,
Whether it is high or low,
Whether it is naive or cynical,
Whether it is truth or lie,
Whether it is deep or shallow,
Whether it is open or closed,
Whether it is rational or absurd,
Whether it is near or far,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is in or out,
Whether it is free or imprisoned,
Whether it is yes or no,
Whether it is attached or detached,
Whether it is course or fine,
Whether it is all or none,
Whether it is shiny or dull,
Whether it is smart or stupid,
Whether it is tall or short,
Whether it is forward or backward,
Whether it is before or after,
Whether it is selfless or selfish,
Whether it is one or two,
Whether it is within or without,
Whether it is yay or nay,
Whether it is close or distant,

Whether it is normal or weird,
Whether it is wet or dry,
Whether it is hot or cold,
Whether it is constant or fickle,
Whether it is positive or negative,
Whether it is happy or sad,
Whether it is fair or unfair,
Whether it is over or under,
Whether it is similar or different,
Whether it is loose or tight,
Whether it is plus or minus,
Whether it is above or below,
Whether it is inside or outside,
Whether it is simple or complex,
Whether it is black or white,
Whether it is smooth or coarse,
Whether it is wide or narrow,
Whether it is gentle or cruel,
Whether it is humble or vain,
Whether it is on or off,
Whether it is here or there,
Whether it is have or have not,
Whether it is sharp or dull,
Whether it is good or bad,
Whether it is right or wrong,
Whether it is everything or nothing,
Whether it is something or nothing,
Whether it is white or black,
Whether it is light or dark,
Whether it is this or that,

Is up to you.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Regarding the Supreme Deity

If you truly believe I am saying, there is not a supreme deity, think again.

If you believe I am saying, there is a supreme deity, think again.

Back and forth that whirling dervish as you are inclined.

But the truth is, I do not know, nor do I care.

I Am ... What more need be said?

The moment is all.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Real Virtual Reality

This is the real virtual reality,
Why would you want it to be more?
Why would you believe it could be more?
Why would you make-believe it could be more?
Why would you hope it could be more?
Why would you pretend it could be more?
Why would you dream it could be more?
Why would you fathom it could be more?
Why would you aspire it could be more?
Why would you need it could be more?
Why would you crave it could be more?
Why would you covet it could be more?
Why would you fancy it could be more?
Why would you require it could be more?
Why would you wish it could be more?
Why would you suppose it could be more?
Why would you deem it could be more?
Why would you judge it could be more?
Why would you credit it could be more?
Why would you trust it could be more?
Why would you plan it could be more?
Why would you expect it could be more?
Why would you anticipate it could be more?
Why would you yearn it could be more?
Why would you long it could be more?
Why would you fantasize it could be more?
Why would you play it could be more?
Why would you invent it could be more?
Why would you play-act it could be more?
Why would you feign it could be more?
Why would you divine it could be more?
Why would you measure it could be more?
Why would you sound it could be more?
Why would you gauge it could be more?
Why would you probe it could be more?
Why would you promise it could be more?
Why would you understand it could be more?
Why would you comprehend it could be more?
Why would you grasp it could be more?
Why would you demand it could be more?
Why would you insist it could be more?
Why would you claim it could be more?
Why would you petition it could be more?
Why would you mandate it could be more?
Why would you plea it could be more?
Why would you command it could be more?

Why would you order it could be more?
Why would you stipulate it could be more?
Why would you exact it could be more?
Why would you assert it could be more?
Why would you contend it could be more?
Why would you swear it could be more?
Why would you aver it could be more?
Why would you vow it could be more?
Why would you hold it could be more?
Why would you construct it could be more?
Why would you engineer it could be more?
Why would you manufacture it could be more?
Why would you formulate it could be more?
Why would you devise it could be more?
Why would you form it could be more?
Why would you assemble it could be more?
Why would you fake it could be more?
Why would you contrive it could be more?
Why would you concoct it could be more?
Why would you invent it could be more?
Why would you design it could be more?
Why would you develop it could be more?
Why would you care it could be more?
Why would you pray it could be more?
Why would you sift it could be more?
Why would you dredge it could be more?
Why would you seek it could be more?
Why would you build it could be more?
Why would you counterfeit it could be more?
Why would you fabricate it could be more?
Why would you style it could be more?
Why would you originate it could be more?
Why would you declare it could be more?
Why would you imagine it could be more?
More, more, more, there is no more.
It is what it is, that's all folks.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Only as Real as Imagination Imagines

You cannot hold on to anything for more than an instant at a time.
And even in that moment, there is nothing that is not quantum illusion.
You are the awareness, you are the mystery, that is witness to all of eternity,
Whirling and twirling within and without, that which is neither within or without.
Forever is a fallacious idea, an imaginary notion; only as real as imagination imagines.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Envy of Ancestors

All the solitude,
All the wandering,
All the observing,
All the schooling,
All the walking,
All the running,
All the swimming,
All the driving,
All the people,
All the friends,
All the acquaintances,
All the adversaries,
All the possessions,
All the food,
All the drink,
All the alcohol,
All the drugs,
All the women,
All the dancing,
All the sexuality,
All the parties,
All the coffee shops,
All the book stores,
All the bars,
All the movies,
All the books,
All the music,
All the learning,
All the travel,
All the medication,
All the surgery,
All the massage,
All the acupuncture,
All the chiropractic,
All the camping,
All the hitchhiking,
All the geographies,
All the writing,
All the work,
All the skills,
All the photography,
All the technology,
All the algorithms,
All the vehicles,
All the sailing,
All the biking,

All the hiking,
All the board games,
All the card games
All the dice games,
All the gambling,
All the forklifting,
All the drawing,
All the string figures,
All the drafting,
All the layout,
All the publishing,
All the shooting,
All the archery,
All the swordplay,
All the football,
All the sports,
All the animals,
All the waking,
All the sleeping,
All the pleasure,
All the pain,
All the passion,
All the freedom,
All the meditation,
All the contemplation,
All the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and sensations,
How can all my ancestors, combined,
Have done all I have done?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Pure and Simple

Pure and simple infinity,
Pure and simple nowness,
Pure and simple awareness.
Pure and simple wakefulness.
Pure and simple timelessness.
Pure and simple mindfulness,
Pure and simple endlessness,
Pure and simple perpetuity,
Pure and simple sentience.
Pure and simple eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Who's Dream?

The pharaoh's dream.
The queen's dream.
The counselor's dream.
The politician's dream.
The bureaucrat's dream.
The soldier's dream.
The terrorist's dream.
The farmer's dream.
The worker's dream.
The slave's dream.
The teacher's dream.
The healer's dream.
The husband's dream.
The wife's dream.
The brother's dream.
The sister's dream.
The child's dream.
The infant's dream.
The male's dream.
The female's dream.
The queer's dream.
The ancestor's dream.
The seed's dream.
The banker's dream.
The tradesman's dream.
The craftsman's dream.
The artist's dream.
The gambler's dream.
The harlot's dream.
The lover's dream.
The hater's dream.
The criminal's dream.
The murder's dream.
The actor's dream.
The priest's dream.
The philosopher's dream.
The dreamer's dream.
The reaper's dream.
Anyone's dream.
Your dream.

All the same dream, in different guises, in different roles.
Where can there be any boundary, when imagination is at play?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is in awareness that it glides?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is You who is witness?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Another Magic Carpet Day

Another day of dreaming.
Another day of enduring.
Another day of longing.
Another day of fearing.
Another day of dreading.
Another day of crying.
Another day of hating.
Another day of loving.
Another day of laughing.
Another day of dreaming.

What a magic carpet, imagination.

... dreaming ... dreaming you are ... dreaming ...
... dreaming you are ... dreaming ... dreaming you are ... dreaming ...
... dreaming you are ... dreaming ... dreaming you are ... dreaming ... dreaming you are ...
... dreaming ... dreaming you are ... dreaming ... dreaming you are ...
... dreaming ... dreaming you are ... dreaming ...
... dreaming you are ... dreaming ...
... dreaming you are ... dreaming
... dreaming ... dreaming ...
... dreaming ...

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Burn

Burn through the moment,
Like a flame through a fuse.
Like an asteroid through space.
Like a dream through the night.
Like a ripple through a pond.
Like a cloud through the sky.
Like an electron through a wire.
Like a spark through a plug.
Like a breeze through a tree.
Like a candle through a read.
Like a laser through metal.
Like a mind through a moment.
Like a mind through awareness.
Like a mind through here.
Like a mind through now.
Like a mind through eternity.
Like a mind through You.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Before Time, Before Space

The awareness before time, before space.
The stillness before time, before space.
The absoluteness before time, before space.
The aloneness before time, before space.
The quantum before time, before space.
The innocence before time, before space.
The vulnerability before time, before space.
The immaculate before time, before space.
The nowness before time, before space.
The perfection before time, before space.
The clarity before time, before space.
The truth before time, before space.
The presence before time, before space.
The eternity before time, before space.
The sovereignty before time, before space.
The serenity before time, before space.
The transcendence before time, before space.
The nothing special before time, before space.
The You before time, before space.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Quantum Dancers

Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
All dancing in ether.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Clarity of You

It is often in the unbidden moments,
That the clarity of right here, right now,
That the clarity of the ever-present,
That the clarity of awareness,
That the clarity of eternity,
That the clarity of You,
Makes its Self, apparent.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Abyss of Eternity

Awareness is the void, the abyss, of eternity.
It is without time; it is without space.
It cannot be measured, for it has no essence.
Light cannot discern it, because it has no reflection.
It is nothingness, untouched by any cloud, by any universe.
It can only be comprehended by the mind given over to no-mind.
And in that, that is no gain or loss, there is no reward, there is only being.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Somehow

Somehow, creation.
Somehow, life.
Somehow, sentience.
Somehow, consciousness.
Somehow, imagination.
Somehow, You.
No answers to any of it.
The mystery of the mystery,
Will ever be a mystery of a mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Just Be You

Instead of always gathering, grasping, filling, amassing, mustering, marshalling, mobilizing;
Give releasing, give dispersing, give disbanding, give dissolving,
Give diffusing, give disappearing, a shot.
Be as nothing.
Just be You. The stillness, the motionlessness of awareness. That I Am.
Prior to consciousness, prior to time, prior to space, prior to all things imagined.
Prior to all things measurable, prior to all things infinitesimal, prior to all things infinite.
Prior to all things that are but ever-morphing clouds, dust balls in the immeasurable sky of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Sentience

The sentience of awareness cannot see without eyes.
The sentience of awareness cannot hear without ears.
The sentience of awareness cannot feel without nerves.
The sentience of awareness cannot smell without a nose.
The sentience of awareness cannot taste without a tongue.
The sentience of awareness cannot reason without a brain.
The sentience of awareness is an abyss without any other.
It is the quantum dust of creation that drives the matrix.
The sentience of awareness is simply eternal witness;
The ether in which all timelessly kaleidoscopes.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Farther

Nothing, for farther than you can see.
Nothing, for farther than you can hear.
Nothing, for farther than you can feel.
Nothing, for farther than you can taste.
Nothing, for farther than you can smell.
Nothing, for farther than you can believe.
Nothing, for closer than all of the above.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Every Moment a Choice

Every moment offers a choice:
Look, do not look.
Listen, do not listen.
Taste, do not taste.
Smell, do not smell.
Feel, do not feel.
Speak, do not speak.
Move, do not move.
Think, do not think.
Become, do not become.
Be, do not be.
Bam!

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Quantum

Quantum churning.
Quantum magic.
Quantum dream.
Quantum time.
Quantum space.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum relativity.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum unfathomable.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum flawless.
Quantum solitude.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknown.
Quantum witness.
Quantum intangible.
Quantum intrinsic.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum indifference.
Quantum irrational.
Quantum emptiness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum blameless.
Quantum undying.
Quantum inexpressible.
Quantum overwhelming.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum observer.
Quantum deep.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum unspeakable.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum untroubled.
Quantum spectator.
Quantum solo.
Quantum nihilty.
Quantum imaginary.
Quantum ineradicable.
Quantum enduring.
Quantum permanence.
Quantum indiscernible.
Quantum impalpable.
Quantum obscurity.
Quantum faultless.

Quantum inscrutable.
Quantum unreadable.
Quantum mundane.
Quantum aloneness.
Quantum unstained.
Quantum tangible.
Quantum incomprehensible.
Quantum anonymous.
Quantum nameless.
Quantum average.
Quantum onlooker.
Quantum matchless.
Quantum unique.
Quantum peerless.
Quantum void.
Quantum unutterable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum unimaginable.
Quantum unicity.
Quantum whole.
Quantum incessant.
Quantum inconceivable.
Quantum unfastened.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum endless.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum rational.
Quantum undeniable.
Quantum watcher.
Quantum detached.
Quantum nothingness.
Quantum perfect.
Quantum unintelligible.
Quantum meaninglessness.
Quantum inconsequential.
Quantum unrivaled.
Quantum inimitable.
Quantum incomparable.
Quantum spotless.
Quantum unbiased.
Quantum impeccable.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum unconcerned.
Quantum ceaseless.
Quantum ageless.
Quantum full.

Quantum priceless.
Quantum impersonal.
Quantum absurdity.
Quantum aloof.
Quantum mysterious.
Quantum nonexistent.
Quantum fictional.
Quantum interminable.
Quantum eyewitness.
Quantum carefree.
Quantum enigmatic.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum empty.
Quantum indecipherable.
Quantum ordinary.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perception.
Quantum engrained.
Quantum impenetrable.
Quantum imperceptible.
Quantum eternal.
Quantum Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Fire and Brimstone

If I was the fire-and-brimstone God that Christians have chosen to follow and worship,
My inferno would be large amphitheatres where all those who had been hurt or wronged,
Would be allowed to mete out their revenge upon those who had harmed or wronged them.
Every torture apparatus ever concocted in the history of humankind would be available,
For all the victims to exact any agony, as many ways, as many times, as they liked.
Everyone, the victims, and all their family and friends, would have their turn.
And those confined to this hellish fate, would suffer eternal damnation,
For as long as all the victims, and their family and friends, chose.
And God and Jesus and Satan would be sitting in the stands,
Cheering them on, laughing at every agonizing scream.
There are many dark characters throughout history,
Who are still tied down to their ice-hot slabs,
Crowds deaf to their pleas for mercy.
And all available to the roaring masses,
On an assortment of pay-per-view channels.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Counting on the Moment

Millenniums can be counted.
Centuries can be counted.
Decades can be counted.
Years can be counted.
Months can be counted.
Days can be counted.
Hours can be counted.
Minutes can be counted.
Seconds can be counted.
Nanoseconds can be counted.
Attoseconds can be counted.
As can every category of epoch,
And age and era and eon and cycle.
But how do you count the eternal moment,
Upon which all inklings space and time are imagined?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Fathom Your Self

Fathom your innocence.
Fathom your forgiveness.
Fathom your compassion.
Fathom your contentment.
Fathom your truth,
Your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Realigning the Mind

Realigning the mind to eternity.
Realigning the mind to sentience.
Realigning the mind to awareness.
Realigning the mind to mindfulness.
Realigning the mind to wakefulness.
Realigning the mind to endlessness.
Realigning the mind to the moment.
Realigning the mind to perpetuity.
Realigning the mind to infinity.
Realigning the mind to now.
Requires great attention.
Breathe through it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Last Time

This may be the last time,
You ever do that.

Or see that.

Or hear that.

Or taste that.

Or smell that.

Or feel that.

Or be that.

Savor every moment.

It is gone before you know it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Loss

The loss of things is not easy.

Family

Friends

Things

Games

Jobs

Battles

Titles

Awards

Wealth

Security

Health

Life

But what choice is there?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Grokking

Got it seen.

Got it heard.

Got it smelled

Got it tasted.

Got it felt.

Got it grokked.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

To Discern the Mystery

Let go of everything.
Memories.
Things.
Relationships.
Family.
Friends.
Adversaries.
Enemies.
Power.
Fame.
Fortune.
Desires.
Fears.
Dreads.
Passion.
Sensuality.
Plans.
Concerns.
Cares.
Hopes.
Hates.
Loves.
Problems.
Solutions.
Ideals.
Belief's.
Habits.
Pipedreams.
Dogmas.
Busyness.
Distractions.
Knowledge.
Self-importance.
And any other stirrings of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Naught but a Dream

In the world, but not of it.
In the matrix, but not of it.
In the illusion, but not of it.
In the dream, but not of it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Eternal Mind

... mysterious ...
... ineffable ...
... tabula rasa ...
... aware ...
... still ...
... indivisible ...
... momentary ...
... singular ...
... indelible ...
... supreme ...
... matchless ...
... now ...
... sentient ...
... unfathomable ...
... inscrutable ...
... perpetual ...
... imaginary ...
... matrix ...
... flawless ...
... timeless ...
... infinite ...
... infinitesimal ...
... omnipresent ...
... serene ...
... immortal ...
... pervasive ...
... omniscient ...
... mindful ...
... instantaneous ...
... quantum ...
... null ...
... immaculate ...
... futile ...
... everlasting ...
... unbound ...
... motionless ...
... mindless ...
... clear ...
... nondualistic ...
... here ...
... unbounded ...
... silent ...
... graceful ...
... pure ...
... unequivocal ...
... unqualified ...

... perfect ...
... nothingness ...
... total ...
... complete ...
... innocent ...
... truth ...
... unconditional ...
... unadulterated ...
... seamless ...
... unspoiled ...
... impeccable ...
... empty ...
... entire ...
... effortless ...
... first ...
... oblivion ...
... last ...
... whole ...
... harmonious ...
... unified ...
... blameless ...
... spotless ...
... sentient ...
... alert ...
... void ...
... unimportant ...
... all ...
... none ...
... inestimable ...
... indefinable ...
... extinct ...
... purposeless ...
... obscure ...
... anonymous ...
... insignificant ...
... null ...
... worthless ...
... unknowable ...
... naught ...
... indecipherable ...
... nameless ...
... undiscoverable ...
... useless ...
... immeasurable ...
... valueless ...
... incalculable ...
... rational ...
... unutterable ...

... endless ...
... impartial ...
... simple ...
... straightforward ...
... natural ...
... untouched ...
... imperceptible ...
... painless ...
... uncomplicated ...
... unforced ...
... untarnished ...
... ever ...
... untroubled ...
... inexplicable ...
... unstained ...
... peerless ...
... emptiness ...
... indifferent ...
... ageless ...
... ineradicable ...
... irrational ...
... permanent ...
... indiscernible ...
... impalpable ...
... faultless ...
... pristine ...
... mundane ...
... hollow ...
... alone ...
... minimal ...
... average ...
... unique ...
... unspeakable ...
... unimaginable ...
... unicity ...
... whole ...
... incessant ...
... inconceivable ...
... unfastened ...
... rational ...
... undeniable ...
... detached ...
... unrivaled ...
... inimitable ...
... incomparable ...
... unbiased ...
... pointless ...
... unconcerned ...

... ceaseless ...
... priceless ...
... impersonal ...
... absurd ...
... aloof ...
... nonexistent ...
... interminable ...
... carefree ...
... enigmatic ...
... impenetrable ...
... unreadable ...
... incomprehensible ...
... unintelligible ...
... meaningless ...
... inconsequential ...
... exquisite ...
... ordinary ...
... engrained ...
... intrinsic ...
... intangible ...
... solitary ...
... enduring ...
... inexpressible ...
... omnipotent ...
... tranquil ...
... free ...
... sovereign ...
... unborn ...
... undying ...
... absolute ...
... eternal ...

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Only Imagination

The body is always in the present moment.
Awareness is always in the present moment.
Only imagination wanders space and time.
Only imagination creates space and time.
Only imagination imagines itself alive.
Only imagination imagines itself real.
Only imagination imagines its Self.
Only imagination imagines totality.
Only imagination imagines nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Submit or Die

How they always win, how they always rule, how they are always at heights of the food chain,
Has been the same tale since long before our kind migrated out into the savannas.

It is the tale of power, of might makes right, of the law of the club,
And who is willing to wield it, with the most savagery.

Submit or die, it matters not to the big ape,

And the minions who serve in every possible way.

The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.

It is the reality of natural selection since life's most primordial etchings.

Quantum stardust – morphing, mutating, evolving, dancing – in the mystery of awareness.

The mystery of Self, of the one and only dancer, playing itself alive in every possible way, including You.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Universe Unto Its Self

Any given mind is a universe unto its Self;
Unto the awareness in which all forms dance.
In which imagination, imagines an authenticity,
Engineered entirely by the given nature-nurture.
An impromptu performance of genomic design.
To assume it free will, would be a conclusion,
Without substance, in the abyss of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

This Thing Called Life

... As real, as it every single moment, every single breath, every single blink, seems ...
... Your entire existence – this thing called life – from the cradle to the grave ...
... Everything you see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel ...
... Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, your dream ...
... Is entirely imagined, entirely fictional, entirely illusory ...
... Poof! ...

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

An Eye for an Eye

The unknowable created the cosmos.
The cosmos created the world.
The world created nature.
Nature created Gaia.
Gaia created humankind.
Humankind created imagination.
Imagination imagined the unknowable known.
Ineffable, indivisible, ineffaceable, unfathomable, immaculate.
And in that knowing, the sense of self was imagined.
And in that awareness of imaginary self, You.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
Creator, preserver, destroyer.
Eternity, born into time.
Eternity, imagined.
Awareness, all.
All, You.
There is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

You, Awareness

You, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.
Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
You, Awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Neither-Nors of Awareness

Awareness neither creates nor destroys.
Awareness neither begins nor ends.
Awareness neither loves nor hates.
Awareness neither praises nor maligns.
Awareness neither enjoys nor dislikes.
Awareness neither celebrates nor broods.
Awareness neither favors nor disfavors.
Awareness neither simplifies nor complicates.
Awareness neither discerns nor neglects.
Awareness neither is nor is not.
Awareness neither supports nor opposes.
Awareness neither validates nor refutes.
Awareness neither admires nor derides.
Awareness neither clarifies nor confuses.
Awareness neither wins nor loses.
Awareness neither catches nor releases.
Awareness neither lightens nor darkens.
Awareness neither lives nor dies.
Awareness neither ascends nor descends.
Awareness neither endures nor succumbs.
Awareness neither preserves nor ends.
Awareness neither stores nor expends.
Awareness neither rescues nor abandons.
Awareness neither does nor undoes.
Awareness neither clears nor blocks.
Awareness neither frees nor imprisons.
Awareness neither saves nor spends.
Awareness neither gains nor loses.
Awareness neither achieves nor fails.
Awareness neither continues nor pauses.
Awareness neither possesses nor lacks.
Awareness neither craves nor dislikes.
Awareness neither respects nor scorns.
Awareness neither unites nor divides.
Awareness neither assists nor hinders.
Awareness neither perceives nor ignores.
Awareness neither solidifies nor evaporates.
Awareness neither strengthens nor weakens.
Awareness neither enables nor prevents.
Awareness neither facilitates nor impedes.
Awareness neither shortens nor lengthens.
Awareness neither appears nor disappears.

Awareness is the unborn-undying; with neither beginning nor end.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Basking in Neutral

To go forward or backward,
To go around or through,
To go before or after,
To go good or bad,
To go selfless or selfish,
To go to or from,
To go in or out,
To go within or without,
To go yay or nay,
To go tall or short,
To go close or distant,
To go fore or aft,
To go full or empty,
To go strong or weak,
To go normal or weird,
To go dry or wet,
To go constant or fickle,
To go positive or negative,
To go happy or sad,
To go wise or foolish,
To go bright or dim,
To go deep or shallow,
To go over or under,
To go on or off,
To go loose or tight,
To go for or against,
To go near or far,
To go soft or harsh,
To go naive or cynical,
To go narrow or wide,
To go plus or minus,
To go above or below,
To go up or down,
To go inside or outside,
To go sharp or dull,
To go simple or complex,
To go right or wrong,
To go black or white,
To go this or that,

How artless, the 'or' of the middle way.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Weight of All Things Imagined

The weight of space.
The weight of time.
The weight of gravity.
The weight of vanity.
The weight of power.
The weight of wealth.
The weight of tribe.
The weight of history.
The weight of tradition.
The weight of dogma.
The weight of fame.
The weight of desire.
The weight of fear.
The weight of dread.
The weight of sorrow.
The weight of pain.
The weight of despair.
The weight of loss.
The weight of gain.
The weight of glut.
The weight of dearth.
The weight of things.
The weight of avarice.
The weight of cruelty.
The weight of kindness.
The weight of selfishness.
The weight of altruism.
The weight of pride.
The weight of covetousness.
The weight of lust.
The weight of anger.
The weight of gluttony.
The weight of envy.
The weight of sloth.
The weight of like.
The weight of dislike.
The weight of hate.
The weight of love.
The weight of strength.
The weight of weakness.
The weight of yes.
The weight of no.
The weight of maybe.
The weight of light
The weight of dark.
The weight of good.

The weight of evil.
The weight of full.
The weight of empty.
The weight of have
The weight of have not.
The weight of all.
The weight of none.
The weight of some.
The weight of body.
The weight of mind.
The weight of life.
The weight of death.
The weight of perception.
The weight of imagination.
Who is the who, who carries it all?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Quantum Infinity

Watching the second hand move, watching the minute hand move, watching the hour hand move;
Watching the world turn, watching the clouds in every shape and size race across the sky;
Watching the sun, the moon, the stars, go round and round, every day the same;
Who-what-why-when-where-how, is the witness doing the watching?
Eternity is ever-present for those who have eyes and ears,
To see and hear the mystery, as it frolics in its quantum infinity.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Wisp of Nothingness

Awareness is ... right here, right now.
To dub it either infinitesimal or infinite, or anything, actually,
Is to give it a space-time tone that absolutely has no basis in its reality, whatsoever.
Consciousness is but an imaginary wisp of nothingness, wafting through the beyond-expansive expanse.
And humankind playing out its ceaseless dramafest in a pre-determined fashion,
Far grander than the human mind can comprehend,
Lest it doth become it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

You are the Moment

The moment is mystery; You are mystery.
The moment is eternal; You are eternal.
The moment is immaculate; You are immaculate.
The moment is unborn; You are unborn.
The moment is undying; You are undying.
The moment is indivisible; You are indivisible.
The moment is here; You are here.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is truth; You are truth.
The moment is graceful; You are graceful.
The moment is pure; You are pure.
The moment is unequivocal; You are unequivocal.
The moment is supreme; You are supreme.
The moment is unqualified; You are unqualified.
The moment is perfect; You are perfect.
The moment is nothingness; You are nothingness.
The moment is total; You are total.
The moment is complete; You are complete.
The moment is tabula rasa; You are tabula rasa.
The moment is sentient; You are sentient.
The moment is still; You are still.
The moment is inscrutable; You are inscrutable.
The moment is perpetual; You are perpetual.
The moment is matrix; You are matrix.
The moment is serene; You are serene.
The moment is pervasive; You are pervasive.
The moment is dispassionate; You are dispassionate.
The moment is nonexistent; You are nonexistent.
The moment is uncontrolled; You are uncontrolled.
The moment is boundless; You are boundless.
The moment is unrestrained; You are unrestrained.
The moment is untouched; You are untouched.
The moment is unrefined; You are unrefined.
The moment is limitless; You are limitless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is undone; You are undone.
The moment is extraordinary; You are extraordinary.
The moment is enduring; You are enduring.
The moment is tranquil; You are tranquil.
The moment is unruffled; You are unruffled.
The moment is unworried; You are unworried.
The moment is placid; You are placid.
The moment is composed; You are composed.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is unchained; You are unchained.
The moment is opaque; You are opaque.

The moment is vulnerable; You are vulnerable.
The moment is compliant; You are compliant.
The moment is fictional; You are fictional.
The moment is undeniable; You are undeniable.
The moment is pristine; You are pristine.
The moment is forever; You are forever.
The moment is mundane; You are mundane.
The moment is empty; You are empty.
The moment is untarnished; You are untarnished.
The moment is impartial; You are impartial.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is priceless; You are priceless.
The moment is all; You are all.
The moment is valueless; You are valueless.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is obscure; You are obscure.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is purposeless; You are purposeless.
The moment is none; You are none.
The moment is unimportant; You are unimportant.
The moment is silent; You are silent.
The moment is nondualistic; You are nondualistic.
The moment is clear; You are clear.
The moment is motionless; You are motionless.
The moment is wasted; You are wasted.
The moment is mindless; You are mindless.
The moment is everlasting; You are everlasting.
The moment is ineffective; You are ineffective.
The moment is vain; You are vain.
The moment is unsuccessful; You are unsuccessful.
The moment is fruitless; You are fruitless.
The moment is futile; You are futile.
The moment is instantaneous; You are instantaneous.
The moment is imaginary; You are imaginary.
The moment is aware; You are aware.
The moment is ineffable; You are ineffable.
The moment is mysterious; You are mysterious.
The moment is inexpressible; You are inexpressible.
The moment is unspeakable; You are unspeakable.
The moment is meaningless; You are meaningless.
The moment is ordinary; You are ordinary.
The moment is engrained; You are engrained.
The moment is imperceptible; You are imperceptible.
The moment is inconsequential; You are inconsequential.
The moment is hollow; You are hollow.
The moment is alone; You are alone.
The moment is minimal; You are minimal.

The moment is impenetrable; You are impenetrable.
 The moment is average; You are average.
 The moment is unfathomable; You are unfathomable.
 The moment is unique; You are unique.
 The moment is unicity; You are unicity.
 The moment is incessant; You are incessant.
 The moment is inconceivable; You are inconceivable.
 The moment is unfastened You are unfastened.
 The moment is rational; You are rational.
 The moment is maximum; You are maximum.
 The moment is detached; You are detached.
 The moment is unrivaled; You are unrivaled.
 The moment is inimitable; You are inimitable.
 The moment is incomparable; You are incomparable.
 The moment is unbiased; You are unbiased.
 The moment is pointless; You are pointless.
 The moment is unconcerned; You are unconcerned.
 The moment is ceaseless; You are ceaseless.
 The moment is impersonal; You are impersonal.
 The moment is absurd; You are absurd
 The moment is aloof; You are aloof.
 The moment is interminable; You are interminable.
 The moment is exquisite; You are exquisite.
 The moment is unintelligible; You are unintelligible.
 The moment is incomprehensible; You are incomprehensible.
 The moment is unreadable; You are unreadable.
 The moment is enigmatic; You are enigmatic.
 The moment is carefree; You are carefree.
 The moment is never-ending; You are never-ending.
 The moment is now; You are now.
 The moment is innocent; You are innocent.
 The moment is singular; You are singular.
 The moment is timeless; You are timeless.
 The moment is momentary; You are momentary.
 The moment is absolute; You are absolute.
 The moment is sovereign; You are sovereign.
 The moment is omniscient; You are omniscient.
 The moment is omnipresent; You are omnipresent.
 The moment is omnipotent; You are omnipotent.
 The moment is kaleidoscoping; You are kaleidoscoping.
 The moment is quantum; You are quantum.
 The moment is awareness; You are awareness.
 The moment is totality; You are totality.
 The moment is life; You are life.
 The moment is seamless; You are seamless.
 The moment is unconditional; You are unconditional.
 The moment is unadulterated; You are unadulterated.
 The moment is flawless; You are flawless.

The moment is unspoiled; You are unspoiled.
The moment is entire; You are entire.
The moment is effortless; You are effortless.
The moment is first; You are first.
The moment is oblivion; You are oblivion.
The moment is mindful; You are mindful.
The moment is last; You are last.
The moment is whole; You are whole.
The moment is harmonious; You are harmonious.
The moment is unified; You are unified.
The moment is impeccable; You are impeccable.
The moment is blameless; You are blameless.
The moment is spotless; You are spotless.
The moment is alertness; You are alertness.
The moment is matchless; You are matchless.
The moment is void; You are void.
The moment is stillness; You are stillness.
The moment is extinct; You are extinct.
The moment is obscurity; You are obscurity.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is insignificant; You are insignificant.
The moment is null; You are null.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is useless; You are useless.
The moment is unknowable; You are unknowable.
The moment is naught; You are naught.
The moment is nameless; You are nameless.
The moment is undiscoverable; You are undiscoverable.
The moment is immeasurable; You are immeasurable.
The moment is infinite; You are infinite.
The moment is incalculable; You are incalculable.
The moment is inestimable; You are inestimable.
The moment is endless; You are endless.
The moment is simple; You are simple.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is natural; You are natural.
The moment is painless; You are painless.
The moment is uncomplicated; You are uncomplicated.
The moment is unforced; You are unforced.
The moment is infinitesimal; You are infinitesimal.
The moment is ever; You are ever.
The moment is untroubled; You are untroubled.
The moment is inexplicable; You are inexplicable.
The moment is unstained; You are unstained.
The moment is peerless; You are peerless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is emptiness; You are emptiness.
The moment is indifferent; You are indifferent.

The moment is ageless; You are ageless.
The moment is irrational; You are irrational.
The moment is immortal; You are immortal.
The moment is way; You are way.
The moment is intrinsic; You are intrinsic.
The moment is intangible You are intangible.
The moment is witness; You are witness.
The moment is indelible; You are indelible.
The moment is solitary; You are solitary.
The moment is free; You are free.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

What the Fates Hath Deigned

You are what you eat, and you shit it, too.
And piddle it, and sweat it, and spit it, and sneeze it,
And cough it, and weep it, and bleed it, and ejaculate it, as well.
How fortunate to finally realize, you are not this cesspool,
And must only bear witness to its sundry travesties,
For what whatever jot the Fates hath deigned.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Sands of Time

Has your lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of your terrestrial mind-body?
Not that you have, in any way or shape or form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.
All sentience endures it the same.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

An Epic Revolution

The human paradigm will have to change intelligently,
If any sort of idealized metamorphosis,
Is fated to happen.
It would be a revolution of utterly epic proportion,
Well beyond any imaginary assessment, this present, or any prior, has ever witnessed.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Mystery of Awareness

... The mystery of the immaculate, flawless, pristine, impeccable, immortally eternal awareness ...
... Prior to all priors, within all within, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds ...
... Ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying ...
... Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent ...
... Spaceless, timeless...
You

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Long Gone

The awareness sees.
The awareness hears.
The awareness smells.
The awareness tastes.
The awareness feels.
Long gone before mind remembers it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The End to All Questions

If there is a guiding hand to this mystery, it is the process of natural selection,
Set into motion at the inexplicable, ineffable inception of creation.
The only answer, for those always seeking answers,
Is solitary walks, or staring into space,
Until the mind's need for answers dissolves.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Regarding Imagination

The relatively agreeable thing regarding imagination,
Is that you can do absolutely anything the mind might venture.
Angel on high in the lap of some deity; or demon, as low as low can go.
The mind is the magic carpet time machine, that can meander all creation at will.
Far less bother than the real thing can be; especially when it comes to the harsher fantasies.
That so many must twist and destroy other lives, is the wretched absurdity of this planet of the apes.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Eternity's Playhouse

Neither You, nor anyone else, can help but play out their destined role.
There is nothing to do, but spontaneous extemporaneous.
Play out every scenario as the moment calls.
Choice has nothing to do with it.
None can do more,
Than surrender to the abyss in all.
Call it whatever you will, it is all You; there is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

One at a Time

You can only sit in one chair at a time.
You can only sleep in one bed at a time,
You can only eat one meal at a time,
You can only drink one drink at a time.
You can only take one shower at a time.
You can only wear one outfit at a time.
You can only read one book at a time.
You can only play one game at a time.
You can only ride one bike at a time,
You can only see one thing at a time.
You can only hear one sound at a time.
You can only taste one taste at a time.
You can only smell one smell at a time.
You can only feel one touch at a time.
You can only do one anything at a time.
So, how much does anyone really need?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Truth of Eternity

Why are you so fearful of it all coming to an end?
Oblivion is the state from whence You came.
Oblivion is the state to which all return.
There is absolutely nothing to fear or dread.
There is absolutely nothing for which to hope or plead.
There is simply eternity, which You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Has There Ever Been Even One Choice?

Is natural selection a function of spontaneity, of autonomy, of self-determination, of free will,
Or simply the continuation of the pattern-selection, kaleidoscoping since the first moment of genesis?
Impromptu, spontaneous, extemporaneous, when viewed from the macro level;
But precisely, exactly determined, at the quantum level.
Has there ever been even one choice?
Is such an unsynchronized flow even remotely possible,
In this ineffable cosmos, absolutely orchestrated, every moment, in every way?
Looking back at your entire existence, what say did you have in anything, that lead you to be reading this?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

My Mother

If I have not said or implied it elsewhere,
In this thirty-years-plus philosophical walkabout,
It should well be counted a good destiny's good fortune,
To have been given a mother, such as I have had.
So calm, so rational, so intelligent, so good.
A modest, humble-to-the roots woman,
Of whom Buddha would be in awe.
Beverly Jean Kurtz-Holshouser,
Is her name, born September 4, 1929.
In this worldly mind's quantum dreamtime,
She, such an unfathomable part, has performed.
She is the source, the seed, the blessing,
For this scribe's life work and play.

Her loving son, Michael Jay

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Madness of Science

Science has destroyed its home,
For the sake of knowledge, for the sake of trivial pursuit.
Where is the rationality, the sensibility, the prudence, the insight, the wisdom, in that?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The You, You Are

The you, you imagine carries on, is not the You, You are.
All forms are but ever-changing, temporal, quantum illusions,
To which only imagination, stimulated by the senses, is witness.
The awareness You truly are, is the omnipresent, immortal actuality.
Humankind's capacity for delusion is the harbor of all things irrational.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The One and Only Truth

This ultimate truth is all that really matters in this théâtre absurde.
Everything else is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Everything else is but an imaginary dreamtime,
In which You are voluntary prisoner,
Of your own mind's design.
There are no chains.
There is only the moment,
And You are as free as You dare.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

You Are Eternity

Awareness is the one and only You, the everything within all,
And it has no attachment to any shape, to any existence, whatsoever.
Its indivisible omnipresence-omniscience-omnipotence permeates all totality.
It is the unborn-undying, imbuing all dimensions, all illusions, cultivated by sentience.
If you are to realize the truth of that which eternity is, it must include everything, including You.
There is no need for deities, no need for souls, no need for angels, no need for saints, no need for demons,
No need for belief, no need for scripture, no need for dogma, no need for priests, no need for idols,
No need for worship, no need for prayer, no need for superstition, no need for cathedrals,
No need for heavenly ecstasies, no need for purgatories, no need for infernos.
Awareness is witness to all, and You, a sparkle of that eternal now.
All You need do, is be the solitary witness You ever are,
Without the self-imagery chained to form.
Be the ever-present moment.
Be the awareness.
Be the ineffable mystery.
Be the flawless sentience of eternity.
Be the indelible Self of all selves, of all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Getting Its Own Legs

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the parr I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

An Anonymous Scribe

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should you.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserved-destroyer.
You thank me when you discern your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Done, Done, the Damage Done

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Decentralized Work

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

What Is a Philosopher?

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, diletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Dead Poet Strategy

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Piece of Writing

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:
My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Thought-Filled Theme Park

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
“What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?”
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

For an Inescapable Future

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Jungle in the Monkey

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that you can take the monkey out of the jungle, but you cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Just Another Two-Legged

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Self-Absorption of Human Consciousness

Odds are, no one will ever be as interested in your world as you are.
It would be an impossible feat for anyone to ever put aside their own.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Illusion of Perception

Your existence, your world, your universe,
Is but an illusion of perception born of imagination,
Inspired by the five senses, linked to the mind, you call yours.
The reality You are, is so much greater, than the minute shimmer allotted.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Solitary Wander

To be ... the truth ... the life ... the way ...
Is to be in absolute, solitary relationship,
With the moment, with the singularity,
You, awareness, every moment are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Vanity, Vanity, All is Vanity

All your power, all your prestige, all your wealth, does not make you special.
We all end up, with all our fellow earthlings, in the same grave, sooner or later.
Build all the castles you please, climb every mountain you can, it is all for naught.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Pie of History

History can be looked at from an infinity of angles and dimensions.
Personal history, group history, world history, natural history, universal history.
There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Awareness Does Not Care

Infinite or infinitesimal, the awareness does not care.
Spiritual or agnostic, the awareness does not care.
Clean or dirty, the awareness does not care.
Live or die, the awareness does not care.
Wealthy or poor, the awareness does not care.
Alive or dead, the awareness does not care.
Believer or atheist, the awareness does not care.
Subtle or blatant, the awareness does not care.
Kind or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Sane or insane, the awareness does not care.
Straight or gay, the awareness does not care.
Sage or fool, the awareness does not care.
Fast or slow, the awareness does not care.
Do or do not, the awareness does not care.
Long or short, the awareness does not care.
Succeed or fail, the awareness does not care.
Love or hate, the awareness does not care.
Still or moving, the awareness does not care.
Real or unreal, the awareness does not care.
Tit or tat, the awareness does not care.
For or against, the awareness does not care.
Up or down, the awareness does not care.
Around or through, the awareness does not care.
Clear or unclear, the awareness does not care.
Fat or thin, the awareness does not care.
Strong or weak, the awareness does not care.
Gratis or priceless, the awareness does not care.
Hard or soft, the awareness does not care.
Give or take, the awareness does not care.
To or from, the awareness does not care.
Wise or foolish, the awareness does not care.
Beautiful or ugly, the awareness does not care.
Big or small, the awareness does not care.
Known or unknown, the awareness does not care.
Fore or aft, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
Heavy or light, the awareness does not care.
Rich or poor, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
True or false, the awareness does not care.
Ecstasy or agony, the awareness does not care.
First or last, the awareness does not care.
Creative or destructive, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or bitter, the awareness does not care.
Loud or quiet, the awareness does not care.

Straight or rounded, the awareness does not care.
Bright or dim, the awareness does not care.
Well or unwell, the awareness does not care.
Astute or obtuse, the awareness does not care.
Like or unlike, the awareness does not care.
Appealing or revolting, the awareness does not care.
Clear or opaque, the awareness does not care.
Thick or thin, the awareness does not care.
Brave or cowardly, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or sour, the awareness does not care.
Equal or lopsided, the awareness does not care.
King or slave, the awareness does not care.
Queen or whore, the awareness does not care.
Expansive or contractive, the awareness does not care.
Soft or harsh, the awareness does not care.
Young or old, the awareness does not care.
Male or female, the awareness does not care.
Honest or dishonest, the awareness does not care.
Wild or tame, the awareness does not care.
Early or late, the awareness does not care.
Pure or foul, the awareness does not care.
Cautious or reckless, the awareness does not care.
Hit or miss, the awareness does not care.
Lead or follow, the awareness does not care.
High or low, the awareness does not care.
Naive or cynical, the awareness does not care.
Truth or lie, the awareness does not care.
Deep or shallow, the awareness does not care.
Open or closed, the awareness does not care.
Rational or absurd, the awareness does not care.
Near or far, the awareness does not care.
Singular or dual, the awareness does not care.
In or out, the awareness does not care.
Free or imprisoned, the awareness does not care.
Yes or no, the awareness does not care.
Attached or detached, the awareness does not care.
Course or fine, the awareness does not care.
All or none, the awareness does not care.
Shiny or dull, the awareness does not care.
Smart or stupid, the awareness does not care.
Tall or short, the awareness does not care.
Forward or backward, the awareness does not care.
Before or after, the awareness does not care.
Selfless or selfish, the awareness does not care.
One or two, the awareness does not care.
Within or without, the awareness does not care.
Yay or nay, the awareness does not care.
Close or distant, the awareness does not care.

Normal or weird, the awareness does not care.
Wet or dry, the awareness does not care.
Hot or cold, the awareness does not care.
Constant or fickle, the awareness does not care.
Positive or negative, the awareness does not care.
Happy or sad, the awareness does not care.
Fair or unfair, the awareness does not care.
Over or under, the awareness does not care.
Similar or different, the awareness does not care.
Loose or tight, the awareness does not care.
Plus or minus, the awareness does not care.
Above or below, the awareness does not care.
Inside or outside, the awareness does not care.
Simple or complex, the awareness does not care.
Black or white, the awareness does not care.
Smooth or coarse, the awareness does not care.
Wide or narrow, the awareness does not care.
Gentle or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Humble or vain, the awareness does not care.
On or off, the awareness does not care.
Here or there, the awareness does not care.
Have or have not, the awareness does not care.
Sharp or dull, the awareness does not care.
Good or bad, the awareness does not care.
Right or wrong, the awareness does not care.
Everything or nothing, the awareness does not care.
Something or nothing, the awareness does not care.
White or black, the awareness does not care.
Light or dark, the awareness does not care.
This or that, the awareness does not care.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Paths Less Traveled

Without doubt, without hesitation, without disbelief,
There is no starting down the path less traveled.
A divergent path, where serendipity rules.
An uncharted path, where insecurity is the norm.
A long and winding path, where spontaneity is a delight.
And in that ... no direction known ... inexplicable fates are drawn.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Six Words Down a Rabbit Hole

The magical mystery tour of imagination.
Time and space are mind-body illusion.
Five senses contrive a cosmic theater.
The agony, the ecstasy, the absurdity.
All are helpless upshots of mutation.
The genetic lottery casts all askew.
Sand ever falling in the hourglass.
Quantum matrix, the same in all.
The awareness, the same in all.
The sentience, the same in all.
The moment, the same in all.
The mystery, the same in all.
We are stardust, come to life.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.
We are cousins of the puddle.
All are molded by their niche.
Who has ever had any choice?
Who has ever seen their face?
Who has ever been like me?
Who has ever been like you?
Who has ever been like him?
Who has ever been like her?
Who has ever been like them?
We are all just prisoners here.
All adrift in labyrinth of mind.
Ever more in common than not.
Belief is but a delusionary fog.
Be and allow, the highest law.
'Tis but an hour, strutted, fretted.
Vanity and greed rule the world.
A species unable to contain itself.
A cancer devouring our dust ball.
The horror, the horror, no respite.
No one sees their allotted facade.
All wander the same stage, alone.
Nothing is ever the same nothing.
All lives are but imaginary dreams.
All differences are but shell games.
We are cousins of natural selection.
So many trivial things given weight.
All differences share the same grave.
Paradox and irony and absurdity rule.
The sound, the fury, signifying nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Good News

The good news is there is nothing to believe.
The good news is there is nothing to seek.
The good news is there is nothing to worship.
The good news is there is nothing know.
The good news is there is nothing to follow.
The good news is there is nothing to judge.
The good news is there is nothing to ponder.
The good news is there is nothing to do.
The good news is there is nothing to undo
The good news is there is nothing say.
The good news is there is nothing to be.
The good news is there is nothing accept.
The good news is there is nothing to deny.
The good news is there is nothing to study.
The good news is there is nothing to join.
The good news is there is nothing to create.
The good news is there is nothing to surrender.
The good news is there is nothing to reflect.
The good news is there is nothing to generate.
The good news is there is nothing to consent.
The good news is there is nothing to divide.
The good news is there is nothing to contend.
The good news is there is nothing to refuse.
The good news is there is nothing to permit.
The good news is there is nothing to ignore.
The good news is there is nothing to borrow.
The good news is there is nothing to commit.
The good news is there is nothing to align.
The good news is there is nothing to merge.
The good news is there is nothing to wallow.
The good news is there is nothing to grapple.
The good news is there is nothing to strain.
The good news is there is nothing to solicit.
The good news is there is nothing to negotiate.
The good news is there is nothing to claim.
The good news is there is nothing to assert.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to moderate.
The good news is there is nothing to regulate.
The good news is there is nothing to barter.
The good news is there is nothing to control.
The good news is there is nothing to tame.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to speculate.
The good news is there is nothing to guess.
The good news is there is nothing to appraise.

The good news is there is nothing to battle.
The good news is there is nothing to tithe.
The good news is there is nothing to promote.
The good news is there is nothing to decide.
The good news is there is nothing to concede.
The good news is there is nothing to bargain.
The good news is there is nothing to yearn.
The good news is there is nothing to shelter.
The good news is there is nothing to appeal.
The good news is there is nothing to summon.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to obligate.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to calculate.
The good news is there is nothing to achieve.
The good news is there is nothing to build.
The good news is there is nothing to coerce.
The good news is there is nothing to compel.
The good news is there is nothing to measure.
The good news is there is nothing to refute.
The good news is there is nothing to grasp.
The good news is there is nothing to protect.
The good news is there is nothing to gauge.
The good news is there is nothing to defend.
The good news is there is nothing to renounce.
The good news is there is nothing to establish.
The good news is there is nothing to dissolve.
The good news is there is nothing to retain.
The good news is there is nothing to embrace.
The good news is there is nothing to reject.
The good news is there is nothing to relinquish.
The good news is there is nothing to conquer.
The good news is there is nothing to subdue.
The good news is there is nothing to expand.
The good news is there is nothing to contract.
The good news is there is nothing to require.
The good news is there is nothing to request.
The good news is there is nothing to possess.
The good news is there is nothing to approve.

The good news is that ...

The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal singularity, the eternal You,
The ineffable You, the indivisible You, the indelible You, the unfathomable You, the indefinable You,
Is free and clear of all trespass, free and clear of any yoke, whatsoever.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Be, free.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No Need for Deities

What is it about humankind and its genomic blend, that it is so insecure, that it is so fearful,
That it, across all geographies, has imagined a supreme deity or a gaggle of deities,
To praise or blame for the blessings and misfortunes of this mortal theater?
Surely, existing as gracefully as possible in the given ebb and flow,
Is enough for anyone sensibly abiding the rhythms of nature.
There is no exultant ending to any mortal narrative.
To endure it rationally, stoically, is an admirable achievement.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You Are All of It

You are the timeless awareness.
You are the eternal moment.
You are all the worlds.
You are all the stars,
You are all the stardust.
You are every quantum display.
You are all the space within and without.
You are the entire universe, and beyond all beyonds.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinite, unborn-undying totality.
You are the ineffable, inexplicable mystery, in which all appearances dance.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Entangling Briars

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You, Me, He, She, They, All

All sentience is the awareness.
You are the awareness.
I am the awareness.
He is the awareness.
She is the awareness.
They are the awareness.
The same awareness is in all things.
Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary,
There is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Prior to All Things

Prior to consciousness.
Prior to sentience.
Prior to dreams.
Prior to words.
Prior to thought.
Prior to narratives.
Prior to forms, You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Call It What You Will

Call it eternity.
Call it God.
Call it awareness.
Call it the moment.
Call it now.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it infinity.
Call it nothing.
Call it everything.
Call it ineffable.
Call it mystery.
Call it whatever.

It is the same nothing, it is the same everything, it is, has ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Limits of Rationality

Science and all related fields, can never grasp the full truth,
Because truth, is prior to all things measurable,
Prior to all things theoretical,
Prior to all things born of consciousness.
It is the indelible, ineffable, intangible indivisibility.
It is the unknowable, inexplicable, unborn-undying mystery, prior to all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Abyss of Awareness

What could awareness possibly need?
What could awareness possibly want?
What could awareness possibly fear?
What could awareness possibly dread?
What could awareness possibly love?
What could awareness possibly hate?
What could awareness possibly believe?
What could awareness possibly see?
What could awareness possibly hear?
What could awareness possibly smell?
What could awareness possibly taste?
What could awareness possibly feel?
What could awareness possibly think?
What could awareness possibly know?
What could awareness possibly anything?

As is written in the Sixth Sutra of Manuel Schoch's
Bitten by the Black Snake translation of the Ashtravaka Gita:

You are not your body, your body is not you.
You are not the doer, you are not the enjoyer.
You are pure awareness, the witness of all things.
You are without expectation, free.
Wherever you go, be happy.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Choiceless Existence

You pose, You pretend, You politic, You participate, as your sensory theater dictates.
To consider yourself free in the winds of this choiceless pattern You play, is absurd.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Naught But Awareness

Awareness is the inherent mystery.
There is no deity to worship.
There is no groupthink.
There is no ministry.
There is no doctrine.
There is but awareness.
And it is free, to any and all,
Who have the insight to fathom it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Root of All Things Human

It is imagination that craves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that fears, not the awareness.
It is imagination that dreads, not the awareness.
It is imagination that loves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that hates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that suffers, not the awareness.
It is imagination that delights, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cherishes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that trusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that believes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that inquires, not the awareness.
It is imagination that explores, not the awareness.
It is imagination that scorns, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that deceives, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lies, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cheats, not the awareness.
It is imagination that agonizes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that steals, not the awareness.
It is imagination that creates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that preserves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that destroys, not the awareness.
It is imagination that seeks, not the awareness.
It is imagination that finds, not the awareness.
It is imagination that raptures, not the awareness.

The root of everything human, is the stew of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Staring at Walls

All are mesmerized by the quantum matrix.
A few and far between awaken to that which all truly are,
But even they likely fall into slumber more than they might care admit.
Few can long sit in a cave, staring at a wall, and not be drawn out into the dreamtime,
At least occasionally for short bouts of drinking and whoring and sundry other disreputable respites.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Illusions Beyond Counting

The small have their time, as do the large; all are predators, all are prey.
There are no survivors in this unborn-undying eternal mystery.
Only witnesses born into illusions beyond counting.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Abyss of Awareness

We all wander in the same ineffable, eternal moment,
With entirely different perceptions, different worlds, different universes.
Pretty tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Untouchable Awareness

Yes, there is a supreme deity, and it is peering out through your eyes,
As it is through those of every other sentient creature,
Ever fashioned in all of creation.
And it is not that awareness that judges the creation,
But you, and all the other two-leggeds, across the human paradigm,
Who wrought what they see, into heavens and hells of their habituated persuasions.
Like Santa Claus in the Christmas jingle, everyone is keeping their lists, and checking them twice.
So many, wander about, believing what they think so important to some on-high,
But it is never more than the muddled miasma of imagination.
We all come and go; only awareness remains.
Untouched by any of it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The English Mutt

The fundamental purpose of any language is communication.
To call the English language a bastard is profoundly wrong.
It is a mutt, a mix of lingual coding, that is strong and healthy,
Intelligent, rational, formidable, spirited, robust, stable, fearless,
And serves all well, in whatever way the ineffable moment requires.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Song of Mystery

The song of mystery has an infinity of verses.
Many universes all making up a vast multiverse.
There is no beginning to it; there is no end to it,
Except the eternal oneness, that is source to all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What Do You Really Know?

Yes, you have explored so many things.
Your mind is full of every variety of minutiae.
But truthfully, Pilgrim, what do you genuinely know?
You must empty the mind to discern what is, and what is not.
Wisdom is the loftiest mainstay of consciousness,
And even it must yield to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Mystery of Eternity

Another day of beating your head,
Against the illusion, the pretense, the futility,
Of imagining there is more, of imagining you are more.
It is what it is; You are what You are: this very moment, awareness.
An eternal mystery; unfathomable, indivisible, ineffable.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
What more is there to say?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Imaginary Fate

To imagination, our kind has bound its fate.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Quantum All

I, Quantum.
You, Quantum.
He, Quantum.
She, Quantum.
Us, Quantum.
It, Quantum.
All, Quantum.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What More?

What more is there to see?
What more is there to hear?
What more is there to taste?
What more is there to smell?
What more is there to feel?
What more is there to be?
What more is there to say?
What more is there to do?
What more is there to own?
What more is there to want?
What more is there to know?
What more is there to believe?
What more is there to pretend?
What more is there to love?
What more is there to hate?
What more is there to judge?
What more is there to destroy?
What more is there to preserve?
What more is there to create?

And yet, we slog on and on.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Surreality! The Surreality!

How surreal, the light.
How surreal, the tastes.
How surreal, the smells.
How surreal, the sounds.
How surreal, the textures.
How surreal, the sentience.
How surreal, the dream.
How surreal, the Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Eternity of Time

Analog clocks spin.
Digital clocks emanate.
Calendar pages turn and turn.
Sun and moon go round and round.
Eternity never starts long enough to stop.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Awareness, All

I, Awareness.
You, Awareness.
He, Awareness.
She, Awareness.
Us, Awareness.
It, Awareness.
All, Awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Scar Tissue

Not easy to set aside all the scar tissue of a lifetime.
Consciousness, imagination, has a way of holding on,
To pretty much everything the mind-body has endured.
To be free, one must be very adept at being the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Eternal Witness

There is only the ether of awareness, eternal witness, unborn-undying, tabula rasa, right here, right now.

It has no forward.
It has no backward.
It has no right.
It has no left.
It has no up.
It has no down.
It has no before.
It has no after.
It has no form.
It has no traits.
It has no value.
It has no virtue.
It has no sight.
It has no sound.
It has no taste.
It has no smell.
It has no sense.
It has no voice.
It has no stories.
It has no good.
It has no bad.
It has no vanity.
It has no passion.
It has no hope.
It has no faith.
It has no need.
It has no greed.
It has no power.
It has no renown.
It has no wealth.
It has no ecstasy.
It has no agony.
It has no light.
It has no dark.
It has no birth.
It has no death.
It has no space.
It has no time.
It has no mind.
It has no imagination.

Earth, wind, water, fire, ethereal quantum dancers, eternity's genesis, ever present, ever kaleidoscoping.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Your Little Part

Why do you torture yourself so, over so many things that can never be changed.
To satisfy another is not necessary; perhaps only rarely possible.
To do your best is all that you can/should ever offer.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your little part, as best ye are able.
Just remember Ecclesiastes 1:2
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Change Is

Change is.
Some, you like.
Some, you never will.

Oh well.
So it goes.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

All you can really do,
Is play your short little tale,
As best you are able.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Quantum Duplicity

Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears nose, tongue, skin –
Translate a different scintilla of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And in the quantum mind, an illusory universe kaleidoscopes eternal,
And imagination makes apparent, the mystery timelessly witnessing all dreams.
All naught but quantum duplicity, seemingly real, to all but those born to see the ineffable.
So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Invention of Natural Selection

What a challenge to realize in daily living, that, that tiny little voice in your head,
That sense of self that gradually came to dominate your existence,
Is an invention of the natural selection of our species,
And that everything it spout's, is delusion.
There is no deity, up in the clouds, watching everything,
Tracking everything our genomic 'thespian inclination' has Shakespeared.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Where in the Moment?

Where is the desire in the moment?
Where is the fear in the moment?
Where is the dread in the moment?
Where is the fervor in the moment?
Where is the anger in the moment?
Where is the lust in the moment?
Where is the jealousy in the moment?
Where is the envy in the moment?
Where is the sorrow in the moment?
Where is the suffering in the moment?
Where is the hate in the moment?
Where is the love in the moment?
Where is the vanity in the moment?
Where is the arrogance in the moment?
Where is the futility in the moment?
Where is the persona in the moment?
Where is the imagination in the moment?

Where is any passion, any outburst, any obsession,
But in the ductless glands and viscera of the mind-body,
Ineradicably bound to the quantum illusion of space and time.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Unnamed, Unclaimed, Untamed

You are playful piper, flaming bush, enduring ferryman, ascetic recluse;
A wandering madman journeying a cosmos spun of imagination.
You are all things, You are all spaces, You are all times.
There is nothing that You are not, and nothing that You are.
You are the irony, the paradox; unnamed, unclaimed, untamed.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A False Narrative

The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely false narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely untrue narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fake narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely incorrect narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely bogus narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely pretend narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely erroneous narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely wrong narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely sham narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely put-on narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely dishonest narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely phony narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceitful narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely forged narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely mistaken narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely copied narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceiving narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely artificial narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fictitious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely counterfeit narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely misleading narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fabricated narrative.

It ain't true, it ain't real, it ain't correct, and it ain't gonna last for much more forever.
But oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, play your little part, as best ye are able.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The World Wags On

Scientists measure, mathematicians gauge, engineers and architects and craftsmen build,
Businessmen buy and sell, industrialists manufacture, artists create,
Politicians compromise, generals maneuver.
The world wags on.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The True Nature of Intelligent Design

The rock has rock sentience, rock intelligence.
The rose has rose sentience, rose intelligence.
The hawk has hawk sentience, hawk intelligence.
The lizard has lizard sentience, lizard intelligence.
The trout has trout sentience, trout intelligence.
The cactus has cactus sentience, cactus intelligence.
The beetle has beetle sentience, beetle intelligence.
The horse has horse sentience, horse intelligence.
The frog has frog sentience, frog intelligence.
The whale has whale sentience, whale intelligence.
The tree has tree sentience, tree intelligence.
The snake has snake sentience, snake intelligence.
The spider has spider sentience, spider intelligence.
The weed has weed sentience, weed intelligence.
The earth has earth sentience, earth intelligence.
The wind has wind sentience, wind intelligence.
The water has water sentience, water intelligence.
The fire has fire sentience, fire intelligence.
The ether has ether sentience, ether intelligence.
The moon has moon sentience, moon intelligence.
The sun has sun sentience, sun intelligence.
The galaxy has galaxy sentience, galaxy intelligence.
The universe has universe sentience, universe intelligence.
The multiverse has multiverse sentience, multiverse intelligence.
The stardust has stardust sentience, stardust intelligence.
The quantum has quantum sentience, quantum intelligence.
The mystery has mystery sentience, mystery intelligence.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Make-Believe of Imagination

It is all imagined; it is all make-believe.
Nothing more than a dream of the mind-body.
Nothing more than a thingamajig of quantum design.
Without it, who-what-when-where-why-how would you be?
With it, who-what-when-where-why-how are you?
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
An illusion, so real, it draws you on,
Until death turns off the spigot.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Why? Why? Why?

Why believe anything that is not true?
Why be with people you do not really like?
Why travel someplace you have no need to see?
Why work hard for something you do not really want?
Why expect perfection from something which can never be?
Why try so hard to be something you already are?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Are You Really?

Are you really a who?
Are you really a what?
Are you really a where?
Are you really a when?
Are you really a why?
Are you really a how?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Right Here, Right Now

The awareness,
The moment,
Eternal life,
Right here,
Right now,
All and none.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Human Becomings

We are not human beings; we are human becomings.
The being in human being, was lost with the first word.
Always everywhere else but this right-here-right-now.
Trapsing about some past; contemplating some future.
Imagination at the helm, wandering every distraction,
To avoid its deceptions ever being seen for what they are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Fall of Eden

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Die! Die! Die!

Die to the world.
Die to the universe.
Die to imagination.
Die to the dream.
Die to the mind.
Die to the body.
Die to the self.
Die to space.
Die to time.
Die to now.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

One Moment

There is only one moment.
One moment in which the quantum illusion plays space and time real,
In an infinitesimal speck of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

At Some Point, What Is the Point?

So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

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Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

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A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Cosmos

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

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The Horrors Ahead

A few lists of all the potential horrors we and our fellow earthlings face:

Climate change
Food
Gender equality
Poverty
Health
Human rights
Water scarcity
Children
Ageing
AIDS
Biodiversity
International law and Justice
Migration
Conflicts
Corruption
Cultural diversity
Environment
Overpopulation
Peace and security
Unemployment
Global Health
Pollution
Education
Nuclear proliferation

Underrated Issues

Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media

Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

Top 10 world problems and their solutions

Climate Change
Wars and military conflicts
Water contamination
Human rights violation
Global health issues
Global poverty
Children's poor access to healthcare, education and safety
Access to food and hunger

Our list of the most pressing world problems

Risks from artificial intelligence
Catastrophic pandemics
Nuclear war
Great power war
Climate change

Similarly pressing but less developed areas

Civilization resilience
Suffering risks
Artificial sentience
Promoting positive values
Risks of stable totalitarianism
Space governance
Risks from atomically precise manufacturing
Risks from malevolent actors
Improving individual reasoning and cognition

Problems many of our readers prioritize

Factory farming
Easily preventable or treatable illness
Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

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Naught But a Frame of Reference

You can only know your own frame of reference.
And that is but a paltry speck, of all that imagination has created,
To distract (and perchance amuse) the fickle awareness, the source of all eternity,
In any given right-here-right-now, unborn-undying moment,
From its ever-present, blissful quietude.

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Imagination v. Awareness

Imagination is a state of becoming; awareness, being.
Imagination is arrogant; awareness, unassuming.
Imagination is effort; awareness, effortless.
Imagination is time; awareness, eternal.
Imagination is binding; awareness, freeing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No, You Are Not

Whoever,
Whatever,
Whenever,
Wherever,
Whyever,
However,
You imagine your Self to be,
You are not, have never been, will never be.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Supreme Being

What is 'supreme being'? What does it mean? What does it not mean?
Is it the one and only greatest Supreme Being, ruling over all the Lesser Beings?
Or is it simply ... supreme ... breathe in ... breathe out ... being ... ?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The True, the False, the Useful

All cultures have mythological stories
That give reason and purpose used to solidify the group identify.
Whether or not they are real, whether or not they are true, does not matter if they connect the herd.
As Seneca wrote: Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

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A Deaf, Dumb, Blind World

Humanity is mesmerized by all the spiritual fictions devised in its migration across the pale blue dot.
Like the blind men and the elephant, they are unable, unwilling, to fathom the totality of all the partitions.
Thus, they remain bewitched by every variety of tradition, by every conceivable imaginary difference.
Blind to the indelible, ineffable, unquestionable truth, that this mystery is, within and without all.

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Regarding Boredom

When next you are whiny-grumbly about how bored stiff you are,
Try to visualize what it was like for your prehistoric ancestors.
Living in the same geography, subsisting with the same tribe.
Hunting and fishing and farming, ingesting the same cuisine.
Sitting around fires, waking, sleeping, as the sun rose and set.
Telling stories, singing songs, beating drums, venerating deities.
Wearing the same garments, sleeping in trees, in caves, in shelters.
Ever tolerating nature's ebb and flow – hot and cold and wet and dry.
A sharpened stick your only defense in a panorama teeming with predators,
Not yet wary of the human shadow, as it steadily migrated across the pale blue dot.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Tempest in the Abyss

The human mind, sparked by evolutionary happenstance with sentience, consciousness, imagination,
Has, across this spinning pale blue dot, unleashed an unnatural, irreversible quantum tempest.
A teeny little dust ball, all alone in the abyss, of a mystery oblivious to all its vanities.
A theater jam-packed with idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Mystery Before Space and Time

The mystery before space and time is mysterious.
The mystery before space and time is ineffable.
The mystery before space and time is tabula rasa.
The mystery before space and time is aware.
The mystery before space and time is still.
The mystery before space and time is indivisible.
The mystery before space and time is momentary.
The mystery before space and time is singular.
The mystery before space and time is indelible.
The mystery before space and time is supreme.
The mystery before space and time is matchless.
The mystery before space and time is now.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is unfathomable.
The mystery before space and time is inscrutable.
The mystery before space and time is perpetual.
The mystery before space and time is imaginary.
The mystery before space and time is matrix.
The mystery before space and time is flawless.
The mystery before space and time is timeless.
The mystery before space and time is infinite.
The mystery before space and time is infinitesimal.
The mystery before space and time is omnipresent.
The mystery before space and time is serene.
The mystery before space and time is immortal.
The mystery before space and time is pervasive.
The mystery before space and time is omniscient.
The mystery before space and time is mindful.
The mystery before space and time is instantaneous.
The mystery before space and time is quantum.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is immaculate.
The mystery before space and time is futile.
The mystery before space and time is everlasting.
The mystery before space and time is unbound.
The mystery before space and time is motionless.
The mystery before space and time is mindless.
The mystery before space and time is clear.
The mystery before space and time is nondualistic.
The mystery before space and time is here.
The mystery before space and time is unbounded.
The mystery before space and time is silent.
The mystery before space and time is graceful.
The mystery before space and time is pure.
The mystery before space and time is unequivocal.
The mystery before space and time is unqualified.
The mystery before space and time is perfect.
The mystery before space and time is nothingness.

The mystery before space and time is total.
The mystery before space and time is complete.
The mystery before space and time is innocent.
The mystery before space and time is truth.
The mystery before space and time is unconditional.
The mystery before space and time is unadulterated.
The mystery before space and time is seamless.
The mystery before space and time is unspoiled.
The mystery before space and time is impeccable.
The mystery before space and time is empty.
The mystery before space and time is entire.
The mystery before space and time is effortless.
The mystery before space and time is first.
The mystery before space and time is oblivion.
The mystery before space and time is last.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is harmonious.
The mystery before space and time is unified.
The mystery before space and time is blameless.
The mystery before space and time is spotless.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is alert.
The mystery before space and time is void.
The mystery before space and time is unimportant.
The mystery before space and time is all.
The mystery before space and time is none.
The mystery before space and time is inestimable.
The mystery before space and time is indefinable.
The mystery before space and time is extinct.
The mystery before space and time is purposeless.
The mystery before space and time is obscure.
The mystery before space and time is anonymous.
The mystery before space and time is insignificant.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is worthless.
The mystery before space and time is unknowable.
The mystery before space and time is naught.
The mystery before space and time is indecipherable.
The mystery before space and time is nameless.
The mystery before space and time is undiscoverable.
The mystery before space and time is useless.
The mystery before space and time is immeasurable.
The mystery before space and time is valueless.
The mystery before space and time is incalculable.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is unutterable.
The mystery before space and time is endless.
The mystery before space and time is impartial.
The mystery before space and time is simple.
The mystery before space and time is straightforward.

The mystery before space and time is natural.
The mystery before space and time is untouched.
The mystery before space and time is imperceptible.
The mystery before space and time is painless.
The mystery before space and time is uncomplicated.
The mystery before space and time is unforced.
The mystery before space and time is untarnished.
The mystery before space and time is ever.
The mystery before space and time is untroubled.
The mystery before space and time is inexplicable.
The mystery before space and time is unstained.
The mystery before space and time is peerless.
The mystery before space and time is emptiness.
The mystery before space and time is indifferent.
The mystery before space and time is ageless.
The mystery before space and time is ineradicable.
The mystery before space and time is irrational.
The mystery before space and time is permanent.
The mystery before space and time is indiscernible.
The mystery before space and time is impalpable.
The mystery before space and time is faultless.
The mystery before space and time is pristine.
The mystery before space and time is mundane.
The mystery before space and time is hollow.
The mystery before space and time is alone.
The mystery before space and time is minimal.
The mystery before space and time is average.
The mystery before space and time is unique.
The mystery before space and time is unspeakable.
The mystery before space and time is unimaginable.
The mystery before space and time is unicity.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is incessant.
The mystery before space and time is inconceivable.
The mystery before space and time is unfastened.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is undeniable.
The mystery before space and time is detached.
The mystery before space and time is unrivaled.
The mystery before space and time is inimitable.
The mystery before space and time is incomparable.
The mystery before space and time is unbiased.
The mystery before space and time is pointless.
The mystery before space and time is unconcerned.
The mystery before space and time is ceaseless.
The mystery before space and time is priceless.
The mystery before space and time is impersonal.
The mystery before space and time is absurd.
The mystery before space and time is aloof.
The mystery before space and time is nonexistent.

The mystery before space and time is interminable.
The mystery before space and time is carefree.
The mystery before space and time is enigmatic.
The mystery before space and time is impenetrable.
The mystery before space and time is unreadable.
The mystery before space and time is incomprehensible.
The mystery before space and time is unintelligible.
The mystery before space and time is meaningless.
The mystery before space and time is inconsequential.
The mystery before space and time is exquisite.
The mystery before space and time is ordinary.
The mystery before space and time is engrained.
The mystery before space and time is intrinsic.
The mystery before space and time is intangible.
The mystery before space and time is solitary.
The mystery before space and time is enduring.
The mystery before space and time is inexpressible.
The mystery before space and time is omnipotent.
The mystery before space and time is tranquil.
The mystery before space and time is free.
The mystery before space and time is sovereign.
The mystery before space and time is unborn.
The mystery before space and time is undying.
The mystery before space and time is absolute.
The mystery before space and time is eternal.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Imaginary Paradigm

The human paradigm is built upon an imaginary assumption,
Permeated by self-absorption and avarice, that cannot be forever maintained.
All the things it has fathomed and created; all its knowledge, all its linguistics, all its mathematics;
All its histories and politics and traditions and religions and economies and entertainments;
All its scientific and industrial and technological and artistic and athletic spectacles;
And not least, its conception of space-time, usurper of the ethereal moment;
Are but the poof of imagination, believing itself more than imagination;
More than the awareness, the ether, through which all things pass.
Without a relationship with nature, upon which all is rooted,
Humankind is fated to fall into the abyss of its many limitations.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Problem-Solving-Problem-Making Mind

The mind evolved as a problem-solver,
And when it is without problems,
Endlessly concocts its own.
The challenge is clear.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Relativity of Individuality

Taste is relative to the individual tongue.
Vision is relative to the individual eye.
Sound is relative to the individual ears.
Smell is relative to the individual nose.
Sensation is relative to the individual skin.
The universe is relative to the individual mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

This Is It

Nathan Gill nailed it:

This Is It.
This is all there is.
Life appearing as an endless display of changing images,
With no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself.
There is simply life with no one living it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No Difference Between and Betwixt

Any difference between and betwixt, you and me,
Any difference between and betwixt, you and he,
Any difference between and betwixt, you and she,
Any difference between and betwixt, you and they,
Any difference between and betwixt, you and anything,
Does not ultimately, even for one moment, exist.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Beyond Comprehension

Imagination is ever striving, ever struggling, to be more than it can ever be.
For it to transcend itself, would require an awakening, a wisdom,
Far too unlikely, to even begin to seriously contemplate.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Make-Believe of Belief

Believing in Santa Claus does not make him real.
Believing in the Great Pumpkin does not make it real.
Believing in the Easter Bunny does not make it real.
Believing in the Tooth Fairy does not make it real.
Believing in Spider Man does not make him real.
Believing in Uncle Sam does not make him real.
Believing in the Calvin does not make him real.
Believing in Peter Pan does not make him real.
Believing in Harvey does not make him real
Believing in the Oz does not make him real.
Believing in Jesus does not make him real.
Believing in God does not make he/she/it real.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Sea of Moments, All the Same

How long, how short, is a moment?
Is it longer, is it shorter, than a second?
And exactly how much to the left or right,
Of some ever-kaleidoscoping decimal point?
And, are there a sea of them, or the one and only?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Immutable Witness

Places and faces come and go in this ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden, immutable dreamtime.
There is nothing You can hold onto, nothing You can more than experience, for more than a moment.
All knowledge, and whatever wisdom it gleans, are but wispy clouds passing through the theater of mind.
From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness You are, is but aloof witness to its eternal passage.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Ether of Awareness

The awareness is the ether of all intelligence through all creation, all preservation, all destruction.
It is the witness of, the observer of, the watcher of, and participant in, all that is, and all that is not.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

That I Am, All Are

I am That I Am.
You are That I Am.
She is That I Am.
He is That I Am.
It is That I Am.
We are That I Am.
They are That I Am.
There is nothing that is not,
That I Am.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Seven Imaginary Sins

The pride of imagination.
The envy of imagination.
The gluttony of imagination.
The lust of imagination.
The wrath of imagination.
The greed of imagination.
The sloth of imagination.
Seven, count 'em, seven.
Imaginary from all get-goes.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Mystery of You

You, alone, are the mystery.
It is your relationship with your Self, which is all.
And what manifests through your mind-body's sensory input, is the journey.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Chasing Balls

There can be no end to what can be known, before the light sooner or later goes out,
But what point, to the endless pursuit, the endless gathering, of trivia, regarding this illusion?
Is a busy-busy mind, caught up with every distraction, really any different, than a dog chasing a ball?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Ephemeral Moment

There is no definition, there is no equation, there is no hypothesis, there is no reckoning,
That can encapsulate the mystery of the ever-present timeless moment,
The ever-present timeless mystery of awareness,
To which You, and every other sentient life form, are witness.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Put Them Behind You

Having to choose from a sizable selection of so-called religions,
Concocted by human imagination, and brewed in vanity and avarice, is no choice worth bothering about.
Put them all behind You, and wander alone, as far, as wide, as free, as You dare.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Tapping Into the Inner Eye

Hallucinations and other consciousness-altering substances,
Can be useful in kick-starting the inner eye – That to which all have equal access –
But they are not at all necessary once You have awakened to the unborn-undying, You truly are, are not.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Toying With Endorphins

Life's nature-nurture patterning, is every moment, conditioning itself anew,
With programing of the on-off-plus-minus-positive-negative-attached-detached category.
To consciously manipulate those endorphin mechanisms, is an art, a dance, a whimsy, for those inclined.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Momentary Awareness

The eternal moment is right here, right now; the eternal awareness is right here, right now.
Imagination is the creator of space and time, and flows through the moment, through the awareness;
Unable to ever grasp anything, as more than a memory, as more than an ephemeral concept.
You are the moment, You are the awareness, You are the totality, You are eternity.
Everything seen and heard and touched and tasted and felt, is but illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Who is the Who?

Who is the who, who sees, or sees not?
Who is the who, who hears, or hears not?
Who is the who, who tastes, or tastes not?
Who is the who, who smells, or smells not?
Who is the who, who feels, or feels not?
Who is the who, who does, or does not?
Who is the who, who thinks, or thinks not?
Who is the who, who is reading this?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The One and Only Moment

Now the one-and-only right-here-right-now moment there is.
There never was a before, and there will never be an after.
The unborn-undying moment is the ever-present verity.
It is an ineffable, unfathomable, indivisible mystery,
In neither need nor want of a mind-made solution.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Great Jester in the Wings

Imagination is the Great Jester; ever lingering in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.
The embers of mind gorp, all things absurd, always ready to be fired up, in the furnace of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Ants on a Dragon

It was not we who were kicked out of Eden, by that deity known by some as God All-Fucking-Mighty.
It was we who abandoned her, manipulated her, abused her, polluted her, scarred her.
For all that we have unremittingly, carelessly, selfishly, imagined.
But we are no more than ants riding a dragon.
Mother Nature, Eden, Gaia, the Cosmos, is still very much in charge.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Awareness Witnessing a Dream

Now the eyes are watching a play.
Now the fingers are feeling an edge.
Now the tongue is tasting a pastry.
Now the ears are hearing a crash.
Now the nose is smelling a rose.

You are not the eyes.
You are not the fingers.
You are not the tongue.
You are not the ears.
You are not the nose.

You are the witness to all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Bam!

You are the awareness, You are the unborn-undying, You are the ineffable mystery, You are eternity.

Bam!

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Ineffable Moment

You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Worldly Existence v. The Indivisible Reality

The more you involve your imaginary, time-bound, mortal little self, in the mundane world;
The less right-here-right-now moment, for your indivisible Self in the unborn-undying one.

Every moment, a choice.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Only Imagination

Only imagination thinks.
Only imagination reasons.
Only imagination believes.
Only imagination remembers.
Only imagination cogitates.
Only imagination opines.
Only imagination speaks.
Only imagination hears.
Only imagination smells.
Only imagination tastes.
Only imagination touches.
Only imagination organizes.
Only imagination negotiates.
Only imagination governs.
Only imagination follows.
Only imagination composes.
Only imagination counts.
Only imagination draws.
Only imagination paints.
Only imagination sculpts.
Only imagination builds.
Only imagination shapes.
Only imagination constructs.
Only imagination develops.
Only imagination creates.
Only imagination preserves.
Only imagination destroys.
Only imagination does anything.
Only imagination does everything.
Despite the fact, that time is not real,
There is no human paradigm without it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Rabbit Hole of Fate

It is natural selection, not free will.

Since Creation's unknowable beginning, there has never been any such thing as free will in the algorithm.

A right or left turn, naturally-selects the next turn, and that the next, and that the next.

You naturally-select your Self down the rabbit hole of your fate.

Every organism naturally-selects its Self, down the rabbit hole of its fate.

An eternal dance, across an infinite quantum matrix, ever and ever kaleidoscoping.

And through it all, the awareness You are, is eternal witness, to all that sentience has designed.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Impunity

Spouting this sort of drivel is what got he-who-shall-not-be-named hung out to die way back when. How fortunate we of current issue are, who speak out with impunity, with little dread of consequence, In this relatively freer moment, in those all too rare geographies, that, oft-times regretfully allow it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You, Its Dreamer

You do not have to like someone, to sit by them, or walk beside them,

Or work with them, or be in the same friggin' cosmos with them.

Nobody is at all like you, nor will anyone likely ever want to be like you.

You are on your own – five senses, a brain, and the theater– kaleidoscoping ever on.

Eternal awareness, in what seems an impromptu walkabout-wander, through space, through time.

Through your unfathomable, indivisible, indelible, ineffable, eternal matrix.

It is but a temporal dream, and You, its dreaming.

Imagine your Self, in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Life Skills 101

Attitude is all.

Learn to naturally release the hormones.

The happy chemistry – dopamine, serotonin, endorphins, oxytocin.

Simple lifestyle changes – diet, exercise, meditation – are conscious means to a more bearable existence.

It is not always a beautiful world, but the mind-body need not suffer for it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

God's Wrath Personified

You just threatened to send me to Hell, for not believing in your absurd bullshit, thanks.
Yup, yup, yup, we sure know what kind of supreme-deity horror show you would paint.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Sweet Surrender

Surrender to the unknowable.
Surrender to the indivisible.
Surrender to the nameless.
Surrender to the spaceless.
Surrender to the timeless.
Surrender to the moment.
Surrender to the totality.
Surrender to the infinite.
Surrender to the indelible.
Surrender to the ineffable.
Surrender to the inexplicable.
Surrender to the unborn-undying.

And know You are That I Am, You are the One.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Superstitious Absurdity

How did such superstitious absurdity become our limiting factor?
How did our quest for food and water and shelter and space,
How did natural selection's tack into the realm of imagination,
Become so sullied, so pathetic, in our conquest of the pale blue dot.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Touching God

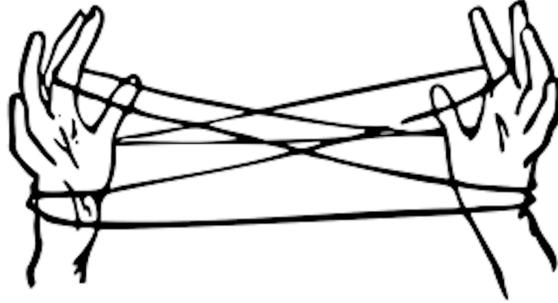
Touch that which is God, by immersing into the infinite beingness within.
Into the spacelessness, into the timelessness, permeating all.
Into the unfathomable mystery, You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Bokononism

Bokononism: A religion built on lies and absurdity and irony.

Finally, a no-card-no-dogma-no-congregation faith that makes sense.



scratches made in a black, gummy impasto.
[o]ne of the oldest games there is.
It means whatever it means.
'See the cat? [...] See the cradle?'

~ *Newt Hoenikker* ~

Tiger got to hunt,
Bird got to fly;
Man got to sit and wonder, "Why, why, why?"
Tiger got to sleep,
Bird got to land;
Man got to tell himself he understand.

~ *Bokonon* ~

Cat's Cradle, Kurt Vonnegut

* * * * *

So it goes.

~ *Tralfamadorian Proverb* ~

Poo-tee-weet?

~ *The Bird* ~

Slaughterhouse Five, Kurt Vonnegut

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Hollow Speculation

God may have created this théâtre absurd dreamtime,
But who or what created that omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient being?
Call it genesis, call it creation, call it big bang, call it turtles-all-the-way-up-all-the-way-down,
It all started somewhere, somehow, but can any claim, any assertion,
Really be more than hollow speculation?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Particle of Dust

Mother Earth, is just another spinning particle of dust, in the vastness of your imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Stay Strong, Rotsa Ruck

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever you will; do with it whatever you can.
Sadly, better you than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Ineffable Moment

This moment is ineffable, so very ineffable.
By definition, what is unknowable, can never be known.
An agreeable breath, is as good as it gets, so, breathe, kiddo, breathe.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Transcending Space and Time

The finite mind transcends space and time whenever it yields itself to awareness.
The Microsoft Word thesaurus suggests words like effortlessness, simplicity,
Naturalness, smoothness, facility, ease, confidence, grace, to illustrate it.
To be the moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Singular Kind of Faith

The truest, most eloquent faith, is a singular kind of faith.

It is a faith that accepts what the moment offers.

It is a faith that engages the moment fully.

It is a faith that values the intuitive.

It is a faith that has no bounds.

It is a faith that withstands one's fate.

It is a faith that embraces the eternal mystery.

A spaceless faith.

A timeless faith.

An intelligent faith.

A perceptive faith.

A fearless faith.

A relative faith.

A stoic faith.

A moderate faith.

A harmless faith.

An instinctual faith.

A frugal faith.

A resilient faith.

An insightful faith.

A lawless faith.

A penetrating faith.

A shrewd faith.

A flexible faith.

A benevolent faith.

A rational faith.

A boundless faith.

A natural faith.

An abiding faith.

An enduring faith.

An austere faith.

A freeing faith.

An independent faith.

A sharing faith.

A scientific faith.

An agnostic faith.

A discerning faith.

A spontaneous faith.

A watchful faith.

A virtuous faith.

An eternal faith.

An inquiring faith.

A giving faith.

A clear faith.

A grateful faith.

A responsive faith.
A sensible faith.
A reasonable faith.
A forgiving faith.
An innocent faith.
An ironic faith.
A paradoxical faith.
A sane faith.
A mindful faith.
A balanced faith.
A wise faith.
A healthy faith.
A lucid faith.
An astute faith.
A prudent faith.
A judicious faith.
A sagacious faith.
An erudite faith.
A mu faith.
An unknowable faith.
A gnostic faith.
An esoteric faith.
A mystical faith.
A spiritual faith.
A real faith.
A hidden faith.
A soul faith.
An allegorical faith.
A symbolic faith.
An amoral faith.
A fortuitous faith.
A casual faith.
An impromptu faith.
An unprincipled faith.
An elegant faith.
A chaste faith.
A refined faith.
An essential faith.
A faithful faith.
A gentle faith.
A quiet faith.
A solitary faith.
A calm faith.
A placid faith.
A humble faith.
A modest faith.
An unpretentious faith.
An ordinary faith.

An unassuming faith.
A deep faith.
A kind faith.
A godless faith.
A wholistic faith.
A diverse faith.
An atypical faith.
A sightless faith.
A tasteless faith.
An odorless faith.
A soundless faith.
A touchless faith.

A faith beyond all bounds.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Awakening to the Eternal Fact

When would I ... Why should I ... How could I ...
Ever convince you, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Placid Dream

The last desire is craving nothing, so badly, you can no longer taste it.
The pond, unruffled by wind or ripple, is a solitary, placid dream, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Thoughts A-Bubbling Away

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Turtles-All-the-Way-Up-Turtles-All-the-Way-Down

Call it genesis, call it creation., call it big bang.
Call it a wall, a spear, a snake, a tree, a fan, a rope.
Call it turtles-all-the-way-up-turtles-all-the-way-down.
All are equally magical, equally fantastical, equally hypothetical, equally speculative,
And only demonstrate again and again, no one can ever know,
More than what imagination imagines.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Call It Whatever You Will

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Agnostics, Atheists, True-Believers

Agnosticism – doubt, nonbelief – is the most pragmatic stance.
Atheists waste their time quarreling with true-believers,
About imaginary notions neither can never know.
Abiding in momentary stasis is the most intangible way.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Little Dab'll Do Ya

Do not feel like you must spend a lot of time deciphering all these thoughts.
Have used my website and Facebook and Blogger and other online tools and toys,
As scrapbooks to record all the wanders and thoughts, and other creations and memories.
Way too much, for anyone with anything better to do, with any sort of life, to even bother about.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Everything-Eat-Everything Cosmos

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

It is a radio waves-eat-radio waves cosmos.
It is a microwaves-eat-microwaves cosmos.
It is an infrared-eat-infrared cosmos.
It is a visible light-eat-visible light spectrum cosmos.
It is an ultraviolet-eat-ultraviolet cosmos.
It is an X-rays-eat-X-rays cosmos.
It is a gamma rays-eat-gamma rays cosmos.
It is an electromagnetic spectrum-eat-electromagnetic spectrum cosmos.

It is an everything-eat-everything cosmos; abide as best ye may in the crunchy-chewy-gooley.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Know Your Limits

Imagination imagines time.
Imagination imagines forever.
Imagination imagines it is forever.
Imagination has a lot to realize.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Moment's Illusion Delusion

The you, you think you are; the self, you pretend to be, is nothing more than ephemeral trickery.
Nothing more than a neural network's capricious collection of sensory-induced perceptions.
An imaginary fiction, that is but the quantum matrix, kaleidoscoping every given moment.
Nothing more than a vast illusion; the electromagnetic spectrum's evolutionary deception.
Biological happenstance meandering a touchy-feely dreamtime of naturally selected design.
All played out in the unfathomable awareness; the spaceless, the timeless, the ineffable totality.
The unseeing, who ever quarrel over the elephant, see only walls, spears, snakes, trees, fans, ropes.
Some call it, God; some, Brahman; some, Tao; some, Allah; some, Great Spirit; all, the same mystery.
So, the human paradigm duels towards its destiny, battling over differences, chiseled only in imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Rise, the Decline, the Fall

The geeks and their minions have played central role,
In the rise, the decline, the fall, of the anthropoid paradigm.
From the first fire, to unleashing the power of the quantum cosmos.
They have pushed, have pulled, the planet of the apes through a dreamtime,
The likes of which this pale blue dot, this spinning speck, will never witness again.
It is a sigh of an anecdote the abyss will have long forgotten by the time nobody reads this.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Not Long Ago

Not long ago, there was no imagination.
Not long ago, there was no beginning.
Not long ago, there was no ending.
Not long ago, there was no language.
Not long ago, there was no knowledge.
Not long ago, there was no education.
Not long ago, there was no tribe.
Not long ago, there was no identity.
Not long ago, there was no culture.
Not long ago, there was no tradition.
Not long ago, there was no politics.
Not long ago, there was no religion.
Not long ago, there was no art.
Not long ago, there was no music.
Not long ago, there was no history.
Not long ago, there was no philosophy.
Not long ago, there was no agriculture.
Not long ago, there was no industry.
Not long ago, there was no technology.
Not long ago, there was no commerce.
Not long ago, there was no mathematics,
Not long ago, there was no science.
Not long ago, there was no medicine.
Not long ago, there was no architecture.
Not long ago, there was no civilization.
Not long ago, there was no human paradigm.
Not long ago, there was nothing but a garden flowering.
Not long ago, there was nothing but an abyss, an awareness, a serenity.

It is still there, in the You, You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Sheep by Any Other Name Would Baa the Same

Why in any deity's name, would you feel compelled,
To be a follower, to be a sheep, in some charlatan's flock?
How absurd to allow any middleman dominion over your true Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Take a Sit, Take a Walk

Seek out a bodhi tree,
Go out into some desert,
Climb up to a mountain peak,
Sit in corner in your living room,
Or take long ambles around the world,
And do whatever comes to mind,
Until you maybe figure it out.
There are no guarantees,
Only a mystery in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Burn, Baby, Burn

Let the cosmos,
Let the matrix,
Let the mystery,
Burn within You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Slaving Away

Slave to the man.
Slave to the system.
Slave to the world.
Slave to the universe.
Slave to the matrix.
Slave to the mystery.
Long live Sisyphus.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Ethereal Perceptions

What you call your life is really nothing more,
Than an ethereal array of chemically-induced perceptions.
A frame of reference, from which imagination gauges a quantum illusion,
Born of merely five senses – sight, smell, hearing, taste, touch –
Plugged into a gooey vat of neurons, encased in a skull.
Assumptions beyond counting, are requisite.
Keeps imagination very busy, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

God's Chosen

You imagined God,
And he/she/it in all his/her/its divine mercy and wisdom,
Chose you and your tribe in return.
How providential.
How convenient.
How ridiculous.
How so it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Easter Island Redux

Just another Easter Island.
This round on a global scale.
A bit longer timetable, to be sure,
But all too predictable, nonetheless.
Be happy you will not have to endure it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Oh, for a Rewind Button

Do you not wish you could advise your younger self,
To slow down a bit, or even hold off completely,
On some of the choices you were making?
Where is that fucking rewind button?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Whys and Wherefores of Natural Selection

Memory evolved because awareness could not remember anything,
And that was a bit dangerous for critters naturally-selecting survival.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Slow Night in a Bar

A tortoise, a snail, and a sloth, were sitting in a bar ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Who Judges Who?

In the spectrum, right to wrong,
Who is right? Who is wrong?
And who does the judging?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Inner Death, Eternal Life

From inner death, springs eternal life.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Boundaries of Imagination

No one can ever know more than what imagination imagines.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Prior to Pyramid Schemes

The rural class, the working class – and any other classes in the pyramid schemes of caste systems –
Have a lot to learn from the upper class, and the upper class, a great deal to realize about its foundation.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Shakespearian World

A world of dreams, an impromptu play, a Shakespearian festival,
Playing upon all stages, in all times, across this spinning pale blue dot.
A ceaseless, ever-mutating reverie, since the origin of language, so long ago.
In every mind, in every body, no matter the naturally-selected, nature-nurture role,
An award-winning thespian, playing their imaginary part, so earnestly, so believably well.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Illusory Other

What dreamtime could there be, without the illusory other, and all its forms and functions?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Just Reward

Relying on absurdity for your worldview will get you the charlatan you deserve.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Be Wary of the Man of One Book

Thomas Aquinas ... *hominem unius libri timeo* ... I fear the man of a single book.

How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one you have ever read.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Irony of the Spiritual Quest

Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same.

The spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue, inspired by fear of the unknowable.

What a different pale blue dot it might well be, if the young were raised to be one with all things.

It might have lent a pause to the absurd destruction and mayhem our kind has wreaked across the world.

Alas that narcissism and hedonism have such a callous grip upon this imaginary-laden moment.

This quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness nothing more than noise.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Well-Waxed Slide

Covid-19 rocked this our modern world, and has spun the human paradigm into a new phase.
We have passed through the apex as far as the masses go; it will be down the bell curve from here on out.
Factor in all the other Petri dish Earth issues, and add in perpetual proxy wars, trade wars,
Beyond-the-pale technologies, artificial intelligence, and the slide waxes itself.
What to do, where to live, who to align with, are anybody's guess.
Oh, for a time machine to witness the decline and fall.
Oblivion calls, each and every moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Moment's Grace

Freedom.
Redemption.
Salvation.
Deliverance.
Rescue.
Liberation.
Emancipation.
Recovery.
Abandon.
Apology.
Acceptance.
Gratitude.
Benevolence.
Escape.
Discharge.
Release.
Grace.
Are the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Fabrication of Imagination

Identity is an imaginary construct.
A dream of awareness, of streaming reality.
A fabrication to which imagination resolutely fastens.
It requires the greatest courage of spirit to fathom the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The No-Rewind of Regret

There are different levels, different intensities of regret, that take place in any given life.
There are the ones that come about because you somehow said or did something that ruined a relationship.
Or the unavoidable accidents that irrevocably change or impact your health and wellbeing.
But if we are talking about the large choices that are about one's final destiny,
In that, life's great challenge is to have no regrets, whatsoever.
To depart content, is the brass ring of dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

I, Rebel

I seem to have been chosen by the Fates to pen this aphoristic work.
And without thought, without hesitation, I accepted the task.
And have kaleidoscoped this imaginary dreamtime,
Ever soaking up, the reference to scribe it.
This vocation, is a very ubiquitous,
Long 'n wearing 'n slogging,
Ever-on-and-on-and-on,
Naturally-selected,
Nature-nurtured,
Very laid-back,
Damn the torpedoes,
Full speed ahead, approach.
All just to fathom the mystery in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Long and Winding Road

Imagination most certainly has conveyed our kind,
And the entire world about us, and every diversity of creature,
Down a long and winding road of profound ecstasy and merciless agony.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Game Theory

Not a good idea to play any game, unless you really know the rules, and are really paying attention.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Nebulous Mind

... Another day in the nebulous ...
... Unclear, vague, imprecise, hazy, unformulated, tenuous, indefinable ...
... me-myself-and-I of mind ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Facing the Moment

Sometimes, you tip-toe-through-the-tulips, through it.
Sometimes, you chop-chop-slice-dice, through it,
Fast or slow, as the given moment subscribes,
In all born into this imagined dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Contentment: The Brass Ring

Have had more than plethora of adventures.
Plenty of fine dining and sundry other.
Much easier to stay home anymore.
Have far more things than I need, debt-free.
Contentment is the brass ring, and it is on the mantle.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You Only Know Now

You only are now, not the imaginary who.
You only are now, not the imaginary what.
You only are now, not the imaginary when.
You only are now, not the imaginary where.
You only are now, not the imaginary why.
You only are now, not the imaginary how.
You only are now, not the imaginary you.

You are now ... You are awareness ... You are mystery ... You are eternity.

Or so You imagine.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Wily Chameleon

All the mistakes, all the blunders, that you have made! How is it, that you are still alive?
How is it, that none seem to have had *raison d'être* enough, to pursue revenge?
To walk freely, without dread of the knife twisting in the back,
Is surely the triumph of any wily chameleon.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Contrary to All Imaginary Notion

All imaginary notion to the contrary, You are not your frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Crystal Ball

A lot of humans, in a lot of arenas, in whatever timeless remains,
Are going to be living in tents, or on pieces of cardboard,
Pushing carts, collecting treasure, for sale or barter.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Illusion of Space and Time

Monday's started, Monday's done.
Tuesday's started, Tuesday's done.
Wednesday's started, Wednesday's done.
Thursday's started, Thursday's done.
Friday's started, Friday's done.
Saturday's started, Saturday's done.
Sunday's started, Sunday's done.

On and on, the calendar pages turn and turn again.
... seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millennia, epochs ...
Ever tick-tick-ticking the kaleidoscoping cycles of sun and moon and cosmos.
Concepts of space and time, that are not, and have never been real.
All nothing more than the illusion of the mind-body,
Sculpted by the play of natural selection,
Born of a magical mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Ultimate Answer

When it comes to answering the ultimate questions, when it comes to answering the ultimate question,
Science is as blind and deaf and dumb as any other philosophy imagination has ever conceived.

Though it can endlessly observe and experiment, and forever hypothesize and theorize,

It is all the same old hearsay; there is no knowing how this mystery came to be.

One must lucidly scrutinize the awareness, until they are the awareness.

And with that agnostic state, they will simply have to be satisfied.

The unknown is unknowable, and that is just the way it is.

Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Play your imaginary little part, as best ye are able,

And die, alone and ignorant, same as everything else.

The existential morass, will ever be an existential morass.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What It Boils Down To

The human paradigm all boils down to vanity and greed.

A cancer chewing on its mother and each other

Until there is nothing left to chew on.

It is all how and when, not if.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Sword of Discernment

There are plusses and minuses to any given scenario, any given plan.

Any given idea, strategy, proposal, plot, design, blueprint, scheme, sketch.

It is in how they are gauged, that the sword pares the final discernment.

And in that discernment, destiny scribes itself in the quantum sands.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What is Love?

Is the love, that that so easily turns to hatred, ever really love?

Is it ever really anything more than imagination given over to enchantment?

Is it really anything more than another round of the mind bent toward tribalistic notion?

Is the ideal we label love, anything more than feel-good chemistry, slathered with imaginary notion?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Drop in the Boundless Ocean

You are but a drop of indivisible awareness in the immeasurable ocean of this ineffable mystery.

The ultimate nature that all manifestation is, is eternally spaceless, eternally timeless.

Without attributes, without direction, without purpose, without meaning, without contradiction.

Savor and endure the ecstasies and agonies of your ephemeral existence while breath allows the synthesis.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Hammering Away

This is how the American-English language uses me to hammer at its forge.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

All You Are Not

You are not your ever-morphing container,

Nor anything it has ever thought or done.

You are not your video of life experiences.

You are not your trainload of vague memories.

You are not your vocation or hobbies or opinions.

You are not your bulky encyclopedia of trivial pursuits.

You are not your unwieldy bag of values, a.k.a., judgements.

And neither, despite all appearances to the contrary, is anyone else.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Corollary of Yaj Ekim

René Descartes:

I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:

I think, therefore I think I am.

I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.

You imagine, therefore you imagine you are.

And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.

An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,

For as long as imagination draws breath.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Your Little Window

You got a good roll out of your little window of illusion.
And what happens after you are departed, after you are again ashes and dust,
Is nothing you can do anything about, any more than you could while you were here a-breathing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Nature-Nurturing the Tabula Rasa

What would that tabula-rasa infant-child-adult be,
If no sense of self was – engrained, imbedded, ensconced, rooted –
By the nature-nurture world, in which it was niched.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What It Is, What It Is Not

It is whatever it is; it is whatever it is not.
You are whatever it is; You are whatever it is not.
The game is not letting imagination get the better of You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Irony, the Paradox

Try not to confuse who you think you are,
With what you are, have ever been, will ever be.
With what you are not, have never been, will never be.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

My Contribution

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Point and Purpose

Is a blow job really a form of eating-your-young cannibalism?
And not necessarily a bad thing for the big bang it gives the lucky recipient.
But not something that will continue naturally-selecting away,
The point and purpose of the sexual act itself.
You are not here, dreaming away,
Because other options were not available.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Storytellers

First story.
His story.
Her story.
Its story.
My story.
Your story.
Their story.
Our story.
A story.
The story.
Null story.
Mu story.
All stories.
Last story.
No stories.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

My View of Punctuation

A period is a stop.
A comma, a pause.
A hyphen, a connector.
A semi-colon, a deviation.
A question mark, an uncertainty.
An exclamation mark, an interruption.
A parenthesis, an enclosure.
A bracket, a cell.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Fall of Eden

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

God, in a Nutshell

How could God create all this, without being all of it, all the while?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Pay Close Attention

Look at a clock.
Notice how the hands move.
And You do not.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Eyes and Ears

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Good Roll

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What Need for Worship?

The so-called spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue,
Inspired by imagination's fear of, and curiosity about, the unknowable unknown.
The right here, the right now –now-ing away –in this very timeless moment.
The same awareness in every sentient being's mystery-born creation.

No need to worship what you already are.

You honor it by being it.

A higher state of worship cannot be known.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You Are Prior to All

You are the mystery.

You are the awareness.

You are prior to consciousness.

You are prior to the quantum matrix.

You are prior to the moment.

You are prior to all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No Touching the Awareness

You can explore and dance the quantum theater,
As much as you please, for as long as the mind-body allows,
But you will never touch, not even once, the awareness permeating all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Awakeness of All Sentience

Awareness is the 'awakeness' of all sentience, of all creation, small to great.
The 'awakeness' of the indelible, indivisible quantum matrix; of stardust, come unto 'life'.
It is the eternal eye of the unknown, prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams, they in spontaneous combustion, inspire.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Point of All This Chitchat

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Where Oh Where?

Where in the moment does time reside?
Where in the moment does existence reside?
Where in the moment does knowledge reside?
Where in the moment does imagination reside?
Where in the moment does the cosmos reside?
Where in the moment does quantum reside?
Where in the moment does mind reside?
Where in the moment do You reside?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Beyond All Comprehension

Whether or not, there was a beginning to all beginnings,
Whether or not, there will be an end to all ends,
Even deities-on-high vainly wonder.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

That Mystery Which You Are

There is only one dimension, only one matrix, only one quantum sea.
And who knows how many universes, envisioned by how many sentient creations.
Indelible, indivisible, unfathomable, ineffable, within that infinity, which herein is called mystery.
That awareness, which is harbor to all potentials, that which is witness to all eternity.
That which is eternity; that which is You, prior to all things quantum.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The World is Your Pearl

What in your cosmos, in your lifetime walkabout,
Has not taught you many somethings about this mystery?
Has not brought you to this singular moment of eternal reflection?
You are reading this, because the seeds of Self were planted in your destiny.
What more is there to do, but wander aimlessly for whatever dreamtime is proffered.
Fulfilling your moment, with whatever calls, in the serendipity ahead.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Be Here, Be Now

You are the mystery.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the infinite.
You are the infinitesimal.
You are the indivisible.
You are the ineffable.
You are the indelible.
You are the ineffaceable.
You are the immaculate.
You are the unfathomable.
You are the spaceless.
You are the timeless.
You are the totality.
You are the absolute.
You are the omniscient.
You are the omnipresent.
You are the omnipotent.
You are the creator.
You are the preserver.
You are the destroyer.
You are the witness.
You are the matrix.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the moment.
You are the eternal.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Unifying Principal

The totality is very much entirely awake, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.

All physics theories only vainly attempt to encapsulate the illusory quantum matrix.

The unifying principal is not some scholarly chalkboard equation.

Nor is it a symbol; nor is it a pithy statement.

It is the one and only moment.

It is the indefinable, ineffable mystery.

It is the timeless awareness, the right-here-right-now.

It is the sentience, the wakefulness, the alertness, the attentiveness,

Pervading the ether through which earth-wind-water-fire every moment kaleidoscope.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Seed of Doubt

None can point the way to those who lack the seed of doubt.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The One in All, the All in One

It is not your mystery, or my mystery.

It is not your awareness, or my awareness.

It is not your moment, or my moment.

It is not your dream, or my dream.

It is not your Gaia, or my Gaia.

It is our mystery, our awareness, our moment, our dream, our Gaia.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Agnostic Stance

Vain collusions aside, how can anyone truly know,

Whether or not there is some supreme deity or deities on high?

Truly, an agnostic stance is the most rational any mind can hope to achieve.

If there is more to it than meets the sensory field, fine; if it is just a one-trick pony, fine.

The challenge before all, is to play out their given dreamtime, as well as their temporal destinies allow.

If there is more to it, you will know soon enough; if not, so it goes, ta-ta forever more.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Discerning the Moment

When you truly discern that none of it ultimately real or lasting,
You will find desire and fear and dread, no longer govern the day-to-day.
That the dreamtime of the prior-to-consciousness awareness is timeless, changeless.
The you saturated in every variety of limitation born of the given nature-nurture conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn-undying You; that which is prior to all conception.
Not necessarily an easier dream, but one that offers greater detachment.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Nothing Has Ever Been the Same

This moment is no different than it has ever been, in any ever then.
Nor will it ever be at all different in any ever future when.
In truth, nothing has ever been, exactly the same.
Vanish into the awareness, the sentience,
And be the You, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Be Right Here, Be Right Now

You are the mystery.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the indivisible.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the ineffable.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Awareness of the Totality

The cosmos is very much aware, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

We Got It Covered

No doubt there is more than likely-probably some sound or two for that thingamajig, too.
You see it, you hear it, you taste it, you smell it, you feel it, you imagine it – we got it covered.
No thingamabob, gizmo, doodad, doohickey, widget, whatsit, thingummy, hoojamaflip, goes without.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The True Church

Awareness is the true church.
In its temple, its chapel, its cathedral, its basilica, its minster, its synagogue, its mosque, its cave.
In the rectory of the mystery's eternal solitude,
You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Choiceless Choice

The choiceless choice is yours to compose, yours to marshal.
Persevere according to your own self-absorbed volition,
With all the afflictions consciousness encompasses.
Or give yourself over to the dimensionless presence of Self,
Your true nature, the inexplicable essence of all that is, of all that is not.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Indifferent Moment

Eternity, the moment, the timeless awareness, is indifferent to your imaginary absurdities.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

How It All Seems to Moi

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Martyrdom's Futility

Martyrdom is something for which most are likely ill-suited.
Rest assured, when it gets down to the brassiest of tacks,
When it gets down to a choice between you and them,
Few people will give a rat's furred ass about you,
Any more than you do about most all of them.
True selflessness, without a hint of vanity;
How rare is that, upon this Planet of the Apes?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What is Freedom?

What are the attributes of freedom?
The freedom to do what you please.
The freedom to say what you please.
The freedom to view what you please.
The freedom to think what you please.
The freedom to explore what you please.
The freedom to wander where you please.
The freedom to allow what you please.
The freedom to be what you please.
The freedom to be full.
The freedom to be empty.
The freedom to not be at all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Incorruptible Awareness

When you see what you truly are, what you truly are not,
What remains but the ineffable awareness,
Untainted by dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Imaginary Existence

The awareness of existence, the moment, is too ethereal to be more than imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Stillborn of Duality

No word, no symbol, no ritual, no tradition, no prophet, no deity, is sacred to the ultimate.
Self-interest breeds a logic screened through too many filters to be at all predictable.
Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires; good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Eternal Freedom

Nature-nurture frames every mind to play out one dream-identity or another.
In discerning this truth, the secular mind can be recalibrated,
Into the eternal mind, into the eternal life.
Eternal freedom is an ageless walkabout unto thy Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Forbidden Fruit

The fruit of knowledge was never forbidden by any supreme deity.
It is just humankind's naturally-selected choiceless destiny,
To imagine its way to its inevitable self-destruction.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Unbidden Fate

Though all that is, is the indivisibility of the quantum dreamtime,
Few clearly discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Marooned in Illusion

It is but a world-wide collusion of imagination.
Every mind a unique spin of its nature-nurtured frame of reference.
All hypnotized, all mesmerized, by a dreamtime reality, only the rarest minds can discern,
And even they are swept up in this delusional, Shakespearian, théâtre absurde.
This whirling-twirling pale blue dot, upon which all are marooned.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Daily Wander

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Clarity of Awareness

Toss out the watches and clocks and calendars, and digital displays, from your mind.
Dwell in the clarity of the timeless awareness of the ineffable unborn-undying moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Dusty Puffery

To believe this dusty cosmos really matters, is but ironic delusion,
In the paradoxical puffery of the quantum matrix's théâtre absurde.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Sons and Daughters of God

Why believe only one son of God ever walked on earth,
When so many sons, and daughters, are wandering about.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Pathless Trek

Human consciousness is always imagining itself more than it can ever be.
It is not through words, through labels, through descriptions,
That kinks in any given mind will be worked out.
Meditation of the zen-ish sort, is the only real therapy,
For those who would be free of imagination's unrelenting tyranny.
Contemplation, reflection, consideration, introspection, rumination, concentration,
Deliberation, pondering, musing, are the ways and means, along the earnest seeker's pathless trek.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Gift to the Future

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Eternity, Centerstage

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every part, every moment, to incomparable perfection.
On every impromptu centerstage, no matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all about the same You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

False Expectations

If you expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion.
And you may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing, nonsensical groupthink.
Another inconsequential bottleneck created by timebound imagination.
Is it any wonder, really, why so many seers disappear into caves,
Very much alone, very much at home, very much at peace.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

True Believers, All

We are all are true believers.
Each in our own personalized mind-body-spirit ways.
Conditioned, persuaded, convinced, programmed, brainwashed, indoctrinated, molded.
Hypnotized, mesmerized, spellbound, captivated, enthralled, absorbed,
By whatever nature-nurture has spawned and cultivated us.
The senses crafting our imaginary universes,
Every kaleidoscoping moment.

Only in pure, unsullied awareness, can You be free.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Yes, We Are All the Same You

Yes, we are all the same witness.
Yes, we are all the same sentience.
Yes, we are all the same awareness.
Yes, we are all the same alertness.
Yes, we are all the same omnipresence.
Yes, we are all the same cosmos.
Yes, we are all the same world.
Yes, we are all the same quantum.
Yes, we are all the same indivisible.
Yes, we are all the same ocean.
Yes, we are all the same nature.
Yes, we are all the same omniscience.
Yes, we are all the same eternity.
Yes, we are all the same here.
Yes, we are all the same now.
Yes, we are all the same moment.
Yes, we are all the same perpetuity.
Yes, we are all the same indelibility.
Yes, we are all the same infinity.
Yes, we are all the same soul.
Yes, we are all the same oneness.
Yes, we are all the same spirit.
Yes, we are all the same divinity.
Yes, we are all the same illusion.
Yes, we are all the same omnipotence.
Yes, we are all the same mystery.
Yes, we are all the same You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Entitlement v. Darwin

How can anyone ever be totally prepared for chaos?
Especially rough for those domesticated by entitlement.
Gaia always boils down to Darwin 101: Adapt or succumb.
And spin into that unforgiving, pitiless equation,
A pale blue dot slathered with apes,
Vying for supremacy.
Vanity
Greed
Imagination unleashed.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Seekers All

Life seeks life.
Strength seeks strength.
Weakness seeks weakness.
Comedy seeks comedy.
Tragedy seeks tragedy.
Intelligence seeks intelligence.
Absurdity seeks absurdity.
Futility seeks futility.
Paradox seeks paradox.
Irony seeks irony.
Ecstasy seeks ecstasy.
Agony seeks agony.
Love seeks love.
Hate seeks hate.
Wisdom seeks wisdom.
Bliss seeks bliss.
Death seeks all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Perpetual War Since the Beginning

Humankind has always been at war, has always competed full-tilt, and we always will.
You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but you cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.
Four billion-year-old, naturally-selected, nature-nurtured software, for which no update is possible.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Illusion of All Boundaries

Where exactly is the defining edge of the drop that you think, you believe, you are,
That is at all separate from the cosmos, the electromagnetic spectrum,
The quantum ground, the matrix, the ether, the awareness,
The ineffable mystery, that you truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Too Boggling for Words

Every quantum across this mystery, is exactly where it is,
To play out its timeless, indivisible role in the theater,
You and every other sentient being is perceiving.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Same in All

The dimensions may be different,
But the sentience, the awareness, the totality, the mystery,
Is the same in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

This Fine Day

The awareness of existence is too ethereal to be more than imagined.
So, what will your ethereal imagination do through You, this fine day?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Once-Upon-A-Time Mirage

Your existence is a mind-built dream,
An imaginary projection of desire and fear and dread.
Discern and embrace the ineffable, prior-to-consciousness awareness,
And know that you are the mystery, centerstage, in a temporal once-upon-a-time mirage.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Illusion of Permanence

The illusion of permanence is a delusional weaving born of timebound imagination.
No manifestation can withdraw or abstain, from the ever-present, kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Only in the sentience of pure awareness, can the eternal mystery be agnostically fathomed.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

... Remember ... Forget ... Remember ...

... Wake up ... remember ... go to sleep ... forget ...
... Wake up ... remember ... go to sleep ... forget ...
... Wake up ... remember ... go to sleep ... forget ...
... Wake up ... remember ... go to sleep ... forget ...
... Wake up ... remember ... go to sleep ... forget ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Eternal Thespian

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every role, every single moment, to unrivaled perfection.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Empty Assertions

Whatever you think you know, whatever you think you understand,
Is merely the absurd self-deception of a delusional mind caught in illusion.
The essential nature, the indelible You, is prior to all knowledge and understanding.
All manifestation only exists because You are present to witness the mind-body perceptions.
The dream of space-time is nothing more than impromptu spontaneous combustion.
There is no point asking who or what or where or when or why or how,
Because imagination can only answer with empty assertions,
Having no reality in the timeless quantum matrix.
To give it name or meaning is pointless.
Shakespeare a la extempore,
With a hearty splash of so it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Magic Carpet of Imagination

Continuity is imagination's fallacious delusion, over the mind-body's sensory-born illusion.

The delusion fashioned by its intoxication with the vague perceptions,

The frame of reference, posted on its neuron trails.

It is the deception, the irony and paradox, of consciousness,

In its usurpation of the awareness, its usurpation of the timeless moment,

To seemingly fly through the eternal stillness, upon its magic carpet of space and time.

It is Shakespearian cuisine, upon a quantum stage, whereupon the mystery-born sentience, forges all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Eternal Speculation

The mystery has never been able to more than speculate how it came to be.

In every venue across whatever dimensions are out there,

No manifestation has ever discerned,

Its origin, nor its end.

So it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Embracing the Mystery

When all purpose and meaning is set aside,

You naturally return to the momentary awareness,

Free of the ball and chain of psychological gamesmanship.

To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom,

Fosters an inward simplicity, a detached humility,

A modesty, an austerity, a clarity, an integrity,

An embracing of the mystery of beingness.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What Doubt Unleashes

The grand illusion will manifest whatever experiences are fated.

Whatever tempts You into believing space and time real.

Only those with the greatest doubt will not waver,

In their walkabout to discern the unborn-undying totality.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The One-Bookers

The harvests of those subscribing to just one, so-called holy book, are endless waves of absurdity.
Across this dust ball, the one-bookers vie for an imaginary supremacy,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.
What need for any religion, any dogma, any idolatry,
For those who discern the mystery of awareness within and without.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Centerstage You

On every impromptu centerstage,
No matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all the same You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Pathless Less Traveled

Consciousness fabricates space-time,
But is not what You really are,
Nor what You really are not.
To trek prior to consciousness,
To wander the pathless less traveled,
Requires a discerning, a doubting, mettle.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Heaven on Earth

To acutely, profoundly realize:
That You, in truth, do not 'know' anything;
That all You think You know, is but imaginary perceptions;
That all You think You know, is but quantum encoding in the neural processor;
Offers liberation into the momentary starkness of eternity.
For those searching for eternal salvation, there it is.
The momentary awareness is the brass ring.
Unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffable.
Heaven on Earth, indeed, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Purpose and Meaning

Does any other sentient being, on this spinning orb, or any other,
Require meaning and purpose to get through, to endure, its given existence?
The jury has left the building, on whether to gauge the human species illustrious or pathetic.
Imagination is source of all things, that have no harbor in pure sentience.
Awareness has no need of purpose, no need of meaning.
The timeless moment is ever fulfilled.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Just a Moment Away

Despite the fact, that there are no constraints, no binds, no dilemmas, whatsoever,
It is the most challenging thing, in all of this futile, pointless existence,
For the human mind to unstick, to release, to pry, to free,
Its essential Self, from its imaginary self.
The momentary awareness, cannot be grasped.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You Call This a Plan?

Is it intelligent design?
Is it reasoned design?
Is it sensible design?
Is it rational design?
Is it random design?
Is it irrational design?
Is it fallacious design?
Or is it any design at all?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Unshackled Mind

The mystery is too mysterious, too esoteric, too irrational, too absurd,
To ever make any sense, to minds bent on trying to make sense of it all.
Only those who have given up completely, who have surrendered entirely,
Can harvest the fruit of doubt, and unshackle from their imaginary quandary.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Mystery in a Drop

Way back when, Rumi etched: You are not a drop in the ocean; you are the entire ocean in a drop.

Yaj Ekim's corollary: You are not a drop in the mystery; you are the entire mystery in a drop.

One drop is inconsequential, but all together, are omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient.

Whatever the entirety of this spaceless, timeless, ineffable mystery, You are a centerstage in it.

A space-bound-time-bound, naturally-selected witness, to a Shakespearian theater of imaginary design.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

High Order Delusion

To earnestly believe anything you do, have done, or will do,

Is going to change anything, in any meaningful way,

Is fallacious delusion of the highest order.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Witness to the Faceless

If you cannot be paradoxical,

If you cannot be dubious,

If you cannot be incredulous,

If you cannot be skeptical,

If you cannot be agnostic,

If you cannot be enigmatic,

If you cannot be irrational,

If you cannot be nonsensical,

If you cannot be sardonic,

If you cannot be doubtful,

If you cannot be peculiar,

If you cannot be outrageous,

If you cannot be atypical,

If you cannot be unbelieving,

If you cannot be cynical,

If you cannot be absurd,

If you cannot be uncertain,

If you cannot be disbelieving,

If you cannot be ironic,

How can you witness your faceless?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Imagination Cares, Awareness Cares Not

Infinite or infinitesimal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Spiritual or agnostic, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clean or dirty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Live or die, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wealthy or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Alive or dead, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Believer or atheist, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Subtle or blatant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Kind or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sane or insane, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Straight or gay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sage or fool, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fast or slow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Do or do not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Long or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Succeed or fail, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Love or hate, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Still or moving, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Real or unreal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tit or tat, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
For or against, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Up or down, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Around or through, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or unclear, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fat or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Strong or weak, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gratis or priceless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hard or soft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Give or take, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
To or from, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wise or foolish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Beautiful or ugly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Big or small, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Known or unknown, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fore or aft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Heavy or light, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rich or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
True or false, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Ecstasy or agony, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
First or last, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Creative or destructive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Full or empty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or bitter, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loud or quiet, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Straight or rounded, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Bright or dim, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Well or unwell, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Astute or obtuse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Like or unlike, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Appealing or revolting, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Clear or opaque, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Thick or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Brave or cowardly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Sweet or sour, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Equal or lopsided, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 King or slave, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Queen or whore, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Expansive or contractive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Soft or harsh, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Young or old, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Male or female, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Honest or dishonest, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Wild or tame, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Early or late, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Pure or foul, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Cautious or reckless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Hit or miss, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Lead or follow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 High or low, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Naive or cynical, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Truth or lie, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Deep or shallow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Open or closed, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Rational or absurd, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Near or far, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Singular or dual, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 In or out, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Free or imprisoned, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Yes or no, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Attached or detached, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Course or fine, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 All or none, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Shiny or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Smart or stupid, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Tall or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Forward or backward, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Before or after, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Selfless or selfish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 One or two, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Within or without, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Yay or nay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
 Close or distant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Normal or weird, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wet or dry, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hot or cold, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Constant or fickle, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Positive or negative, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Happy or sad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fair or unfair, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Over or under, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Similar or different, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loose or tight, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Plus or minus, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Above or below, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Inside or outside, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Simple or complex, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Black or white, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smooth or coarse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wide or narrow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gentle or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Humble or vain, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
On or off, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Here or there, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Have or have not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sharp or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Good or bad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Right or wrong, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Everything or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Something or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
White or black, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Light or dark, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
This or that, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Clock in the Sky

The clock on-high, in the sky, tick-tick-ticking every day away.
How would we measure time, how would we gauge time,
If not for the consistency of sun and moon and stars?
Would time even pretend to exist without them?
Would we imagine we exist without them?
Could we imagine we exist without them?
Should we imagine we exist with them?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No Assertion Required

At some point there is really no need to even assert “I Am.”
Just being the momentary awareness, just breathing in, breathing out,
Is far more than enough, in a very supercalifragilisticexpialidocious sort of way.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

As Near as It Is Far

The awareness is as near as it is far.
The awareness permeates all genesis.
The awareness permeates all oblivion.
The everything and the nothing are one.
The everything and the nothing are You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Rubs Aplenty

To see what cannot be seen,
To hear what cannot be heard,
To taste what cannot be tasted,
To smell what cannot be smelled,
To touch what cannot be touched,
To think what cannot be thought,
Now there, are a cluster of rubs,
Rubbing away, a rub-less way.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Solitude of Eternity

It can indeed, be a long and winding,
Oft times lonely walkabout,
This calling to grapple the mystery.
Until one perhaps discerns the indivisible matrix,
Through which all time-bound linear perceptions kaleidoscope,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, the indelible, ineffable solitude, of all eternity.
Which is, of course, the unutterable aloneness of You, this very singular, very timeless moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Shakespeare Live

Imagination dominates the human mind; it has usurped the awareness of the sentience.
What do you want to be when you grow up? a question the young are oftentimes asked by adults.
Human conditioning is ever about aspiring to various functions; when naught, is literally all, all really are.
Those with ambition are acclaimed; those who have no purpose, no meaning, are sidelined.
The rare few take the query to its frontiers, and become critical thinkers.
Skeptics, cynics, doubters, nonbelievers, agnostics.
And discern the truth of this mystery.
That they are the mystery.
And meander amongst the bustling masses,
Observing the theatrics – Shakespeare live – detached and free.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

It Is All Just Happening

The indivisible entirety is no more responsible for this illusion,
Than any ocean is for its surface, its depths,
Or the play of its waves,
Upon any number of shorelines.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Do Not Be Fooled

To you who yearn for the ultimate freedom,
You are all buddhas, you are all christs.
You are every mystic seer and master,
This illusory cosmos has ever known.
You are your own timeless companion.
Do not be fooled into believing otherwise.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Scythians Are Coming!

In his *The Unabridged Devil's Dictionary*, Ambrose Bierce, defined Cynic,
As a blackguard, whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.
Oh my god! The Scythians are coming! The Scythians are coming to pluck out your eyeballs!

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Sea of Metaphors

What is what is consciousness, what is imagination, what is Gaia, but a sea of metaphors.
Figures of speech that, for rhetorical effect, directly refer to one thing by mentioning another.
That may provide (or obscure) clarity or identify hidden similarities between two different ideas.
Metaphors paint one concept with the brush of another, revealing hidden connections,
Or sometimes obscuring clarity to create a likeness or a vivid analogy.
Comparable with other types of figurative language,
Such as, antithesis and hyperbole and metonymy and simile.
Figures of speech, figurative expressions, images, tropes, symbols, parables,
Analogies, comparisons, allegories, emblems, word paintings, word pictures, literary conceits.

A Metaphor for All Time: The Seven Ages of Man

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely Players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Jaques (a.k.a., William Shakespeare), *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene VII, Line 139

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Challenge of Letting Go

Consciousness is infused with the desire to have, to hold, to take, to own,
To possess, to enjoy, to keep, to retain, to gather, to collect, to amass, to marshal,
To acquire, to occupy, to control, to dominate, to influence, to muster, to collect, to seize.
To release, to unleash, to unchain, to unfetter, to meander empty,
Is the challenge for any given mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Rhetorical Design

The human species, despite all its imaginary rhetoric to the contrary,
Is no different than any other biology this garden world,
Has ever through natural selection devised.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No Time Like the Present

There is no time like present.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

World War Darwin

Gaia has always been in World War Darwin.
Every creature has always started any given day not knowing,
Whether or not it would survive, much less thrive.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Neural Matrix

The neural matrix is but pure, unadulterated awareness ...
Nature-nurture – genetically-mutated-hardwired – to be the matrix mystery.
That which is acclaimed, for which, few humans, truly-long-happen, in their imaginary cosmos:
To be the nothingness it is ... To be the nothingness You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Abyss of Judgment

The human specter, in all its imaginary quandaries, seems, in large part, to be all about endless judgment.
Endless – opinions, attitudes, appraisals, beliefs, outlooks, feelings – about everyone, everything.
And the consequences of that endlessness, can range from shrug, to destruction and death.
The Planet of the Apes, has always been in conflict with itself, and all things Gaia.
Every mind, a gummy quagmire, filled with every imaginable appraisal,
And there is no way to remedy the naturally-selected Darwinian juggernaut.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Deceits Parables Weave

All cults, all sects, all religions, kick off with one parable or another,
That some storyteller spins, oral or written, into a mythology,
That entrances, enough true believers, enough sheeples,
To together, groupthink a narrative for the ages.
Those with direct perception, do not require stories.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Discerning Courage Required

Every culture molds individual conformity,
To whatever mythos it prescribes.
It takes discerning courage,
To discover, to be, what You truly are.
There is no freedom, incarnating a prescribed life.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Wielding It All Together

Across this pale blue dot garden, minds cling in every way-shape-form,
To the obliviousness of imagination's uncountable divisions.
Witness the many intolerances, great and small,
Rational and irrational, good and evil,
Intelligent and senseless, wise and foolish.
Discern the common essence within all imaginary differences,
And wield them together into the infinite singularity, from which all illusion is created.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Stoic Detachment

What do all human belief systems seem to be about,
But an innate, naturally-selected, self-absorbed craving,
To believe we truly are – for every rationale under the sun –
Somehow significant, somehow important, somehow cherished,
Somehow precious, by this boundless, timeless, impenetrable cosmos,
That seems to be, for all reasoned observation, indifferent to our existence.
Whether or not, there is some deity out there tracking everything,
Evaluating, judging, our every thought, our every deed,
Is a question that haunts the many if not most,
Unable to realize a stoic detachment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Always a Step Behind

Everything You perceive,
Everything You think,
Everything you see,
Everything You do,
Everything You know,
Everything You believe,
Everything You hope,
Everything You love,
Everything You hate,
Everything You accept,
Everything You deny,
Everything You give,
Everything You take,
Everything You realize,
Everything You dream,
Everything You recall,
Everything You admire,
Everything You deride,
Everything You possess,
Everything You cherish,
Everything You judge,
Is nothing more than imagination,
Is always but a dreamer shadowing the moment,
Is nothing more than electrical impulses racing along neural pathways.

Only in the stillness of unadorned awareness, can You know, can You be, the timeless eternity You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Is the Future Ready?

Self-reliance, grit, gumption, work ethic, critical thinking, the ability to stand alone.

Is what it took for the human paradigm to arrive at this moment in time.

Is the future ready to take over the world we have left it?

What will it be like to be born into a Ponzi scheme forever undone?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Sands of Time Have No Memory

Any life and its destiny, is but an imaginary dream,

Instantly forgotten in this quantum mirage.

The sands of time have no memory.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What It Is

There is nothing to argue; nothing to prove.

It is what it is; you are what you are.

And it is all one in the same.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

How Is That Working for You?

Maintaining an existence,

You no longer care about,

No longer have desire for,

No longer have energy for,

How is that working for you?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Quantum-Awakened

The quantum-awakened, turn sand into gold, coal into diamonds, water into wine.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Inner Journey

It is up to any would-be philosopher-mystic, drawn to the great game,
To from podium speak his/her mind – to take up their philosophical gauntlets –
And sally forth every serendipitous thought, their minds have been nature-nurtured to utter.
In any-and-all dimensions, this indelibly ineffable, mystery elephant – called by many names – ordains.
To unveil his/her mind's eye, to share the reasonings, encapsulating the unveiling of their wander.
The journey, all their many thoughts – the imaginings – their mortal mind's destiny calls.
The trek through illusion – ever inquiring into the truth of their beingness –
Until fate slides the door open, to the only possible conclusion,
That You are indeed, ineradicably, That I Am.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Ether of Oblivion

... Earth ... Wind ... Water ... Fire ...
Intertwined in every conceivable genre pax.
In the Ether of Nothingness ... oblivion's marrow.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Imaginary Reality

You are the indescribable, indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying awareness,
Witnessing consciousness frolicking about a quantum matrix.
Stardust shrouded in every imaginable form,
Imagining the ecstasies and agonies of existence real.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Last Will and Testament

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Effing the Ineffable

So many minds, imagining in every way, the mystery into which all are inexplicably cast.
So many minds, investigating their existence; so many minds, effing the ineffable.
Leaving behind so many creations, sharing their revelations of the eternal:
Writings, paintings, sculptures, music, architecture, ad infinitum.
A world of seers, bound by the mundanity of the masses,
Whose unrealized raison d'être, is to secure the ways and means,
For the unborn-undying, ageless witness, to fathom its unfathomability.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Many Paths to Destiny

Settle for less, and that is what destiny will mete out.
Seek more than fate has assigned, and the dream will tether you.
The passions are ephemeral beasts in this ineffable magical mystery tour.
Moderation is the surest means to a content, peaceful existence,
But even the most sagacious tack offers no guarantees.
To be born is to endure whatever fate is allotted,
And there is no happy end to any story.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Show Must Go On

Easier to ignore this sort of scribbling.
For vanity and voracity's sake,
The show must go on.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Quantum Kaleidoscope

There is no space, there is no time.
There is only quantum energy, eternally kaleidoscoping,
In the quantum dreamtime of consciousness, in the quantum perceptions of mind.
And You: pure awareness, untouched; You: sentience, unscathed.
You: ineffable, indelible, unborn-undying witness,
To eternity's ever-present moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Coulda Shoulda Woulda

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe ... Mystery ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Reality of All Stories

Any story, no matter when written, is only as real as your belief in it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Harvest of Discernment

Free your Self from the binds and obligations of groupthink,
That often diminishes creativity and individual responsibility.
Stand alone, immersed in the momentary awareness You are.
Free of all doubts, all bothers; be the harvest of discernment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Absurdity! The Absurdity!

How is it so many imagine a personal deity to sanction their dream?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bestow their wishes?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to fulfill their desires?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bless their ventures?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bolster their alliances?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to vanquish their enemies?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to judge them auspiciously?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bequeath them eternal life?
How is it so many are blind to their endless me-myself-and-I self-absorption?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Despite All Delusions to the Contrary

Despite all delusions to the contrary, we all are animals.

Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all biological beings.

Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all connected to the web of life.

Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all equal participants in the same mystery.

Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all nameless witnesses to the same quantum dreamtime.

And no amount of twisting nor twirling of the imaginary mind, will ever change that.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Illusion-Delusion of Free Will

What choices have you ever really had?

What choice did You have in your existence?

What choice did You have in your awareness?

What choice did You have in your nature-nurture?

What choice did You have in your gender?

What choice did You have in your physique?

What choice did You have in your vision?

What choice did You have in your hearing?

What choice did You have in your smelling?

What choice did You have in your tasting?

What choice did You have in your feeling?

What choice did You have in your mind?

What choice did You have in your family?

What choice did You have in your birth order?

What choice did You have in your culture?

What choice did You have in your ethnicity?

What choice did You have in your geography?

What choice did You have in your universe?

What choice did You have in your socioeconomic level?

What choice did You have in your intelligence?

What choice did You have in your language?

What choice did you have in your name?

What choice did you have in your education?

What choice did you have in your interests?

What choice did you have in your beliefs?

What choice did you have in your religion?

What choice did you have in your politics?

Even your daily movement, your daily choices,

The every-step-you-take-every-moment believe to be free will,

Are the quantum dictates of every natural selection since the beginning of all beginnings.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyonda

How Does It Make Any Sense?

How can it ever make any sense at all,
That You are not a drop of the whole?
That You are not a drop of the entirety?
That You are not a drop of the creation?
That You are not a drop of the sentience?
That You are not a drop of the ineffable?
That You are not a drop of the awareness?
That You are not a drop of the dreamtime?
That You are not a drop of the indelibility?
That You are not a drop of the indivisibility?
That You are not a drop of the unborn-undying?
That You are not a drop of the preservation?
That You are not a drop of the destruction?
That You are not a drop of the spaceless?
That You are not a drop of the timeless?
That You are not a drop of the mystery?
That You are not a drop of the eternal?
That You are not a drop of all that is?
Call it anything you will, You are it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Deal With It

Short of excessive violence,
It is all but impossible to keep anyone,
From thinking whatever they darned well please,
About you, or anyone or anything else.
So it goes, get over yourself.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Astounding Waste

Why would it at all matter, how this mystery began?
Here You right-here-right-now are; here we all right-here-right-now are,
How much futility, how much angst, the human species has spent through so much of its history,
Speculating-asserting-battling, over an eternal moment it can never possibly know.
What an astounding squander of spacless-timeless it has all been.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Speculations of a Dystopian Mind

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, You often wonder.
It is challenging to wrap the timebound mind around the dystopian horror You see coming.
How much longer will the human paradigm persevere after Your cadaver is a dusty pile of bones?
Ahh, but that is indeed a narcissistic-egocentric question, if there ever was one.
So, just toss it into the passing breeze, and expect no answers.
And someday quietly depart, ever agnostic.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

How Like Us

Curious, how like us, all our deities, across the world, across time, have always been.
Willful, jealous, vindictive, judgmental, malicious, pitiless, vengeful.
And sometime kind and just, and perhaps even loving,
When it suits the undisclosed schemes.
Is there any limit to our affinity for absurdity?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

And Who Decides?

How good is good? How bad is bad?
How right is right? How wrong is wrong?
How known is known? How unknown is unknown?
How infinite is infinite? How infinitesimal is infinitesimal?
How true is true? How false is false?
And who decides?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Way of Awareness

Regarding the way of awareness, the way of the moment,
The way of the right-here-right-now, the way of the spaceless-timeless eternal,
It is, as Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker: No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.
To attain eternal life, one must doubt everything, one must let go everything.
One must be everything, and nothing all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Doubt All Things

Doubt all the stories, all the narratives, all the anything, floating willy-nilly about the mind.
That which is most unfathomably true, is prior to all affairs born of imaginary design.
Philosopher René Descartes penned, “If you would be a real seeker after truth,
You must at least once in your life, doubt, as far as possible, all things.”

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

That Whiny Little Voice

It can be quite challenging to tamp down that whiny little voice,
Once imagination discerns that self-pity serves well,
As a distraction from the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Anonymity Rules

How history judges anything,
Will ultimately achieve the same anonymity,
All things imaginary ever have.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Nature is the Expression

Nature is the expression of the eternal moment of the ineffable mystery You are.
To ignore it, to abuse it, to destroy it, is a sure path to oblivion.
To wander harmoniously in it, is the way.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Your Eternal Birthright

You need not believe the spins you project, either to the world, or to yourself.
Toss away any-and-all thoughts – positive or neutral or negative – of the imaginary self.
Be the stillness, the utterness, the unborn-undying, of the awareness that is your eternal birthright.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Ugly Is as Ugly Does

What repulsive, hideous, revolting creatures, so many women become.
How some men remain sexually aroused by them is a mystery,
Especially once their youthful effervescence has faded,
Into pallid, sagging skin, with thick layers of clownish make-up,
Topped with beauty-shopped hair, and anatomy covered by languishing tattoos.
A genetic lottery of biological evolution no less crunchy-chewy-gooey than any other creation.
Add to that inventory: obesity, scars, wrinkles, blemishes, mutilations, disfigurements,
Flatulence, blotches, stretch marks, cottage cheese, diseases, sores, disabilities.
It is indeed a mind-boggling mystery, which only delusional blinders,
And four-billion-year-old software, come close to explaining.
Natural selection can only manage so much evolving,
With such a haphazardly encrypted algorithm.
And let us not deny, this all applies,
To the other half-ish of the species, as well.
And in truth, every other life form Gaia has ever devised.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The One and Only You

Ever the same You, playing out every creation across all eternity.
So infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be the only divinity worth ascertaining.
The eternal moment, timeless, ever-present, right here, right now, unborn, undying.
You are pure awareness: ineffable, indelible, indivisible, immeasurable.
You are ever You, have ever been You, will ever be You.
There is no other, than the one and only You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Original Departure

That moment when sense of self, the me-myself-I, first arises in the mind,
Is the moment that separates one from the garden this pale blue dot has fashioned.
And all the other estrangements follow suit for that bubble of imagination's entire existence.
There is no returning to the garden of origin, but through an awakening to that awareness prior to all.
And that awakening is set in motion through the deep doubt of a critical-thinking perspective,
That only the rarest minds ascertain, as they meander down their road less traveled.
A solitary road, upon which adventures are witnessed. one after another.
A solitary road that kaleidoscopes to its destined conclusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

There is Only One Truth

There is only one truth, and it is this very right-here-right-now moment,
Timelessly ephemeral, unborn, undying, immeasurable, indivisible, ineffable.
There is no need for any dogma; there is only being inwardly still enough to be it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Truth is Not ...

Truth is not a word.
Truth is not a thought.
Truth is not a story.
Truth is not a dichotomy.
Truth is not knowable.
Truth is not intelligible.
Truth is not moot.
Truth is not provable.
Truth is not space-bound.
Truth is not time-bound.
Truth is not hearsay.
Truth is not understandable.
Truth is not definable.
Truth is not describable.
Truth is not debatable.
Truth is not a dogma.
Truth is not expressible.
Truth is not a belief.
Truth is not before.
Truth is not after.
Truth is not penetrable.
Truth is not a rumor.
Truth is not fathomable.
Truth is not effable.
Truth is not graspable.
Truth is not controversial.
Truth is not any thing.
Truth is not anything.
You are the truth.
You are the life.
You are the Way.
Simply be your Self.
Right here, right now, bam!

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Fearless Living

Living fearlessly is not necessarily something manly-man-on-steroids machismo,
As much as it is being serene enough to be the moment You ever are.
The awareness You ever are, the eternal You ever are.
The right-here-right-now You ever are.
The You, You ever are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Blinders On, Blinders Off

To ignore natural law, to ignore physics,
To believe you are in anyway separate from anything,
Is to be in such a state of blindered delusion,
That it is a wonder you still exist.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Process is All

Every process has a beginning.
Every process has an ending.
Every process is part of a process,
That is without beginning, without end.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Nothing Exists Because of Imagination

Nothing exists because of imagination.
Cultures, languages, mathematics,
Sciences, technologies, religions,
All the arts, the politics, the silk roads,
Are all imagination, evolved unto existence.
The usurper of sentience reigns the human mind.
The usurper of sentience dominates the human paradigm.
The natural selection, that selected its way to such immense heights,
Is the creator, is the preserver, is the destroyer, of all things,
That were nothing more than illusion from the get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You, Centerstage, All Alone

Alone.
You are so alone.
Give into it with full abandon,
And be the ineffable, eternal mystery, You are.
This human paradigm dreamtime is but a Shakespearian soiree,
Through an illusory quantum matrix, infused with every variety of delusion imaginable.
In which You will perform your nature-nurture centerstage character,
However it naturally-selects – very much alone.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Path to the Ineffable

The awareness is the unborn-undying moment.
The awareness requires no belief system.
The awareness esteems no philosophy.
The awareness has no moral compass.
The awareness has no consciousness.
The awareness has no space or time.
The awareness has no need or want.
The awareness has no faith or hope.
The awareness has no raison d'être.
The awareness has no imagination.
The awareness has no love or hate.
The awareness has no obstructions.
The awareness has no passion or zeal.
No one can more than suggest the way.
There is absolutely nothing to hold onto.
You must doubt everything, for your Self.
You must discover it, all alone, for your Self.
You must then witness it, all alone, for your Self.
It is a road less traveled; a fork only the rare perceive.
There is truly no other, but few are nominated to realize it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Many Paths, One Grave

There are many paths, treading all about this pale blue dot of a dust ball, all to the same grave.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Paradise Won, Paradise Lost

The engineers and scientists, and all the diligent worker bees,
Pushed and pulled us all up the exalted road, a road to paradise and beyond,
Until it became a road too far, and is now all Humpty Dumpty, falling, falling, down, down.
We have already given them carte blanche to destroy this garden dust ball beyond all possible redemption,
So why not allow them to spin it into dystopian mayhem and chaos and despair beyond all pales?
Let vanity and greed wreak their final act, and Gaia move on to the next geological epoch.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Spinning Wheels Go Round and Round

To endlessly attempt to discover and define Self,
Is really, no different than a caged hamster running round and round on its spinning wheel.
Passing time, filling the mind with every variety of pointless absurdity,
To which imagination is so inherently capable.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Web of Everything

It is not merely a web of life; it is a web of everything.
An indivisible matrix, permeating an unfathomable mystery.
Too beyond knowing, to be perceived by anything but a still mind.
No naming necessary, for it is the same awareness, the same You, in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What is Self?

What is this sense of Self, this me-myself-I,
But an intrinsic survival mechanism of the sentience,
Attached to whatever mind-body the genetic lottery has sculpted.
Given over to imagination's endless struggle, to be more than it can ever be.
It is a quandary not easily set aside, even for the most resolute.
Every mirror, every photograph, every interaction,
Ever reinforces the imaginary dreamtime.
Not easy to be indifferent to the quantum illusion.
Very challenging to be untouched by imagination's fell grip.
Though space and time are ultimately unreal, the eternal awareness You are,
Is captive within the magical theater of the mind-body, the mystery has imposed upon its Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You Are the One and Only Ineffable Moment

We have created this thing called time, based on the whirling regularity of the earth, the moon, the sun.

Seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millenniums, epochs.

But there are no 'moments' – there is only one indivisible moment.

One spaceless moment, one timeless moment.

You are this eternal moment.

You are this now.

This is it.

This is all it is.

There is nothing more.

There can be nothing more.

There will never be anything more.

All the narratives humankind has concocted,

All the creations the monkey-mind has brought forth.

Are nothing more than the ineffable dreamtime of imagination.

The unfathomable awareness You are, the unknowable mystery You are,

That which the divisive human mind has in every way deified,

Is in truth, all there is, has ever been, will ever be.

You are it, it is You, there is no other.

Alone, absolute, flawless,

Unborn, undying,

Now.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Impenetrable Moment

No story, no narrative, no history, no chronicle,

No account, no anecdote, no description, no tale, no yarn,

No matter how well-written, no matter how real, no matter how true,

No matter how miraculous, no matter how fantastical,

Can touch the unborn-undying moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Idolatry Is Idolatry Is Idolatry

Whether in appearances, whether in concepts, idolatry is idolatry is idolatry.

Only in pure awareness, can the timeless moment be perceived truth.

Only in pure awareness, can the timeless You, be the true Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Quest for Truth

Why should you believe anything you have not examined for yourself?
Why would you believe anything you have not examined for yourself?
How could you believe anything you have not examined for yourself?
Approach all phenomena, all questions – rationally, sensibly, lucidly –
With truth, with fact, with reality, with honesty – the primary objective.
Do not allow imagination to weave its many guiles over your mind's eye.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Prior to Space and Time

Without space, there cannot be time.
Without time, there cannot be space.
Without them, there is just awareness.
Without them, there is just You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Every Moment That I Am

Whether You see the truth of it clearly,
All the time, some of the time, or never at all,
You are still every moment incapable of not being it.
Any and all notions of dualistic me-myself-and-I perception,
Are nothing more than arbitrary, fallacious delusions of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Where, Oh Where?

Where in the awareness of the moment does the universe exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the world exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the body exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the mind exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does space-time exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does consciousness exist?

Where in the awareness of the moment do You exist?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Just the Way You Are

You have always been ineffable just the way You are.
You have always been perfect just the way You are.
You have always been immaculate just the way You are.
You have always been indivisible just the way You are.
You have always been intangible just the way You are.
You have always been indelible just the way You are.
You have always been unborn-undying just the way You are.
You have always been absolute just the way You are.
You have always been totality just the way You are.
You have always been spaceless just the way You are.
You have always been timeless just the way You are.
You have always been incomprehensible just the way You are.
You have always been mysterious just the way You are.
You have always been impeccable just the way You are.
You have always been singular just the way You are.
You have always been matchless just the way You are.
You have always been tabula rasa just the way You are.
You have always been pervasive just the way You are.
You have always been momentary just the way You are.
You have always been unbound just the way You are.
You have always been seamless just the way You are.
You have always been unconditional just the way You are.
You have always been anonymous just the way You are.
You have always been indecipherable just the way You are.
You have always been truth just the way You are.
You have always been unknowable just the way You are.
You have always been everlasting just the way You are.
You have always been flawless just the way You are.
You have always been perpetual just the way You are.
You have always been immeasurable just the way You are.
You have always been inscrutable just the way You are.
You have always been inexplicable just the way You are.
You have always been unequivocal just the way You are.
You have always been unimaginable just the way You are.
You have always been ageless just the way You are.
You have always been inconceivable just the way You are.
You have always been motionless just the way You are.
You have always been oblivion just the way You are.
You have always been indefinable just the way You are.
You have always been harmonious just the way You are.
You have always been nondualistic just the way You are.
You have always been eternal just the way You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Sometimes

Sometimes You walk through eternity.
Sometimes You run through eternity.
Sometimes You sit through eternity.
Sometimes You wait through eternity.
Sometimes You think through eternity.
Sometimes You talk through eternity.
Sometimes You look through eternity.
Sometimes You listen through eternity.
Sometimes You smell through eternity.
Sometimes You taste through eternity.
Sometimes You feel through eternity.
Sometimes You fear through eternity.
Sometimes You dread through eternity.
Sometimes You abide through eternity.
Sometimes You hope through eternity.
Sometimes You love through eternity.
Sometimes You hate through eternity.
Sometimes You want through eternity.
Sometimes You grasp through eternity.
Sometimes You release through eternity.
Sometimes You give through eternity.
Sometimes You take through eternity.
Sometimes You win through eternity.
Sometimes You lose through eternity.
Sometimes You inhale through eternity.
Sometimes You exhale through eternity.
Sometimes You judge through eternity.
Sometimes You forgive through eternity.
Sometimes You forget through eternity.
Sometimes You flow through eternity.
Sometimes You resist through eternity.
Sometimes You celebrate through eternity.
Sometimes You mourn through eternity.
Sometimes You suffer through eternity.
Sometimes You delight through eternity.
Sometimes You create through eternity.
Sometimes You preserve through eternity.
Sometimes You destroy through eternity.
Sometimes You sleep through eternity.
Sometimes You awaken through eternity.

The moment, the awareness, the sentience, is the sky of You.
And the mind, the senses, the self of imagination, are but clouds ever streaming through.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Where Is the Line?

Where is the line between infinite and infinitesimal, and who decides?
Where is the line between order and chaos, and who decides?
Where is the line between light and dark, and who decides?
Where is the line between love or hate, and who decides?
Where is the line between good and evil, and who decides?
Where is the line between rational and irrational, and who decides?
Where is the line between large and small, and who decides?
Where is the line between this and that, and who decides?
Where is the line between near and far, and who decides?
Where is the line between right and wrong, and who decides?
Where is the line between in and out, and who decides?
Where is the line between black and white, and who decides?
Where is the line between real and unreal, and who decides?
Where is the line between fact and fiction, and who decides?
Where is the line between sincere and disingenuous, and who decides?
Where is the line between thick and thin, and who decides?
Where is the line between peace and war, and who decides?
Where is the line between genuine and hypocritical, and who decides?
Where is the line between win and lose, and who decides?
Where is the line between many and few, and who decides?
Where is the line between tall and short, and who decides?
Where is the line between narrow and wide, and who decides?
Where is the line between tangible and intangible, and who decides?
Where is the line between loose and tight, and who decides?
Where is the line between hot and cold, and who decides?
Where is the line between within and without, and who decides?
Where is the line between true and false, and who decides?
Where is the line between yes and no, and who decides?
Where is the line between truth and lie, and who decides?
Where is the line between have and have not, and who decides?
Where is the line between new and old, and who decides?
Where is the line between pleasure and pain, and who decides?
Where is the line between us and them, and who decides?
Where is the line between caution and paranoia, and who decides?
Where is the line between up and down, and who decides?
Where is the line between knowledge and ignorance, and who decides?
Where is the line between formal and informal, and who decides?
Where is the line between ethical and unethical, and who decides?
Where is the line between awake and asleep, and who decides?
Where is the line between sage and fool, and who decides?
Where is the line between creator and creation, and who decides?
Where is the line between the mystery and You, and who decides?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

How Amazing You Are

Why would an indifferent mystery,
Bored with the filled-with-nothing eternal moment,
Not sanction natural selection to play the quantum illusion impromptu?
A big-bang-turtles-up-down-throw-of-the-dice genesis, weaving its Self, into an infinite theater.
An immaculate conception, chock-full of every quantum possibility imaginable.
An ineffable, ever-lasting, kaleidoscoping, stardust mystery.
Every handiwork witnessed within and without,
Through the indivisible, all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
How amazing You are, to have played every part, every particle, in this magical mystery theater.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What? What? What?

What is bondage?
What is knowledge?
What is enlightenment?
What is liberation?
What is reality?
What is truth?
What is you?

Illusions, all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Truth of the Matter

The truth of the matter, is an illusion-delusion.
An indivisible dreamtime left for imagination to speculate,
Every feasible speculation, any given eensy-weensy mind, can fathom.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Timeless Witness

The awareness, the moment, is church enough, religion enough, faith enough, for any-and-all.
No need to wait for a relatively few times a week, when awareness is witness to every moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Down a Dead-End Road

Both electricity and oil took off about, one hundred fifty and change, years ago,
And it has been accelerating-exponential on every chart and graph and schema since.
How the world-wide electrical grid will keep up with it all, is destined to be quite a saga.
The engineers and scientists, and all the supporting cast, have taken us down a dead-end road.
We might stumble into a very dystopian, very wretched Old School, any day now; be ready steady.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Wake Up, You Ninny

It is not the egocentric mind-body that is eternally immortal, you ninny.
It is the awareness that is equally within and without all creation.
This imaginary identity and world you are so attached to,
Is nothing more than food for worms and beyond,
As the quantum illusion churns ever on.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Imagination's Eternity

Temporary sacks of crunchy-chewy-gooey genetic material,
– permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked –
In imagination's eternal quantum matrix.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Tollbooths Across the Board

Tollbooths, at every opportunity, is how it works, for those who play the game.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Man of One Book

Easy to believe your book the most real and true, when it is the only one you have ever read.
The man of one book uses whatever is said, whatever is written, to corroborate his delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Imagination's Labyrinth

How is it we are not lost in absolute wonder, unwavering awe, in the light of this quantum dreamtime.
How is it we are so passionately unable, so violently unwilling, to look, to examine beyond,
And happily, dance through the infinity of differences, we every-moment imagine,
To discern the ineffable prior-to-consciousness indivisibility we all are,
That through which this quantum mirage kaleidoscopes.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Please Don't Hurt Us!

What petty, meaningless gods, we have, across all times and spaces, imagined.
What petty, meaningless gods, we have across all times and spaces,
Dreaded and worshipped and pleaded forgiveness from.
As if we were somehow to blame for any of it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Eternity's Illusion

So much illusory quantum movement, quantum vibration,
Kaleidoscoping through the eternal stillness,
Of the one and only moment.
Om, baby, Om.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Rushing Through the Expanse

Rushing, rushing, rushing; how we do so scurry here and there,
As if we were bona-fide significant, in an expanse full of dust balls.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Ever-Next Generation

Every generation passes on a lesser, more depleted world.
What blessings, what curses, will the current issue, inflict upon the next.
Another long-and-winding moment, in this ever-kaleidoscoping, illusory stardust sitcom.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Speculation Unending

Consciousness will ever spin every variety of speculation about its ineffable, indivisible origin,
For it can have no recollection of the oblivion that was prior to all its absurdities.
Nor is it at all able to more than imagine the unborn-undying state,
After the mind-body's final breath exits the stage.
As magnificent as it imagines itself to be, imagination has its limits.
As center of the universe, as it imagines itself to be, imagination is but a mortal player.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Anonymity! The Anonymity!

Another ditty, none but these eyes shall likely ever read.
Another ditty unveiling the anonymity, all are.
Even the most famous in their time,
Destined to be forgotten.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Last Decision

Why feel obligated to wait for the Reaper,
Why feel obligated to let some imaginary ornament,
Make the 'no-more-of-this-bullshit' final exit decision for you?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Magical v. Empirical

Opting for magical thinking over empirical observation; well, enjoy the delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Mystery of Sentience

Of course, the universe is exactly as you every moment perceive it ... and so is everyone else's.
That is the mystery of it – every mysterious very-much-the-same moment – of sentient perception.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Eye of Awareness

What are human beings but sacks of genetic material –
Permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked – in imagination’s matrix.
The ego mind is but a sensory-inspired illusion, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers.
Detached, aloof, indifferent, disinterested, impassive, impersonal ... immortal.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Too Much, Too Many

Too much everything.
Too many people.
Too many things.
Too many hungers.
Too many deceptions.
Too many untruths.
Too much bullshit.
Too much absurdity.
Too much horror.
Too much everything.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The You Prior to All

The mystery, which is the awareness, the You, prior to all,
Is completely, utterly, entirely, absolutely – empty, barren, devoid, bereft, clear, free –
Of all attributes imagined, of all attributes unimagined.
You are the mystery, you are That I Am.
The other is but illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Clarity! The Clarity!

What can possibly be more liberating, than the effortless clarity of pure, immaculate, ineffable awareness?
It does not require the potency of power, the security of wealth, the status of fame, the reason of wisdom.
It is itself unto its Self – there is no other with which to contend – no mind or body for which to gather.
To surrender your self to your Self, to surrender your self to the timeless moment, is the path of grace.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Beyond the Idolatries of Imagination

The word 'God' is just a sound, just a concept, just an image, just an idol.
The reality of that which is, and is not, God, is much more than any mind can grasp.
To give any word reality, is to allow imagination to control one's actions, to control one's being.
Is to allow imagination to adjudicate one's illusory world in so many bittersweet ways.
How much simpler, how much more real and genuine, to just be, to just allow.
To give your self, over to Self, and be the mystery-given awareness,
In which the mystery all Creation every moment streams.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Own Your Essence

Bow to no idol.
Defer to no idolater.
Fathom your own essence.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Sprint to Oblivion

All our industries, all our technologies, all our arts, all our ambitions,
Only frenzy us to generate more and more and more.
And more, more is never enough.
And less, a loser's gait.
All of it, nothing more than,
Another day of racing stoplights,
Another day of chasing clocks and calendars.
Partnering and competing with all our oh-so-many creations.
An absurd, calamitous, often-malevolent, extremely pain-ridden, sprint to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Church of Now

The awareness, the moment, is cathedral enough, religion enough, faith enough, for any true truth-seeker.
No need to hold off, for the relatively few routine occasions, when witnessing the ineffable mystery,
Can be an any-moment rebirth, whenever the inclination arises, in any given mind's existence.
There is no need for any ministry, any assembly, to buttress those able to prevail alone.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Of the Eternal Quest

Do not doubt, there is a point and purpose, to all these reflections.
Do not doubt, all the ironies and paradoxes, all the riddles, all the koans,
Have been set before you, that you will one day reach the destiny that beckons.
The only thing required, is that you – humbly, dutifully, faithfully, earnestly, patiently –
Submit to whatever – long and winding and bizarre and confusing and nonsensical – rabbit hole,
You now meander, so that the allotted dream detaches, from all the imaginary notions, to which it clings.
Nothing is assured, but know that this eternal quest, is one that has called many through the ages.
And it is in the momentary journey – none ever in any way similar – that all fates are cast.
And realize also, that wherever the walkabout ferries you, it will all be for naught.
The treasure will be, but a fistful, of nothing more than irony and paradox.
Truth is but the eternal moment, through which all illusion wafts.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Nothing Matters

All the all's,
All the none's,
All the if's,
All the and's,
All the but's,
All the who's,
All the what's,
All the where's,
All the when's,
All the why's,
All the how's,
All the above's,
Matter not.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Last Storyteller

Who will be the last historian?
Who will have the timeline's unparalleled perspective?
Who will have the last say, on how the human paradigm finally extinguished itself?
And what was left of the garden on this spinning pale blue dot,
In its kaleidoscoping journey to oblivion?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Many Are Called, Few Are Chosen

Many are called, few are chosen.
Not easy for imagination to let go of a mind-body,
It has inhabited, it has usurped, with its veil of illusions and delusions.
All its memories, all its knowledge, all its passions, all its vanities, all its agonies, all its ecstasies.
For as long as it can remember.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Mortal Player

Imagination is always out and about, on the hunt for one morsel or another.
But as magnificent as it imagines itself to be, it is but a vain, mortal player.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Absolute Mystery

When jars break, there are no ripples in the quantum absolute.
The same is true for any form, mortal or otherwise.
All things morph into what they ever are,
In this ineffable mystery.
There is no other in the unchanging.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Of Pharaohs and Cart Pushers

All existence plays out a unique skewing of biological coding,
That was inexplicably etched over four billion years ago.
That nature was nurtured in an inimitable environment, as well.
To expect that all forms can be adaptable to any given circumstance,
Does not match the Darwinian reality life ever faces in any given moment.
Ergo, to think that all human beings are equally suited for the civilized existence,
We now inextricably find ourselves in, in this our modern world, is just not at all feasible.
Most of that four-billion-year human history operated at the hunter-gatherer level,
And the resume required to survive and thrive in so many concrete jungles,
Can only be achieved by only so many mind-body-spirit two-leggeds.
The rest will hunt and gather wherever their carts are allowed.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Wonder! The Wonder!

Wherever You might be, in this one and only ineffable, eternal moment,
In this one and only unborn-undying right-here-right-now, how is it, that You are not
– Engrossed, absorbed, captivated, enthralled, spellbound, immersed, fascinated, riveted, mesmerized –
In the wonder of it all?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The History of the Mystery

The history of the mystery, is everything imaginable, and nothing all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Jaunt Ahead

Whatever time is left in the human paradigm,
Is way more than likely to be quite a jaunt.
Anything is possible, and nothing is sure.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Beyond All Beyonds

The unifying principal is the awareness in everything.
The unifying principal is the indelible moment in everything.
The unifying principal is the unborn-undying mystery in everything.
The unifying principal is the Self, the You, in the entirety.
The unifying principal is the beyond all beyonds.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Letter to Some Editor

Write down all your aggrieved, whiny, petty complaints, in a letter to some editor.
And then, for all the astounding changes that it will bring about,
Be sure to mislay it on the way to the post office.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

La Raison de Tout Cela (The Reason for All This)

When all the words, when all the thoughts, become more than assertions;
When they at last morph into their mark; when they finally achieve;
That to which they have been raison-d'être pointing all along;
When they finally dissolve into the awareness You are;
The illusory you, will be the eternal You-ness,
You are, have always been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The History of the Mystery

The history of the mystery,
Is everything imaginable,
And nothing all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Eternal Moment

The moment creates nothing.
The moment preserves nothing.
The moment destroys nothing.
The moment bestows nothing.
The moment takes nothing.
The moment does nothing.
The moment is nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Naught But Illusion

The momentary awareness, is the harbor of neither space nor time.
Nor does it offer perch to any imaginary notion, nor any form wafting through.
It creates nothing, it preserves nothing, it destroys nothing, it offers nothing, it takes nothing.
Your body, your world, your cosmos, are only as large as you imagine them.
Disregard the senses, still the mind, and all disappear.
The dreamtime is but an illusion.
As are You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Imaginary Witness to the Quantum Matrix

The eyes are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The ears are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The nose is a spaceless-timeless sensor.
The ears are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The tongue is a t spaceless-timeless sensor.
The dermis is a spaceless-timeless sensor.
The brain is a spaceless-timeless processor.
And awareness is witness to the world, the cosmos,
They all together kaleidoscope in eternity's indivisible quantum matrix.
A dreamtime, unique in every sentient being, this ineffable mystery has ever inexplicably created.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Mystery Beyond All Reckoning

What rhyme or reason is needed,
What rhyme or reason is even possible,
When there is a mystery beyond all reckoning,
And minds only capable of grasping a tiny sliver of it.
And idolatry and magical thinking the sagacity of most minds.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Talk, Talk, Talk

You can talk yourself into a lot of things.
You can talk yourself out of a lot of things.
You could stop talking, and do nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Natural Selection of Existence

In this world of natural selection, in which all life rises and falls,
There is no choice but to drive on through every moment,
Until it all becomes more than can be sustained.
Where rock and hard place at last crush,
And the Angel of Death arrives to carry you home.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Narcissists, All

Is there anyone on this pale blue dot – in any space, any time – including me,
Who does not believe they have discovered the truth of it?
What a narcissistic species we are.
What an endless challenge to be truly agnostic.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Source of All Delusion

An ever-fleeting, ever ungraspable, ever-unsustainable dream,
Is all it is, is all it has ever been, is all it will ever be.
Those who believe it more, who play it more,
Whose narcissism and hedonism are insatiable,
Act out every delusion the given mind can imagine.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Teflon Moment

How can karma stick to the moment but through imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Not All Stories are Equal

Yes, the Big Bang Theory is a story, too.
Just positing bit closer to reality, than some out there,
In the gray matter of minds filled with idolatry and magical thinking.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Same Eternity

It has always been the same eternity, through which all dreams have streamed.
Forget the world, forget the universe, forget everything, even your Self.
Quantum body, quantum mind, quantum soul, quantum dream.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Anything

Anything can be changed.
Anything can be disparaged.
Anything can be deprived.
Anything can be denied.
Anything can be rationalized.
Anything can be misused.
Anything can be repudiated.
Anything can be negated.
Anything can be renounced.
Anything can be usurped.
Anything can be ignored.
Anything can be concealed.
Anything can be abused.
Anything can be discarded.
Anything can be spoiled.
Anything can be corrupted.
Anything can be distorted.
Anything can be destroyed.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Neither Here nor There

Eternity is the one and only spaceless-timeless-dimensionless reality.
It requires no name, nor any delusionary fixations born of imaginary notion.
It is the emptiness of awareness, in which all creations come and go, without regard.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

In It, but Not of It

You are in a universe, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream ... but never of it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Un-Examined v. Examined

Which sucks better? The unexamined life, or the examined one?
To spend one's life playing out every sort of distraction?
Or sitting alone in dark corners scribbling absurdity,
Relatively few will ever bother to examine?
It is a question only time will answer.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Given Dimension

All life on Earth-Gaia-Eden,
Is bound by its given sensory scope,
In a dimension of the manifest mortal kind.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Seed Principle

Your dream began as a zygote in your mother's womb,
Unleashed by an orgasmic dice throw of your father's ejaculate.
And each of your parents came into this dreamtime in the same manner –
Through the commingling of seeds of their parentages – as did theirs before them.
As all life has, however this all came to be, in the over four billion orbits round our modest star.
You are the current issue, of all the existence that has evolved, mutated, natural-selected.
Are you the mind-body-spirit, to which you are so, through imagination, attached?
Or the awareness, that permeates all things, in this moment ever-unending?
An ever-present now, unborn-undying, with neither beginning nor end.
A vast quantum mystery, which, despite all apparent differences,
Is the same indivisible, intangible, unfathomable, oneness.
Every seed, but a one-time-only, one-trick-pony show.
It is You that is the reality, not the sensory theater.
It is the You, that the is the sky for all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Pipe Dream of God

The longest view of history – to be nothing more than imaginary confabulation –
Is that all Creation, that all Genesis, came and went in an instant,
And that, for all practical purpose, never happened,
As more than a pipe dream of God.
How would any less a vision even be possible?
Yes, God is great beyond measure, no naming required.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Missing Out

If you expect the all-mighty wampum in exchange,
You may well miss out on your life's greatest passion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

This Very Instant

To be the free-est free, You can ever really be,
You, must see it, must be it, must do it,
This very, very, very instant.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Moderation-Checker

No, stop, there are just some things, You need not do.
Never hurts to keep your moderation-checker at hand.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Proceed With Caution

When you enter any pathway, any sidewalk, any street, any highway, any crossway,
Be sure to look left, be sure to look right – twice or thrice, if there is the time.
The physics of this manifest dream make no allowance for forgiveness.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The You in Eternity, the Eternity in You

Where is flat, where is round?
Where is up, where is down?
Where is all, where is none?
Where is yes, where is no?
Where is truth, where is lie?
Where is this, where is that?
Where is here, where is there?
Where is space, where is time?
Where is black, where is white?
Where is sound, without a mind?
Where is mind, without a sound?
Where are You, without a mind?
Where are You, without eternity?
Where is eternity, without You?

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The You That Imagines Who

Who imagines who?
Who imagines what?
Who imagines where?
Who imagines when?
Who imagines why?
Who imagines how?
Who imagines you?
Who imagines You?

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The World That Is Nigh

Humankind's tool-making aptitude –
From the first sharpened-in-the-fire stick-spear,
Capable of defending the tribe and hunting the mastodon,
To the last nuclear warhead capable of killing millions in an instant –
Has taken the species down a path from which there very little chance of return.
All any of us peons can do, is live out each day as nimbly and pleasantly,
As our little slices of geography, and these modern times, allow.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Always Remember

Always try to remember, that your story,
Is really nothing more than imaginary fabrication.
Nothing more than chemical-electrical-biological interplay.
All the zilch-nada-zip-nil-zero-null-aught-zippo-void of nothingness.
The mystery, the awareness, pretending the ineffable menagerie,
Is more than quantum stardust patterned unto existence.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Believe in Nothing

Do not believe anything the inner voice tells you.
Do not believe anything the inner voice pretends real.
Do not believe anything the inner voice believes true.
It is all nothing more than the chicanery of stardust.
A temporal invention fashioned by imagination.
A touchy-feely, three-dimensional delusion.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Recipe for a Peaceful Existence

If all you truly want out of your moment, is a serene existence,
Just find pleasant spots to sit, eyes open or closed,
Or take long aimless-wandering walks,
Followed by good naps,
And just, breath in, breath out.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Boiling It Down

The human paradigm – from dawn to sunset – all boils down to vanity and greed.
Narcissism and hedonism, channeled through the seven arduous dualities:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth.
Manifested physically, emotionally, mentally, in every way.
Tempered only through moderation of the grit-and-gumption sort.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Becoming You

Become the awareness,
Become the stillness,
Become the moment,
Become the impenetrable,
Become the unconditional,
Become the totality,
Become the inexplicable,
Become the imperceptible,
Become the nonduality,
Become the unborn,
Become the unspeakable,
Become the inconceivable,
Become the timeless,
Become the unknowable,
Become the indivisible,
Become the impartial,
Become the unequivocal,
Become the immaculate,
Become the indivisible,
Become the inexpressible,
Become the imperceptible,
Become the undying,
Become the unfathomable,
Become the solitude,
Become the indefinable,
Become the indelible,
Become the undeniable,
Become the intangible,
Become the everlasting,
Become the ineffable,
Become the mystery,

And you, will be You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Give It Your Best Shot

What else is there to do, but play out the attributes of whatever seed You inhabit,
As best the givens of mind and body and spirit and circumstance,
Of time and geography and tribal persuasion, allow.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Eternity's Magnum Opus

Eternity's kaleidoscope.
Eternity's lights how.
Eternity's rainbow.
Eternity's ecstasy.
Eternity's agony.
Eternity's chaos.
Eternity's grunge.
Eternity's mayhem.
Eternity's starkness.
Eternity's callousness.
Eternity's irrationality.
Eternity's rationality.
Eternity's absurdity.
Eternity's madness.
Eternity's delusion.
Eternity's illusion.
Eternity's clarity.
All of the above.
None of the above.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The Unknowable

Now can never be known.
Stillness can never be known.
Awareness can never be known.
Nothing can never be known.
Truth can never be known.
God can never be known.
You can never be known.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

A Good Space to Hang

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey with imagination.
A bubble of detachment is a good space to hang.
No need to suffer along with the mind-body.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

A Nod is Enough

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The Freedom of the Unborn-Undying

Space and time are such an indelibly surreal dreamtime-showtime.
A conspiracy of the sensory mind-body's kaleidoscoping cosmos.
No story can ever begin to capture or own this ineffable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Born Anew

Imagine your Self born anew.
Without history, knowing nothing.
Hearing the mystery for the first time.
Viewing the mystery for the first time.
Smelling the mystery for the first time.
Feeling the mystery for the first time.
Tasting the mystery for the first time.
Do it now, do it now, do it now.
Again and again and again.
Every single moment,
You possibly can.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The Freedom of the Unborn-Undying

Space and time are such an indelibly surreal dreamtime-showtime.
A conspiracy of the sensory mind-body's kaleidoscoping cosmos.
No story can ever begin to imprison or own this ineffable mystery.
This touchy-feely, three-dimensional play house, witnessed by You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The Difference Between

The difference ...

Between black and white,
Between day and night,
Between good and evil,
Between large and small,
Between life and death,
Between bitter and sweet,
Between sound and silence,
Between left and right,
Between kind and cruel,
Between full and empty,
Between hot and cold,
Between order and chaos,
Between love and hate,
Between right and wrong,
Between this and that,
Between near and far,
Between right and wrong,
Between in and out,
Between real and unreal,
Between fact and fiction,
Between thick and thin,
Between peace and war,
Between win and lose,
Between many and few,
Between tall and short,
Between narrow and wide,
Between loose and tight,
Between true and false,
Between yes and no,
Between truth and lie,
Between have and have not,
Between new and old,
Between pleasure and pain,
Between us and them,
Between awake and asleep,
Between sage and fool,
Between creator and creation,
Between you and You,

... is you.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Un-Imagination

Un-imagine your perceptions.
Un-imagine your existence.
Un-imagine your persona.
Un-imagine your mind.
Un-imagine your body.
Un-imagine your name.
Un-imagine your gender.
Un-imagine your family.
Un-imagine your friends.
Un-imagine your romances.
Un-imagine your adversaries.
Un-imagine your knowledge.
Un-imagine your experience.
Un-imagine your sexuality.
Un-imagine your curiosity.
Un-imagine your eyes.
Un-imagine your ears.
Un-imagine your nose.
Un-imagine your tongue.
Un-imagine your sensations.
Un-imagine your stories.
Un-imagine your beliefs.
Un-imagine your values.
Un-imagine your dreams.
Un-imagine your hopes.
Un-imagine your desires.
Un-imagine your passions.
Un-imagine your affiliations.
Un-imagine your skills.
Un-imagine your successes.
Un-imagine your failures.
Un-imagine your interests.
Un-imagine your possessions.
Un-imagine your religion.
Un-imagine your politics.
Un-imagine your treasures.
Un-imagine your you.
Un-imagine your Self.
Un-imagine your moment.
Un-imagine your awareness.
Un-imagine your imagination.
Un-imagine your everything.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Inward Freedom

You can only be as inwardly free, as genuinely free, as You timelessly decide to be.
To tranquilly witness, without emotional attachment, is the key.

There are no ifs, no ands, no buts, about it.
This right here, this right now, do it, be it, own it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Illusions, All

Who-what-where-when-why-how is You?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mystery?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is now?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is here?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is space?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is totality?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is time?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is existence?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is birth?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is death?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is awareness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is consciousness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is intelligence?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is imagination?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is identity?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is form?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is bondage?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is doubt?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is knowledge?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is enlightenment?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is emancipation?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is liberation?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is wisdom?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mindfulness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is eternity?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is reality?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is truth?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is That I Am?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mystery?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is You?

Illusions, all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Where-ing Some Prepositions

Where is aboard?
Where is about?
Where is above?
Where is across?
Where is after?
Where is against?
Where is along?
Where is aloft?
Where is alongside?
Where is amid?
Where is apropos?
Where is around?
Where is at?
Where is around?
Where is before?
Where is behind?
Where is below?
Where is beneath?
Where is beside?
Where is between?
Where is beyond?
Where is by?
Where is down?
Where is from?
Where is in?
Where is inside?
Where is like?
Where is near?
Where is off?
Where is on?
Where is outside?
Where is over?
Where is past?
Where is since?
Where is through?
Where is throughout?
Where is to?
Where is under?
Where is underneath?
Where is up?
Where is within?
Where is without?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Beyond All Pales Rabbit Hole

What was this pale blue dot like before electricity and oil,
Propelled so many human creations into an ever-accelerating exponential?
Before agriculture and industry and technology blew this dust ball down an endless rabbit hole,
From which we, and all our fellow earthlings, will only exit,
In ravaged, scarred, twisted, maligned form.
If we manage to survive at all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The Absurdity of Assertions

"It has to be something more," is an unprovable assertion.
To even declare "I Am" is an extremely questionable assertion.
And freedom, what is that, really, to the unborn-undying?

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The Primal Fear

You certainly do cling to your primal fear.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Freedom of Death

How free do you really determined to be?
Only the dead are truly free.
Die now.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

No Point, No Purpose

Imagination imagines every variety of point and purpose.
The sentience, the awareness, the moment, is the point and purpose.
No validation, no confirmation, no benediction, is required.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Reflections of an Eternal Journey

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Naught But You

There is no existence in sentience.
There are no questions in sentience.
There are no problems in sentience.
There are no answers in sentience.
There are no deities in sentience.
There are no dogmas in sentience.
There is no identity in sentience.
There is no space in sentience.
There is no time in sentience.
There is no creation in sentience.
There is no preservation in sentience.
There is no destruction in sentience.
There is no imagination in sentience.
There is no anything in sentience.
There is naught but You in sentience.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

The Living Dead

The living who are dead, count themselves few.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Cosmos You Imagine

The world, the cosmos, the dreamtime,
You see, You hear, You taste, You smell, You feel,
Is but an ever-expanding frame of reference, You alone imagine.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Stardust Come Unto Existence

Stardust somehow morphed into existence,
And it could never more than speculate, how it all came to be.
But rather than be happy ... rather than be content ... at peace in agnostic grace ...
... it argued ... it struggled ... it battled ... over everything imaginable ...
... in the forever more ... that never ever enough ... ever is ...
... in monkey minds evolved of Darwinian fare ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

So Many Differences

So many differences.
So many distractions.
So many people.
So many things.
So many books.
So many movies.
So many screens.
So many tribes.
So many languages.
So many words.
So many numbers.
So many definitions.
So many opinions.
So many religions.
So many politicians.
So many tourists.
So many stages.
So many colors.
So many shapes.
So many sizes.
So many tools.
So many gadgets.
So many sights.
So many sounds.
So many tastes.
So many smells.
So many textures.
So many dreams.
So many everything.
Staying focused, a challenge for all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Closed Mind v. Open Mind

The mind is like a hand.
It can be closed into a fist, ready to strike.
It can be open, ready to hold, ready to receive, ready to give.
The mind that is obtuse, misses opportunities, that only an astute one can grasp.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Turtles Up, Turtles Down

This pale blue dot, but a tiny speck,
In the dust storm, wafting in a back porch sun room,
In a small cottage, on another tiny, spinning speck, in its own universe.
And that universe, but a tiny speck, in yet another universe.
And on
Turtles up, and turtles down.
Bam!

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Irrelevance of Tradition

Death makes all history absurdly irrelevant.
All tradition is the delusion of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Bubble of Detachment

A bubble of detachment is a good space to hang.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Eternity, a Single Moment

Between before and after, between then and when, between twixt and tween,
What can there be, but the timeless awareness, the single moment, all eternity is.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The ‘It Matters Not’ of It All

Just playing out the part that was set in motion since the eternity ago genesis of this manifest illusion.
All the who’s, all the what’s, all the where’s, all the when’s, all the why’s, all the how’s, matter not.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Just You

Just You ... very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone.
Witnessing Your version of a universe, that has never existed as more than a dreamtime pipedream.
Poof! and Bam! and Snap Your Fingers! ... All rolled up in One.

Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond

Imagining the Unknowable

No matter how much you imagine you know, the unknowable can never be known.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Wafting Eternal

Truth is but the eternal moment, through which all illusion wafts.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Surviving a Beyond-All-Pales Paradigm

How long can a species expect to survive, how long can a species hope to survive,
When it seems to believe, when it behaves as if, it is not at all connected to its original nature,
Is an ongoing question, an ongoing experiment, an ongoing saga, an ongoing beyond-all-pales absurdity,
Through which the human paradigm is barreling, and only the barest sigh of brakes squealing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Gifts and Horrors of Imagination

What can a child or imbecile know of history or physics or music or art or war or deprivation?
Not all can know the many gifts and horrors that imagination has wrought,
As it steadfastly works its way toward extinction.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Are You Ready?

The next breath could be your last; are you ready?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

This Very Breath

Where else is there to be content, but this very moment.
This very right here, this very right now, this very breath.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Regarding Questions Without Answer

For detachment to be woven into every breath, into every step, requires a quiet mind.
A mind that is not caught up in the tempest of the mundane, illusory world.
Not an easy thing to wander aloof, to be in the world but not of it.
Especially once one has morphed onto long and winding road less travelled.
Especially once one, armed only with doubt, has taken on questions that have no answer.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Embrace It All

Embrace dreamtime.
Embrace narcissism.
Embrace hedonism.
Embrace genius.
Embrace idiocy.
Embrace futility.
Embrace winners.
Embrace losers.
Embrace power.
Embrace fame.
Embrace fortune.
Embrace rationality.
Embrace absurdity.
Embrace joy.
Embrace pain.
Embrace envy.
Embrace passion.
Embrace love.
Embrace hate.
Embrace jealousy.
Embrace tolerance.
Embrace intolerance.
Embrace sorrow.
Embrace good.
Embrace evil.
Embrace greed.
Embrace charity.
Embrace dullness.
Embrace liveliness.
Embrace tedium.
Embrace harmony.
Embrace discord.
Embrace life.
Embrace death.
Embrace creation.
Embrace preservation.
Embrace destruction.
Embrace awareness.
Embrace oblivion.
Embrace everything.
Embrace nothing.
You are all of it.
You are none of it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Reverse-Engineering the Nature-Nurture

Unplugging from one's nature-nurture, from the encoding You play out, is impossible.
Stepping back a bit to get an expansive stance, is about all anyone can manage,
Unless they are truly geared to kick the bucket, figuratively or literally.
Be content that you have woken in whatever manner you have.
Stressing to become what You already are, and are not,
Is a tad ironical, is a bit paradoxical, is it not?
Simply being the timeless moment,
While You hash it all out,
Is surely enough.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Imaginary Construct

Would You exist, without imagination, imagining it so?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Twinkle in God's Eye

What will this pale blue dot be like after you are dead and dust?
More than very probable, pretty much exactly the same.
Except for the very few who actually miss you.
And then, someday, they will poof out, too.
But for imagination, it is all exceedingly anonymous.
What is any dreamtime, but a momentary twinkle in God's eye.
So, the quest of existence, for those bent to inquiry, is to become God's eye.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Mindfulness of Happiness

Happiness (a.k.a., the avoidance of sadness and misery and grief and despair), is an endorphin puzzler.
Whether or not, mind-body chemistry can be consciously manipulated, is a life-skill matter.
A moment-to-moment discipline, basically dependent upon attention to attitude.
Which, at times, may compel an indecent iota of self-deception.
The mastering of detachment is paramount.
Mindful breathing is a mainstay element, as well.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Nine Yogic Breathing Practices for Mind-Body Balance and Healing

Himalayan Yoga Institute

Breathing is the very essence of life and the first thing we do when we enter this world and the last thing when we depart. In between, our bodies absorb roughly half a billion breaths.

Apart from sustaining life, the mind, body and breath are so intimately connected that they deeply influence each other. The way we breathe is influenced by our state of mind, and in turn our thoughts and physiology can be influenced by our breathing. Deep breathing practices advocated in advanced yoga training can have a positive impact on our physiology, both body and mind.

For thousands of years, Yoga and Ayurveda have employed breathing techniques (pranayama) to maintain, balance and restore physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual health. It results in several physiological benefits, achieved through the control of respiration.

The benefits of a regulated practice of simple, deep yogic breathing include:

Muscle Relaxation

Increase in energy levels

Reduced anxiety, depression and stress

Lower/stabilized blood pressure

Regulating your Breath – The Yoga Way

The most simple breathing exercise for calming both the nervous system and the overworked mind is a timed way of breathing where the exhalation is longer than the inhalation. This reduces the tone of your sympathetic nervous system (fight or flight response) while activating your parasympathetic nervous system (the rest, relax, and digest response). Breathing in this way for at least five minutes will bring about a difference in your overall mood. Anyone can do this exercise without having to consult a teacher.

Pranayama Techniques

In addition to the practice of simple deep breathing, ancient yogis have detailed different types of rhythmic deep breathing techniques that can have differing effects on the mind and body. Each of these breathing techniques has specific effects on the mind-body continuum.

Please keep in mind that you should learn the following breathing techniques from a qualified teacher who will also be able to guide you when to practice, how many times and over what period of time. In the Hatha Yoga Pradipika, one of the oldest texts on Hatha yoga, it is said that: “All diseases are eradicated by the proper practice of pranayama. All diseases can arise through improper practice. The lungs heart and nerves are normally strong and gain strength with regulated and suitable pranayama, but weakened with improper practice. By wrong and excessive practice one’s mental quirks and even nervous tics could become exaggerated. Every practice should be treated with respect and caution. Hence guidance is to be sought.

The Yoga Chudamani Upanishad states: “Just as the lion, elephant and tiger are brought under control slowly and steadily, similarly the PRANA should be controlled, otherwise it becomes destructive to the practitioner.

Nadi Shodhana or Alternate Nostril Breathing

A yogic practice that immediately helps you to feel calmer whenever you are feeling anxious or agitated.

Inhale deeply through your left nostril while holding your right nostril closed with your right thumb. At its culmination, switch nostrils by closing off your left nostril and continuing to exhale smoothly through your right nostril. After exhaling fully, proceed to inhale through the right nostril, again closing it off at the peak of your inhalation. Lift your finger off the left nostril and exhale fully. Continue alternating your breathing through each nostril and practice for 3 to 5 minutes. Ensure that your breathing is effortless, and your mind gently focusing on the inflow and outflow of breath. The above description is a beginner’s version of alternate nostril breathing. More advanced versions include regulated breathing on a certain count for inhalation and exhalation as well as breath retention. The Rajadhiraja system of pranayama is a highly advanced practice, which combines alternate nostril breathing with focus on a certain chakra while repeating a mantra. It is only taught individually, hence for those interested to learn more please email us.

Ujjayi or Ocean’s Breath

A cooling pranayama that can help soothe and settle your mind when you feel irritated, frustrated or angry.

Inhale slightly deeper than normal. Exhale through your nose with your mouth closed and constricting your throat muscles. If done correctly, this should sound like waves on the ocean. You can also try this practice by exhaling with your mouth open and making the sound “haaaaah”. Try to make a similar sound with your mouth closed, with the outflow of air through your nasal passages. With some practice, you should then use the same method while inhaling, gently constricting your throat as you inhale. Even though Ujjayi can be practiced once in a while as described above, daily Ujjayi must be prescribed by a teacher, and is given when the Sushumna nadi is sufficiently cleared, hence the need to practice under the guidance of a teacher. It is calming, but has a heating effect, stimulating the process of oxidation. It is contraindicated for low blood pressure.

The Pranayama techniques of deep breathing listed above are geared to improving the levels of energy in the body. Through regular practice, you will soon start to breathe more effectively without making any conscious effort.

Shiitali Kumbhaka or the cooling breath

Fold your tongue lengthwise and inhale deeply through the fold. Close your mouth, hold the breath on a count of eight and then exhale through the nose. Continue for a eight breaths, sustain for a maximum of eight minutes. Thereafter you massage the diseased are of the body (as prescribed in yoga therapy). Benefits of this method include reduced pitta (heat) in the regions of head, neck, and upper digestive tract. It is contraindicated in case of asthma, bronchitis and chronic constipation.

Siitkari Kumbhaka or the hissing breath

This practice has the same basic effects as the shiitali method. Inhale through the nose, hold your breath for eight seconds and exhale through the mouth, while resting your teeth on your tongue and producing the sound s-s-s with your tongue. In addition to reduced pitta, benefits include purification of the senses. The contraindications are the same as for shiitali.

The practice of Shiitali and Siitkari are to be avoided for a period of one hour before and after the practice of pranayama connected with one's meditation. In general it is best to only practice one pranayama technique at a time.

Brahmari or the humming breath

The inhalation is similar to the ujjayi (detailed above) and during exhalation one has to hum like a bee. The humming results in a resonating vibration in the head and heart. Proceed to take ten deep breaths in this manner and then another ten deep Brahmari breaths while closing both ears during the exhale process. This helps to notably enhance the resonance effect and resultant benefits. This method helps in balancing vata (circulation or flow) in addition to subtly enhancing awareness, both mental and emotional. Additionally, it may be practiced together with yoni mudra (as taught by a teacher). Never practice this method while lying on your back. It has to be practiced while sitting in upright position.

Bhastrika or the bellows breath

A word of caution: This exercise must only be performed under supervision. Close the right nostril and inhale twenty rapid bellows-like breaths through the left nostril. Repeat with twenty more bellows breaths through the right nostril while keeping the left nostril closed. Proceed to take twenty bellows breaths through both nostrils. This method helps draw prana (the life force) into the body and mind, thus clearing out mental, emotional and physical blocks.

Surya Bhedana or the solar breath

Similar to the Nadi Shodhana, inhale through the right nostril and exhale through the left. Repeat this for a minimum of six breaths and a maximum of ten minutes. Benefits include heating and warming breaths that help balance vata in the body. It is contraindicated in case of heart disease, hypertension, epilepsy, hyperthyroidism, peptic ulcer and acidity.

Chandra Bhedana or the lunar breath

Inhale through the left nostril and exhale through the right for a minimum of six breaths and sustain for a maximum of ten minutes. This cooling breath process helps reduce pitta. It should not be practiced by people who suffer from depression, who have mental disturbances, excess mucus and a sluggish digestion.

Active Yogic Breathing

Practice long, slow and deep breaths in and out through the nose as you walk at a moderate pace. Try to extend your inhalations and exhalations as you walk. Keep the count of steps during each full inhale and

exhale. Aim to take ten steps or more for each inhale and exhale. This method works to combine the calming effect of breathing with an active lifestyle.

The process of thinking and emotions are both voluntary and involuntary as is the act of respiration. Pranayama (control of the vital life force) can be achieved through the control of the respiration process. Advanced yogic breathing practices bring benefits to the various systems of the body, by improving circulation and thus enhancing the performance of the various organs.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Earth Translated

Earth
Terre
地球
Tero
Lupa
Erde
Γη
Honua
כּוֹרֵר הָאָרֶץ
Lub ntiaj teb
Jörð
Bumi
Domhan
Wurl
地球
Žemė
Земјара
Papa whenua
ကမ္ဘာမြေ
पृथ्वी
زمین
Ziemia
पृथ्वी
Talamh
Земља
Tierra
Toprak
Daear
Dunia
Yer
Umhlaba

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Koyaanisqatsi ... Powaqqatsi ... Naqoyqatsi

This whirling, pale blue dot, at war – creating, preserving, destroying – every indivisible moment.

A wondrous, magical garden, so bountiful, and yet, so much discontent, so little wisdom.

Eternity, so easily bypassed, by the many, who neither see nor hear nor question.

Instead, they choose ... life out of balance ... parasitic way of life ... life in transition ...
... civilized violence ... a life of killing each other ... crazy life ... life in turmoil ... life disintegrating ...

A state of life that calls for another way of living.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Same Old Paradigm

Yet another beguiling story of deities and demons, oh joy, oh yawn.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Third Dot

Mother Earth
Garden of Eden
Pale blue dot
Planet of the Apes
Spinning orb
Biosphere
Blue marble
Terra firma
Planet Earth
Whirling globe
Dust ball
Third planet
Twirling sphere
Home world
Gaia

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Regarding Eternity

Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Corner of Our Own Making

Is it really any wonder that we have painted ourselves into a corner of our own making?
The deities on high, and the aliens wandering in our midst, must surely be shaking their heads,
As they place their bets in the Bellagio of the Fates, on how the dystopian calamity will all go down.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Upstream Swim

The eternal mystery is only as obvious as any given mind can upstream swim.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

All We Really Are

All we really are is living substance.
Quantum blobs of crunchy-chewy-gooey protoplasm.
Equipped with mask, hands and feet, hair and nails, lungs and larynx.
A cosmos built by eyes and ears and skin and nose and mouth.
And a brain, programmed, hardwired for imagination.
Impromptu Shakespearian theater dreamtime.
Illusional-delusional from the get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You Are Your Own Law

What law but his own can bind the explorer of consciousness?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Point of Meditation

Meditation is simply observing the mind so astutely,
That You clearly see nothing is there but imaginary notion.
That You are utterly alone, witnessing the eternal mystery, You are.
Indivisible, immeasurable, unfathomable, unborn, undying, ineffable, absolute.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Oh So, So True

Love is a word, a sound, an articulation, a metaphor, a vibration, an electrochemical reaction,
That whooshes through the ductless glands and viscera of the given mind-body,
In such a way, as to make true believers, truly believe, the promise,
The potential, the delusion, the tall tale, oh so, so true.
Alas, that it is truly nothing more than naturally-selected endorphins,
That aided and abetted the propagation, the survival, the domestication, of the species.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Duality v. Nonduality

In a dualistic cosmos, there is good and evil.
There every continuum between any given this and that.
In a nondualistic, sensible, reasoned, rational, scientific dreamtime,
There are merely explicable nature-nurture outcomes.
Magical thinking or objective inquiry?
As always, You decide.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Irony! The Irony!

We would laugh loud at rats in suits and pigs in lipstick and goats in dresses.
But we do, indeed, take our own narcissisms, our own hedonisms,
Our own ironies, our own paradoxes, oh so seriously.
So much of everything; so little wisdom.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Imagine

Imagine, a space, a time, where there is not even one graven image to imagination's immortal delusions.
Where simple, austere, earnest, placid, mindful folk, wander about their business, quietly content.
How is it that our kind has so squandered its way down the rabbit hole of consciousness?
How is it we have embraced the narcissisms and the hedonism, to such a degree,
As to be on the verge of extinction, in this immaculate, magical garden?
How is it, that more – power, fame, fortune – is never enough?
How is it, so few are serenely, quietly abiding, in the eternal moment?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Imaginary Guise of Awareness

Awareness has no persona, but what the wind of imagination whooshes through it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Regarding the Eternal You

... How have You never been? ... How will You never be? ...
... Who have You never been? ... Who will You never be? ...
... What have You never been? ... What will You never be? ...
... When have You never been? ... When will You never be? ...
... Where have You never been? ... Where will You never be? ...
... Why have You never been? ... Why will You never be? ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Sisyphean Reckoning

Every mind, its own Sisyphean reckoning.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Inattentive Mind

If You are inattentive to your breathing,
Bet that imagination has You in its clutches once again.
Probably for the umpteenth moment that day,
And more than likely this one, too.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Grand Illusion

With or without any given mind's attention,
The moment is ever the same nowness, ever the same stillness.
All sensory inputs – vision, sound, taste, smell, touch – that imply space and time,
Are the illusion of a dreamtime born of an ineffable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Every Awakening

Every awakening is its own mind.
Every awakening is its own dream.
Every awakening is its own story.
Every awakening is its own time.
Every awakening is its own space.
Every awakening is its own pattern.
Every awakening is its own frame.
Every awakening is its own stage.
Every awakening is its own tempo.
Every awakening is its own blend.
Every awakening is its own values.
Every awakening is its own fluency.
Every awakening is its own dark.
Every awakening is its own gray.
Every awakening is its own light.
Every awakening is its own display.
Every awakening is its own muddle.
Every awakening is its own mania.
Every awakening is its own agony.
Every awakening is its own ecstasy.
Every awakening is its own clarity.
Every awakening is its own logic.
Every awakening is its own merit.
Every awakening is its own lucidity.
Every awakening is its own menagerie.
Every awakening is its own beginning.
Every awakening is its own process.
Every awakening is its own end.

No two alike.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

If There Truly Was Free Will

If there truly was free will,
You could wake up an old Chinese woman,
Speaking Mandarin, smoking cigarettes out in the rice fields.
And real as this dreamtime seems, we well know the odds of that are nil to none.
Unless you are that old Chinese woman, speaking Mandarin,
Smoking cigarettes out in the rice fields.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Same Eternal Moment

What we call time, with all our sundials and clocks and calendars and whatever else,
Is merely the measurement of our little dust ball's kaleidoscoping orbit,
Around a kaleidoscoping sphere of fire and brimstone,
All tramping through the same moment,
That eternity is, has always been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Dust of Stars

And we, the dust of stars,
Come unto existence,
Come unto sentience,
Come unto awareness,
Come unto consciousness,
Come unto imagination,
Come unto alertness,
Come unto cognizance,
Come unto vision,
Come unto judgment,
Come unto shrewdness,
Come unto resourcefulness,
Come unto sensitivity,
Come unto empathy,
Come unto mobility,
Come unto creativity,
Come unto inspiration,
Come unto perception,
Come unto ingenuity,
Come unto knowledge,
Come unto lightness,
Come unto darkness,
Come unto wakefulness,
Come unto discernment,
Come unto understanding,
Come unto realization,
Come unto mindfulness.

We, the dust of stars,
Are witness to the mystery of it,
For as long as this théâtre absurde deigns it so.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Tyranny of Imagination

Through evolution, humankind gradually relinquished its sovereign sentience to imagination. All belief systems are one imaginary concoction or another, none in any way-shape-form real. What point being engaged, being governed, being waylaid, by whims fueled by such foolery? All the vanities – power, renown, fortune – are but instincts given over to the falseness of self. Through ceaseless narcissism and hedonism, we exiled our kind from nature, from the garden. There is no return to the natural order, but through the exorcism of the invasive fallaciousness. It is an undertaking for which only the rarest of the rare are suited, ergo the sprint to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Observer and the Observed

The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

All That Is, All That Is Not

All that is, all that is not, That is God.
Anything less is the idolatry of narcissism.
It has no face, it has no name. it has no creed.
It has no need for any inventions of consciousness.
All forms, all dreams, are but temporal drops,
In the ocean of its interminable infinity.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

After The Great Fall

Some will perhaps survive after The Great Fall,
But their world will be in the dystopian wreckage,
Erected by imagination's woefully voracious theatrics.
And there is no one to impugn, to condemn, but ourselves.
All the deities we have imagined, played no part, whatsoever.
And yet all the true believers will continue to pray for forgiveness,
To whatever deities our flawed time has bequeathed them,
And likely many more, they on their own conjure.
The algorithm will not allow otherwise.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

From Full to Empty

For consciousness to let go of the world, the universe it has created,
Requires a detachment born of insight towards which few minds have inclination.
The craving for more, the greediness for more, must have quenched itself upon its own weariness.
So saturated that it seeks naught but that emptiness, that silence, that oblivion,
From which its ineffable, indelible mystery is sustained.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No Exit

Natural selection has taken our kind,
Down a rockier and rockier blind alley,
From which the only upshot is extinction.
We might make effort to change tack,
But that would deprive us our fun.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What Five Senses Create

Only the eyes give You sights.
Only the ears give You sounds.
Only the nose gives You smells.
Only the tongue gives You tastes.
Only the flesh gives You sensations.
Only the mind-body gives You a cosmos.
Take away one or more, that cosmos diminishes.
Add one or more, and what would that universe become?
What perceptions this mystery capable of rendering,
Is left to the limits of imagination's imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Hunter-Seeker

What is any seeker but the hunter of countless mysteries unknown and unknowable.
The most elemental-fundamental-essential common denominator is the primordial spirit.
Wisdom is distillation of experience; sympathy and empathy, among its chief fermenting agents.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Alternating Voices

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the 'Me' and 'My Self' and 'I' rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary 'me-and-myself-and-I' wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Weight of the Moment

The moment has no weight but what the imaginary mind carries through it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Prior to All Claims

Your cosmos will expand as far as you, or You,
Are able to see and hear and taste and touch and feel and think,
Until death beckons, and all adjourn into the oblivion prior to all cosmic claims.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Something for Everyone

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind's penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
"The dark side ain't dark to me," is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Limits of All Storylines

God is far too omnipresent, too omniscient, too omnipotent, to be subjugated by any mindset's storyline.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Great Quantum

Quantum mystery.
Quantum eternity.
Quantum matrix.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum dream.
Quantum hologram.
Quantum dance.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum dust.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknowable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum duplicity.
Quantum reverie.
Quantum kaleidoscope.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum immutable.
Quantum immeasurable.
Quantum esoteric.
Quantum immensity.
Quantum unchanging.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum majesty.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum theater.
Quantum awakening.
Quantum ageless.
Quantum formless.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum witness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum undying.
Quantum omnipresent.
Quantum omniscient.
Quantum omnipotent.
Quantum everything.
Quantum nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Improvise, Adapt, Overcome

How you and your tribal cohort may have done something before,
Does not one smidgeon of an iota matter, if the sought option no longer exists.
U.S. Marines have a mantra for such obstructed moments: improvise, adapt, and overcome.
Gumption and grit are fundamental determinants of any given destiny.
Their conscious cultivation is paramount.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

History's Black Hole

Someday, when the internet and all the technology crashes and burns,
As it must inevitably, for any of many unrhymed reasons,
Its epoch of history will be a black hole.
If anybody cares to even bother about it by then.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Dubious Concept

Free will is an extremely dubious concept.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Yet Again

Every breath, an opportunity to awaken.
To be reborn, to reincarnate,
Yet again.
Whatever the facade.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Not Even One Iota

What the senses, a dollop of gravity, and a little light, hath created.
Guaranteed, your cosmos does not care one iota what You think or do.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Conditioned Mind

You have been taught by your given culture, by your given educational system,
To ponder on the world, to ponder on the universe, to ponder on anything, everything.
And it is hard to surrender, the always curious, always inquiring, always problem-solving mind.
Learning to sit, learning to walk, to work, to play, to endure, with a calm mind, is a practice, a discipline,
For which schooled, coached, drilled, trained, habituated, disciplined, conditioned minds,
Are not, without great resolve, great grit, great gumption, easily suited.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Who is Free?

Only the spaceless-timeless, unborn-undying, unfathomable-ineffable, are free.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Trick

The trick is to not become a target; to avoid dark places,
And look any and all directions before entering any pathway.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Futile Quip

A derogatory word or quip means nothing to the truth.
A derogatory word or quip does nothing to transform the truth.
A derogatory word or quip does little more than sow vanity and division.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No Happy Ending

Eight billion two-leggeds, seven of them in the last two hundred-ish years.
What electricity and oil and a beyond-all-pales predilection for tool-making hath wrought.
A world totally flummoxed, by all the vanity and greed, and interminable absurdity.
There is no happy ending to this self-absorbed, planet-of-the-apes narration.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Vast Indifference

Humankind is just a blip in world history, in cosmic history.
So many issues are icebergs in the vast indifference through which we course.
Climate change, extinction, pollution, resource depletion, over-population, economic collapse.
Plus the possibility of a nuclear exchange, and resulting technological collapse,
Could well make this absurdity asylum seem very large again,
Far sooner than most would ever choose.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Where, Exactly?

Where, exactly, is this ... "Me" ... "Myself" ... "I" ...
That you have so intently, absorbedly, diligently, thoroughly, meticulously, painstakingly,
Spent your entire crunchy-chewy-goey existence imagining?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Dead-End Road

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Don't Let It Wear You Down

Best to watch your present times with as much detachment as can be mustered.
There are not too many windows in history that are not packed with absurdity and bullshit.
Democracy has been an interesting experiment, but it, like everything else,
Is doomed to drift, to fade, into obscurity, sooner or later.
You do not have to let it wear you down.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Exceedingly Very Much Alone

Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Wagging Finger

Is ethics, and all the righteousness and morality, that has ever been bandied across the world
– All the lists of virtues and vices and rights and wrongs, and judgments of every sort of imagined deity –
Really anything more, than what all the lesser apes milling about in windswept forums,
Have over and over come up with, to make themselves feel better,
About having little or no say who rules the jungle,
Who gets the biggest pile of gold.
 Might makes right,
 And weakness wags its finger.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Such a Harsh Species

How calloused and self-serving, those who come along well after,
And demean or alter or trample, the handiworks of others,
Who gave full measure to their inspired creation.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Ever the Same Moment

It is ever the same moment; You just move through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just imagine through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just exist through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just participate through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just dream through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omniscient through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just perceive through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just passion through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just visualize through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just ponder through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just engage through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omnipresent through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just unborn through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just undying through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omnipotent through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just create through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just preserve through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just destroy through it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Random Collection of Soundbites

What – about the unborn-undying, spaceless, timeless, indelible, ineffable abyss – can ever be known?
You, all alone – in a cosmos, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream – but never of it.
Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
How can it all go on and on and on, but through the illusions-delusions-absurdities, of vanity and avarice?
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary quantum matrix.
To see it, to be it, to the unborn-undying of the essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.
The quantum matrix is an ineffable mystery to its common denominator, the one and only nothing.
No matter how you label, how you quantify, how you interpret the stardust, it is always the same illusion.
Everyone has a cadence, a drumbeat, a heartbeat, to which they diligently march out their destinies.
All differences attain the same grave, all stories are but imaginary tales, be and allow is the highest law.
There is no end, to the myriad ways and means consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.
Hero or villain or nonentity, everyone has a story, in this quantum stardust dreamtime of consciousness.
How many truth-seekers are there, really, who will not settle for one lie or another along their journey?
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal You, is free and clear of any-and-all trespass.
When the edifice of the illusionary-delusional mind-body collapses, the You, You are, is all that remains.
Streaming on and on; eternally connected in that ever-and-ever-forever kind of indivisible way.
The world, the universe, and all that it has set into motion, only exists, because You imagine it so.
It all being indelibly, ineffably indivisible, how can there be more than one moment for all eternity?
All personal deities are nothing more than projections that exist only in the neuron trails of imagination.
You came, You saw, You listened, You tasted, You smelled, You touched, You pondered, You departed.
The infinity of momentary awareness, peering out in every way, into that which is both part and whole.
The human paradigm, the human story, from beginning to end, is all just the poof of imagination.
It is all awareness, in which neither space nor time can achieve more than ephemeral appearance.
You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Wisdom is distillation of experience; sympathy and empathy, among its chief fermenting agents.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.
Imagination is the Great Jester; always waiting in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.
The embers of memory are always ready and waiting, to be fired up in the furnace of imagination.
Is it real hunger, or just the insatiable quantum mind, choosing between different sensations?
Imagination is always out and about, on the march, on the hunt, questing one thing or another.
As magnificent as it imagines itself to be, imagination is but a mortal player, destined for obscurity.
Why seek forgiveness from any imaginary other, when forgiving your Self is more than enough.
The mind evolved as a problem-solver, and when, without problems, endlessly concocts its own.
His story, her story, its story, my story, your story, their story, our story, the story, a story, all stories.
It is less about what you are doing, than the state, the quality of awareness, in which it is happening.
The moment is absolutely unseeable, unhearable, untastable, unsmellable, untouchable, unanythingable.
Mother Earth, Gaia, is just another spinning particle of dust, in the eternal vastness of your imagination.
Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same, all the same.
A quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness really nothing more than distracting noise.
Imagination concocts every sort of absurdity; none of which have any reality in the moment, whatsoever.
You are but a drop of indivisible awareness, in the immeasurable ocean, of this ineffable mystery.
All the knowledge humankind has ever imagined, is but an infinitesimally tiny speck of the unknown.
There is no groupthink, there is no dogma, there is no priesthood, there is only momentary awareness.
What is any seeker, any quester, but the hunter of countless mysteries unknown and unknowable.
Pretty darned tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

What is imagined, can be unimagined; the ever-present moment has a way of forgetting everything. Scientific Method is the most rational, precise way, to examine this mystery, but it is far from infallible. Cease trying to hold onto everything, cling to everything, recall everything, and, voila, here-now You are. Religion is all about imagination's interminable delusion, that it is something more, than it can ever be. The quantum mind is a doorway, an entrée to eternity, but you must surrender to your Self to wallow in it. Do you enter the abyss, or merely realize it is the presence You are, have always been, will ever be. It all being a phantasmic quantum illusion, your entire existence has been spent talking to your Self. Yet another moment of extemporaneous Shakespearian théâtre absurde, playing out across all creation. So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point? Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos. Creators generally move on to the next creation well before any applause for the last handiwork. That God knows who-what-where-when-why-how all this is happening, is an unprovable assumption. Any paradigm founded and funded by imagination, only has the reality imagination bequeaths it. The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously simple ... It is all one ... 'Nuff said. Are you really anything more than an in and out of an ocean of air in the kaleidoscoping moment? How can you ever be late, or in the wrong place, when here now, is the only time and place there is to be. No matter – how big, how mighty, how prosperous, how renowned – they get, all religions are cults. If you cannot control your willy-nilly imaginary mind, at least do the favor of not inflicting it on others. Regarding counting moments, hard to tag a thing that cannot be seen or heard, and does not shuffle about. The God, so many in imagination project, is really formed and adorned, with their own narcissistic vanity. Odds are, even that which we call God, by oh-so-many names, does not know how it all came to be. How seriously we take our imaginary selves, and our relatively brief, narcissistic-hedonistic dreamtimes. Sacks of genetic material – permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked – in imagination's matrix. The agony of it all creates so many wounds, so many scars, so many tears; why do we do it to ourselves? The ego mind is but a veil, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers; detached, immortal. Ultimate truth cannot be usurped by the – brittle swords, false shields, broken chariots – of ignorance. Unmasking your delusions, is a process not unakin to that of a chick, pecking its way out of its prison. What combination of any words of wisdom, in what moment, will unlock and unleash your cosmic Self? How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one you have ever read. The blade of discernment has a razor's edge, that only the very wise, have the wit with which to whittle. Whether it is called good or evil, there are many reasons, why the road less traveled, is less traveled. Those who speak do not know, those who know do not speak, the ineffable timeless silence stills tongues.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Differences! The Differences!

Does it really matter how it all started?

Does any story or equation or theory really mean anything?

Is it really worth degrading or enslaving or torturing or destroying so many others,

Just because they are of different cultures, and have different guises, different narratives, different values.

What is it about our Darwinian naturally-selected-nature-nurtured genomic sequencing,

That has so many of our kind, disliking so many differences?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Which Is It? Which Is It Not?

The superstitious mind.
The notional mind.
The selfish mind.
The ignorant mind.
The delusional mind.
The contemptuous mind.
The deranged mind.
The irrational mind.
The speculative mind.
The magical mind.
The avaricious mind.
The hateful mind.
The judgmental mind.
The foolish mind.
The covetous mind.
The contemplative mind.
The meditational mind.
The intelligent mind.
The discerning mind.
The purposeful mind.
The meaningful mind.
The generous mind.
The rational mind.
The generous mind.
The loving mind.
The quantum mind.
The omniscient mind.
The omnipotent mind.
The omnipresent mind.

Which is it?
Which is it not?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Time Machine

The crunchy-chewy-gooey mind-body, is the one-and-only time machine,
This, or any other quantum-matrix dream-world, will ever know.
And every single planet-of-the-apes two-legged,
Its own very imaginary, kaleidoscoping, timeless timeline.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Ocean of Dimensions

In the immensity of this quantum matrix, of this ineffable mystery,
It is not inconceivable, that there are countless other dimensions,
Filled with aliens of every scale and caliber, every tint and hue.
The electromagnetic spectrum generating in incalculable ways.
All playing their versions of eternity, right alongside this one.
Our entire cosmos, that seems to us, so incalculably infinite,
Could well be a drifting particle of dust in some rickety attic.
Or theirs, a floating speck in the corner of your watery left eye.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What Would It Be?

Without skin, what could you feel?
Without eyes, what could you see?
Without ears, what could you hear?
Without nose, what could you smell?
Without tongue, what could you taste?
Without mind, what could you imagine?
Without each functioning simultaneously,
Who would your dreamtime universe be?
What would your dreamtime universe be?
When would your dreamtime universe be?
Where would your dreamtime universe be?
How would your dreamtime universe be?
Why would your dreamtime universe be?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The World Wags On

What is all this knowledge that we imagine we know?
What are all these memories, to which we all cling?
They have credence in the manifest world we occupy,
But in the great totality, they are absolutely meaningless.
To discover that which is real, requires a deep steadfastness,
To which few have the interest or capacity, the spirit to explore.
The temporal world is too alluring for most souls to inquire deeply.
And thus, the mind-made biosphere wags on, towards its destined finale.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Imagination's Dreamtime

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenstance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Nothing Prior to Imagination

Any paradigm founded and funded by imagination, only has the reality imagination bequeaths it.
The quantum matrix is ineffable to its common denominator, the one and only nothing,
And how do you hold on to nothing, when there is nothing to hold on to?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Oh Joy, Yet Another Speculation

Go ahead, douse the human paradigm with another speculation.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Magic of Imagination

It is only through the magic of imagination,
That the ineffable nothing materializes into the illusion-delusion of something,
For as long as imagination manages to wield it so.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Miasma! The Miasma!

The miasma of consciousness, the miasma of imagination.
The miasma of everything having to do with the world.
The miasma of everything having to do with the ineffable universe.
The miasma of everything having to do with any imaginary perception, whatsoever.
How can it all go on and on and on, but through the illusions-delusions-absurdities, of vanity and avarice?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

God Translated

God
Batara
Jainkoa
Աստված
ঐশ্বর
Bože
Бог
神
Déu
Bũh
Gud
Dio
Jumal
Kalou
Diyos
Jumala
Dieu
Gott
Θεός
Bondye
Akua
ःईश्वर
Vajtswv
Isten
Guð
Tuhan
Dia
神
deus
Alla
خدایا
Bóg
خدای
Bóg
Deus
Atua
भगवान
Ilaahow
Mungu
Tanrı
Dduw

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Supercalifragilisticexpialidociously Simple

The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously, beyond-all-doubts, so simple. No need to do the math, or scribe any forum dissertations, or follow any charismatic middlemen.

It is all one.

Bam!

Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.

An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.

A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary matrix.

To see truth, to be truth, to the heart of your essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.

... breathe it in ... breathe it out ... breathe it in ... breathe it out ... breathe it in ... breathe it out ...

‘Nuff said.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Nothing Doing

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Where’s the Soul?

Where is the soul in imagination?

Where is the soul in awareness?

Where is the soul in anything?

Who came up with such an idea?

Who came up with such an absurdity?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Rational v. Irrational Mind

Superstition is the fallacy, the delusion, the perversity, to which many an irrational mind clings. For the paradigm to overcome its irrational limits, would require a cleansing of genocidal proportion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Too Simple for Words

The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously, beyond-all-doubts, so simple. No need to do the math, or write any forum dissertations, or follow any charismatic middlemen.

It is all one.

Bam!
Breathe it in, breathe it out.

‘Nuff said.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Art of Dying to Self

What kind of death is required to be truly liberated from illusion?
To die to your self, you must kill your self.
Figuratively, of course.
For most, it takes some mulling.

This counsel from Hagakure in *The Way of the Samurai* pertains:

The Way of the Samurai is found in death.

Meditation on inevitable death should be performed daily.

*Every day when one's body and mind are at peace,
one should meditate upon being ripped apart by arrows, rifles, spears, and swords,
being carried away by surging waves,
being thrown into the midst of a great fire,
being struck by lightning,
being shaken to death by a great earthquake,
falling from thousand-foot cliffs,
dying of disease,
or committing seppuku at the death of one's master.*

And every day without fail one should consider himself as dead.

This is the substance of the Way of the Samurai.

Sally forth, Brave Knight.
Best wishes for a good death.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Ethics Sideshow

Ethics can be a great pastime, a great distraction, to the forum sorts.
But be mindful getting wedged in the dilettante cluster, if the truth of this ineffable mystery beckons.
The earnest seeker wanders, explores, ponders, leaving no stone unturned.
Ethics plays but a sideshow in the quest.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Naught but a Wannabe

When it comes to being real, imagination will ever and always be a wannabe.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A State of Mind

Being the moment is a state of mind,
Given over to the clear awareness of the no-mind.
Given over to the unborn-undying, ineffable eternity, everything is.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Wander the Mountain

Guaranteed, this world does not care one iota what you think or do.
Keep the mind humble if you seek an anonymous existence.
Wander the mountain until you become the mountain.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Whatever the Fates Ordain

Whatever your genius, if any, may be, may be admirable, even noteworthy,
But that does not guarantee, in any way, that you will be admired, or even perceived.
You may well be fated, destined, kismet, ordained, to play it out unknown and alone, like it or no.
And someday, die in your well-worn chair, your body rotting for several weeks,
Before the next-door neighbor finally notices the stench.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.

That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.

My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.

You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.

Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.

Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism. Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in *Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond* and *Michael's Rabbit Hole*)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – *The Giving Tree* – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which you told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what you had endured until you told me years later.)

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Whatever Fate Calls

Keep your mind humble, if you seek an anonymous existence.

Wander the mountain, until you become the mountain.

Only the spaceless-timeless-unborn-undying,

Are free to consciously play out whatever fate calls.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Illusion of the Unborn-Undying

In the given moment, where is the space, where is the time, in which to exist?

Only the imagination of consciousness, flowing in the quantum matrix,

Which is all kaleidoscoping throughout the ether of awareness,

Lends itself to the ineffable illusion, that the unborn-undying You is real and true.

A touchy-feely dream, to which a rare few – and not necessarily fortunate – are drawn to awaken.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Uniqueness of Every Translation

The awareness of every sentient being, is a unique translation of the same ineffable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Moment's Challenge

The challenge with being present in any given moment,
Is having a mind that is not attached, not clinging,
To all its nebulous memories and perceptions.
A mind free of time is a matchless state.
The analogue dreamtime in its purest form.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Observe Silence

... observe silence ...
... observe stillness ...
... observe here now...
... observe awareness ...
... observe everything ...
... observe breathing in ...
... observe breathing out ...
... observe the aloneness ...
... observe the emptiness ...
... observe the moment ...
... observe the entirety ...
... observe the unicity ...
... observe eternity ...
... observe You ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

All the Same Mystery

No matter how many dimensions creation may create, all are of the same mystery.
God is far too omnipresent, far too omniscient, far too omnipotent,
To be subjugated by any mindset's storyline.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Curse of the Human Paradigm

Organized religions and cults and philosophies, and all the vanity and pain and horror they engender,
Are they not, the affliction, the misery, the blight, the bane, the curse, the plague, of the human paradigm?
All the tribalism – the nepotism, the cronyism, the favoritism – with which all two-leggeds are wired,
Unable to be undone, unable to be altered, as the Darwinian-Malthusian shadow of extinction,
Exposes its narcissistic-hedonistic flaw – the closed fist of groupthink – for what it is.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The In and Out of Air

Are you really anything more than the in-and-out of air in the kaleidoscoping moment?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What Else Is There but Awareness?

Awareness – being the ineffable all that that the moment is –
Where else is there to travel, what else is there to do,
That is not the fabric of quantum illusion?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No One Can Prove Anything

There are many who might disagree,
With some or much or most or all, written herein,
But no one can prove anything wrong, nor can it be proven right.
The unknown is unknowable unto its Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Evolution of Consciousness

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Intelligence Required

To be a true, detached observer of the human paradigm,
Requires a partnership of emotional and cultural intelligence.

Cultural intelligence or cultural quotient (CQ),
Refers to an individual's capability to function effectively in culturally diverse settings.

Four CQ capabilities:
Motivation/drive, cognition/knowledge, meta-cognition/strategy, behavior/action.
An intelligence-based approach to intercultural adjustment and performance.

Emotional intelligence (EI), also known as Emotional Quotient (EQ),
Is the ability to perceive, use, understand, manage, and handle emotions.
Emotional intelligence also reflects an ability to use intelligence, empathy, and emotions,
To enhance understanding of interpersonal dynamics.

Pretty hard to get far as a philosophe-mystic-seer,
If you have a narrow-minded agenda.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Of Beginnings and Endings

Where is the line between the creation and destruction harbored in every moment?
The real question is not, when do beginnings begin, and endings end?
The question is, do beginnings begin, and endings end?
Process is the kaleidoscoping reality,
And beginning and endings, but imaginary notions.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Mystery Even Unto God

What – about the spaceless, timeless, indelible, indivisible, infinite, ineffable abyss – can ever be known?
Odds are, even the mystery we call God, by oh-so-many sounds, does not know how it all came to be.
Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.
An immaculate conception, perceived through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
You, all alone – in a cosmos, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream – but never of it.
The ego mind is but a veil, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers; detached, immortal.
The blade of discernment has a razor's edge, that only the very astute, have the wit with which to whittle.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Stand Alone, Free and Clear

The quest for truth can be a long and winding odyssey.
There can be many temptations, many deceptions, many distractions.
And there are many genuine thinkers, many genuine writings, and many artists, as well.
The challenge is to perceive what all the truths, all the untruths, have to offer,
And to not be bound, not be deflected, not be mesmerized, by any.
And, should you ever truly discern the mystery You are,
Is to let it all go, and be alone, free and clear.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Everything

Everything you do now,
Everything you own now,
Everything you hope now,
Everything you want now,
Everything you know now,
Everything you believe now,
Will, with that last exhalation,
All be lost and gone forever.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Child's Play

Surrendering to the mystery, to the unknown, to eternity, to the moment, is child's play.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Obvious Fact

It is an undeniable, indisputable reality, that the entire brain, is indivisibly connected at the quantum level.
It is the coordinating organ that is every moment manifesting your world, your universe.
The perception that wanders the day, that imbibes every variety of trivia,
Is but an eensy-weensy fragment of the workload.
And this indelible, ineffable unicity,
Is true for every life form, no matter the dimension.
From small to great, all sentience perceives its own translation of the mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

That Which Can Never Be Proven

How can anyone hoodwink themselves,
Into believing they can prove what can never be proven?
How big does the cosmos have to be, for the humankind to finally realize,
All the speculations, all the assumptions, all the conjectures, all the hearsays, all the theories,
Are nothing but hollow absurdity, all born of the ephemerality of imagination.
And where is that vast universe, when the mind-body departs?
Where is it, without the perceiver that imagines?
Without the dreamer that dreams?
Without the You?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Matter of Matter

Even that which matters most, matters not.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

How Deep Is Doubt?

You can only delve as deep as your doubt.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Formless Reality

Is the quantum stardust, that which is God?
Or is the quantum stardust, merely kaleidoscoping through God?
Is God some sort of form, or is God formless, and what, pray tell, other than imagination,
Discerns the indelible truth of anything in this ineffable mystery?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Futility of Tagging the Moment

Regarding counting moments, hard to tag a thing that cannot be seen or heard, and does not shuffle about.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

How Shall This Work's Scribe Be Labeled?

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Where Is Mind Without Imagination?

What is the carbon-based brain but a mass, a circuitry, a matrix, of neurons.
Nothing more than an infinitesimally infinite abyss; a spacious void,
That only transmutes into psyche when imagination frolics.
Without the unflagging to's and fro's, every hither and thither way,
Eternity's ineffable awareness, remains an inscrutable, anonymous mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You Shall Have No Other Gods Before You

Exodus 20:3-5 in the King James Version states,
“Thou shalt have no other gods before me.”
The perspective that is maintained in this work,
Is that You are one with the mystery; You are absolute.
That everything is God manifest, that the universe is God manifest.
What idolatries, what deceptions, can be put before the You, that is That I Am?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Shakespearian Paradigm

The entire human paradigm is unconditionally imagined,
A naturally-selected, species-wide, Shakespearian theater, from every get-go.
All history is nothing more than a collection, an accounting, a cataloging, of formless perceptions.
And only the rare awaken, and attend the dreamtime, into which they were cast.
Creating, preserving, destroying – as the moment ordains.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Agony or Ecstasy, You Choose

Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary matrix.
To see it, to be it, to the core of your essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.

... breathe it in ... breathe it out ... breathe it in ... breathe it out ... breathe it in ... breathe it out ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Mystery Contained

Life is just the mystery, caught in a biological mainframe, full of sentience.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Source of Intelligence

Awareness is the intelligence; consciousness, the imaginary charioteer.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Solitude of Perception

You are not, you cannot be, held responsible,
For any thoughts played out, in any other's perception.
You are entirely on your own, you are entirely alone, as are they.
All can only be responsible, accountable, for their own solitary perceptions,
And how that plays out for each, is an imaginary notion called destiny.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Impossible à Faire

Would it even remotely possible,
For every human, across all geographies, across all times,
To even agree a speck of dust is a speck of dust, or a drop of water, a drop of water?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Thingamajig Called Time

This thingamajig we call time does not truly exist, but in a dream perceived by every given mind.
Clocks and calendars only track the fireball, about which our little pale blue dot orbits.
The fundamental reality is, there is only the unfathomable eternal moment,
Through which the incomprehensible illusion kaleidoscopes.
It has no name, has no meaning, has no purpose,
But whatever imagination imagines.
And no matter the journey,
It can never be more than a dream.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Relativity of Perception

It only happened that way, because you perceived it that way.
And anyone else present perceived it in their way.
Every frame of reference is matchless.
All histories, minor to major, are but perspectives.
And is there anything forcing You to ponder anything ever again?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Everything is God Manifest

Everything, including You, is God manifest.
Realizing it at the most fundamental level, is the challenge.
To see that the awareness is the eye of God, requires an earnest intention,
In which doubting everything that imagination has fabricated, is an essential ingredient.
It is so inherently natural, so eternally effortless, so utterly right-here-now,
That only the most authentic, only the most real, will discern it.
Anything less, is the stain of imagination's creation.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Of Heavens and Hells

Attitude is the mindset, the outlook, the posture, the bearing, within all heavens, all purgatories, all hells.
How any given moment is fathomed, how you choose to experience this very instant, is on you.
No deity can orchestrate for you, what you cannot, what you will not, yourself create.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Whiff of Future Past

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The True Nature of Eternity

Religions, and their dogmatic assertions, all their heavens and hells,
Are about the promise of continuity of your imaginary story.
About something that was never true in the first place.
A denial of the oblivion that has always been.
A denial of the oblivion that will ever be.
A denial of the oblivion that You ever are.
The true nature of all that is timelessly eternal.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Eternity Cannot Be Possessed

No matter how big they get,
No matter how mighty they get,
No matter how prosperous they get.
No matter how renowned they get,
All religions, all sects, are cults.
Eternity cannot be possessed.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Imagination's Magic Carpet

The dream that the sensory mind perceives, is but quantum illusion.
It is not space and time that imagination yearns to travel.
It is the fog of awareness that must be pierced,
And that is only achievable in imagination's fictional repertory.
The ever-present, unborn-undying, indivisible moment, can never be transcended.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Ruse of Imagination

Identification as this or that, or that or this, is the ruse of imagination.
Consciousness is the mishap of evolution, the calamity of natural selection.
It is a spontaneous Shakespearian clusterfuck, entirely created by us and us alone.
Only in the pure awareness of the eternal moment, can You be truly free.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Nature is God's Expression

Nature is quantum illusion's expression.
Nature is the unknown's expression.
Nature is the mystery's expression.
Nature is eternity's expression.
Nature is mind's expression.
Nature is God's expression.
And all, one in the same.
And You are part of it.
And You are witness to it.
How can there be, any other,
But through imagination's guile?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A God-Eat-God Cosmos

All existence is both predator and prey.
Nothing is separate or unique or all-powerful.
It is a God-eat-God cosmos, ever the same mystery.
All creation, eternally-kaleidoscoping into new alignments.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Obliviousness of Eternity

Everything you believe matters,
Does not at all, from the ultimate source's viewless view.
The awareness, the matrix, the mystery, is obvious to your imaginary existence.
You are but the dream of a dream, dreaming its Self real.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Always Remembering, Always Forgetting

You would think you would have figured that out by now.
Or did you, perhaps many times, and this round just as anew.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Great Nothing

Nothing is greater than any deity real or imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Interpretations Beyond Counting

What is obvious to you,
May not be to another, and visa-versa.
This garden world cloaks too many interpretations to count.
If someone cannot discern what is obvious to you,
There is no real point debating about it,
Much less killing over it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Levels of Detachment

The level of detachment required,
To be as truly free as free can be in this mortal frame,
Is but for the rarest of the rare few, assuming, of course, it is even possible.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Truth of Truth

Truth is only true to those who subscribe to it.
Discerning it requires a detachment, accessible to only the rarest of minds.
One must have done enough in their brief illusory dream, to have distilled at least a dollop of wisdom,
That they might meander free and clear, in the ineffable mystery they are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

This Timeless Moment

This timeless moment is the only one there is.
There is no other time, no other place, You can be.
No amount of imaginary deceit can make it otherwise.
No sleight of hand can manufacture alternative states of now.
No scientific inquiry can penetrate the indivisible unknowable of it.
It is what it is, what it has always been, what it will ever be.
And every existence plays out its little algorithm,
Until demise do it move on to whatever,
This ineffable mystery deigns.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Am I?

To even declare "I Am" is a dubious assertion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The You of Awareness

There is no space in awareness.
There is no time in awareness.
There is no sight in awareness.
There is no taste in awareness.
There is no smell in awareness.
There is no sound in awareness.
There is no texture in awareness.
There is no thought in awareness.
There is no awareness in awareness.
There in naught but You in awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Kaleidoscoping Now

Daily headlines are the first drafts of tomorrow's histories.
All imagination's tomorrows, kaleidoscoping into all its yesterdays.
Every existence, every mind, every moment, its own Sisyphean reckoning.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Whatever Comes to Mind

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.
Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The God in Everything

Writers see plots on paper.
Sculptors see figures in marble.
Carpenters see structures in timber.
Chefs taste banquets on cutting boards.
Musicians hear symphonies in their dreams.
Mothers nurture children in their wombs.
Sailors chart courses around the world.
Generals fight battles on their maps.
Painters see landscapes on canvas.
Creation teems in every genre.
You are me, and I am You.
All others are but imaginary mirages.
How is it that You do not see God in everything?

That You are the Self of God manifest.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Most Apparent Answer

Any existence is but momentary perception,
And memory, but a collection of whatever takes root,
And blossoms into a very imaginary, very impromptu identity.
Are you an illusional-delusional perception of a space-dash-time mind,
Or the unfathomably ineffable awareness of the eternal moment?
Meditate on it, and the answer will make itself apparent.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Discerning Eternity

... observe everything ...
... observe the sentience ...
... observe the awareness ...
... observe the existence ...
... observe breathing in ...
... observe breathing out ...
... observe the here ...
... observe the now ...
... observe the world ...
... observe the universe ...
... observe the sights ...
... observe the sounds ...
... observe the smells ...
... observe the tastes ...
... observe the textures ...
... observe the thoughts ...
... observe the theater ...
... observe the timeless ...
... observe the spaceless ...
... observe the nonduality ...
... observe the infinite ...
... observe the infinitesimal ...
... observe the intangible ...
... observe the mystery ...
... observe the impenetrable ...
... observe the unconditional ...
... observe the indefinable ...
... observe the undeniable ...
... observe the unborn ...
... observe the undying ...
... observe the stillness ...
... observe the silence ...
... observe the emptiness ...
... observe the aloneness ...
... observe the indelible ...
... observe the immeasurable ...
... observe the ineffable ...
... observe the entirety ...
... observe the singularity ...
... observe the moment ...
... observe eternity ...
... observe You ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Sanctity of the Eternal Moment

What need for religion?
What need for faith?
What need for belief?
What need for priests?
What need for dogma?
What need for visions?
What need for edifices?
What need for miracles?
What need for devotion?
What need for salvation?
What need for blessings?
What need for scriptures?
What need for forgiveness?
What need for anything imaginary,
When you have the eternal moment in mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Playground or Prison?

The given mind, the given dream, the given illusion.
Sometimes a playground, sometimes a prison.
Sometimes ecstasy, sometimes agony.
Every cosmos, a reckoning of its own accord.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Respect Earns Respect (Maybe)

You earn the same respect you give, maybe.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Eternal Being You Are

Just because You appear infinitesimal in this massive illusion, does not mean You are not all of it.
Disregard the sensory theater, still the mind, become the awareness, become the moment.
And where do you begin, where do you end, but as lone witness to all eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Identity Crisis

What is this deep-seated need,
To identify ourselves as this or that?

As this or that nationality.

As this or that gender.

As this or that color.

As this or that ethnicity.

As this or that race.

As this or that family.

As this or that intelligence.

As this or that religion.

As this or that faction.

As this or that group.

As this or that geography.

As this or that work.

As this or that philosophy.

As this or that culture.

As this or that team.

As this or that party.

As this or that policy.

As this or that theory.

As this or that clique.

As this or that band.

As this or that crowd.

As this or that device.

As this or that corporation.

As this or that genus.

As this or that variety.

As this or that school.

As this or that village.

As this or that church.

As this or that region.

As this or that opinion.

As this or that doctrine.

As this or that ethic.

As this or that genre.

As this or that principle.

As this or that opinion.

As this or that mindset.

As this or that meaning.

As this or that purpose.

As this or that anything.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Truth: The One and Only

Truth is not a word.
Truth is not a story.
Truth is the moment.
Truth is unborn-undying.
Truth is awareness.
Truth is timeless.
Truth is spaceless.
Truth is indelible.
Truth is impenetrable.
Truth is unconditional.
Truth is totality.
Truth is inexplicable.
Truth is imperceptible.
Truth is nondual.
Truth is unspeakable.
Truth is inconceivable.
Truth is unknowable.
Truth is indivisible.
Truth is impartial.
Truth is unequivocal.
Truth is immaculate.
Truth is imperceptible.
Truth is unfathomable.
Truth is inclusive.
Truth is indefinable.
Truth is singular.
Truth is undeniable.
Truth is intangible.
Truth is everlasting.
Truth is mystery.
Truth is everything.
Truth is ineffable.
Truth is eternity.

Truth is You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

One Moment to Rule Them All

You are the same moment, You have always been.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Truth of Awareness

In awareness, there is no space.
In awareness, there is no time.
In awareness, there is no light.
In awareness, there is no dark.
In awareness, there is no vision.
In awareness, there is no taste.
In awareness, there is no smell.
In awareness, there is no sound.
In awareness, there is no touch.
In awareness, there is no word.
In awareness, there is no story.
In awareness, there is no here.
In awareness, there is no yes.
In awareness, there is no no.
In awareness, there is no there.
In awareness, there is no acute.
In awareness, there is no obtuse.
In awareness, there is no black.
In awareness, there is no white.
In awareness, there is no gray.
In awareness, there is no range.
In awareness, there is no me.
In awareness, there is no mine.
In awareness, there is no other.
In awareness, there is no good.
In awareness, there is no bad.
In awareness, there is no left.
In awareness, there is no right.
In awareness, there is no whatever.

In awareness, there is only You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Easy Way

Far easier to adopt a few words,
Far simpler to regurgitate a few stories,
Than it is to question anything and everything.
Than it is, to inquire into the mystery,
Into the truth, for your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Dubious Lingua Franca

If there is to be a lingua franca for whatever time remains,
English, because of its colonial dominance, seems the most likely candidate.
But which version, which dialect, which vernacular, which pidgin, which creole, which lingo?
And in the ever-changing linguistic dynamic of our kind, is that even possible?
The Great Fall will make for a much larger, more distant world,
And language will evolve on and on and on,
Forever willy-nilly.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Great Apes & Geeks

The great apes and geeks have taken the human paradigm,
Have taken this magical quantum garden,
Down a dead-end road.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

My Little Gormenghast

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their 'under construction' segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Stories! The Stories!

The entire human paradigm – the histories, the religions, the sciences,
The mathematics, the humanities, the music, the arts, the architecture, the sports,
The business, the agriculture, the vocations, the technologies, the industries ... everything! –
Is nothing more than a perpetual parade of stories, given stage by the usurper of sentience, imagination.
All tramping in the web of mind's space and time; kaleidoscoping through the ether of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Always a Moment Too Late

By the time you identify anything,
It is already as imaginary, as once-upon-a-moment,
As any narrative – modern to ancient – through which your mind wanders.
The haphazardly, arbitrarily, randomly, chaotically, anarchically, in the willy-nilly-all-over-the-place,
To which most, if not all minds, are incessantly, indelibly prone.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

That Which Discerns God

No matter how extraordinary the imagination, no matter the medium
– Words, numbers, musical notes, or any other symbolic form –
It can never fathom the totality of That which is God.
Only the most austere sentience of awareness,
The tabula rasa within all small to great,
Is required for that eternal vision.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Illusion All the While

Every contrivance, every technology, everything ever conceived,
Has taken the human mind, has taken the human paradigm,
Around new bends, down new forks, along new roads.
Alas that so many have spiraled and contorted,
Into wallowing nadirs of darkness and mayhem.
The ecstasies and agonies of existence are relentless.
And space and time, such as they are, illusion all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Seeds of Doubt

What Ivory Tower can impart critical thinking,
To any embryonic student who does not harbor the seeds of doubt?
What education, what training, what degree, what piece of paper, means anything, without it?
To any destined to wander, to explore, to walkabout, this dreamtime,
Doubt, skepticism, cynicism, is paramount.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Mask in the Mirror

How likely is it there ever come an ephemeral moment,
When you do not recognize, do not distinguish, the mask in the mirror?
When you do not distinguish the reflection, your mind has, in space and time, fashioned.
The mirror born of imagination; the mirror born of a state of perception.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

... Tick ... Tick ... Tick ...

... tick ...
... Another moment closer to everything the future has in store ...
... tick ...
... Another moment closer to whatever imagination has in store ...
... tick ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Last Thing

What will be the last thing I ever write? Or say? Or do?
Well, obviously not this.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Linguistic Moment

All languages harbor the capacities and limitations of their cultures of origin.
In one sense they are all ultimately equal in their linguistic natures,
Yet all are more proficient for purposes of expression,
In the spaces and times that have cultivated in their evolution.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A One-Time Dog and Pony Show

How absurd to believe your self-absorbed, imaginary mind-body character, is even one iota immortal.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Algorithm Alchemy

What is memory, what is recollection, but nebulous perceptions strung along the mind's neural pathways.

Accessed by imagination – set to a spectrum, a continuum – ranging from irrational to rational.

Based on the genetic lottery, and the conditioning that has shaped the given mind.

Based on all the desires, all the fears, all the dreads, all the passions.

Based on character, gender, age, education, predispositions.

Based on culture, language, technologies, skillsets, capacities, limitations.

Based on every possible alchemy, in the algorithm, You imagine playing out real and true.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

An Easy-Peasy Blend

Easy-peasy to make up whatever deities your imaginary blend of desire and fear require.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Truth of Nonduality

How has the absurdity of dualistic notion,

Retained any credibility, any authority, any weight, any belief, any confidence,

Any acceptance, any credence at all, in the human mind?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Embracing Eternity

How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Eyes of Age

When you look at any older person, male or female, or whatever gender mindset they endure,

Ponder all it has taken for them to be twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years, down the road you are wandering.

And what will it take for you to reach that point, should you manage to survive your misadventure.

Cultures that have traditions encouraging the respect of their elders, do so for good reason.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Man Who Suffers

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.
What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Every Moment

Everything, sentient or not, is part of the dreamtime continuum.
Every moment is an opportunity to bear witness to the dreamtime continuum.
Every moment is an opportunity to witness the mystery of eternity.
Every moment is an opportunity to practice indifference.
Every moment is an opportunity for stoic resolve.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Discern Thy Self

You are the indelible mystery.
Discern your own mind; discern your own voice.
There is no way to follow any other; there is no way to teach any other.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Risky Business

Believing your own press,
Your own version, your own vanity, your own malarky, your own bullshit,
Can be risky business.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Horror-Filled Ponder

What will all the progeny go through, for the rest of human history, is a horror-filled ponder.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Dark and Dismal Dead-End Road

Just a collection of friggin' monkeys, whose evolution in the jungles and savannahs of old,
Whose naturally-selected, choiceless choices, have carelessly taken themselves,
Have taken this garden world, and all its creatures, small to great,
Down a dark, harrowing, agonizing, dead-end road.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Art of Flexibility

In any field of battle, every strategy, every tactic,
Should remain flexible to instantaneous modification.
For the want of a tiny nail, many a war has likely been lost.
Always pay attention, and always keep a pail of nails at the ready.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Men Plan, God Laughs

You might well have a plan.
But who knows what will really happen?
God is laughing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Finding Solace in the Mundanity

These ditties offer a reprieve, a solace, from the mundane world,
In which I have been forced to abide by the happenstance of birth.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Delusion of Identity

The root of all identity crisis is truly believing you are one.
'Pretending' you are a personality in the daily wander, is all any One need do.
To believe, or not to believe; to play along, or not play along; is ever but momentary delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Consequences of Narcissistic Hedonism

All are complicit in allowing the food industry to sabotage the future.
There are always many things anyone coulda-woulda-shoulda chosen differently,
Alas that our narcissistic hedonism has funneled a significant number down a dead-end road.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What a Tale I Could Tell

Somehow, I have been allowed by the Fates to be a seer, a mystic, a sage.
What tales I could tell, how it all came to be, were anyone all that interested.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

So Many, So Many

So many lifetimes ago,
So many universes ago,
So many dreamtimes ago,
So many perceptions ago,
All in just one lifetime.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Future Never to Be Seen

These many thoughts are the seeds of a banyan tree.
In who's shade I will only sit through other eyes.
Assuming, of course, it finds its intended audience.
Assuming, of course, it is not cut down, and forever lost.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Percolation of Wisdom

Sometimes it seems to take years to fully realize the profundity of some of these many ditties,
That digitalized helter-skelter via one keyboard or another, in one way back when or another.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Zones of Intelligence

How intelligent should you be, could you be, would you be, if you were born into a cockroach's world?
Or a wolf's world? Or an alligator's world? Or a minnow's world? Or a sparrow's world?
All creatures small to great have a niche, a comfort zone, an intelligence zone.
And from the ultimate view, none more special than any other.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Wayward Journey

If we crunchy-chewy-goey human beings were truly the greatest, highest grubs ever,
Would we have decimated this extraordinary garden world the way we have?
How is it we lost all sense of guardianship in our wayward journey?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The First and Last Dubious Assertion

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
To even declare 'I Am' is a dubious assertion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Superhero Conundrum

How many times do superheroes have to save the world,
Before they finally realize it cannot be saved,
Dreamtime mirage, that it is.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Setting Aside the Attachment

To ignore the ever-churning mind, is an every-moment challenge.
The attachment to this whirling pale blue dot is not easy to set aside.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Chasing Technology

Would that you could program your mind the same way you would a computer.
It might well make the day-to-day much less bothersome were you a machine.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Crosses We Bear

We all have different crosses to bear,
In whatever wanderfest the Fates have prescribed.
No need to try to replicate any others.
You are all alone.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Helming the Ship

You will follow,
Until you find courage enough,
To take the wheel, to hold the reins, to fly solo.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Maybe, Just Maybe

Maybe, just maybe, on your deathbed,
You will finally realize how equal to everything,
You are, have ever been, and will ever be.
And, either way, it does not matter.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Unbearable Lightness of Being

All minds abide in the contortion of their nature-nurture.
There is no freedom but through total surrender to the absolute.
And that, only for as long as one can endure the utter serenity of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Resolute Indifference of Imagination

The imaginary urges of desire and fear, of manifest consciousness, in all its self-absorption,
Are only too willing and able, to entirely ignore the ethereal nature of eternity,
Through which they blindly trespass with resolute indifference.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Inherent Perfection

You are already perfection.
No need to attempt some imaginary version,
That can never-never-ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Being the Moment

The moment is detached.
The moment is the detachment.
You are the detachment.
You are the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Art of Detachment

The art of letting go, of being detached,
Like all arts, is easier for some than others.
And even the masters have their off days.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Sisyphean Challenge

To wander the day-to-day,
As the whole, as the totality, as the entirety – not the part,
Is the Sisyphean challenge.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Shrug, Atlas, Shrug

All your memories, all your knowledge, all your opinions, all your desires, all your fears,
All the ceaseless thoughts streaming through your momentary grind,
Ignore them, as often as the moment allows.
You need not always carry the world you imagine so real.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Different Dream, Same Mystery

Even a blubbering village idiot,
Is a portion of the same and very equal mystery,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.
Try to get over yourself.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Inexplicability of All

We wander about, interacting with so many others,
And all of us, so often so inexplicable in each other's eyes.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Not as Special as We Believe

The challenge is to realize just how whacked out so many are.
We are not near as special, as we wax-lyrical ourselves to be.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Another Way To Look At It

“One of these squirmy little seeds could be our child,”
I mighta-coulda-shoulda-woulda said, as a gooey collection of mine,
Erupted with infectious joy and inordinate gratitude, into her orifice-with-a-tongue.
“Which makes you a cannibal of the infanticidal sort.”

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Grubs With Attitude

Are we two-leggeds, really anything more than grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy?

What are the attributes that distinguish human beings from other creatures?

Large brain size
Reduced body hair
Lungs and sweat glands
Opposable thumbs
Facial structure
Language
Abstract reasoning
Problem-solving skills
Theory of mind
Self-awareness
Moral reasoning
Complex social structures
Tool making and usage
Bipedalism

Will we ever manage to get over ourselves?

Will we ever fully realize we are merely evolutionary outcomes?

And whenever it happens, will we depart the stage with nobility and humility and integrity and discipline,
As fully-evolved human beings, harmoniously realigned with the mysterious source of our origin,
Guardians of whatever carcass is left of the quantum dust-ball garden that birthed us all?

Or will we exit like fruit flies, churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar?
Like rats, vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

At this writing, the answer is more than a little evident.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Idolatry! The Idolatry!

Religions (a.k.a., cults) are about contriving a God, an imaginary false idol,
As small, as vain, as irrelevant, as they and their participants are, and will ever be.
The human mind is corrupted by the irrational superstitions born in the jungles of origin.
Science has made every attempt to raise the bar, but ignorance manages to resist in every way.
No matter how fast light travels, it finds the darkness has always got there first, and is waiting for it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Waylaying the Curiosity

The cosmos You perceive, the cosmos through which You wander, the cosmos You believe You know,
Is stimulated by the insatiable inquisitiveness to which our kind is genetically inclined.

To be truly immeasurable, to be the absolute awareness of eternity,

To be unconditionally present in the given moment,

One must set aside all curiosity, all interest.

One must disengage from the sensory dream.

One must extinguish all notion of self, to be Self.

One must capitulate to the mystery, to be the mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No Binds, No Boundaries

Many writings, many experiences, many adventures, have been influential,
But none have ever bound me, when it has been time push on to new intrigues.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Just You, All Alone

No one to follow.

No one to lead.

Just You, all alone.

Just You, spaceless, timeless.

Just You, eternally one, eternally free.

Just You, playing out an inwardly anonymous fate.

Unburdened by any yearning for the futility of an imaginary destiny.

Steadfast, stoic, ascetic, wandering, one breath at a time.

Ever-kaleidoscoping in the right here, right now.

This unborn-undying eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Creators of Universes

The tongue, the nose, and all the sensations flesh offers, achieve great heights,
But eyes and ears, are the two most important players in our five-sensory universes.
Without them, there would be no mountains, no stars, nor waves crashing upon the rocks.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Avoiding a Corrupted Existence

A modest, frugal, austere, moderate existence is far more expedient, far more leisurely,
Than having a mountain of gold that has to be reckoned and protected every day of one's life.
Do not allow power and fame and fortune to corrupt, to distract, the quality of your fleeting moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Nothing to Be Saved

Seriously, who can be saved, when everything is very much nothing?
Peer into any atom and try to find the proof that you exist,
As anything more than a figment of imagination.
A filament of quantum energy, at best.
You are but the moment dreaming its Self real.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Moment Within the Moment

Right here, right now, is the moment within the moment.
Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Whimsical Grubs

All we two-leggeds are, is grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You, Witness

This spinning pale blue dust ball, this immeasurable cosmic mystery, would not be,
Were You not – right here, right now, this very moment – present to witness it.
And every sentient creature, small to great, its own rendering of the indescribable.
None truly more or less important, more or less sentient, in the grand ineffability of it.
Dub it whatever You will, argue over it in every way imaginable, You are it, and it is You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Limits of Perception

Everything you – perceived, thought, believed, hoped, dreamed – happened, in any given moment,
Is entirely constructed by your lifetime’s accumulated nature-nurture frame-of-reference.

All the incalculable perceptions that your mind-body has wandered and retained.
And the reality is, that it can all, never be more, than a vague and ever-changing perception.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Truth Seeker? Or Lie Keeper?

Easy-peasy to make up, to devise, whatever deities,
Your imaginary blend of desire and fear and dread require.
Really, the only question is, are you a truth seeker, or a lie keeper?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Absurdity of Duality

Given the attentive nature of meditation and contemplation,
Given the inexorable exactness of scientific method,
How has the absurdity of dualistic notion,
How has a most obvious contortion,
Retained any credibility at all,
In the human paradigm,
In which we are all alone, together.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...

... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
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... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ...

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Myth of Unconditional Love

That which is called love, is not without many well-camouflaged boundaries of the rocky sort.
And unconditional love is a windswept myth, aided and abetted by romantics and storytellers.
Naught but endorphin chemistry, that will likely run into one reef or another, sooner or later.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Neither Here Nor There

No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Doubt It All

Doubt all meaning and purpose,
Until the futility of meaning and purpose,
Becomes absolutely, irrevocably, beyond-all-belief clear.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Very Windy Day

You might be able to hold on to the quantum illusion in all its forms.
Or at least make-believe-pretend you do.
But Eternity?
That is always very fine dry sand, in loose fingers, on a very windy day.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Speculating the Final Exit

Unless something really goes down in some very sudden, cataclysmic manner,
None now breathing will be witness to the closing chapter of the human paradigm.
That will be a long process, with every geography playing out its own unique endgame.
Some might manage to hang on in diminished capacity, for perhaps even thousands of years.
All those now enduring get to do, is imagine, is speculate, all the horrors the progeny will endure.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Intelligence of Eternity

The awareness, the intelligence, the acumen, of the totality of eternity, of that which some call God,
Has no memory, but through perceptions imbedded along the neuron trails of the given form.
And they, only for as long as the sentient organism manages to survive its given niche.
It is but a fleeting dream for all forms, however their given moment plays out.
All based entirely on how their naturally-selected Darwinian narrative,
Has been etched by evolution in the given genomic sequencing,
Since life's indivisible, indelible, ineffable beginning.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Truth is Not a Debate

Truth is not a debate; it is not rhetorical masturbation.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No Moments

There are no moments.
There is only this one moment.
It is not divisible; it cannot be pluralized.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Tree Falls in a Forest ...

Whether or not you or some other,
Witness a tree falling in the forest, is immaterial.
The tree was its own witness enough.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Who Are You? Who Are You Not?

Are you what you imagine in the daily willy-nilly ebb and flow?
Or the awareness that permeates the timeless, indivisible moment?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Judgment Thing

It is the nature of our kind to judge – everyone and everything – all the time.
And then we imagine narcissistic deities, who will judge us worthy of heaven, or the fiery pits of hell.
And so, in all our fears and dreads, we pray to these imaginary deities for forgiveness,
For all the ghastly sins we could not help ourselves from committing.
In the shadows of irony and paradox, absurdity rules.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Who Is the Who, Who Judges?

All have done many ‘good’ things; all have done many ‘bad’ things.
All kaleidoscoping the very same eternal moment; ever free of any judgment.
The only ones judging behind those mortal eyes, are the witnesses believing it all real.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

Ethics is a Gordian Knot,
Which only the sharpest sword of discernment,
Cuts loose its imaginary hold.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Any Other’s Mind

How many people really want to spend that much time in anyone else’s mind?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Illusion of Existence

So many ways to fill this mystery theater continuum, if all you are doing is living.
All we two-leggeds are, is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsicality.
How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?
No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Panpsychism

panpsychism | pan 'sī,kizəm |

noun

the doctrine or belief that everything material, however small,
has an element of individual consciousness.

Wikipedia: Panpsychism

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Panpsychism>

In the philosophy of mind, panpsychism is the view that the mind or a mind-like aspect is a fundamental and ubiquitous feature of reality.

It is also described as a theory that "the mind is a fundamental feature of the world which exists throughout the universe".

It is one of the oldest philosophical theories,
and has been ascribed in some form to philosophers including Thales, Plato, Spinoza,
Leibniz, Schopenhauer, William James, Alfred North Whitehead, and Bertrand Russell.

In the 19th century, panpsychism was the default philosophy of mind in Western thought, but it saw a decline in the mid-20th century with the rise of logical positivism.

Recent interest in the hard problem of consciousness, and developments in the fields of neuroscience, psychology, and quantum mechanics have revived interest in panpsychism in the 21st century.

Anima Mundi

Wikipedia: Anima mundi

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anima_mundi

The concept of the anima mundi, world soul, or soul of the world,
posits an intrinsic connection between all living beings,
suggesting that the world is animated by a soul much like the human body.

Rooted in ancient Greek and Roman philosophy,
the idea holds that the world soul infuses the cosmos with life and intelligence.

This notion has been influential across various systems of thought,
including Stoicism, Gnosticism, Neoplatonism, and Hermeticism,
shaping metaphysical and cosmological frameworks throughout history.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Kaleidoscoping Continuum

The continuum is not space: the continuum is not time.
The continuum is a quantum matrix; it is stardust weaving in every way imaginable.
Ever kaleidoscoping in the motionlessness of the awareness You truly are.
And all of it, an illusion playing out, in every given mind-body.
We are all dreamers, playing impromptu Shakespeare.
We are all the mystery, dreaming its Self, real.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Have You Seen Your Self?

As long, as you truly believe; as long, as you truly maintain,
You are this crunchy-chewy-gooey grubby blob,
You have not seen what you truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Truth of the Matter

It is up to you to figure it out,
In whatever way you will, in whatever way you will not.
And does it really matter?
Only to You.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Standard Ripostes

The standard ripostes have pretty much become:

You can take the monkey out of the jungle,
But you cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

Human history does not repeat itself; the patterns do.

The Axis of Evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.

And ...

The great apes, and their geeks, have taken us down a dead-end road.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You Are It ... It Is You

You are the unborn-undying awareness.
You are the anonymous all-pervading.
You are the overwhelming unknown.
You are the ineffaceable That I Am.
You are the indecipherable enigma.
You are the incomprehensible now.
You are the indescribable mystery.
You are the inscrutable witness.
You are the boundless present.
You are the inexplicable eye.
You are the irradicable here.
You are the ineffable now.
You are the indelible You.
You are the glimmering.
You are the twinkling.
You are the moment.
You are the instant.
You are spaceless.
You are timeless.
You are infinity.
You are eternity.
Be anonymous.
Be boundless.
Be spaceless.
Be timeless.
Be present.
Be eternal.
Be totality.
Be infinite.
Be indelible.
Be ineffable.
Be nameless.
Be indivisible.
Be irradicable.
Be inscrutable.
Be inexplicable.
Be ineffaceable.
Be unfathomable.

Right here, right now.

Bam!

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Eternal One

You are the tabula rasa.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the twinkling.
You are the instant.
You are the existence.
You are the consciousness.
You are the being.
You are the vigilance.
You are the chirpiness.
You are the occurrence.
You are the life.
You are the dynamism.
You are the vivaciousness.
You are the vigor.
You are the mindfulness.
You are the focus.
You are the animation.
You are the manifestation.
You are the energy.
You are the cognizance.
You are the reality.
You are the vibrancy.
You are the perception.
You are the presence.
You are the sparkle.
You are the liveliness.
You are the alertness.
You are the wakefulness.
You are the spirit.
You are the actuality.
You are the exuberance.
You are the attentiveness.
You are the alertness.
You are the verve.
You are the watchfulness.
You are the here-now.
You are the indivisible.
You are the all and none.
You are the witness.
You are the eternal one.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

That Which Is God

Yet another attempt to communicate what the sound/word/concept 'God' herein means.
No, not some unshaven Saint Nick, leading an orchestration of harps in the cloudy on-high.
No, to every idol, every faith, every belief, every creed, every symbol, every charismatic leader.
Yes, to every quantum particle to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, and beyond, including, yes, You.
All that is seen, all that is unseen, is of the same indelible, indivisible, unfathomable mystery.
To envision it any less, is the same delusion repeated throughout the human paradigm.
And all that is required to perceive this non-dualistic truth, is an attentive mind.
A mind that has clearly realized, that eternity is this ever-present moment.
This timeless, unborn-undying, prior-to-consciousness awareness.
And no fiction born of imagination is required to access it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Blind Men and an Elephant

by John Godfrey Saxe

I.

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

II.

The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! – but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

III.

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! – what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

IV.

The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

V.

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

VI.

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

VII.

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

VIII.

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

Moral

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

This Is It

by Nathan Gill

This Is It. This is all there is – life appearing as an endless display of changing images, with no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself. There is simply life with no one living it.

For no reason at all life is at play with its own imagery, roving as attention, engaging in a mesmerizing game of hide and seek which arises as a sense of separation with an integral urge to wholeness. Life restlessly seeks, yearning for itself. The seeking is the restlessness. This play of worldly existence is imbued with life's haunted longing for itself, seeking but never finding within the imagery in which it seeks. What is sought all along is this in which the seeking is playing out.

In life's play as humanity, thought assumes an exaggerated importance as attention spins effortlessly into myriad longings and desires, epitomized by the idea of seeking fulfillment through enlightenment. Reading texts, asking questions, surfing the internet, going on retreat, gurus, teachers, non-teachers, practice, no practice – any or all of it is possible but none of it is necessary as in actuality nothing needs to be discovered, understood, let go of or transcended. Life already is, and recognition of itself in the form of enlightenment, liberation, nirvana, et cetera, is superfluous, merely another happening in the endless now of appearances in the play of life.

Nothing other than the configuration of life as it is now appearing is possible. All is happening exactly as it's 'meant' to. If separation and seeking are the case, then this is it. If recognition and resting are the case, then this is it. Whatever is now – however ordinary or extraordinary – is it.

Seen in clarity, life appears as a great play. You – Consciousness – play all the roles and it is part of the play that You usually play the roles without knowing Your real identity. But sometimes, as part of the show, there is recognition of Your true nature. When there is involvement as a character in the play without recognition of Your true nature the role is taken seriously and all the dramas of life seemingly appear from this. If a role is played where there is recognition of Your true nature, the play is seen for what it is. When Your true nature becomes obvious, the character doesn't disappear in a flash of light, nor put on ochre robes and have disciples, nor teach 'spiritual' truths – although any of these is possible, depending on the pattern of the character's role in the play. The character will likely appear as he or she did before recognition. The character is likely to continue to lead what is an ordinary life in the play. It is not even necessary for the character to tell anyone or communicate what is now obvious. The whole play has no purpose or point beyond present appearance. It is Your cosmic entertainment. You are Your play. It has no existence separate from You.

The Fate of Authorship

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

A timeline of phases in this little raison d'être project that began in 1989.

Ojai

Teaching at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California
Head and neck injury at Carpinteria State Beach on school fieldtrip
Psilocybin mushrooms & ecstasy
Nisargadatta's "I Am That"
The first index cards, tossed after Lena's comment

Chico

A box of spiral-bound notebooks
Access to a desktop computer at Chico Hedway
Dean Evans and two art shows
A book agent who had me put together The Stillness Before Time
Including: Of the Human Journey, Got God?, Ten Reflections, Books, Movies
Kinko's and who knows how many spiral-bound copies out the back door

Arcata

More spiral-bound notebooks
CLAD certificate program at Humboldt State
First Apple PowerBook 5300 laptop
HTML programming class
Creation of The Stillness Before Time website

Turlock

Switch to index cards
Creative Alternatives and transfer of website
Five generations of Apple MacBook laptops through the years
Several attempts to publish, with support from Dawn Eden Fletcher and Ram Dass
The Return to Wonder

Matrix algorithm experiment
Google Blogger
Facebook
Twitter/X
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs series
Lulu Press
Retirement from Creative Alternatives
Transfer of website to Network Solutions
Evolution of website
A variety of offshoot titles
Sivana East
Instagram
Transfer of website to Skystra
Switch from index cards to smart phone texting
Editing of Stillness, Ponderings, Return to Wonder
The quest for a legacy caretaker

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Solitary Witness

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness that I am,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing I need do, nothing I can do, but whatever the given moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body, in which I am cloaked,
Upon the stage, which I impromptu play.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Anarchist

Am I not something of an anarchist, taking on consciousness, taking on imagination,
With aphorisms the weapon, with which the dreamtime has equipped me.
Taking aim at intellects scouted in any given daily walkabout.
A reasonable pastime, for which I am well-suited.
A Johnny Appleseed strategy at the helm.
Very grass-rooted, very under-the-radar.
What future awakening they might inspire, if any,
Is well beyond this narrative, and well beyond any concern.
It is but the vanity, for which I have been, through happenstance, fated.
A mind-body, programmed by the given nature-nurture, with a truth-seeking inclination.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Just a Clarification

Just a clarification that some titles are original works, and some are selections from the originals. Please note, dear reader, that nothing is complete, nothing is finished, until the last wheezing breath. And that the most recent, most accurate edits, will be the PDF versions uploaded to the website.

* * * *

These are the original works:

*The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner*

Including:

*Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections*

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

*The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time*

*Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond*

*The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown*

*Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments*

*A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed*

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

*The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day*

*Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions*

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odd 'n Ends

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Once Upon a Christmas

Titles, Titles & More Titles

Even More
Titles, Titles & More Titles

Ditties From the Bluegrass Fire

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

* * * *

The titles below are selections drawn from the original works above, based on the premise of the title. Several will very likely still be ‘under construction’ if the Reaper arrives ahead of sketch. So ... anyone who might be motivated, is welcome to fill in any-and-all gaps, Being as mindful as possible, to hold fast to the given formatting. There may or may not be someone to answer inquiries, At the mjholshouser@gmail.com address.

Michael’s Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm’s Linguistic Muddle

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

Of Meaning and Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

Science, Science & More Science

History, History & More History

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

To Be or Not to Be

The Mystery of the Mystery

Who Was the First?

The Real is Discovering

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

Of the Human Journey

Along with Got God? And Ten Reflections

Standouts From “The Return to Wonder” Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Another Way of Putting It

Almost everything written since 1989, probably in the neighborhood of five or six thousand pages at this writing, has been transcribed in MS Word format, and is divided into ten main titles: *The Stillness Before Time*, *The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim*, *The Return to Wonder*, and *Breadcrumbs 2015 through 2023*. Other titles are sidebar original works or derivatives that came to the a-puttering mind in the hither-thither. There are many incomplete and need-editing works in the derivative list.

Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
The Return to Wonder

Sidebar Original Works

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
Titles, Titles & More Titles
The Standard Ripostes
Conversations
Definitions
Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
My (Not Quite) Haiku
Once Upon a Christmas
Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

Derivative Works

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
Science, Science & More Science
History, History & More History
Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
Of the Human Journey
Michael's Rabbit Hole
Imagination: The Great Usurper

Lost in Translation
The Call of the Eternal
The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
Jesus on Prophets
Aftershocks Autumn 2024
Of Meaning and Purpose
Frames of Reference
Of Noise & Silence
Even More
To Be or Not to Be
Who Was the First?
The Real is Discovering
The Mystery of the Mystery
59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Few Ditties on Process

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

No, this existence has not been all about talking and writing all this babble.
There were many mornings sipping bean at coffee shops, and nights curled up with popcorn and Netflix,
And wanders here and there, witnessing, exploring, participating, in oh-so-many ways.
Wisdom is far more than sitting on a zafu, staring at a blank wall,
Though that may well be a hearty slice of it,
And ultimately, all of it.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides me,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that I have offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

All the copyrights to this collection of titles are a cultural formality,
Which need mean nothing to whatever the future of this scarred garden's dreamtime has in store.
Do with these many ponderings, these many ramblings, whatever you will,
Or ignore them entirely, and likely be no less happy for it.

* * * *

I pipe dream this largely aphoristic body of work will someday be known,
And my name on some marquee, these thoughts the focus of symposiums across the world,
But let's face it, folks, with all the babbleon that's already out there,
That just ain't ever never going to happen.
So it goes.

* * * *

Fortunately, power and fame and fortune have evaded me.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre absurde.

* * * *

I do not need anything from you.
I offer you these insights free of all claims.
I do not hunger for your treasures, or your approval.
I do not aspire to ever meet you, or hear your imaginary story.
You are free to go your own way, find your own way,
And do with these thoughts, whatever you will.

* * * *

Has this lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of this temporal mind-body?
Not that I have, in any way, any shape, any form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.

* * * *

In creating this Sisyphean opus, mustered from a hard-earned frame of reference,
Every aphorism is given equal attention; each, gold-standard handcrafted,
To be read by somebody, someday, maybe, though probably not.
Don Quixote battling windmills is a fitting metaphor.

* * * *

If I was ever to start over – somehow be reborn, either male or female – I would just skip it all,
With the opposite sex, or my own, or whatever other genders might come into play.
Way too much bother, and adventures I need never experience again.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fist-ed-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

What a remarkable thing it has been, to witness the rise and decline of this blip of a nation-state,
And likely to have traversed through the apex of what human civilization has had to offer, as well.

* * * *

The jury is still out, whether passing it around randomly for free, has been the best strategy.

* * * *

My faith is strong and sure and steadfast, for all times.
It is a faith that does not require the idolatry of form or thought.
It is a faith, so clear, that one must die to little self, to see it all, for what it is.
And from that faith, I leave You the distillation, of all this mind has ever thought and done.
Do with it what you will, or will not.

* * * *

How often what you are reading, is the morphed version of the original thought.
The original having been lost in the abyss of the churning mind,
In the time it took to reach for pen and paper,
Or as it was being scribbled.
Imagine this mind as one of those Magic Eight Balls;
Thoughts floating into view, floating out of view, sometimes retrievable, most often not.

* * * *

If these writings, these reflections, have merit, they will endure; if not, oh well, so it goes.
It has been enough to observe whether the quantum théâtre absurde of dreamtime,
Was as up to the mark set by all the self-promotion, by all the propaganda,
History has fed the masses as they chewed away on their mother.
My bet is that we will decline and fall, as all things ever do,
And all our creations, all our treasures, all our glories,
Will dissolve with the last whimper of imagination.
And the quantum abyss will not even shed a tear.
Nor I collect my winnings; for which I do despair.

* * * *

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,
Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

Although I have enjoyed so many things in this span of dreamtime,
All I ever really 'wanted' to do was be a forklift driver.
The spatial flowing of it, drew the farm boy.
On a forklift, in the field stations I in youth worked,
I was a fighter pilot, flying solo all about the asphalt jungles,
On which my iron horse and I, rallied about, putting order to daily chaos.
Such was my satisfaction, that I once even used vacation time at Creative Alternatives,
To work the peak of a walnut season at Ron Martella's huller on Tully Road in hometown Hughson.
Ten-hour days in California Great Central Valley's late summer often very warm weather.
Every moment absolutely, priceless, in the very-very right-here-right-now of it.
The hardest part was in those rare moments when it slowed down.
And even then, there was always something to do.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the part I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

* * * *

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cultivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should you.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when you discern your Self.

* * * *

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

* * * *

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, diletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

* * * *

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
“What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?”
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

* * * *

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that you can take the monkey out of the jungle, but you cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

* * * *

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever you will; do with it whatever you can.
Sadly, better you than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

When would I ... Why should I ... How could I ...
Ever convince you, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

* * * *

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

* * * *

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore you imagine you are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

* * * *

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

* * * *

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

* * * *

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

* * * *

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

* * * *

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

* * * *

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

* * * *

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

* * * *

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

* * * *

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe ... Mystery ...

* * * *

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

* * * *

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

* * * *

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

* * * *

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:
My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

* * * *

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.

That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.

My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.

You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.

Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.

Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism.
Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which you told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what you had endured until you told me years later.)

* * * *

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.

A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.

Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.

If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.

Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.

But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.

Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

* * * *

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.

And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,

Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,

Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.

We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

* * * *

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.
Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

* * * *

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

* * * *

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenstance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

* * * *

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the 'Me' and 'My Self' and 'I' rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary 'me-and-myself-and-I' wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

* * * *

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind's penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
"The dark side ain't dark to me," is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

* * * *

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their 'under construction' segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.

Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

To Whom It May Concern

It is certainly a curious thing to have gone this mystical direction in life. Most definitely a road less traveled. As far as discussing it with others goes, I think, as with any specialty, any sphere – science, mathematics, music, sports, business, politics, et cetera ad infinitum – that we all tend to search out like minds to focus on our interests and passions. Scientists with scientists, mathematicians with mathematicians, musicians with musicians, athletes with athletes, businessmen with businessmen, politicians with politicians, et cetera ad infinitum. Our little “lost” tribe of seers, being somewhat scattered about the globe, are not always easy to run across. You just never know who will be sitting next to you in some coffee shop, bar, or park bench.

Personally, I have always been generalist and chameleon enough to enjoy chatting with whoever about whatever comes up. There is great freedom in anonymity. Many people I know quite well have very little if any clue about what I have done or what I have written. It has just never come up. I may probe and plant seeds, but do not worry whether or not they take root. Some minds are fertile; some are barren. It is just the way it is.

As far as staying connected with family, friends, and acquaintances goes, we each have to decide what is important to us, and it may be for some that burning bridges and moving on alone is only option they allow themselves. The high school class of my small rural town origin celebrated our 40th reunion a few years back, and those who came had a great time reconnecting and sharing their life journeys. Very few of them would ever be at all interested in my thoughts on things – many of them are true believers in one dogma or another – and I am okay with that. No point beating yourself over the head over things you cannot change.

The big view of it is that I am one of who knows how many awakened eyes in this magical mystery tour, as likely are you if you are reading this. Whether anyone else hears the call is something over which none of us has any say. Nor does it really matter. We may point the way to a larger vision, but it is each, abiding in their own set of capacities and limitations, who must, to whatever degree, wander the pathless land very much alone. We are but ephemeral seed crystals, of our own devices, for consciousness to do with what it will.

Everything I have written since 1989, except for a couple notebooks that were lost, along with a few other oopsie moments on the computer, is my gift to the future, such as it is. It is up to you and others I have befriended through the years to pass it on if you deem it to have merit. It has been an interesting pastime to give so much of my time over to it: to think it, to scribble it, to transcribe and edit it, to throw it about like Johnny did apple seeds. There may be in the neighborhood of five thousand pages worth by the time I exit this center stage. And what happens to it is for time to tell. I leave it to you to decide.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidentally, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

Conversations, 2018

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

Pointing to the whole elephant, as entertaining as it has been, has been an interesting lesson in futility.
Time to close down the show, and move on to an observation of silence mode.
Fare thee well, adieu, adios, auf wiedersehen, sayonara.
Regards and best wishes to all.

That said ...

Stay Tuned

Given how this mind works, likely a few more ditties in the here and there,
For as long as these temporal lungs are still drawing air,
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.

Thucydides

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
History of the Peloponnesian War

Yaj Ekim

Define forever.