

Aftershocks

~ Autumn 2024 ~



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

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

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
<https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com/>

Michael's Rabbit Hole
<https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com/>

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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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Preface

Greetings,

The Autumn of 2024 witnessed a cascade of Leftovers – as well as a few Soundbites and Breadcrumbs – that saw fit to earn their own title. One I coulda-shoulda-woulda wish had come to mind early in the game. Soundbites and Breadcrumbs would have probably stayed the same, but Leftovers would have been Aftershocks, and likely the annual flagship, instead of the Breadcrumbs titles that have been issued since 2015. Too much effort to change everything at this writing, so an honorable mention will have to do.

They will be posted in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael’s Rabbit Hole, as well.

This work is blogged at:

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

<https://aftershocksautumn2024.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/>

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Imagination's Eternity

Temporary sacks of crunchy-chewy-gooey genetic material,
– permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked –
In imagination's eternal quantum matrix.

Tollbooths Across the Board

Tollbooths, at every opportunity, is how it works, for those who play the game.

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.

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.

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.

Eternity's Illusion

So much illusory quantum movement, quantum vibration,
Kaleidoscoping through the eternal stillness,
Of the one and only moment.
Om, baby, Om.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

Magical v. Empirical

Opting for magical thinking over empirical observation; well, enjoy the delusion.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Own Your Essence

Bow to no idol.
Defer to no idolater.
Fathom your own essence.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

The History of the Mystery

The history of the mystery, is everything imaginable, and nothing all the while.

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.

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.

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.

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.

The History of the Mystery

The history of the mystery,
Is everything imaginable,
And nothing all the while.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

The Teflon Moment

How can karma stick to the moment but through imagination.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

The Given Dimension

All life on Earth-Gaia-Eden,
Is bound by its given sensory scope,
In a dimension of the manifest mortal kind.

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.

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.

Missing Out

If you expect the all-mighty wampum in exchange,
You may well miss out on your life's greatest passion.

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.

The Moderation-Checker

No, stop, there are just some things, You need not do.
Never hurts to keep your moderation-checker at hand.

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.

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?

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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?

The Primal Fear

You certainly do cling to your primal fear.

The Freedom of Death

How free do you really determined to be?
Only the dead are truly free.
Die now.

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.

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.

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.

The Living Dead

The living who are dead, count themselves few.

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.

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 ...

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.

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.

Turtles Up, Turtles Down

This pale blue dot, but a tiny speck,
In the dust storm, wafting in a back porch sunroom,
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 and on and on and on and on and on
Turtles up, and turtles down.
Bam!

The Irrelevance of Tradition

Death makes all history absurdly irrelevant.
All tradition is the delusion of imagination.

A Bubble of Detachment

A bubble of detachment is a good space to hang.

One Moment to Rule Them All

Between before and after, between then and when, between twixt and tween,
What can there be, but the timeless awareness, the singular moment, of all eternity.

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.

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.

Imagining the Unknowable

No matter how much you imagine you know, the unknowable can never be known.

The Wafting Eternal

Truth is but the eternal moment, through which all illusion wafts.

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.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, Page 54

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.

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.

Are You Ready?

The next breath could be your last; are you ready?

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.

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.

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.

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.

An Imaginary Construct

Would You exist, without imagination, imagining it so?

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.

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.

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.

Earth Translated

Earth
Terre
地球
Tero
Lupa
Erde
Γη
Honua
פְּדוּר הָאָרֶז
Lub ntiaj teb
Jörð
Bumi
Domhan
Wurl
地球
Žemė
Земјара
Papa whenua
ཀློང་གྲོལ།
पृथ्वी
زمین
Ziemia
पृथ्वी
Talamh
Земља
Tierra
Toprak
Daear
Dunia
Yer
Umhlaba

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.

Same Old Paradigm

Yet another beguiling story of deities and demons, oh joy, oh yawn.

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

Regarding Eternity

Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

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.

An Upstream Swim

The eternal mystery is only as obvious as any given mind can upstream swim.

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.

You Are Your Own Law

What law but his own can bind the explorer of consciousness?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

The Imaginary Guise of Awareness

Awareness has no persona, but what the wind of imagination whooshes through it.

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? ...

A Sisyphean Reckoning

Every mind, its own Sisyphean reckoning.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

The Observer and the Observed

The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

The Weight of the Moment

The moment has no weight but what the imaginary mind carries through it.

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.

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.

The Limits of All Storylines

God is far too omnipresent, too omniscient, too omnipotent, to be subjugated by any mindset's storyline.

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.

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.

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.

A Dubious Concept

Free will is an extremely dubious concept.

Yet Again

Every breath, an opportunity to awaken.
To be reborn, to reincarnate,
Yet again.
Whatever the facade.

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.

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.

Who is Free?

Only the spaceless-timeless, unborn-undying, unfathomable-ineffable, are free.

The Trick

The trick is to not become a target; to avoid dark places,
And look any and all directions before entering any pathway.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

Exceedingly Very Much Alone

Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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?

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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?

Oh Joy, Yet Another Speculation

Go ahead, douse the human paradigm with another speculation.

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.

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?

God Translated

God
Batara
Jainkoa
Աստված
ঐশ্বর
Bože
Бор
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

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.

Nothing Doing

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

Naught but a Wannabe

When it comes to being real, imagination will ever and always be a wannabe.

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.

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.

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.

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.)

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.

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.

The Uniqueness of Every Translation

The awareness of every sentient being, is a unique translation of the same ineffable mystery.

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.

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 ...

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.

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.

The In and Out of Air

Are you really anything more than the in-and-out of air in the kaleidoscoping moment?

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Child's Play

Surrendering to the mystery, to the unknown, to eternity, to the moment, is child's play.

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.

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?

The Matter of Matter

Even that which matters most, matters not.

How Deep Is Doubt?

You can only delve as deep as your doubt.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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 ...

The Mystery Contained

Life is just the mystery, caught in a biological mainframe, full of sentience.

The Source of Intelligence

Awareness is the intelligence; consciousness, the imaginary charioteer.

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.

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?

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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

The Great Nothing

Nothing is greater than any deity real or imagined.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Am I?

To even declare "I Am" is a dubious assertion.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 ...

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.

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.

Respect Earns Respect (Maybe)

You earn the same respect you give, maybe.

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.

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.

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.

One Moment to Rule Them All

You are the same moment, You have always been.

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.

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.

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.

Great Apes & Geeks

The great apes and geeks have taken the human paradigm,
Have taken this magical quantum garden,
Down a dead-end road.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

... Tick ... Tick ... Tick ...

... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ...
... Another moment closer to everything the future has in store ...
... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ...
... Another moment closer to whatever imagination has in store ...
... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ... tick ...

The Last Thing

What will be the last thing I ever write? Or say? Or do?
Well, obviously not this.

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.

A One-Time Dog and Pony Show

How absurd to believe your self-absorbed, imaginary mind-body character, is even one iota immortal.

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.

An Easy-Peasy Blend

Easy-peasy to make up whatever deities your imaginary blend of desire and fear require.

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?

Embracing Eternity

How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?

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.

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.

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.

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.

Risky Business

Believing your own press,
Your own version, your own vanity, your own malarky, your own bullshit,
Can be risky business.

A Horror-Filled Ponder

What will all the progeny go through, for the rest of human history, is a horror-filled ponder.

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.

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.

Men Plan, God Laughs

You might well have a plan.
But who knows what will really happen?
God is laughing.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

A Wayward Journey

If we crunchy-chewy-gooey 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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Helming the Ship

You will follow,
Until you find courage enough,
To take the wheel, to hold the reins, to fly solo.

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.

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.

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.

The Inherent Perfection

You are already perfection.
No need to attempt some imaginary version,
That can never-never-ever be.

Being the Moment

The moment is detached.
The moment is the detachment.
You are the detachment.
You are the moment.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.”

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

A Moment Within the Moment

Right here, right now, is the moment within the moment.
Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

Whimsical Grubs

All we two-leggeds are, is grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy.

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.

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.

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?

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.

... 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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... inhale nothing ...

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.

Neither Here Nor There

No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

Doubt It All

Doubt all meaning and purpose,
Until the futility of meaning and purpose,
Becomes absolutely, irrevocably, beyond-all-belief clear.

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.

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.

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.

Truth is Not a Debate

Truth is not a debate; it is not rhetorical masturbation.

No Moments

The are no moments.
There is only this one moment.
It is not divisible; it cannot be pluralized.

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.

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?

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.

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.

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

Ethics is a Gordian Knot,
Which only the sharpest sword of discernment,
Cuts loose its imaginary hold.

Any Other’s Mind

How many people really want to spend that much time in anyone else’s mind?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.