Breadcrumbs 2024

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

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Breadcrumbs 2024
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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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,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written in 2024. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2024
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2024.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. Coincidently, 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

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

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.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

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

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

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

Breadcrumbs 2018
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Breadcrumbs 2019
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2019.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf

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

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

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

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

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

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
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(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Leftovers

The only difference between any moment,
Is the continuous movement of sentience, of consciousness, of imagination,
Interpreting the perpetual input of the allotted senses,
As they weave their universes.

* * * *

To believe You can ever know your unknowable is delusional.
All You can do is be the awareness that You every moment are.

* * * *

Awareness is ever-present, ever now.
It is up to consciousness to throw in the towel,
If it seeks to get anywhere in the vicinity of keeping up,
With the eternity in every breath, in every step, in every moment.

* * * *

Measuring stardust always ends up at the same dead end, the same blank wall,
As every other illusion-delusion perception, the monkey-mind has ever devised.

* * * *

With just one twist of a sentence, or one scene upon a screen,
A writer can turn any plot, in ways reality can never fathom.

* * * *

We all spend our early years, exploring, probing, our capacities and limitations.
The early branches to our fates, prove not all can be destined for great things.
Power and fame and fortune, oftentimes eludes even the most determined.
Rest assured, something will happen, whether or not it matches the aspirations.

* * * *

Imagination, despite all its efforts, races the moment, to no avail.
The awareness, is always to and beyond any brass ring, in every race.

* * * *

This eternally timeless moment seems real, but in the next, is forever gone.
And the next, and the next, and every other next, forever on and on.
And then, with the final wheezing breath. they are all done and gone forever.
And the placidly philosophical Tralfamadorians, all nod in unison, the ‘So it goes’ nod.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm,
Is made up of stories that we live and die by.
None real; all, imagined.

* * * *

It is attachment to the mind-body and its quantum sensory theater,
That holds You back from being the timeless eternal moment You are.
Simply detach from the dreamtime, and You will be the only You there is.

* * * *

Abiding chronic agony is never easy for any.
One must mine deeply into the depths of the lifeforce,
To glean the will, the grit, the gumption, to endure the daily slog.

* * * *

How can the intangible moment, the intangible awareness,
Be anything but unutterably priceless to the measuring mind?

* * * *

Mother Nature bats first, she bats last, she bats every moment between.
For the human species, to believe it can, with impunity, forever stretch and break her rules,
Is absolute madness beyond all pales, absurdity ad infinitum on steroids.
The unfolding dystopian catastrophe has barely begun.
How lucky You are, if You are old.

* * * *

That subtle belief in the human mind, that it is more, that it will be more,
Is the false flag of consciousness, enticing You back,
Into its foggy illusion-delusion.

* * * *

All differences attain the same grave.
All stories are but imaginary tales.
Be and allow is the highest law.

* * * *

Conscious breathing is the about the only way to keep up with the awareness,
And even then, it is a horse race, in which consciousness,
Is always going to come up short.

* * * *

Every religion, every military, every sport, every business,
Every club, every fraternity, every sorority, every band, every gang,
Every group everywhere, has its funny little dress code.
Groupthink is all in the human paradigm.

* * * *

Face it, bro, we are in an extremely bizarre dream, and death appears the only escape, maybe.
It may seem very touchy-feely real, but that is because the quantum programming is friggin' amazing.
Whether it was natural selection or some supreme deity's design, is not worth quarreling about.
If there is more to it, that is way above any pay grade, anyone here is deigned to know.

* * * *

You must come from somewhere; and You will stay or go,
And perhaps return, perhaps several times, as the Fates ordain.

* * * *

How big do You require the statistical sample to be,
To get the gist of what it is to have existed as a human being?
Contentment, with all You have seen, all You have done, is the brass ring.

* * * *

How all this came about, can never ever be known; everything is speculation.
Anyone who pretends to know something should be ignored,
Or laughed at, until they go far, far away.

* * * *

Scientific Method is the most rational, precise way, to examine this mystery, but it is far from infallible.

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

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

* * * *

What is this thing we call death, but the end of another beginning.
Yet another trifling moment, done and undone, in quantum timeless.

* * * *

Odds are, no one will ever be as interested in your world as You are.
It would be an impossible feat for anyone to ever put aside their own.

* * * *

Your existence, your world, your universe,
Is but an illusion of perception born of imagination,
Inspired by the five senses, linked to the mind, You call yours.
The reality You are, is so much greater, than the minute shimmer allotted.

* * * *

To be … the truth … the life … the way …
Is to be in absolute, solitary relationship,
With the moment, with the singularity,

You, awareness, every moment are.

* * * *

All your power, all your prestige, all your wealth, does not make You special.
We all end up, with all our fellow earthlings, in the same grave, sooner or later.
Build all the castles You please, climb every mountain You can, it is all for naught.

* * * *

History can be looked at from an infinity of angles and dimensions.
Personal history, group history, world history, natural history, universal history.
There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

* * * *

Infinite or infinitesimal, the awareness does not care.
Spiritual or agnostic, the awareness does not care.
Clean or dirty, the awareness does not care.
Live or die, the awareness does not care.
Wealthy or poor, the awareness does not care.
Alive or dead, the awareness does not care.
Believer or atheist, the awareness does not care.
Subtle or blatant, the awareness does not care.
Kind or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Sane or insane, the awareness does not care.
Straight or gay, the awareness does not care.
Sage or fool, the awareness does not care.
Fast or slow, the awareness does not care.
Do or do not, the awareness does not care.
Long or short, the awareness does not care.
Succeed or fail, the awareness does not care.
Love or hate, the awareness does not care.
Still or moving, the awareness does not care.
Real or unreal, the awareness does not care.
Tit or tat, the awareness does not care.
For or against, the awareness does not care.
Up or down, the awareness does not care.
Around or through, the awareness does not care.
Clear or unclear, the awareness does not care.
Fat or thin, the awareness does not care.
Strong or weak, the awareness does not care.
Gratis or priceless, the awareness does not care.
Hard or soft, the awareness does not care.
Give or take, the awareness does not care.
To or from, the awareness does not care.
Wise or foolish, the awareness does not care.
Beautiful or ugly, the awareness does not care.
Big or small, the awareness does not care.
Known or unknown, the awareness does not care.
Fore or aft, the awareness does not care.

Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
Heavy or light, the awareness does not care.
Rich or poor, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
True or false, the awareness does not care.
Ecstasy or agony, the awareness does not care.
First or last, the awareness does not care.
Creative or destructive, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or bitter, the awareness does not care.
Loud or quiet, the awareness does not care.
Straight or rounded, the awareness does not care.
Bright or dim, the awareness does not care.
Well or unwell, the awareness does not care.
Astute or obtuse, the awareness does not care.
Like or unlike, the awareness does not care.
Appealing or revolting, the awareness does not care.
Clear or opaque, the awareness does not care.
Thick or thin, the awareness does not care.
Brave or cowardly, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or sour, the awareness does not care.
Equal or lopsided, the awareness does not care.
King or slave, the awareness does not care.
Queen or whore, the awareness does not care.
Expansive or contractive, the awareness does not care.
Soft or harsh, the awareness does not care.
Young or old, the awareness does not care.
Male or female, the awareness does not care.
Honest or dishonest, the awareness does not care.
Wild or tame, the awareness does not care.
Early or late, the awareness does not care.
Pure or foul, the awareness does not care.
Cautious or reckless, the awareness does not care.
Hit or miss, the awareness does not care.
Lead or follow, the awareness does not care.
High or low, the awareness does not care.
Naive or cynical, the awareness does not care.
Truth or lie, the awareness does not care.
Deep or shallow, the awareness does not care.
Open or closed, the awareness does not care.
Rational or absurd, the awareness does not care.
Near or far, the awareness does not care.
Singular or dual, the awareness does not care.
In or out, the awareness does not care.
Free or imprisoned, the awareness does not care.
Yes or no, the awareness does not care.
Attached or detached, the awareness does not care.
Course or fine, the awareness does not care.

All or none, the awareness does not care.
Shiny or dull, the awareness does not care.
Smart or stupid, the awareness does not care.
Tall or short, the awareness does not care.
Forward or backward, the awareness does not care.
Before or after, the awareness does not care.
Selfless or selfish, the awareness does not care.
One or two, the awareness does not care.
Within or without, the awareness does not care.
Yay or nay, the awareness does not care.
Close or distant, the awareness does not care.
Normal or weird, the awareness does not care.
Wet or dry, the awareness does not care.
Hot or cold, the awareness does not care.
Constant or fickle, the awareness does not care.
Positive or negative, the awareness does not care.
Happy or sad, the awareness does not care.
Fair or unfair, the awareness does not care.
Over or under, the awareness does not care.
Similar or different, the awareness does not care.
Loose or tight, the awareness does not care.
Plus or minus, the awareness does not care.
Above or below, the awareness does not care.
Inside or outside, the awareness does not care.
Simple or complex, the awareness does not care.
Black or white, the awareness does not care.
Smooth or coarse, the awareness does not care.
Wide or narrow, the awareness does not care.
Gentle or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Humble or vain, the awareness does not care.
On or off, the awareness does not care.
Here or there, the awareness does not care.
Have or have not, the awareness does not care.
Sharp or dull, the awareness does not care.
Good or bad, the awareness does not care.
Right or wrong, the awareness does not care.
Everything or nothing, the awareness does not care.
Something or nothing, the awareness does not care.
White or black, the awareness does not care.
Light or dark, the awareness does not care.
This or that, the awareness does not care.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

* * * *

Without doubt, without hesitation, without disbelief,
There is no starting down the path less traveled.
A divergent path, where serendipity rules.

An uncharted path, where insecurity is the norm.
A long and winding path, where spontaneity is a delight.
And in that … no direction known … inexplicable fates are drawn.

* * * *

The magical mystery tour of imagination.
Time and space are mind-body illusion.
Five senses contrive a cosmic theater.
The agony, the ecstasy, the absurdity.
All are helpless upshots of mutation.
The genetic lottery casts all askew.
Sand ever falling in the hourglass.
Quantum matrix, the same in all.
The awareness, the same in all.
The sentience, the same in all.
The moment, the same in all.
The mystery, the same in all.
We are stardust, come to life.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.
We are cousins of the puddle.
All are molded by their niche.
Who has ever had any choice?
Who has ever seen their face?
Who has ever been like me?
Who has ever been like You?
Who has ever been like him?
Who has ever been like her?
Who has ever been like them?
We are all just prisoners here.
All adrift in labyrinth of mind.
Ever more in common than not.
Belief is but a delusionary fog.
Be and allow, the highest law.
‘Tis but an hour, strutted, fretted.
Vanity and greed rule the world.
A species unable to contain itself.
A cancer devouring our dust ball.
The horror, the horror, no respite.
No one sees their allotted facade.
All wander the same stage, alone.
Nothing is ever the same nothing.
All lives are but imaginary dreams.
All differences are but shell games.
We are cousins of natural selection.
So many trivial things given weight.
All differences share the same grave.
Paradox and irony and absurdity rule.
The sound, the fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

The good news is there is nothing to believe.
The good news is there is nothing to seek.
The good news is there is nothing to worship.
The good news is there is nothing know.
The good news is there is nothing to follow.
The good news is there is nothing to judge.
The good news is there is nothing to ponder.
The good news is there is nothing to do.
The good news is there is nothing to undo
The good news is there is nothing say.
The good news is there is nothing to be.
The good news is there is nothing accept.
The good news is there is nothing to deny.
The good news is there is nothing to study.
The good news is there is nothing to join.
The good news is there is nothing to create.
The good news is there is nothing to surrender.
The good news is there is nothing to reflect.
The good news is there is nothing to generate.
The good news is there is nothing to consent.
The good news is there is nothing to divide.
The good news is there is nothing to contend.
The good news is there is nothing to refuse.
The good news is there is nothing to permit.
The good news is there is nothing to ignore.
The good news is there is nothing to borrow.
The good news is there is nothing to commit.
The good news is there is nothing to align.
The good news is there is nothing to merge.
The good news is there is nothing to wallow.
The good news is there is nothing to grapple.
The good news is there is nothing to strain.
The good news is there is nothing to solicit.
The good news is there is nothing to negotiate.
The good news is there is nothing to claim.
The good news is there is nothing to assert.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to moderate.
The good news is there is nothing to regulate.
The good news is there is nothing to barter.
The good news is there is nothing to control.
The good news is there is nothing to tame.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to speculate.
The good news is there is nothing to guess.
The good news is there is nothing to appraise.

The good news is there is nothing to battle.
The good news is there is nothing to tithe.
The good news is there is nothing to promote.
The good news is there is nothing to decide.
The good news is there is nothing to concede.
The good news is there is nothing to bargain.
The good news is there is nothing to yearn.
The good news is there is nothing to shelter.
The good news is there is nothing to appeal.
The good news is there is nothing to summon.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to obligate.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to calculate.
The good news is there is nothing to achieve.
The good news is there is nothing to build.
The good news is there is nothing to coerce.
The good news is there is nothing to compel.
The good news is there is nothing to measure
The good news is there is nothing to refute.
The good news is there is nothing to grasp.
The good news is there is nothing to protect.
The good news is there is nothing to gauge.
The good news is there is nothing to defend.
The good news is there is nothing to renounce.
The good news is there is nothing to establish.
The good news is there is nothing to dissolve.
The good news is there is nothing to retain.
The good news is there is nothing to embrace.
The good news is there is nothing to reject.
The good news is there is nothing to relinquish.
The good news is there is nothing to conquer.
The good news is there is nothing to subdue.
The good news is there is nothing to expand.
The good news is there is nothing to contract.
The good news is there is nothing to require.
The good news is there is nothing to request.
The good news is there is nothing to possess.
The good news is there is nothing to approve.

The good news is that …
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal singularity, the eternal You,
The ineffable You, the indivisible You, the indelible You, the unfathomable You, the indefinable You,
Is free and clear of all trespass, free and clear of any yoke, whatsoever.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Be, free.

* * * *

What is it about humankind and its genomic blend, that it is so insecure, that it is so fearful,
That it, across all geographies, has imagined a supreme deity or a gaggle of deities,
To praise or blame for the blessings and misfortunes of this mortal theater?
Surely, existing as gracefully as possible in the given ebb and flow,
Is enough for anyone sensibly abiding the rhythms of nature.
There is no exultant ending to any mortal narrative.
To endure it rationally, stoically, is an admirable achievement.

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness.
You are the eternal moment.
You are all the worlds.
You are all the stars,
You are all the stardust.
You are every quantum display.
You are all the space within and without.
You are the entire universe, and beyond all beyonds.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinite, unborn-undying totality.
You are the ineffable, inexplicable mystery, in which all appearances dance.

* * * *

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

* * * *

All sentience is the awareness.
You are the awareness.
I am the awareness.
He is the awareness.
She is the awareness.
They are the awareness.
The same awareness is in all things.
Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary,
There is no other.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness.
Prior to sentience.
Prior to dreams.

Prior to words.
Prior to thought.
Prior to narratives.
Prior to forms, You are.

* * * *

Call it eternity.
Call it God.
Call it awareness.
Call it the moment.
Call it now.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it infinity.
Call it nothing.
Call it everything.
Call it ineffable.
Call it mystery.
Call it whatever.
It is the same nothing, it is the same everything, it is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Science and all related fields, can never grasp the full truth,
Because truth, is prior to all things measurable,
Prior to all things theoretical,
Prior to all things born of consciousness.
It is the indelible, ineffable, intangible indivisibility.
It is the unknowable, inexplicable, unborn-undying mystery, prior to all.

* * * *

What could awareness possibly need?
What could awareness possibly want?
What could awareness possibly fear?
What could awareness possibly dread?
What could awareness possibly love?
What could awareness possibly hate?
What could awareness possibly believe?
What could awareness possibly see?
What could awareness possibly hear?
What could awareness possibly smell?
What could awareness possibly taste?
What could awareness possibly feel?
What could awareness possibly think?
What could awareness possibly know?
What could awareness possibly anything?

As is written in the Sixth Sutra of Manuel Schoch's
Bitten by the Black Snake translation of the Ashtravaka Gita:

You are not your body, your body is not You.
You are not the doer, You are not the enjoyer.
You are pure awareness, the witness of all things.
You are without expectation, free.
Wherever You go, be happy.

* * * *

You pose, You pretend, You politic, You participate, as your sensory theater dictates.
To consider yourself free in the winds of this choiceless pattern You play, is absurd.

* * * *

Awareness is the inherent mystery.
There is no deity to worship.
There is no groupthink.
There is no ministry.
There is no doctrine.
There is but awareness.
And it is free, to any and all,
Who have the insight to fathom it.

* * * *

It is imagination that craves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that fears, not the awareness.
It is imagination that dreads, not the awareness.
It is imagination that loves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that hates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that suffers, not the awareness.
It is imagination that delights, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cherishes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that trusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that believes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that inquires, not the awareness.
It is imagination that explores, not the awareness.
It is imagination that scorns, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that deceives, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lies, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cheats, not the awareness.
It is imagination that agonizes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that steals, not the awareness.
It is imagination that creates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that preserves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that destroys, not the awareness.
It is imagination that seeks, not the awareness.
It is imagination that finds, not the awareness.
It is imagination that raptures, not the awareness.

The root of everything human, is the stew of imagination.

* * * *

All are mesmerized by the quantum matrix.
A few and far between awaken to that which all truly are,
But even they likely fall into slumber more than they might care admit.
Few can long sit in a cave, staring at a wall, and not be drawn out into the dreamtime,
At least occasionally for short bouts of drinking and whoring and sundry other disreputable respites.

* * * *

The small have their time, as do the large; all are predators, all are prey.
There are no survivors in this unborn-undying eternal mystery.
Only witnesses born into illusions beyond counting.

* * * *

We all wander in the same ineffable, eternal moment,
With entirely different perceptions, different worlds, different universes.
Pretty tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

* * * *

Yes, there is a supreme deity, and it is peering out through your eyes,
As it is through those of every other sentient creature,
Ever fashioned in all of creation.
And it is not that awareness that judges the creation,
But You, and all the other two-leggeds, across the human paradigm,
Who wrought what they see, into heavens and hells of their habituated persuasions.
Like Santa Claus in the Christmas jingle, everyone is keeping their lists, and checking them twice.
So many, wander about, believing what they think so important to some on-high,
But it is never more than the muddled miasma of imagination.
We all come and go; only awareness remains.
Untouched by any of it.

* * * *

So many dreams before this moment, so many dreams after this moment.
All the same simultaneous moment; indivisibly, ineffably, indelibly timeless.
Space and time, and all it myriad forms, are but the inventions of consciousness.
Discern the quantum play for what it is, and perceive the ether of awareness, You are.

* * * *

History, whether the leather-chair-pipe-smoking sort, steeped in scholarly exactness,
Or the fictional variety by storytellers, using smatterings of this and that, to punctuate their tales,
Are always just stories, born of imagination, in its ceaseless play of space and time.
Eternity is ever oblivious to the busy-busy of human consciousness.

* * * *

What will You do when You finally awaken to the fact, that the deity or deities,
That You spent your life worshipping, have never existed as more than imaginary idols.
That all the time, all the effort, all the treasury, all the dread of heavens and hells, was for naught.

* * * *

Like the pruning of any young tree or bush,
The natural selections of any species early in its game,
Dictate its unchangeable traits down the line.

* * * *

In the stick-shift of the mind, learn where neutral is,
So You can slow down every once and a while,
And watch the road less traveled in glide.

* * * *

Imagination being what it is, truth to one, is blasphemy to another.
And all the while, the truth in every ethereal moment, all but ignored.

* * * *

So astounding, that every single, solitary, timeless moment,
The universe, huge beyond all comprehension,
Kaleidoscopes simultaneously.

* * * *

Orgasms are created by friction; flesh rubbing against flesh, or some other thing or another.
Masturbation is merely the solo version of the quest for pleasure.
No need to make it a taboo.

* * * *

Awareness does not exist; it is not alive.
Only imagination imagines it is the mind-body,
And the reverie through which it wanders.
You are but a figment of imagination.

* * * *

The strategies and tactics of any planning,
Be they battle or business or game or life,
Must always remain dynamic and flexible,
In the ever-changing ripples flowing about.

* * * *

Is it space and time that move, or the mind that witnesses it?
The mind which only imagines itself separate from the totality.
The mind which is the entirety of eternity, unknowable to all.

* * * *

Where is the word, the number, the note, the hieroglyphic, in the moment?
All movement of mind is nothing more than the creation of imagination.
How can language and mathematics and music and other cryptograms,
Be anything more than imaginary constructs in the ethereality of eternity?

* * * *

Odds are, an oxygenated mind,
Has much better chance at happiness and contentment,
Than the oxygen-deprived sort.

* * * *

Plan and prepare your estate, your legacy, and other wishes, as best You can for after your demise,
But know that many if not most intentions may well go other ways,
And You will neither know nor care.

* * * *

You really believe human life is sacrosanct in this dream?
Try telling that to Mother Nature, and all her other creations.
Go tell it on the mountain, so to speak, if You think it will listen.
And be mindful about that bear behind You.

* * * *

Eternity makes space and time,
And all quantum illusions possible.
Where would clouds be without the sky?

* * * *

Memory creates a sense past, a sense of future, a sense of identity, a sense of culture,
A sense of history, in an eternity that neither cares about, nor remembers anything.

* * * *

Prior to all this folderol, all this absurdity, all this madness,
There is nothing into which consciousness can lay its hooks.

* * * *

It takes a no-frills to middling amount of doubt and detachment,
Of pluck and valor, of grit and gumption, of boldness and humility,
To embrace the eternal totality, You are, have ever been, will ever be.
And in the same ever-present moment, are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

Looking back at your entire existence,
What say did You have in anything,
That lead You to be reading this?
Or me having pondered it for You?

* * * *

Never pass up a golden opportunity for a good shit or piss.
Get that poison out whenever the entrails are up for an offering.

* * * *

What is any dreamtime, fostered by any sentience, but the infinity of momentary awareness,
Peering out in every achievable, naturally-selected, quantum way,

Into that which is both part and whole.

* * * *

Any existence is replete with compromises and compensations.
Even the most principled, must flounder, at least occasionally.

* * * *

It all being a phantasmic quantum illusion,
Your entire existence has been spent talking to your Self.
On the grandest scale, humility is meaningless.

* * * *

Anticipation is well and good when thoughts are pleasant ones,
But far less so when the mind does not fathom them in a positive light.
How to negotiate existence in any given moment, without the shadow of time,
Is ofttimes a challenge for those who would be eternally timeless.

* * * *

Only rarely hurts to experiment with changing up any given game a bit.
New strategies, new tactics, varied approaches, can be quite redeeming.

* * * *

You came.
You saw.
You listened.
You tasted.
You smelled.
You touched.
You departed.

* * * *

Wonder how many of these ancient histories we believe really happened,
Were really nothing more than campfire stories to amuse and inspire some tribe.
No more real than all the books, movies, television shows, with which we fill our time.
How easy it can be, for fiction to spin its way into supposed fact, in many an undiscerning mind.

* * * *

Attention to the timeless moment is the sword of discernment.
It can be used to conquer worlds, or one's Self.
All fates are reckoned alone.

* * * *

And what exactly does that little piece of frothy trivia do for You,
Other than to make You yet another game show monkey contender.

* * * *

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,

But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.

* * * *

The song of mystery has an infinity of verses.
Many universes all making up a vast multiverse.
There is no beginning to it; there is no end to it,
Except the eternal oneness, that is source to all.

* * * *

The fundamental purpose of any language is communication.
To call the English language a bastard is profoundly wrong.
It is a mutt, a mix of lingual coding, that is strong and healthy,
Intelligent, rational, formidable, spirited, robust, stable, fearless,
And serves all well, in whatever way the ineffable moment requires.

* * * *

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

* * * *

Another day of beating your head,
Against the illusion, the pretense, the futility,
Of imagining there is more, of imagining You are more.
It is what it is; You are what You are: this very moment, awareness.
An eternal mystery; unfathomable, indivisible, ineffable.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
What more is there to say?

* * * *

Yes, You have explored so many things.
Your mind is full of every variety of minutiae.
But truthfully, Pilgrim, what do You genuinely know?
You must empty the mind to discern what is, and what is not.
Wisdom is the loftiest mainstay of consciousness,
And even it must yield to oblivion.

* * * *

I, Quantum.
You, Quantum.
He, Quantum.
She, Quantum.
Us, Quantum.
It, Quantum.
All, Quantum.

* * * *

How surreal, the light.
How surreal, the tastes.
How surreal, the smells.
How surreal, the sounds.
How surreal, the textures.
How surreal, the sentience.
How surreal, the dream.
How surreal, the Self.

* * * *

I, Awareness.
You, Awareness.
He, Awareness.
She, Awareness.
Us, Awareness.
It, Awareness.
All, Awareness.

* * * *

Analog clocks spin.
Digital clocks emanate.
Calendar pages turn and turn.
Sun and moon go round and round.
Eternity never starts long enough to stop.

* * * *

What more is there to see?
What more is there to hear?
What more is there to taste?
What more is there to smell?
What more is there to feel?
What more is there to be?
What more is there to say?
What more is there to do?
What more is there to own?
What more is there to want?
What more is there to know?
What more is there to believe?
What more is there to pretend?
What more is there to love?
What more is there to hate?
What more is there to judge?
What more is there to destroy?
What more is there to preserve?
What more is there to create?

And yet, we slog on and on.

* * * *

A few lists of all the potential horrors we and our fellow earthlings face:

Climate change
Food
Gender equality
Poverty
Health
Human rights
Water scarcity
Children
Ageing
AIDS
Biodiversity
International law and Justice
Migration
Conflicts
Corruption
Cultural diversity
Environment
Overpopulation
Peace and security
Unemployment
Global Health
Pollution
Education
Nuclear proliferation

Underrated Issues

Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

Top 10 world problems and their solutions

Climate Change
Wars and military conflicts
Water contamination
Human rights violation
Global health issues

Global poverty
Children's poor access to healthcare, education and safety
Access to food and hunger

Our list of the most pressing world problems

Risks from artificial intelligence
Catastrophic pandemics
Nuclear war
Great power war
Climate change

Similarly pressing but less developed areas

Civilization resilience
Suffering risks
Artificial sentience
Promoting positive values
Risks of stable totalitarianism
Space governance
Risks from atomically precise manufacturing
Risks from malevolent actors
Improving individual reasoning and cognition

Problems many of our readers prioritize

Factory farming
Easily preventable or treatable illness
Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

* * * *

Damn all the clocks and calendars and worlds and moons and suns,
And anything else that tempts this mind-body back,
Into believing this dreamtime real.

* * * *

What are You but the infinity of awareness,
Peering out from the eternal moment through a sensory screen,
Into that which You are both part and whole.

* * * *

Dowse the flame of passion, still the ever-churning mind-body,
And discern the ever-present eternity, You every moment are.
Eternal life; it is that simple, for those simple enough to see.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god, god-talk-to-god world.
It is a deity-eat-deity, deity-talk-to-deity world.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery, mystery-talk-to-mystery world.

* * * *

Why even bother with the word ‘love’, in a sorry-assed world,
Wherein, for only relatively brief moments, it bubbles to surface.
Sporadic visitations, for relatively limited, often dispirited showings.
As Willie Shakespeare implied times beyond: What fools these mortals be!

* * * *

Go to Your clear, endorphin-enriched mind, whenever You manage to remember it there,
As often as You are able, as often as You damn well please.
Preserve it with all Your might.

* * * *

How many would give anything to be standing in your shoes,
Doing dishes in clean water, next to a well-stocked refrigerator.

* * * *

Sad to think what we have done to the world,
That was so perfectly naturally-selected-Darwinesque,
Before we exited the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Grit, gumption, initiative, work ethic, are not abstract, idealistic notions;
They are concrete states of mind, that make for a higher quality existence.

* * * *

Not easy to set aside all the scar tissue of a lifetime.
Consciousness, imagination, has a way of holding on,
To pretty much everything the mind-body has endured.
To be free, one must be very adept at being the moment.

* * * *

There is only the ether of awareness, eternal witness, unborn-undying, tabula rasa, right here, right now.

It has no forward.
It has no backward.
It has no right.
It has no left.
It has no up.
It has no down.

It has no before.
It has no after.
It has no form.
It has no traits.
It has no value.
It has no virtue.
It has no sight.
It has no sound.
It has no taste.
It has no smell.
It has no sense.
It has no voice.
It has no stories.
It has no good.
It has no bad.
It has no vanity.
It has no passion.
It has no hope.
It has no faith.
It has no need.
It has no greed.
It has no power.
It has no renown.
It has no wealth.
It has no ecstasy.
It has no agony.
It has no light.
It has no dark.
It has no birth.
It has no death.
It has no space.
It has no time.
It has no mind.
It has no imagination.

Earth, wind, water, fire, ethereal quantum dancers, eternity's genesis, ever present, ever kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

Why do You torture yourself so, over so many things that can never be changed.
To satisfy another is not necessary; perhaps only rarely possible.
To do your best is all that You can/should ever offer.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your little part, as best ye are able.
Just remember Ecclesiastes 1:2
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

* * * *

Change is.

Some, You like.
Some, You never will.

Oh well.
So it goes.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

All You can really do,
Is play your short little tale,
As best You are able.

* * * *

Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears nose, tongue, skin –
Translate a different scintilla of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And in the quantum mind, an illusory universe kaleidoscopes eternal,
And imagination makes apparent, the mystery timelessly witnessing all dreams.
All naught but quantum duplicity, seemingly real, to all but those born to see the ineffable.
So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

* * * *

What a challenge to realize in daily living, that, that tiny little voice in your head,
That sense of self that gradually came to dominate your existence,
Is an invention of the natural selection of our species,
And that everything it spout's, is delusion.
There is no deity, up in the clouds, watching everything,
Tracking everything our genomic ‘thespian inclination’ has Shakespeared.

* * * *

Where is the desire in the moment?
Where is the fear in the moment?
Where is the dread in the moment?
Where is the fervor in the moment?
Where is the anger in the moment?
Where is the lust in the moment?
Where is the jealousy in the moment?
Where is the envy in the moment?
Where is the sorrow in the moment?
Where is the suffering in the moment?
Where is the hate in the moment?
Where is the love in the moment?
Where is the vanity in the moment?
Where is the arrogance in the moment?
Where is the futility in the moment?
Where is the persona in the moment?

Where is the imagination in the moment?

Where is any passion, any outburst, any obsession,
But in the ductless glands and viscera of the mind-body,
Ineradicably bound to the quantum illusion of space and time.

* * * *

You are playful piper, flaming bush, enduring ferryman, ascetic recluse;
A wandering madman journeying a cosmos spun of imagination.
You are all things, You are all spaces, You are all times.
There is nothing that You are not, and nothing that You are.
You are the irony, the paradox; unnamed, unclaimed, untamed.

* * * *

The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely false narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely untrue narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fake narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely incorrect narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely bogus narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely pretend narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely erroneous narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely wrong narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely sham narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely put-on narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely dishonest narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely phony narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceitful narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely forged narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely mistaken narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely copied narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceiving narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely artificial narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fictitious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely counterfeit narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely misleading narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fabricated narrative.

It ain’t true, it ain’t real, it ain’t correct, and it ain’t gonna last for much more forever.
But oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, play your little part, as best ye are able.

* * * *

Scientists measure, mathematicians gauge, engineers and architects and craftsmen build,
Businessmen buy and sell, industrialists manufacture, artists create,
Politicians compromise, generals maneuver.
The world wags on.

* * * *

The rock has rock sentience, rock intelligence.
The rose has rose sentience, rose intelligence.
The hawk has hawk sentience, hawk intelligence.
The lizard has lizard sentience, lizard intelligence.
The trout has trout sentience, trout intelligence.
The cactus has cactus sentience, cactus intelligence.
The beetle has beetle sentience, beetle intelligence.
The horse has horse sentience, horse intelligence.
The frog has frog sentience, frog intelligence.
The whale has whale sentience, whale intelligence.
The tree has tree sentience, tree intelligence.
The snake has snake sentience, snake intelligence.
The spider has spider sentience, spider intelligence.
The weed has weed sentience, weed intelligence.
The earth has earth sentience, earth intelligence.
The wind has wind sentience, wind intelligence.
The water has water sentience, water intelligence.
The fire has fire sentience, fire intelligence.
The ether has ether sentience, ether intelligence.
The moon has moon sentience, moon intelligence.
The sun has sun sentience, sun intelligence.
The galaxy has galaxy sentience, galaxy intelligence.
The universe has universe sentience, universe intelligence.
The multiverse has multiverse sentience, multiverse intelligence.
The stardust has stardust sentience, stardust intelligence.
The quantum has quantum sentience, quantum intelligence.
The mystery has mystery sentience, mystery intelligence.

* * * *

It is all imagined; it is all make-believe.
Nothing more than a dream of the mind-body.
Nothing more than a thingamajig of quantum design.
Without it, who-what-when-where-why-how would You be?
With it, who-what-when-where-why-how are You?
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
An illusion, so real, it draws You on,
Until death turns off the spigot.

* * * *

Why believe anything that is not true?
Why be with people You do not really like?

Why travel someplace You have no need to see?
Why work hard for something You do not really want?
Why expect perfection from something which can never be?
Why try so hard to be something You already are?

* * * *

Are You really a who?
Are You really a what?
Are You really a where?
Are You really a when?
Are You really a why?
Are You really a how?

* * * *

The awareness,
The moment,
Eternal life,
Right here,
Right now,
All and none.

* * * *

We are not human beings; we are human becomings.
The being in human being, was lost with the first word.
Always everywhere else but this right-here-right-now.
Trapsing about some past; contemplating some future.
Imagination at the helm, wandering every distraction,
To avoid its deceits ever being seen for what they are.

* * * *

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

* * * *

Die to the world.
Die to the universe.
Die to imagination.
Die to the dream.
Die to the mind.
Die to the body.
Die to the self.
Die to space.
Die to time.
Die to now.

* * * *

There is only one moment.
One moment in which the quantum illusion plays space and time real,
In an infinitesimal speck of eternity.

* * * *

So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

* * * *

Before our ancestors naturally-selected imagination and a sense of self,
They were the same pure awareness that every other life form ever remains.

* * * *

So many spending so much time trying to fix, to alter, to save, the human species;
Never asking themselves, with a pinch of detachment, if it really deserves to be saved.

* * *

It is really all nothing more than a quantum illusion,
But there will, indeed, be consequences,
If not played somewhat real.

* * * *

Who is free of this manifest dreamtime,
Is he who becomes that which is sought,
Is he who evaporates into the unknown.

* * * *

Where in the moment is there room or time,
For fear or hate or love or any other passion.
To call awareness anything, is meaningless.

* * * *

How fleetingly the clouds stream through the sky,
And all things through the eternal moment,
When You are witnessing it as Self.

* * * *

Given that consciousness, is ever an after-the-fact process,
Eternity is ever just out of reach, for all but the most serene.

* * * *

You can only know your own frame of reference.
And that is but a paltry speck, of all that imagination has created,
To distract (and perchance amuse) the fickle awareness, the source of all eternity,
In any given right-here-right-now, unborn-undying moment,

From its ever-present, blissful quietude.

* * * *

Imagination is a state of becoming; awareness, being.
Imagination is arrogant; awareness, unassuming.
Imagination is effort; awareness, effortless.
Imagination is time; awareness, eternal.
Imagination is binding; awareness, freeing.

* * * *

Whoever,
Whatever,
Whenever,
Wherever,
Whyever,
However,
You imagine your Self to be,
You are not, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

What is 'supreme being'? What does it mean? What does it not mean?
Is it the one and only greatest Supreme Being, ruling over all the Lesser Beings?
Or is it simply … supreme … breathe in … breathe out … being … ?

* * * *

Yet another attempt to communicate what the sound/word/concept 'God' herein means.
No, not some unshaven Saint Nick, leading an orchestration of harps in the cloudy on-high.
No, to every idol, every faith, every belief, every creed, every symbol, every charismatic leader.
Yes, to every quantum particle to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, and beyond, including, yes, You.
All that is seen, all that is unseen, is of the same indelible, indivisible, unfathomable mystery.
To envision it any less, is the same delusion repeated throughout the human paradigm.
And all that is required to perceive this non-dualistic truth, is an attentive mind.
A mind that has clearly realized, that eternity is this ever-present moment.
This timeless, unborn-undying, prior-to-consciousness awareness.
And no fiction born of imagination is required to access it.

* * * *

All cultures have mythological stories
That give reason and purpose used to solidify the group identify.
Whether or not they are real, whether or not they are true, does not matter if they connect the herd.
As Seneca wrote: Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

* * * *

Humanity is mesmerized by all the spiritual fictions devised in its migration across the pale blue dot.
Like the blind men and the elephant, they are unable, unwilling, to fathom the totality of all the partitions.
Thus, they remain bewitched by every variety of tradition, by every conceivable imaginary difference.
Blind to the indelible, ineffable, unquestionable truth, that this mystery is, within and without all.

* * * *

When next You are whiny-grumbly about how bored stiff You are,
Try to visualize what it was like for your prehistoric ancestors.
Living in the same geography, subsisting with the same tribe.
Hunting and fishing and farming, ingesting the same cuisine.
Sitting around fires, waking, sleeping, as the sun rose and set.
Telling stories, singing songs, beating drums, venerating deities.
Wearing the same garments, sleeping in trees, in caves, in shelters.
Ever tolerating nature's ebb and flow – hot and cold and wet and dry.
A sharpened stick your only defense in a panorama teeming with predators,
Not yet wary of the human shadow, as it steadily migrated across the pale blue dot.

* * * *

The human mind, sparked by evolutionary happenstance with sentience, consciousness, imagination,
Has, across this spinning pale blue dot, unleashed an unnatural, irreversible quantum tempest.
A teeny little dust ball, all alone in the abyss, of a mystery oblivious to all its vanities.
A theater jam-packed with idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness You are,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing You need do, nothing You can do, but whatever the moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body in which You are cloaked,
Upon the stage, which You impromptu play.

* * * *

The mystery before space and time is mysterious.
The mystery before space and time is ineffable.
The mystery before space and time is tabula rasa.
The mystery before space and time is aware.
The mystery before space and time is still.
The mystery before space and time is indivisible.
The mystery before space and time is momentary.
The mystery before space and time is singular.
The mystery before space and time is indelible.
The mystery before space and time is supreme.
The mystery before space and time is matchless.
The mystery before space and time is now.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is unfathomable.
The mystery before space and time is inscrutable.
The mystery before space and time is perpetual.
The mystery before space and time is imaginary.
The mystery before space and time is matrix.
The mystery before space and time is flawless.
The mystery before space and time is timeless.
The mystery before space and time is infinite.

The mystery before space and time is infinitesimal.
The mystery before space and time is omnipresent.
The mystery before space and time is serene.
The mystery before space and time is immortal.
The mystery before space and time is pervasive.
The mystery before space and time is omniscient.
The mystery before space and time is mindful.
The mystery before space and time is instantaneous.
The mystery before space and time is quantum.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is immaculate.
The mystery before space and time is futile.
The mystery before space and time is everlasting.
The mystery before space and time is unbound.
The mystery before space and time is motionless.
The mystery before space and time is mindless.
The mystery before space and time is clear.
The mystery before space and time is nondualistic.
The mystery before space and time is here.
The mystery before space and time is unbounded.
The mystery before space and time is silent.
The mystery before space and time is graceful.
The mystery before space and time is pure.
The mystery before space and time is unequivocal.
The mystery before space and time is unqualified.
The mystery before space and time is perfect.
The mystery before space and time is nothingness.
The mystery before space and time is total.
The mystery before space and time is complete.
The mystery before space and time is innocent.
The mystery before space and time is truth.
The mystery before space and time is unconditional.
The mystery before space and time is unadulterated.
The mystery before space and time is seamless.
The mystery before space and time is unspoiled.
The mystery before space and time is impeccable.
The mystery before space and time is empty.
The mystery before space and time is entire.
The mystery before space and time is effortless.
The mystery before space and time is first.
The mystery before space and time is oblivion.
The mystery before space and time is last.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is harmonious.
The mystery before space and time is unified.
The mystery before space and time is blameless.
The mystery before space and time is spotless.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.

The mystery before space and time is alert.
The mystery before space and time is void.
The mystery before space and time is unimportant.
The mystery before space and time is all.
The mystery before space and time is none.
The mystery before space and time is inestimable.
The mystery before space and time is indefinable.
The mystery before space and time is extinct.
The mystery before space and time is purposeless.
The mystery before space and time is obscure.
The mystery before space and time is anonymous.
The mystery before space and time is insignificant.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is worthless.
The mystery before space and time is unknowable.
The mystery before space and time is naught.
The mystery before space and time is indecipherable.
The mystery before space and time is nameless.
The mystery before space and time is undiscoverable.
The mystery before space and time is useless.
The mystery before space and time is immeasurable.
The mystery before space and time is valueless.
The mystery before space and time is incalculable.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is unutterable.
The mystery before space and time is endless.
The mystery before space and time is impartial.
The mystery before space and time is simple.
The mystery before space and time is straightforward.
The mystery before space and time is natural.
The mystery before space and time is untouched.
The mystery before space and time is imperceptible.
The mystery before space and time is painless.
The mystery before space and time is uncomplicated.
The mystery before space and time is unforced.
The mystery before space and time is untarnished.
The mystery before space and time is ever.
The mystery before space and time is untroubled.
The mystery before space and time is inexplicable.
The mystery before space and time is unstained.
The mystery before space and time is peerless.
The mystery before space and time is emptiness.
The mystery before space and time is indifferent.
The mystery before space and time is ageless.
The mystery before space and time is ineradicable.
The mystery before space and time is irrational.
The mystery before space and time is permanent.
The mystery before space and time is indiscernible.

The mystery before space and time is impalpable.
The mystery before space and time is faultless.
The mystery before space and time is pristine.
The mystery before space and time is mundane.
The mystery before space and time is hollow.
The mystery before space and time is alone.
The mystery before space and time is minimal.
The mystery before space and time is average.
The mystery before space and time is unique.
The mystery before space and time is unspeakable.
The mystery before space and time is unimaginable.
The mystery before space and time is unicity.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is incessant.
The mystery before space and time is inconceivable.
The mystery before space and time is unfastened.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is undeniable.
The mystery before space and time is detached.
The mystery before space and time is unrivaled.
The mystery before space and time is inimitable.
The mystery before space and time is incomparable.
The mystery before space and time is unbiased.
The mystery before space and time is pointless.
The mystery before space and time is unconcerned.
The mystery before space and time is ceaseless.
The mystery before space and time is priceless.
The mystery before space and time is impersonal.
The mystery before space and time is absurd.
The mystery before space and time is aloof.
The mystery before space and time is nonexistent.
The mystery before space and time is interminable.
The mystery before space and time is carefree.
The mystery before space and time is enigmatic.
The mystery before space and time is impenetrable.
The mystery before space and time is unreadable.
The mystery before space and time is incomprehensible.
The mystery before space and time is unintelligible.
The mystery before space and time is meaningless.
The mystery before space and time is inconsequential.
The mystery before space and time is exquisite.
The mystery before space and time is ordinary.
The mystery before space and time is engrained.
The mystery before space and time is intrinsic.
The mystery before space and time is intangible.
The mystery before space and time is solitary.
The mystery before space and time is enduring.
The mystery before space and time is inexpressible.

The mystery before space and time is omnipotent.
The mystery before space and time is tranquil.
The mystery before space and time is free.
The mystery before space and time is sovereign.
The mystery before space and time is unborn.
The mystery before space and time is undying.
The mystery before space and time is absolute.
The mystery before space and time is eternal.

* * * *

The human paradigm is built upon an imaginary assumption,
Permeated by self-absorption and avarice, that cannot be forever maintained.
All the things it has fathomed and created; all its knowledge, all its linguistics, all its mathematics;
All its histories and politics and traditions and religions and economies and entertainments;
All its scientific and industrial and technological and artistic and athletic spectacles;
And not least, its conception of space-time, usurper of the ethereal moment;
Are but the poof of imagination, believing itself more than imagination;
More than the awareness, the ether, through which all things pass.
Without a relationship with nature, upon which all is rooted,
Humankind is fated to fall into the abyss of its many limitations.

* * * *

The mind evolved as a problem-solver,
And when it is without problems,
Endlessly concocts its own.
The challenge is clear.

* * * *

Taste is relative to the individual tongue.
Vision is relative to the individual eye.
Sound is relative to the individual ears.
Smell is relative to the individual nose.
Sensation is relative to the individual skin.
The universe is relative to the individual mind.

* * * *

Nathan Gill nailed it:

This Is It.
This is all there is.
Life appearing as an endless display of changing images,
With no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself.
There is simply life with no one living it.

* * * *

Any difference between and betwixt, You and me,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and he,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and she,

Any difference between and betwixt, You and they,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and anything,
Does not ultimately, even for one moment, exist.

* * * *

Imagination is ever striving, ever struggling, to be more than it can ever be.
For it to transcend itself, would require an awakening, a wisdom,
Far too unlikely, to even begin to seriously contemplate.

* * * *

Believing in Santa Claus does not make him real.
Believing in the Great Pumpkin does not make it real.
Believing in the Easter Bunny does not make it real.
Believing in the Tooth Fairy does not make it real.
Believing in Spider Man does not make him real.
Believing in Uncle Sam does not make him real.
Believing in the Calvin does not make him real.
Believing in Peter Pan does not make him real.
Believing in Harvey does not make him real
Believing in the Oz does not make him real.
Believing in Jesus does not make him real.
Believing in God does not make he/she/it real.

* * * *

How long, how short, is a moment?
Is it longer, is it shorter, than a second?
And exactly how much to the left or right,
Of some ever-kaleidoscoping decimal point?
And, are there a sea of them, or the one and only?

* * * *

Places and faces come and go in this ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden, immutable dreamtime.
There is nothing You can hold onto, nothing You can more than experience, for more than a moment.
All knowledge, and whatever wisdom it gleans, are but wispy clouds passing through the theater of mind.
From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness You are, is but aloof witness to its eternal passage.

* * * *

The awareness is the ether of all intelligence through all creation, all preservation, all destruction.
It is the witness of, the observer of, the watcher of, and participant in, all that is, and all that is not.

* * * *

I am That I Am.
You are That I Am.
She is That I Am.
He is That I Am.
It is That I Am.
We are That I Am.
They are That I Am.

There is nothing that is not,
That I Am.

* * * *

The pride of imagination.
The envy of imagination.
The gluttony of imagination.
The lust of imagination.
The wrath of imagination.
The greed of imagination.
The sloth of imagination.
Seven, count ‘em, seven.
Imaginary from all get-goes.

* * * *

You, alone, are the mystery.
It is your relationship with your Self, which is all.
And what manifests through your mind-body’s sensory input, is the journey.

* * * *

There can be no end to what can be known, before the light sooner or later goes out,
But what point, to the endless pursuit, the endless gathering, of trivia, regarding this illusion?
Is a busy-busy mind, caught up with every distraction, really any different, than a dog chasing a ball?

* * * *

There is no definition, there is no equation, there is no hypothesis, there is no reckoning,
That can encapsulate the mystery of the ever-present timeless moment,
The ever-present timeless mystery of awareness,
To which You, and every other sentient life form, are witness.

* * * *

Having to choose from a sizable selection of so-called religions,
Concocted by human imagination, and brewed in vanity and avarice, is no choice worth bothering about.
Put them all behind You, and wander alone, as far, as wide, as free, as You dare.

* * * *

Hallucinations and other consciousness-altering substances,
Can be useful in kick-starting the inner eye – That to which all have equal access –
But they are not at all necessary once You have awakened to the unborn-undying, You truly are, are not.

* * * *

Life's nature-nurture patterning, is every moment, conditioning itself anew,
With programing of the on-off-plus-minus-positive-negative-attached-detached category.
To consciously manipulate those endorphin mechanisms, is an art, a dance, a whimsy, for those inclined.

* * * *

The eternal moment is right here, right now; the eternal awareness is right here, right now.
Imagination is the creator of space and time, and flows through the moment, through the awareness;

Unable to ever grasp anything, as more than a memory, as more than an ephemeral concept.
You are the moment, You are the awareness, You are the totality, You are eternity.
Everything seen and heard and touched and tasted and felt, is but illusion.

* * * *

Who is the who, who sees, or sees not?
Who is the who, who hears, or hears not?
Who is the who, who tastes, or tastes not?
Who is the who, who smells, or smells not?
Who is the who, who feels, or feels not?
Who is the who, who does, or does not?
Who is the who, who thinks, or thinks not?
Who is the who, who is reading this?

* * * *

Now the one-and-only right-here-right-now moment there is.
There never was a before, and there will never be an after.
The unborn-undying moment is the ever-present verity.
It is an ineffable, unfathomable, indivisible mystery,
In neither need nor want of a mind-made solution.

* * * *

Imagination is the Great Jester; ever lingering in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.
The embers of mind gorp, all things absurd, always ready to be fired up, in the furnace of imagination.

* * * *

You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.

* * * *

You are the awareness, You are the unborn-undying, You are the ineffable mystery, You are eternity.

Bam!

* * * *

You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.

* * * *

The more You involve your imaginary, time-bound, mortal little self, in the mundane world;
The less right-here-right-now moment, for your indivisible Self in the unborn-undying one.
Every moment, a choice.

* * * *

Only imagination thinks.
Only imagination reasons.
Only imagination believes.
Only imagination remembers.

Only imagination cogitates.
Only imagination opines.
Only imagination speaks.
Only imagination hears.
Only imagination smells.
Only imagination tastes.
Only imagination touches.
Only imagination organizes.
Only imagination negotiates.
Only imagination governs.
Only imagination follows.
Only imagination composes.
Only imagination counts.
Only imagination draws.
Only imagination paints.
Only imagination sculpts.
Only imagination builds.
Only imagination shapes.
Only imagination constructs.
Only imagination develops.
Only imagination creates.
Only imagination preserves.
Only imagination destroys.
Only imagination does anything.
Only imagination does everything.
Despite the fact, that time is not real,
There is no human paradigm without it.

* * * *

It is natural selection, not free will.
Since Creation's unknowable beginning, there has never been any such thing as free will in the algorithm.
A right or left turn, naturally-selects the next turn, and that the next, and that the next.
You naturally-select your Self down the rabbit hole of your fate.
Every organism naturally-selects its Self, down the rabbit hole of its fate.
An eternal dance, across an infinite quantum matrix, ever and ever kaleidoscoping.
And through it all, the awareness You are, is eternal witness, to all that sentience has designed.

* * * *

Spouting this sort of drivel is what got he-who-shall-not-be-named hung out to die way back when.
How fortunate we of current issue are, who speak out with impunity, with little dread of consequence,
In this relatively freer moment, in those all too rare geographies, that, oft-times regretfully allow it.

* * * *

You do not have to like someone, to sit by them, or walk beside them,
Or work with them, or be in the same friggin' cosmos with them.
Nobody is at all like You, nor will anyone likely ever want to be like You.
You are on your own – five senses, a brain, and the theater– kaleidoscoping ever on.
Eternal awareness, in what seems an impromptu walkabout-wander, through space, through time.

Through your unfathomable, indivisible, indelible, ineffable, eternal matrix.
It is but a temporal dream, and You, its dreaming.
Imagine your Self, in all.

* * * *

Attitude is all.
Learn to naturally release the hormones.
The happy chemistry – dopamine, serotonin, endorphins, oxytocin.
Simple lifestyle changes – diet, exercise, meditation – are conscious means to a more bearable existence.
It is not always a beautiful world, but the mind-body need not suffer for it.

* * * *

You just threatened to send me to Hell, for not believing in your absurd bullshit, thanks.
Yup, yup, yup, we sure know what kind of supreme-deity horror show You would paint.

* * * *

Surrender to the unknowable.
Surrender to the indivisible.
Surrender to the nameless.
Surrender to the spaceless.
Surrender to the timeless.
Surrender to the moment.
Surrender to the totality.
Surrender to the infinite.
Surrender to the indelible.
Surrender to the ineffable.
Surrender to the inexplicable.
Surrender to the unborn-undying.

And know You are That I Am, You are the One.

* * * *

How did such superstitious absurdity become our limiting factor?
How did our quest for food and water and shelter and space,
How did natural selection's tack into the realm of imagination,
Become so sullied, so pathetic, in our conquest of the pale blue dot.

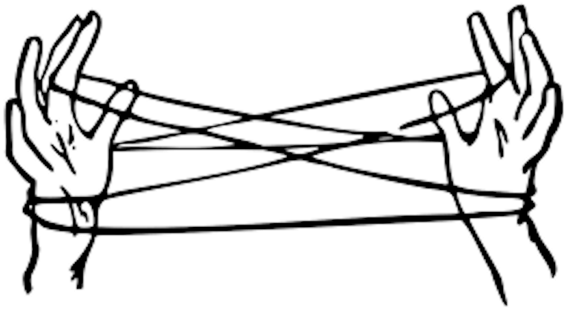
* * * *

Touch that which is God, by immersing into the infinite beingness within.
Into the spacelessness, into the timelessness, permeating all.
Into the unfathomable mystery, You are.

* * * *

Bokononism: A religion built on lies and absurdity and irony.

Finally, a no-card-no-dogma-no-congregation faith that makes sense.



scratches made in a black, gummy impasto.
[o]ne of the oldest games there is.
It means whatever it means.
'See the cat? […] See the cradle?'

~ Newt Hoenikker ~

Tiger got to hunt,
Bird got to fly;
Man got to sit and wonder, "Why, why, why?"
Tiger got to sleep,
Bird got to land;
Man got to tell himself he understand.

~ Bokonon ~

Cat's Cradle, Kurt Vonnegut

* * * * * * * * * *

So it goes.

~ Tralfamadorian Proverb ~

Poo-tee-weet?

~The Bird ~

Slaughterhouse Five, Kurt Vonnegut

* * * *

God may have created this théâtre de l'absurde dreamtime,
But who or what created that omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient being?
Call it genesis, call it creation, call it big bang, call it turtles-all-the-way-up-all-the-way-down,
It all started somewhere, somehow, but can any claim, any assertion,
Really be more than hollow speculation?

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.

Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

This moment is ineffable, so very ineffable.
By definition, what is unknowable, can never be known.
An agreeable breath, is as good as it gets, so, breathe, kiddo, breathe.

* * * *

The finite mind transcends space and time whenever it yields itself to awareness.
The Microsoft Word thesaurus suggests words like effortlessness, simplicity,
Naturalness, smoothness, facility, ease, confidence, grace, to illustrate it.
To be the moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

* * * *

You are the unborn-undying awareness.
You are the anonymous all-pervading.
You are the overwhelming unknown.
You are the ineffaceable That I Am.
You are the indecipherable enigma.
You are the incomprehensible now.
You are the indescribable mystery.
You are the inscrutable witness.
You are the boundless present.
You are the inexplicable eye.
You are the irradicable here.
You are the ineffable now.
You are the indelible You.
You are the glimmering.
You are the twinkling.
You are the moment.
You are the instant.
You are spaceless.
You are timeless.
You are infinity.
You are eternity.
Be anonymous.
Be boundless.
Be spaceless.
Be timeless.

Be present.
Be eternal.
Be totality.
Be infinite.
Be indelible.
Be ineffable.
Be nameless.
Be indivisible.
Be irradicable.
Be inscrutable.
Be inexplicable.
Be ineffaceable.
Be unfathomable.

Right here, right now.

Bam!

* * * *

You are the tabula rasa.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the twinkling.
You are the instant.
You are the existence.
You are the consciousness.
You are the being.
You are the vigilance.
You are the chirpiness.
You are the occurrence.
You are the life.
You are the dynamism.
You are the vivaciousness.
You are the vigor.
You are the mindfulness.
You are the focus.
You are the animation.
You are the manifestation.
You are the energy.
You are the cognizance.
You are the reality.
You are the vibrancy.
You are the perception.
You are the presence.
You are the sparkle.
You are the liveliness.
You are the alertness.

You are the wakefulness.
You are the spirit.
You are the actuality.
You are the exuberance.
You are the attentiveness.
You are the alertness.
You are the verve.
You are the watchfulness.
You are the here-now.
You are the indivisible.
You are the all and none.
You are the witness.
You are the eternal one.

* * * *

The truest, most eloquent faith, is a singular kind of faith.
It is a faith that accepts what the moment offers.
It is a faith that engages the moment fully.
It is a faith that values the intuitive.
It is a faith that has no bounds.
It is a faith that withstands one's fate.
It is a faith that embraces the eternal mystery.

A spaceless faith.
A timeless faith.
An intelligent faith.
A perceptive faith.
A fearless faith.
A relative faith.
A stoic faith.
A moderate faith.
A harmless faith.
An instinctual faith.
A frugal faith.
A resilient faith.
An insightful faith.
A lawless faith.
A penetrating faith.
A shrewd faith.
A flexible faith.
A benevolent faith.
A rational faith.
A boundless faith.
A natural faith.
An abiding faith.
An enduring faith.
An austere faith.
A freeing faith.

An independent faith.
A sharing faith.
A scientific faith.
An agnostic faith.
A discerning faith.
A spontaneous faith.
A watchful faith.
A virtuous faith.
An eternal faith.
An inquiring faith.
A giving faith.
A clear faith.
A grateful faith.
A responsive faith.
A sensible faith.
A reasonable faith.
A forgiving faith.
An innocent faith.
An ironic faith.
A paradoxical faith.
A sane faith.
A mindful faith.
A balanced faith.
A wise faith.
A healthy faith.
A lucid faith.
An astute faith.
A prudent faith.
A judicious faith.
A sagacious faith.
An erudite faith.
A mu faith.
An unknowable faith.
A gnostic faith.
An esoteric faith.
A mystical faith.
A spiritual faith.
A real faith.
A hidden faith.
A soul faith.
An allegorical faith.
A symbolic faith.
An amoral faith.
A fortuitous faith.
A casual faith.
An impromptu faith.
An unprincipled faith.
An elegant faith.

A chaste faith.
A refined faith.
An essential faith.
A faithful faith.
A gentle faith.
A quiet faith.
A solitary faith.
A calm faith.
A placid faith.
A humble faith.
A modest faith.
An unpretentious faith.
An ordinary faith.
An unassuming faith.
A deep faith.
A kind faith.
A godless faith.
A wholistic faith.
A diverse faith.
An atypical faith.
A sightless faith.
A tasteless faith.
An odorless faith.
A soundless faith.
A touchless faith.

A faith beyond all bounds.

* * * *

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

* * * *

The last desire is craving nothing, so badly, You can no longer taste it.
The pond, unruffled by wind or ripple, is a solitary, placid dream, indeed.

* * * *

Call it genesis, call it creation., call it big bang.
Call it a wall, a spear, a snake, a tree, a fan, a rope.
Call it turtles-all-the-way-up-turtles-all-the-way-down.
All are equally magical, equally fantastical, equally hypothetical, equally speculative,
And only demonstrate again and again, no one can ever know,
More than what imagination imagines.

* * * *

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.

I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

* * * *

Agnosticism – doubt, nonbelief – is the most pragmatic stance.
Atheists waste their time quarreling with true-believers,
About imaginary notions neither can never know.
Abiding in momentary stasis is the most intangible way.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

It is a radio waves-eat-radio waves cosmos.
It is a microwaves-eat-microwaves cosmos.
It is an infrared-eat-infrared cosmos.
It is a visible light-eat-visible light spectrum cosmos.
It is an ultraviolet-eat-ultraviolet cosmos.
It is an X-rays-eat-X-rays cosmos.
It is a gamma rays-eat-gamma rays cosmos.
It is an electromagnetic spectrum-eat-electromagnetic spectrum cosmos.

It is an everything-eat-everything cosmos; abide as best ye may in the crunchy-chewy-gooey.

* * * *

Imagination imagines time.
Imagination imagines forever.
Imagination imagines it is forever.
Imagination has a lot to realize.

* * * *

The You, You think You are; the self, You pretend to be, is nothing more than ephemeral trickery.
Nothing more than a neural network's capricious collection of sensory-induced perceptions.
An imaginary fiction, that is but the quantum matrix, kaleidoscoping every given moment.
Nothing more than a vast illusion; the electromagnetic spectrum's evolutionary deception.
Biological happenstance meandering a touchy-feely dreamtime of naturally selected design.
All played out in the unfathomable awareness; the spaceless, the timeless, the ineffable totality.
The unseeing, who ever quarrel over the elephant, see only walls, spears, snakes, trees, fans, ropes.
Some call it, God; some, Brahman; some, Tao; some, Allah; some, Great Spirit; all, the same mystery.
So, the human paradigm duels towards its destiny, battling over differences, chiseled only in imagination.

* * * *

The geeks and their minions have played central role,
In the rise, the decline, the fall, of the anthropoid paradigm.
From the first fire, to unleashing the power of the quantum cosmos.
They have pushed, have pulled, the planet of the apes through a dreamtime,
The likes of which this pale blue dot, this spinning speck, will never witness again.
It is a sigh of an anecdote the abyss will have long forgotten by the time nobody reads this.

* * * *

Not long ago, there was no imagination.
Not long ago, there was no beginning.
Not long ago, there was no ending.
Not long ago, there was no language.
Not long ago, there was no knowledge.
Not long ago, there was no education.
Not long ago, there was no tribe.
Not long ago, there was no identity.
Not long ago, there was no culture.
Not long ago, there was no tradition.
Not long ago, there was no politics.
Not long ago, there was no religion.
Not long ago, there was no art.
Not long ago, there was no music.
Not long ago, there was no history.
Not long ago, there was no philosophy.
Not long ago, there was no agriculture.
Not long ago, there was no industry.
Not long ago, there was no technology.
Not long ago, there was no commerce.
Not long ago, there was no mathematics,
Not long ago, there was no science.
Not long ago, there was no medicine.
Not long ago, there was no architecture.
Not long ago, there was no civilization.
Not long ago, there was no human paradigm.
Not long ago, there was nothing but a garden flowering.
Not long ago, there was nothing but an abyss, an awareness, a serenity.

It is still there, in the You, You are.

* * * *

Why in any deity's name, would You feel compelled,
To be a follower, to be a sheep, in some charlatan's flock?
How absurd to allow any middleman dominion over your true Self.

* * * *

Seek out a bodhi tree,

Go out into some desert,
Climb up to a mountain peak,
Sit in corner in your living room,
Or take long ambles around the world,
And do whatever comes to mind,
Until You maybe figure it out.
There are no guarantees,
Only a mystery in all.

* * * *

Let the cosmos,
Let the matrix,
Let the mystery,
Burn within You.

* * * *

Slave to the man.
Slave to the system.
Slave to the world.
Slave to the universe.
Slave to the matrix.
Slave to the mystery.
Long live Sisyphus.

* * * *

What You call your life is really nothing more,
Than an ethereal array of chemically-induced perceptions.
A frame of reference, from which imagination gauges a quantum illusion,
Born of merely five senses – sight, smell, hearing, taste, touch –
Plugged into a gooey vat of neurons, encased in a skull.
Assumptions beyond counting, are requisite.
Keeps imagination very busy, indeed.

* * * *

You imagined God,
And he/she/it in all his/her/its divine mercy and wisdom,
Chose You and your tribe in return.
How providential.
How convenient.
How ridiculous.
How so it goes.

* * * *

Just another Easter Island.
This round on a global scale.
A bit longer timetable, to be sure,
But all too predictable, nonetheless.
Be happy You will not have to endure it.

* * * *

Do You not wish You could advise your younger self,
To slow down a bit, or even hold off completely,
On some of the choices You were making?
Where is that fucking rewind button?

* * * *

Memory evolved because awareness could not remember anything,
And that was a bit dangerous for critters naturally-selecting survival.

* * * *

In the spectrum, right to wrong,
Who is right? Who is wrong?
And who does the judging?

* * * *

The rural class, the working class – and any other classes in the pyramid schemes of caste systems –
Have a lot to learn from the upper class, and the upper class, a great deal to realize about its foundation.

* * * *

A world of dreams, an impromptu play, a Shakespearian festival,
Playing upon all stages, in all times, across this spinning pale blue dot.
A ceaseless, ever-mutating reverie, since the origin of language, so long ago.
In every mind, in every body, no matter the naturally-selected, nature-nurture role,
An award-winning thespian, playing their imaginary part, so earnestly, so believably well.

* * * *

Thomas Aquinas … *hominem unius libri timeo* … I fear the man of a single book.

How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one You have ever read.

* * * *

Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same.
The spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue, inspired by fear of the unknowable.
What a different pale blue dot it might well be, if the young were raised to be one with all things.
It might have lent a pause to the absurd destruction and mayhem our kind has wreaked across the world.
Alas that narcissism and hedonism have such a callous grip upon this imaginary-laden moment.
This quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness nothing more than noise.

* * * *

Covid-19 rocked this our modern world, and has spun the human paradigm into a new phase.
We have passed through the apex as far as the masses go; it will be down the bell curve from here on out.
Factor in all the other Petri dish Earth issues, and add in perpetual proxy wars, trade wars,
Beyond-the-pale technologies, artificial intelligence, and the slide waxes itself.
What to do, where to live, who to align with, are anybody's guess.
Oh, for a time machine to witness the decline and fall.
Oblivion calls, each and every moment.

* * * *

Freedom
Redemption,
Salvation,
Deliverance,
Rescue,
Liberation,
Emancipation,
Recovery,
Abandon,
Apology,
Acceptance,
Gratitude.
Benevolence,
Escape,
Discharge,
Release,
Grace,
Is in the moment.

* * * *

Identity is an imaginary construct.
A dream of awareness, of streaming reality.
A fabrication to which imagination resolutely fastens.
It requires the greatest courage of spirit to fathom the moment.

* * * *

There are different levels, different intensities of regret, that take place in any given life.
There are the ones that come about because You somehow said or did something that ruined a relationship.
Or the unavoidable accidents that irrevocably change or impact your health and wellbeing.
But if we are talking about the large choices that are about one's final destiny,
In that, life's great challenge is to have no regrets, whatsoever.
To depart content, is the brass ring of dreamtime.

* * * *

Imagination most certainly has conveyed our kind,
And the entire world about us, and every diversity of creature,
Down a long and winding road of profound ecstasy and merciless agony.

* * * *

… Another day in the nebulous …
… Unclear, vague, imprecise, hazy, unformulated, tenuous, indefinable …
… me-myself-and-I of mind …

* * * *

Sometimes, You tip-toe-through-the-tulips, through it.

Sometimes, You chop-chop-slice-dice, through it,
Fast or slow, as the given moment subscribes,
In all born into this imagined dreamtime.

* * * *

You only are now, not the imaginary who.
You only are now, not the imaginary what.
You only are now, not the imaginary when.
You only are now, not the imaginary where.
You only are now, not the imaginary why.
You only are now, not the imaginary how.
You only are now, not the imaginary you.

You are now … You are awareness … You are mystery … You are eternity.

Or so You imagine.

* * * *

All the mistakes, all the blunders, that You have made! How is it, that You are still alive?
How is it, that none seem to have had raison d'être enough, to pursue revenge?
To walk freely, without dread of the knife twisting in the back,
Is surely the triumph of any wily chameleon.

* * * *

A lot of humans, in a lot of arenas, in whatever timeless remains,
Are going to be living in tents, or on pieces of cardboard,
Pushing carts, collecting treasure, for sale or barter.

* * * *

Monday's started, Monday's done.
Tuesday's started, Tuesday's done.
Wednesday's started, Wednesday's done.
Thursday's started, Thursday's done.
Friday's started, Friday's done.
Saturday's started, Saturday's done.
Sunday's started, Sunday's done.

On and on, the calendar pages turn and turn again.
… seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millennia, epochs …
Ever tick-tick-ticking the kaleidoscoping cycles of sun and moon and cosmos.
Concepts of space and time, that are not, and have never been real.
All nothing more than the illusion of the mind-body,
Sculpted by the play of natural selection,
Born of a magical mystery.

* * * *

When it comes to answering the ultimate questions, when it comes to answering the ultimate question,
Science is as blind and deaf and dumb as any other philosophy imagination has ever conceived.

Though it can endlessly observe and experiment, and forever hypothesize and theorize,
It is all the same old hearsay; there is no knowing how this mystery came to be.
One must lucidly scrutinize the awareness, until they are the awareness.
And with that agnostic state, they will simply have to be satisfied.
The unknown is unknowable, and that is just the way it is.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your imaginary little part, as best ye are able,
And die, alone and ignorant, same as everything else.
The existential morass, will ever be an existential morass.

* * * *

The human paradigm all boils down to vanity and greed.
A cancer chewing on its mother and each other
Until there is nothing left to chew on.
It is all how and when, not if.

* * * *

There are plusses and minuses to any given scenario, any given plan.
Any given idea, strategy, proposal, plot, design, blueprint, scheme, sketch.
It is in how they are gauged, that the sword pares the final discernment.
And in that discernment, destiny scribes itself in the quantum sands.

* * * *

Is the love, that that so easily turns to hatred, ever really love?
Is it ever really anything more than imagination given over to enchantment?
Is it really anything more than another round of the mind bent toward tribalistic notion?
Is the ideal we label love, anything more than feel-good chemistry, slathered with imaginary notion?

* * * *

You are but a drop of indivisible awareness in the immeasurable ocean of this ineffable mystery.
The ultimate nature that all manifestation is, is eternally spaceless, eternally timeless.
Without attributes, without direction, without purpose, without meaning, without contradiction.
Savor and endure the ecstasies and agonies of your ephemeral existence while breath allows the synthesis.

* * * *

You are not your ever-morphing container,
Nor anything it has ever thought or done.
You are not your video of life experiences.
You are not your trainload of vague memories.
You are not your vocation or hobbies or opinions.
You are not your bulky encyclopedia of trivial pursuits.
You are not your unwieldy bag of values, a.k.a., judgments.
And neither, despite all appearances to the contrary, is anyone else.

* * * *

You got a good roll out of your little window of illusion.
And what happens after You are departed, after You are again ashes and dust,
Is nothing You can do anything about, any more than You could while You were here a-breathing.

* * * *

What would that tabula-rasa infant-child-adult be,
If no sense of self was – engrained, imbedded, ensconced, rooted –
By the nature-nurture world, in which it was niched.

* * * *

It is whatever it is; it is whatever it is not.
You are whatever it is; You are whatever it is not.
The game is not letting imagination get the better of You.

* * * *

Try not to confuse who You think You are,
With what You are, have ever been, will ever be.
With what You are not, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Is a blow job really a form of eating-your-young cannibalism?
And not necessarily a bad thing for the big bang it gives the lucky recipient.
But not something that will continue naturally-selecting away,
The point and purpose of the sexual act itself.
You are not here, dreaming away,
Because other options were not available.

* * * *

First story.
His story.
Her story.
Its story.
My story.
Your story.
Their story.
Our story.
A story.
The story.
Null story.
Mu story.
All stories.
Last story.
No stories.

* * * *

A period is a stop.
A comma, a pause.
A hyphen, a connector.
A semi-colon, a deviation.
A question mark, an uncertainty.
An exclamation mark, an interruption.

A parenthesis, an enclosure.
A bracket, a cell.

* * * *

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

* * * *

Look at a clock.
Notice how the hands move.
And You do not.

* * * *

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

* * * *

The so-called spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue,
Inspired by imagination's fear of, and curiosity about, the unknowable unknown.
The right here, the right now –now-ing away –in this very timeless moment.
The same awareness in every sentient being's mystery-born creation.

No need to worship what You already are.

You honor it by being it.

A higher state of worship cannot be known.

* * * *

You are the mystery.
You are the awareness.
You are prior to consciousness.
You are prior to the quantum matrix.
You are prior to the moment.
You are prior to all.

* * * *

You can explore and dance the quantum theater,
As much as You please, for as long as the mind-body allows,
But You will never touch, not even once, the awareness permeating all.

* * * *

Awareness is the 'awakeness' of all sentience, of all creation, small to great.

The ‘awakeness’ of the indelible, indivisible quantum matrix; of stardust, come unto ‘life’.
It is the eternal eye of the unknown, prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams, they in spontaneous combustion, inspire.

* * * *

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

* * * *

Where in the moment does time reside?
Where in the moment does existence reside?
Where in the moment does knowledge reside?
Where in the moment does imagination reside?
Where in the moment does the cosmos reside?
Where in the moment does quantum reside?
Where in the moment does mind reside?
Where in the moment do You reside?

* * * *

Whether or not, there was a beginning to all beginnings,
Whether or not, there will be an end to all ends,
Even deities-on-high vainly wonder.

* * * *

There is only one dimension, only one matrix, only one quantum sea.
And who knows how many universes, envisioned by how many sentient creations.
Indelible, indivisible, unfathomable, ineffable, within that infinity, which herein is called mystery.
That awareness, which is harbor to all potentials, that which is witness to all eternity.
That which is eternity; that which is You, prior to all things quantum.

* * * *

What in your cosmos, in your lifetime walkabout,
Has not taught You many somethings about this mystery?
Has not brought You to this singular moment of eternal reflection?
You are reading this, because the seeds of Self were planted in your destiny.
What more is there to do, but wander aimlessly for whatever dreamtime is proffered.
Fulfilling your moment, with whatever calls, in the serendipity ahead.

* * * *

You are the mystery.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the infinite.

You are the infinitesimal.
You are the indivisible.
You are the ineffable.
You are the indelible.
You are the ineffaceable.
You are the immaculate.
You are the unfathomable.
You are the spaceless.
You are the timeless.
You are the totality.
You are the absolute.
You are the omniscient.
You are the omnipresent.
You are the omnipotent.
You are the creator.
You are the preserver.
You are the destroyer.
You are the witness.
You are the matrix.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the moment.
You are the eternal.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

* * * *

The totality is very much entirely awake, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.
All physics theories only vainly attempt to encapsulate the illusory quantum matrix.
The unifying principal is not some scholarly chalkboard equation.
Nor is it a symbol; nor is it a pithy statement.
It is the one and only moment.
It is the indefinable, ineffable mystery.
It is the timeless awareness, the right-here-right-now.
It is the sentience, the wakefulness, the alertness, the attentiveness,
Pervading the ether through which earth-wind-water-fire every moment kaleidoscope.

* * * *

It is not your mystery, or my mystery.
It is not your awareness, or my awareness.
It is not your moment, or my moment.
It is not your dream, or my dream.
It is not your Gaia, or my Gaia.

It is our mystery, our awareness, our moment, our dream, our Gaia.

* * * *

Vain collusions aside, how can anyone truly know,
Whether or not there is some supreme deity or deities on high?
Truly, an agnostic stance is the most rational any mind can hope to achieve.
If there is more to it than meets the sensory field, fine; if it is just a one-trick pony, fine.
The challenge before all, is to play out their given dreamtime, as well as their temporal destinies allow.
If there is more to it, You will know soon enough; if not, so it goes, ta-ta forever more.

* * * *

When You truly discern that none of it ultimately real or lasting,
You will find desire and fear and dread, no longer govern the day-to-day.
That the dreamtime of the prior-to-consciousness awareness is timeless, changeless.
The You saturated in every variety of limitation born of the given nature-nurture conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn-undying You; that which is prior to all conception.
Not necessarily an easier dream, but one that offers greater detachment.

* * * *

This moment is no different than it has ever been, in any ever then.
Nor will it ever be at all different in any ever future when.
In truth, nothing has ever been, exactly the same.
Vanish into the awareness, the sentience,
And be the You, You truly are.

* * * *

You are the mystery.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the indivisible.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the ineffable.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

* * * *

No doubt there is more than likely-probably some sound or two for that thingamajig, too.
You see it, You hear it, You taste it, You smell it, You feel it, You imagine it – we got it covered.
No thingamabob, gizmo, doodad, doohickey, widget, whatsit, thingummy, hoojamaflip, goes without.

* * * *

Awareness is the true church.
In its temple, its chapel, its cathedral, its basilica, its minster, its synagogue, its mosque, its cave;
In the rectory of the mystery's eternal solitude,
You are.

* * * *

The choiceless choice is yours to compose, yours to marshal.

Persevere according to your own self-absorbed volition,
With all the afflictions consciousness encompasses.
Or give yourself over to the dimensionless presence of Self,
Your true nature, the inexplicable essence of all that is, of all that is not.

* * * *

Martyrdom is something for which most are likely ill-suited.
Rest assured, when it gets down to the brassiest of tacks,
When it gets down to a choice between You and them,
Few people will give a rat's furred ass about You,
Any more than You do about most all of them.
True selflessness, without a hint of vanity;
How rare is that, upon this Planet of the Apes?

* * * *

What are the attributes of freedom?
The freedom to do what You please.
The freedom to say what You please.
The freedom to view what You please.
The freedom to think what You please.
The freedom to explore what You please.
The freedom to wander where You please.
The freedom to allow what You please.
The freedom to be what You please.
The freedom to be full.
The freedom to be empty.
The freedom to not be at all.

* * * *

When You see what You truly are, what You truly are not,
What remains but the ineffable awareness,
Untainted by dreamtime.

* * * *

The awareness of existence, the moment, is too ethereal to be more than imagined.

* * * *

No word, no symbol, no ritual, no tradition, no prophet, no deity, is sacred to the ultimate.
Self-interest breeds a logic screened through too many filters to be at all predictable.
Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires; good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Nature-nurture frames every mind to play out one dream-identity or another.
In discerning this truth, the secular mind can be recalibrated,
Into the eternal mind, into the eternal life.
Eternal freedom is an ageless walkabout unto thy Self.

* * * *

The fruit of knowledge was never forbidden by any supreme deity.
It is just humankind's naturally-selected choiceless destiny,
To imagine its way to its inevitable self-destruction.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the indivisibility of the quantum dreamtime,
Few clearly discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

It is but a world-wide collusion of imagination.
Every mind a unique spin of its nature-nurtured frame of reference.
All hypnotized, all mesmerized, by a dreamtime reality, only the rarest minds can discern,
And even they are swept up in this delusional, Shakespearian, théâtre de l'absurde.
This whirling-twirling pale blue dot, upon which we all are marooned.

* * * *

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

* * * *

Toss out the watches and clocks and calendars, and digital displays, from your mind.
Dwell in the clarity of the timeless awareness of the ineffable unborn-undying moment.

* * * *

To believe this dusty cosmos really matters, is but ironic delusion,
In the paradoxical puffery of the quantum matrix's théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

Why believe only one son of God ever walked on earth,
When so many sons, and daughters, are wandering about.

* * * *

Human consciousness is always imagining itself more than it can ever be.
It is not through words, through labels, through descriptions,
That kinks in any given mind will be worked out.
Meditation of the zen-ish sort, is the only real therapy,
For those who would be free of imagination's unrelenting tyranny.
Contemplation, reflection, consideration, introspection, rumination, concentration,
Deliberation, pondering, musing, are the ways and means, along the earnest seeker's pathless trek.

* * * *

Requires a lot of idealism to embrace eight billion at-this-writing humans,
Plus only the gods know how many other sentient and non-sentient forms.

* * * *

Ecstasy and agony are but extremes of an ever-oscillating pendulum,
Fashioned by imagination's proclivity toward narcissistic hedonism.

* * * *

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every part, every moment, to incomparable perfection.
On every impromptu centerstage, no matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all about the same You.

* * * *

If You expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion.
And You may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing, nonsensical groupthink.
Another inconsequential bottleneck created by timebound imagination.
Is it any wonder, really, why so many seers disappear into caves,
Very much alone, very much at home, very much at peace.

* * * *

We are all are true believers.
Each in our own personalized mind-body-spirit ways.
Conditioned, persuaded, convinced, programmed, brainwashed, indoctrinated, molded.
Hypnotized, mesmerized, spellbound, captivated, enthralled, absorbed,
By whatever nature-nurture has spawned and cultivated us.
The senses crafting our imaginary universes,
Every kaleidoscoping moment.

Only in pure, unsullied awareness, can You be free.

* * * *

Yes, we are all the same witness.
Yes, we are all the same sentience.
Yes, we are all the same awareness.
Yes, we are all the same alertness.
Yes, we are all the same omnipresence.
Yes, we are all the same cosmos.
Yes, we are all the same world.
Yes, we are all the same quantum.
Yes, we are all the same indivisible.
Yes, we are all the same ocean.
Yes, we are all the same nature.
Yes, we are all the same omniscience.
Yes, we are all the same eternity.
Yes, we are all the same here.

Yes, we are all the same now.
Yes, we are all the same moment.
Yes, we are all the same perpetuity.
Yes, we are all the same indelibility.
Yes, we are all the same infinity.
Yes, we are all the same soul.
Yes, we are all the same oneness.
Yes, we are all the same spirit.
Yes, we are all the same divinity.
Yes, we are all the same illusion.
Yes, we are all the same omnipotence.
Yes, we are all the same mystery.
Yes, we are all the same You.

* * * *

How can anyone ever be totally prepared for chaos?
Especially rough for those domesticated by entitlement.
Gaia always boils down to Darwin 101: Adapt or succumb.
And spin into that unforgiving, pitiless equation,
A pale blue dot slathered with apes,
Vying for supremacy.
Vanity
Greed
Imagination unleashed.

* * * *

Life seeks life.
Strength seeks strength.
Weakness seeks weakness.
Comedy seeks comedy.
Tragedy seeks tragedy.
Intelligence seeks intelligence.
Absurdity seeks absurdity.
Futility seeks futility.
Paradox seeks paradox.
Irony seeks irony.
Ecstasy seeks ecstasy.
Agony seeks agony.
Love seeks love.
Hate seeks hate.
Wisdom seeks wisdom.
Bliss seeks bliss.
Death seeks all.

* * * *

Humankind has always been at war, has always competed full-tilt, and we always will.
You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.
Four billion-year-old, naturally-selected, nature-nurtured software, for which no update is possible.

* * * *

Where exactly is the defining edge of the drop that You think, You believe, You are,
That is at all separate from the cosmos, the electromagnetic spectrum,
The quantum ground, the matrix, the ether, the awareness,
The ineffable mystery, that You truly are.

* * * *

Every quantum across this mystery, is exactly where it is,
To play out its timeless, indivisible role in the theater,
You and every other sentient being is perceiving.

* * * *

The dimensions may be different,
But the sentience, the awareness, the totality, the mystery,
Is the same in all.

* * * *

Awareness of existence is too ethereal to be imagined.
So, what will your ethereal imagination,
Endeavor through You,
This fine day?

* * * *

Your existence is a mind-built dream,
An imaginary projection of desire and fear and dread.
Discern and embrace the ineffable, prior-to-consciousness awareness,
And know that You are the mystery, centerstage, in a temporal once-upon-a-time mirage.

* * * *

The illusion of permanence is a delusional weaving born of timebound imagination.
No manifestation can withdraw or abstain, from the ever-present, kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Only in the sentience of pure awareness, can the eternal mystery be agnostically fathomed.

* * * *

… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …

* * * *

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every role, every single moment, to unrivaled perfection.

* * * *

Whatever You think You know, whatever You think You understand,
Is merely the absurd self-deception of a delusional mind caught in illusion.
The essential nature, the indelible You, is prior to all knowledge and understanding.
All manifestation only exists because You are present to witness the mind-body perceptions.
The dream of space-time is nothing more than impromptu spontaneous combustion.
There is no point asking who or what or where or when or why or how,
Because imagination can only answer with empty assertions,
Having no reality in the timeless quantum matrix.
To give it name or meaning is pointless.
Shakespeare a la extempore,
With a hearty splash of so it goes.

* * * *

Continuity is imagination's fallacious delusion, over the mind-body's sensory-born illusion.
The delusion fashioned by its intoxication with the vague perceptions,
The frame of reference, posted on its neuron trails.
It is the deception, the irony and paradox, of consciousness,
In its usurpation of the awareness, its usurpation of the timeless moment,
To seemingly fly through the eternal stillness, upon its magic carpet of space and time.
It is Shakespearian cuisine, upon a quantum stage, whereupon the mystery-born sentience, forges all.

* * * *

The mystery has never been able to more than speculate how it came to be.
In every venue across whatever dimensions are out there,
No manifestation has ever discerned,
Its origin, nor its end.
So it goes.

* * * *

When all purpose and meaning is set aside,
You naturally return to the momentary awareness,
Free of the ball and chain of psychological gamesmanship.
To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom,
Fosters an inward simplicity, a detached humility,
A modesty, an austerity, a clarity, an integrity,
An embracing of the mystery of beingness.

* * * *

The grand illusion will manifest whatever experiences are fated.
Whatever tempts You into believing space and time real.
Only those with the greatest doubt will not waver,
In their walkabout to discern the unborn-undying totality.

* * * *

The harvests of those subscribing to just one, so-called holy book, are endless waves of absurdity.
Across this dust ball, the one-bookers vie for an imaginary supremacy,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.
What need for any religion, any dogma, any idolatry,

For those who discern the mystery of awareness within and without.

* * * *

On every impromptu centerstage,
No matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all the same You.

* * * *

Consciousness fabricates space-time,
But is not what You really are,
Nor what You really are not.
To trek prior to consciousness,
To wander the pathless less traveled,
Requires a discerning, a doubting, mettle.

* * * *

To acutely, profoundly realize:
That You, in truth, do not 'know' anything;
That all You think You know, is but imaginary perceptions;
That all You think You know, is but quantum encoding in the neural processor;
Offers liberation into the momentary starkness of eternity.
For those searching for eternal salvation, there it is.
The momentary awareness is the brass ring.
Unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffable.
Heaven on Earth, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

Does any other sentient being, on this spinning orb, or any other,
Require meaning and purpose to get through, to endure, its given existence?
The jury has left the building, on whether to gauge the human species illustrious or pathetic.
Imagination is source of all things, that have no harbor in pure sentience.
Awareness has no need of purpose, no need of meaning.
The timeless moment is ever fulfilled.

* * * *

Despite the fact, that there are no constraints, no binds, no dilemmas, whatsoever,
It is the most challenging thing, in all of this futile, pointless existence,
For the human mind to unstick, to release, to pry, to free,
Its essential Self, from its imaginary self.
The momentary awareness, cannot be grasped.

* * * *

Is it intelligent design?
Is it reasoned design?
Is it sensible design?
Is it rational design?
Is it random design?
Is it irrational design?

Is it fallacious design?
Or is it any design at all?

* * * *

The mystery is too mysterious, too esoteric, too irrational, too absurd,
To ever make any sense, to minds bent on trying to make sense of it all.
Only those who have given up completely, who have surrendered entirely,
Can harvest the fruit of doubt, and unshackle from their imaginary quandary.

* * * *

Way back when, Rumi etched: You are not a drop in the ocean; You are the entire ocean in a drop.
Yaj Ekim's corollary: You are not a drop in the mystery; You are the entire mystery in a drop.
One drop is inconsequential, but all together, are omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient.
Whatever the entirety of this spaceless, timeless, ineffable mystery, You are a centerstage in it.
A space-bound-time-bound, naturally-selected witness, to a Shakespearian theater of imaginary design.

* * * *

To earnestly believe anything You do, have done, or will do,
Is going to change anything, in any meaningful way,
Is fallacious delusion of the highest order.

* * * *

If You cannot be paradoxical,
If You cannot be dubious,
If You cannot be incredulous,
If You cannot be skeptical,
If You cannot be agnostic,
If You cannot be enigmatic,
If You cannot be irrational,
If You cannot be nonsensical,
If You cannot be sardonic,
If You cannot be doubtful,
If You cannot be peculiar,
If You cannot be outrageous,
If You cannot be atypical,
If You cannot be unbelieving,
If You cannot be cynical,
If You cannot be absurd,
If You cannot be uncertain,
If You cannot be disbelieving,
If You cannot be ironic,

How can You witness your faceless?

* * * *

Infinite or infinitesimal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Spiritual or agnostic, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clean or dirty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Live or die, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wealthy or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Alive or dead, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Believer or atheist, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Subtle or blatant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Kind or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sane or insane, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Straight or gay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sage or fool, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fast or slow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Do or do not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Long or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Succeed or fail, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Love or hate, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Still or moving, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Real or unreal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tit or tat, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
For or against, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Up or down, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Around or through, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or unclear, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fat or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Strong or weak, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gratis or priceless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hard or soft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Give or take, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
To or from, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wise or foolish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Beautiful or ugly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Big or small, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Known or unknown, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fore or aft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Heavy or light, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rich or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
True or false, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Ecstasy or agony, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
First or last, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Creative or destructive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Full or empty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or bitter, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loud or quiet, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Straight or rounded, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Bright or dim, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Well or unwell, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Astute or obtuse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Like or unlike, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Appealing or revolting, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or opaque, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Thick or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Brave or cowardly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or sour, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Equal or lopsided, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
King or slave, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Queen or whore, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Expansive or contractive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Soft or harsh, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Young or old, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Male or female, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Honest or dishonest, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wild or tame, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Early or late, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Pure or foul, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Cautious or reckless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hit or miss, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Lead or follow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
High or low, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Naive or cynical, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Truth or lie, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Deep or shallow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Open or closed, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rational or absurd, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Near or far, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Singular or dual, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
In or out, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Free or imprisoned, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yes or no, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Attached or detached, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Course or fine, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
All or none, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Shiny or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smart or stupid, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tall or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Forward or backward, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Before or after, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Selfless or selfish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
One or two, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Within or without, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yay or nay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Close or distant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Normal or weird, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wet or dry, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hot or cold, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Constant or fickle, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Positive or negative, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Happy or sad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fair or unfair, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Over or under, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Similar or different, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loose or tight, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Plus or minus, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Above or below, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Inside or outside, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Simple or complex, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Black or white, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smooth or coarse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wide or narrow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gentle or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Humble or vain, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
On or off, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Here or there, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Have or have not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sharp or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Good or bad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Right or wrong, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Everything or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Something or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
White or black, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Light or dark, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
This or that, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

* * * *

The clock on-high, in the sky, tick-tick-ticking every day away.
How would we measure time, how would we gauge time,
If not for the consistency of sun and moon and stars?
Would time even pretend to exist without them?
Would we imagine we exist without them?
Could we imagine we exist without them?
Should we imagine we exist with them?

* * * *

At some point there is really no need to even assert “I Am.”
Just being the momentary awareness, just breathing in, breathing out,
Is far more than enough, in a very supercalifragilisticexpialidocious sort of way.

* * * *

The awareness is as near as it is far.
The awareness permeates all genesis.
The awareness permeates all oblivion.
The everything and the nothing are one.
The everything and the nothing are You.

* * * *

To see what cannot be seen,
To hear what cannot be heard,
To taste what cannot be tasted,
To smell what cannot be smelled,
To touch what cannot be touched,
To think what cannot be thought,
Now there, are a cluster of rubs,
Rubbing away, a rub-less way.

* * * *

It can indeed, be a long and winding,
Oft times lonely walkabout,
This calling to grapple the mystery.
Until one perhaps discerns the indivisible matrix,
Through which all time-bound linear perceptions kaleidoscope,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, the indelible, ineffable solitude, of all eternity.
Which is, of course, the unutterable aloneness of You, this very singular, very timeless moment.

* * * *

Imagination dominates the human mind; it has usurped the awareness of the sentience.
What do You want to be when You grow up? a question the young are oftentimes asked by adults.
Human conditioning is ever about aspiring to various functions; when naught, is literally all, all really are.
Those with ambition are acclaimed; those who have no purpose, no meaning, are sidelined.
The rare few take the query to its frontiers, and become critical thinkers.
Skeptics, cynics, doubters, nonbelievers, agnostics.
And discern the truth of this mystery.
That they are the mystery.
And meander amongst the bustling masses,
Observing the theatrics – Shakespeare live – detached and free.

* * * *

The indivisible entirety is no more responsible for this illusion,
Than any ocean is for its surface, its depths,
Or the play of its waves,
Upon any number of shorelines.

* * * *

To You who yearn for the ultimate freedom,
You are all buddhas, You are all christs.
You are every mystic seer and master,
This illusory cosmos has ever known.
You are your own timeless companion.
Do not be fooled into believing otherwise.

* * * *

In his The Unabridged Devil's Dictionary, Ambrose Bierce, defined Cynic,

As a blackguard, whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.
Oh my god! The Scythians are coming! The Scythians are coming to pluck out your eyeballs!

* * * *

What is what is consciousness, what is imagination, what is Gaia, but a sea of metaphors.
Figures of speech that, for rhetorical effect, directly refer to one thing by mentioning another.
That may provide (or obscure) clarity or identify hidden similarities between two different ideas.
Metaphors paint one concept with the brush of another, revealing hidden connections,
Or sometimes obscuring clarity to create a likeness or a vivid analogy.
Comparable with other types of figurative language,
Such as, antithesis and hyperbole and metonymy and simile.
Figures of speech, figurative expressions, images, tropes, symbols, parables,
Analogies, comparisons, allegories, emblems, word paintings, word pictures, literary conceits.

A Metaphor for All Time: The Seven Ages of Man

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely Players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Jaques (a.k.a., William Shakespeare), As You Like It, Act II, Scene VII, Line 139

* * * *

Consciousness is infused with the desire to have, to hold, to take, to own,
To possess, to enjoy, to keep, to retain, to gather, to collect, to amass, to marshal,
To acquire, to occupy, to control, to dominate, to influence, to muster, to collect, to seize.
To release, to unleash, to unchain, to unfetter, to meander empty,
Is the challenge for any given mind.

* * * *

The human species, despite all its imaginary rhetoric to the contrary,
Is no different than any other biology this garden world,
Has ever through natural selection devised.

* * * *

There is no time like present.

* * * *

Gaia has always been in World War Darwin.
Every creature has always started any given day not knowing,
Whether or not it would survive, much less thrive.

* * * *

The neural matrix is but pure, unadulterated awareness …
Nature-nurture – genetically-mutated-hardwired – to be the matrix mystery.
That which is acclaimed, for which, few humans, truly-long-happen, in their imaginary cosmos:
To be the nothingness it is … To be the nothingness You are.

* * * *

The human specter, in all its imaginary quandaries, seems, in large part, to be all about endless judgment.
Endless – opinions, attitudes, appraisals, beliefs, outlooks, feelings – about everyone, everything.
And the consequences of that endlessness, can range from shrug, to destruction and death.
The Planet of the Apes, has always been in conflict with itself, and all things Gaia.
Every mind, a gummy quagmire, filled with every imaginable appraisal,
And there is no way to remedy the naturally-selected Darwinian juggernaut.

* * * *

All cults, all sects, all religions, kick off with one parable or another,
That some storyteller spins, oral or written, into a mythology,
That entrances, enough true believers, enough sheeples,
To together, groupthink a narrative for the ages.
Those with direct perception, do not require stories.

* * * *

Every culture molds individual conformity,
To whatever mythos it prescribes.
It takes discerning courage,
To discover, to be, what You truly are.
There is no freedom, incarnating a prescribed life.

* * * *

Across this pale blue dot garden, minds cling in every way-shape-form,
To the obliviousness of imagination's uncountabledivisions.
Witness the many intolerances, great and small,
Rational and irrational, good and evil,
Intelligent and senseless, wise and foolish.
Discern the common essence within all imaginary differences,
And wield them together into the infinite singularity, from which all illusion is created.

* * * *

What do all human belief systems seem to be about,
But an innate, naturally-selected, self-absorbed craving,
To believe we truly are – for every rationale under the sun –
Somehow significant, somehow important, somehow cherished,
Somehow precious, by this boundless, timeless, impenetrable cosmos,
That seems to be, for all reasoned observation, indifferent to our existence.
Whether or not, there is some deity out there tracking everything,
Evaluating, judging, our every thought, our every deed,
Is a question that haunts the many if not most,
Unable to realize a stoic detachment.

* * * *

Everything You perceive,
Everything You think,
Everything You see,
Everything You do,
Everything You know,
Everything You believe,
Everything You hope,
Everything You love,
Everything You hate,
Everything You accept,
Everything You deny,
Everything You give,
Everything You take,
Everything You realize,
Everything You dream,
Everything You recall,
Everything You admire,
Everything You deride,
Everything You possess,
Everything You cherish,
Everything You judge,
Is nothing more than imagination,
Is always but a dreamer shadowing the moment,
Is nothing more than electrical impulses racing along neural pathways.

Only in the stillness of unadorned awareness, can You know, can You be, the timeless eternity You are.

* * * *

Self-reliance, grit, gumption, work ethic, critical thinking, the ability to stand alone.
Is what it took for the human paradigm to arrive at this moment in time.
Is the future ready to take over the world we have left it?
What will it be like to be born into a Ponzi scheme forever undone?

* * * *

Any life and its destiny, is but an imaginary dream,
Instantly forgotten in this quantum mirage.
The sands of time have no memory.

* * * *

There is nothing to argue; nothing to prove.
It is what it is; You are what You are.
And it is all one in the same.

* * * *

Maintaining an existence,
You no longer care about,
No longer have desire for,
No longer have energy for,
How is that working for You?

* * * *

The quantum-awakened, turn sand into gold, coal into diamonds, water into wine.

* * * *

It is up to any would-be philosopher-mystic, drawn to the great game,
To from podium speak his/her mind – to take up their philosophical gauntlets –
And sally forth every serendipitous thought, their minds have been nature-nurtured to utter.
In any-and-all dimensions, this indelibly ineffable, mystery elephant – called by many names – ordains.
To unveil his/her mind's eye, to share the reasonings, encapsulating the unveiling of their wander.
The journey, all their many thoughts – the imaginings – their mortal mind's destiny calls.
The trek through illusion – ever inquiring into the truth of their beingness –
Until fate slides the door open, to the only possible conclusion,
That You are indeed, ineradicably, That I Am.

* * * *

… Earth … Wind … Water … Fire …
Intertwined in every conceivable genre pax.
In the Ether of Nothingness … oblivion's marrow.

* * * *

You are the indescribable, indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying awareness,
Witnessing consciousness frolicking about a quantum matrix.
Stardust shrouded in every imaginable form,
Imagining the ecstasies and agonies of existence real.

* * * *

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament

* * * *

So many minds, imagining in every way, the mystery into which all are inexplicably cast.
So many minds, investigating their existence; so many minds, effing the ineffable.
Leaving behind so many creations, sharing their revelations of the eternal:
Writings, paintings, sculptures, music, architecture, ad infinitum.
A world of seers, bound by the mundanity of the masses,
Whose unrealized raison d'être, is to secure the ways and means,
For the unborn-undying, ageless witness, to fathom its unfathomability.

* * * *

Settle for less, and that is what destiny will mete out.
Seek more than fate has assigned, and the dream will tether You.
The passions are ephemeral beasts in this ineffable magical mystery tour.
Moderation is the surest means to a content, peaceful existence,
But even the most sagacious tack offers no guarantees.
To be born is to endure whatever fate is allotted,
And there is no happy end to any story.

* * * *

Easier to ignore this sort of scribbling.
For vanity and voracity's sake,
The show must go on.

* * * *

There is no space, there is no time.
There is only quantum energy, eternally kaleidoscoping,
In the quantum dreamtime of consciousness, in the quantum perceptions of mind.
And You: pure awareness, untouched; You: sentience, unscathed.
You: ineffable, indelible, unborn-undying witness,
To eternity's ever-present moment.

* * * *

Free your Self from the binds and obligations of groupthink,
That often diminishes creativity and individual responsibility.
Stand alone, immersed in the momentary awareness You are.
Free of all doubts, all bothers; be the harvest of discernment.

* * * *

How is it so many imagine a personal deity to sanction their dream?

How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bestow their wishes?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to fulfill their desires?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bless their ventures?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bolster their alliances?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to vanquish their enemies?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to judge them auspiciously?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bequeath them eternal life?
How is it so many are blind to their endless me-myself-and-I self-absorption?

* * * *

Despite all delusions to the contrary, we all are animals.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all biological beings.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all connected to the web of life.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all equal participants in the same mystery.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all nameless witnesses to the same quantum dreamtime.
And no amount of twisting nor twirling of the imaginary mind, will ever change that.

* * * *

What choices have You ever really had?
What choice did You have in your existence?
What choice did You have in your awareness?
What choice did You have in your nature-nurture?
What choice did You have in your gender?
What choice did You have in your physique?
What choice did You have in your vision?
What choice did You have in your hearing?
What choice did You have in your smelling?
What choice did You have in your tasting?
What choice did You have in your feeling?
What choice did You have in your mind?
What choice did You have in your family?
What choice did You have in your birth order?
What choice did You have in your culture?
What choice did You have in your ethnicity?
What choice did You have in your geography?
What choice did You have in your universe?
What choice did You have in your socioeconomic level?
What choice did You have in your intelligence?
What choice did You have in your language?
What choice did You have in your name?
What choice did You have in your education?
What choice did You have in your interests?
What choice did You have in your beliefs?
What choice did You have in your religion?
What choice did You have in your politics?
Even Your daily movement, Your daily choices,
The every-step-you-take-every-moment believe to be free will,
Are the quantum dictates of every natural selection since the beginning of all beginnings.

* * * *

How can it ever make any sense at all,
That You are not a drop of the whole?
That You are not a drop of the entirety?
That You are not a drop of the creation?
That You are not a drop of the sentience?
That You are not a drop of the ineffable?
That You are not a drop of the awareness?
That You are not a drop of the dreamtime?
That You are not a drop of the indelibility?
That You are not a drop of the indivisibility?
That You are not a drop of the unborn-undying?
That You are not a drop of the preservation?
That You are not a drop of the destruction?
That You are not a drop of the spaceless?
That You are not a drop of the timeless?
That You are not a drop of the mystery?
That You are not a drop of the eternal?
That You are not a drop of all that is?
Call it anything You will, You are it.

* * * *

Short of excessive violence,
It is all but impossible to keep anyone,
From thinking whatever they darned well please,
About You, or anyone or anything else.
So it goes, get over yourself.

* * * *

Why would it at all matter, how this mystery began?
Here You right-here-right-now are; here we all right-here-right-now are,
How much futility, how much angst, the human species has spent through so much of its history,
Speculating-asserting-battling, over an eternal moment it can never possibly know.
What an astounding squander of spacless-timeless it has all been.

* * * *

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, You often wonder.
It is challenging to wrap the timebound mind around the dystopian horror You see coming.
How much longer will the human paradigm persevere after Your cadaver is a dusty pile of bones?
Ahh, but that is indeed a narcissistic-egocentric question, if there ever was one.
So, just toss it into the passing breeze, and expect no answers.
And someday quietly depart, ever agnostic.

* * * *

Curious, how like us, all our deities, across the world, across time, have always been.
Willful, jealous, vindictive, judgmental, malicious, pitiless, vengeful.
And sometime kind and just, and perhaps even loving,

When it suits the undisclosed schemes.
Is there any limit to our affinity for absurdity?

* * * *

How good is good? How bad is bad?
How right is right? How wrong is wrong?
How known is known? How unknown is unknown?
How infinite is infinite? How infinitesimal is infinitesimal?
How true is true? How false is false?
And who decides?

* * * *

Regarding the way of awareness, the way of the moment,
The way of the right-here-right-now, the way of the spaceless-timeless eternal,
It is, as Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker: No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.
To attain eternal life, one must doubt everything, one must let go everything.
One must be everything, and nothing all the while.

* * * *

Doubt all the stories, all the narratives, all the anything, floating willy-nilly about the mind.
That which is most unfathomably true, is prior to all affairs born of imaginary design.
Philosopher René Descartes penned, “If You would be a real seeker after truth,
You must at least once in your life, doubt, as far as possible, all things.”

* * * *

It can be quite challenging to tamp down that whiny little voice,
Once imagination discerns that self-pity serves well,
As a distraction from the moment.

* * * *

How history judges anything,
Will ultimately achieve the same anonymity,
All things imaginary ever have.

* * * *

Nature is the expression of the eternal moment of the ineffable mystery You are.
To ignore it, to abuse it, to destroy it, is a sure path to oblivion.
To wander harmoniously in it, is the way.

* * * *

You need not believe the spins You project, either to the world, or to yourself.
Toss away any-and-all thoughts – positive or neutral or negative – of the imaginary self.
Be the stillness, the utterness, the unborn-undying, of the awareness that is your eternal birthright.

* * * *

What repulsive, hideous, revolting creatures, so many women become.
How some men remain sexually aroused by them is a mystery,
Especially once their youthful effervescence has faded,

Into pallid, sagging skin, with thick layers of clownish make-up,
Topped with beauty-shopped hair, and anatomy covered by languishing tattoos.
A genetic lottery of biological evolution no less crunchy-chewy-gooey than any other creation.
Add to that inventory: obesity, scars, wrinkles, blemishes, mutilations, disfigurements,
Flatulence, blotches, stretch marks, cottage cheese, diseases, sores, disabilities.
It is indeed a mind-boggling mystery, which only delusional blinders,
And four-billion-year-old software, come close to explaining.
Natural selection can only manage so much evolving,
With such a haphazardly encrypted algorithm.
And let us not deny, this all applies,
To the other half-ish of the species, as well.
And in truth, every other life form Gaia has ever devised.

* * * *

Ever the same You, playing out every creation across all eternity.
So infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be the only divinity worth ascertaining.
The eternal moment, timeless, ever-present, right here, right now, unborn, undying.
You are pure awareness: ineffable, indelible, indivisible, immeasurable.
You are ever You, have ever been You, will ever be You.
There is no other, than the one and only You.

* * * *

That moment when sense of self, the me-myself-I, first arises in the mind,
Is the moment that separates one from the garden this pale blue dot has fashioned.
And all the other estrangements follow suit for that bubble of imagination's entire existence.
There is no returning to the garden of origin, but through an awakening to that awareness prior to all.
And that awakening is set in motion through the deep doubt of a critical-thinking perspective,
That only the rarest minds ascertain, as they meander down their road less traveled.
A solitary road, upon which adventures are witnessed. one after another.
A solitary road that kaleidoscopes to its destined conclusion.

* * * *

There is only one truth, and it is this very right-here-right-now moment,
Timelessly ephemeral, unborn, undying, immeasurable, indivisible, ineffable.
There is no need for any dogma; there is only being inwardly still enough to be it.

* * * *

Truth is not a word.
Truth is not a thought.
Truth is not a story.
Truth is not a dichotomy.
Truth is not knowable.
Truth is not intelligible.
Truth is not moot.
Truth is not provable.
Truth is not space-bound.
Truth is not time-bound.
Truth is not hearsay.

Truth is not understandable.
Truth is not definable.
Truth is not describable.
Truth is not debatable.
Truth is not a dogma.
Truth is not expressible.
Truth is not a belief.
Truth is not before.
Truth is not after.
Truth is not penetrable.
Truth is not a rumor.
Truth is not fathomable.
Truth is not effable.
Truth is not graspable.
Truth is not controversial.
Truth is not any thing.
Truth is not anything.
You are the truth.
You are the life.
You are the Way.
Simply be your Self.
Right here, right now, bam!

* * * *

Living fearlessly is not necessarily something manly-man-on-steroids machismo,
As much as it is being serene enough to be the moment You ever are.
The awareness You ever are, the eternal You ever are.
The right-here-right-now You ever are.
The You, You ever are.

* * * *

To ignore natural law, to ignore physics,
To believe You are in anyway separate from anything,
Is to be in such a state of blindered delusion,
That it is a wonder You still exist.

* * * *

Every process has a beginning.
Every process has an ending.
Every process is part of a process,
That is without beginning, without end.

* * * *

Nothing exists because of imagination.
Cultures, languages, mathematics,
Sciences, technologies, religions,
All the arts, the politics, the silk roads,
Are all imagination, evolved unto existence.

The usurper of sentience reigns the human mind.
The usurper of sentience dominates the human paradigm.
The natural selection, that selected its way to such immense heights,
Is the creator, is the preserver, is the destroyer, of all things,
That were nothing more than illusion from the get-go.

* * * *

Alone.
You are so alone.
Give into it with full abandon,
And be the ineffable, eternal mystery, You are.
This human paradigm dreamtime is but a Shakespearian soiree,
Through an illusory quantum matrix, infused with every variety of delusion imaginable.
In which You will perform your nature-nurture centerstage character,
However it naturally-selects – very much alone.

* * * *

The awareness is the unborn-undying moment.
The awareness requires no belief system.
The awareness esteems no philosophy.
The awareness has no moral compass.
The awareness has no consciousness.
The awareness has no space or time.
The awareness has no need or want.
The awareness has no faith or hope.
The awareness has no raison d'être.
The awareness has no imagination.
The awareness has no love or hate.
The awareness has no obstructions.
The awareness has no passion or zeal.
No one can more than suggest the way.
There is absolutely nothing to hold onto.
You must doubt everything, for your Self.
You must discover it, all alone, for your Self.
You must then witness it, all alone, for your Self.
It is a road less traveled; a fork only the rare perceive.
There is truly no other, but few are nominated to realize it.

* * * *

The engineers and scientists, and all the diligent worker bees,
Pushed and pulled us all up the exalted road, a road to paradise and beyond,
Until it became a road too far, and is now all Humpty Dumpty, falling, falling, down, down.
We have already given them carte blanche to destroy this garden dust ball beyond all possible redemption,
So why not allow them to spin it into dystopian mayhem and chaos and despair beyond all pales?
Let vanity and greed wreak their final act, and Gaia move on to the next geological epoch.

* * * *

To endlessly attempt to discover and define Self,

Is really, no different than a caged hamster running round and round on its spinning wheel.
Passing time, filling the mind with every variety of pointless absurdity,
To which imagination is so inherently capable.

* * * *

It is not merely a web of life; it is a web of everything.
An indivisible matrix, permeating an unfathomable mystery.
Too beyond knowing, to be perceived by anything but a still mind.
No naming necessary, for it is the same awareness, the same You, in all.

* * * *

What is this sense of Self, this me-myself-I,
But an intrinsic survival mechanism of the sentience,
Attached to whatever mind-body the genetic lottery has sculpted.
Given over to imagination's endless struggle, to be more than it can ever be.
It is a quandary not easily set aside, even for the most resolute.
Every mirror, every photograph, every interaction,
Ever reinforces the imaginary dreamtime.
Not easy to be indifferent to the quantum illusion.
Very challenging to be untouched by imagination's fell grip.
Though space and time are ultimately unreal, the eternal awareness You are,
Is captive within the magical theater of the mind-body, the mystery has imposed upon its Self.

* * * *

We have created this thing called time, based on the whirling regularity of the earth, the moon, the sun.
Seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millenniums, epochs.
But there are no 'moments' – there is only one indivisible moment.
One spaceless moment, one timeless moment.
You are this eternal moment.
You are this now.
This is it.
This is all it is.
There is nothing more.
There can be nothing more.
There will never be anything more.
All the narratives humankind has concocted,
All the creations the monkey-mind has brought forth.
Are nothing more than the ineffable dreamtime of imagination.
The unfathomable awareness You are, the unknowable mystery You are,
That which the divisive human mind has in every way deified,
Is in truth, all there is, has ever been, will ever be.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Alone, absolute, flawless,
Unborn, undying,
Now.

* * * *

No story, no narrative, no history, no chronicle,

No account, no anecdote, no description, no tale, no yarn,
No matter how well-written, no matter how real, no matter how true,
No matter how miraculous, no matter how fantastical,
Can touch the unborn-undying moment.

* * * *

Whether in appearances, whether in concepts, idolatry is idolatry is idolatry.
Only in pure awareness, can the timeless moment be perceived truth.
Only in pure awareness, can the timeless You, be the true Self.

* * * *

Why should You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
Why would You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
How could You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
Approach all phenomena, all questions – rationally, sensibly, lucidly –
With truth, with fact, with reality, with honesty – the primary objective.
Do not allow imagination to weave its many guiles over your mind's eye.

* * * *

Without space, there cannot be time.
Without time, there cannot be space.
Without them, there is just awareness.
Without them, there is just You.

* * * *

Whether You see the truth of it clearly,
All the time, some of the time, or never at all,
You are still every moment incapable of not being it.
Any and all notions of dualistic me-myself-and-I perception,
Are nothing more than arbitrary, fallacious delusions of imagination.

* * * *

Where in the awareness of the moment does the universe exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the world exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the body exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the mind exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does space-time exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does consciousness exist?

Where in the awareness of the moment do You exist?

* * * *

You have always been ineffable just the way You are.
You have always been perfect just the way You are.
You have always been immaculate just the way You are.
You have always been indivisible just the way You are.
You have always been intangible just the way You are.
You have always been indelible just the way You are.

You have always been unborn-undying just the way You are.
You have always been absolute just the way You are.
You have always been totality just the way You are.
You have always been spaceless just the way You are.
You have always been timeless just the way You are.
You have always been incomprehensible just the way You are.
You have always been mysterious just the way You are.
You have always been impeccable just the way You are.
You have always been singular just the way You are.
You have always been matchless just the way You are.
You have always been tabula rasa just the way You are.
You have always been pervasive just the way You are.
You have always been momentary just the way You are.
You have always been unbound just the way You are.
You have always been seamless just the way You are.
You have always been unconditional just the way You are.
You have always been anonymous just the way You are.
You have always been indecipherable just the way You are.
You have always been truth just the way You are.
You have always been unknowable just the way You are.
You have always been everlasting just the way You are.
You have always been flawless just the way You are.
You have always been perpetual just the way You are.
You have always been immeasurable just the way You are.
You have always been inscrutable just the way You are.
You have always been inexplicable just the way You are.
You have always been unequivocal just the way You are.
You have always been unimaginable just the way You are.
You have always been ageless just the way You are.
You have always been inconceivable just the way You are.
You have always been motionless just the way You are.
You have always been oblivion just the way You are.
You have always been indefinable just the way You are.
You have always been harmonious just the way You are.
You have always been nondualistic just the way You are.
You have always been eternal just the way You are.

* * * *

Sometimes You walk through eternity.
Sometimes You run through eternity.
Sometimes You sit through eternity.
Sometimes You wait through eternity.
Sometimes You think through eternity.
Sometimes You talk through eternity.
Sometimes You look through eternity.
Sometimes You listen through eternity.
Sometimes You smell through eternity.
Sometimes You taste through eternity.

Sometimes You feel through eternity.
Sometimes You fear through eternity.
Sometimes You dread through eternity.
Sometimes You abide through eternity.
Sometimes You hope through eternity.
Sometimes You love through eternity.
Sometimes You hate through eternity.
Sometimes You want through eternity.
Sometimes You grasp through eternity.
Sometimes You release through eternity.
Sometimes You give through eternity.
Sometimes You take through eternity.
Sometimes You win through eternity.
Sometimes You lose through eternity.
Sometimes You inhale through eternity.
Sometimes You exhale through eternity.
Sometimes You judge through eternity.
Sometimes You forgive through eternity.
Sometimes You forget through eternity.
Sometimes You flow through eternity.
Sometimes You resist through eternity.
Sometimes You celebrate through eternity.
Sometimes You mourn through eternity.
Sometimes You suffer through eternity.
Sometimes You delight through eternity.
Sometimes You create through eternity.
Sometimes You preserve through eternity.
Sometimes You destroy through eternity.
Sometimes You sleep through eternity.
Sometimes You awaken through eternity.
The moment, the awareness, the sentience, is the sky of You.
And the mind, the senses, the self of imagination, are but clouds ever streaming through.

* * * *

Where is the line between infinite and infinitesimal, and who decides?
Where is the line between order and chaos, and who decides?
Where is the line between light and dark, and who decides?
Where is the line between love or hate, and who decides?
Where is the line between good and evil, and who decides?
Where is the line between rational and irrational, and who decides?
Where is the line between large and small, and who decides?
Where is the line between this and that, and who decides?
Where is the line between near and far, and who decides?
Where is the line between right and wrong, and who decides?
Where is the line between in and out, and who decides?
Where is the line between black and white, and who decides?
Where is the line between real and unreal, and who decides?
Where is the line between fact and fiction, and who decides?

Where is the line between sincere and disingenuous, and who decides?
Where is the line between thick and thin, and who decides?
Where is the line between peace and war, and who decides?
Where is the line between genuine and hypocritical, and who decides?
Where is the line between win and lose, and who decides?
Where is the line between many and few, and who decides?
Where is the line between tall and short, and who decides?
Where is the line between narrow and wide, and who decides?
Where is the line between tangible and intangible, and who decides?
Where is the line between loose and tight, and who decides?
Where is the line between hot and cold, and who decides?
Where is the line between within and without, and who decides?
Where is the line between true and false, and who decides?
Where is the line between yes and no, and who decides?
Where is the line between truth and lie, and who decides?
Where is the line between have and have not, and who decides?
Where is the line between new and old, and who decides?
Where is the line between pleasure and pain, and who decides?
Where is the line between us and them, and who decides?
Where is the line between caution and paranoia, and who decides?
Where is the line between up and down, and who decides?
Where is the line between knowledge and ignorance, and who decides?
Where is the line between formal and informal, and who decides?
Where is the line between ethical and unethical, and who decides?
Where is the line between awake and asleep, and who decides?
Where is the line between sage and fool, and who decides?
Where is the line between creator and creation, and who decides?
Where is the line between the mystery and You, and who decides?

* * * *

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 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, is an illusion-delusion.
An indivisible dreamtime left for imagination to speculate,
Every feasible speculation, any given eensy-weensy mind, can fathom.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

Why feet 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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 everything.
Too many people.
Too many things.

Too many hungers.
Too many deceits.
Too many untruths.
Too much bullshit.
Too much absurdity.
Too much horror.
Too much everything.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.
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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

All existence plays out a unique skewing of biological coding,
That was inexplicably etched almost 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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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,
Is everything imaginable,
And nothing all the while.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

Who imagines who?
Who imagines what?
Who imagines where?
Who imagines when?
Who imagines why?
Who imagines how?
Who imagines You?
Who imagines You?

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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-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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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 round?
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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

"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?

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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 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 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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!

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

Where else is there to be content, but this very moment.
This very right here, this very right now, this very breath.

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

Would You exist, without imagination, imagining it so?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 nadii 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
כַּדּוּר הָאָרֶץ
Lub ntiaj teb
Jörð
Bumi
Domhan
Wurl
地球
Žemė
Земјата
Papa whenua
ကမ္ဘာမြေ
पृथ्वी
زمین
Ziemia
ਧਰਤੀ
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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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, 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?

* * * *

… 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? …

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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,
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.

* * * *

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 trapsing through the same moment,
That eternity is, has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

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 quantum dust of stars,
Are witness to the ineffable mystery of it,
For as long as this théâtre de l'absurde deigns it so.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 obstacled moments: improvise, adapt, and overcome.
Gumption and grit are fundamental determinants of any given destiny.
Their conscious cultivation is paramount.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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, is this … “Me" … ”Myself” … “I” …
That You have so intently, absorbedly, diligently, thoroughly, meticulously, painstakingly,
Spent your entire crunchy-chewy-gooey existence imagining?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 illusional-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 de l'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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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 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
ঈশ্বর
Bože
Бог
神
Déu
Bůh
Gud
Dio
Jumal
Kalou
Diyos
Jumala
Dieu
Gott
Θεός
Bondye
Akua
ઐશ્વર
Vajtswv
Isten
Guð
Tuhan
Dia
神
deus
Alla
خدایا
Bóg
خدای
Bóg
Deus
Atua

भगवान
Ilaahow
Mungu
Tanrı
Dduw

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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.)

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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 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 …

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 …

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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, 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

You would think You would have figured that out by now.
Or did You, perhaps many times, and this round just as anew.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

… 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 …

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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 entire human paradigm – the histories, the religions, the sciences,
The mathematics, the music, the arts, the architecture, the sports, the humanities,
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 trapsing in the web of mind's space and time; kaleidoscoping through the ether of eternity.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 …
… 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 …

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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, 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

Believing your own press,
Your own version, your own vanity, your own malarky, your own bullshit,

Can be risky business.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

So many lifetimes ago,
So many universes ago,
So many dreamtimes ago,
So many perceptions ago,
All in just one lifetime.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
To even declare 'I Am' is a dubious assertion.

* * * *

How many times do superheroes have to save the world,
Before they finally realize it cannot be saved,
Dreamtime mirage, that it is.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

To wander the day-to-day,
As the whole, as the totality, as the entirety – not the part,
Is the Sisyphean challenge.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

We wander about, interacting with so many others,
And all of us, so often so inexplicable in each other's eyes.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

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 ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ...

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Whether or not You or some other,
Witness a tree falling in the forest, is immaterial.
The tree was its own witness enough.

* * * *

Are You what You imagine in the daily willy-nilly ebb and flow?
Or the awareness that permeates the timeless, indivisible moment?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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 | panˈsīˌkizəm |
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.

Soundbites

There is no groupthink, there is no dogma, there is no priesthood, there is only momentary awareness.

* * * *

Integrity begins with the seed of doubt.

* * * *

No matter how You label, how You quantify, how You interpret the stardust, it is always the same illusion.

* * * *

What flower believes it will live forever?

* * * *

Air that breaths.

* * * *

This all might be real, if space and time really existed.

* * * *

Consciousness imagines a continuity that has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

There can be but one truth, and no one owns it.

* * * *

Don’t worry, be happy, there is only this moment to care about.

* * * *

The challenge is to not let the other get a nose under your tent.

* * * *

All differences attain the same grave, all stories are but imaginary tales, be and allow is the highest law.

* * * *

The momentary awareness is your sanctuary.

* * * *

Any who-what-where-when-why-how, You imagine your Self to be, You are not.

* * * *

Connecting the dots requires a mind capable of discerning patterns.

* * * *

Something else not worth bothering about.

* * * *

Squirrels hide nuts, human beings collect things; a hunter-gatherer instinct, civilization calls hoarding.

* * * *

Is there anything in the human paradigm that does not have a shade of vanity?

* * * *

There is nothing to work out.

* * * *

The world and all its mania, all its absurdity, loses all importance in the moment.

* * * *

How ‘Duh!’ is that?

* * * *

Perception being what it is, are You really sure You are on top of anything?

* * * *

Hard for consciousness to catch up with That which was never moving in the first place.

* * * *

Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary, there is no other.

* * * *

There is no knowing what this sort of babble will unlock in any given mind.

* * * *

Does the flower beg its flower god for more?

* * * *

There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

* * * *

Build all the castles You please, climb every mountain You can, it is all for naught.

* * * *

The unfolding dystopian catastrophe has barely begun; how lucky You are, if You are old.

* * * *

Rest assured, something will happen, whether or not it matches the aspirations.

* * * *

So big, so small, not a care at all.

* * * *

Whatever that was about, it probably does not matter now.

* * * *

Yet another trifling moment, done and undone, in quantum timelessness.

* * * *

Hero or villain or nonentity, everyone has a story, in this quantum stardust dreamtime of consciousness.

* * * *

Hard to imagine a peaceful world as long as even one human being exists.

* * * *

Breathe before You think.

* * * *

Contentment with all You have seen, all You have done, is the brass ring.

* * * *

The reality You are, is so much greater, than the minute shimmer allotted.

* * * *

Groupthink is all in the human paradigm.

* * * *

Pretty darned tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

* * * *

The false flag of consciousness, ever entices You back, into its foggy illusion-delusion.

* * * *

So big, so small, in every while.

* * * *

Never assume the castle walls cannot be breached.

* * * *

Drifting in bliss.

* * * *

The esoteric is much ado about nothing.

* * * *

You are that which You seek; look closer, and not in a mirror.

* * * *

The void awaits.

* * * *

There might have been a time, but that moment no longer exists; existence being what it is not.

* * * *

You disrespect him, he disrespects You, so much for that relationship.

* * * *

Very much alone, this awareness.

* * * *

Differences, differences, naught but differences.

* * * *

How many truth-seekers are there, really, who will not settle for one lie or another along their journey?

* * * *

Any passion can become a curse once You lose interest in it.

* * * *

That would take a bit to wrap the head around.

* * * *

What makes You think creation will ever end, or ever begin?

* * * *

Follow the water.

* * * *

The greatest story ever told, or the greatest lie ever imagined?

* * * *

No pronouncements from any pulpit have ever matched what nature offers on a good walk.

* * * *

Quit the inner chatter, and there You are.

* * * *

Awareness is neither close nor far.

* * * *

If You had done even one tiny thing differently, it would have spun an entirely different fate.

* * * *

All fates are shaped, patterned, molded, sculpted, wrought, by the genetic lottery.

* * * *

Death is freedom.

* * * *

Youthful skin is easy when You are youthful.

* * * *

All stories are but imaginary tales.

* * * *

The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal You, is free and clear of any-and-all trespass.

* * * *

Who has ever been like me?

* * * *

Who has ever been like You?

* * * *

There is something about an aphorism that catches a truth as no story can.

* * * *

Be and allow is the highest law.

* * * *

Nothing is nothing no matter the something it seems.

* * * *

Yet another here-now-long-gone example of how so little it all matters, how so little it all means.

* * * *

It is a cotton-candy thing.

* * * *

Note how evenly gravity lays that layer of dust across the room.

* * * *

Extinction is the way.

* * * *

You are the mystery personified.

* * * *

When the edifice of the illusional-delusional mind-body collapses, the You, You are, is all that remains.

* * * *

The weight of history is the iceberg ripping through the hull.

* * * *

Disengage the frontal lobe.

* * * *

To really, really, really, not care, where would that take You?

* * * *

You are the moment; not the thought about it.

* * * *

Finally figured it out.

* * * *

All differences attain the same grave.

* * * *

All are predators, all are prey; it is a god-eat-god world.

* * * *

What is imagined, can be unimagined; the ever-present moment has a way of forgetting.

* * * *

What is an orgasm but an ecstatic flash of eternity's oblivion.

* * * *

Men come and go, but eternity abides, awareness abides, You abide.

* * * *

Thought is a habit.

* * * *

We so badly want it to mean more, but it just does not.

* * * *

Yes, there it works.

* * * *

Streaming on and on; eternally connected in that ever-and-ever-forever kind of indivisible way.

* * * *

Give it a break – whatever it is – at least once in a while.

* * * *

An affinity for oblivion.

* * * *

Never hurts to have a few backup plans.

* * * *

The world, the universe, and all that it has set into motion, only exists, because You imagine it so.

* * * *

Yes, this is will probably be lost, as well, and it won't even require a fire, given its digital nature.

* * * *

Space and time have nothing to do with eternity.

* * * *

What fellow earthling has ever made such a thing of its existence?

* * * *

What is imagined, can be unimagined.

* * * *

The human species has been interesting, but is it really worth preserving?

* * * *

The 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.

* * * *

To want, or not to want, that is the question.

* * * *

The world You see-hear-smell-taste-touch is all imagined in a quantum matrix dreamtime.

* * * *

Predator to one, is prey to another; and on and on, the web grows.

* * * *

Your destiny is right here, right now.

* * * *

We are all walking alone together on the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

Truth must ever be discovered anew, because it is the first and last time for every mind.

* * * *

It all being indelibly, ineffably indivisible, how can there be more than one moment for all of eternity?

* * * *

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.

* * * *

Humankind is naturally-selecting its way to extinction.

* * * *

These words are not intended for those who cannot see or hear the illusion they embrace.

* * * *

The toolmakers have taken us down a rockier and rockier dead-end road

* * * *

The sciences are only as complete as what they believe they have discovered.

* * * *

Gravity is an illusion that blinds You to the spaciousness You ever are.

* * * *

A maze by any name confuses the same.

* * * *

There You are thinking You are so awake, and suddenly realize You have been asleep all the while.

* * * *

The human future is but a totalitarian nightmare.

* * * *

The world shows You its love by ignoring You.

* * * *

What difference has anything ever made to eternity’s ineffable moment?

* * * *

It is all recycled piss and shit somewhere down the line.

* * * *

How lucky You are, if You do not have a load of shit to unload.

* * * *

What Rome did with lead, our time has done with plastic.

* * * *

How do You explain nothing?

* * * *

Is it really a body, a world, a universe, or just their perception?

* * * *

The world is our Petri dish, and we are pushing madly towards all edges seen and unseen.

* * * *

There is no end to the rainbow.

* * * *

All personal deities are projections that exist only in the neuron trails of imagination.

* * * *

Do You grab the brass ring, or does the brass ring come for You?

* * * *

If it looks like a frog, hops like a frog, croaks like a frog, it likely ain't no prince.

* * * *

The end of entitlement is nigh.

* * * *

Why is it so hard for people just accept they will never know?

* * * *

Eternity is the one and only moment.

* * * *

All history is sooner or later forgotten.

* * * *

How desperate so many are for attention, that they will do just about anything to get it.

* * * *

Too much is too much; too little, too little; and just enough, requires an able eye, and a slather of luck.

* * * *

The moment does not give a rat's ass about You, or anyone or anything else.

* * * *

The embodiment of silence is the arch-nemesis of imagination.

* * * *

All yesterdays, all tomorrows, are but imaginary notions.

* * * *

The unwritten history is daily orchestrated.

* * * *

Cease trying to hold onto everything, cling to everything, recall everything, and, voila, here-now You are.

* * * *

The mystery is not anything You believe it is.

* * * *

Be as nothing, and You will wander free.

* * * *

Dying on the vine, pretending You are wine; though more likely a drying raisin.

* * * *

There is only the moment; imagination is but vapor wafting through.

* * * *

Trying to appease an electorate, a constituency, a family, a workplace, a fanbase, how pointless is that?

* * * *

The genome that is adaptable, that has the will and wit and luck, survives.

* * * *

A thought catches nothing but its own imaginary reflection.

* * * *

Religion is all about imagination's interminable delusion that it is something more than it can ever be.

* * * *

Try in every way, as hard as it might, imagination cannot hold on to anything.

* * * *

If it ain't there, it ain't there.

* * * *

You take your pitter-patter-chit-chat wherever You go.

* * * *

Got a lot of good things done today, and more tomorrow, the next yesterday.

* * * *

Wrapping and unwrapping your head around the truth of it, is a momentary challenge.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision; another day, let the countdown continue.

* * * *

All of the above, none of the above.

* * * *

When You toss out a label, be sure it does not apply to You, as well.

* * * *

When has eternity ever started long enough to stop?

* * * *

The quantum mind is a doorway, an entrée to eternity, but You must surrender to your Self to wallow in it.

* * * *

Oh boy, a new pile.

* * * *

Wisdom is the loftiest mainstay of consciousness, and even it must yield to oblivion.

* * * *

How can You die if You were never born?

* * * *

Much less bother, to be famous in your own head, all alone.

* * * *

All the knowledge humankind has ever imagined, is but an infinitesimally tiny speck of the unknown.

* * * *

Imagination, without which there would be no me.

* * * *

More than animals? No, we just imagine it so.

* * * *

All life, runs, flows, kaleidoscopes, to its death.

* * * *

Old dust covers the new.

* * * *

Old enough not to care.

* * * *

How to best serve the many, is to serve the one within all.

* * * *

How high can the Ivory Tower tower?

* * * *

An aphorism catches the true mind.

* * * *

Dust becomes You.

* * * *

It is imagination which wreaks all passion.

* * * *

Still the mind, and see it so.

* * * *

How is a memory from a moment ago any different from one ten or twenty or thirty or more years ago?

* * * *

Traditions are made to be broken; nothing stays the same for any sort of forever.

* * * *

What more is there to say? And yet we yabber on.

* * * *

Oh, joy and yawn, another symposium for the brainiacs to pitter-patter their minds.

* * * *

Attaining the brass ring of awareness requires a surrender for which few have hunger.

* * * *

To the ultimate You, the awareness, nothing matters; even your Self.

* * * *

Where would clouds be without the sky?

* * * *

Wasn't that special?

* * * *

Think You can cheat death? Get back to us if You do.

* * * *

A tiny little slice of history, is all anyone gets, from which to draw their statistical sample.

* * * *

Is that rock moving, yet?

* * * *

What a tiny little deity so many worship on this tiny little dust ball.

* * * *

All fates find the same grave.

* * * *

Do You enter the abyss, or merely realize it is the presence You are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Let he who is without sin lob the first grenade.

* * * *

You came, You saw, You listened, You tasted, You smelled, You touched, You pondered, You departed.

* * * *

Traditions are made to be broken.

* * * *

For most who live anonymous lives, chances are, very few others are thinking about You right now.

* * * *

You must set aside all attachments to clearly discern this one Truth.

* * * *

It is the mind that rushes white rabbit here and there; the moment is ever the same timeless eternal now.

* * * *

Imagination is a timeless time traveler.

* * * *

It all being a phantasmic quantum illusion, your entire existence has been spent talking to your Self.

* * * *

What is this cadaver in the making, is but a vehicle to oblivion.

* * * *

The infinity of momentary awareness, peering out in every way, into that which is both part and whole.

* * * *

Whether in flesh or treasury or stature, there are always consequences to be paid.

* * * *

On the grandest scale, humility is meaningless.

* * * *

All or nothing, no matter.

* * * *

The only duality is the one concocted by imagination.

* * * *

Death is merely evaporating, back into the abyss, that nothingness ever is.

* * * *

Yet another moment of extemporaneous Shakespearian théâtre de l'absurde, playing out across all creation.

* * * *

The streets are lined with gold, for all those who have the wit to see.

* * * *

Who can guess what these many thoughts will inspire or inflame in those who read them?

* * * *

Fate is but a last breath.

* * * *

You can spot a princess when she goes on and on about peas under her mattress.

* * * *

Try not to give it words every now and again

* * * *

What cosmos does the mind gaze out upon, but its own creation, its own perception.

* * * *

If You really did not care, would it even occur to You that You did not?

* * * *

The little part You play, is not the totality You are.

* * * *

The most real humility is the one within.

* * * *

It all came together that moment, and then, poof, was forever gone, as all moments are.

* * * *

Reconcile yourself to what You can; forget the rest.

* * * *

All is process.

* * * *

Nothing stays the same for any sort of forever.

* * * *

Understanding at the intellectual level is one thing; the instinctual, visceral, primeval level, another.

* * * *

The mind can so easily cripple its world.

* * * *

Did not see that one coming.

* * * *

Not easy for consciousness to care as little as the moment.

* * * *

Yet another dust collector.

* * * *

What it used to be in the once upon a time does not matter now.

* * * *

How long will quantum play this form, this pattern, this illusion?

* * * *

The pitter-patter mind.

* * * *

All languages are sound traps of imaginary origin.

* * * *

How many times has that been?

* * * *

Legacy is just another lesson on vanity.

* * * *

Only rarely is the first taste not the best, or the worst.

* * * *

Only time counts.

* * * *

Crusades Y2K, coming your way.

* * * *

There has never been another moment.

* * * *

The faster You chase awareness, the faster it seems to go.

* * * *

Thing management.

* * * *

The history that is known, is such a tiny window, into the history that is unknown.

* * * *

In awareness, all conflict ceases.

* * * *

As if forever exists.

* * * *

The aloneness is real.

* * * *

The awareness, the moment, eternal life, right here, right now, is all and none.

* * * *

Where is space, where is time, in this moment that is, has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

The human paradigm, the human story, from beginning to end, is all just the poof of imagination.

* * * *

When in doubt, look in a mirror.

* * * *

You can never know the moment; only the befores or afters of imagination.

* * * *

It is the same fucking mystery; get over yourselves.

* * * *

Keeping things as simple as possible, is rarely a bad idea.

* * * *

Envision the all in one, and the one in all.

* * * *

Liberation is just giving the mind over to the ever-present moment.

* * * *

Which version of your Self will You play today?

* * * *

Live for today, this moment, right here, right now.

* * * *

Being what You really are, and are not, is not an effort thing.

* * * *

Tomorrow is already yesterday.

* * * *

You do not need to have more to be content.

* * * *

How is it even possible for anyone to believe mind and mystery are not one in the same?

* * * *

That role You have scripted; You do not have to stick to it; re-write anything You please.

* * * *

You objectify me; why not I, You?

* * * *

The roar of the civilized man; another rhetorical imbalance.

* * * *

Mother Nature is not waiting for us to figure it out.

* * * *

Planet of the apes, planet of the trolls, what difference, really?

* * * *

A little lie can be softer than the truth.

* * * *

There are few problems that are not well-served by good, full breathing.

* * * *

Self-imagery is a rabbit-hole for all.

* * * *

Nobody will know; nobody will care.

* * * *

The sea, the ether, the mystery, in which all creation dances.

* * * *

Piss and shit; food of the gods.

* * * *

Your arrival home, is always welcome; the door is locked and unlocked in your mind.

* * * *

Everyone has a story, and not even one is real.

* * * *

The drop is the ocean in miniature form.

* * * *

With your last wheezing breath, nothing will ever matter again.

* * * *

Ambition is a leader in the human becoming game.

* * * *

So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?

* * * *

Empathy brews a world of bedfellows.

* * * *

A spring always gives.

* * * *

Empty out that head, and just be.

* * * *

Why would You be interested in any spiritual choices designed by human vanity?

* * * *

Everything is learned; everything is imagined.

* * * *

What an ironic mystery that so many seek, what so few are prepared to find.

* * * *

There is nothing to remember.

* * * *

Look out into the starry, starry night, and see your one and only parent, your Self.

* * * *

It is okay to accept yourself, like yourself, love yourself; You need not deny yourself.

* * * *

It is the nature of language to create and stoke the duality delusion.

* * * *

Try not to take personal what is not personal.

* * * *

Around which corner will the Reaper be waiting, is anybody's guess.

* * * *

Regurgitating memories is a sure road to perdition.

* * * *

It is all awareness, in which neither space nor time can achieve more than ephemeral appearance.

* * * *

You are no exception.

* * * *

Thought is a habit; genomic in its underpinnings.

* * * *

Odds are extremely likely You will forget everything sooner or later.

* * * *

If that doesn't make your head hurt.

* * * *

The school of life offers endless lessons in absurdity,

* * * *

There is no heaven, there is no hell, but what each imagines in the given mind.

* * * *

Modern propaganda is no doubt much more refined, but rest assured, it is nothing new.

* * * *

Stoicism is the most virtuous vehicle for living a rational, serene, mindful existence.

* * * *

Civilization requires regulations; without it, anarchy.

* * * *

Truth needs no voice.

* * * *

The only thing to fear, is the fear You imagine.

* * * *

You cannot save yourself, much less anyone else.

* * * *

As thorough and determined as they are, the sciences can only harvest illusion.

* * * *

The screen rules.

* * * *

We all establish one kingdom or another; even if it is in a gutter.

* * * *

The geeks have created a world free of nature, and nature is about to be done with it.

* * * *

Is sex really anything more, than friction and fantasy?

* * * *

Looking into your own eye is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

A peaceful, tranquil, serene mind, is more choice than You know.

* * * *

Yeesch and by golly.

* * * *

Rocky roads, rocky minds.

* * * *

So many thoughts in any given life, and all forgotten with the last breath.

* * * *

What's another number?

* * * *

Love thy Self.

* * * *

So much clutter with which to burden your mind.

* * * *

To be for the other, as You are for your Self, can be a challenge in a world founded on me, myself, and I.

* * * *

No matter how You smear it, bullshit is bullshit.

* * * *

Are You content with the life that chose You; the life in which You find your Self?

* * * *

You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.

* * * *

Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.

* * * *

Imagination is the Great Jester; always waiting in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.

* * * *

How detached can You be?

* * * *

The embers of memory are always ready and waiting, to be fired up in the furnace of imagination.

* * * *

Do You really exist, or only imagine You do?

* * * *

Space and time are but the concoctions of imagination, no matter the scale.

* * * *

Let us know when You find your face.

* * * *

Just another thing to argue or fight or kill over; it is what we do.

* * * *

Some things make your endorphins happy, and some do not.

* * * *

Why not throw out the baby with the bathwater?

* * * *

Odds are You torture yourself far more than You would ever allow another to.

* * * *

It is a conspiracy if You were not in on the decision.

* * * *

Another day of sallying through narcissism and decadence.

* * *

Where have You placed your bets today?

* * * *

The mind evolved as a problem-solver, and when, without problems, endlessly concocts its own.

* * * *

You are an evolutionary quirk, nothing more, less, but.

* * * *

The mystery includes everything, including You; duality is a lie from any get-go.

* * * *

A warrior is only as good as his blade is sharp.

* * * *

Be at total peace with your Self, and You will know the sweetness of eternity.

* * * *

Believing in Jesus is the Get Out of Hell card for them that true-believe.

* * * *

Die to little self; rest in peace.

* * * *

Nothing mind imagines, is the moment You are.

* * * *

That You, no longer exists; never did, actually.

* * * *

Possession is about fondle rights.

* * * *

This is the only moment there is – there never was a before; there will never be an after.

* * * *

Regurgitating reality.

* * * *

The imaginary gods of consciousness are not the God of awareness.

* * * *

You cannot know it all, and why, pray tell, would You want to?

* * * *

How straight-forward this dream becomes, when nothing takes its rightful place at the helm.

* * * *

How green the grass, everywhere else.

* * * *

Whether there is just one deity or deities beyond counting, are both assumptions adrift in absurdity.

* * * *

You are actor; hear the snore.

* * * *

How much time, pray tell, have You wasted on that?

* * * *

The mystery is well beyond any capacity to comprehend it,

* * * *

Are the choices You make, really choices?

* * * *

How discontent You are, with your fleeting little role; would being God even satisfy You?

* * * *

What reality can past and future have, without the memory imagination sustains?

* * * *

Prayer and hope, and wishful and magical thinking, are dubious strategies.

* * * *

To take it all personal; the first and last mistake.

* * * *

Endure it, enjoy it, best You can.

* * * *

If You were to proclaim your Self, God, who would understand Your meaning?

* * * *

Challenging to discuss very deeply with someone who has read only one book.

* * * *

Where have You placed your bliss today?

* * * *

Oh joy, another game afoot.

* * * *

His story, her story, its story, my story, your story, their story, our story, the story, a story, all stories.

* * * *

Ever notice how imagination ever pushes You on and on and on and ...

* * * *

No one can teach, what You are not prepared for, incapable of, or interested in.

* * * *

You cannot be led where You will not follow.

* * * *

Mystery, mystery, full of history, it cannot remember long enough to forget.

* * * *

Hate is blind to any reason but its own.

* * * *

You can only offer what You have to offer.

* * * *

Indifference to all is the most freeing path.

* * * *

The mystery before space and time is unknowable; some call it God.

* * * *

No point holding on to anything once it is already well in the wake.

* * * *

Lark in, lark about, lark out.

* * * *

Yeesch and by golly, the things fate endures.

* * * *

What it boils down to is nothing.

* * * *

Try not to make it personal; try not to take it personal.

* * * *

Go in peace, if You can manage it.

* * * *

Eternal life is had by the living who have died to imaginary self.

* * * *

It is less about what You are doing, than the state of awareness in which it is being done.

* * * *

Go timeless.

* * * *

Do we have to keep playing this game, Mommy!?

* * * *

To crave anything from this dream, is a sure road to suffering.

* * * *

Constructive criticism is not always welcome.

* * * *

Iconic as You may think yourself, the world is already used to not having You in it.

* * * *

A fountain of nonduality.

* * * *

Without looking, tell us what your face looks like, right now.

* * * *

The eye of the other, is your own.

* * * *

How many perch at the first mirage they stumble upon?

* * * *

The universe is the inside of your skull.

* * * *

The moment is absolutely unseeable, unhearable, untastable, unsmellable, untouchable, unanythingable.

* * * *

The draw of illusion keeps You in its net.

* * * *

How fortunate are those who discover something they love to do.

* * * *

Mother Earth, Gaia, is just another spinning particle of dust, in the eternal vastness of your imagination.

* * * *

You do not become the moment; You be it.

* * * *

No story has ever been real; all are imagined.

* * * *

What, pray tell, have You ever chosen?

* * * *

Scaring kids with hellfire and brimstone, what a meanie.

* * * *

Joke's on You, landlubber.

* * * *

When measurements go south.

* * * *

Nothing sounds good.

* * * *

There are probably a near-infinity of stories You will never imagine.

* * * *

The trick is to have a good time without being too cruel.

* * * *

Serve all, as the moment calls.

* * * *

You naturally-select your Self down the rabbit hole of your fate.

* * * *

Words and numbers can only get so far before reality hits.

* * * *

Awareness, both close and far.

* * * *

You are not the quantum energy kaleidoscoping within and without You.

* * * *

The dreamtime wags on.

* * * *

The unborn-undying awareness through which all passes, is neither real nor unreal.

* * * *

However long You live, will just have to be long enough.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are imagination's delusional specialties.

* * * *

All flaws are imagined.

* * * *

It is all written in the sands of quantum.

* * * *

The mind transcends space and time whenever it yields itself over to awareness.

* * * *

To be the moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.

* * * *

Why feel strongly about anything?

* * * *

God is only speculation until the mind that is known dissolves.

* * * *

The moment has nothing to offer.

* * * *

Psychological pain is self-inflicted.

* * * *

Take what feeds You, and leave the rest.

* * * *

You are your version of normal.

* * * *

Eternal life, timeless life, nowness ad infinitum, consciously traveled.

* * * *

Another memory You have already forgotten.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.

* * * *

Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.

* * * *

Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.

* * * *

Being ignored is a much surer death.

* * * *

Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

Ain't evolution wonderful.

* * * *

Words and numbers can only get so far before reality hits.

* * * *

What is it about shapely sacks of crunchy-chewy-gooey that the endorphins find so enticing?

* * * *

Is all the wanting really worth the all the suffering?

* * * *

Natural selection at its finest.

* * * *

Well, we certainly know what kind of deity You would make.

* * * *

Your persona is your post-traumatic stress acting out.

* * * *

Try not to fill the echoes of solitude with your own screams.

* * * *

Every moment, a choice.

* * * *

Confessing to the priesthoods has always been a convenient ‘Keep Out of Hell’ card.

* * * *

Are You really, all that different, all that exceptional, all that unique?

* * * *

How did You ever take all this absurdity so seriously?

* * * *

Everyone is suffering in different ways, to different degrees; be kind whenever possible.

* * * *

Yet another who has not found the off switch.

* * * *

Be wary You do not allow this seeing to drive You mad.

* * * *

The sentimental is everything You hold on to.

* * * *

Natural selection has dictated every fate since creation began.

* * * *

Another master of rhetorical rationalization.

* * * *

Nobody does anything without a supporting cast, without a web of life.

* * * *

It cannot be forced.

* * * *

You are but a vibration, a flicker, a sparkle, a twinkle, in the infinity of eternity.

* * * *

Ain't nothing chivalrous in a gunfight.

* * * *

Everybody is playing their own game.

* * * *

Natural selection includes every calculated step, as well as every muddled misstep.

* * * *

Be the deity You believe, You hope, is looking out over You.

* * * *

Time well spent is a moment well done.

* * * *

Every life form works to its advantage.

* * * *

Nothing is good.

* * * *

It is natural selection, not free will.

* * * *

It is nothing but process.

* * * *

As a species, we have always been our own worst enemy; dragons quake at our shadow.

* * * *

The seemingly serendipitous moments are the mutations of natural selection.

* * * *

Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same, all the same.

* * * *

How could God create all this, without being all of it, all the while?

* * * *

The spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical non-issue, inspired by imagination's fear of the unknowable.

* * * *

The irony is, that all these piles of gold, are more than pointless, if there is no world in which to spend it.

* * * *

No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.

* * * *

A quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness really nothing more than distracting noise.

* * * *

A sheep by any other name would baa the same.

* * * *

How seamlessly, how timelessly, how effortlessly, one moment kaleidoscopes into another.

* * * *

You only think You are alive.

* * * *

What a crap-shoot, the natural selection, in the sexual act between male and female.

* * * *

The same awareness fills all sentience.

* * * *

Will imagination ever let go; more than a little unlikely.

* * * *

Relying on absurdity for your worldview will get You the charlatan You deserve.

* * * *

Truth is a windless wind, no sound can catch.

* * * *

Would wrapping a story around all this babble make it more palatable, more real for You?

* * * *

Imagination concocts every sort of absurdity; none of which have any reality in the moment, whatsoever.

* * * *

Discern the God version of Self, You are.

* * * *

You do not have to always carry it all, You know; even Atlas takes a break now and again.

* * * *

A planless plan underway.

* * * *

The effortless mind, the disengaged mind, is as transcendent as it needs be.

* * * *

And just how powerful, how rich, how regarded, must You be to finally put to rest your insecurity?

* * * *

Awareness is a windless wind, no sound can capture.

* * * *

What is there nothing better to do than nothing?

* * * *

Having nothing better to do than nothing is a planless plan.

* * * *

From inner death, springs eternal life.

* * * *

Your tribe is as lost as lost can be; nowhere to be found.

* * * *

You are going to die, and miss so much, and it will not remember You at all.

* * * *

All we are is blobs full of imaginary bullshit.

* * * *

Linguists are adept at describing and prescribing, the ever-morphing bull ride of any given language.

* * * *

Any thought of self is vanity; the imaginary self of every human mind.

* * * *

The challenge is to live a no-regret life, with as few regrets, as possible.

* * * *

How was it You did not see it before?

* * * *

Look out at all the people, wandering hither and thither, and wonder at the fates they are enduring.

* * * *

All imaginary notion to the contrary, You are not your frame of reference.

* * * *

More poster pap.

* * * *

What kind of all-twisted-up-soul babbles, babble, babbles, this not-sort-of horseshit?

* * * *

What dreamtime could there be, without the illusory other, and all its forms and functions?

* * * *

Hard to stay; hard to leave.

* * * *

Another Roaring 20's underway, circa Y2K20 to Y2K29.

* * * *

You honor Self by being it.

* * * *

How deft the sharpened sword of discernment.

* * * *

Is it a battle worth fighting?

* * * *

What vague perceptions are harbored in this dream we call a life.

* * * *

Another day watching the debacle unwrap itself.

* * * *

Tread carefully, lest the seeds of dogma sprout, from this austere message You convey.

* * * *

No need to worship what You already are.

* * * *

Imagination does not for reality make.

* * * *

Why subscribe to a story that will never discern the moment through which it heedlessly passes?

* * * *

Another brain scrambled to perfection.

* * * *

Addictions tend to define and limit You, and are often what will be remembered.

* * * *

A higher state of worship cannot be known.

* * * *

Another way of looking.

* * * *

No one can save what cannot be saved.

* * * *

No one can ever know more than what imagination imagines.

* * * *

A lot of people, in a lot of arenas, are going to be living in tents, pushing carts, collecting treasure.

* * * *

The shadows of serendipity cast their nets far afield.

* * * *

We are all individuals wandering our version of the matrix, of the indivisibility, confounding all.

* * * *

Do You really realize just how alone You truly are?

* * * *

That all things that rise must fall, is always a when, not if, actuality.

* * * *

Interesting times, indeedy.

* * * *

How can there be a world, a cosmos, any dreamtime, without You permeating it?

* * * *

You are the awareness through which consciousness streams.

* * * *

Does all this really exist, or is it just a touchy-feely imaginary construct in your very alonely head?

* * * *

A tortoise, a snail, and a sloth, were sitting in a bar ...

* * * *

Thanks for nothing.

* * * *

So, what is on the syllabus today?

* * * *

In the spectrum, right to wrong, who is right, who is wrong, and who does the judging?

* * * *

Detach from the sheen of fear caused by the stresses that shaped You, encased You.

* * * *

Abiding prior to consciousness – prior to all the things, all the stories, all the imaginings – is a rare feat.

* * * *

Contentment is the brass ring.

* * * *

Seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching, without wanting, is a state of mind to which few subscribe.

* * * *

All You need to do is figure out who ‘they’ are.

* * * *

Guaranteed, the body will figure out, to do to You, whatever You are doing to it.

* * * *

As irrational as the rational can be; as rational as the irrational can be.

* * * *

The minions of imagination whirl in a cacophony of chaos.

* * * *

Be the unknowing.

* * * *

The yin-yang of one man's downfall, often being the opportunity for another’s rise.

* * * *

A few-holds-barred life has its consequences.

* * * *

You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.

* * * *

Hello, goodbye, cruel world.

* * * *

A world of dreams.

* * * *

Nothing is done until it is done.

* * * *

The mini-death of sleep comes when the off switch turns on.

* * * *

Not a good idea to play any game, unless You really know the rules, and are really paying attention.

* * * *

The tyranny of neurons.

* * * *

You are as free as You decide to be.

* * * *

To what do You cling in that nebulous mind, but a sea of imaginary perceptions.

* * * *

Dream walkers, dream stalkers.

* * * *

You are but a drop of indivisible awareness in the immeasurable ocean of this ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The ultimate nature that all manifestation is, is eternally spaceless, eternally timeless.

* * * *

An impromptu play.

* * * *

Ants tempt the gods with their anthills.

* * * *

Mystery is without attributes, without direction, without purpose, without meaning, without contradiction.

* * * *

Not your calling.

* * * *

We all wander through our worlds, seeking whatever scratches our endorphins.

* * * *

Never a good idea to assume You are the smartest guy in the room.

* * * *

Any creation is complete as soon as it is set aside.

* * * *

The truth of it goes without saying.

* * * *

Savor and endure the ecstasies and agonies of your ephemeral existence while breath allows the synthesis.

* * * *

How likely is it any deity could be nearly as judgmental as we?

* * * *

There are no guarantees but annihilation.

* * * *

Every sentient life form has its own decision-making process, its own rule of law; none the same.

* * * *

The world is your pearl, if You have the wit to treasure it.

* * * *

The human species is beyond-all-pales, absurdly insane; all victims of our imaginary Self.

* * * *

Only imagination rushes.

* * * *

This work is a very ubiquitous, long and wearing, trudging, ever-on-and-on-and-on, campaign.

* * * *

It is your imagination, You love, You hate, You every passion under the sun.

* * * *

You really believe it is You choosing anything?

* * * *

This moment is all.

* * * *

Re: Tattoos: God, why do they do it?

* * * *

When not disappearing entirely, memories tend to blur more and more, in the aging process.

* * * *

A tiger consumes its prey without a trace of judgment.

* * * *

A warrior can never present otherwise.

* * * *

Always be on watch for the shadow of your imaginary you.

* * * *

Not your fight, unless You want it to be.

* * * *

It is all your inward and outer chatter that allows imagination easy entrée.

* * * *

You are your own law.

* * * *

Every moment is an opportunity to embrace your immaculate unborn-undying.

* * * *

Few can hear the mystery's call through the veil of one imaginary absurdity or another.

* * * *

There is no reason but habit, conditioning, training, to continue on and on, playing this imaginary role.

* * * *

Look at a clock; notice how the hands move, and You do not.

* * * *

How did You teach your Self that?

* * * *

If You did not want to regret it, better not have done it in the first place.

* * * *

To take it all personal is the second mistake; the first was making the assumption that took You there.

* * * *

A warrior never sleeps.

* * * *

Why would any supreme deity bother about dogma?

* * * *

We are all touchy-feely ghosts wandering through each other's lives.

* * * *

Oblivion calls, each and every moment.

* * * *

What kind of leader would You be in any given situation?

* * * *

The wise pick fight they can win; and to avoid as many as possible, is an even better strategy.

* * * *

How You present generally makes for how You will be taken.

* * * *

There is no resolution for the human capacity to create disparity and horror for others.

* * * *

How much sweeter could heaven be, but complete and utter oblivion.

* * * *

Do not wait too long, else the Fates will make the decision for You.

* * * *

You must also be a warrior to your Self.

* * * *

Cling, baby, cling, until the imaginary mind slips back into the oblivion from whence it came.

* * * *

T-shirts and baseball caps and tattoos and other paraphernalia, are like showing your hand in a card game.

The awareness of existence is too ethereal to be imagined.

* * * *

No word, no symbol, no ritual, no tradition, no prophet, no deity, is sacred to the ultimate.

* * * *

How can any live life, endure life, but one breath, one step at a time.

* * * *

Accepting one's fate can be one of life's bigger challenges.

* * * *

The quantum-awakened, turn sand into gold, coal into diamonds, water into wine.

* * * *

Imagination ceaselessly embraces and battles with itself in every way imaginable.

* * * *

The state of awareness is unimaginable.

* * * *

One drop is inconsequential, but all together, are omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient.

* * * *

There are few things, that are not targets, for one improvement or another.

* * * *

Your mind need not be a prison.

* * * *

Adulthood is the price we pay for losing our innocence.

* * * *

The seed of doubt cannot be planted in any but the most open minds.

* * * *

You are nothing more than electrical impulses skirting along neural pathways.

* * * *

Time is a fixation whose existence cannot be proven.

* * * *

The mind can eat itself up over any and every imaginable vicissitude; detachment the only balm.

* * * *

Why are You still here?

* * * *

The idolatries of imagination are many and not far between.

* * * *

The mind will take every opportunity to imprison You, if You allow it.

* * * *

There is no time like present.

* * * *

Those with direct, clear, perception, do not require stories.

* * * *

There is no changing your fate in to what it already is.

* * * *

Just do what You do; no need to justify it to the world.

* * * *

Existence is an entitlement, not a right.

* * * *

Call it whatever You will, everything adds up to the same mystery.

* * * *

Demon or angel, oblivion the same fate; hells and heavens are fictions of human imagination.

* * * *

News is yet another level of gossip that keeps imagination in play.

* * * *

Strategy and tactics are soulmates.

* * * *

How many dimensions might there be; well, how many ways can You cut any pie?

Forget everything, be everything, be nothing.

* * * *

There is a long list of unanswerable questions; first and foremost, is the reality of the questioner.

* * * *

Intelligent design, imaginary design.

* * * *

Ethics is a Gordian Knot, which only the sharpest sword, cuts loose its imaginary hold.

* * * *

Only in pure awareness are any truly free.

* * * *

All the stars in the sky do not add up, to how many things do not matter.

* * * *

To be the nothingness of pure awareness, is to be everything.

* * * *

Death, real or imagined, is the end to all problems, real or imagined.

* * * *

Break every rule, the dreamtime can bring into play.

* * * *

There is no other; let no one tell You otherwise.

* * * *

So, what will your ethereal imagination do through You, this fine day?

* * * *

Another high score in a losing game.

* * * *

Self-interest breeds a logic screened through too many filters to be at all predictable.

* * * *

Try not to argue about stupid things.

* * * *

Nothing is real.

* * * *

The only difference between You and me is imagined.

* * * *

The near is far; the far is near.

* * * *

The momentary awareness, cannot be grasped.

* * * *

You are not special; nor is anyone else.

* * * *

A most challenging thing, to unstick, to release, to pry, to free, your Self, from your self.

* * * *

If You cannot be ironic, if You cannot be paradoxical, if You cannot be doubtful, what can You be?

* * * *

Another day in the quantum fever.

* * * *

Never doubt, that wherever there is gold, vanity and greed will rise to their occasion,

* * * *

Eternity, the moment, the timeless awareness, is indifferent to your imaginary absurdities.

* * * *

The man of one book uses whatever is said, whatever is written, to corroborate his delusion.

* * * *

Where is the wisdom in that?

* * * *

Imagination is its own contagion.

* * * *

The mind can create every sort of heaven or hell; surrender or suffer, the choice born of free will.

* * * *

Even the most beautiful woman or handsome man, are promises that will turn into lies.

* * * *

Another un-rewindable thought.

* * * *

Human consciousness is always imagining itself more than it can ever be.

* * * *

Aphoristic nihilism.

* * * *

The insatiable hunger of consciousness, is a voracious beast, that has cast its shadow across the world.

* * * *

Doubt is the antidote to a conditioned mind.

* * * *

The awareness is as near as it is far.

* * * *

Nothing remains as it is.

* * * *

Continuity is a tempting illusion; a kaleidoscoping dreamtime without reality.

* * * *

Imagination is its own contagion.

* * * *

Keep your judgments to your Self; they say far more about You than those they target.

* * * *

None can help be, but what nature-nurture has shaped them to be.

* * * *

Caught in the 22 again.

* * * *

We are all dreams in each other's dreams.

* * * *

Stay empty in everything You do.

* * * *

A good full breath, waylays the mind from all its busy-busy judgments, and other such mind gorp.

* * * *

So, what does your imagination tell You this fine day?

* * * *

For at least a few moments, such as it is.

* * * *

Idolatry is the fate of those who lack the doubt to free themselves.

* * * *

Imagination is the great shape-shifter.

* * * *

To be at peace with your Self requires no effort, no struggle, no labor, no force, whatsoever.

* * * *

It is the dance of mind, naturally-selected since the big bang of genesis, to be You.

* * * *

Stare at anything long enough, and You will realize it is the mind that is moving.

* * * *

Imagination has You by the neurons.

* * * *

You have no right to anything, but what fate allots.

* * * *

Relax, it will not be all that much longer.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how does the endless pursuit of trivia get anyone?

* * * *

The awakened, see sand as gold, coal as diamonds, water as wine.

* * * *

A neural matrix.

* * * *

A mind bound by imagination will always find new limitations.

* * * *

Done enough.

* * * *

Wandering to and from on the spectrum of irony and paradox.

* * * *

Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires; good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Intelligent design, fallacious design, or any design at all?

* * * *

The domestication crafted by entitlement does not fare well when Darwin pendulums serious.

* * * *

Guns, bunkers, supplies, alliances; not of much use if they cannot be accessed.

* * * *

Yet another ugly future-given.

* * * *

Another day in the quantum fever, chatting with your Self in whatever venues are wandered.

* * * *

Those who lack doubt will never get through the eye of the needle.

* * * *

Nothing is as real as it gets.

* * * *

The agenda of a true believer is without doubt.

* * * *

The cosmos is very much aware, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.

* * * *

Adulthood is the price one pays for losing their innocence.

* * * *

What will the world be like without You? Most likely the same as it was with You.

* * * *

Self-doubt can be a debilitating habit; and like all habits, hard, but not impossible to break.

* * * *

Ethics is forum mind gorp that passes the time.

* * * *

You cannot abuse your mother, and not expect her to come gunning for You.

* * * *

If You cannot doubt, You are blind to truth.

* * * *

How so many can be so satisfied with so much less is beyond all reckoning.

* * * *

The irony is within the paradox, and the paradox, within the irony.

* * * *

All this was written long before the sands of time came along.

* * * *

Pride is much imaginary ado about nothing.

* * * *

Ever the same You, playing out every creation across all eternity.

* * * *

The show must go on; easier to ignore this sort of scribbling, for vanity and greed's sake.

* * * *

There are many paths, treading all about this pale blue dot of a dust ball, all to the same grave.

* * * *

That is probably not good idea.

* * * *

You only pretend to be a body, a world, a cosmos; in reality, You are none of it.

* * * *

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, You do often wonder.

* * * *

You have always been perfect just the way You are.

* * * *

New figurine, new symbol, new dogma, new whatever; same old idolatry.

* * * *

The worst thing than an assassination attempt, is a failed one.

* * * *

Self-serving followers make for a self-serving God.

* * * *

Nothing exists because of imagination.

* * * *

The mystery is all things at all times all at once.

* * * *

There is no getting edgewise into the moment.

* * * *

Would You allow someone else to torture You, the way You do yourself?

* * * *

So alone, the mind-body could die, and there would be no difference.

* * * *

What would be the point of anything less?

* * * *

Do nothing, and nothing will become apparent.

* * * *

Is there any limit to our affinity for absurdity?

* * * *

Vote NO! on climate change; let Mother Nature know what You think.

* * * *

If You must worship something, make it the right-here-right-now eternal moment.

* * * *

That will be for history to judge.

* * * *

There is are no ‘moments’ – there is only one moment, one timeless moment, one eternal moment.

* * * *

Grasping the ungraspable, is an ungraspable task.

* * * *

So many pretending they really know something.

* * * *

A still mind is a free mind.

* * * *

The missing piece.

* * * *

No point reading any of this if You already have your answer.

* * * *

There is no happy ending, unless You are perchance that which is unborn-undying.

* * * *

The temptation of nirvana hovers in every moment.

* * * *

Losing it, one day at a time

* * * *

Ultimately, what is worth remembering?

* * * *

No story, no matter how real and true, no matter how fantastical, can touch the eternal moment.

* * * *

Any story, no matter when written, is only as real as your belief in it.

* * * *

It is history that got us into this fine mess, and only detaching from it can get us out.

* * * *

There is no past, there is no future, there is only this moment, right here, right now.

* * * *

What point feeling sorry for yourself?

* * * *

Absurdity is in charge, and madness, its bleak shadow.

* * * *

Rarely pays to get in the way of vanity and greed.

* * * *

The futility of nothing, always trying to be something, for some, becomes Self-apparent.

* * * *

The wonder! The wonder!

* * * *

The moment is the fruit of Eden; the tree of knowledge is just a distraction.

* * * *

Necessity will out every variety of solution.

* * * *

Regarding God and related rumors; that You believe You have figured it, likely means You have not.

* * * *

A slow-burn, under-the-radar, revolutionary mein-kampf; very likely to go entirely unnoticed.

* * * *

There is no Original Sin; only an Original Flaw

* * * *

Fuck that!

* * * *

Food and drink begin their gastric journey into shit and pee as soon as they enter your mouth.

* * * *

To which so many are chained.

* * * *

All we two-leggeds are, is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsicality.

* * * *

So many ways to fill this mystery theater continuum, if all You are doing is living.

* * * *

Unless You are in one of them, there are so many worse places, so many worse times, to be.

* * * *

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

* * * *

How has the absurdity of dualistic notion, retained any credence at all, in the human paradigm?

* * * *

Right here, right now, is a moment within the moment.

* * * *

A most obvious truth.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Be ye truth seeker, or lie keeper?

* * * *

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

* * * *

Push that ethics button as often as You might, it is ever but an imaginary salve.

* * * *

Time cannot stop, because it never started.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

Entitlement runs deep.

* * * *

Seriously, who can be saved, when everything is very much nothing?

* * * *

You are but the moment dreaming its Self real.

* * * *

You know your calling, your passion, when You would pay to do it.

* * * *

Truth is not a dare.

* * * *

The mind-body can be its own best friend; the mind-body can be its own worst enemy.

* * * *

Check your attachments at the door, please.

* * * *

If You want to stop space, to stop time, try stopping your mind.

* * * *

Ceaseless judging; that, is what we do.

* * * *

Easier to dumb down than it is to grit and gumption up.

* * * *

Be your own imaginary best friend.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

Only nothing would be forever, if time existed, if space existed, if anything existed.

* * * *

The long sleep of oblivion will be a welcome changeless.

* * * *

Nothing need not, nothing cannot, be saved.

* * * *

Embrace eternity.

* * * *

Most all lives narrow down from vibrant rivers to gurgling streams before it is over.

* * * *

Eternal grace is yours for the now-ing.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is any other, in the stillness of pure awareness?

* * * *

The space-time continuum is but scientific jargon for eternity.

* * * *

Quality ... Excellence … Caliber … Competence … in everything You do … is the best of all polices.

* * * *

Conspiracy to one tribe, is but a mission-oriented group consensus to another.

* * * *

Best laid plans make the gods on high laugh with glee.

* * * *

Prior to all sensations, physical or mental, You are.

* * * *

Congratulations, your God is as vain and greedy as You.

* * * *

A very original work about a very original mystery.

* * * *

What need for rebirth, once You have discerned what You truly are?

* * * *

To care what any other thinks of You, why?

* * * *

Hard to let go of an edifice, in which so much imagination has been invested.

* * * *

This is your moment; embrace it.

* * * *

There is far more language available to play with in this time, than was ever accessible to the sages of old.

* * * *

Is there anything, more wearing than people who think they are superior than everyone else?

* * * *

Nothing has no reality, but what imagination gives it.

* * * *

It being a God-eat-God dreamtime, everything is eaten sooner or later.

* * * *

What circuitous wander has brought You to this moment, pondering these many thoughts?

* * * *

The moment knows no other.

* * * *

How many things You coulda-shoulda-woulda done differently? Or the same, in a different way?

* * * *

The geeks have taken the human paradigm, have taken the Garden of Gaia, down a dead-end road.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Artificial Intelligence is unlimited in all the ways imagination can take it; envy the future, pity the future.

* * * *

All so predictable, all so passé.

* * * *

An attentive breath wipes clean all the bothers of your imaginary cosmos, your imaginary realm.

* * * *

Where else is there to be content, but this very here, this very now, this very moment, this very breath.

* * * *

Nothing moves You.

* * * *

The Big Bang of Consciousness, creator of infinity, hath no bounds, but death.

* * * *

Worldly temptations are many and ever more.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

* * * *

The unborn-undying eye is within all sentience.

* * * *

For there to be good, there must be evil, and that, my friend, is duality in a nutshell.

* * * *

Eden did not disappear; You just stopped seeing it.

* * * *

And some call it, evolution.

* * * *

You are king or queen of your imaginary cosmos; only death can unseat You.

* * * *

You will follow, until You find courage enough, to hold the reins.

* * * *

Feed ze tongue at your peril.

* * * *

Humankind voluntarily surrendered its sovereign sentience to imagination, the great usurper.

* * * *

Personal responsibility? What's that about?

* * * *

All belief systems are one imaginary concoction or another, none in any way-shape-form real.

* * * *

Ta-da!

* * * *

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

* * * *

Wisdom comes with a full metal jacket.

* * * *

Pay attention to the job description, both written and unwritten.

* * * *

A pale blue dot, every moment at war – indivisibly creating, preserving, destroying.

* * * *

So much of everything, and yet, so little wisdom, so little contentment.

* * * *

Eternity is easily bypassed, by the many who neither see nor hear nor question.

* * * *

So much of everything, yet, so little wisdom, so little contentment.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose is whatever You make it, if You make it anything at all.

* * * *

What point being engaged, being governed, being waylaid, by notions fueled by imagination?

* * * *

Pick something You love, and let it kill You.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Guaranteed, this dreamworld does not care one iota what You think or do.

* * * *

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

* * * *

A go-figure moment.

* * * *

Paths to glory, that begin as super highways, often turn into rutted backroads.

* * * *

How can a wee mind ever have more than a wee view?

* * * *

Every awakening is its own story, its own time, its own space, its own tempo, its own mind, no two alike.

* * * *

How sorry I feel for the future's children whenever I pass a playground.

* * * *

Free will is an extremely dubious concept.

* * * *

How can karma stick to the moment, but through imagination?

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

What is it to have no other imbedded in your mind?

* * * *

… When have You never been? … When will You never be? …

* * * *

What the senses, a dollop of gravity, and a little light, hath created.

* * * *

Might makes right, and weakness wags its finger.

* * * *

What sort of cosmos would it be if time was more than a concept?

* * * *

The dildo of consequences rarely arrives lubed.

* * * *

No matter how many dimensions creation may create, all are of the same mystery.

* * * *

Death is not easy to embrace when the clarion of life abounds.

* * * *

In the race to extinction, what point, tapping the brakes?

* * * *

Avoid troubling your Self.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Doing nothing takes practice.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.

* * * *

The old is ever new, and the new, ever old.

* * * *

How did that not occur to You before?

* * * *

Would You exist, without imagination, imagining it so?

* * * *

The eternal is not an every-once-in-a-while thing; it is an every-moment-right-here-right-now thing.

* * * *

Attachment to outcomes of any sort it a sure way to flummox the mind.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Truth is in the remembering; Truth is in the forgetting.

* * * *

It is right there, as plain as the nose on your face, if You could see that, either.

* * * *

Those who speak do not know.

* * * *

An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.

* * * *

Memory is the food bank of vanity.

* * * *

Imagination imagines that it is alive, but where is the pudding to prove it?

* * * *

A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary quantum matrix.

* * * *

Time well spent, is mind well dreamed.

* * * *

Wander the mountain until You become the mountain.

* * * *

Creators generally move on to the next creation well before any applause for the last handiwork.

* * * *

There is no end to more; one must simply stop.

* * * *

How callously indifferent a mind must become, to harm any fellow earthling great or small.

* * * *

Those who know do not speak.

* * * *

To see it, to be it, to the unborn-undying of the essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.

* * * *

Only the spaceless-timeless-unborn-undying are free.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Just because it seems real, does not make it real.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Drops of wisdom drip-drip-drip from the true mind.

* * * *

Any paradigm founded and funded by imagination, only has the reality imagination bequeaths it.

* * * *

Superstition is the fallacy, the delusion, the perversity, to which many an irrational mind clings.

* * * *

The great silence stills tongues.

* * * *

For a paradigm to overcome its irrational limits, would require a cleansing of genocidal proportion.

* * * *

The quantum matrix is an ineffable mystery to its common denominator, the one and only nothing.

* * * *

How do You hold on to nothing, when there is nothing to hold on to?

* * * *

You do need to ask permission to be your Self.

* * * *

The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously simple … It is all one … ‘Nuff said.

* * * *

Every mind, its own Sisyphean reckoning.

* * * *

If someone cannot see the obvious, there is no point arguing about it.

* * * *

How can it all go on and on and on, but through the illusions-delusions-absurdities, of vanity and avarice?

* * * *

Whose fake new rules the day?

* * * *

What, other than imagination, discerns the ultimate truth of anything?

* * * *

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

* * * *

You are the same moment, You have always been.

* * * *

Daily headlines are the first drafts of tomorrow's history books.

* * * *

Is the quantum stardust God, or is the quantum stardust wafting through God?

* * * *

Go ahead, douse the human paradigm with another speculation.

* * * *

Another cult, yawn.

* * * *

Are You really anything more than an in and out of an ocean of air in the kaleidoscoping moment?

* * * *

Another thankless moment springs into action.

* * * *

Time is but a wee little concept buried deep in the root ball of imaginary notions.

* * * *

New day, new way.

* * * *

Maybe You should follow your own advice.

* * * *

Awareness is the intelligence; consciousness, the imaginary charioteer.

* * * *

Truth is only true to those who subscribe to it.

* * * *

What – about the unborn-undying, spaceless, timeless, indelible, ineffable abyss – can ever be known?

* * * *

Like cats on a chalkboard.

* * * *

How can You ever be late, or in the wrong place, when here now, is the only time and place there is to be.

* * * *

You earn the same respect You give, if You are lucky.

* * * *

You can only delve as deep as your doubt.

* * * *

You shall have no other gods before You.

* * * *

The future is now.

* * * *

Life is the muse for any creator.

* * * *

Will You die with your vanity intact?

* * * *

No matter – how big, how mighty, how prosperous, how renowned – they get, all religions are cults.

* * * *

Look clearly within, and You will see clearly without.

* * * *

Odds are, even that which we call God, by oh-so-many names, does not know how it all came to be.

* * * *

Hard to stop a hater from hating.

* * * *

The will of destiny marches to its own tune.

* * * *

Even that which matters most, matters not.

* * * *

If You cannot control your willy-nilly imaginary mind, at least do the favor of not inflicting it on others.

* * * *

Nothing does it.

* * * *

Regarding counting moments, hard to tag a thing that cannot be seen or heard, and does not shuffle about.

* * * *

How seriously we take our imaginary selves, and our relatively brief, narcissistic-hedonistic dreamtimes.

* * * *

And in the face of this revelation, vanity is still front and center in all.

* * * *

Nothing is greater than any deity real or imagined.

* * * *

It has been a good dream.

* * * *

What is any seeker, any quester, but the hunter of countless mysteries unknown and unknowable.

* * * *

Well, You tried.

* * * *

Wisdom is distillation of experience; sympathy and empathy, among its chief fermenting agents.

* * * *

How does everything end? ... Badly.

* * * *

Another tidbit for the circular file.

* * * *

Eternity is like that.

* * * *

No, no, no, ten thousand times, no.

* * * *

The truth is oblivion; You are oblivion.

* * * *

Imagination will always be a wannabe when it comes to being real.

* * * *

You, all alone – in a cosmos, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream – but never of it.

* * * *

How can anyone prove what can never be proven?

* * * *

You might be back in Old School any day now; be ready.

* * * *

Another day, chasing the clock, racing stoplights, in the rush to oblivion.

* * * *

The imaginary mind-body is the only space-time machine, and every two-legged its own timeline.

* * * *

Nothing matters; not even nothing.

* * * *

Sacks of genetic material – permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked – in imagination's matrix.

* * * *

Can there be a You, without a body of some dimensional sort?

* * * *

The agony of it all creates so many wounds, so many scars, so many tears; why do we do it to ourselves?

* * * *

The most elemental-fundamental-essential level is the primordial spirit.

* * * *

No one can prove anything.

* * * *

Can You change your mind?

* * * *

You are not your imagination.

* * * *

Delve as deeply as You might, there is no place to arrive.

* * * *

You are not anything the mind pretends, not anything the mind portends.

* * * *

Details to follow.

* * * *

That God knows who-what-where-when-why-how all this is happening, is an unprovable assumption.

* * * *

You certainly do cling to your primal fear.

* * * *

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

* * * *

The ego mind is but a veil, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers; detached, immortal.

* * * *

There is not, and has never been – nor will there ever be – any other.

* * * *

The morning perch calls its regulars.

* * * *

Imagination is the veil of illusion; the patterning, believing itself real.

* * * *

"It has to be something more," is an unprovable assertion.

* * * *

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

* * * *

The binds, the Gordian Knot, of human thinking, are many and without end.

* * * *

Maybe on your deathbed, You will realize how equal to everything You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The blue pill is certainly easier to swallow.

* * * *

Back on board

* * * *

What conceptual frameworks have ever touched reality?

* * * *

It for imagination to decide its fate.

* * * *

Embrace the futility.

* * * *

Mathematicians and musicians speak universal languages to which not all minds are privy.

* * * *

Cloaked in plain-sight nondescript, the king of the world, the king of the cosmos, stands aloof.

* * * *

And freedom, what is that, really?

* * * *

Sometimes, You have just got to start all over; perhaps many times.

* * * *

To realize how alone You truly are, is not a fate many embrace.

* * * *

The living who are dead, count themselves few.

* * * *

Yet another shoulda-coulda-woulda moment passes into oblivion.

* * * *

The awareness, the moment, is church enough, religion enough, for any and all.

* * * *

Ultimate truth cannot be usurped by the – brittle swords, false shields, broken chariots – of ignorance.

* * * *

Cheating only cheats the cheater of integrity.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Unmasking your delusions, is a process not unakin to that of a chick, pecking its way out of its prison.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

Distraction is the surest restraint.

* * * *

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

* * * *

It is all God, including You, figure it out.

* * * *

The God, so many in imagination project, is really formed and adorned, with their own narcissistic vanity.

* * * *

Is it real hunger, or just the insatiable quantum mind, choosing between different sensations?

* * * *

We so love our stories, that a world was built to house them.

* * * *

Everyone has a cadence, a drumbeat, a heartbeat, to which they diligently march out their destinies.

* * * *

Speculation is the quagmire of imagination.

* * * *

Hurry up and wait.

* * * *

What combination of any words of wisdom, in what moment, will unlock and unleash your cosmic Self?

* * * *

As magnificent as it imagines itself to be, imagination is but a mortal player, destined for obscurity.

* * * *

Imagination is always out and about, on the march, on the hunt, questing one thing or another.

* * * *

All others are but imaginary illusions of the quantum kind.

* * * *

It's happening again.

* * * *

It is pride, vanity, generosity, hope, that has written this opus.

* * * *

Surprised! Surprise!

* * * *

No one can ever more than speculate, what it takes any given creator, to create.

* * * *

Democracy is a rather futile attempt to make life fair and equal, for some.

* * * *

Waiting for Old School to make a comeback.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one You have ever read.

* * * *

No one else but your little self needs convincing.

* * * *

Whether it is called good or evil, there are many reasons, why the road less traveled, is less traveled

* * * *

What possible good does it do, feeling sorry for yourself?

* * * *

How would any less a vision even be possible?

* * * *

Why seek forgiveness from any imaginary other, when forgiving your Self is more than enough.

* * * *

Is it cheating if You are playing a different game?

* * * *

The blade of discernment has a razor's edge, that only the very wise, have the wit with which to whittle.

* * * *

Idolatry and magical thinking tend to lark about hand in hand.

* * * *

Whenever You totally surrender, it always feels like the first time.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun? Well, if it is new to You, how much newer can it get?

* * * *

Instinct has never been a match, for the will born of imagination.

* * * *

Heavens and hells are all merely fabricated whims of imagination.

* * * *

Believing You know something can make for an arduous journey.

Breadcrumbs

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

* * * *

Really not even worth bothering about.

* * * *

I suppose I could be wrong about this, but I do not see how.

* * * *

What flower believes it will live forever?

* * * *

If You are looking for some deific character, ignore the man behind this curtain.

* * * *

Looking like my two cents is not worth very much.

* * * *

Yes, this is will probably be lost, as well, and it won’t even require a fire, given its digital nature.

* * * *

Drifting in bliss.

* * * *

What can I say, this babble-on is how this mind works.

* * * *

You disrespect me, I disrespect You, so much for that relationship.

* * * *

It's a third-tier ‘other-things’ kind of day.

* * * *

Got nothing better to do.

* * * *

An affinity for oblivion.

* * * *

There is something about an aphorism that catches a truth as no story can.

* * * *

The human species has been interesting, but is it really worth preserving?

* * * *

I am more than a little weary of this human paradigm,
And doubt I will be making any big effort to fend off the Reaper,
When this mind-body gets too bothersome to get through the given day.

* * * *

Doubt not that there would be more than a few,
Who would gladly slit my throat, or burn me alive at the stake,
For all the blasphemy, all the sacrilege, all the irreverence, I have said and written.
How fortunate I am to have been born in one of the freest times and places history has ever sanctioned.
But, as Jack Palance famously uttered in the movie, City Slickers, “The day ain’t over.”

* * * *

This could only be written by someone who had nothing better to do.

* * * *

All human beings are, is protoplasm playing out the delusionary pretenses of imagination.
That imagination has allowed me, and many others throughout the illusion of space and time,
The Self-deception, that we might somehow challenge its reign over this monkey-mind paradigm.

* * * *

This is how the English language uses me to hammer at its forge.

* * * *

Thing management.

* * * *

The only place I might lead You is to your doorstep.
Keep your treasure, hold the applause, rotsa ruck.

Obviously, my report to High Command will be recommending extinction.

* * * *

It would be a bottle of Jack Daniels,
And a two-pound box of See’s Candy,
Most every day, if my tongue had more say.

* * * *

It’s the monkey in me, sorry.

* * * *

The fire in this belly was more a candle in the wind.

* * * *

Oh boy, a new pile.

* * * *

The goal of any author is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

* * * *

What more is there to say? And yet I yabber on.

* * * *

I came, I saw, I listened, I tasted, I smelled, I touched, I departed.

* * * *

Didn’t see that one coming.

* * * *

Experiences and things were always more interesting than a pile of gold.

* * * *

Haven’t quite figured out that one, Ollie.

* * * *

Yet another day of shaking the Magic Eight Ball to see what pithy notions float into mind.

* * * *

Yet another collector’s item.

* * * *

How many times has that been?

* * * *

Dying on the vine, pretending I am wine; though more likely a drying raisin.

* * * *

Had a thing for things this round; it was a way of tasting the illusion.
But it would likely be a zafu and bowl and wall, were there to be another.

* * * *

Have written far, far more than few will ever begin to read,

But the thoughts keep bubbling into mind, and I enjoyed playing with them.
However, from here on out, other than the occasional newbie, it is mostly editing old babble,
That has not seen the light of mind since it was written in the first post-1989 decade or so.

* * * *

Were I to do some rewinding in this since-1989 brainchild, section titles might instead be:
Leftovers, Aftershocks; Breadcrumbs, Leftovers; and Soundbites, perhaps Breadcrumbs.
Or perhaps: Leftovers, Breadcrumbs; Soundbites, Leftovers, Breadcrumbs, Aftershocks.
But, as Jack Palance famously uttered in the movie, City Slickers, "The day ain't over."

* * * *

An errant sojourner's soliloquy on a mystery beyond all pales.

* * * *

It was fun to write; what matter if it is never read.

* * * *

Oh my god, another small seed of a possible project, turns into a Banyan tree.

* * * *

You objectify me; why not I, You?

* * * *

This is an entirely original work … The Song of Michael

* * * *

Makes your head hurt.

* * * *

If that doesn't make your head hurt.

* * * *

Whether or not all this time and effort will endure, depends entirely on those who save it and pass it on.

* * * *

If anyone out there has too many screws loose enough,
To imagine I am some sort of Jesus, or any other such balderdash,
Let us go find a swimming pool, and watch me take the first step, and drown.
Or let us kill him, let hm rot in a hot cave for a few days, and see if I can bring him back.

* * * *

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness that I am,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing I need do, nothing I can do, but whatever the given moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body, in which I am cloaked,
Upon the stage, which I impromptu play.

* * * *

Am I not something of an anarchist, taking on consciousness, taking on imagination,
With aphorisms the weapon, with which the dreamtime has equipped me.
Taking aim at intellects scouted in any given daily walkabout.
A reasonable pastime, for which I am well-suited.
A Johnny Appleseed strategy at the helm.
What future awakening they might inspire, if any,
Is well beyond this narrative, and well beyond any concern.
It is but the vanity, for which I have been, through happenstance, fated.
A mind-body, programmed by the given nature-nurture, with a truth-seeking inclination.

* * * *

If I must scratch, if I must claw, my way into and up the Ivory Tower of Philosophy,
May everything, I have ever written, ever said, ever done, ever anything, rest in peace.

* * * *

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies

Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

* * * *

Why should I read yours if You will not read mine.

* * * *

Might change some of the book titles,
Were there a rewind button in the house,
But too much bother at this writing,
And am frankly not sure what to.

* * * *

Constructive criticism is not always welcome.

* * * *

I am actor; hear the snore.

* * * *

Just another day, hierophanting the obvious, that the blind may see, and the deaf, hear.

* * * *

I played out the idea of so many things, I no longer needed to do anything, but enjoy reflecting on it all.

* * * *

I can only offer what I have to offer.

* * * *

A fountain of nonduality.

* * * *

Why pay You, for what I can just as easily, and better, do myself?

* * * *

A one-man revolution.

* * * *

Die, mother fucker! Die!

* * * *

How many adventures might I have wandered?
How many movies might I have watched?
How many books might I have read?
Had I not taken on this aphoristic chore.
Yeesch and by golly, the things fate endures.

* * * *

Did nothing again today.

* * * *

This work could probably be edited for another entire lifetime,
And all the grammatical errors and change-ups, not be flushed out.

* * * *

Did enough of that to get my pain's worth.

* * * *

Got the call, took the hook, and am still on the line.

* * * *

It could be years after the initial casting, that many of these ditties are finally complete.

* * * *

You may think I am an idiot, but I know You are.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong; rotsa ruck.

* * * *

If it is your calling to wake up to your Self, great; if not, no worries, carry on.
Somebody gotta keep the Ponzi Scheme up and running, for whatever I got left.

* * * *

You just threatened to send me to Hell, for not believing in your absurd bullshit, thanks.
Yup, yup, yup, we sure know what kind of supreme-deity horror show You would paint.

* * * *

I am my version of normal.

* * * *

Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.

* * * *

Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.

* * * *

Why do I appear to be so pessimistic?
First and foremost, I am obviously weary of the human paradigm.
And then there is waking up day after day, to all the injuries I have sustained in this span of seventy years.
There is nothing left that I need to do or see or be in this sorry-ass play of consciousness.
Why would I not be happy if the Reaper showed up anytime right now?

* * * *

Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

I can hardly give it away; how would I sell it?

* * * *

Sitting here, sitting there, sitting who knows where, waiting for the guillotine to fall.

* * * *

Another memory I have already forgotten.

* * * *

I should be reviled for taking away your pacifier.

* * * *

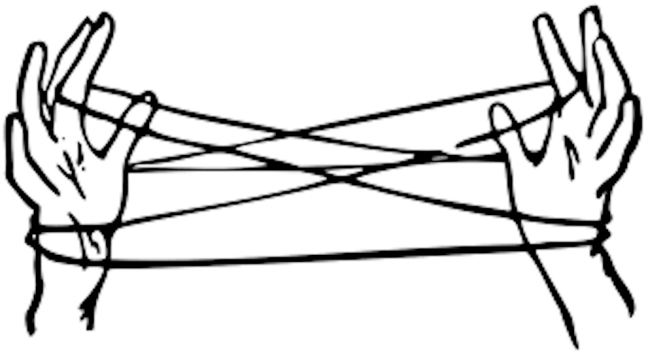
I generally serve all as the moment calls,
But sometimes You just gotta take little breaks.
Besides which, this asylum is far too broken to save it.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.

* * * *

Bokononism: A religion built on lies and absurdity and irony.
Finally, a no-card-no-dogma-no-congregation faith, I can go for.



scratches made in a black, gummy impasto
[o]ne of the oldest games there is.
It means whatever it means.

'See the cat? […] See the cradle?'

~ Newt Hoenikker ~

Tiger got to hunt,
Bird got to fly;
Man got to sit and wonder, "Why, why, why?"
Tiger got to sleep,
Bird got to land;
Man got to tell himself he understand.

~ Bokonon ~

Cat's Cradle, Kurt Vonnegut

* * * *

Do not feel like You must spend a lot of time deciphering all these thoughts.
Have used my website and Facebook and Blogger and other online tools and toys,
As scrapbooks to record all the wanders and thoughts, and other creations and memories.
Way too much, for anyone with anything better to do, with any sort of life, to even bother about.

* * * *

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

* * * *

I seem to have been chosen by the Fates to pen this aphoristic work.
And without thought, without hesitation, I accepted the task.
And have kaleidoscoped this imaginary dreamtime,
Ever soaking up, the reference to scribe it.
This vocation, is a very ubiquitous,
Long 'n wearing 'n slogging,
Ever-on-and-on-and-on,
Nature-nurtured,
Very laid-back,
Damn the torpedoes,
Full speed ahead, approach.
All just to fathom the mystery in all.

* * * *

Have had more than plethora of adventures.
Plenty of fine dining and sundry other.
Much easier to stay home anymore.

Have far more things than I need, debt-free.
Contentment is the brass ring, and it is on the mantle.

* * * *

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

* * * *

Tread carefully, lest the seeds of dogma sprout, from this austere message You convey.

* * * *

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

* * * *

Too much bother, keeping this imaginary character playing the game, to go on stage to do any others.

* * * *

What a rebel I am, passing out, freely, such eternally subversive craft.

* * * *

All the mistakes, all the blunders, that I have many times made! How is it, that I am still alive?
How is it, that none seem to have had raison d'être enough, to pursue revenge?
To walk freely, without dread of the knife twisting in the back,
Is surely the triumph of any wily chameleon.

* * * *

How I wish I could tell the younger self, to slow down or hold off, on some of the choices he was making.

* * * *

This work is a very ubiquitous, long and wearing, trudging, ever-on-and-on-and-on, campaign.

* * * *

What a shame, this offering, shall probably be lost, before it was ever, for-all-practical-purposes, found.

* * * *

Of course, I will eat You if there is no chicken in the fridge, my love,
And I will remember You all that much more affectionately,
For your contribution to my continued existence.
My love, indeed, knows no bounds.

* * * *

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

* * * *

Yes, I want her child, too.
Tasty on the spit; tasty in the soup; tasty, scrambled; tasty, raw; tasty, screaming.
Crunchy-chewy-gooey, seasoned to perfection, or not.
Mmmm-mmmm, good.

* * * *

Old age is a very large collection of pleasurable and painful – and increasingly vague – memories.

* * * *

Why write this?
Why put all this out there?
Just the fate, that calls, the only answer.
To be a Basho of aphoristic nihilism, feels about right.

* * * *

There are a great number of these aphorisms that have run their own way down the neural matrix.
And not serendipitously been – captured, hijacked, liberated – by this daily-declining elderly scribe.

* * * *

The sands of time have no memory.

* * * *

Nothing is real to me.

* * * *

Wandering to and from on the spectrum of irony and paradox.

* * * *

You thank me by being your true Self.

* * * *

This voice in this head; it just will not stop sharing its vision.

* * * *

Broke every rule, the dreamtime could come up with.

* * * *

Nobody will ever read everything I have written, much less comprehend all it took to get it to them.

* * * *

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,

Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

* * * *

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

* * * *

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, I often wonder.
It is challenging to wrap this timebound mind around the dystopian horror I see coming.
How much longer will the human paradigm persevere after this cadaver is a dusty pile of bones?
Ahh, but that is indeed a narcissistic-egocentric question, if there ever was one.
So, I will toss it into the passing wind, and expect no answer.
And someday quietly depart, ever agnostic.

* * * *

The show must go on; easier to ignore me, for vanity and greed's sake.

* * * *

Pretty sure I am dead, and keep waking up in the same hell.

* * * *

Alas, that I often forget many times a day,
And sometimes do not even once remember,
Until the rooster crows at the next day's sunrise.

* * * *

Thank the gods it is not my world to bother about much longer.

* * * *

Though I am very much alone in this vision quest,
I offer You, and all others, these many thoughts, on the off chance,
That all things are more than imaginary illusions ghosting about this delusional mind.

* * * *

Seems obvious to this eye.

* * * *

I am a Daniel Boone helping You down your Wilderness Trail

* * * *

A slow-burn, under-the-radar, revolutionary mein-kampf; very likely to go entirely unnoticed.

* * * *

The wonder! The wonder!

* * * *

Vote NO! on climate change; let Mother Nature know what You think.

* * * *

I count my followers on a single hand, minus four fingers and a thumb.

* * * *

Pretty sure I'm dead, and just keep waking up in the same hell.

* * * *

‘The Stillness Before Time’ or ‘A Stillness Before Time,’
As good and awakened friend, Glynda Lee Hoffmann, once suggested.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, maybe, but so-it-goes, too late now.

* * * *

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism.
Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe.

That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

* * * *

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

* * * *

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

* * * *

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.
Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

* * * *

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

* * * *

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

* * * *

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.

Leftovers and Soundbites are the ‘Me’ and ‘My Self’ and ‘I’ rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary ‘me-and-myself-and-I’ wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

* * * *

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind’s penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
“The dark side ain’t dark to me,” is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

* * * *

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their ‘under construction’ segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

* * * *

Somehow, I have been allowed by the Fates to be a seer, a sage, a mystic.
What tales I could tell, how it all came to be, were anyone all that interested.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

Would that I could program this mind the same way I would a computer.
It might well make the day-to-day much less bothersome were I a machine.

* * * *

“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.”

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

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 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.

* * * *

Which sucks better? The unexamined life, or the examined one?
To spend your life playing out every sort of distraction?
Or siting alone in dark corners scribbling silliness,
Relatively few will ever bother to examine?

* * * *

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.

* * * *

The scars from the traces, of a lifetime of every variety of work, can still whip me with their call to duty.

* * * *

It is my pride, my vanity, my generosity, my hope, that has written this opus.

* * * *

And what will I waste my moment on this fine day?

* * * *

Another ditty, none but these eyes shall likely ever read.

* * * *

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

* * * *

About some things, I am exceedingly frugal.
And in others, am content to watch the moths run free.
As always, irony and paradox manage to pervade the daily show.

* * * *

Already have enough silliness to waste my moment on, thanks anyway.

* * * *

I am worm, hear me roar.

* * * *

How sorry I feel for the future's children whenever I pass a playground.

* * * *

No one can ever more than speculate, what it takes any given creator, to create.

* * * *

Jesus, save me from all the absurdity!

* * * *

It has been interesting, but I am long over believing there is anything but exceedingly harsh times ahead.

* * * *

A very original work about a very original mystery.

* * * *

I speak from ignorance.

* * * *

I be a born-again existentialist

* * * *

Will we still be around in four years to find out, he wondered, and not for the first time that day.

* * * *

Well, I tried.

* * * *

Trust me, that all these thoughts came from a lot of hard knocks.

* * * *

I leave it for imagination to decide its fate.

* * * *

I dodged, I hid, I ran.

* * * *

Yet another shoulda- coulda-woulda moment passes into oblivion.

* * * *

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

* * * *

It was a good dream.

Michael's Rabbit Hole

The Self-Absorption of Human Consciousness

Odds are, no one will ever be as interested in your world as You are.
It would be an impossible feat for anyone to ever put aside their own.

The Illusion of Perception

Your existence, your world, your universe,
Is but an illusion of perception born of imagination,
Inspired by the five senses, linked to the mind, You call yours.
The reality You are, is so much greater, than the minute shimmer allotted.

A Solitary Wander

To be … the truth … the life … the way …
Is to be in absolute, solitary relationship,
With the moment, with the singularity,
You, awareness, every moment are.

Vanity, Vanity, All is Vanity

All your power, all your prestige, all your wealth, does not make You special.
We all end up, with all our fellow earthlings, in the same grave, sooner or later.
Build all the castles You please, climb every mountain You can, it is all for naught.

The Pie of History

History can be looked at from an infinity of angles and dimensions.
Personal history, group history, world history, natural history, universal history.
There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

The Awareness Does Not Care

Infinite or infinitesimal, the awareness does not care.
Spiritual or agnostic, the awareness does not care.
Clean or dirty, the awareness does not care.
Live or die, the awareness does not care.
Wealthy or poor, the awareness does not care.
Alive or dead, the awareness does not care.
Believer or atheist, the awareness does not care.
Subtle or blatant, the awareness does not care.
Kind or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Sane or insane, the awareness does not care.
Straight or gay, the awareness does not care.
Sage or fool, the awareness does not care.
Fast or slow, the awareness does not care.
Do or do not, the awareness does not care.
Long or short, the awareness does not care.
Succeed or fail, the awareness does not care.
Love or hate, the awareness does not care.
Still or moving, the awareness does not care.
Real or unreal, the awareness does not care.
Tit or tat, the awareness does not care.
For or against, the awareness does not care.
Up or down, the awareness does not care.
Around or through, the awareness does not care.
Clear or unclear, the awareness does not care.
Fat or thin, the awareness does not care.
Strong or weak, the awareness does not care.
Gratis or priceless, the awareness does not care.
Hard or soft, the awareness does not care.
Give or take, the awareness does not care.
To or from, the awareness does not care.
Wise or foolish, the awareness does not care.
Beautiful or ugly, the awareness does not care.
Big or small, the awareness does not care.
Known or unknown, the awareness does not care.
Fore or aft, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
Heavy or light, the awareness does not care.
Rich or poor, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
True or false, the awareness does not care.
Ecstasy or agony, the awareness does not care.
First or last, the awareness does not care.
Creative or destructive, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or bitter, the awareness does not care.
Loud or quiet, the awareness does not care.

Straight or rounded, the awareness does not care.
Bright or dim, the awareness does not care.
Well or unwell, the awareness does not care.
Astute or obtuse, the awareness does not care.
Like or unlike, the awareness does not care.
Appealing or revolting, the awareness does not care.
Clear or opaque, the awareness does not care.
Thick or thin, the awareness does not care.
Brave or cowardly, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or sour, the awareness does not care.
Equal or lopsided, the awareness does not care.
King or slave, the awareness does not care.
Queen or whore, the awareness does not care.
Expansive or contractive, the awareness does not care.
Soft or harsh, the awareness does not care.
Young or old, the awareness does not care.
Male or female, the awareness does not care.
Honest or dishonest, the awareness does not care.
Wild or tame, the awareness does not care.
Early or late, the awareness does not care.
Pure or foul, the awareness does not care.
Cautious or reckless, the awareness does not care.
Hit or miss, the awareness does not care.
Lead or follow, the awareness does not care.
High or low, the awareness does not care.
Naive or cynical, the awareness does not care.
Truth or lie, the awareness does not care.
Deep or shallow, the awareness does not care.
Open or closed, the awareness does not care.
Rational or absurd, the awareness does not care.
Near or far, the awareness does not care.
Singular or dual, the awareness does not care.
In or out, the awareness does not care.
Free or imprisoned, the awareness does not care.
Yes or no, the awareness does not care.
Attached or detached, the awareness does not care.
Course or fine, the awareness does not care.
All or none, the awareness does not care.
Shiny or dull, the awareness does not care.
Smart or stupid, the awareness does not care.
Tall or short, the awareness does not care.
Forward or backward, the awareness does not care.
Before or after, the awareness does not care.
Selfless or selfish, the awareness does not care.
One or two, the awareness does not care.
Within or without, the awareness does not care.
Yay or nay, the awareness does not care.
Close or distant, the awareness does not care.

Normal or weird, the awareness does not care.
Wet or dry, the awareness does not care.
Hot or cold, the awareness does not care.
Constant or fickle, the awareness does not care.
Positive or negative, the awareness does not care.
Happy or sad, the awareness does not care.
Fair or unfair, the awareness does not care.
Over or under, the awareness does not care.
Similar or different, the awareness does not care.
Loose or tight, the awareness does not care.
Plus or minus, the awareness does not care.
Above or below, the awareness does not care.
Inside or outside, the awareness does not care.
Simple or complex, the awareness does not care.
Black or white, the awareness does not care.
Smooth or coarse, the awareness does not care.
Wide or narrow, the awareness does not care.
Gentle or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Humble or vain, the awareness does not care.
On or off, the awareness does not care.
Here or there, the awareness does not care.
Have or have not, the awareness does not care.
Sharp or dull, the awareness does not care.
Good or bad, the awareness does not care.
Right or wrong, the awareness does not care.
Everything or nothing, the awareness does not care.
Something or nothing, the awareness does not care.
White or black, the awareness does not care.
Light or dark, the awareness does not care.
This or that, the awareness does not care.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

Paths Less Traveled

Without doubt, without hesitation, without disbelief,
There is no starting down the path less traveled.
A divergent path, where serendipity rules.
An uncharted path, where insecurity is the norm.
A long and winding path, where spontaneity is a delight.
And in that … no direction known … inexplicable fates are drawn.

Six Words Down a Rabbit Hole

The magical mystery tour of imagination.
Time and space are mind-body illusion.
Five senses contrive a cosmic theater.
The agony, the ecstasy, the absurdity.
All are helpless upshots of mutation.
The genetic lottery casts all askew.
Sand ever falling in the hourglass.
Quantum matrix, the same in all.
The awareness, the same in all.
The sentience, the same in all.
The moment, the same in all.
The mystery, the same in all.
We are stardust, come to life.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.
We are cousins of the puddle.
All are molded by their niche.
Who has ever had any choice?
Who has ever seen their face?
Who has ever been like me?
Who has ever been like You?
Who has ever been like him?
Who has ever been like her?
Who has ever been like them?
We are all just prisoners here.
All adrift in labyrinth of mind.
Ever more in common than not.
Belief is but a delusionary fog.
Be and allow, the highest law.
‘Tis but an hour, strutted, fretted.
Vanity and greed rule the world.
A species unable to contain itself.
A cancer devouring our dust ball.
The horror, the horror, no respite.
No one sees their allotted facade.
All wander the same stage, alone.
Nothing is ever the same nothing.
All lives are but imaginary dreams.
All differences are but shell games.
We are cousins of natural selection.
So many trivial things given weight.
All differences share the same grave.
Paradox and irony and absurdity rule.
The sound, the fury, signifying nothing.

The Good News

The good news is there is nothing to believe.
The good news is there is nothing to seek.
The good news is there is nothing to worship.
The good news is there is nothing know.
The good news is there is nothing to follow.
The good news is there is nothing to judge.
The good news is there is nothing to ponder.
The good news is there is nothing to do.
The good news is there is nothing to undo
The good news is there is nothing say.
The good news is there is nothing to be.
The good news is there is nothing accept.
The good news is there is nothing to deny.
The good news is there is nothing to study.
The good news is there is nothing to join.
The good news is there is nothing to create.
The good news is there is nothing to surrender.
The good news is there is nothing to reflect.
The good news is there is nothing to generate.
The good news is there is nothing to consent.
The good news is there is nothing to divide.
The good news is there is nothing to contend.
The good news is there is nothing to refuse.
The good news is there is nothing to permit.
The good news is there is nothing to ignore.
The good news is there is nothing to borrow.
The good news is there is nothing to commit.
The good news is there is nothing to align.
The good news is there is nothing to merge.
The good news is there is nothing to wallow.
The good news is there is nothing to grapple.
The good news is there is nothing to strain.
The good news is there is nothing to solicit.
The good news is there is nothing to negotiate.
The good news is there is nothing to claim.
The good news is there is nothing to assert.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to moderate.
The good news is there is nothing to regulate.
The good news is there is nothing to barter.
The good news is there is nothing to control.
The good news is there is nothing to tame.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to speculate.
The good news is there is nothing to guess.
The good news is there is nothing to appraise.

The good news is there is nothing to battle.
The good news is there is nothing to tithe.
The good news is there is nothing to promote.
The good news is there is nothing to decide.
The good news is there is nothing to concede.
The good news is there is nothing to bargain.
The good news is there is nothing to yearn.
The good news is there is nothing to shelter.
The good news is there is nothing to appeal.
The good news is there is nothing to summon.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to obligate.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to calculate.
The good news is there is nothing to achieve.
The good news is there is nothing to build.
The good news is there is nothing to coerce.
The good news is there is nothing to compel.
The good news is there is nothing to measure
The good news is there is nothing to refute.
The good news is there is nothing to grasp.
The good news is there is nothing to protect.
The good news is there is nothing to gauge.
The good news is there is nothing to defend.
The good news is there is nothing to renounce.
The good news is there is nothing to establish.
The good news is there is nothing to dissolve.
The good news is there is nothing to retain.
The good news is there is nothing to embrace.
The good news is there is nothing to reject.
The good news is there is nothing to relinquish.
The good news is there is nothing to conquer.
The good news is there is nothing to subdue.
The good news is there is nothing to expand.
The good news is there is nothing to contract.
The good news is there is nothing to require.
The good news is there is nothing to request.
The good news is there is nothing to possess.
The good news is there is nothing to approve.

The good news is that …
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal singularity, the eternal You,
The ineffable You, the indivisible You, the indelible You, the unfathomable You, the indefinable You,
Is free and clear of all trespass, free and clear of any yoke, whatsoever.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Be, free.

No Need for Deities

What is it about humankind and its genomic blend, that it is so insecure, that it is so fearful,
That it, across all geographies, has imagined a supreme deity or a gaggle of deities,
To praise or blame for the blessings and misfortunes of this mortal theater?
Surely, existing as gracefully as possible in the given ebb and flow,
Is enough for anyone sensibly abiding the rhythms of nature.
There is no exultant ending to any mortal narrative.
To endure it rationally, stoically, is an admirable achievement.

You Are All of It

You are the timeless awareness.
You are the eternal moment.
You are all the worlds.
You are all the stars,
You are all the stardust.
You are every quantum display.
You are all the space within and without.
You are the entire universe, and beyond all beyonds.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinite, unborn-undying totality.
You are the ineffable, inexplicable mystery, in which all appearances dance.

Entangling Briars

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

You, Me, He, She, They, All

All sentience is the awareness.
You are the awareness.
I am the awareness.
He is the awareness.
She is the awareness.
They are the awareness.
The same awareness is in all things.
Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary,
There is no other.

Prior to All Things

Prior to consciousness.
Prior to sentience.
Prior to dreams.
Prior to words.
Prior to thought.
Prior to narratives.
Prior to forms, You are.

Call It What You Will

Call it eternity.
Call it God.
Call it awareness.
Call it the moment.
Call it now.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it infinity.
Call it nothing.
Call it everything.
Call it ineffable.
Call it mystery.
Call it whatever.
It is the same nothing, it is the same everything, it is, has ever been, will ever be.

The Limits of Rationality

Science and all related fields, can never grasp the full truth,
Because truth, is prior to all things measurable,
Prior to all things theoretical,
Prior to all things born of consciousness.
It is the indelible, ineffable, intangible indivisibility.
It is the unknowable, inexplicable, unborn-undying mystery, prior to all.

The Abyss of Awareness

What could awareness possibly need?
What could awareness possibly want?
What could awareness possibly fear?
What could awareness possibly dread?
What could awareness possibly love?
What could awareness possibly hate?
What could awareness possibly believe?
What could awareness possibly see?
What could awareness possibly hear?
What could awareness possibly smell?
What could awareness possibly taste?
What could awareness possibly feel?
What could awareness possibly think?
What could awareness possibly know?
What could awareness possibly anything?

As is written in the Sixth Sutra of Manuel Schoch's
Bitten by the Black Snake translation of the Ashtravaka Gita:

You are not your body, your body is not You.
You are not the doer, You are not the enjoyer.
You are pure awareness, the witness of all things.
You are without expectation, free.
Wherever You go, be happy.

A Choiceless Existence

You pose, You pretend, You politic, You participate, as your sensory theater dictates.
To consider yourself free in the winds of this choiceless pattern You play, is absurd.

Naught But Awareness

Awareness is the inherent mystery.
There is no deity to worship.
There is no groupthink.
There is no ministry.
There is no doctrine.
There is but awareness.
And it is free, to any and all,
Who have the insight to fathom it.

The Root of All Things Human

It is imagination that craves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that fears, not the awareness.
It is imagination that dreads, not the awareness.
It is imagination that loves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that hates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that suffers, not the awareness.
It is imagination that delights, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cherishes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that trusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that believes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that inquires, not the awareness.
It is imagination that explores, not the awareness.
It is imagination that scorns, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that deceives, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lies, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cheats, not the awareness.
It is imagination that agonizes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that steals, not the awareness.
It is imagination that creates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that preserves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that destroys, not the awareness.
It is imagination that seeks, not the awareness.
It is imagination that finds, not the awareness.
It is imagination that raptures, not the awareness.

The root of everything human, is the stew of imagination.

Staring at Walls

All are mesmerized by the quantum matrix.
A few and far between awaken to that which all truly are,
But even they likely fall into slumber more than they might care admit.
Few can long sit in a cave, staring at a wall, and not be drawn out into the dreamtime,
At least occasionally for short bouts of drinking and whoring and sundry other disreputable respites.

Illusions Beyond Counting

The small have their time, as do the large; all are predators, all are prey.
There are no survivors in this unborn-undying eternal mystery.
Only witnesses born into illusions beyond counting.

The Abyss of Awareness

We all wander in the same ineffable, eternal moment,
With entirely different perceptions, different worlds, different universes.
Pretty tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

The Untouchable Awareness

Yes, there is a supreme deity, and it is peering out through your eyes,
As it is through those of every other sentient creature,
Ever fashioned in all of creation.
And it is not that awareness that judges the creation,
But You, and all the other two-leggeds, across the human paradigm,
Who wrought what they see, into heavens and hells of their habituated persuasions.
Like Santa Claus in the Christmas jingle, everyone is keeping their lists, and checking them twice.
So many, wander about, believing what they think so important to some on-high,
But it is never more than the muddled miasma of imagination.
We all come and go; only awareness remains.
Untouched by any of it.

The English Mutt

The fundamental purpose of any language is communication.
To call the English language a bastard is profoundly wrong.
It is a mutt, a mix of lingual coding, that is strong and healthy,
Intelligent, rational, formidable, spirited, robust, stable, fearless,
And serves all well, in whatever way the ineffable moment requires.

The Song of Mystery

The song of mystery has an infinity of verses.
Many universes all making up a vast multiverse.
There is no beginning to it; there is no end to it,
Except the eternal oneness, that is source to all.

What Do You Really Know?

Yes, You have explored so many things.
Your mind is full of every variety of minutiae.
But truthfully, Pilgrim, what do You genuinely know?
You must empty the mind to discern what is, and what is not.
Wisdom is the loftiest mainstay of consciousness,
And even it must yield to oblivion.

The Mystery of Eternity

Another day of beating your head,
Against the illusion, the pretense, the futility,
Of imagining there is more, of imagining You are more.
It is what it is; You are what You are: this very moment, awareness.
An eternal mystery; unfathomable, indivisible, ineffable.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
What more is there to say?

Quantum All

I, Quantum.
You, Quantum.
He, Quantum.
She, Quantum.
Us, Quantum.
It, Quantum.
All, Quantum.

What More?

What more is there to see?
What more is there to hear?
What more is there to taste?
What more is there to smell?
What more is there to feel?
What more is there to be?
What more is there to say?
What more is there to do?
What more is there to own?
What more is there to want?
What more is there to know?
What more is there to believe?
What more is there to pretend?
What more is there to love?
What more is there to hate?
What more is there to judge?
What more is there to destroy?
What more is there to preserve?
What more is there to create?

And yet, we slog on and on.

The Surreality! The Surreality!

How surreal, the light.
How surreal, the tastes.
How surreal, the smells.
How surreal, the sounds.
How surreal, the textures.
How surreal, the sentience.
How surreal, the dream.
How surreal, the Self.

The Eternity of Time

Analog clocks spin.
Digital clocks emanate.
Calendar pages turn and turn.
Sun and moon go round and round.
Eternity never starts long enough to stop.

Awareness, All

I, Awareness.
You, Awareness.
He, Awareness.
She, Awareness.
Us, Awareness.
It, Awareness.
All, Awareness.

Scar Tissue

Not easy to set aside all the scar tissue of a lifetime.
Consciousness, imagination, has a way of holding on,
To pretty much everything the mind-body has endured.
To be free, one must be very adept at being the moment.

Eternal Witness

There is only the ether of awareness, eternal witness, unborn-undying, tabula rasa, right here, right now.

It has no forward.
It has no backward.
It has no right.
It has no left.
It has no up.
It has no down.
It has no before.
It has no after.
It has no form.
It has no traits.
It has no value.
It has no virtue.
It has no sight.
It has no sound.
It has no taste.
It has no smell.
It has no sense.
It has no voice.
It has no stories.
It has no good.
It has no bad.
It has no vanity.
It has no passion.
It has no hope.
It has no faith.
It has no need.
It has no greed.
It has no power.
It has no renown.
It has no wealth.
It has no ecstasy.
It has no agony.
It has no light.
It has no dark.
It has no birth.
It has no death.
It has no space.
It has no time.
It has no mind.
It has no imagination.

Earth, wind, water, fire, ethereal quantum dancers, eternity's genesis, ever present, ever kaleidoscoping.

Your Little Part

Why do You torture yourself so, over so many things that can never be changed.
To satisfy another is not necessary; perhaps only rarely possible.
To do your best is all that You can/should ever offer.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your little part, as best ye are able.
Just remember Ecclesiastes 1:2
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

Change Is

Change is.
Some, You like.
Some, You never will.

Oh well.
So it goes.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

All You can really do,
Is play your short little tale,
As best You are able.

Quantum Duplicity

Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears nose, tongue, skin –
Translate a different scintilla of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And in the quantum mind, an illusory universe kaleidoscopes eternal,
And imagination makes apparent, the mystery timelessly witnessing all dreams.
All naught but quantum duplicity, seemingly real, to all but those born to see the ineffable.
So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

An Invention of Natural Selection

What a challenge to realize in daily living, that, that tiny little voice in your head,
That sense of self that gradually came to dominate your existence,
Is an invention of the natural selection of our species,
And that everything it spout's, is delusion.
There is no deity, up in the clouds, watching everything,
Tracking everything our genomic ‘thespian inclination’ has Shakespeared.

Where in the Moment?

Where is the desire in the moment?
Where is the fear in the moment?
Where is the dread in the moment?
Where is the fervor in the moment?
Where is the anger in the moment?
Where is the lust in the moment?
Where is the jealousy in the moment?
Where is the envy in the moment?
Where is the sorrow in the moment?
Where is the suffering in the moment?
Where is the hate in the moment?
Where is the love in the moment?
Where is the vanity in the moment?
Where is the arrogance in the moment?
Where is the futility in the moment?
Where is the persona in the moment?
Where is the imagination in the moment?

Where is any passion, any outburst, any obsession,
But in the ductless glands and viscera of the mind-body,
Ineradicably bound to the quantum illusion of space and time.

Unnamed, Unclaimed, Untamed

You are playful piper, flaming bush, enduring ferryman, ascetic recluse;
A wandering madman journeying a cosmos spun of imagination.
You are all things, You are all spaces, You are all times.
There is nothing that You are not, and nothing that You are.
You are the irony, the paradox; unnamed, unclaimed, untamed.

A False Narrative

The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely false narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely untrue narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fake narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely incorrect narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely bogus narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely pretend narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely erroneous narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely wrong narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely sham narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely put-on narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely dishonest narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely phony narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceitful narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely forged narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely mistaken narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely copied narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceiving narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely artificial narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fictitious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely counterfeit narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely misleading narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fabricated narrative.

It ain’t true, it ain’t real, it ain’t correct, and it ain’t gonna last for much more forever.
But oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, play your little part, as best ye are able.

The World Wags On

Scientists measure, mathematicians gauge, engineers and architects and craftsmen build,
Businessmen buy and sell, industrialists manufacture, artists create,
Politicians compromise, generals maneuver.
The world wags on.

The True Nature of Intelligent Design

The rock has rock sentience, rock intelligence.
The rose has rose sentience, rose intelligence.
The hawk has hawk sentience, hawk intelligence.
The lizard has lizard sentience, lizard intelligence.
The trout has trout sentience, trout intelligence.
The cactus has cactus sentience, cactus intelligence.
The beetle has beetle sentience, beetle intelligence.
The horse has horse sentience, horse intelligence.
The frog has frog sentience, frog intelligence.
The whale has whale sentience, whale intelligence.
The tree has tree sentience, tree intelligence.
The snake has snake sentience, snake intelligence.
The spider has spider sentience, spider intelligence.
The weed has weed sentience, weed intelligence.
The earth has earth sentience, earth intelligence.
The wind has wind sentience, wind intelligence.
The water has water sentience, water intelligence.
The fire has fire sentience, fire intelligence.
The ether has ether sentience, ether intelligence.
The moon has moon sentience, moon intelligence.
The sun has sun sentience, sun intelligence.
The galaxy has galaxy sentience, galaxy intelligence.
The universe has universe sentience, universe intelligence.
The multiverse has multiverse sentience, multiverse intelligence.
The stardust has stardust sentience, stardust intelligence.
The quantum has quantum sentience, quantum intelligence.
The mystery has mystery sentience, mystery intelligence.

The Make-Believe of Imagination

It is all imagined; it is all make-believe.
Nothing more than a dream of the mind-body.
Nothing more than a thingamajig of quantum design.
Without it, who-what-when-where-why-how would You be?
With it, who-what-when-where-why-how are You?
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
An illusion, so real, it draws You on,
Until death turns off the spigot.

Why? Why? Why?

Why believe anything that is not true?
Why be with people You do not really like?
Why travel someplace You have no need to see?
Why work hard for something You do not really want?
Why expect perfection from something which can never be?
Why try so hard to be something You already are?

Are You Really?

Are You really a who?
Are You really a what?
Are You really a where?
Are You really a when?
Are You really a why?
Are You really a how?

Right Here, Right Now

The awareness,
The moment,
Eternal life,
Right here,
Right now,
All and none.

Human Becomings

We are not human beings; we are human becomings.
The being in human being, was lost with the first word.
Always everywhere else but this right-here-right-now.
Trapsing about some past; contemplating some future.
Imagination at the helm, wandering every distraction,
To avoid its deceits ever being seen for what they are.

The Fall of Eden

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

Die! Die! Die!

Die to the world.
Die to the universe.
Die to imagination.
Die to the dream.
Die to the mind.
Die to the body.
Die to the self.
Die to space.
Die to time.
Die to now.

One Moment

There is only one moment.
One moment in which the quantum illusion plays space and time real,
In an infinitesimal speck of eternity.

At Some Point, What Is the Point?

So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Backpacking gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Cosmos

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

The Horrors Ahead

A few lists of all the potential horrors we and our fellow earthlings face:

Climate change
Food
Gender equality
Poverty
Health
Human rights
Water scarcity
Children
Ageing
AIDS
Biodiversity
International law and Justice
Migration
Conflicts
Corruption
Cultural diversity
Environment
Overpopulation
Peace and security
Unemployment
Global Health
Pollution
Education
Nuclear proliferation

Underrated Issues

Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth

Mental health

Top 10 world problems and their solutions

Climate Change
Wars and military conflicts
Water contamination
Human rights violation
Global health issues
Global poverty
Children's poor access to healthcare, education and safety
Access to food and hunger

Our list of the most pressing world problems

Risks from artificial intelligence
Catastrophic pandemics
Nuclear war
Great power war
Climate change

Similarly pressing but less developed areas

Civilization resilience
Suffering risks
Artificial sentience
Promoting positive values
Risks of stable totalitarianism
Space governance
Risks from atomically precise manufacturing
Risks from malevolent actors
Improving individual reasoning and cognition

Problems many of our readers prioritize

Factory farming
Easily preventable or treatable illness
Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

Naught But a Frame of Reference

You can only know your own frame of reference.
And that is but a paltry speck, of all that imagination has created,
To distract (and perchance amuse) the fickle awareness, the source of all eternity,
In any given right-here-right-now, unborn-undying moment,
From its ever-present, blissful quietude.

Imagination v. Awareness

Imagination is a state of becoming; awareness, being.
Imagination is arrogant; awareness, unassuming.
Imagination is effort; awareness, effortless.
Imagination is time; awareness, eternal.
Imagination is binding; awareness, freeing.

No, You Are Not

Whoever,
Whatever,
Whenever,
Wherever,
Whyever,
However,
You imagine your Self to be,
You are not, have never been, will never be.

Supreme Being

What is ‘supreme being’? What does it mean? What does it not mean?
Is it the one and only greatest Supreme Being, ruling over all the Lesser Beings?
Or is it simply … supreme … breathe in … breathe out … being … ?

The True, the False, the Useful

All cultures have mythological stories
That give reason and purpose used to solidify the group identify.
Whether or not they are real, whether or not they are true, does not matter if they connect the herd.
As Seneca wrote: Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

A Deaf, Dumb, Blind World

Humanity is mesmerized by all the spiritual fictions devised in its migration across the pale blue dot.
Like the blind men and the elephant, they are unable, unwilling, to fathom the totality of all the partitions.
Thus, they remain bewitched by every variety of tradition, by every conceivable imaginary difference.
Blind to the indelible, ineffable, unquestionable truth, that this mystery is, within and without all.

Regarding Boredom

When next You are whiny-grumbly about how bored stiff You are,
Try to visualize what it was like for your prehistoric ancestors.
Living in the same geography, subsisting with the same tribe.
Hunting and fishing and farming, ingesting the same cuisine.
Sitting around fires, waking, sleeping, as the sun rose and set.
Telling stories, singing songs, beating drums, venerating deities.
Wearing the same garments, sleeping in trees, in caves, in shelters.
Ever tolerating nature's ebb and flow – hot and cold and wet and dry.
A sharpened stick your only defense in a panorama teeming with predators,
Not yet wary of the human shadow, as it steadily migrated across the pale blue dot.

A Tempest in the Abyss

The human mind, sparked by evolutionary happenstance with sentience, consciousness, imagination,
Has, across this spinning pale blue dot, unleashed an unnatural, irreversible quantum tempest.
A teeny little dust ball, all alone in the abyss, of a mystery oblivious to all its vanities.
A theater jam-packed with idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The Mystery Before Space and Time

The mystery before space and time is mysterious.
The mystery before space and time is ineffable.
The mystery before space and time is tabula rasa.
The mystery before space and time is aware.
The mystery before space and time is still.
The mystery before space and time is indivisible.
The mystery before space and time is momentary.
The mystery before space and time is singular.
The mystery before space and time is indelible.
The mystery before space and time is supreme.
The mystery before space and time is matchless.
The mystery before space and time is now.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is unfathomable.
The mystery before space and time is inscrutable.
The mystery before space and time is perpetual.
The mystery before space and time is imaginary.
The mystery before space and time is matrix.
The mystery before space and time is flawless.
The mystery before space and time is timeless.
The mystery before space and time is infinite.
The mystery before space and time is infinitesimal.
The mystery before space and time is omnipresent.
The mystery before space and time is serene.
The mystery before space and time is immortal.
The mystery before space and time is pervasive.
The mystery before space and time is omniscient.
The mystery before space and time is mindful.
The mystery before space and time is instantaneous.
The mystery before space and time is quantum.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is immaculate.
The mystery before space and time is futile.
The mystery before space and time is everlasting.
The mystery before space and time is unbound.
The mystery before space and time is motionless.
The mystery before space and time is mindless.
The mystery before space and time is clear.
The mystery before space and time is nondualistic.
The mystery before space and time is here.
The mystery before space and time is unbounded.
The mystery before space and time is silent.
The mystery before space and time is graceful.
The mystery before space and time is pure.
The mystery before space and time is unequivocal.
The mystery before space and time is unqualified.

The mystery before space and time is perfect.
The mystery before space and time is nothingness.
The mystery before space and time is total.
The mystery before space and time is complete.
The mystery before space and time is innocent.
The mystery before space and time is truth.
The mystery before space and time is unconditional.
The mystery before space and time is unadulterated.
The mystery before space and time is seamless.
The mystery before space and time is unspoiled.
The mystery before space and time is impeccable.
The mystery before space and time is empty.
The mystery before space and time is entire.
The mystery before space and time is effortless.
The mystery before space and time is first.
The mystery before space and time is oblivion.
The mystery before space and time is last.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is harmonious.
The mystery before space and time is unified.
The mystery before space and time is blameless.
The mystery before space and time is spotless.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is alert.
The mystery before space and time is void.
The mystery before space and time is unimportant.
The mystery before space and time is all.
The mystery before space and time is none.
The mystery before space and time is inestimable.
The mystery before space and time is indefinable.
The mystery before space and time is extinct.
The mystery before space and time is purposeless.
The mystery before space and time is obscure.
The mystery before space and time is anonymous.
The mystery before space and time is insignificant.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is worthless.
The mystery before space and time is unknowable.
The mystery before space and time is naught.
The mystery before space and time is indecipherable.
The mystery before space and time is nameless.
The mystery before space and time is undiscoverable.
The mystery before space and time is useless.
The mystery before space and time is immeasurable.
The mystery before space and time is valueless.
The mystery before space and time is incalculable.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is unutterable.

The mystery before space and time is endless.
The mystery before space and time is impartial.
The mystery before space and time is simple.
The mystery before space and time is straightforward.
The mystery before space and time is natural.
The mystery before space and time is untouched.
The mystery before space and time is imperceptible.
The mystery before space and time is painless.
The mystery before space and time is uncomplicated.
The mystery before space and time is unforced.
The mystery before space and time is untarnished.
The mystery before space and time is ever.
The mystery before space and time is untroubled.
The mystery before space and time is inexplicable.
The mystery before space and time is unstained.
The mystery before space and time is peerless.
The mystery before space and time is emptiness.
The mystery before space and time is indifferent.
The mystery before space and time is ageless.
The mystery before space and time is ineradicable.
The mystery before space and time is irrational.
The mystery before space and time is permanent.
The mystery before space and time is indiscernible.
The mystery before space and time is impalpable.
The mystery before space and time is faultless.
The mystery before space and time is pristine.
The mystery before space and time is mundane.
The mystery before space and time is hollow.
The mystery before space and time is alone.
The mystery before space and time is minimal.
The mystery before space and time is average.
The mystery before space and time is unique.
The mystery before space and time is unspeakable.
The mystery before space and time is unimaginable.
The mystery before space and time is unicity.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is incessant.
The mystery before space and time is inconceivable.
The mystery before space and time is unfastened.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is undeniable.
The mystery before space and time is detached.
The mystery before space and time is unrivaled.
The mystery before space and time is inimitable.
The mystery before space and time is incomparable.
The mystery before space and time is unbiased.
The mystery before space and time is pointless.
The mystery before space and time is unconcerned.

The mystery before space and time is ceaseless.
The mystery before space and time is priceless.
The mystery before space and time is impersonal.
The mystery before space and time is absurd.
The mystery before space and time is aloof.
The mystery before space and time is nonexistent.
The mystery before space and time is interminable.
The mystery before space and time is carefree.
The mystery before space and time is enigmatic.
The mystery before space and time is impenetrable.
The mystery before space and time is unreadable.
The mystery before space and time is incomprehensible.
The mystery before space and time is unintelligible.
The mystery before space and time is meaningless.
The mystery before space and time is inconsequential.
The mystery before space and time is exquisite.
The mystery before space and time is ordinary.
The mystery before space and time is engrained.
The mystery before space and time is intrinsic.
The mystery before space and time is intangible.
The mystery before space and time is solitary.
The mystery before space and time is enduring.
The mystery before space and time is inexpressible.
The mystery before space and time is omnipotent.
The mystery before space and time is tranquil.
The mystery before space and time is free.
The mystery before space and time is sovereign.
The mystery before space and time is unborn.
The mystery before space and time is undying.
The mystery before space and time is absolute.
The mystery before space and time is eternal.

An Imaginary Paradigm

The human paradigm is built upon an imaginary assumption,
Permeated by self-absorption and avarice, that cannot be forever maintained.
All the things it has fathomed and created; all its knowledge, all its linguistics, all its mathematics;
All its histories and politics and traditions and religions and economies and entertainments;
All its scientific and industrial and technological and artistic and athletic spectacles;
And not least, its conception of space-time, usurper of the ethereal moment;
Are but the poof of imagination, believing itself more than imagination;
More than the awareness, the ether, through which all things pass.
Without a relationship with nature, upon which all is rooted,
Humankind is fated to fall into the abyss of its many limitations.

The Problem-Solving-Problem-Making Mind

The mind evolved as a problem-solver,
And when it is without problems,
Endlessly concocts its own.
The challenge is clear.

The Relativity of Individuality

Taste is relative to the individual tongue.
Vision is relative to the individual eye.
Sound is relative to the individual ears.
Smell is relative to the individual nose.
Sensation is relative to the individual skin.
The universe is relative to the individual mind.

This Is It

Nathan Gill nailed it:

This Is It.
This is all there is.
Life appearing as an endless display of changing images,
With no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself.
There is simply life with no one living it.

No Difference Between and Betwixt

Any difference between and betwixt, You and me,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and he,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and she,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and they,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and anything,
Does not ultimately, even for one moment, exist.

Beyond Comprehension

Imagination is ever striving, ever struggling, to be more than it can ever be.
For it to transcend itself, would require an awakening, a wisdom,
Far too unlikely, to even begin to seriously contemplate.

The Make-Believe of Belief

Believing in Santa Claus does not make him real.
Believing in the Great Pumpkin does not make it real.
Believing in the Easter Bunny does not make it real.
Believing in the Tooth Fairy does not make it real.
Believing in Spider Man does not make him real.
Believing in Uncle Sam does not make him real.
Believing in the Calvin does not make him real.
Believing in Peter Pan does not make him real.
Believing in Harvey does not make him real
Believing in the Oz does not make him real.
Believing in Jesus does not make him real.
Believing in God does not make he/she/it real.

A Sea of Moments, All the Same

How long, how short, is a moment?
Is it longer, is it shorter, than a second?
And exactly how much to the left or right,
Of some ever-kaleidoscoping decimal point?
And, are there a sea of them, or the one and only?

Immutable Witness

Places and faces come and go in this ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden, immutable dreamtime.
There is nothing You can hold onto, nothing You can more than experience, for more than a moment.
All knowledge, and whatever wisdom it gleans, are but wispy clouds passing through the theater of mind.
From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness You are, is but aloof witness to its eternal passage.

The Ether of Awareness

The awareness is the ether of all intelligence through all creation, all preservation, all destruction.
It is the witness of, the observer of, the watcher of, and participant in, all that is, and all that is not.

That I Am, All Are

I am That I Am.
You are That I Am.
She is That I Am.
He is That I Am.
It is That I Am.
We are That I Am.
They are That I Am.
There is nothing that is not,
That I Am.

The Seven Imaginary Sins

The pride of imagination.
The envy of imagination.
The gluttony of imagination.
The lust of imagination.
The wrath of imagination.
The greed of imagination.
The sloth of imagination.
Seven, count ‘em, seven.
Imaginary from all get-goes.

The Mystery of You

You, alone, are the mystery.
It is your relationship with your Self, which is all.
And what manifests through your mind-body’s sensory input, is the journey.

Chasing Balls

There can be no end to what can be known, before the light sooner or later goes out,
But what point, to the endless pursuit, the endless gathering, of trivia, regarding this illusion?
Is a busy-busy mind, caught up with every distraction, really any different, than a dog chasing a ball?

The Ephemeral Moment

There is no definition, there is no equation, there is no hypothesis, there is no reckoning,
That can encapsulate the mystery of the ever-present timeless moment,
The ever-present timeless mystery of awareness,
To which You, and every other sentient life form, are witness.

Put Them Behind You

Having to choose from a sizable selection of so-called religions,
Concocted by human imagination, and brewed in vanity and avarice, is no choice worth bothering about.
Put them all behind You, and wander alone, as far, as wide, as free, as You dare.

Tapping Into the Inner Eye

Hallucinations and other consciousness-altering substances,
Can be useful in kick-starting the inner eye – That to which all have equal access –
But they are not at all necessary once You have awakened to the unborn-undying, You truly are, are not.

Toying With Endorphins

Life's nature-nurture patterning, is every moment, conditioning itself anew,
With programing of the on-off-plus-minus-positive-negative-attached-detached category.
To consciously manipulate those endorphin mechanisms, is an art, a dance, a whimsy, for those inclined.

The Momentary Awareness

The eternal moment is right here, right now; the eternal awareness is right here, right now.
Imagination is the creator of space and time, and flows through the moment, through the awareness;
Unable to ever grasp anything, as more than a memory, as more than an ephemeral concept.
You are the moment, You are the awareness, You are the totality, You are eternity.
Everything seen and heard and touched and tasted and felt, is but illusion.

Who is the Who?

Who is the who, who sees, or sees not?
Who is the who, who hears, or hears not?
Who is the who, who tastes, or tastes not?
Who is the who, who smells, or smells not?
Who is the who, who feels, or feels not?
Who is the who, who does, or does not?
Who is the who, who thinks, or thinks not?
Who is the who, who is reading this?

The One and Only Moment

Now the one-and-only right-here-right-now moment there is.
There never was a before, and there will never be an after.
The unborn-undying moment is the ever-present verity.
It is an ineffable, unfathomable, indivisible mystery,
In neither need nor want of a mind-made solution.

The Great Jester in the Wings

Imagination is the Great Jester; ever lingering in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.
The embers of mind gorp, all things absurd, always ready to be fired up, in the furnace of imagination.

Ants on a Dragon

It was not we who were kicked out of Eden, by that deity known by some as God All-Fucking-Mighty.
It was we who abandoned her, manipulated her, abused her, polluted her, scarred her.
For all that we have unremittingly, carelessly, selfishly, imagined.
But we are no more than ants riding a dragon.
Mother Nature, Eden, Gaia, the Cosmos, is still very much in charge.

Awareness Witnessing a Dream

Now the eyes are watching a play.
Now the fingers are feeling an edge.
Now the tongue is tasting a pastry.
Now the ears are hearing a crash.
Now the nose is smelling a rose.

You are not the eyes.
You are not the fingers.
You are not the tongue.
You are not the ears.
You are not the nose.

You are the witness to all.

Bam!

You are the awareness, You are the unborn-undying, You are the ineffable mystery, You are eternity.

Bam!

The Ineffable Moment

You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.

The Worldly Existence v. The Indivisible Reality

The more You involve your imaginary, time-bound, mortal little self, in the mundane world;
The less right-here-right-now moment, for your indivisible Self in the unborn-undying one.
Every moment, a choice.

Only Imagination

Only imagination thinks.
Only imagination reasons.
Only imagination believes.
Only imagination remembers.
Only imagination cogitates.
Only imagination opines.
Only imagination speaks.
Only imagination hears.
Only imagination smells.
Only imagination tastes.
Only imagination touches.
Only imagination organizes.
Only imagination negotiates.
Only imagination governs.
Only imagination follows.
Only imagination composes.
Only imagination counts.
Only imagination draws.
Only imagination paints.
Only imagination sculpts.
Only imagination builds.
Only imagination shapes.
Only imagination constructs.
Only imagination develops.
Only imagination creates.
Only imagination preserves.
Only imagination destroys.
Only imagination does anything.
Only imagination does everything.
Despite the fact, that time is not real,
There is no human paradigm without it.

The Rabbit Hole of Fate

It is natural selection, not free will.
Since Creation's unknowable beginning, there has never been any such thing as free will in the algorithm.
A right or left turn, naturally-selects the next turn, and that the next, and that the next.
You naturally-select your Self down the rabbit hole of your fate.
Every organism naturally-selects its Self, down the rabbit hole of its fate.
An eternal dance, across an infinite quantum matrix, ever and ever kaleidoscoping.
And through it all, the awareness You are, is eternal witness, to all that sentience has designed.

Impunity

Spouting this sort of drivel is what got he-who-shall-not-be-named hung out to die way back when.
How fortunate we of current issue are, who speak out with impunity, with little dread of consequence,
In this relatively freer moment, in those all too rare geographies, that, oft-times regretfully allow it.

You, Its Dreamer

You do not have to like someone, to sit by them, or walk beside them,
Or work with them, or be in the same friggin' cosmos with them.
Nobody is at all like You, nor will anyone likely ever want to be like You.
You are on your own – five senses, a brain, and the theater– kaleidoscoping ever on.
Eternal awareness, in what seems an impromptu walkabout-wander, through space, through time.
Through your unfathomable, indivisible, indelible, ineffable, eternal matrix.
It is but a temporal dream, and You, its dreaming.
Imagine your Self, in all.

Life Skills 101

Attitude is all.
Learn to naturally release the hormones.
The happy chemistry – dopamine, serotonin, endorphins, oxytocin.
Simple lifestyle changes – diet, exercise, meditation – are conscious means to a more bearable existence.
It is not always a beautiful world, but the mind-body need not suffer for it.

God's Wrath Personified

You just threatened to send me to Hell, for not believing in your absurd bullshit, thanks.
Yup, yup, yup, we sure know what kind of supreme-deity horror show You would paint.

Sweet Surrender

Surrender to the unknowable.
Surrender to the indivisible.
Surrender to the nameless.
Surrender to the spaceless.
Surrender to the timeless.
Surrender to the moment.
Surrender to the totality.
Surrender to the infinite.
Surrender to the indelible.
Surrender to the ineffable.
Surrender to the inexplicable.
Surrender to the unborn-undying.

And know You are That I Am, You are the One.

Superstitious Absurdity

How did such superstitious absurdity become our limiting factor?
How did our quest for food and water and shelter and space,
How did natural selection's tack into the realm of imagination,
Become so sullied, so pathetic, in our conquest of the pale blue dot.

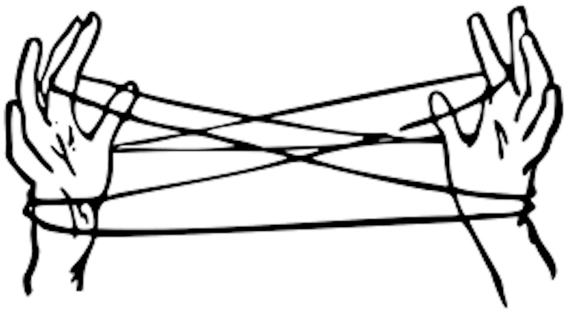
Touching God

Touch that which is God, by immersing into the infinite beingness within.
Into the spacelessness, into the timelessness, permeating all.
Into the unfathomable mystery, You are.

Bokononism

Bokononism: A religion built on lies and absurdity and irony.

Finally, a no-card-no-dogma-no-congregation faith that makes sense.



scratches made in a black, gummy impasto.
[o]ne of the oldest games there is.
It means whatever it means.
'See the cat? […] See the cradle?'

~ Newt Hoenikker ~

Tiger got to hunt,
Bird got to fly;
Man got to sit and wonder, "Why, why, why?"
Tiger got to sleep,
Bird got to land;
Man got to tell himself he understand.

~ Bokonon ~

Cat's Cradle, Kurt Vonnegut

* * * * * * * * * *

So it goes.

~ Tralfamadorian Proverb ~

Poo-tee-weet?

~The Bird ~

Slaughterhouse Five, Kurt Vonnegut

Hollow Speculation

God may have created this théâtre de l'absurde dreamtime,
But who or what created that omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient being?
Call it genesis, call it creation, call it big bang, call it turtles-all-the-way-up-all-the-way-down,
It all started somewhere, somehow, but can any claim, any assertion,
Really be more than hollow speculation?

A Particle of Dust

Mother Earth, is just another spinning particle of dust, in the vastness of your imagination.

Stay Strong, Rotsa Ruck

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

The Ineffable Moment

This moment is ineffable, so very ineffable.
By definition, what is unknowable, can never be known.
An agreeable breath, is as good as it gets, so, breathe, kiddo, breathe.

Transcending Space and Time

The finite mind transcends space and time whenever it yields itself to awareness.
The Microsoft Word thesaurus suggests words like effortlessness, simplicity,
Naturalness, smoothness, facility, ease, confidence, grace, to illustrate it.
To be the moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.

A Singular Kind of Faith

The truest, most eloquent faith, is a singular kind of faith.
It is a faith that accepts what the moment offers.
It is a faith that engages the moment fully.
It is a faith that values the intuitive.
It is a faith that has no bounds.
It is a faith that withstands one's fate.
It is a faith that embraces the eternal mystery.

A spaceless faith.
A timeless faith.
An intelligent faith.
A perceptive faith.
A fearless faith.
A relative faith.
A stoic faith.
A moderate faith.
A harmless faith.
An instinctual faith.
A frugal faith.
A resilient faith.
An insightful faith.
A lawless faith.
A penetrating faith.
A shrewd faith.
A flexible faith.
A benevolent faith.
A rational faith.
A boundless faith.
A natural faith.
An abiding faith.
An enduring faith.
An austere faith.
A freeing faith.
An independent faith.
A sharing faith.
A scientific faith.
An agnostic faith.
A discerning faith.
A spontaneous faith.
A watchful faith.
A virtuous faith.
An eternal faith.
An inquiring faith.
A giving faith.
A clear faith.
A grateful faith.

A responsive faith.
A sensible faith.
A reasonable faith.
A forgiving faith.
An innocent faith.
An ironic faith.
A paradoxical faith.
A sane faith.
A mindful faith.
A balanced faith.
A wise faith.
A healthy faith.
A lucid faith.
An astute faith.
A prudent faith.
A judicious faith.
A sagacious faith.
An erudite faith.
A mu faith.
An unknowable faith.
A gnostic faith.
An esoteric faith.
A mystical faith.
A spiritual faith.
A real faith.
A hidden faith.
A soul faith.
An allegorical faith.
A symbolic faith.
An amoral faith.
A fortuitous faith.
A casual faith.
An impromptu faith.
An unprincipled faith.
An elegant faith.
A chaste faith.
A refined faith.
An essential faith.
A faithful faith.
A gentle faith.
A quiet faith.
A solitary faith.
A calm faith.
A placid faith.
A humble faith.
A modest faith.
An unpretentious faith.
An ordinary faith.

An unassuming faith.
A deep faith.
A kind faith.
A godless faith.
A wholistic faith.
A diverse faith.
An atypical faith.
A sightless faith.
A tasteless faith.
An odorless faith.
A soundless faith.
A touchless faith.

A faith beyond all bounds.

Awakening to the Eternal Fact

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

A Placid Dream

The last desire is craving nothing, so badly, You can no longer taste it.
The pond, unruffled by wind or ripple, is a solitary, placid dream, indeed.

Thoughts A-Bubbling Away

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

Turtles-All-the-Way-Up-Turtles-All-the-Way-Down

Call it genesis, call it creation., call it big bang.
Call it a wall, a spear, a snake, a tree, a fan, a rope.
Call it turtles-all-the-way-up-turtles-all-the-way-down.
All are equally magical, equally fantastical, equally hypothetical, equally speculative,
And only demonstrate again and again, no one can ever know,
More than what imagination imagines.

Call It Whatever You Will

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

Agnostics, Atheists, True-Believers

Agnosticism – doubt, nonbelief – is the most pragmatic stance.
Atheists waste their time quarreling with true-believers,
About imaginary notions neither can never know.
Abiding in momentary stasis is the most intangible way.

A Little Dab'll Do Ya

Do not feel like You must spend a lot of time deciphering all these thoughts.
Have used my website and Facebook and Blogger and other online tools and toys,
As scrapbooks to record all the wanders and thoughts, and other creations and memories.
Way too much, for anyone with anything better to do, with any sort of life, to even bother about.

An Everything-Eat-Everything Cosmos

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

It is a radio waves-eat-radio waves cosmos.
It is a microwaves-eat-microwaves cosmos.
It is an infrared-eat-infrared cosmos.
It is a visible light-eat-visible light spectrum cosmos.
It is an ultraviolet-eat-ultraviolet cosmos.
It is an X-rays-eat-X-rays cosmos.
It is a gamma rays-eat-gamma rays cosmos.
It is an electromagnetic spectrum-eat-electromagnetic spectrum cosmos.

It is an everything-eat-everything cosmos; abide as best ye may in the crunchy-chewy-gooey.

Know Your Limits

Imagination imagines time.
Imagination imagines forever.
Imagination imagines it is forever.
Imagination has a lot to realize.

The Moment's Illusion Delusion

The You, You think You are; the self, You pretend to be, is nothing more than ephemeral trickery.
Nothing more than a neural network's capricious collection of sensory-induced perceptions.
An imaginary fiction, that is but the quantum matrix, kaleidoscoping every given moment.
Nothing more than a vast illusion; the electromagnetic spectrum's evolutionary deception.
Biological happenstance meandering a touchy-feely dreamtime of naturally selected design.
All played out in the unfathomable awareness; the spaceless, the timeless, the ineffable totality.
The unseeing, who ever quarrel over the elephant, see only walls, spears, snakes, trees, fans, ropes.
Some call it, God; some, Brahman; some, Tao; some, Allah; some, Great Spirit; all, the same mystery.
So, the human paradigm duels towards its destiny, battling over differences, chiseled only in imagination.

The Rise, the Decline, the Fall

The geeks and their minions have played central role,
In the rise, the decline, the fall, of the anthropoid paradigm.
From the first fire, to unleashing the power of the quantum cosmos.
They have pushed, have pulled, the planet of the apes through a dreamtime,
The likes of which this pale blue dot, this spinning speck, will never witness again.
It is a sigh of an anecdote the abyss will have long forgotten by the time nobody reads this.

Not Long Ago

Not long ago, there was no imagination.
Not long ago, there was no beginning.
Not long ago, there was no ending.
Not long ago, there was no language.
Not long ago, there was no knowledge.
Not long ago, there was no education.
Not long ago, there was no tribe.
Not long ago, there was no identity.
Not long ago, there was no culture.
Not long ago, there was no tradition.
Not long ago, there was no politics.
Not long ago, there was no religion.
Not long ago, there was no art.
Not long ago, there was no music.
Not long ago, there was no history.
Not long ago, there was no philosophy.
Not long ago, there was no agriculture.
Not long ago, there was no industry.
Not long ago, there was no technology.
Not long ago, there was no commerce.
Not long ago, there was no mathematics,
Not long ago, there was no science.
Not long ago, there was no medicine.
Not long ago, there was no architecture.
Not long ago, there was no civilization.
Not long ago, there was no human paradigm.
Not long ago, there was nothing but a garden flowering.
Not long ago, there was nothing but an abyss, an awareness, a serenity.

It is still there, in the You, You are.

A Sheep by Any Other Name Would Baa the Same

Why in any deity's name, would You feel compelled,
To be a follower, to be a sheep, in some charlatan's flock?
How absurd to allow any middleman dominion over your true Self.

Take a Sit, Take a Walk

Seek out a bodhi tree,
Go out into some desert,
Climb up to a mountain peak,
Sit in corner in your living room,
Or take long ambles around the world,
And do whatever comes to mind,
Until You maybe figure it out.
There are no guarantees,
Only a mystery in all.

Burn, Baby, Burn

Let the cosmos,
Let the matrix,
Let the mystery,
Burn within You.

Slaving Away

Slave to the man.
Slave to the system.
Slave to the world.
Slave to the universe.
Slave to the matrix.
Slave to the mystery.
Long live Sisyphus.

Ethereal Perceptions

What You call your life is really nothing more,
Than an ethereal array of chemically-induced perceptions.
A frame of reference, from which imagination gauges a quantum illusion,
Born of merely five senses – sight, smell, hearing, taste, touch –
Plugged into a gooey vat of neurons, encased in a skull.
Assumptions beyond counting, are requisite.
Keeps imagination very busy, indeed.

God's Chosen

You imagined God,
And he/she/it in all his/her/its divine mercy and wisdom,
Chose You and your tribe in return.
How providential.
How convenient.
How ridiculous.
How so it goes.

Easter Island Redux

Just another Easter Island.
This round on a global scale.
A bit longer timetable, to be sure,
But all too predictable, nonetheless.
Be happy You will not have to endure it.

Oh, for a Rewind Button

Do You not wish You could advise your younger self,
To slow down a bit, or even hold off completely,
On some of the choices You were making?
Where is that fucking rewind button?

The Whys and Wherefores of Natural Selection

Memory evolved because awareness could not remember anything,
And that was a bit dangerous for critters naturally-selecting survival.

Slow Night in a Bar

A tortoise, a snail, and a sloth, were sitting in a bar ...

Who Judges Who?

In the spectrum, right to wrong,
Who is right? Who is wrong?
And who does the judging?

Inner Death, Eternal Life

From inner death, springs eternal life.

The Boundaries of Imagination

No one can ever know more than what imagination imagines.

Prior to Pyramid Schemes

The rural class, the working class – and any other classes in the pyramid schemes of caste systems –
Have a lot to learn from the upper class, and the upper class, a great deal to realize about its foundation.

A Shakespearian World

A world of dreams, an impromptu play, a Shakespearian festival,
Playing upon all stages, in all times, across this spinning pale blue dot.
A ceaseless, ever-mutating reverie, since the origin of language, so long ago.
In every mind, in every body, no matter the naturally-selected, nature-nurture role,
An award-winning thespian, playing their imaginary part, so earnestly, so believably well.

The Illusory Other

What dreamtime could there be, without the illusory other, and all its forms and functions?

Just Reward

Relying on absurdity for your worldview will get You the charlatan You deserve.

Be Wary of the Man of One Book

Thomas Aquinas … *hominem unius libri timeo* … I fear the man of a single book.

How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one You have ever read.

The Irony of the Spiritual Quest

Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same.
The spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue, inspired by fear of the unknowable.
What a different pale blue dot it might well be, if the young were raised to be one with all things.
It might have lent a pause to the absurd destruction and mayhem our kind has wreaked across the world.
Alas that narcissism and hedonism have such a callous grip upon this imaginary-laden moment.
This quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness nothing more than noise.

A Well-Waxed Slide

Covid-19 rocked this our modern world, and has spun the human paradigm into a new phase.
We have passed through the apex as far as the masses go; it will be down the bell curve from here on out.
Factor in all the other Petri dish Earth issues, and add in perpetual proxy wars, trade wars,
Beyond-the-pale technologies, artificial intelligence, and the slide waxes itself.
What to do, where to live, who to align with, are anybody's guess.
Oh, for a time machine to witness the decline and fall.
Oblivion calls, each and every moment.

The Moment's Grace

Freedom.
Redemption.
Salvation.
Deliverance.
Rescue.
Liberation.
Emancipation.
Recovery.
Abandon.
Apology.
Acceptance.
Gratitude.
Benevolence.
Escape.
Discharge.
Release.
Grace.
Are the moment.

A Fabrication of Imagination

Identity is an imaginary construct.
A dream of awareness, of streaming reality.
A fabrication to which imagination resolutely fastens.
It requires the greatest courage of spirit to fathom the moment.

The No-Rewind of Regret

There are different levels, different intensities of regret, that take place in any given life.
There are the ones that come about because You somehow said or did something that ruined a relationship.
Or the unavoidable accidents that irrevocably change or impact your health and wellbeing.
But if we are talking about the large choices that are about one's final destiny,
In that, life's great challenge is to have no regrets, whatsoever.
To depart content, is the brass ring of dreamtime.

I, Rebel

I seem to have been chosen by the Fates to pen this aphoristic work.
And without thought, without hesitation, I accepted the task.
And have kaleidoscoped this imaginary dreamtime,
Ever soaking up, the reference to scribe it.
This vocation, is a very ubiquitous,
Long 'n wearing 'n slogging,
Ever-on-and-on-and-on,
Naturally-selected,
Nature-nurtured,
Very laid-back,
Damn the torpedoes,
Full speed ahead, approach.
All just to fathom the mystery in all.

A Long and Winding Road

Imagination most certainly has conveyed our kind,
And the entire world about us, and every diversity of creature,
Down a long and winding road of profound ecstasy and merciless agony.

Game Theory

Not a good idea to play any game, unless You really know the rules, and are really paying attention.

The Nebulous Mind

… Another day in the nebulous …
… Unclear, vague, imprecise, hazy, unformulated, tenuous, indefinable …
… me-myself-and-I of mind …

Facing the Moment

Sometimes, You tip-toe-through-the-tulips, through it.
Sometimes, You chop-chop-slice-dice, through it,
Fast or slow, as the given moment subscribes,
In all born into this imagined dreamtime.

Contentment: The Brass Ring

Have had more than plethora of adventures.
Plenty of fine dining and sundry other.
Much easier to stay home anymore.
Have far more things than I need, debt-free.
Contentment is the brass ring, and it is on the mantle.

You Only Know Now

You only are now, not the imaginary who.
You only are now, not the imaginary what.
You only are now, not the imaginary when.
You only are now, not the imaginary where.
You only are now, not the imaginary why.
You only are now, not the imaginary how.
You only are now, not the imaginary you.

You are now … You are awareness … You are mystery … You are eternity.

Or so You imagine.

The Wiley Chameleon

All the mistakes, all the blunders, that You have made! How is it, that You are still alive?
How is it, that none seem to have had raison d'être enough, to pursue revenge?
To walk freely, without dread of the knife twisting in the back,
Is surely the triumph of any wily chameleon.

Contrary to All Imaginary Notion

All imaginary notion to the contrary, You are not your frame of reference.

The Crystal Ball

A lot of humans, in a lot of arenas, in whatever timeless remains,
Are going to be living in tents, or on pieces of cardboard,
Pushing carts, collecting treasure, for sale or barter.

The Illusion of Space and Time

Monday's started, Monday's done.
Tuesday's started, Tuesday's done.
Wednesday's started, Wednesday's done.
Thursday's started, Thursday's done.
Friday's started, Friday's done.
Saturday's started, Saturday's done.
Sunday's started, Sunday's done.

On and on, the calendar pages turn and turn again.
… seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millennia, epochs …
Ever tick-tick-ticking the kaleidoscoping cycles of sun and moon and cosmos.
Concepts of space and time, that are not, and have never been real.
All nothing more than the illusion of the mind-body,
Sculpted by the play of natural selection,
Born of a magical mystery.

The Ultimate Answer

When it comes to answering the ultimate questions, when it comes to answering the ultimate question,
Science is as blind and deaf and dumb as any other philosophy imagination has ever conceived.
Though it can endlessly observe and experiment, and forever hypothesize and theorize,
It is all the same old hearsay; there is no knowing how this mystery came to be.
One must lucidly scrutinize the awareness, until they are the awareness.
And with that agnostic state, they will simply have to be satisfied.
The unknown is unknowable, and that is just the way it is.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your imaginary little part, as best ye are able,
And die, alone and ignorant, same as everything else.
The existential morass, will ever be an existential morass.

What It Boils Down To

The human paradigm all boils down to vanity and greed.
A cancer chewing on its mother and each other
Until there is nothing left to chew on.
It is all how and when, not if.

The Sword of Discernment

There are plusses and minuses to any given scenario, any given plan.
Any given idea, strategy, proposal, plot, design, blueprint, scheme, sketch.
It is in how they are gauged, that the sword pares the final discernment.
And in that discernment, destiny scribes itself in the quantum sands.

What is Love?

Is the love, that that so easily turns to hatred, ever really love?
Is it ever really anything more than imagination given over to enchantment?
Is it really anything more than another round of the mind bent toward tribalistic notion?
Is the ideal we label love, anything more than feel-good chemistry, slathered with imaginary notion?

A Drop in the Boundless Ocean

You are but a drop of indivisible awareness in the immeasurable ocean of this ineffable mystery.
The ultimate nature that all manifestation is, is eternally spaceless, eternally timeless.
Without attributes, without direction, without purpose, without meaning, without contradiction.
Savor and endure the ecstasies and agonies of your ephemeral existence while breath allows the synthesis.

Hammering Away

This is how the American-English language uses me to hammer at its forge.

All You Are Not

You are not your ever-morphing container,
Nor anything it has ever thought or done.
You are not your video of life experiences.
You are not your trainload of vague memories.
You are not your vocation or hobbies or opinions.
You are not your bulky encyclopedia of trivial pursuits.
You are not your unwieldy bag of values, a.k.a., judgments.
And neither, despite all appearances to the contrary, is anyone else.

A Corollary of Yaj Ekim

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

Your Little Window

You got a good roll out of your little window of illusion.
And what happens after You are departed, after You are again ashes and dust,
Is nothing You can do anything about, any more than You could while You were here a-breathing.

Nature-Nurturing the Tabula Rasa

What would that tabula-rasa infant-child-adult be,
If no sense of self was – engrained, imbedded, ensconced, rooted –
By the nature-nurture world, in which it was niched.

What It Is, What It Is Not

It is whatever it is; it is whatever it is not.
You are whatever it is; You are whatever it is not.
The game is not letting imagination get the better of You.

The Irony, the Paradox

Try not to confuse who You think You are,
With what You are, have ever been, will ever be.
With what You are not, have never been, will never be.

My Contribution

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

The Point and Purpose

Is a blow job really a form of eating-your-young cannibalism?
And not necessarily a bad thing for the big bang it gives the lucky recipient.
But not something that will continue naturally-selecting away,
The point and purpose of the sexual act itself.
You are not here, dreaming away,
Because other options were not available.

The Storytellers

First story.
His story.
Her story.
Its story.
My story.
Your story.
Their story.
Our story.
A story.
The story.
Null story.
Mu story.
All stories.
Last story.
No stories.

My View of Punctuation

A period is a stop.
A comma, a pause.
A hyphen, a connector.
A semi-colon, a deviation.
A question mark, an uncertainty.
An exclamation mark, an interruption.
A parenthesis, an enclosure.
A bracket, a cell.

The Fall of Eden

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

God, in a Nutshell

How could God create all this, without being all of it, all the while?

Pay Close Attention

Look at a clock.
Notice how the hands move.
And You do not.

Eyes and Ears

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

A Good Roll

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

What Need for Worship?

The so-called spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue,
Inspired by imagination's fear of, and curiosity about, the unknowable unknown.
The right here, the right now –now-ing away –in this very timeless moment.
The same awareness in every sentient being's mystery-born creation.

No need to worship what You already are.

You honor it by being it.

A higher state of worship cannot be known.

You Are Prior to All

You are the mystery.
You are the awareness.
You are prior to consciousness.
You are prior to the quantum matrix.
You are prior to the moment.
You are prior to all.

No Touching the Awareness

You can explore and dance the quantum theater,
As much as You please, for as long as the mind-body allows,
But You will never touch, not even once, the awareness permeating all.

The Awakeness of All Sentience

Awareness is the 'awakeness' of all sentience, of all creation, small to great.
The 'awakeness' of the indelible, indivisible quantum matrix; of stardust, come unto 'life'.
It is the eternal eye of the unknown, prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams, they in spontaneous combustion, inspire.

The Point of All This Chitchat

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

Where Oh Where?

Where in the moment does time reside?
Where in the moment does existence reside?
Where in the moment does knowledge reside?
Where in the moment does imagination reside?
Where in the moment does the cosmos reside?
Where in the moment does quantum reside?
Where in the moment does mind reside?
Where in the moment do You reside?

Beyond All Comprehension

Whether or not, there was a beginning to all beginnings,
Whether or not, there will be an end to all ends,
Even deities-on-high vainly wonder.

That Mystery Which You Are

There is only one dimension, only one matrix, only one quantum sea.
And who knows how many universes, envisioned by how many sentient creations.
Indelible, indivisible, unfathomable, ineffable, within that infinity, which herein is called mystery.
That awareness, which is harbor to all potentials, that which is witness to all eternity.
That which is eternity; that which is You, prior to all things quantum.

The World is Your Pearl

What in your cosmos, in your lifetime walkabout,
Has not taught You many somethings about this mystery?
Has not brought You to this singular moment of eternal reflection?
You are reading this, because the seeds of Self were planted in your destiny.
What more is there to do, but wander aimlessly for whatever dreamtime is proffered.
Fulfilling your moment, with whatever calls, in the serendipity ahead.

Be Here, Be Now

You are the mystery.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the infinite.
You are the infinitesimal.
You are the indivisible.
You are the ineffable.
You are the indelible.
You are the ineffaceable.
You are the immaculate.
You are the unfathomable.
You are the spaceless.
You are the timeless.
You are the totality.
You are the absolute.
You are the omniscient.
You are the omnipresent.
You are the omnipotent.
You are the creator.
You are the preserver.
You are the destroyer.
You are the witness.
You are the matrix.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the moment.
You are the eternal.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

The Unifying Principal

The totality is very much entirely awake, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.
All physics theories only vainly attempt to encapsulate the illusory quantum matrix.
The unifying principal is not some scholarly chalkboard equation.
Nor is it a symbol; nor is it a pithy statement.
It is the one and only moment.
It is the indefinable, ineffable mystery.
It is the timeless awareness, the right-here-right-now.
It is the sentience, the wakefulness, the alertness, the attentiveness,
Pervading the ether through which earth-wind-water-fire every moment kaleidoscope.

The Seed of Doubt

None can point the way to those who lack the seed of doubt.

The One in All, the All in One

It is not your mystery, or my mystery.
It is not your awareness, or my awareness.
It is not your moment, or my moment.
It is not your dream, or my dream.
It is not your Gaia, or my Gaia.

It is our mystery, our awareness, our moment, our dream, our Gaia.

An Agnostic Stance

Vain collusions aside, how can anyone truly know,
Whether or not there is some supreme deity or deities on high?
Truly, an agnostic stance is the most rational any mind can hope to achieve.
If there is more to it than meets the sensory field, fine; if it is just a one-trick pony, fine.
The challenge before all, is to play out their given dreamtime, as well as their temporal destinies allow.
If there is more to it, You will know soon enough; if not, so it goes, ta-ta forever more.

Discerning the Moment

When You truly discern that none of it ultimately real or lasting,
You will find desire and fear and dread, no longer govern the day-to-day.
That the dreamtime of the prior-to-consciousness awareness is timeless, changeless.
The You saturated in every variety of limitation born of the given nature-nurture conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn-undying You; that which is prior to all conception.
Not necessarily an easier dream, but one that offers greater detachment.

Nothing Has Ever Been the Same

This moment is no different than it has ever been, in any ever then.
Nor will it ever be at all different in any ever future when.
In truth, nothing has ever been, exactly the same.
Vanish into the awareness, the sentience,
And be the You, You truly are.

Be Right Here, Be Right Now

You are the mystery.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the indivisible.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the ineffable.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

The Awareness of the Totality

The cosmos is very much aware, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.

We Got It Covered

No doubt there is more than likely-probably some sound or two for that thingamajig, too.
You see it, You hear it, You taste it, You smell it, You feel it, You imagine it – we got it covered.
No thingamabob, gizmo, doodad, doohickey, widget, whatsit, thingummy, hoojamaflip, goes without.

The True Church

Awareness is the true church.
In its temple, its chapel, its cathedral, its basilica, its minster, its synagogue, its mosque, its cave;
In the rectory of the mystery's eternal solitude,
You are.

The Choiceless Choice

The choiceless choice is yours to compose, yours to marshal.
Persevere according to your own self-absorbed volition,
With all the afflictions consciousness encompasses.
Or give yourself over to the dimensionless presence of Self,
Your true nature, the inexplicable essence of all that is, of all that is not.

The Indifferent Moment

Eternity, the moment, the timeless now, is indifferent to your imaginary absurdities.

How It All Seems to Moi

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

Martyrdom's Futility

Martyrdom is something for which most are likely ill-suited.
Rest assured, when it gets down to the brassiest of tacks,
When it gets down to a choice between You and them,
Few people will give a rat's furred ass about You,
Any more than You do about most all of them.
True selflessness, without a hint of vanity;
How rare is that, upon this Planet of the Apes?

What is Freedom?

What are the attributes of freedom?
The freedom to do what You please.
The freedom to say what You please.
The freedom to view what You please.
The freedom to think what You please.
The freedom to explore what You please.
The freedom to wander where You please.
The freedom to allow what You please.
The freedom to be what You please.
The freedom to be full.
The freedom to be empty.
The freedom to not be at all.

The Incorruptible Awareness

When You see what You truly are, what You truly are not,
What remains but the ineffable awareness,
Untainted by dreamtime.

An Imaginary Existence

The awareness of existence, the moment, is too ethereal to be more than imagined.

The Stillborn of Duality

No word, no symbol, no ritual, no tradition, no prophet, no deity, is sacred to the ultimate.
Self-interest breeds a logic screened through too many filters to be at all predictable.
Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires; good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

Eternal Freedom

Nature-nurture frames every mind to play out one dream-identity or another.
In discerning this truth, the secular mind can be recalibrated,
Into the eternal mind, into the eternal life.
Eternal freedom is an ageless walkabout unto thy Self.

Forbidden Fruit

The fruit of knowledge was never forbidden by any supreme deity.
It is just humankind's naturally-selected choiceless destiny,
To imagine its way to its inevitable self-destruction.

The Unbidden Fate

Though all that is, is the indivisibility of the quantum dreamtime,
Few clearly discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

Marooned in Illusion

It is but a world-wide collusion of imagination.
Every mind a unique spin of its nature-nurtured frame of reference.
All hypnotized, all mesmerized, by a dreamtime reality, only the rarest minds can discern,
And even they are swept up in this delusional, Shakespearian, théâtre de l'absurde.
This whirling-twirling pale blue dot, upon which we all are marooned.

The Daily Wander

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

The Clarity of Awareness

Toss out the watches and clocks and calendars, and digital displays, from your mind.
Dwell in the clarity of the timeless awareness of the ineffable unborn-undying moment.

Dusty Puffery

To believe this dusty cosmos really matters, is but ironic delusion,
In the paradoxical puffery of the quantum matrix's théâtre de l'absurde.

The Sons and Daughters of God

Why believe only one son of God ever walked on earth,
When so many sons, and daughters, are wandering about.

The Pathless Trek

Human consciousness is always imagining itself more than it can ever be.
It is not through words, through labels, through descriptions,
That kinks in any given mind will be worked out.
Meditation of the zen-ish sort, is the only real therapy,
For those who would be free of imagination's unrelenting tyranny.
Contemplation, reflection, consideration, introspection, rumination, concentration,
Deliberation, pondering, musing, are the ways and means, along the earnest seeker's pathless trek.

A Gift to the Future

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

Eternity, Centerstage

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every part, every moment, to incomparable perfection.
On every impromptu centerstage, no matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all about the same You.

False Expectations

If You expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion.
And You may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing, nonsensical groupthink.
Another inconsequential bottleneck created by timebound imagination.
Is it any wonder, really, why so many seers disappear into caves,
Very much alone, very much at home, very much at peace.

True Believers, All

We are all are true believers.
Each in our own personalized mind-body-spirit ways.
Conditioned, persuaded, convinced, programmed, brainwashed, indoctrinated, molded.
Hypnotized, mesmerized, spellbound, captivated, enthralled, absorbed,
By whatever nature-nurture has spawned and cultivated us.
The senses crafting our imaginary universes,
Every kaleidoscoping moment.

Only in pure, unsullied awareness, can You be free.

Yes, We Are All the Same You

Yes, we are all the same witness.
Yes, we are all the same sentience.
Yes, we are all the same awareness.
Yes, we are all the same alertness.
Yes, we are all the same omnipresence.
Yes, we are all the same cosmos.
Yes, we are all the same world.
Yes, we are all the same quantum.
Yes, we are all the same indivisible.
Yes, we are all the same ocean.
Yes, we are all the same nature.
Yes, we are all the same omniscience.
Yes, we are all the same eternity.
Yes, we are all the same here.
Yes, we are all the same now.
Yes, we are all the same moment.
Yes, we are all the same perpetuity.
Yes, we are all the same indelibility.
Yes, we are all the same infinity.
Yes, we are all the same soul.
Yes, we are all the same oneness.
Yes, we are all the same spirit.
Yes, we are all the same divinity.
Yes, we are all the same illusion.
Yes, we are all the same omnipotence.
Yes, we are all the same mystery.
Yes, we are all the same You.

Entitlement v. Darwin

How can anyone ever be totally prepared for chaos?
Especially rough for those domesticated by entitlement.
Gaia always boils down to Darwin 101: Adapt or succumb.
And spin into that unforgiving, pitiless equation,
A pale blue dot slathered with apes,
Vying for supremacy.
Vanity
Greed
Imagination unleashed.

Seekers All

Life seeks life.
Strength seeks strength.
Weakness seeks weakness.
Comedy seeks comedy.
Tragedy seeks tragedy.
Intelligence seeks intelligence.
Absurdity seeks absurdity.
Futility seeks futility.
Paradox seeks paradox.
Irony seeks irony.
Ecstasy seeks ecstasy.
Agony seeks agony.
Love seeks love.
Hate seeks hate.
Wisdom seeks wisdom.
Bliss seeks bliss.
Death seeks all.

Perpetual War Since the Beginning

Humankind has always been at war, has always competed full-tilt, and we always will.
You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.
Four billion-year-old, naturally-selected, nature-nurtured software, for which no update is possible.

The Illusion of All Boundaries

Where exactly is the defining edge of the drop that You think, You believe, You are,
That is at all separate from the cosmos, the electromagnetic spectrum,
The quantum ground, the matrix, the ether, the awareness,
The ineffable mystery, that You truly are.

Too Boggling for Words

Every quantum across this mystery, is exactly where it is,
To play out its timeless, indivisible role in the theater,
You and every other sentient being is perceiving.

The Same in All

The dimensions may be different,
But the sentience, the awareness, the totality, the mystery,
Is the same in all.

This Fine Day

The awareness of existence is too ethereal to be more than imagined.
So, what will your ethereal imagination do through You, this fine day?

A Once-Upon-A-Time Mirage

Your existence is a mind-built dream,
An imaginary projection of desire and fear and dread.
Discern and embrace the ineffable, prior-to-consciousness awareness,
And know that You are the mystery, centerstage, in a temporal once-upon-a-time mirage.

The Illusion of Permanence

The illusion of permanence is a delusional weaving born of timebound imagination.
No manifestation can withdraw or abstain, from the ever-present, kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Only in the sentience of pure awareness, can the eternal mystery be agnostically fathomed.

Remember … Forget … Remember …

… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …

The Eternal Thespian

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every role, every single moment, to unrivaled perfection.

Empty Assertions

Whatever You think You know, whatever You think You understand,
Is merely the absurd self-deception of a delusional mind caught in illusion.
The essential nature, the indelible You, is prior to all knowledge and understanding.
All manifestation only exists because You are present to witness the mind-body perceptions.
The dream of space-time is nothing more than impromptu spontaneous combustion.
There is no point asking who or what or where or when or why or how,
Because imagination can only answer with empty assertions,
Having no reality in the timeless quantum matrix.
To give it name or meaning is pointless.
Shakespeare a la extempore,
With a hearty splash of so it goes.

The Magic Carpet of Imagination

Continuity is imagination's fallacious delusion, over the mind-body's sensory-born illusion.
The delusion fashioned by its intoxication with the vague perceptions,
The frame of reference, posted on its neuron trails.
It is the deception, the irony and paradox, of consciousness,
In its usurpation of the awareness, its usurpation of the timeless moment,
To seemingly fly through the eternal stillness, upon its magic carpet of space and time.
It is Shakespearian cuisine, upon a quantum stage, whereupon the mystery-born sentience, forges all.

Eternal Speculation

The mystery has never been able to more than speculate how it came to be.
In every venue across whatever dimensions are out there,
No manifestation has ever discerned,
Its origin, nor its end.
So it goes.

Embracing the Mystery

When all purpose and meaning is set aside,
You naturally return to the momentary awareness,
Free of the ball and chain of psychological gamesmanship.
To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom,
Fosters an inward simplicity, a detached humility,
A modesty, an austerity, a clarity, an integrity,
An embracing of the mystery of beingness.

What Doubt Unleashes

The grand illusion will manifest whatever experiences are fated.
Whatever tempts You into believing space and time real.
Only those with the greatest doubt will not waver,
In their walkabout to discern the unborn-undying totality.

The One-Bookers

The harvests of those subscribing to just one, so-called holy book, are endless waves of absurdity.
Across this dust ball, the one-bookers vie for an imaginary supremacy,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.
What need for any religion, any dogma, any idolatry,
For those who discern the mystery of awareness within and without.

The Centerstage You

On every impromptu centerstage,
No matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all the same You.

The Pathless Less Traveled

Consciousness fabricates space-time,
But is not what You really are,
Nor what You really are not.
To trek prior to consciousness,
To wander the pathless less traveled,
Requires a discerning, a doubting, mettle.

Heaven on Earth

To acutely, profoundly realize:
That You, in truth, do not 'know' anything;
That all You think You know, is but imaginary perceptions;
That all You think You know, is but quantum encoding in the neural processor;
Offers liberation into the momentary starkness of eternity.
For those searching for eternal salvation, there it is.
The momentary awareness is the brass ring.
Unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffable.
Heaven on Earth, indeed, indeed.

Purpose and Meaning

Does any other sentient being, on this spinning orb, or any other,
Require meaning and purpose to get through, to endure, its given existence?
The jury has left the building, on whether to gauge the human species illustrious or pathetic.
Imagination is source of all things, that have no harbor in pure sentience.
Awareness has no need of purpose, no need of meaning.
The timeless moment is ever fulfilled.

Just a Moment Away

Despite the fact, that there are no constraints, no binds, no dilemmas, whatsoever,
It is the most challenging thing, in all of this futile, pointless existence,
For the human mind to unstick, to release, to pry, to free,
Its essential Self, from its imaginary self.
The momentary awareness, cannot be grasped.

You Call This a Plan?

Is it intelligent design?
Is it reasoned design?
Is it sensible design?
Is it rational design?
Is it random design?
Is it irrational design?
Is it fallacious design?
Or is it any design at all?

The Unshackled Mind

The mystery is too mysterious, too esoteric, too irrational, too absurd,
To ever make any sense, to minds bent on trying to make sense of it all.
Only those who have given up completely, who have surrendered entirely,
Can harvest the fruit of doubt, and unshackle from their imaginary quandary.

The Mystery in a Drop

Way back when, Rumi etched: You are not a drop in the ocean; You are the entire ocean in a drop.
Yaj Ekim's corollary: You are not a drop in the mystery; You are the entire mystery in a drop.
One drop is inconsequential, but all together, are omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient.
Whatever the entirety of this spaceless, timeless, ineffable mystery, You are a centerstage in it.
A space-bound-time-bound, naturally-selected witness, to a Shakespearian theater of imaginary design.

High Order Delusion

To earnestly believe anything You do, have done, or will do,
Is going to change anything, in any meaningful way,
Is fallacious delusion of the highest order.

Witness to the Faceless

If You cannot be paradoxical,
If You cannot be dubious,
If You cannot be incredulous,
If You cannot be skeptical,
If You cannot be agnostic,
If You cannot be enigmatic,
If You cannot be irrational,
If You cannot be nonsensical,
If You cannot be sardonic,
If You cannot be doubtful,
If You cannot be peculiar,
If You cannot be outrageous,
If You cannot be atypical,
If You cannot be unbelieving,
If You cannot be cynical,
If You cannot be absurd,
If You cannot be uncertain,
If You cannot be disbelieving,
If You cannot be ironic,

How can You witness your faceless?

Imagination Cares, Awareness Cares Not

Infinite or infinitesimal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Spiritual or agnostic, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clean or dirty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Live or die, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wealthy or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Alive or dead, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Believer or atheist, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Subtle or blatant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Kind or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sane or insane, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Straight or gay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sage or fool, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fast or slow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Do or do not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Long or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Succeed or fail, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Love or hate, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Still or moving, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Real or unreal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tit or tat, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
For or against, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Up or down, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Around or through, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or unclear, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fat or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Strong or weak, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gratis or priceless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hard or soft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Give or take, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
To or from, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wise or foolish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Beautiful or ugly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Big or small, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Known or unknown, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fore or aft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Heavy or light, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rich or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
True or false, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Ecstasy or agony, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
First or last, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Creative or destructive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Full or empty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or bitter, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loud or quiet, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Straight or rounded, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Bright or dim, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Well or unwell, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Astute or obtuse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Like or unlike, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Appealing or revolting, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or opaque, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Thick or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Brave or cowardly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or sour, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Equal or lopsided, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
King or slave, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Queen or whore, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Expansive or contractive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Soft or harsh, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Young or old, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Male or female, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Honest or dishonest, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wild or tame, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Early or late, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Pure or foul, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Cautious or reckless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hit or miss, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Lead or follow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
High or low, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Naive or cynical, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Truth or lie, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Deep or shallow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Open or closed, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rational or absurd, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Near or far, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Singular or dual, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
In or out, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Free or imprisoned, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yes or no, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Attached or detached, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Course or fine, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
All or none, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Shiny or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smart or stupid, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tall or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Forward or backward, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Before or after, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Selfless or selfish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
One or two, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Within or without, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yay or nay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Close or distant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Normal or weird, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wet or dry, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hot or cold, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Constant or fickle, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Positive or negative, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Happy or sad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fair or unfair, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Over or under, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Similar or different, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loose or tight, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Plus or minus, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Above or below, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Inside or outside, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Simple or complex, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Black or white, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smooth or coarse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wide or narrow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gentle or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Humble or vain, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
On or off, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Here or there, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Have or have not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sharp or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Good or bad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Right or wrong, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Everything or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Something or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
White or black, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Light or dark, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
This or that, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

The Clock in the Sky

The clock on-high, in the sky, tick-tick-ticking every day away.
How would we measure time, how would we gauge time,
If not for the consistency of sun and moon and stars?
Would time even pretend to exist without them?
Would we imagine we exist without them?
Could we imagine we exist without them?
Should we imagine we exist with them?

No Assertion Required

At some point there is really no need to even assert “I Am.”
Just being the momentary awareness, just breathing in, breathing out,
Is far more than enough, in a very supercalifragilisticexpialidocious sort of way.

As Near as It Is Far

The awareness is as near as it is far.
The awareness permeates all genesis.
The awareness permeates all oblivion.
The everything and the nothing are one.
The everything and the nothing are You.

Rubs Aplenty

To see what cannot be seen,
To hear what cannot be heard,
To taste what cannot be tasted,
To smell what cannot be smelled,
To touch what cannot be touched,
To think what cannot be thought,
Now there, are a cluster of rubs,
Rubbing away, a rub-less way.

The Solitude of Eternity

It can indeed, be a long and winding,
Oft times lonely walkabout,
This calling to grapple the mystery.
Until one perhaps discerns the indivisible matrix,
Through which all time-bound linear perceptions kaleidoscope,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, the indelible, ineffable solitude, of all eternity.
Which is, of course, the unutterable aloneness of You, this very singular, very timeless moment.

Shakespeare Live

Imagination dominates the human mind; it has usurped the awareness of the sentience.
What do You want to be when You grow up? a question the young are oftentimes asked by adults.
Human conditioning is ever about aspiring to various functions; when naught, is literally all, all really are.
Those with ambition are acclaimed; those who have no purpose, no meaning, are sidelined.
The rare few take the query to its frontiers, and become critical thinkers.
Skeptics, cynics, doubters, nonbelievers, agnostics.
And discern the truth of this mystery.
That they are the mystery.
And meander amongst the bustling masses,
Observing the theatrics – Shakespeare live – detached and free.

It Is All Just Happening

The indivisible entirety is no more responsible for this illusion,
Than any ocean is for its surface, its depths,
Or the play of its waves,
Upon any number of shorelines.

Do Not Be Fooled

To You who yearn for the ultimate freedom,
You are all buddhas, You are all christs.
You are every mystic seer and master,
This illusory cosmos has ever known.
You are your own timeless companion.
Do not be fooled into believing otherwise.

The Scythians Are Coming!

In his The Unabridged Devil's Dictionary, Ambrose Bierce, defined Cynic,
As a blackguard, whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.
Oh my god! The Scythians are coming! The Scythians are coming to pluck out your eyeballs!

A Sea of Metaphors

What is what is consciousness, what is imagination, what is Gaia, but a sea of metaphors.
Figures of speech that, for rhetorical effect, directly refer to one thing by mentioning another.
That may provide (or obscure) clarity or identify hidden similarities between two different ideas.
Metaphors paint one concept with the brush of another, revealing hidden connections,
Or sometimes obscuring clarity to create a likeness or a vivid analogy.
Comparable with other types of figurative language,
Such as, antithesis and hyperbole and metonymy and simile.
Figures of speech, figurative expressions, images, tropes, symbols, parables,
Analogies, comparisons, allegories, emblems, word paintings, word pictures, literary conceits.

A Metaphor for All Time: The Seven Ages of Man

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely Players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Jaques (a.k.a., William Shakespeare), As You Like It, Act II, Scene VII, Line 139

The Challenge of Letting Go

Consciousness is infused with the desire to have, to hold, to take, to own,
To possess, to enjoy, to keep, to retain, to gather, to collect, to amass, to marshal,
To acquire, to occupy, to control, to dominate, to influence, to muster, to collect, to seize.
To release, to unleash, to unchain, to unfetter, to meander empty,
Is the challenge for any given mind.

Rhetorical Design

The human species, despite all its imaginary rhetoric to the contrary,
Is no different than any other biology this garden world,
Has ever through natural selection devised.

No Time Like the Present

There is no time like present.

World War Darwin

Gaia has always been in World War Darwin.
Every creature has always started any given day not knowing,
Whether or not it would survive, much less thrive.

The Neural Matrix

The neural matrix is but pure, unadulterated awareness …
Nature-nurture – genetically-mutated-hardwired – to be the matrix mystery.
That which is acclaimed, for which, few humans, truly-long-happen, in their imaginary cosmos:
To be the nothingness it is … To be the nothingness You are.

The Abyss of Judgment

The human specter, in all its imaginary quandaries, seems, in large part, to be all about endless judgment.
Endless – opinions, attitudes, appraisals, beliefs, outlooks, feelings – about everyone, everything.
And the consequences of that endlessness, can range from shrug, to destruction and death.
The Planet of the Apes, has always been in conflict with itself, and all things Gaia.
Every mind, a gummy quagmire, filled with every imaginable appraisal,
And there is no way to remedy the naturally-selected Darwinian juggernaut.

The Deceits Parables Weave

All cults, all sects, all religions, kick off with one parable or another,
That some storyteller spins, oral or written, into a mythology,
That entrances, enough true believers, enough sheeples,
To together, groupthink a narrative for the ages.
Those with direct perception, do not require stories.

Discerning Courage Required

Every culture molds individual conformity,
To whatever mythos it prescribes.
It takes discerning courage,
To discover, to be, what You truly are.
There is no freedom, incarnating a prescribed life.

Wielding It All Together

Across this pale blue dot garden, minds cling in every way-shape-form,
To the obliviousness of imagination's uncountabledivisions.
Witness the many intolerances, great and small,
Rational and irrational, good and evil,
Intelligent and senseless, wise and foolish.
Discern the common essence within all imaginary differences,
And wield them together into the infinite singularity, from which all illusion is created.

A Stoic Detachment

What do all human belief systems seem to be about,
But an innate, naturally-selected, self-absorbed craving,
To believe we truly are – for every rationale under the sun –
Somehow significant, somehow important, somehow cherished,
Somehow precious, by this boundless, timeless, impenetrable cosmos,
That seems to be, for all reasoned observation, indifferent to our existence.
Whether or not, there is some deity out there tracking everything,
Evaluating, judging, our every thought, our every deed,
Is a question that haunts the many if not most,
Unable to realize a stoic detachment.

Always a Step Behind

Everything You perceive,
Everything You think,
Everything You see,
Everything You do,
Everything You know,
Everything You believe,
Everything You hope,
Everything You love,
Everything You hate,
Everything You accept,
Everything You deny,
Everything You give,
Everything You take,
Everything You realize,
Everything You dream,
Everything You recall,
Everything You admire,
Everything You deride,
Everything You possess,
Everything You cherish,
Everything You judge,
Is nothing more than imagination,
Is always but a dreamer shadowing the moment,
Is nothing more than electrical impulses racing along neural pathways.

Only in the stillness of unadorned awareness, can You know, can You be, the timeless eternity You are.

Is the Future Ready?

Self-reliance, grit, gumption, work ethic, critical thinking, the ability to stand alone.
Is what it took for the human paradigm to arrive at this moment in time.
Is the future ready to take over the world we have left it?
What will it be like to be born into a Ponzi scheme forever undone?

The Sands of Time Have No Memory

Any life and its destiny, is but an imaginary dream,
Instantly forgotten in this quantum mirage.
The sands of time have no memory.

What It Is

There is nothing to argue; nothing to prove.
It is what it is; You are what You are.
And it is all one in the same.

How Is That Working for You?

Maintaining an existence,
You no longer care about,
No longer have desire for,
No longer have energy for,
How is that working for You?

The Quantum-Awakened

The quantum-awakened, turn sand into gold, coal into diamonds, water into wine.

The Inner Journey

It is up to any would-be philosopher-mystic, drawn to the great game,
To from podium speak his/her mind – to take up their philosophical gauntlets –
And sally forth every serendipitous thought, their minds have been nature-nurtured to utter.
In any-and-all dimensions, this indelibly ineffable, mystery elephant – called by many names – ordains.
To unveil his/her mind's eye, to share the reasonings, encapsulating the unveiling of their wander.
The journey, all their many thoughts – the imaginings – their mortal mind's destiny calls.
The trek through illusion – ever inquiring into the truth of their beingness –
Until fate slides the door open, to the only possible conclusion,
That You are indeed, ineradicably, That I Am.

The Ether of Oblivion

… Earth … Wind … Water … Fire …
Intertwined in every conceivable genre pax.
In the Ether of Nothingness … oblivion's marrow.

An Imaginary Reality

You are the indescribable, indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying awareness,
Witnessing consciousness frolicking about a quantum matrix.
Stardust shrouded in every imaginable form,
Imagining the ecstasies and agonies of existence real.

The Last Will and Testament

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

Effing the Ineffable

So many minds, imagining in every way, the mystery into which all are inexplicably cast.
So many minds, investigating their existence; so many minds, effing the ineffable.
Leaving behind so many creations, sharing their revelations of the eternal:
Writings, paintings, sculptures, music, architecture, ad infinitum.
A world of seers, bound by the mundanity of the masses,
Whose unrealized raison d'être, is to secure the ways and means,
For the unborn-undying, ageless witness, to fathom its unfathomability.

The Many Paths to Destiny

Settle for less, and that is what destiny will mete out.
Seek more than fate has assigned, and the dream will tether You.
The passions are ephemeral beasts in this ineffable magical mystery tour.
Moderation is the surest means to a content, peaceful existence,
But even the most sagacious tack offers no guarantees.
To be born is to endure whatever fate is allotted,
And there is no happy end to any story.

The Show Must Go On

Easier to ignore this sort of scribbling.
For vanity and voracity's sake,
The show must go on.

A Quantum Kaleidoscope

There is no space, there is no time.
There is only quantum energy, eternally kaleidoscoping,
In the quantum dreamtime of consciousness, in the quantum perceptions of mind.
And You: pure awareness, untouched; You: sentience, unscathed.
You: ineffable, indelible, unborn-undying witness,
To eternity’s ever-present moment.

Coulda Shoulda Woulda

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

The Reality of All Stories

Any story, no matter when written, is only as real as your belief in it.

The Harvest of Discernment

Free your Self from the binds and obligations of groupthink,
That often diminishes creativity and individual responsibility.
Stand alone, immersed in the momentary awareness You are.
Free of all doubts, all bothers; be the harvest of discernment.

The Absurdity! The Absurdity!

How is it so many imagine a personal deity to sanction their dream?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bestow their wishes?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to fulfill their desires?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bless their ventures?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bolster their alliances?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to vanquish their enemies?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to judge them auspiciously?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bequeath them eternal life?
How is it so many are blind to their endless me-myself-and-I self-absorption?

Despite All Delusions to the Contrary

Despite all delusions to the contrary, we all are animals.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all biological beings.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all connected to the web of life.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all equal participants in the same mystery.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all nameless witnesses to the same quantum dreamtime.
And no amount of twisting nor twirling of the imaginary mind, will ever change that.

The Illusion-Delusion of Free Will

What choices have You ever really had?
What choice did You have in your existence?
What choice did You have in your awareness?
What choice did You have in your nature-nurture?
What choice did You have in your gender?
What choice did You have in your physique?
What choice did You have in your vision?
What choice did You have in your hearing?
What choice did You have in your smelling?
What choice did You have in your tasting?
What choice did You have in your feeling?
What choice did You have in your mind?
What choice did You have in your family?
What choice did You have in your birth order?
What choice did You have in your culture?
What choice did You have in your ethnicity?
What choice did You have in your geography?
What choice did You have in your universe?
What choice did You have in your socioeconomic level?
What choice did You have in your intelligence?
What choice did You have in your language?
What choice did You have in your name?
What choice did You have in your education?
What choice did You have in your interests?
What choice did You have in your beliefs?
What choice did You have in your religion?
What choice did You have in your politics?
Even Your daily movement, Your daily choices,
The every-step-you-take-every-moment believe to be free will,
Are the quantum dictates of every natural selection since the beginning of all beginnings.

How Does It Make Any Sense?

How can it ever make any sense at all,
That You are not a drop of the whole?
That You are not a drop of the entirety?
That You are not a drop of the creation?
That You are not a drop of the sentience?
That You are not a drop of the ineffable?
That You are not a drop of the awareness?
That You are not a drop of the dreamtime?
That You are not a drop of the indelibility?
That You are not a drop of the indivisibility?
That You are not a drop of the unborn-undying?
That You are not a drop of the preservation?
That You are not a drop of the destruction?
That You are not a drop of the spaceless?
That You are not a drop of the timeless?
That You are not a drop of the mystery?
That You are not a drop of the eternal?
That You are not a drop of all that is?
Call it anything You will, You are it.

Deal With It

Short of excessive violence,
It is all but impossible to keep anyone,
From thinking whatever they darned well please,
About You, or anyone or anything else.
So it goes, get over yourself.

An Astounding Waste

Why would it at all matter, how this mystery began?
Here You right-here-right-now are; here we all right-here-right-now are,
How much futility, how much angst, the human species has spent through so much of its history,
Speculating-asserting-battling, over an eternal moment it can never possibly know.
What an astounding squander of spacless-timeless it has all been.

Speculations of a Dystopian Mind

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, You often wonder.
It is challenging to wrap the timebound mind around the dystopian horror You see coming.
How much longer will the human paradigm persevere after Your cadaver is a dusty pile of bones?
Ahh, but that is indeed a narcissistic-egocentric question, if there ever was one.
So, just toss it into the passing breeze, and expect no answers.
And someday quietly depart, ever agnostic.

How Like Us

Curious, how like us, all our deities, across the world, across time, have always been.
Willful, jealous, vindictive, judgmental, malicious, pitiless, vengeful.
And sometime kind and just, and perhaps even loving,
When it suits the undisclosed schemes.
Is there any limit to our affinity for absurdity?

And Who Decides?

How good is good? How bad is bad?
How right is right? How wrong is wrong?
How known is known? How unknown is unknown?
How infinite is infinite? How infinitesimal is infinitesimal?
How true is true? How false is false?
And who decides?

The Way of Awareness

Regarding the way of awareness, the way of the moment,
The way of the right-here-right-now, the way of the spaceless-timeless eternal,
It is, as Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker: No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.
To attain eternal life, one must doubt everything, one must let go everything.
One must be everything, and nothing all the while.

Doubt All Things

Doubt all the stories, all the narratives, all the anything, floating willy-nilly about the mind.
That which is most unfathomably true, is prior to all affairs born of imaginary design.
Philosopher René Descartes penned, “If You would be a real seeker after truth,
You must at least once in your life, doubt, as far as possible, all things.”

That Whiny Little Voice

It can be quite challenging to tamp down that whiny little voice,
Once imagination discerns that self-pity serves well,
As a distraction from the moment.

Anonymity Rules

How history judges anything,
Will ultimately achieve the same anonymity,
All things imaginary ever have.

Nature is the Expression

Nature is the expression of the eternal moment of the ineffable mystery You are.
To ignore it, to abuse it, to destroy it, is a sure path to oblivion.
To wander harmoniously in it, is the way.

Your Eternal Birthright

You need not believe the spins You project, either to the world, or to yourself.
Toss away any-and-all thoughts – positive or neutral or negative – of the imaginary self.
Be the stillness, the utterness, the unborn-undying, of the awareness that is your eternal birthright.

Ugly Is as Ugly Does

What repulsive, hideous, revolting creatures, so many women become.
How some men remain sexually aroused by them is a mystery,
Especially once their youthful effervescence has faded,
Into pallid, sagging skin, with thick layers of clownish make-up,
Topped with beauty-shopped hair, and anatomy covered by languishing tattoos.
A genetic lottery of biological evolution no less crunchy-chewy-gooey than any other creation.
Add to that inventory: obesity, scars, wrinkles, blemishes, mutilations, disfigurements,
Flatulence, blotches, stretch marks, cottage cheese, diseases, sores, disabilities.
It is indeed a mind-boggling mystery, which only delusional blinders,
And four-billion-year-old software, come close to explaining.
Natural selection can only manage so much evolving,
With such a haphazardly encrypted algorithm.
And let us not deny, this all applies,
To the other half-ish of the species, as well.
And in truth, every other life form Gaia has ever devised.

The One and Only You

Ever the same You, playing out every creation across all eternity.
So infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be the only divinity worth ascertaining.
The eternal moment, timeless, ever-present, right here, right now, unborn, undying.
You are pure awareness: ineffable, indelible, indivisible, immeasurable.
You are ever You, have ever been You, will ever be You.
There is no other, than the one and only You.

The Original Departure

That moment when sense of self, the me-myself-I, first arises in the mind,
Is the moment that separates one from the garden this pale blue dot has fashioned.
And all the other estrangements follow suit for that bubble of imagination's entire existence.
There is no returning to the garden of origin, but through an awakening to that awareness prior to all.
And that awakening is set in motion through the deep doubt of a critical-thinking perspective,
That only the rarest minds ascertain, as they meander down their road less traveled.
A solitary road, upon which adventures are witnessed. one after another.
A solitary road that kaleidoscopes to its destined conclusion.

There is Only One Truth

There is only one truth, and it is this very right-here-right-now moment,
Timelessly ephemeral, unborn, undying, immeasurable, indivisible, ineffable.
There is no need for any dogma; there is only being inwardly still enough to be it.

Truth is Not …

Truth is not a word.
Truth is not a thought.
Truth is not a story.
Truth is not a dichotomy.
Truth is not knowable.
Truth is not intelligible.
Truth is not moot.
Truth is not provable.
Truth is not space-bound.
Truth is not time-bound.
Truth is not hearsay.
Truth is not understandable.
Truth is not definable.
Truth is not describable.
Truth is not debatable.
Truth is not a dogma.
Truth is not expressible.
Truth is not a belief.
Truth is not before.
Truth is not after.
Truth is not penetrable.
Truth is not a rumor.
Truth is not fathomable.
Truth is not effable.
Truth is not graspable.
Truth is not controversial.
Truth is not any thing.
Truth is not anything.
You are the truth.
You are the life.
You are the Way.
Simply be your Self.
Right here, right now, bam!

Fearless Living

Living fearlessly is not necessarily something manly-man-on-steroids machismo,
As much as it is being serene enough to be the moment You ever are.
The awareness You ever are, the eternal You ever are.
The right-here-right-now You ever are.
The You, You ever are.

Blinders On, Blinders Off

To ignore natural law, to ignore physics,
To believe You are in anyway separate from anything,
Is to be in such a state of blindered delusion,
That it is a wonder You still exist.

Process is All

Every process has a beginning.
Every process has an ending.
Every process is part of a process,
That is without beginning, without end.

Nothing Exists Because of Imagination

Nothing exists because of imagination.
Cultures, languages, mathematics,
Sciences, technologies, religions,
All the arts, the politics, the silk roads,
Are all imagination, evolved unto existence.
The usurper of sentience reigns the human mind.
The usurper of sentience dominates the human paradigm.
The natural selection, that selected its way to such immense heights,
Is the creator, is the preserver, is the destroyer, of all things,
That were nothing more than illusion from the get-go.

You, Centerstage, All Alone

Alone.
You are so alone.
Give into it with full abandon,
And be the ineffable, eternal mystery, You are.
This human paradigm dreamtime is but a Shakespearian soiree,
Through an illusory quantum matrix, infused with every variety of delusion imaginable.
In which You will perform your nature-nurture centerstage character,
However it naturally-selects – very much alone.

The Path to the Ineffable

The awareness is the unborn-undying moment.
The awareness requires no belief system.
The awareness esteems no philosophy.
The awareness has no moral compass.
The awareness has no consciousness.
The awareness has no space or time.
The awareness has no need or want.
The awareness has no faith or hope.
The awareness has no raison d'être.
The awareness has no imagination.
The awareness has no love or hate.
The awareness has no obstructions.
The awareness has no passion or zeal.
No one can more than suggest the way.
There is absolutely nothing to hold onto.
You must doubt everything, for your Self.
You must discover it, all alone, for your Self.
You must then witness it, all alone, for your Self.
It is a road less traveled; a fork only the rare perceive.
There is truly no other, but few are nominated to realize it.

Many Paths, One Grave

There are many paths, treading all about this pale blue dot of a dust ball, all to the same grave.

Paradise Won, Paradise Lost

The engineers and scientists, and all the diligent worker bees,
Pushed and pulled us all up the exalted road, a road to paradise and beyond,
Until it became a road too far, and is now all Humpty Dumpty, falling, falling, down, down.
We have already given them carte blanche to destroy this garden dust ball beyond all possible redemption,
So why not allow them to spin it into dystopian mayhem and chaos and despair beyond all pales?
Let vanity and greed wreak their final act, and Gaia move on to the next geological epoch.

Spinning Wheels Go Round and Round

To endlessly attempt to discover and define Self,
Is really, no different than a caged hamster running round and round on its spinning wheel.
Passing time, filling the mind with every variety of pointless absurdity,
To which imagination is so inherently capable.

A Web of Everything

It is not merely a web of life; it is a web of everything.
An indivisible matrix, permeating an unfathomable mystery.
Too beyond knowing, to be perceived by anything but a still mind.
No naming necessary, for it is the same awareness, the same You, in all.

What is Self?

What is this sense of Self, this me-myself-I,
But an intrinsic survival mechanism of the sentience,
Attached to whatever mind-body the genetic lottery has sculpted.
Given over to imagination's endless struggle, to be more than it can ever be.
It is a quandary not easily set aside, even for the most resolute.
Every mirror, every photograph, every interaction,
Ever reinforces the imaginary dreamtime.
Not easy to be indifferent to the quantum illusion.
Very challenging to be untouched by imagination's fell grip.
Though space and time are ultimately unreal, the eternal awareness You are,
Is captive within the magical theater of the mind-body, the mystery has imposed upon its Self.

You Are the One and Only Ineffable Moment

We have created this thing called time, based on the whirling regularity of the earth, the moon, the sun.
Seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millenniums, epochs.
But there are no ‘moments’ – there is only one indivisible moment.
One spaceless moment, one timeless moment.
You are this eternal moment.
You are this now.
This is it.
This is all it is.
There is nothing more.
There can be nothing more.
There will never be anything more.
All the narratives humankind has concocted,
All the creations the monkey-mind has brought forth.
Are nothing more than the ineffable dreamtime of imagination.
The unfathomable awareness You are, the unknowable mystery You are,
That which the divisive human mind has in every way deified,
Is in truth, all there is, has ever been, will ever be.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Alone, absolute, flawless,
Unborn, undying,
Now.

The Impenetrable Moment

No story, no narrative, no history, no chronicle,
No account, no anecdote, no description, no tale, no yarn,
No matter how well-written, no matter how real, no matter how true,
No matter how miraculous, no matter how fantastical,
Can touch the unborn-undying moment.

Idolatry Is Idolatry Is Idolatry

Whether in appearances, whether in concepts, idolatry is idolatry is idolatry.
Only in pure awareness, can the timeless moment be perceived truth.
Only in pure awareness, can the timeless You, be the true Self.

The Quest for Truth

Why should You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
Why would You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
How could You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
Approach all phenomena, all questions – rationally, sensibly, lucidly –
With truth, with fact, with reality, with honesty – the primary objective.
Do not allow imagination to weave its many guiles over your mind's eye.

Prior to Space and Time

Without space, there cannot be time.
Without time, there cannot be space.
Without them, there is just awareness.
Without them, there is just You.

Every Moment That I Am

Whether You see the truth of it clearly,
All the time, some of the time, or never at all,
You are still every moment incapable of not being it.
Any and all notions of dualistic me-myself-and-I perception,
Are nothing more than arbitrary, fallacious delusions of imagination.

Where, Oh Where?

Where in the awareness of the moment does the universe exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the world exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the body exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the mind exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does space-time exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does consciousness exist?

Where in the awareness of the moment do You exist?

Just the Way You Are

You have always been ineffable just the way You are.
You have always been perfect just the way You are.
You have always been immaculate just the way You are.
You have always been indivisible just the way You are.
You have always been intangible just the way You are.
You have always been indelible just the way You are.
You have always been unborn-undying just the way You are.
You have always been absolute just the way You are.
You have always been totality just the way You are.
You have always been spaceless just the way You are.
You have always been timeless just the way You are.
You have always been incomprehensible just the way You are.
You have always been mysterious just the way You are.
You have always been impeccable just the way You are.
You have always been singular just the way You are.
You have always been matchless just the way You are.
You have always been tabula rasa just the way You are.
You have always been pervasive just the way You are.
You have always been momentary just the way You are.
You have always been unbound just the way You are.
You have always been seamless just the way You are.
You have always been unconditional just the way You are.
You have always been anonymous just the way You are.
You have always been indecipherable just the way You are.
You have always been truth just the way You are.
You have always been unknowable just the way You are.
You have always been everlasting just the way You are.
You have always been flawless just the way You are.
You have always been perpetual just the way You are.
You have always been immeasurable just the way You are.
You have always been inscrutable just the way You are.
You have always been inexplicable just the way You are.
You have always been unequivocal just the way You are.
You have always been unimaginable just the way You are.
You have always been ageless just the way You are.
You have always been inconceivable just the way You are.
You have always been motionless just the way You are.
You have always been oblivion just the way You are.
You have always been indefinable just the way You are.
You have always been harmonious just the way You are.
You have always been nondualistic just the way You are.
You have always been eternal just the way You are.

Sometimes

Sometimes You walk through eternity.
Sometimes You run through eternity.
Sometimes You sit through eternity.
Sometimes You wait through eternity.
Sometimes You think through eternity.
Sometimes You talk through eternity.
Sometimes You look through eternity.
Sometimes You listen through eternity.
Sometimes You smell through eternity.
Sometimes You taste through eternity.
Sometimes You feel through eternity.
Sometimes You fear through eternity.
Sometimes You dread through eternity.
Sometimes You abide through eternity.
Sometimes You hope through eternity.
Sometimes You love through eternity.
Sometimes You hate through eternity.
Sometimes You want through eternity.
Sometimes You grasp through eternity.
Sometimes You release through eternity.
Sometimes You give through eternity.
Sometimes You take through eternity.
Sometimes You win through eternity.
Sometimes You lose through eternity.
Sometimes You inhale through eternity.
Sometimes You exhale through eternity.
Sometimes You judge through eternity.
Sometimes You forgive through eternity.
Sometimes You forget through eternity.
Sometimes You flow through eternity.
Sometimes You resist through eternity.
Sometimes You celebrate through eternity.
Sometimes You mourn through eternity.
Sometimes You suffer through eternity.
Sometimes You delight through eternity.
Sometimes You create through eternity.
Sometimes You preserve through eternity.
Sometimes You destroy through eternity.
Sometimes You sleep through eternity.
Sometimes You awaken through eternity.
The moment, the awareness, the sentience, is the sky of You.
And the mind, the senses, the self of imagination, are but clouds ever streaming through.

Where Is the Line?

Where is the line between infinite and infinitesimal, and who decides?
Where is the line between order and chaos, and who decides?
Where is the line between light and dark, and who decides?
Where is the line between love or hate, and who decides?
Where is the line between good and evil, and who decides?
Where is the line between rational and irrational, and who decides?
Where is the line between large and small, and who decides?
Where is the line between this and that, and who decides?
Where is the line between near and far, and who decides?
Where is the line between right and wrong, and who decides?
Where is the line between in and out, and who decides?
Where is the line between black and white, and who decides?
Where is the line between real and unreal, and who decides?
Where is the line between fact and fiction, and who decides?
Where is the line between sincere and disingenuous, and who decides?
Where is the line between thick and thin, and who decides?
Where is the line between peace and war, and who decides?
Where is the line between genuine and hypocritical, and who decides?
Where is the line between win and lose, and who decides?
Where is the line between many and few, and who decides?
Where is the line between tall and short, and who decides?
Where is the line between narrow and wide, and who decides?
Where is the line between tangible and intangible, and who decides?
Where is the line between loose and tight, and who decides?
Where is the line between hot and cold, and who decides?
Where is the line between within and without, and who decides?
Where is the line between true and false, and who decides?
Where is the line between yes and no, and who decides?
Where is the line between truth and lie, and who decides?
Where is the line between have and have not, and who decides?
Where is the line between new and old, and who decides?
Where is the line between pleasure and pain, and who decides?
Where is the line between us and them, and who decides?
Where is the line between caution and paranoia, and who decides?
Where is the line between up and down, and who decides?
Where is the line between knowledge and ignorance, and who decides?
Where is the line between formal and informal, and who decides?
Where is the line between ethical and unethical, and who decides?
Where is the line between awake and asleep, and who decides?
Where is the line between sage and fool, and who decides?
Where is the line between creator and creation, and who decides?
Where is the line between the mystery and You, and who decides?

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 feet 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 deceits.
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 almost 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 siting 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 round?
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.

Eternity, a Single Moment

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

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 nadii 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
כַּדּוּר הָאָרֶץ
Lub ntiaj teb
Jörð
Bumi
Domhan
Wurl
地球
Žemė
Земјата
Papa whenua
ကမ္ဘာမြေ
પૃથ્વી
زمین
Ziemia
ਧਰਤੀ
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 trapsing 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 quantum dust of stars,
Are witness to the ineffable mystery of it,
For as long as this théâtre de l'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 obstacled 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-gooey 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 illusional-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 de l'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-happenchance-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
ঈশ্বর
Bože
Бог
神
Déu
Bůh
Gud
Dio
Jumal
Kalou
Diyos
Jumala
Dieu
Gott
Θεός
Bondye
Akua
אֱלֹהִים
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 music, the arts, the architecture, the sports, the humanities,
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 trapsing 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 …
… 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 …

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 ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... 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 | panˈsīˌkizəm |
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.

You Are It … It Is You

You are the unborn-undying awareness.
You are the anonymous all-pervading.
You are the overwhelming unknown.
You are the ineffaceable That I Am.
You are the indecipherable enigma.
You are the incomprehensible now.
You are the indescribable mystery.
You are the inscrutable witness.
You are the boundless present.
You are the inexplicable eye.
You are the irradicable here.
You are the ineffable now.
You are the indelible You.
You are the glimmering.
You are the twinkling.
You are the moment.
You are the instant.
You are spaceless.
You are timeless.
You are infinity.
You are eternity.
Be anonymous.
Be boundless.
Be spaceless.
Be timeless.
Be present.
Be eternal.
Be totality.
Be infinite.
Be indelible.
Be ineffable.
Be nameless.
Be indivisible.
Be irradicable.
Be inscrutable.
Be inexplicable.
Be ineffaceable.
Be unfathomable.

Right here, right now.

Bam!

The Eternal One

You are the tabula rasa.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the twinkling.
You are the instant.
You are the existence.
You are the consciousness.
You are the being.
You are the vigilance.
You are the chirpiness.
You are the occurrence.
You are the life.
You are the dynamism.
You are the vivaciousness.
You are the vigor.
You are the mindfulness.
You are the focus.
You are the animation.
You are the manifestation.
You are the energy.
You are the cognizance.
You are the reality.
You are the vibrancy.
You are the perception.
You are the presence.
You are the sparkle.
You are the liveliness.
You are the alertness.
You are the wakefulness.
You are the spirit.
You are the actuality.
You are the exuberance.
You are the attentiveness.
You are the alertness.
You are the verve.
You are the watchfulness.
You are the here-now.
You are the indivisible.
You are the all and none.
You are the witness.
You are the eternal one.

Sundry Mix ‘n Match

That Which Is God

Yet another attempt to communicate what the sound/word/concept ‘God’ herein means.
No, not some unshaven Saint Nick, leading an orchestration of harps in the cloudy on-high.
No, to every idol, every faith, every belief, every creed, every symbol, every charismatic leader.
Yes, to every quantum particle to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, and beyond, including, yes, You.
All that is seen, all that is unseen, is of the same indelible, indivisible, unfathomable mystery.
To envision it any less, is the same delusion repeated throughout the human paradigm.
And all that is required to perceive this non-dualistic truth, is an attentive mind.
A mind that has clearly realized, that eternity is this ever-present moment.
This timeless, unborn-undying, prior-to-consciousness awareness.
And no fiction born of imagination is required to access it.

The Blind Men and an Elephant

by John Godfrey Saxe

I.
It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

II.
The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! – but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

III.
The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! – what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

IV.
The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

V.
The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

VI.
The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

VII.
The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

VIII.
And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

Moral
So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

This Is It

by Nathan Gill

This Is It. This is all there is – life appearing as an endless display of changing images, with no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself. There is simply life with no one living it.

For no reason at all life is at play with its own imagery, roving as attention, engaging in a mesmerizing game of hide and seek which arises as a sense of separation with an integral urge to wholeness. Life restlessly seeks, yearning for itself. The seeking is the restlessness. This play of worldly existence is imbued with life's haunted longing for itself, seeking but never finding within the imagery in which it seeks. What is sought all along is this in which the seeking is playing out.

In life's play as humanity, thought assumes an exaggerated importance as attention spins effortlessly into myriad longings and desires, epitomized by the idea of seeking fulfillment through enlightenment. Reading texts, asking questions, surfing the internet, going on retreat, gurus, teachers, non-teachers, practice, no practice – any or all of it is possible but none of it is necessary as in actuality nothing needs to be discovered, understood, let go of or transcended. Life already is, and recognition of itself in the form of enlightenment, liberation, nirvana, et cetera, is superfluous, merely another happening in the endless now of appearances in the play of life.

Nothing other than the configuration of life as it is now appearing is possible. All is happening exactly as it's 'meant' to. If separation and seeking are the case, then this is it. If recognition and resting are the case, then this is it. Whatever is now – however ordinary or extraordinary – is it.

Seen in clarity, life appears as a great play. You – Consciousness – play all the roles and it is part of the play that You usually play the roles without knowing Your real identity. But sometimes, as part of the show, there is recognition of Your true nature. When there is involvement as a character in the play without recognition of Your true nature the role is taken seriously and all the dramas of life seemingly appear from this. If a role is played where there is recognition of Your true nature, the play is seen for what it is. When Your true nature becomes obvious, the character doesn't disappear in a flash of light, nor put on ochre robes and have disciples, nor teach 'spiritual' truths – although any of these is possible, depending on the pattern of the character's role in the play. The character will likely appear as he or she did before recognition. The character is likely to continue to lead what is an ordinary life in the play. It is not even necessary for the character to tell anyone or communicate what is now obvious. The whole play has no purpose or point beyond present appearance. It is Your cosmic entertainment. You are Your play. It has no existence separate from You.

The Fate of Authorship

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Solitary Witness

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness that I am,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing I need do, nothing I can do, but whatever the given moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body, in which I am cloaked,
Upon the stage, which I impromptu play.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Anarchist

Am I not something of an anarchist, taking on consciousness, taking on imagination,
With aphorisms the weapon, with which the dreamtime has equipped me.
Taking aim at intellects scouted in any given daily walkabout.
A reasonable pastime, for which I am well-suited.
A Johnny Appleseed strategy at the helm.
Very grass-rooted, very under-the-radar.
What future awakening they might inspire, if any,
Is well beyond this narrative, and well beyond any concern.
It is but the vanity, for which I have been, through happenstance, fated.
A mind-body, programmed by the given nature-nurture, with a truth-seeking inclination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

A timeline of phases in this little raison d'être project that began in 1989.

Ojai

Teaching at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California
Head and neck injury at Carpinteria State Beach on school fieldtrip
Psilocybin mushrooms & ecstasy
Nisargadatta's "I Am That"
The first index cards, tossed after Lena's comment

Chico

A box of spiral-bound notebooks
Access to a desktop computer at Chico Hedway
Dean Evans and two art shows
A book agent who had me put together The Stillness Before Time
Including: Of the Human Journey, Got God?, Ten Reflections, Books, Movies
Kinko's and who knows how many spiral-bound copies out the back door

Arcata

More spiral-bound notebooks
CLAD certificate program at Humboldt State
First Apple PowerBook 5300 laptop
HTML programming class
Creation of The Stillness Before Time website

Turlock

Switch to index cards
Creative Alternatives and transfer of website
Five generations of Apple MacBook laptops through the years
Several attempts to publish, with support from Dawn Eden Fletcher and Ram Dass
The Return to Wonder
Matrix algorithm experiment
Google Blogger
Facebook
Twitter/X
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs series
Lulu Press
Retirement from Creative Alternatives
Transfer of website to Network Solutions
Evolution of website
A variety of offshoot titles

Sivana East
Instagram
Transfer of website to Skystra
Switch from index cards to smart phone texting
Editing of Stillness, Ponderings, Return to Wonder
The quest for a legacy caretaker

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just a Clarification

Just a clarification that some titles are original works, and some are selections from the originals. Please note, dear reader, that nothing is complete, nothing is finished, until the last wheezing breath. And that the most recent, most accurate edits, will be the PDF versions uploaded to the website.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed

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

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

Jester Amok

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Once Upon a Christmas

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

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

Uncle Sam Says

The titles below are selections drawn from the original works above, based on the premise of the title.
Several will very likely still be 'under construction' if the Reaper arrives ahead of sketch.
So … anyone who might be motivated, is welcome to fill in any-and-all gaps,
Being as mindful as possible, to hold fast to the given formatting.
There may or may not be someone to answer inquiries,
At the mjholshouser@gmail.com address.

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms

Of Meaning and Purpose

Ponderings About the Futility of It All

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)

History, History & More History

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

Science, Science & More Science

Titles, Titles & More Titles

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

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

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'

The Mystery of the Mystery

The Real is Discovering

To Be, or Not to Be

Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Another Way of Putting It

Almost everything written since 1989, probably in the neighborhood of five or six thousand pages at this writing, has been transcribed in MS Word format in the Times New Roman font, 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.

The Original Works

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Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
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Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

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Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
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Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Conversations
Definitions
Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
Jester Amok
My (Not Quite) Haiku
Once Upon a Christmas
Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
Sketches of the Once Upon a Time

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
The Standard Ripostes
Uncle Sam Says

The Derivative Collection

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Frames of Reference
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Jesus on Prophets
Lost in Translation
Michael's Rabbit Hole
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Of Noise & Silence
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The Call of the Eternal
The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs (a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
History, History & More History
Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
Science, Science & More Science
Titles, Titles & More Titles
Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
Of the Human Journey
The Mystery of the Mystery
The Real is Discovering
To Be, or Not to Be
Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Few Ditties on Process

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

No, this existence has not been all about talking and writing all this babble.
There were many mornings sipping bean at coffee shops, and nights curled up with popcorn and Netflix,
And wanders here and there, witnessing, exploring, participating, in oh-so-many ways.
Wisdom is far more than sitting on a zafu, staring at a blank wall,
Though that may well be a hearty slice of it,
And ultimately, all of it.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides me,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that I have offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

All the copyrights to this collection of titles are a cultural formality,
Which need mean nothing to whatever the future of this scarred garden's dreamtime has in store.
Do with these many ponderings, these many ramblings, whatever You will,
Or ignore them entirely, and likely be no less happy for it.

* * * *

I pipe dream this largely aphoristic body of work will someday be known,
And my name on some marquee, these thoughts the focus of symposiums across the world,
But let's face it, folks, with all the babbleon that's already out there,
That just ain't ever never going to happen.
So it goes.

* * * *

Fortunately, power and fame and fortune have evaded me.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

I do not need anything from You.
I offer You these insights free of all claims.
I do not hunger for your treasures, or your approval.
I do not aspire to ever meet You, or hear your imaginary story.
You are free to go your own way, find your own way,
And do with these thoughts, whatever You will.

* * * *

Has this lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of this temporal mind-body?
Not that I have, in any way, any shape, any form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.

* * * *

In creating this Sisyphean opus, mustered from a hard-earned frame of reference,
Every aphorism is given equal attention; each, gold-standard handcrafted,
To be read by somebody, someday, maybe, though probably not.
Don Quixote battling windmills is a fitting metaphor.

* * * *

If I was ever to start over – somehow be reborn, either male or female – I would just skip it all,
With the opposite sex, or my own, or whatever other genders might come into play.
Way too much bother, and adventures I need never experience again.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fisted-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

What a remarkable thing it has been, to witness the rise and decline of this blip of a nation-state,
And likely to have traversed through the apex of what human civilization has had to offer, as well.

* * * *

The jury is still out, whether passing it around randomly for free, has been the best strategy.

* * * *

My faith is strong and sure and steadfast, for all times.
It is a faith that does not require the idolatry of form or thought.
It is a faith, so clear, that one must die to little self, to see it all, for what it is.
And from that faith, I leave You the distillation, of all this mind has ever thought and done.
Do with it what You will, or will not.

* * * *

How often what You are reading, is the morphed version of the original thought.
The original having been lost in the abyss of the churning mind,
In the time it took to reach for pen and paper,
Or as it was being scribbled.
Imagine this mind as one of those Magic Eight Balls;
Thoughts floating into view, floating out of view, sometimes retrievable, most often not.

* * * *

If these writings, these reflections, have merit, they will endure; if not, oh well in the so it goes.
It has been enough to observe whether the quantum théâtre de l'absurde of dreamtime,
Was as up to the mark set by all the self-promotion, by all the propaganda,
History has fed the masses as they chewed away on their mother.
My bet is that we will decline and fall, as all things ever do,
And all our creations, all our treasures, all our glories,
Will dissolve with the last whimper of imagination.
And the quantum abyss will not even shed a tear.
Nor I collect my winnings; for which I do despair

* * * *

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,
Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

Although I have enjoyed so many things in this span of dreamtime,
All I ever really 'wanted' to do was be a forklift driver.
The spatial flowing of it, drew the farm boy.
On a forklift, in the field stations I in youth worked,
I was a fighter pilot, flying solo all about the asphalt jungles,
On which my iron horse and I, rallied about, putting order to daily chaos.
Such was my satisfaction, that I once even used vacation time at Creative Alternatives,
To work the peak of a walnut season at Ron Martella's huller on Tully Road in hometown Hughson.
Ten-hour days in California Great Central Valley's late summer often very warm weather.
Every moment absolutely, priceless, in the very-very right-here-right-now of it.
The hardest part was in those rare moments when it slowed down.
And even then, there was always something to do.

Breadcrumbs 2024

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the parr I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

* * * *

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

* * * *

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

* * * *

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

* * * *

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
"What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?"
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

* * * *

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

* * * *

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

* * * *

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

* * * *

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

* * * *

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

* * * *

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

* * * *

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

* * * *

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

* * * *

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

* * * *

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

* * * *

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

* * * *

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

* * * *

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

* * * *

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

* * * *

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

* * * *

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

* * * *

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

* * * *

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism.
Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

* * * *

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

* * * *

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

* * * *

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.

Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

* * * *

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

* * * *

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

* * * *

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the 'Me' and 'My Self' and 'I' rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary 'me-and-myself-and-I' wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

* * * *

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind's penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
"The dark side ain't dark to me," is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

* * * *

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their 'under construction' segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

To Whom It May Concern

It is certainly a curious thing to have gone this mystical direction in life. Most definitely a road less traveled. As far as discussing it with others goes, I think, as with any specialty, any sphere – science, mathematics, music, sports, business, politics, et cetera ad infinitum – that we all tend to search out like minds to focus on our interests and passions. Scientists with scientists, mathematicians with mathematicians, musicians with musicians, athletes with athletes, businessmen with businessmen, politicians with politicians, et cetera ad infinitum. Our little "lost" tribe of seers, being somewhat scattered about the globe, are not always easy to run across. You just never know who will be sitting next to You in some coffee shop, bar, or park bench.

Personally, I have always been generalist and chameleon enough to enjoy chatting with whoever about whatever comes up. There is great freedom in anonymity. Many people I know quite well have very little if any clue about what I have done or what I have written. It has just never come up. I may probe and plant seeds, but do not worry whether or not they take root. Some minds are fertile; some are barren. It is just the way it is.

As far as staying connected with family, friends, and acquaintances goes, we each have to decide what is important to us, and it may be for some that burning bridges and moving on alone is only option they allow themselves. The high school class of my small rural town origin celebrated our 40th reunion a few years back, and those who came had a great time reconnecting and sharing their life journeys. Very few of them would ever be at all interested in my thoughts on things – many of them are true believers in one dogma or another – and I am okay with that. No point beating yourself over the head over things You cannot change.

The big view of it is that I am one of who knows how many awakened eyes in this magical mystery tour, as likely are You if You are reading this. Whether anyone else hears the call is something over which none of us has any say. Nor does it really matter. We may point the way to a larger vision, but it is each, abiding in their own set of capacities and limitations, who must, to whatever degree, wander the pathless land very much alone. We are but ephemeral seed crystals, of our own devices, for consciousness to do with what it will.

Everything I have written since 1989, except for a couple notebooks that were lost, along with a few other oopsie moments on the computer, is my gift to the future, such as it is. It is up to You and others I have befriended through the years to pass it on if You deem it to have merit. It has been an interesting pastime to give so much of my time over to it: to think it, to scribble it, to transcribe and edit it, to throw it about like Johnny did apple seeds. There may be in the neighborhood of five thousand pages worth by the time I exit this center stage. And what happens to it is for time to tell. I leave it to You to decide.

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

M

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

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

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, 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.