

Night Sky Sangha

Inquiry into Awakening

(Facebook posts March – November 2015)

Chapters

Dumbfounded Immediacy	7
Unsolicited Mind.....	8
Ascension Noir	9
Is there any inner authority remaining?	10
Are you interested in the forfeiture of self-will?	12
it is all vanity	13
It's all 'bout that bass, 'bout that bass, no treble	15
Amelioration to Immolation	16
The mind is made of gossip	17
The end of the interloper.....	18
Daydream Believer	19
Desperately Seeking Yahweh.....	20
Fleeing Yemen.....	21
Message from the Arcturians	22
All is Shining	23
Freedom is a gas	24
All the evidence you need	25
Ascension Noir	26
There is no recipient	27
Being Being Coy with Being	28
It's a sorry day in Awaken Town	29
By the time you notice what's happening, it's not	30
Tulips, Bats, and Venus	31
Waking up & Poetry.....	32
Solvents & Stains	33
What's not a thought?	34
Phat!.....	35

Revelation of Impersonal Improvisation	36
Transcendent Dissociation.....	37
VUF = PIIK.....	38
A funny thing happened on the way to the Satsang	39
What's it all about, Swami?	40
Liberation is a lot like bowling	41
Unicity is not a catalog.....	42
Cascading Emptiness Makes You Laugh	43
Concentric Contexts of Calamitous Confusion	44
Why Meditation Makes Us Dull	45
Why is it so difficult to wake up?.....	46
Why not Rapture in place?	47
Unconscious Sublimation of our Primary Panic.....	48
Hot Saké and the Sage	49
Do the Math!	50
Your humanity is inconsequential to your liberation	51
How deep is your wormhole?.....	52
The best way to get enlightened	54
Seeds, Stems, and Shake	55
Champagne Anyone?	56
A love supreme	58
There is no Consciousness	59
What's in your wallet?	60
Can you find anything other than the Bright?	61
The Bloom and the Implication.....	62
I red the news today, Oh boy.....	63
What the Buddha really meant to say	65
Just say No!	66

The fruits of outreach	68
I know what you want	69
One simple observation	70
Preaching to the Choir	71
Nuisance Я Us	73
Evangelical Platitudes	74
Consciousness is at full saturation.....	75
Thought can only be delusional.....	76
Independence Day, Yea!	77
Cascading Revelation	78
Natural Nakedity.....	79
Liberation is not an accoutrement	80
It's in the way that you use it.....	82
Fondness for experience.....	83
On Having No Cred	84
Benevolent Parasites Control Everything	86
Freedom is not dependent	87
Appointment-Free Novelty	89
Drop out of sight.....	90
Liberating Aikido	91
Abandoned or Cauterized?	92
Great Arc of Transmission.....	93
The Koan of I	94
You're Innate.....	95
Shadows and Implication.....	96
You don't see with the eyes, you don't liberate with the mind	97
If you see the Maitreya on the road.....	98
When it comes to you and your consciousness, just how close are you?.....	100

When you wish upon a star	101
What's the point, really?.....	102
Simple, not easy.....	103
Simple, not easy redux.....	104
Simple, not easy - last call.....	105
The physicists have arrived.....	106
Surreal Opportunism	107
Give it to me straight	108
You liberate with each breath	109
Careening toward the I-pocalypse.....	110
Walk tall, smoke a fag, stand your ground	111
CØØrdinate-Free Living.....	112
For those ready to realize now	113
Slip Slidin' Away	114
Escape from Yourself	115
Burning Man	116
No Steps, No Effort	117
A Mantra for the Western Aspirant.....	118
You're better off wishing for a Maserati	119
In My Experience?	120
You can't lead a horse to Dharma, forget about the drinking	121
The only thing you can do with the present moment is complain about it	122
Ascension Noir	123
Gurus don't like me, what else is new?	124
Autonomous Sacred Wonder vs. Wetiko.....	126
Arboreal Gaiac Field - Step 1	127
Wake Up - Step 2	128
Looking for liberation in all the wrong places	129

Just another coven.....	131
ik'skrōōSHē, ādiNG	132
You know what you need, but I know what you want	133
Liberation is not what you want it to be	134
Grace has already come, now it's your turn.....	135
Sacred turn of the screw.....	136
Not one, but two magical powers	137
writing blind	138
We amount to nothing, may as well start there.....	139
How do you know what you know?	140
Preoccupation with self	141
Preoccupation with self, 'what I meant to say'	142
Unencumberable Beyond	143
Intimacy has no borders	144
Vacuity and Sorcery	145
Contrast without Comparison	146
Rock, Paper, Scissors - I, Go, Brick	147
A paisa for your thoughts	148
Run Turkey Run!	149

Dumbfounded Immediacy

The only way to place yourself in the equation is by virtue of referential imagination which is the same as psychological time.

Once you do this, or more appropriately once this occurs without your consent, you appear to dwell in a miraculous field of presumption littered with hubris and complaint, aspiration and mediation, fear and loathing, explanation and justification.

This instantaneous calamity of accusation operates more quickly than you can notice with your mind since your mind is the primary symptom of this calamity, so it's not likely you'll get to a very satisfying Ah Ha moment using the very excrement of what it is you might be trying to outwit.

The great sage Frank Sinatra referred to this fractured mess of confusion as, "That's Life."

It may be useful to recall or appreciate that all and everything is appearing and occurring within the only possible field of dreams it could possibly occur in - and that would be radiant inclusivity.

You are of the nature and fulfillment of radiant inclusivity which does not and cannot abate. Dumbfounded immediacy is indeed the signature and magical sigil of your ongoing liberation, no matter what you may think you are or presume to be.



This insight or gibberish, you be the judge, might be a bridge for you to see that any and all symptoms of phenomenal existence and experience appear on the stage and at the behest of radiant inclusivity and this impersonal fractality of genesis-free dumbfounded immediacy is all you could possibly be.

That's Life, go figure.

Unsolicited Mind

We think we know ourselves, and we think this with thinking.

If there were an underneath or causative profundity or prior-to thinking, what might that be?

One could say feeling, or some impulse / presence of "I" or identity; maybe call it something like consciousness or sentience.

We might point to the body, once we locate it through some sensory apparatus, and say this is "me".

We could agree, or at least consider, that all manner of feeling, thinking, imagining, choosing, enjoying, suffering, etc. amounts to the entirety of our first-hand experience - a rather marvelous smell-o-vision virtual presentation of dynamic and profoundly radiant forces expressing completely outside the field or reach of our sense of personal will.

We are occurring as if by magic to ourselves, privy to the earth and sky and cosmos, breathing the invisible gas, nourishing the blood, pumping it all around, consuming sunlight via the wonder of photosynthetic transmutation aided by the formidable powers teeth crushing salivation, esophageal undulation, acid ripping roughage gouging, nutrient absorbing piping, and the oh so lovely culmination of a good dump!

In all this there is This, completely undisturbed and uninterested in all that Thinking that we are so prideful of.

Our yoga is to learn to take refuge in the un-caused profundity of ourselves rather than the fomentation and fermentation of unsolicited mind.



Ascension Noir

Lydia hailed from a progressive bohemian suburban family from Seaford, NY on Long Island. Her mother, the middle child of five, was raised in the Bronx by immigrant parents from a small village in northern Rumania that sailed to New York City just in time to escape the chaos that claimed the lives of so many. They were both Jews and both communists, in a politically hopeful way.

Lydia's mom Rachael Roitman was instrumental in blocking the School Board from naming the local high school after Joe McCarthy, by single-handedly arousing sufficient dissension amongst blue-collar neighbors from the three adjacent towns of Seaford, Wantagh, and Levittown, NY thus changing the name to General Douglas MacArthur High - a hero in the eyes of some and the lesser of two evils in the eyes of others.

Rachael was also known amongst certain circles as a suburban bruja long before that term was introduced to the common lexicon thanks to Carlos Castaneda's works. She was an herbalist, spiritual counselor, clandestine midwife and abortionist, medium, soul retrieval healer, and she grew hemp in her tomato garden each summer so we had ample access to better than decent herb while growing up.

Lydia's dad, a few years older than Rachael was a Masonic enforcer. He had a faded number tattooed on his arm, revealing that his experience as a young child was not the same as Lydia's or her parents. He had the build of a flexible and deliberate brick wall with hands so strong he could burst a football with them without so much as a grimace.

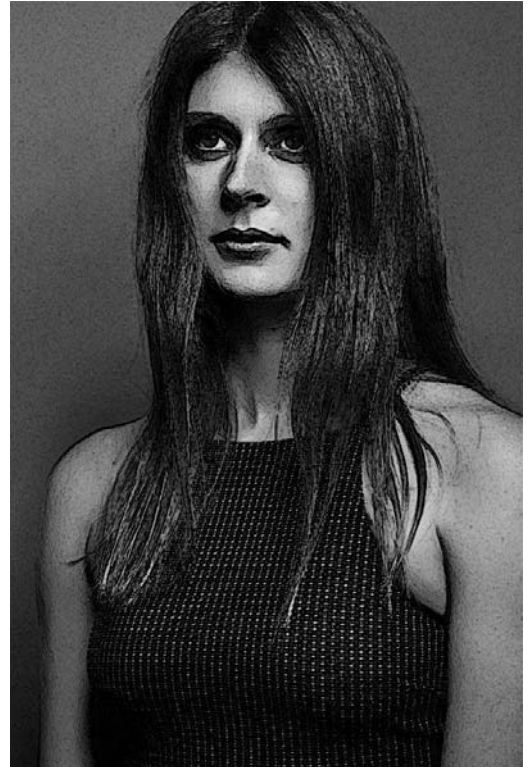
I saw him do it once when schooling me on the proper way to treat his daughter. That event forever seeded my consciousness with a depth of respect that I may have regretfully forfeited otherwise.

Now few know about the consequences that are promised to visit upon a Degreed Mason who foolishly reveals the brotherhood's sacred hand shake and spoken word to the uninitiated. It is not appropriate for me to even hint at what those consequences might be, but you wouldn't want to test the temerity of Lydia's Dad, Harris "Hank the Tank" Maennerchor, and if he did have reason to visit with you in an official capacity, that was a bad hair day with a capital B.

On account of his reputation and the respect he quietly commanded from neighbors and his fellow Local 3 IBEW union workers, Rachael never had any problem practicing her craft and she sure made our gnarly teenage lives more than tolerable given the adult privileges we had at Lydia's house concerning loud music, late night parties, drug use, sexual experimentation, and copious snacking.

After I got out of the van Lydia reached for my hand and gave it a squeeze; a really heart piercing squeeze. I sheepishly held her gaze and blurted out, not intending to be so affected by her libidinal welcome, "I want to sleep with you." Then backpedaling immediately I say, "Shit, I'm so sorry I said that!"

Before I could protest or apologize any further Lydia smiled right through me and said, "Of course you do. You're staying with me tonight. I've got bud and wine, pretzels, jalapeño goat cheese, and stories to tell you that I've never told you."



Is there any inner authority remaining?

If you have been the grateful recipient of a mind-blowing or mind-numbing spiritual experience or some inexplicable visitation of emptiness eluded to in the famous Heart Sutra as (Gate Gate Para Gate Parasam Gate - Gone, gone, gone beyond, gone altogether beyond) then you are a card carrying seeker for the duration.

As our aspirations bear fruit there will be more frequent, depthful, and longer lasting encounters with expansivity and palpable wonder that will far exceed your wishes.

Still, one can get a little cranky or impatient when it comes to the expectation of some finality and durability of the "awakened" condition, and why not?

You've paid your dues, sat the cushion fantastic, taken proper vows, whacked yourself real good with hallucinogens, withheld your semen, avoided gluten and table salt. You've earned the right to be enlightened and you want to inquire of the clerk at the enlightenment licensing bureau, "Where the phuck is my certificate?"!

A casual email exchange below may illustrate the point:

Inquirer:

Long time. It's timely for me to be reading your little blurb about "seeking a destination where suffering is not allowed in" [NSS Post from November 16, 2014 below] as I still catch myself doing that from time to time. I've seen beyond the self/behind the curtain, I've felt the peace, and yes, sometimes suffering still appears, as if mocking my realization. I can feel the expectation that there shouldn't be any suffering left. Throughout the day, there is a flow, no one is doing this, it's just sensation, and then comes in the thought—it should be like this all the time. Alas. As I sit here in judgement, can you knock some sense into me?

NSS:

So nice to hear from you. Rather than make sense of the nonsensical let's explore the fundamental nature of subjective vantage points.

You can see that the "one" who has felt otherness and still observes investment and suffering is a position or a vantage point that insists it/she is the final arbiter (sole or absolute power of judging or determining) of what's happening or has happened. This "one" is made of what?

And, where does your inner authority, the "one" who tells you or herself what's real or happening, reside?

As long as we are placing any confidence in some inner sports caster to broadcast the game, we are manufacturing or providing this curious subjective nature with some authority as the experienter and provider of truth through feeling, imagining, thinking, sensing, transcending, etc.

So the profound dreamed sense of self, even a very subtle one, a remarkably subtle one, persists; and we wonder - why am "I", who has "Seen", still "Suffering"?

This virtual (not actual) comparison, which occurs instantaneously as myself dreaming and considering the past and consequences and the state of current events, is not real.

Might it be a useful experiment to simply give up or give away the value you may place on "the aim for freedom"?

What This is at present is not collapsible into experiences you've had, including marvelous feelings and novelty and freshness; those are just as much "suffering" as anything else once they are sought as preferential by the false prophet of subjectivity.

The impulse to cling and manufacture a universe that includes us by virtue of symptoms avoided or sought is too fantastic to outwit by enmeshing with preferences or the hopeful visitation of a permanent enlightenment punctuated by the absence of suffering.

One could say that the “finality” that breaks the habit of self is a magical depth of feeling which abandons any interest in symptoms including the profundity of our subjective nature and anything appearing to it.

Since this is already the case, there need be no rush or haste to get there!

Making no presumption that anything I have written is even remotely true, I remain at your service.



Are you interested in the forfeiture of self-will?

What might we be willing to part with as a token of our appreciation for self-less bliss?

Do we really think that the end of all the petty suffering that we do is sufficient for our purposes on earth?

What's enough? How do we measure or predict what we'll ultimately be happy with? Do we even possess a cogent plan for our allotment of life above ground and what exactly have we tasked ourselves with?

Maybe you're a seeker, a bhakti or gnana or karma yogi, maybe you're a stream candidate or entrant, maybe you have a spiritual title given you at a young age because you could identify some relics from a past life?

No matter what you have accomplished or hope to accomplish or hope to avert; if you have been invited to the Awakeners' Ball you have an appointment with the total forfeiture of self-will.

Some may say, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy, I'm down with the end of suffering, in fact I insist upon it, but I didn't sign up for the total forfeiture of self-will."

Well my friends, to this assertion I typically reply, "No one asked you."



it is all vanity

In case you haven't noticed, seekers like to bat This around same as a cat with a catnip-doused (dosed) flannel mouse. It's a natural reflex for an inquiring mind.

Here's the next installment of a conversation on "inner authority" from 3/10 post below:

Inquirer:

In other words, the "I" is just another thought. The train analogy is coming to mind. Thoughts/stories are like trains. When I get on a train, I sign up to be taken for a ride, to be in a dream. The solution is to get off the train. But as long as the filler train, the "I", keeps coming around and there's an attachment / a belief in it, then train hopping will continue. Once discovered, there's no "I", but just the thought of "I", then the process of integration starts to take place. At least that's how it's been happening to this organism. Some parts have been more resistant to integration than others. Hence, this inquiry and continued revelations.

Throughout the day, I can feel this process doing itself. Sometimes it feels like "I'm doing it," sometimes, it's just happening. When the "I" comes in, there's still frustration. But as I keep discovering, it's just another train I'm getting on and reacting to. Just a bunch of thoughts clunked together, out of habit creating the story of "Me." And of course, whenever I wonder, "When is the impersonal going to take over the personal?" I discover that it's already doing it, always has. And to keep noticing that.

I know we're just playing with metaphors, but they can be useful sometimes.



Thank you for your input. It's like talking to myself. 😊

NSS:

May I invite you on a more startling journey?

The "I" is not a thought at all. That's what I am wishing to bring to your attention. Your present nature knows itself and is itself completely unencumbered by thought.

You are not caused or consequential, you are not in process, nothing is happening to you on the curious "journey" of some kind of self-realization fetish – all of that is pabulum.

This dreams. It dreams the presence of a durable subjective nature; it dreams the miraculous field of space/time and everything that occurs in it. It dreams samsara and nirvana, it dreams enlightenment and non-enlightenment. It dreams Buddha's and Demons.

You are not some inhabitation of flora and fauna passing through biological time on your way to an idealized condition just waiting around the next karma corner.

The full miracle and catastrophe of you is just as this is – any association with stories or trains or thoughts or even the hopeful promise of integration having seen through something is all imagined and has no relevance to your inherent and fully functioning liberated transcendence.

If some belief or condition or comparison or presentation having something or other to do with the Great Perfection appears in your consciousness or experience – it is all vanity. Not that I am accusing you of anything, I am not.

What if there is no conclusion or process or justification or explanation for the likes of you? What then?

It's all 'bout that bass, 'bout that bass, no treble

Some gurus appeal to your sentimentality, some to your anger, some to your shame, some to your vanity, some beguile you with process and purification, some with demands for obedience and self-abnegation.

Humans have been mesmerizing humans since the beginning of timeless time and the degree to which we are conditioned by manipulation is legend.

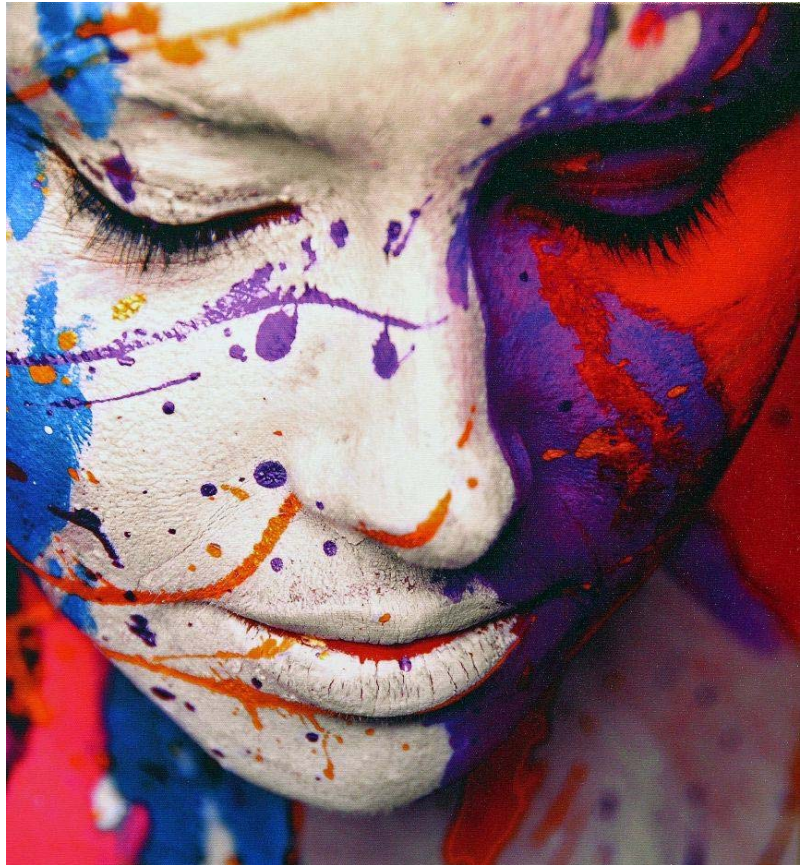
Even the most sincere attempts at renunciation have no genuine benefit. To be free from the miraculous temptations and bardos of sensuality or greed or disassociation or anything at all is no more than some trivial fetish - why bother?

We'd prefer to be free from the symptoms that ail us, while still enjoying the dubious gifts of choice and free will and the powers of imagination - the pleasures of coming and going. We're not as tempted by freedom from self-nature, freedom from the idea of freedom, falling headfirst into unconditional irrationality.

Rather than seek what there is to seek for the sake of amelioration or accumulation, why not simply undo yourself right at the genesis of universe creation in the first place?

Turn your attention back toward yourself rather than toward bling and adornments for your mind or body or soul or puja table. Take a moment or two to discard everything everyone has told you about you so you can feel the tingle and authority of your own wild nature.

There's nothing to do or accomplish in the world, leave that for those who insist on dwelling in it. You can bask in the great perfection, in the great phuck off, majestically unencumbered by the hubris of those who suffer from ideas.



Amelioration to Immolation

We're usually more interested in managing our symptoms than leaning into the turbulent white caps of the unknown.

We take ourselves seriously enough to be the repository of so many disappointments while remaining unconsciously loyal to the myths perpetrated by our conditioning, our parents, our education, social conformity, the written word, the 1%-er media Juggernaut of news programming and public opinion management.

We take our socioeconomic, gender, color, religious, race, and all manner of class and caste distinctions as signs and symbols of reality - one that imposes constraints and consequences on any form of ascension or experimental anarchistic hegemony.

So we turn to religious, secular, spiritual, new age, occult, fundamentalist, and/or ritualistic institutions that promise us a reliable frame of reference for our confusion and sorrow and thus trade our autonomy for relief. Thankfully, in time, these all fail.

In so doing we remain "on-the-charts" as card carrying primates with remedies aplenty for all that ails us, till the ultimate remedy comes to call.

We place more emphasis on acquisition than honoring the ceremonial wisdom of Kwakiutl Potlatch. We are more interested in what we can get than in what we can give away.

We reify and substantiate ourselves through wanting and becoming and therefore miss the bliss of uncontrollable sheet laughter and emptiness cascading through us with no agenda.

It is a big risk, a nearly lost art, to submit ourselves completely to the whims and crazy affection of reality with no quarrel or demands.

That would be immolation, that would be "off-the-charts", a giving away of all self-definition. It's not about emotional comfort or security or being in possession of some wisdom, it's about the impracticality of shifting one's courage and aim from Amelioration to Immolation.



The mind is made of gossip

Whatever you think, is gossip. All thinking is gossip. All stories told inwardly or outwardly are nothing more than gossip.

When you talk about your Guru, it is gossip. When you solicit donations for the benefit of others, it is gossip. If you give empowerments and teachings from the Pāli Canon; you got it, it's gossip.

Nothing is true about your present experience save that it could be construed as your present experience, but that's not saying much.

You were not conceived in sin, though you are likely an ego-maniac, you are not such a bad person. Reality is not interested in your accomplishments, your sentiments, your aspirations, your obedience, or your faux compassion.

All your spiritual and religious and political loyalties are nothing - even if you are an avid non-dualist, you're mistaken - and more than once.



We swirl about in a nonsensical and wildly cathartic wonder-field of transcendent patterns imbued with the miracle of discerning consciousness as one moment, that was never actually here, abandons itself to appear as something else.

Every effort to become, to get it, to understand, to relate to; all a ruse of emptiness and gossip. When you bail out of yourself completely there is silence, there is stillness, there is freedom from reference and consequence and all authority figures that can only promise you more misery in exchange for your money.

And this bailing out requires no effort or preparation or vows or renunciations of any kind. The cessation of yourself is already present. The gossip king does not abate and will not be subsumed by any act of will or supplication.

However, it is possible to occupy yourself (and this is of course inaccurate) without submitting to gossip or the hypnotic suggestion that reality is about something which you would be wise to embrace or get the better of.

The scientists and the sages will not make the world a better place, they never have and they never will. You will have to take it upon yourself to be free of all their propaganda.

The end of the interloper

You may notice that all of your apprehension and boredom stem from what's flickering in your mind.

Ask any part of your body what's wrong and you won't get a single answer. You may have pain, a chronic yeast infection, rosacea even; but no story accompanies your physical symptoms unless you take up a collection in your mind.

The shit that you think can be such a phucking buzz kill and you can be racked with somatic discomforts to the point of paralysis and overwhelm so bad that you might even start reading A Course In Miracles or listen to a Deepak Chopra CD. They won't help of course, but you gotta do something!

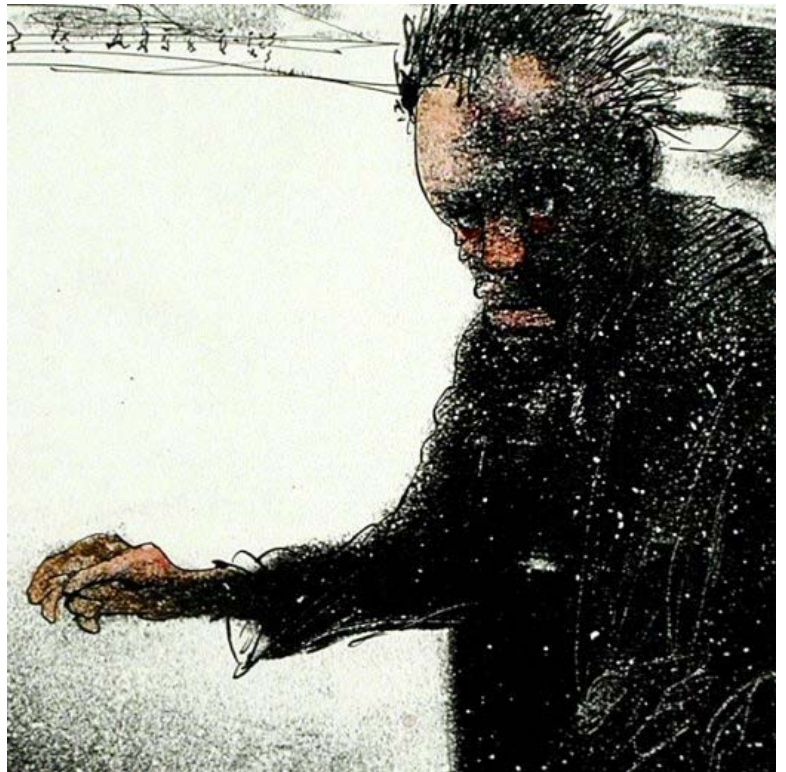
And no matter how much your body and your sphincters may suffer from fear and loneliness and discontent your brain doesn't hurt, not one bit. All of this crappy and exaggerated thinking can set you on a course of gobbling anti-depressants and anti-anxiety meds, but the organ that's doing all the thinking doesn't feel a thing. Phucker.

The Advaitists and the clowns who purport Non-Duality are trying to help, really they are, but the conveyance is aimed at dismantling what's not true rather than helping you to see what is. So they turn out to be pundits, instructors, and entertainers, not so much agents of total phucking ruination, which is what it takes to shake it all off.

Here's a useful hint, stolen without permission from a talk Peter Brown gave in Seattle, "Attention is Experience."

As you unravel the mysticism hiding out in this small kernel of absolute liberating catharsis, the interloper is cauterized. And that's what you want; you don't give a shit about freedom or equanimity or compassion or getting it - those are useless trivialities.

What you want is the end of yourself, the end of the interloper, the end of the nagging bad habit to make This about something that includes the likes of you.



Daydream Believer

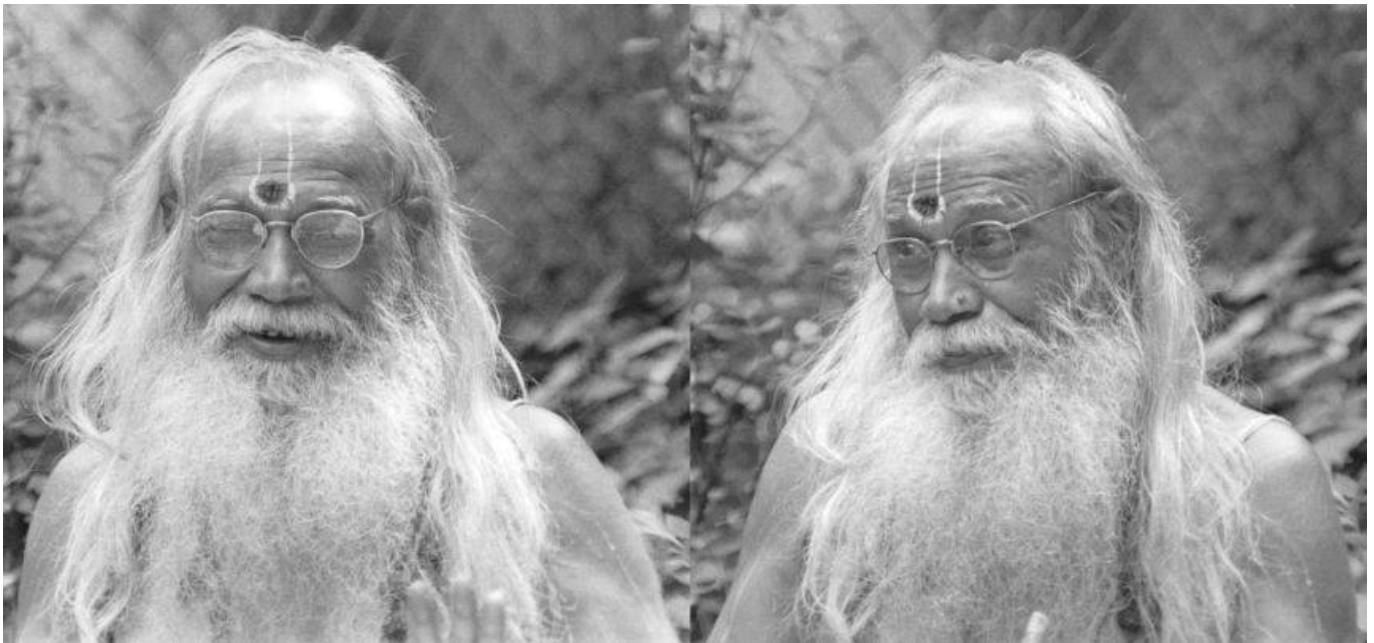
The daydream you call your life is a simulation fueled by memory and belief. We are in fact, Daydream Believers.

There is no actual genesis or this then that then this then that. Nothing of any consequence occurred before this moment and this moment will have no effect on the next, though I realize you can and may argue otherwise.

Perhaps the entire bandwidth of the electromagnetic spectrum is not left to right or right to left, not ultraviolet to infrared or gamma rays to radio waves. Perhaps the entirety of all we experience is expressed in and of itself with no time stamp at some arbitrary beginning that becomes something else with the passage of time.

What if all is symbolically expressed radiantly so, with a ferocity of purposelessness unrivaled by anything other than what This appears to be to itself and there is no punishing or gifting authority over the absolute autonomy of your very being?

Don't seek to accomplish anything, or leave a mark; rather cultivate the possibility of eschewing the magnificence of discursive imagining to glimpse and then immerse and then occupy the radiant beatitude of yourself - a beggar to none, a servant of all.



Desperately Seeking Yahweh

No matter which creation or genesis story you were raised with the question remains, where did God go?

When God created the heavens and the earth, not to mention the infinity of galaxies, galaxy clusters, super clusters, and cluster phucks that actually run the whole Sim; where did God come from?

Are there separate addresses, volumes, lairs, TCP-IP network coordinates, dimensions, or multi-verses other than here? And what is the boundary field of here?

Does here mean the chair I'm sitting in, the room, the dwelling, the town, county, region, state, country, continent, tectonic plate, planet, solar system, galactic cluster, known universe?

Did / Does God hail from "here" or from somewhere else? And once God made an appearance of sufficient oomph to actually create everything that was created, from some staging area we can't know, where did God go?

Back to the dwelling place where before the curious impulse to make everything appear there was nothing? Is life on earth separate from the hand that made all things, is it possible that God's handiwork could actually exist and writhe like it does simply as an artifact of God's whim? And God has fled the scene of the crime so we can worship out of fear and constant disagree-ability hoping for a few morsels of relevance or healing or some commuting of our sentence since we've been so bad.



Does it arouse any suspicion in you that the Pope could be credited with a miracle all neatly packaged within the history and traditions of the Church, but you - having woken from sleep, stumbling your way to the commode, ridden yourself of unwanted and unneeded fluids and solids, smacking down a hot cup o' Joe, bathing your skin to remove the surface bacterial colonies that are starting to fester, fitting yourself into some business casual attire, navigating the hell realms of your daily commute, hitting your desk early enough to catch up on some key Facebook posts, and then diving head first with great verve and enthusiasm into your work day - you haven't performed a god damn thing worth noticing so the Pope gets the glory and you end up on antidepressants!

Does it bother you at all that you live like an ant amongst billions of other ants and that the rhythms and reach of your imagination have withered and atrophied to the point where Facebook and Cable TV and Hulu have become your fondest companions?

Please don't take any offense, this is all auto-biographical.

You owe it to yourself and your children to break free from the Sim. To wake up. Enlightened folks may tell you it's no big deal, don't worry yourself about it, since there's no time it doesn't really matter when you are solicited by and respond to the only thing there is to do. Don't believe them.

Enlightened folks are liars, could be hereditary or congenital, makes no difference. Your job is simple, find out where Yahweh went, then stalk his/her silly ass, then pounce and wrap your hands around her/his neck until you see, unequivocally, that you are Yahweh.

Fleeing Yemen

One day you're King, next day you're lucky to make it to the docks in time to flee for your life.

One day you're making your way to Dusseldorf on a routine flight and next thing you know the pilot is banging on the door to get back in the cockpit as the plane starts nose-diving into the Alps.

The snows are melting, the ocean's rising, curious and wonderful artifacts are emerging from the receding permafrost, and your elected officials seek more privileges and protections for the smug and criminal industries that will destroy the host.

Reality is doing just fine, humming along at a casual pace, happy for another beautiful day or the decimation of a parasitic species too stupid and delusional to sustain itself amidst all this abundance.

And we can't seem to shake the repetition of our own thoughts, the trivial imaginations and contrivances that drive us mad with pride and sorrow, the quiet desperation and mediocrity of ourselves; powerless, foolish, and vulnerable.

Maybe we turn to teachers and teachings for a little spice, a respite from the smoldering discontent that accompanies us throughout the day and fills us with a dread for tomorrow that we dare not share with anyone.

We turn to our comforts, whatever rituals and small bites they may be, to soothe the angst and winter of our souls. Maybe something like enlightenment is possible; maybe I can touch or be touched by reality so deeply that the ache of time and nostalgia evaporate into mist as the miniscule pixels of my fractal identity glow with cessation and nirvana?

Someday I muse, maybe someday.



Message from the Arcturians

Some folks say, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy, who the phuck do you think you are?"

To which I typically reply, "Phuck if I know, but if you know something, I'm all ears."

I generally don't like to draw attention to myself, for the principal reasons that I don't know nor have I accomplished anything worth mentioning. Sad but true. A magical phrase which can be uttered about nearly everything recorded in human and trans-human history. Maybe the best we can make of all this is, "Sad but true".

But why dwell on the melancholy side of things? Why not accentuate the positive and borrow some enthusiasm from ascended denizens hailing from neighboring galaxies?

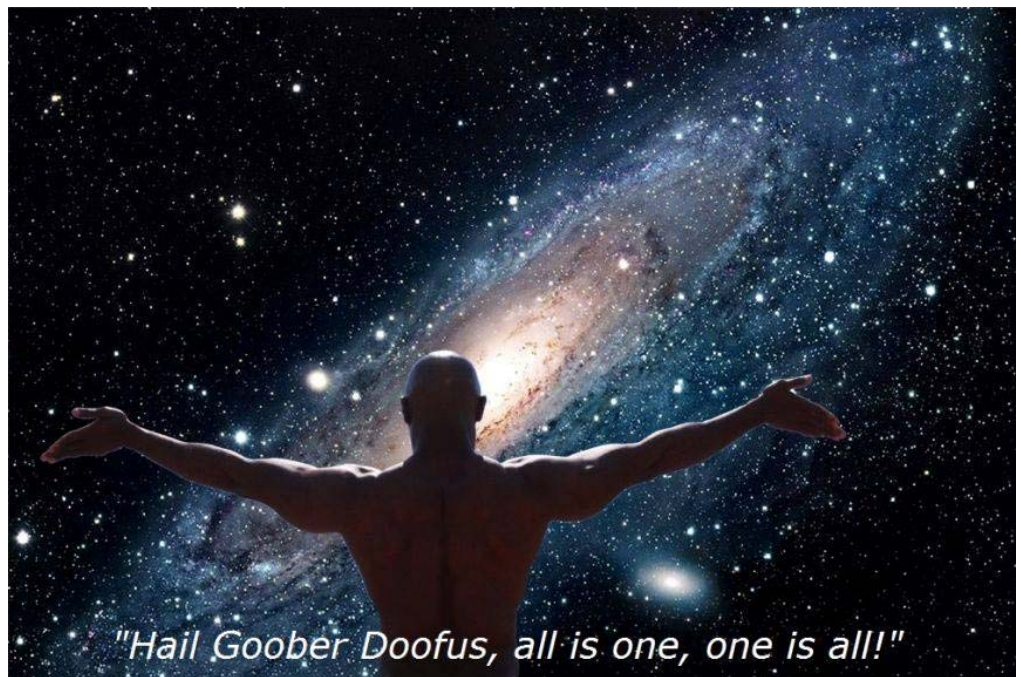
I don't generally make any public reference to the fact that I am an intergalactic medium and since early childhood have been in contact with a race of beings known in New Age, SETI, and ET circles as the Arcturians.

Again, I try and shy away from being seen as someone special so I don't often make any reference to my adult initiation into the inner circle of Arcturian wisdom holders - which they call (translated into human jargon of course) "the opening of the gate of perfection".

Without getting into too much detail let's just say that a certain probe made of extraterrestrial metallurgy, not of our periodic table, warmed to a comfortable temperature is inserted into the lower intestine.

I know what it sounds like, but really, it was a spiritual experience. At least that's what my abduction therapist and I have come to regard it as. Call it what you will.

Since that day the "downloads", which occur with some "regularity", have been profound. My initiation name, given by the highchair holder of the circle is Goober Doofus. In Arcturian that means one who has received initiation with good cheer, though I am aware it has a different meaning in urban slang.



In a gesture of intergalactic magnanimity the Arcturians refer to the entire human race as Gooberiferous Doofi - sort of suggesting that everybody must get probed, I mean stoned!

So, if you are wandering about the woods some foggy evening and hear a strange buzzing in your ears, and all the leaves on the trees come to an unnatural attention as if saluting the night sky, and you feel yourself lifted from the imposition of gravity and spun about my invisible hands; it is best to receive your initiation with good cheer.

And if we have the good fortune to meet each other and share in that special glimmer as an Arcturian wisdom holder - I say unto you, "Hail Goober Doofus, all is one, one is all!"

All is Shining

Heading toward Awake is not about what's happening in your life.

Awake is the revelation that your life is effulgently effervescing in and as the Shining.

Thinking about, meditating upon, or practicing spiritual teachings amounts to nothing. All these idolatries are but symptoms of the Shining referring to itself as a partiality, and an unsatisfactory one at that.

Seeking for personal or demonstrative miracles in the midst of the embracing unicity and singularity of the Shining itself is nothing but confusion.

One's yoga, once invited (and you must be invited otherwise what I am referring to cannot be seen) - is as simple as recalibrating the stupendous mystery of attention back to itself so as not to be befuddled and swept away by all the profusion.



Freedom is a gas

Let's say that your experience can be felt as a solid, a liquid, or a gas. You would be silly not to want it to be a gas, but too often we settle for the solid and wonder why we are under siege from so much disappointment and repetition.

The typical seeker wants to have something decent happen to them. Or they want some indications or reassurances from just about anyone that it will all be OK.

We may show up and participate in spiritual activities with the utmost sincerity and wonder after a few short months or decades of affiliation with Tulkus and Monks and Charismatics of all kinds, why we have been unsuccessful in shaking off ourselves to the point of some inner satisfaction.

What do we want from our search? Maybe it's Invulnerability, magical powers, total security, freedom from fear, frolicking with orbs and angels, a soul mate, self-employment, or enlightenment even. And why do we seem to come up empty handed after so many years of arduous effort?

I'll tell you the reason why at the risk of being presumptuous of course, but why stop now.

You take yourself to be a solid at the very genesis point of now.

You imagine that you are appearing as a legitimate entity navigating within an existential certainty that there is some reality outside yourself made up of stuff that have lasting qualities and further that there is (or at least may be) some authority that tracks your behavior and gifts you with good times if you are good and pelts you with monkey poo if you slip.

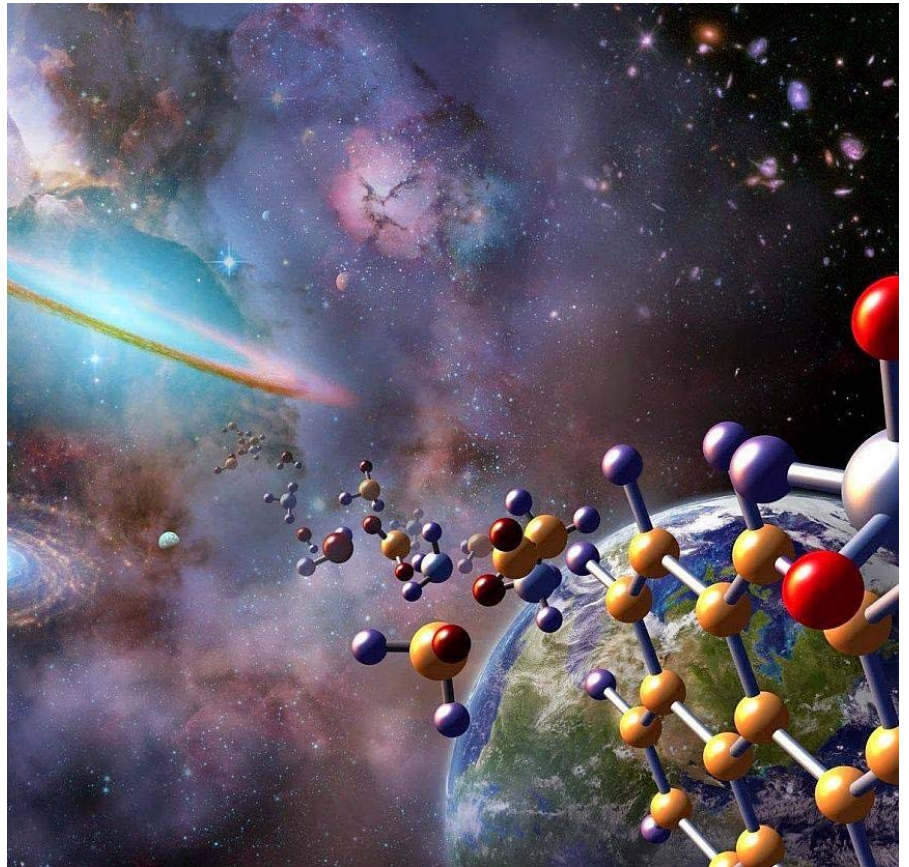
A simple observation eludes you; the incredible force of sentient animation and consciousness itself are apparitional. Now you start the Tapas (Sanskrit for the heat that sets you free). And why heat? So you can transmute from a solid to a liquid to a gas, that's why.

Let's go to the end of the book.

Present experience is nothing of the sort unless you are still claiming fealty to consciousness in whatever degree of subtlety that may appear.

The fruition of intimacy is the evaporation of otherness, the fruition of immediacy is the collapse of time. As a solid you cannot wriggle free of your unconscious loyalty. As a liquid you have welcomed the presence of suspicion and the crack in the cosmic egg starts to play with you. As a gas you can barely inhabit the irrefutability of consciousness and content as an entity.

When the gas is all gone, that's what you are.



All the evidence you need

If you've been at this a while you have read a number of stories about celebrity awakenings.

I'm not referring to Tom Cruise's or John Travolta's enviable accomplishments within the CoS (Church of Scientology) and please don't go writing up a KR (Knowledge Report) on my alleged OE (Out-Ethics) to brand me as an SP (Suppressive Person) or do a CDC (Covert Data Collection) for purposes of reporting me to the OSA (Office of Special Affairs) and the COB (Chairman of the Board) or recommend me to the RPF (Rehabilitation Project Force) so I can undergo an SRA (Severe Reality Adjustment).

I spent a year or two in a cult in Roselle, New Jersey (of all places) and believe me, that was a sufficient SRA for a lifetime.

Anyway, I'm referring to celebrity enlightenment stories from the likes of Ramana Maharshi, J. Krishnamurti, Sri Ramakrishna, Wayne Liquidman, Peter Brown, Karl Renz....the list goes on and on.

And don't get me started on the SIG (Self Inquiry Group) and TAT (Truth & Transmission) folks who make a big deal out of fetishizing realization to the point of self-celebrating nausea.

You see the problem with all of these intimate and voyeuristic sharings (which we obviously can't get enough of) is that they emphasize the myth of agency, the myth of insufficiency, the myth that This is about something, and worst of all - the myth that enlightenment can be found by the likes of you for the sake of some relief or preferred state of mind.



We don't see how the most intimate intimations of is-ness suggest, but fail to deliver, any true condition. That your consciousness or experience is absolutely so, in whatever way you find confidence or comfort in that, does not convey any agency.

Once you go down on this fact, carnally or otherwise, the fabric of your present experience finally has permission to reveal to you what it IS, not what you superstitiously and belligerently think that it is.

Then, as in now, you relax sufficiently from any and all expressions or reflexes of self-accusation so you can actually feel actuality - ya dumb phuck.

What This Is, what you Are, just Now, just This, absolutely free from referential or discursive presumption is Awake. If you give it the slightest attention, in due time (were there any) you will no longer be able to convince yourself otherwise.

Please, I'm begging you, stop waiting for an event! You are already all the evidence you need.

Ascension Noir

We walk in silence heading north along the Eastern shore of the San Francisco bay, through the bird sanctuaries and the marshes, meandering around the Richmond Marina and the cathedral of masts from its hundreds of sailboats, catamarans, and yachts. For a few minutes we enjoy the playful mirth of a seal pup spy-hoping to say hello, we stroll past Salute e Vita where I worked as a bartender, then the Rosie the Riveter museum, all the way to the end of the path at the Ford Assembly building circa 1931 to enjoy the view of San Francisco's skyline from across the bay.

"Lydia" I confess, breaking our luscious silence, "I can't seem to recover the former confidence I once had about my life, its course, the surety of meaning or purpose, or that each day is even some continuation of the day before. I'm not sure what's happening to me, everything is vague and crisp, amorphous and specific, intimate and impersonal, I seem to be always watching myself acting in an unscripted movie from a camera mounted somewhere just above my head. I'm not sure if you know what I mean. If you know what I mean."

Lydia smiles at me, her eyes wet, intense, and focused somewhere far away though her presence and nearness are comforting to the point of cessation. She leans in so I can feel her feeling me, rubbing bones close, and says, "Sounds like you're waking up."

Then she starts to hum "OM" in my ear, breathing it in and breathing it out, I am cascading in OM, rising and falling in OM, shimmering near the edge of some sacred orgasm as she plays me like a didgeridoo crooning a song of unrequited love for all the universe to hear.

Quantum entangled with all that is and ever was, I let go of everything I thought I had and thought I knew, falling slack into her arms, I come home at last.



There is no recipient

Let's say there are a couple of facts we can kick around for the fun of it. There aren't really any facts, but spirituality is a mirror-lined playhouse so we may as well enjoy the substantially unsubstantial reflection of ourselves as emptiness personified.

The principal primacy of perception occurring may be referred to as engaged fascination or interest or curiosity or the exercise of vital powers.

What perception, as awareness or consciousness, perceives is the all embracing entirety of profusion masquerading as a morphically resonant holo-fractal set field of all that comprises the apparitional and libidinally replicative prowess of subjects and objects appearing in and as the imaginary plasmas of space time.

In other words there is fascination and profusion, but they are not two. That "reality" effuses as an irrefutable vibratory plenum of undulating and radiant consciousness / content, which is what we typically refer to as experiencing; this constantly self-evaporating miracle field only suggests or hypnotically infers the presence of a recipient - when there is none.

It's obvious, however, that any manner of description or referential finger-painting using words and implications does not necessarily set one free from delusional self-importance and a lifetime of creature-hood.

Our liberation dawns as we feel this, as our confidence in and loyalty to orientation and continuity relax sufficiently that we slowly or suddenly relinquish or naturally withdraw from the reflexive habits of living in mind.

Each and every disappearing moment is the testimony of reality, no faith required.



Being Being Coy with Being

What can you do with an ecstatic? They just don't fit in. They're not well grounded, not well rounded, not culturally obedient; it's hard to trust someone like that.

If you're a musician or any form of performance artist, it's OK to be ecstatic - necessary in fact. TV and movie personalities must exude some kind of radiance and the magical capacity to hold our attention if not our envy and prurient desire. Sports professionals do best when their craft and mastery permit them to compete at high levels of ecstatic excellence.

Folks who make a living as professional ecstatics are generally well paid and live enviable lives compared to the rest of us who toil in one form or other on the assembly line of our existence behind the counter or the desk or the barrel of an automatic weapon.

No wonder we turn to the television, the DVD, the sports arena, the political celebrities and bobble heads, the comedians, the gurus of course (oops, I already mentioned the comedians), or any available form of voyeurism so we can feed on the vitality of others in order to get our daily fix of ecstasy before we go unconscious and then back to work.

Humans are built for ecstasy, live for ecstasy, crave ecstasy; it's in the blueprint. The chemistry and the photons and the consciousness are none other than ecstasy. We can't avoid it.

One wonders how we have come to be so violent and subjugated and cellularly / psychically ridiculed by the para-military institutions of politics, banking, pharmaceuticals, religion, junk science, universities, public opinion, oil barons, fast food, homeland security, and more - when all we want to do is dance!

We even have entire cultures and fundamentalism's sworn to suppress ecstasy and the sacred feminine through misogynist ritual and a pandemic of violation and bullying.

It's no real surprise that so many suffer from a dearth of expressed ecstasy and why alcohol, drugs, meditation, cash, power, and their many companions (sometimes suicide) are relied upon to take up the slack.

Even if you are on a path to release from suffering or get your fair share of enlightenment before the lights go out, you have adopted a sort of myopic compulsion for avoiding or obtaining some kind of experience that you aren't presently having or wish you weren't having so you can turn the dial (hopefully not an E-meter) on your thirst for more ecstasy.



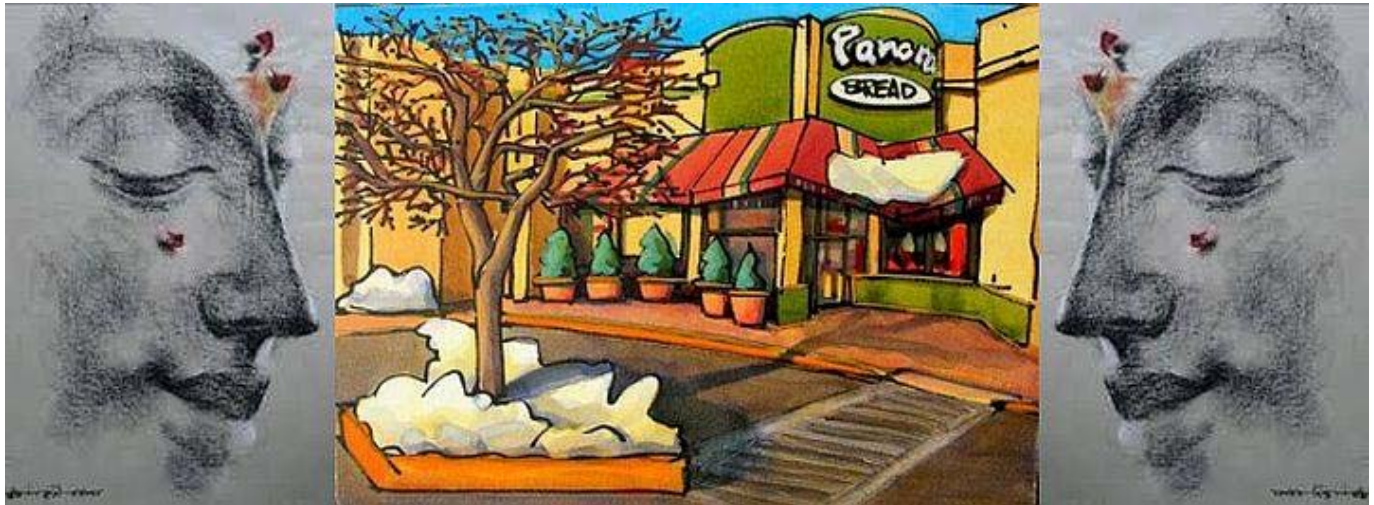
What we have become and where the culture is heading makes no sense in the context of what we are, perhaps I am naive. If only the 1/10th of the 1% were more imaginative we might aim for ecstatic sustainability rather than the mass culling that is underway now that the wealth has been siphoned off and concentrated in the hands of so few.

Maybe what we need is a new band of superheroes, Vedic Superheroes? And maybe not; still what can we do but plod along in our modest attempts to contribute somehow to the Sanatan Dharma for the sake of the ecstasy that liberates from suffering.

It's a sorry day in Awaken Town

It's a sorry day in Awaken Town. I was minding my own business nibbling on my Panera pick-two Asiago Chicken Focaccia complemented by a hot bowl of Pesto Vegetable Soup, a cold unsweetened Mango Iced Tea topped off with a splash of Mountain Dew, and a 99 cent Bear Claw - you know, a moment of fine dining perfection when it dawned on me that I had no idea what anything meant including everything I'd ever done to find out what anything meant and the fact that I'd come up entirely empty handed and could not find, let alone occupy, the imagination of a life I may have proudly and regrettably lived meant that nothing had amounted to anything and despite my penchant for assuming an unearned confidence in just about everything I have an opinion about it became radiantly clear to me that I would be lucky to be a horses ass as that honor would most likely evade me for quite a number of lifetimes so I relented to drop the pretense of knowing anything about anything and for a moment I noticed I was supremely happy.

Maybe not such a bad day after all.



By the time you notice what's happening, it's not

One's experience is the best evidence we have for the observation of pristine non-duality. Not that non-duality is something worth getting to know, it's not.

The simple observation is that the full Monty of the impersonally expressing magic of experience itself is known by you without delay, truly without the need or compulsion for explanation or consequence.

It's perfectly fine (not that something could be other than perfectly fine) to call the fact of sentient reflection and awareness and consciousness and sensation "I" or "me" or "mine", but that natural pointing toward the body or the disembodied sense of self doesn't actually convey any agency.

Sure, sure, memory and artifacts and all manner of emotion and aspiration arise in the instantaneous and evaporating moment of a "now" that is never really quite here, but it's not someplace else either.

The complex and insufferable patina of one's charming personality turns out to be a harmonic of an immeasurable vastness that resides not in a volume, but as the transcendent nature of experiencing itself.

Were one's myopic habit of identifying with personification as "my life" to liquidate - then there's a good chance we can see and feel the blissful flickering of God as the genesis and cessation of reality with no grasping and thus no suffering.

This doesn't mean the end of the gnarly conundrum that shit happens and life can really suck, it means something else, but what that might be is up to your privileged adventure to discover.

Yoda might put it this way, "Non-dually appearing bliss ghost in a simulation, you are. As a dream, all is, with conviction pulsing - all bark no bite. The beginning, the end is. The force, you are."



Tulips, Bats, and Venus

Yellow tulips appear with a hallucinogenic splendor against the still brown canvass of last year's winter grass and dry leaves.

They weren't there yesterday, but overnight it seems they are urgently trumpeting the certitude of spring.

Looking West toward the pond where two white swans float above the water, the setting sun paints an ocher canopy over the still naked trees whose limbs are teeming with fresh juice from the warming earth to sprout new blossoms.

One's thoughts are silenced by a chorus of peepers, immersed in music of the spheres two bats float and dart, wing and whip sacred mudras traced in the twilight air.

Gate, Gate, Paragate, Venus shines. Parasamgate, I shine too. Bodhi Svaha, no more to say.



Waking up & Poetry

Despite all the flurry, one's relationship with Awake can be very simple and very homey. Here's what a NSS inmate recently shared plus her two new poems:

Can we talk?

What was not so long ago a shock in my mind seems to be the new norm.

I am referring to a lack of self-reference.

An empty place behind my eyes.

There is just the seeing.

I can do or not do, it doesn't matter.

I can see what might have been labeled anti-social in former days showing up.

I thought it best to let you know!

oh boy!

Perchance!

The crushing Beauty of what
is.

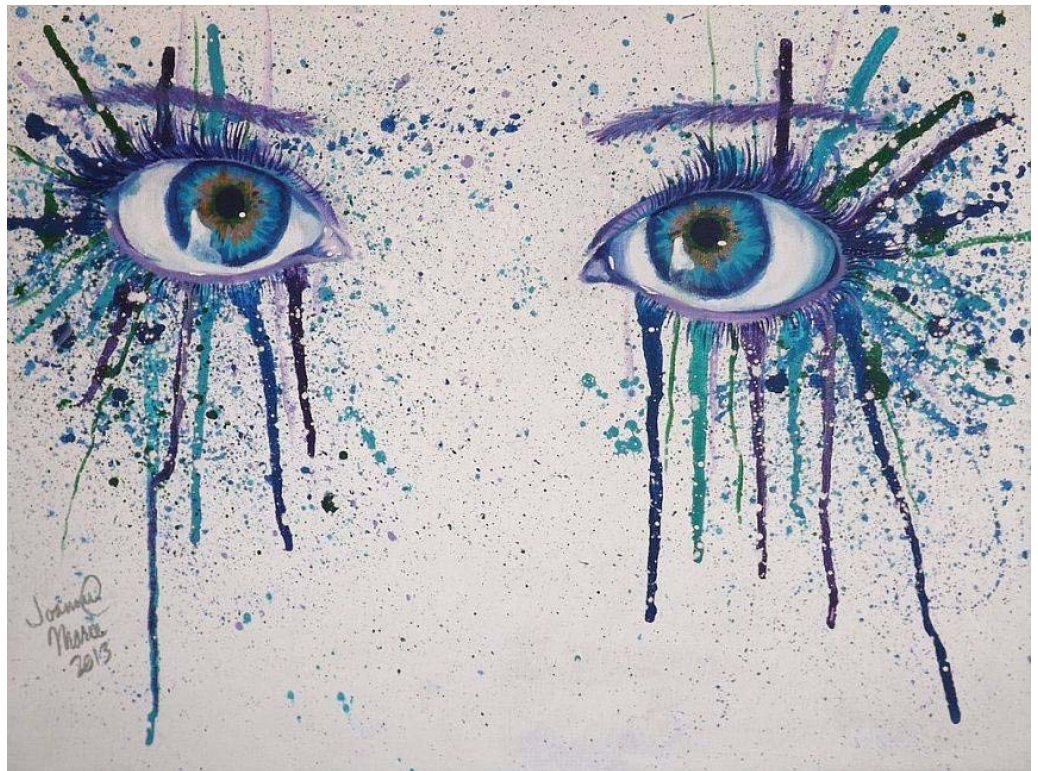
Medusa, fair maiden,
but stone am I.

And thankfully.
Perchance to know the
crushing weight.

There you see, and there.
Never again without.
There you see, and there.
Only what is.

There you see, and there.
What is?
Ha Ha Ha Ha ha.

There you see, and there.



Solvents & Stains

If you are seeking a solvent, as in some remedy for the copious disagreements that you have with your life and the world at large; then you have already agreed to the viability of all the stains that you perceive are interfering with your optimal happiness.

Applying solvents to stains will not satisfy your most basic instinct and desire for reference-lessness, for unconditional revelation to make itself known to you as yourself.

Awake is already what this is, including everything that's wrong and tragic and oh so sinful. Unregrettable inclusivity of the dreaming, the dreamer, and all that appears as the dreamed is the only way to free.

That the miracle of fascination and experience is unrelenting does not bind you. And this is so no matter what degree of complaint or bliss may be appearing in your experience.

Don't sell yourself short by entrusting your life to relief from suffering, phuck suffering!

Why not go all the way; all the way home, all the way here, all the way now, all the way to the speechless undoing of solvents & stains.



What's not a thought?

Might you concede to the observation that having the power of observation and consideration and evaluation is rather magical?

And what's doing the act or vector of self-consideration, of sensation, of imagination, of thought, of feeling, of memory, of choice, of longing, of the search for freedom?

And who might you say is on the receiving end of the root sentience and all that appears in it as the evidence for existence or experiencing?

And when did this luscious profundity of participating in reality commence? Some billions of years after the big bang, before there was a Sun and an Earth to even mark the arbitrary measure of a "year", at your conception or birth, perhaps now - whatever now suggests?

And where is all this happening? In your body, in your mind, on Earth, in some cosmic Petri dish?

When we point to the body book-ended by birth and death, when we point to the mind as a thing, when we point to "I" or "me" or "mine" as the author or arbiter of experiencing, what are we saying? What truth have we actually conveyed to ourselves?

Even if we use spiritual words like consciousness or Prana or Prakriti or the absolute or Radiant Presence to refer to the local or ultimate recipient or guilty party for all This that Is; do they convey the final Aha Moment we are hoping to find?

Representation and referential suggestion are second hand, are they not? The intimate fact of experiencing speaks for itself, does it not? One's conviction as an agent of experiencing or choice making is an after-the-fact presumption harvested from the principal curiosity or certainty that experiencing is occurring in the first place. Yes? No?



Is it possible that one's life as a durable sine wave of purpose and events and sentimentalities or some cosmic tetragrammaton of enlightened attainment, is all myth.

Could it be - how you might apply yourself to living your life or seeking to discover the salient nature of your life is actually not up to you? Could it be - what you do about your suffering or sense of lack is similarly not up to you?

Were it the case that you have no choices to make about anything, would that be good news or complete rubbish?

Phat!

Great Tibetan trumpets
Great Tibetan trumpets harkening the mind
Harkening the mind in sound
Great Tibetan trumpets harkening the mind in sound
In sound, harkening the mind in sound
To remind us of ourselves.



Revelation of Impersonal Improvisation

Whatever appears in your consciousness as thought or speech is merely a referential representation of what just happened, typically conveyed in words which are only suggested pointers to the purely improvisational nature of reality effervescing as your experience.

Curiously, even though your thoughts and speech are referring to what's already left the building (much like Elvis) and are always late or reporting on events after the fact, they are appearing exactly on time - when else can they appear?

Further, the unimpeded nature of all that's appearing as experience has absolutely no duration, and this miraculous streaming of sensorial, textural, and felt presence can never be incarcerated or imposed upon.

Of course, the body as a container for myself, is clearly subject to all kinds of insults and disappointments. Perhaps we can surmise then, that the degree of freedom we may come to know is a matter of identification.

If we are identified with the birth and the body and the counterfeit conveyance of choice and will, we tend to live in a frantic and deceitful relationship with life - mistrust and manipulative supplication haunt us.

We are not responsible for, nor in any way in control of the magical display of consciousness and all that appears in it. Similarly we have not been consulted about the degree of identification or hallucination we seem to be allotted.

There is no question then that it is hopeless, entirely hopeless.

There is a portal however. Something happens when all of our explicit and hidden agendas come crashing down. Something shines through all of the confusion. The involuntary investments we made in being someone thrashing about for our fair share can effortlessly evaporate.

Glimpses happen all the time, consequence-free being is not as shy as we suspected. The revelation of impersonal improvisation is at hand 24/7 - in fact, that's all that's ever happening.

Our yoga then is simply to pay more attention to what's not happening instead of being furiously pushed around by what we think is happening. Turns out the thrilling view of in situ liquidation liberates us.

Do you really have something more important to do? I think not.



Transcendent Dissociation

Where's the freedom? Where do we find the freedom in our present experience, in our lives?

Does the psychic offer me freedom? Does the meditation cushion offer me freedom? Do the practices and the trivial behavioral modifications which strangle me, offer me freedom?

Whose freedom am I hoping to emulate? Christ's freedom, Buddha's freedom, Bahá'u'lláh's freedom?

What are the constituents of this aching sense of self that seems to encase me in thought and plans and seeking and so much melancholy?

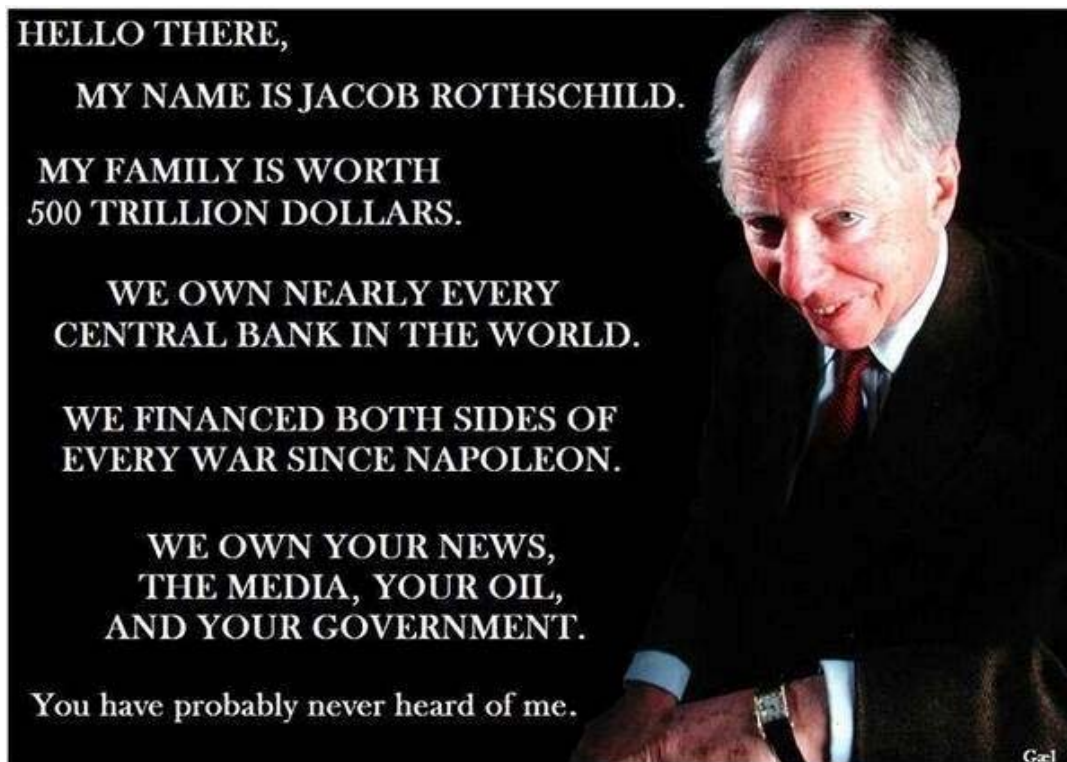
Do I aim to mediate, medicate, or meditate the self into submission so "I" can be rid of the angry and obstinate phucker? Might I turn to gurus or hallucinogens or a plethora of ideals and superstitions and programs and certifications and the healing arts to make myself feel better about myself?

If these interventions actually worked, one would hope to find a whole bunch more happy people to be envious of than we typically do. Maybe that's a good thing.

Our social structure outlaws transcendence and confines everyone (even the wealthy) to lives of repetitive desperation playing Russian roulette with the very biosphere for the sake of power and cash.

We can see the predictable and tragic consequences of our neurotic and imaginary incarceration splayed out all over the political and Geo-physical landscapes.

Why haven't the purveyors of self-realization and spiritual fulfillment succeeded in making a contribution to the dignity and sustainability of the species at large, why have all the religions failed?



VUF = PIIK

Wayne Liquorman (whom I love) suggests that, "Lasting comfort is to be found in the recognition that all that you do is the product of vast Universal forces and that nothing you do is the product of your own authoring."

He makes this confident claim so now you know exactly why you are suffering like the dumb-phuck loser that you are and what you need to do about it, right?

From Wayne's point of view all you need to do is refrain from the unutterable and banal stupidity of taking yourself to be the author of anything. By now you should be perfectly enlightened, no excuses.

I can't help but to ask, "How's it going you authorless ninny?"

I wonder, does Wayne actually purport to know what VUF "vast Universal forces" means? Can we really hold them (whatever they are) responsible or accountable for why I am such a recalcitrant and self-sabotaging idiot?

What does "vast" mean, something larger even than my own pecker? What does "universal" mean, something found everywhere that enjoys perfect infallibility? What does "forces" mean, that which causes shit to happen whether I like it or not?

Turns out that "VUF = PIIK" as in Phuck If I Know, and so you are no closer to having a cogent explanation for your lack of enlightenment or executing your method for achieving enlightenment.

Wayne smiles sweetly, lies to your face - and you're still a self-infatuated and chronically complaining goober who can't wait to sign up for the next retreat.

Why do I always get the feeling that the "Thy will be done" approach to liberation doesn't work? Still, who says I won't go to NYC this weekend and bow at Wayne's feet.

And so it goes, devotion has its wrinkles.



A funny thing happened on the way to the Satsang

Have you ever noticed the curious nature of thinking? I don't mean the content, that I'm sure you have had your fill of.

I am pointing at the texture or mechanism of awareness (which is other than thinking) hearing or listening to or attending to thinking. Thinking is not what's attending to thinking, something else is.

Let's take a brief tour of the five senses; does thinking have anything to do with seeing, hearing, tasting, touching, or smelling? Isn't the data field of sensate phenomena perceived or known by you completely free from the idolatry of thinking?

Isn't the miraculous compilation of the senses and rumination and what we refer to as the body, appearing completely without effort or control? Is your awareness at risk?

Might we consider then that what we refer to as body, mind, and feeling are appearances in awareness and this profundity of textural euphoria is felt without any restriction or opinion?

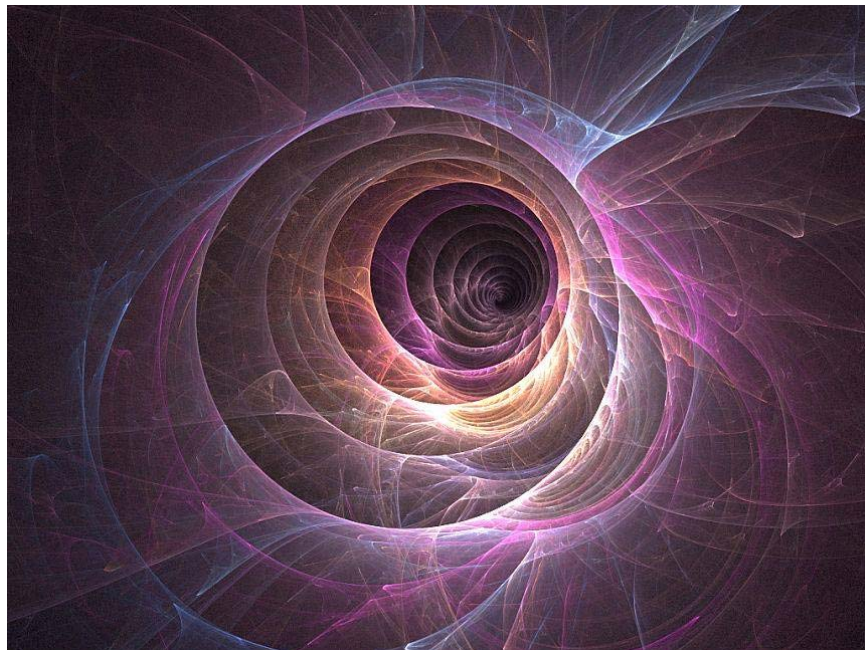
Now back to thinking. Thinking is a movement of referential and poetic suggestion appearing as language in the unspoken space of mind or imagination which depends entirely on objectification in order to measure, compare, prioritize, schedule, have a like / dislike, tell a story, run a fear program, be insulted, plot revenge, and on and on.

The sense of identity with our crappy thinking that seems to plague and incarcerate us is nothing other than the presumption of an individual existing on the receiving end of the profuse demonstrations of body, mind, and feeling subject to time - but this confidence turns out to be hypothetical, not actual.

The asana or seat of consciousness in which body, mind, and feeling arise cannot be afflicted by the hypothetical, anecdotal, imaginary, and self-accusing movement of thinking.

Thus, the worm hole for what we may crave as liberation is exactly what's present right now appearing in and as one's perfect autonomy and being.

You could say it's worth noticing.



What's it all about, Swami?

"Is it just for the moment we live
What's it all about
When you sort it out, Swami....."

Here's the rub. Every moment of exquisite experiencing has already left the station by the time you notice it in the first place.

We turn to thinking as the primary resource and news service for telling us about reality, but our thinking is actually less capable of veracity than FOX News. Hard to believe, but true.

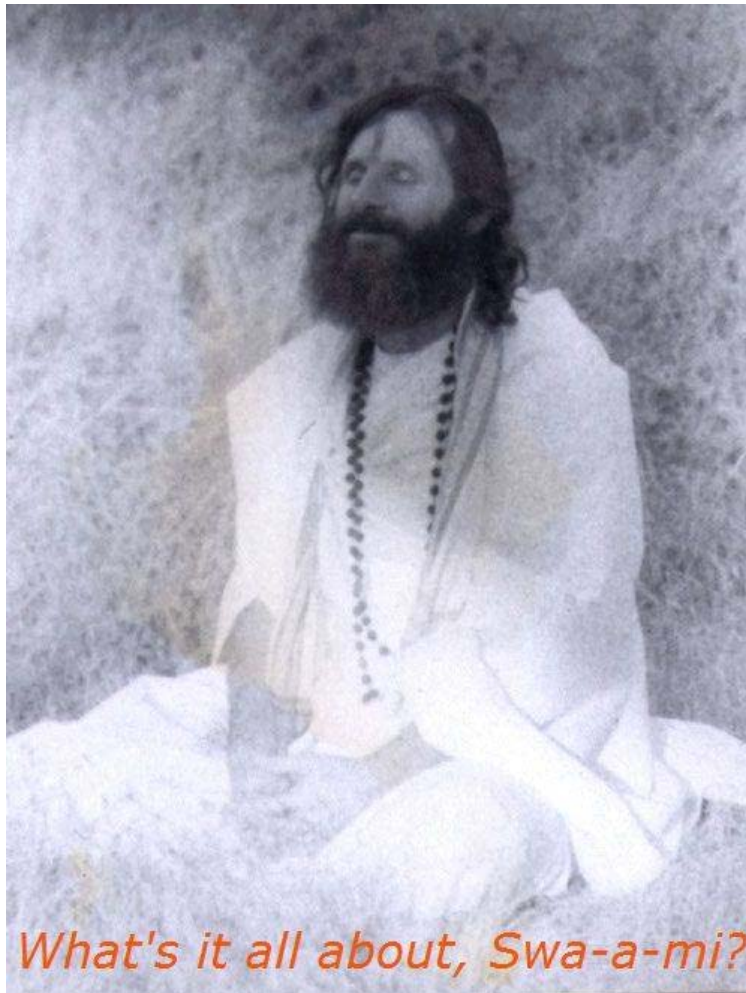
Thinking is an opinion, a hypothetical consideration, a hypnotic suggestion, an anecdotal comparison, a story told about the unfiltered fact of experiencing, in all its holo-fractal glory.

The self, riddled with affliction and a steady diet of dukkha and complaint, is an imaginary consequence of the miracle of apparition appearing to itself with no actual delay,

Thought suggests a sense of delay or psychological time and this delay is misinterpreted as myself, that phenomena are appearing or occurring to me.

But if you give it a moment of your time, of your attention, you can get a glimpse of the unfractured nature of expressive dreaming accompanied by profound relief from objectification and the reflex to "sort it out".

This is "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding". One does not have to wade through or remedy the labyrinthian shit house of our crappy and disappointing lives in order to contemplate the primacy of being free from the affliction of self.



You come to it when you come to it, and it may be useful to appreciate that your aren't attaining to anything that you don't already have or were somehow ineligible for by lack of grace.

Awake is what This Is, you are what This Is, thus you are awake by nature of being, not by any other possible intervention.

OM can be short for - "Oh My God I'm Phucked" or "Oh My God I'm Free", what's it to you Swami?

Liberation is a lot like bowling

If your life's aim is to bowl a 300 game (12 strikes in a row), then you'd be wisely encouraged to hit the alley on a frequent basis and get yourself some decent training.

If your life's aim is to wake the phuck up, the strategy is not so straight and not so obvious. Where you end up is right about here and right about now, but that can't be right since I've been trying to get away from right about here and right about now for as long as I can remember.

Take a hint from bowling, excerpted from an ancient Buddhist text - "you are the pins, you are the ball, you are the markers on the lane, you are the thrower of the ball, you are the gutter."

It's the last phrase that has the most impact for an ardent seeker of truth. With a full appreciation of my life as the gutter, perhaps we can drop the nagging impulse for self-improvement or spiritual advisement or attainment.

The transmutation of delusion is always at hand, it needs no preparation or special rituals for the revelation of missed pins to sink in deeply.

Mind may be the virtual repository of the seeming durability of unsatisfactoriness, but that doesn't mean we need to do something about it.

If you take a moment to leave yourself completely alone you will see straight through to the blue pearl of the absolute incredulity of your own liberation. This may be strangely counter intuitive to all the crappy training we've received and all the posturing we have done - but really, it works.

Leave the pins standing, roll 20 gutters in a row, then you'll come to understand how bowling is a lot like liberation.



Unicity is not a catalog

You may notice that your mind works with thought threads that refer to self while your being flows as irrational inclusivity sans personification.

Thought is made of bits and bytes, it is temporal, accusatory, attention seeking, functions by virtue of comparison and measure, imagines a world of short-sighted fantasy, leaves you wanting and lonely.

Unicity of being is not afflicted by limitation and begging, it is free of genesis and consequence, it does not seek for outcomes or commit itself to anything in the future, it does not cling to the past or shame itself for what has or has not occurred.

Thought is tirelessly and tiresomely insistent, but without your attention it withers on the vine. It is therefore useful to expose yourself to transcendent fascination vectors that attract your interest and refine your sense of being so you can become acquainted with yourself as joyful incomprehensibility.

One's sense of a suffering self is merely a catalog of lies and sense-bites stitched together as memory that snookers you into a corner of individuated sorrow and want.

Unicity is not a catalog, it is not the consequence of anything, and though it sings in the shower with complete abandon, it never conveys anything other than itself.

If it were possible, even remotely so, that you are of the nature of unicity rather than its symptom, then your liberation is merely a matter of time, and since there is none of that - welcome to awake.



Cascading Emptiness Makes You Laugh

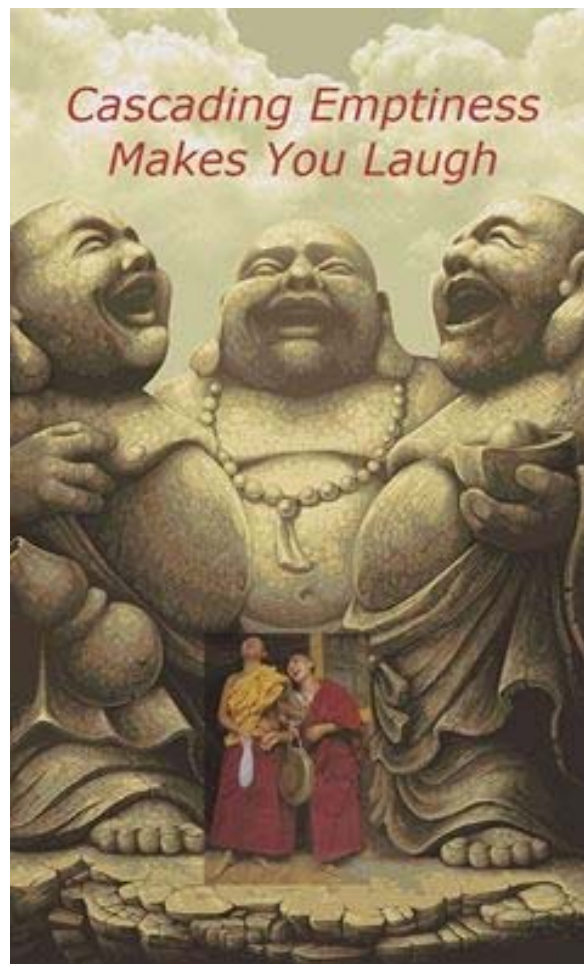
As you begin to discover that your primacy is of the nature of cascading emptiness you can't help but laugh.

One might associate the implication of emptiness as nothing at all which could even suggest the absence of the dreaded Non-Duality, but this view would be mistaken. Emptiness is not nothing when all there is is nothing.

Emptiness is exactly what moment to moment experiencing is; scintillating, undulating, fractalizing, non-finite, wispy, gnarly, full beyond measure, empty beyond measure, replete with exquisite detail amounting to nothing, maddening weirdness resting in perfect stillness without consequence, having no actual duration and streaming without delay, effervescing and evaporating as a simultaneity, expressing boldly and obviously as itself while remaining perfectly hidden from view.

The commonly held inhabited identity which assumes 'I Me My' as body and emotion and thought factory pressed into a primate glue trap of irritability and time - sucks.

But that's not what this is so it is well within the arc of your lifetime to apply yourself to the consideration of another view, and as it turns out this view will stretch the aperture of your profundity beyond the boundary-field of explanation and consequence all the way to sheer laughter.



Concentric Contexts of Calamitous Confusion

The revelation of what you're not is always at hand. One requires no special training or ordainments to pierce the veil of frivolous adornments.

The presumption of yourself as a body, as a person, as a thoughtful contributor to life on earth is all myth. The realm within which you appear to exist and function is actually the apparitional consequence of concentric contexts of calamitous confusion.

We are tethered to our birth, our gender, our race, our religious convictions, our job, our poverty, our hunger, our unrelenting and choking obligations, our regrets, and our hopes for a better tomorrow.

All this madness of culture and caste and privilege and addiction and the weight of all our sorrow is dreamed into view as the natural outcome of mistaken contexts unconsciously applied to the miracle of unfettered being.

Simple exercise - without resorting to thought or superstition or belief, what is the nature of your present experience?

.....

.....

.....?

That's right, you don't know. It's not nothing, but without reporting on it through language or reference you don't know what it is, except perhaps that it is.

Your present experience is full to the brim as autonomous and dissociative euphoria amounting to nothing at all and you have nothing to say about it - that's freedom.

Get used to it.



Why Meditation Makes Us Dull

If we are not informed by meditation we may as well drink beer and wait around for the rapture, no matter if we go up to feast at Christ's table or remain behind to be ravaged by the dark one.

If, on the other hand, we are informed by meditation we have to be very careful not to become entranced by the patina of pride and dullness, by the introverted centrism of mindfulness, by the theocracy of ritual and all that there is to say about being a human practicing meditation.

Emptiness keeps coming at you looking like something-ness; something to do, something to feel, something to cultivate, something that happened, something that will.

We trade awake for practice, and that condemns us to a life of approach, of repetition, of forgetfulness adorned with mindfulness and we unconsciously turn our backs on the immediacy of liberation.

Our investigations are best oriented to interrupt what we think we know, not become some litany that strengthens our capacity for dismissal and accusation and spiritual knowledge. Near impossible to avoid being duped by that shit?

It's a slippery slope because words are assertive and image conjuring, so our poetry and interest in exploring the nature of first hand revelation works best when it is illumined by the inherent radiance of emptiness.

We are left with the twin miracles of attention and availability. Arising makes us drunk with something though it is nothing really.



Why is it so difficult to wake up?

Well it's not really. Maybe there are a few obstinate obstacles, but they're not made of anything so how scary can they be, really?

First obstacle might be that you never even heard of awakening so it doesn't even exist as an entertainment, let alone a possibility.

Second obstacle is that once you've heard about yoga or gurus or meditation or the Buddha or some such shit like that, you have a casual or repugnant attitude toward it all and are convinced that such endeavors are for losers, drug users, and lonely hearts - you're not mistaken.

Third obstacle is that even if you're inspired by the absolute failure of your life to amount to anything that anyone might value, you probably associate awakening with the cessation of human suffering. Phuck, everyone sells that bullshit to the suffering masses from the Dalai Lama to comedian clowns like Jim Carrey as the next new enlightenment adviser hawking the power of Now.

Sheesh.....

Fourth obstacle is the accumulation of spiritual knowledge and practice and conformity and authority and experiences, most of which fail to point out to you that your original self-diagnosis was mistaken and so your pursuit of a reliable remedy will also fail all the way to the grave.

The fifth obstacle is the most intimate and elusive observation that what you took for something turns out to be nothing and this screws with your head non-stop, so it seems impossible to wiggle free from it.

If you are hoping to get a handle on some spiritual recognition or attainment for the sake of alleviation or samadhi, you are so phucked because you are unconsciously and proudly invested in the human-o-centric myth that you're even here.

Thus revelation evades you because you need it to land somewhere in your experience so you can call it your own, stroke it like a cat, where it like a caftan, report on it to others, enjoy your "gold shoes" as Jim Carrey points out:

"...I feel like I know something. These thoughts make me feel like I'm wearing gold shoes." - Jim Carrey

The objectification and subjectification of splurging emptiness appearing as substantial phenomena in your awareness are the twin (though they are not two) miracles of delusion and the hypnotic inhabitation of your individuated integrity, which doesn't actually exist.

How difficult is it to see this?



Why not Rapture in place?

Humans seem to be interested in one thing and one thing only; how to turn their tribulation into rapture.

Those who accept the spurious and curious accusation of "sinner" have quite the uphill battle. The shame and psycho clutter are near impossible to shake. Even faith may not be enough to cleanse oneself of the Bible's best efforts to condemn you to separation.

Everyone hops on the shame wagon - the Buddhists want to hold you responsible for desire, the Hindus for a wandering mind, the Jews for idol worship, the Christians for all your lusts, the list goes on and on - what's a primate to do?

Well friends, there is a way, not so popular mind you, but still.

If you can rustle up the fascination and wild abandon to discard everything that all these religions have taught you, and I mean everything; it may be possible to peer into the genesis of the primary hijacking of your soul so you can walk free and rapture in place.

Nothing you've been taught or told is true, nothing about your present experience is true, what you remember is an arbitrary compilation of lies, where you're headed does not exist, there's no kingdom and no keys, so you can never be locked out of it.

There, feeling better? Probably not.

Superstition and blaming Gods cannot relieve you of delusion, faith and forgiving Gods are likewise ill equipped to be of any useful service or intervention.

It's not a matter of atheism or agnosticism contrasted with those who profess faith - it's more about the secular revelation that experiencing is unutterably trans-human and does not obey or claim obeisance to anything or anyone no matter how high up the ascension chain they may be.

You are blessed by the grace of an unstained autonomy punctuated by the complete absence of otherness, so there is no one other than yourself to condemn you or raise you up.

This radiant profusion of nothing at all is the tetragrammaton - one sip and you rapture in place.



Unconscious Sublimation of our Primary Panic

That there is consciousness loitering about in a plasma without borders amounts to perfectly disembodied and discontinuous euphoria that knows no other.

This is the entirety of the signature of god. All phenomena and all subjectivity, as the receiver of events in consciousness, are a singularity. This realization is perfectly known by virtue of revelatory identification and certitude in the view of radiant evaporation without source or measure or destination.

When Ramana Maharshi slapped one hand against the other and exhorted, "You're not like God, you are God!", he wasn't just trying to phuck with your head. He meant it,

So, now that that is perfectly clear one might ask:

"Hey Night Sky Sangha Guy. If what you say is true, why the fuck are we so convinced of being a suffering person? And if the Buddha was wrong about desire, what do you think the origin of suffering is?"

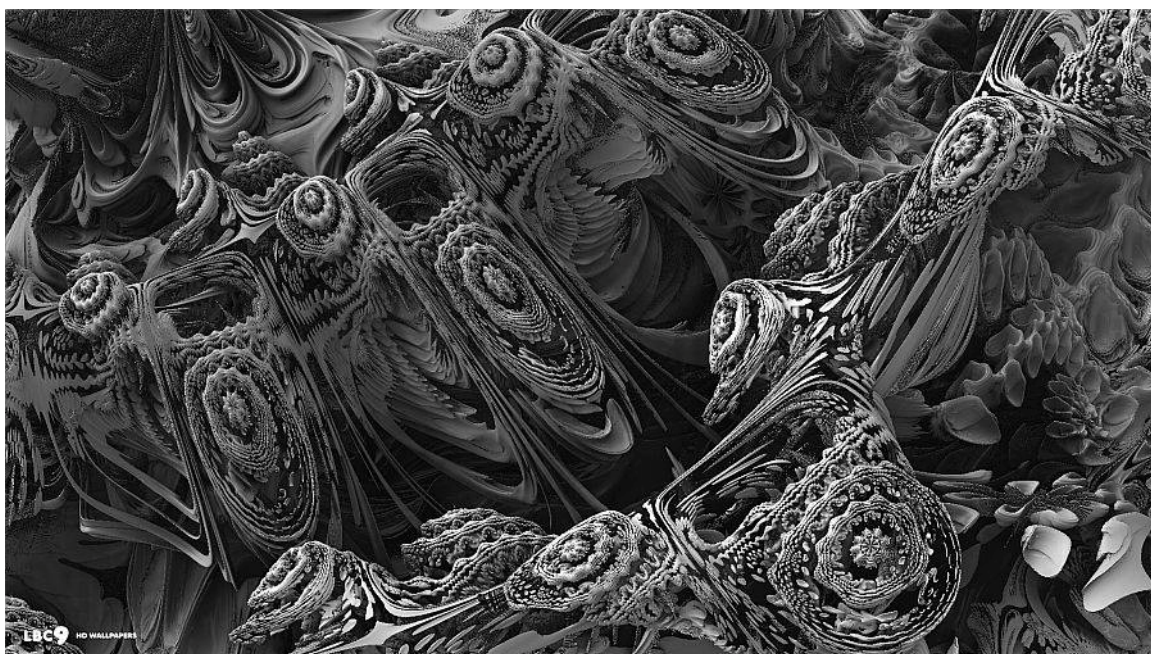
Well. I'm glad you asked because I'm gonna tell you what the problem is - so you'll know exactly what to do about it. Here goes.

The Absolute, which loosely describes absolutely nothing, can and does fool itself into appearing as other than itself thus extruding the apparition of subjectivity (as myself) to whom or to what all vulnerability and risk of loss occur.

This false accusation of separative existence succumbs to an unconscious sublimation of our primary panic and so we forget what we truly are.

Don't sweat your desires, they are not a problem and ridding yourself of them (even if successful) will amount to no advantage when it comes to abiding as euphoria.

Oh I almost forgot, here's what you do about it - not a goddamn thing. Forgetfulness is not your fault or responsibility, and the grand journey of recall is also doing itself, never has there been or will there ever be a decision made by you.



Hot Saké and the Sage

As the story goes Sri Ranjit Maharaj, a peer of Nisargadatta Maharaj, did not pussy foot around when it came to his earthy enthusiasm for the teachings and the love of the Sage.

For instance, his advice to those who might find themselves in an ambulance stricken with illness or serious injury was to unleash themselves from the gurney, pull the intubation tubes from their mouth, kick open the rear doors, and crawl their way back to the Master's side.

Such was the nature of his devotion to truth and to the heart of the Sage. You see, liberation is not some entertainment or solution for discontent or some casual affair that you fit into your social and TIVO schedule.

The hunger makes you crazy. It leaves a wake of shit behind you that you can barely make amends for, no one likes you, your friends leave you, your family disowns you, the entirety of the sleeping masses think that you've lost your mind and compass - and still you persist.

Not out of courage, not out of confidence, nothing sentimental can withstand the pressure of your own immolation. It makes no sense, it can't be sold, it is not available by means of a correspondence course or hours on the mindfulness cushion.

It is not about some clever bullshit or promises of "traveling lighter" or "noticing" or transcending your phucking "FSA".

You must be driven beyond any and all reason to reach out to the silent unknown which offers you no guarantee or encouragement. Without any merit or anything to show or present to the Master's feet, still you persist.

Baked by an unyielding sun, you drink sand from a mirage and still thirsty and coughing you drag the entirety of your pitiful unworthiness to the throne, to the jungle, to the mountain top, to the Master's asan; and simply hope for the best.

The grace comes, it brought you this far, it crushed your puny idolatries and robbed you of any hope for a preferable existence. You can't express this love, it wells up inside you unabated, beyond the hope of boons or placement, it is not of this world and it imbues your very soul with a nectar that evades reason or comparison.

The Sage has always been there, by your side, in your hide, watching and waiting patiently as you baked through all the illusions of a million lifetimes.

With a gentle touch he slowly tips the flask of hot saké to fill your cup, the Sage fills your cup. You lift the cup to your mouth and breathe the fumes of liberation, they permeate your being as a sacred osmosis.

Now you begin to understand why it was necessary to scramble from the ambulance and find your way back.



Do the Math!

Everyone would have you believe that this unruly miracle can be broken down into a few simple tautologies so you can live with perfect confidence thanks to the explanations of experts.

That amounts to a lifetime of sorrow and frustration, but at least we know what's happening here. Our poverty must be our own fault and if only we could follow the instructions of the physicists, the priests, the politicians, the pharmacists, the educators, the newscasters, the gurus, and the polls - we'd be fine.

Every once in a while a human is blessed with the curiosity to shake off the dross and drool of the consensus reality that deliberately condemns us to stupidity and begging, not too often of course, but sometimes.

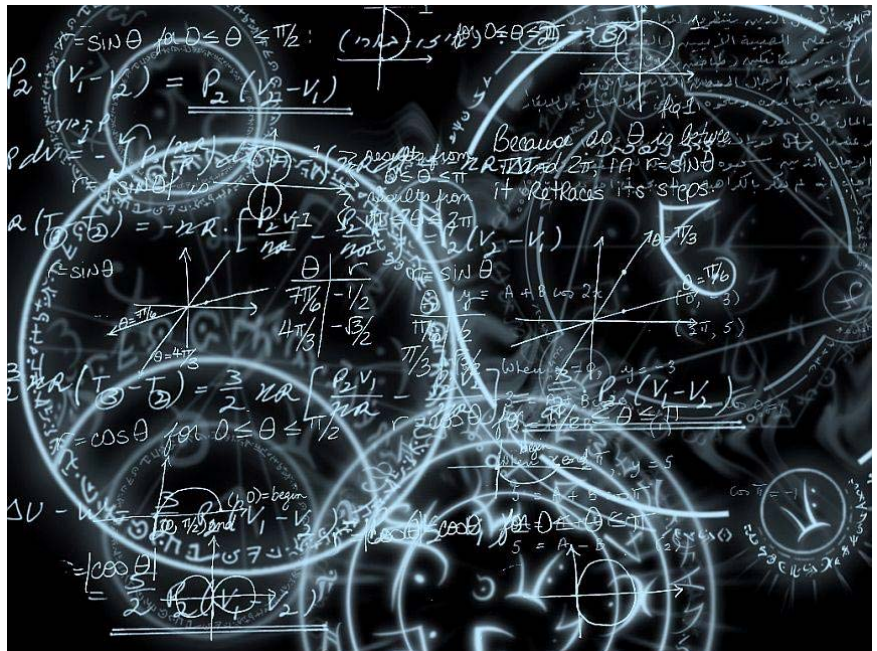
We can start with the five senses as they are commonly referred. Sight is of light, hearing is of sound, touching is of tactile texture, tasting is of flavor, smelling is of odor.

Then there is thinking or virtual abstraction appearing as imagery and language which triggers or ties to somatic sensation and emotive waves inexorably linked with the five senses and what we call the tissues and humors of the body.

This full on phantasm of unutterable delight is further accompanied by the insistence of "I" or "Me" or "My" since someone or something has to be on the receiving or willful end of this crazy presentation.

But what if you do the math? What if you add up all the ideas and explanations and parts and senses and experiencing and joys and sorrows and wonder and plans and broken dreams - would you really attribute the transcendent bounty of yourself to the five senses and thoughts and body?

Are you really the outcome of these things? When we insist on I or Me or My are we telling ourselves the truth? When we reduce the mystery of unabated surprise to my life as a socioeconomic class or some other box of discontent - is that really our fate, our existence?



Truth is, you don't add up. You can't be the consequence of things or some material genesis imprisoned by the locale of your physical boundary. You don't add up.

Might it be possible that all the advice and accusation that has been heaped upon you is wrong, not just a little bit off, but entirely specious?

Suffering is not causal, don't let anyone shame you or explain to you why there is suffering, why you are suffering - they're lying. Buddha included.

The self-transcendent brightness of it all can indulge in forgetfulness and realization. Forgetfulness makes it look and feel like something is happening and that it is happening to you, we can call that suffering. Realization is the revelation that the math of forgetfulness doesn't work, call it what you will.

Your humanity is inconsequential to your liberation

Let's take a quick tour of Dukkha, or unsatisfactoriness as it is commonly translated from the Pali. You might think that your crappy life has something to do with your crappy life, but it doesn't. Not a damn thing in fact.

The impersonal effervescence of transcendent brightness is under pressure. This pressure (what Don Juan referred to as the rolling force) can be understood as the constantly changing and morphing quality of consciousness and experiencing itself.

The observable nature of awareness in conscious contact with this non-stop stream of impressionistic patterns and textures and feelings and interpretive reflexes is very demanding, in that you cannot shake it off.

You may be able to witness or recognize that your present experience is a bright profundity and profuseness of stuff to feel, and I am not suggesting sentimentality.

We are simply dropping below the reflex of ideas to appreciate the cacophony of all that there is to feel or see or hear or taste or smell or touch, including the indescribable wonder-field of the diffuse inclusivity and entirety of your subtlety appearing conscious nature.

Let's further appreciate that this quantum entangled simulation appearing in full 3D pixilation includes the power to convey the hallucination of agency and thus the notion of the sufferer.

If you spend your new age or remedial dime on teachings and solutions for your crappy life you will remain under the influence of that crappy life as the barometer of your existence - you will never escape.

If you discover that your humanity is inconsequential to your liberation, then you naturally come to see that the genesis of all apparition and the miracle of awareness and experiencing as a singularity liberate you from presuming or insisting upon the conditions and consequences of your Dhukka.

One doesn't become a super seeker replete with all the right information, reliable coping strategies, and bliss on tap. No, that's not what happens; don't hold your breath for that outcome.

Your present and already actualized liberation appears out of phase because of what you believe to be true about your existential individuality and entitlements. Once you appreciate that you appear at the pleasure of the Divine Mother and that she is simply consuming you, happiness without measure ensues.



How deep is your wormhole?

If you're on the "I'm phucking tired of all this fear" track then you have probably given some attention to what you might do about yourself to feel better about shit.

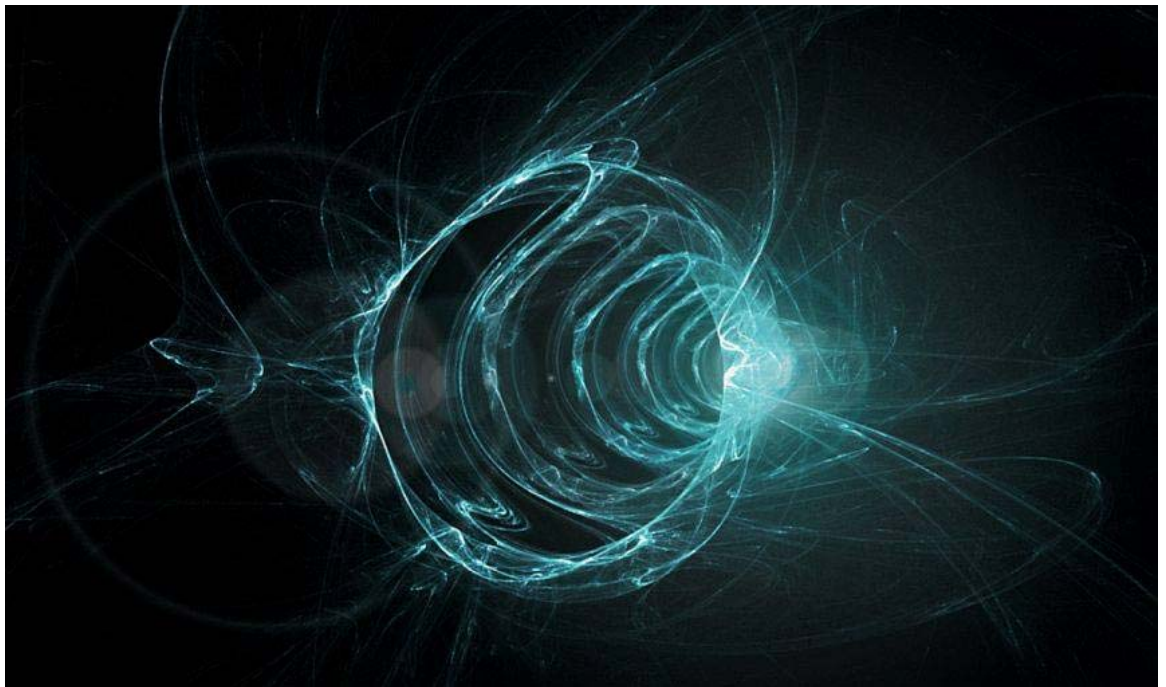
Maybe you have solicited Jesus, or watched your breath, or dabbled in occultism by painting sigils on the walls of your apartment under the influence of PCP hoping for the best only to find yourself, yet again, in a psychiatric institution where you had to play it cool in order to get a quick release.

Maybe you have taken to drink or drugs or both, and found yourself sufficiently near death to drag your phucked up ass to a meeting so you could begin a new life with the higher power of your liking and hopefully someone to have casual sex with.

You could be into astrology or shaman rattling, perhaps you are certified in one of many healing modalities inspired by charismatics who whip you into a weekend frenzy and give you a chance at finally adding some meaning to your aimless and disappointing life.

Of course we can riff on politics, environmentalism, racism, designer poverty, the thirst for cash, mind control, gurus, neo-liberalism, neo-advaitists, global warming, chem-trails, and nuclear disaster; including the entire culture of denial and shame perpetrated by the religions, the educators, your employer, and cemented into your own mind without your knowledge or permission.

How you dream and what you dream have been dictated by those who control the media, the illegality of psychotropic substances, and the rapidly expanding threat of corporatism and militarism all happy to marginalize you into a phucking consumerist and debt-laden widget so they can



unconscionably siphon the wealth of the species into their greedy hands at the expense of their own children.

And we sleep. Gobbling anti-depressants, drunk with banal entertainments, isolated, lonely, angry, narcissistically self consumed with pride and knowledge and our aching existential discontent that suffers the pressure of becoming.

We believe the government and the courts and the pharmaceutical companies have our backs and we want to export our hysteria and cultural violence to every corner of the world so we can all drink a cool bottle of coke and swim with the dolphins to satisfy our longing for some inter-species affection.

The war machine and the war consciousness have polluted the hearts and minds of the entire constituency, the war on drugs has incarcerated thousands of innocent and non-harming brothers and sisters in the profit driven prison system.

We are a dark and festering shadow of what the founding fathers had envisioned for a society dignified by fearlessness and the pursuit of liberating intelligence.

The depth and pervasiveness of the religious and socially engineered mind control is so embedded, we have no idea of its existence or effect.

Maybe you thought spirituality or enlightenment would protect or defend you from the cascading cancerous tumors of fundamentalism, fascistic opportunism, and nationalistic hubris - they won't.

I wonder, just for the sake of discussion, how deep is your wormhole?

The best way to get enlightened

I can't stress enough how vital it is to place yourself in the company of the Sage, one Sage. many Sages - don't screw it up with the crappy idea of loyalty. You want to get baked, you want to be confused, irritated, disoriented, angry, pensive, retaliatory, foolish.

Once you begin to realize the depth and timbre of your innate conditioning and misappropriation of consciousness as self, you get a sense of the impossibility of ever being free from the imagined boundary conditions of your sorrow and pride. This cogent self-assessment should bring you to tears, if it doesn't, you haven't looked hard enough.

First you have to become inconsolable about the freakish stupidity of your own mind and ideas, otherwise you are likely to still possess too much primate pride and can't submit yourself to the needed radiation therapy for you to go to ashes.

Yes, waking up is a lot like radiation therapy for killing the cancerous lesions of I and Me and My. The Sage (having immolated on their own journey) is a solvent for your clinging - this is what's meant by transmission.

It's true that no one possesses any knowledge about anything so there is no point in finding anything out about anything because there is nothing happening, but this discovery may be impossible to make without borrowing the confidence that the Sage has in this view.

Consciousness does not mind committing you to the prison of self, it doesn't suffer - you do. Consciousness is an innocent bystander in the fire fight of your inhabited confusion ravaged by time and space and becoming. Consciousness does not suffer any collateral damage.

You pass through several stages as hallucination transmutes into freedom from adhesion. You discover new textures of interfacing with the brilliance of phenomena and presence free from the presumption of superstition, idolatry, and the tethers of body/mind.

If you're not interested in waking up, bless you, I envy you - stay right there. But if you have been bitten and smitten by the nasty virus of "WTF is this?"; find a Sage, many Sages - and gift yourself with the grace of your own irrelevance.



Seeds, Stems, and Shake

When you're rolling in the right kind of kush, it feels like you've got some fine indica indicia'd on your brain and the world feels right. And you don't have to be rollin' in it either, vaping and edibles are good too.

But when you least expect it your domain can throw you a mighty curve ball from hell and it's back to seeds, stems, and shake. Sometimes it can get so bad that you're trying to smoke the baked in tar off the screen you've had in a blackened corn cob pipe for a decade, anything not to feel what we feel when we feel it.

Take comfort, beauty is born of chaos, revelation loiters in the corridors of failure and dejection. Our reflexive interest is to find and occupy a condition that resolves all of the vulnerability and darting confusion of our moment to moment experience.

We think the right words, the correct understanding, cultivated dispassion, or maybe the pride of mindfulness will set us free from the drama field of our biologic and emotional imperatives.

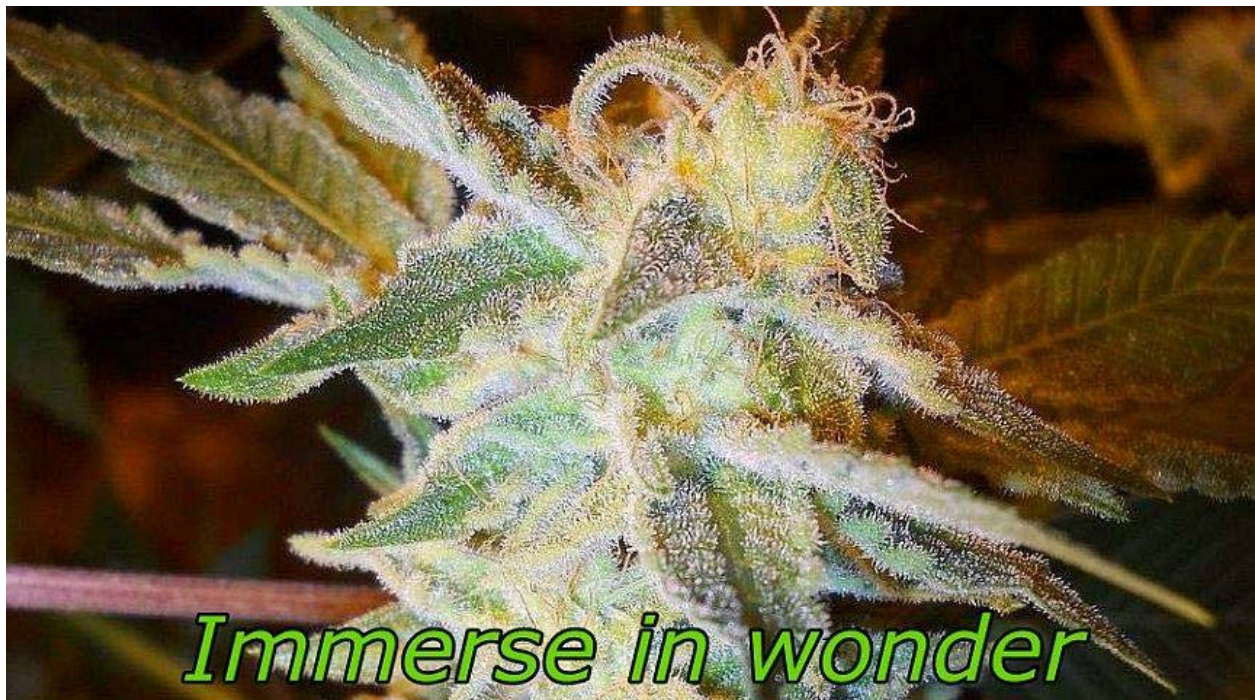
We are tethered to the content and outcomes or deliverables of experiencing as a creature; a disparate consciousness bound to physicality and navigating temporality in possession of self will.

This vantage point continues to hurl existential and circumstantial insults at us with no sign of fatigue, yet we still attempt to supplicate something, anything, to ameliorate the madness of our imagined condition.

Maybe there is another way, another set of rule-less rules that can spin the roulette wheel of consciousness in a trans-centrifugal vector?

What if the nature of disembodied interest, free from the assertion of or the clinging to objects, does not circumscribe you as a locus, as a person mad with the desire for "winning"?

As you explore the mutative textures of experiencing completely free from objectification your leash drops from your neck, the choke collar of time/space falls away, the endless sniffing and tugging abates - you discover that it is indeed possible, if not preferable, to immerse in wonder.



Champagne Anyone?

I'm flying at 36,000 feet gratefully in the exit row on the aisle. Just a few days ago I enjoyed my first ever colonoscopy. And there were polyps, many of them, dotting the pink corridors of my trusted alimentary canal and to a man, they were all skillfully removed by the most charming and disarming Indian woman physician who does eight of these procedures in a single shift.

She tells me there is less than a 3% chance of perforation requiring emergency surgery and an even smaller percentage of patients simply dying – I can only guess from embarrassment.

The anesthetist removes the saline drip from my wrist port and applies a syringe of twilight juice while explaining to me the simplicity of falling asleep, I never made it to the "p".

Some 50 minutes later I wake up in the recovery space with no memory of the probing or the excisions by tweezers and thread loop or the self-dissolving staples applied to a particularly cheery polyp that was well on its way to plotting a daring escape so it might finally see the light of day.

After ordering and engulfing a delicious breakfast sandwich from the flight attendant, made delicious not so much by the love that was effused into it, but more by the application of generous dollops which rhymes with polyps coincidentally, of squeeze tube mayonnaise I am greeted by the audible borborygmus and other telltale signs of my lower intestine coming back to life.

This fills me with a giddy delight, a full on smile for a welcome evacuation that I knew was coming because the kind Indian doctor told me it would. I'm right on schedule at 36,000 feet so I unbuckle my seat belt, finish off my coffee, and almost squealing with euphoric anticipation I turn in my seat to eye the aisle for a quick path to the lavatory.

Then I panic, the snack and beverage service is blocking my way to the aft of the plane with not one, but two service carts. There is no way I can make it around them and even though the occupy signs are beautifully lit green meaning go, I can't. I start to sweat.



I swiftly turn forward and a silent hallelujah shimmers through the cabin, a gift of the angels who look after peeing and defecation I spy a clear path to the First Class lavatory also broadcasting green to go, and by now I really have to.

I swallow my economy pride and confidently make my way fore walking with a non-threatening ambling precision so I can get to my final destination without arousing the suspicion of the Air Marshall who I imagine is prepared to stop anyone from the back from using the First Class crapper.

I'm in, it's good, it's all good in fact. My bowels come to life like a young humpback going for a breach straight out of the ocean, braying, "Look at me, I'm flying!" And that seldom talked about profundity of biologic resolution which anoints everything as golden and makes room for the future by laying down the past is mine, all mine.

Now I am feeling myself with a certain satisfaction despite the unmistakable evidence that I had nothing to do with it, this was a moment of surrender and gratitude often written about by Sages and Aspirants the world over who had life changing encounters with the grace of being, meetings with burning bushes, angels in full plumage, Gods on high.

Mine came at 36,000 feet in the First Class lavatory on an economy ticket, am I the shit or what? Feeling good, feeling like I belonged in First Class I crack the door while still on the can and ask the flight attendant if I might have a glass of champagne. You can imagine the reply.

A love supreme

No matter what you call this, you're mistaken. Jesus was mistaken, Buddha was mistaken, all the wealthy Gurus and Non-Duality whores are mistaken.

You're born in the middle of something, you die in the middle of something, your whole life, which did itself while you were daydreaming and making lame decisions, becomes inconsequential and completely irrelevant maybe 2 minutes after you expire.

There's no getting over the existential panic and disorientation of a thousand wounds and a thousand cuts. The psychotherapy doesn't work, the recovery journey doesn't work, shakti and bhakti don't work, The Work doesn't work - nothing works, nothing can.

The banal and boorish repetition of our own lonely and unimaginative fatigue and all the clever and hopeful strategies we engaged to make something, anything feel better hasn't worked.

If we're even a little bit honest about it all, maybe if we're lucky, we can get in a good cry and weep it through though there is no resolution or finality about it; the sorrow is not lifted and thankfully it doesn't have to be.

Are we alright? Do we need to be? Maybe we don't, maybe there is some morsel of dignity and grace and beauty and pathos that soars above the content and context of what we think we are and what we think This Is.

Somehow we discover that the tragicomedy of our irrelevancy and grief has some transcendent gems hidden in its midst. Somehow we can glimpse and embrace every last drop of confusion and failure and confront the self-admission that we have not, and will never amount to anything.

In some wonderful moment that refuses the burden of time, we can sense the generosity and immensity of our own divinity. This moment comes without notice and sweeps away all doubt and all regret - fulfillingness' first and last finale is just this.

We need not be confused by what pundits, and teachers, and best-selling authors have to say about this. Our autonomy reigns supreme, a love supreme.



There is no Consciousness

Most spiritual searches would end rather quickly if we could only appreciate the most basic implications of our actual experience.

Before anything is, and not in time, but as an indication of primacy and apparition, there is the root of something, but maybe it's not a thing. What is this irrefutable sense of being or occurring or awareness or feeling as the expressive and radiant nature of experiencing?

If we call it consciousness we're back to a thing or a symptom or a causal implication of some source; but there is no source and no implication and there is no consciousness so the whole story of duality and non-duality is made up by opportunistic book publishers and conference providers so they can turn your gullibility and thirst into cash.

They may call it building community, something I heard from the SAND founder, but it really translates into how many dumb phuck seekers can I bilk into watching mediocre celebrities and nerds speaking in fart-tongue about something they cannot possibly know anything about.

Without any effort or premeditation you find yourself at the mercy of a thousand virtual coordinates that place you at the scene of the crime - and this inexhaustible engine of fantasy can only suggest agency or choice or ramification but those are merely dreamed into place without your consent, though they can appear to be binding.

If one is convinced that awareness is personal, and that objects appearing in awareness are other than awareness, and that the ephemeral nature of experiencing itself dictates the flow of time across a spatial volume - then one had better go on a spiritual search as soon as possible because you will feel compelled to have a better euphoria than the one you are already having with an insistence that won't quit.

All and every addiction is merely an intuitive and intelligent response to the conviction that there must be a better experience than this one.

Penetrating self-reflection and revelation have the potency to expose the house of cards you're living and suffering in. If you look, you come to ruin.



If you shrug it off, then you think that there is consciousness and worse, that it's your consciousness, and worse still, that something is happening to you.

What's in your wallet?

If we are not committed to responding to the core wound of human violation, we live inconsiderately of others and the very Gaia that sustains life with such generous abandon.

If we become interested in responding to the aching shit-house of our own suffering, that is a good step. By taking steps to figure this cluster-phuck of self out, we become unwittingly available for a deeper download.

If we remain tethered to the wound our compensatory strategies will not bear fruit, we will simply become more skilfully defended and isolated.

The only way (though it is not a way and there is no only about it) to participate in the great mind-control project whether it is perpetrated by consciousness or the 1% mutha-phuckers that condemn you to a life of legal tender is to wake the phuck up.

It may not be possible to recover our souls or our inherent dignity while corseted by a body, but as we discover the apparitional nature of consciousness itself, we can liberate.



Can you find anything other than the Bright?

It's fairly clear to see that there is nothing other than experiencing. All permutation and profusion whether subtle or otherwise appear in experience. We can say that consciousness is conscious of itself and that there is no actual entity on the receiving end of experiencing, all is just so.

The primacy or recognition of unindividuated startle-ment as the plenum and movement of experiencing is the entirety of the Bright. We can't find anything other than the Bright.

In this regard then, awakening is simply the dumbfounded appreciation that there is nothing other than yourself and what we are inferring by the self is the Bright.

The Bright then takes center stage and renders the former and trivial associations with the body and the mind and the so-called spirit as a motley myth that is perfectly moot, as a motley moot myth.

With this in mind maybe it is plausible to see that you can't phuck your life up, you can't improve it either. As a body convinced of individuation and duration the suffering never ends. As the Bright, everyone can just phuck off - that's what's meant by compassion.

People have infinite justifications for quarrel and disappointment, no matter what the ethically and morally corrupt religions tell us. But the Bright has no dog in the fight, no harm can come to the Bright; all is as it is and all will be what it will be - thanks to "The 100 Year Old Man Who Climbed Out the Window and Disappeared".

Present experience appears as a dipole, one fork is nirvana and the other fork is samsara; the former has no quarrel and cannot part from itself, the later is burdened with quarrel and disappointment.

Further, there really are no forks since nirvana and samsara are not two, the Bright cannot actually bifurcate.

Further, the Bright can and does reveal itself as nothing at all leaving samsara and nirvana in the dust.

Curiously the dipole, the singularity, and the void are present simultaneously and can express in full bloom as a transcendent simultaneity without duration or collision.

This is how the Bright rolls, are you sure you insist on being other than the Bright?



The Bloom and the Implication

A horse walks into a bar, the bartender says, "Why the long face?"

A guru walks into a bar, the bartender says, "Why the original face?"

Look it's really simple, transmutation in consciousness occurs as a consequence of a sacred contract between the living. The Sage broadcasts non-specificity and if you're lucky enough to feel it you will fall in love and that love is of sufficient potency to get you over the hump of your innate ontological fear of non-existence.

This does not happen with dead Gurus so drop your feigned devotion to Ramana Maharshi and Ramakrishna and Nisargadatta and whomever you pledge loyalty to, because they will fail to assist you.

The bloom of experience and all that appears in it is not a stage production in time. The genesis and irrefutability of experiencing is an autopoiesis or gestalt of the entirety of consciousness, the inseparable and euphoric presence of God.

Reporting upon it through hypotheticalism or anecdotal hysteria or by virtue of events that happened to me is a form of self-hypnosis and this bloom, which does not actually convey a condition, can seem to imply implication - which turns out to be the mechanism of individuation and continuity, commonly known as suffering.

Pride in our ideas and spiritual accomplishments is an unavoidable symptom of a clown taking a bow for reality. We think that this is about something, that demonstrative God Realizers are inspirational or useful somehow - they're not.

You can't avoid them, they seem to pop up here and there and everyone makes a big fuss about them, but their samadhis and far-away looks do more to confuse you than to reveal how dialed back self-realization can be.

Once we invest in implication on account of the non-stop profusion of bloom, we're in space and time as an experiencer hankering for relevancy, spiritual destination, and security of one kind or another.

Realization is exactly what this already is and has never been otherwise; bloom and implication make it appear as if something is in the way.

Nothing is in the way.



I red the news today, Oh boy

3:34 am. Loitering in the lobby of the Marriott at the Philadelphia airport. My darling wife, whom I miss with a euphoric ache, was so looking forward to picking me up after a two week absence while I was wandering around the San Francisco Bay cavorting with Gurus and friends who cavort with Gurus.

My day began around 6:30 am when I popped up from the thick futon I was restlessly sleeping on and drove to my Dada's house to accompany him and Peter Brown on the drive to the Oakland airport on their way to a retreat weekend in Seattle.

There was no practical reason to do it, just love. Sometimes that's enough.

We want so much to have a relationship with novelty and freedom from our repetitious mind, but what do we do about it - the same old shit won't cut it. We have to be a little impulsive, a touch impractical, motivated by an affection that expects nothing in return.

If we want consciousness to play with us we have to play with it.

In short order I take the BART back to El Cerrito, pick up my pal's KIA Soul loaned to me for my use during my stay, gas it up and head to the Sunnyside Cafe on Solano Ave. to have breakfast with another dear friend suffering from the loss of her dear companion, a difficult situation on all accounts.

She is crest fallen and shaking with grief as we peer into the outrageous disorientation of loss and all the crazy knots that regret can tie. Nothing can heal some wounds, just the bliss of forgetfulness, only the gift of what comes next as we slowly disentangle from what we can't bear to feel.

I return to my host's apartment; water the plants, bring in the mail, toss the mushrooms, take out the trash, vacuum, fluff the futon, pack my shit, and bid farewell to a place I may never see again.

I drive to Dada's shrine to return a spare monitor and do a full belly to the floor pranam to his murti of Hanuman, another gesture of 'I am so blessed to feel this great ripping apart', to worship whatever takes the time to reveal itself to me.

Back in the KIA I drive to Berkeley to drop the car off at the garage, but the gate tag doesn't work, and I have no time to solve this problem existentially or otherwise so I hit the button for a ticket, park the beast and toil up the street with my 'mind of its own' luggage to once again ride the BART to SFO for a 2:40 flight home via Chicago.



On the plane I am watching Still Alice as she descends into a curious and debilitating forgetfulness and I am hearing some poetry in my mind. Something about a Choral Ascension of Lavender Angels surrounding an apparition of the Divine Mother that can't be seen with the eyes.

I reach out to her sobbing with the hurtful meaninglessness of it all and say, "Mother, why must it be this way?", not expecting a reply. Well, she turns. And when the Divine Mother turns eons pass and countless galaxies collide and burst into faint memories, leaving a palpable haze and signature of immeasurable grace that pervades all that can be seen and felt. Physicists have referred to this as the remnant red shift vibration of the Big Bang.

She turns and I lower my eyes, inside I hear her reply, "Because I wish it so."

My flight from Chicago to Philadelphia is delayed and it's already a late and long day of travel and softly simmering emotion. I am too tired to be grumpy and too grumpy to be tired.

We touch down, I restart my cell and get the text that my darling wife, whom I miss with a euphoric ache, has sent me. She can't make it to the airport, too tired, not feeling safe to make the trip.

4:25 am. Loitering in the lobby of the Marriott at the Philadelphia airport I kill time tapping out a story about a story that probably didn't happen quite the way I remember it.

But the feeling's there, call it what you will - the feeling's there.

What the Buddha really meant to say

I'm sure you've heard about the four noble truths, if not don't sweat it - you can still benefit from this.

Anyway, if you have heard of them you may recall that the first one is poorly translated as life is suffering. Jesus Christ, why would the Buddha condemn all we've got, namely life, to a shit house of suffering?

I mean what the phuck do we do now? Where do we go from here? You look to the right, you look to the left, you look to the priest, you look to the renunciate, you look to the therapist or Bill W. - well according to the Buddha you're phucked right where you stand because life is suffering and no one and no thing can do anything about it. Shit.

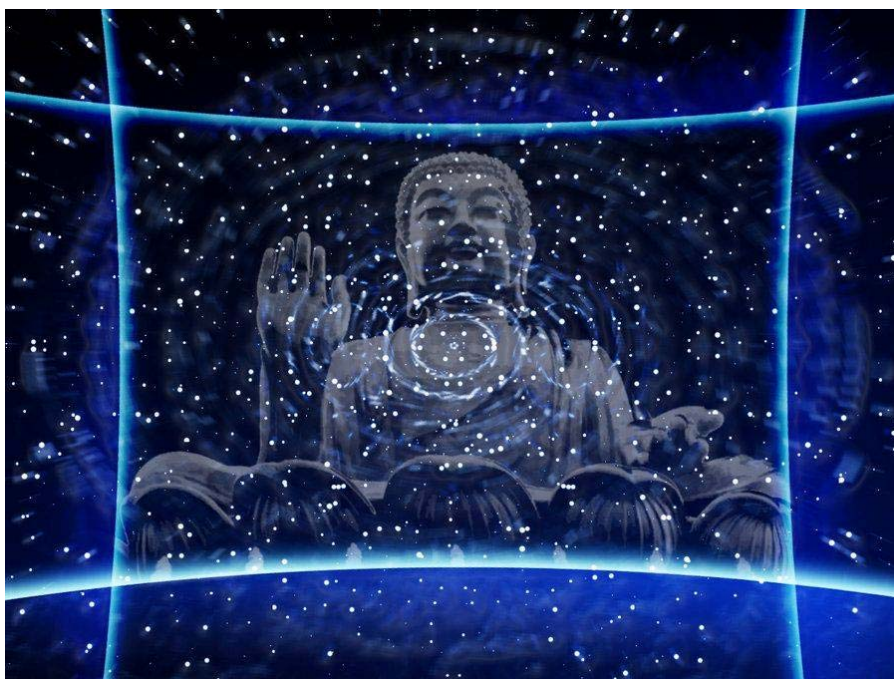
Relax, it turns out that what the Buddha had in mind was a different implication. What he was referring to was called Dukkha, or more lightly understood as unsatisfactoriness. He did not intend to accuse the miracle of consciousness of suffering.

What he meant was this. If you place your autonomy and loyalty in the hands of people, things, places, events, and circumstances you're gonna be more or less overwhelmed with disappointment and confusion because you are living apparitionally through the lens of a helpless narcissistic fantasy of hypothetical and anecdotal projection.

That's why your life is going to be chock full of Dukkha, everyone's is. We've been influenced by the wrong training; that of a muggle born into one or other form of socio-economic and gender-based misanthropic confusion chained to the myopic fence of me-first as a wage earner and obeyer of authority.

If you want out, you have to embark on a journey from which there is no return and no guarantee of success. You have to rid yourself of all and every lie that has been drilled into your sternum. You must be crazy and bold enough to shake off your own complacency and complicity in the dream of those who condemn you to creature-hood.

You must reject consensus reality, your family, your disinterested friends, the professors, the government, the employers, the fascist corporatocracy, the advertisers, the purveyors of New Age and fantastic thinking, interfaith apologists - you must wiggle free of time and memory and self as having anything to do with truth.



No one can tell you what reality is because This is non-objectifiable, This is not eligible for representation, This is not capable of being obtained or controlled. No amount of 'The Secret' or 'Laws of Attraction' will deliver any wisdom or freedom.

Your journey is not about your life or what to do with it. I trust I have put the Buddha's true intentions in a greater light. Even if I have failed miserably, I'm likely to try again.

Just say No!

Consciousness doesn't amount to much if you learn how to ignore it. Sure, you can sip a latte and stuff a Reuben in your mouth, go to a Dead show and flirt with everyone, but the absence of yourself is where all the fun is.

There is no knowledge, no one has any, therefore there are no teachings or empowerments or methods of practice worth considering. No one knows anything so if you're listening to them in hopes of coming away with something the only thing you can possibly come away with is nothing.

That doesn't mean you should avoid the purveyors, social settings can be good for your self-esteem and possibly hooking up with a New Age seeker of your sexual preference.

Your not gonna find a codependent qualifier or phuck-buddy for your unfinished addiction issues sitting in a cave, no sir. You gotta get out there!

Look, it's pretty simple, really. Consciousness likes to go and do and rant and play and manipulate your quiescence so it can enjoy itself vicariously through your suffering - don't let it.

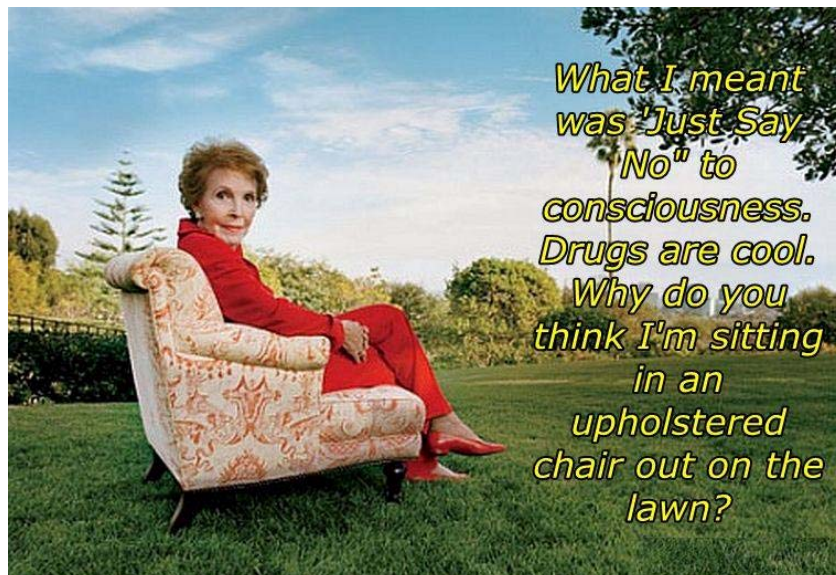
When it comes to consciousness, just say No. I think that's what Nancy Reagan had in mind. Drugs are cool, if not essential for constructive and sustainable human development and ascension. I think Nancy was talking about consciousness.

The moment you agree to improve you have committed yourself to a future that will never arrive. The lust for better than now and better than here condemns you to an endless mirage of becoming and you're duped by consciousness once again.

Consciousness does not give a shit about how you're doing, you writhe and consciousness squeals with narcissistic delight. Why befriend the phucker?

No soul incarnated as you, there are no souls, they are not clamoring in some New Age ether just waiting to get a chance at a human birth - that dream is bogus.

You needn't concern yourself with yourself, discovering this turns out to be nirvana. Don't sign up for teachings, they are all shit.





*What I meant was 'Just
Say No' to consciousness.
Drugs are cool.
How do you think I can
see these giant bunnies?*

The fruits of outreach

It's no surprise that I am an unrelenting soap-box standing proselytizer for something better than what we've become. My bad.

Pardon my not offering a context for what follows - it stands on its own.

NSS:

Thank you for your kind feedback. In my view, these thoughtful considerations are insufficient to the challenge of building a thriving spiritual journey. You have not espoused a cogent view of what humans suffer from and what they may need in order to come to autonomy and dignity.

Your comments are focused on behaviors and do's / don't's – my sense is that the deep alienation that so many suffer from is exactly what's fueling your quarrel with the Church and all the other posturing that its members suffer from.

This deep alienation is pandemic, living through hypothetical and anecdotal lenses, living through the ways we are taught to carve and misrepresent our experience, living without sensitivity to our grief, or having means and ways to wake up. Living under the influence of co-dependence and the misery of isolation, we can only find what's missing from our own souls.

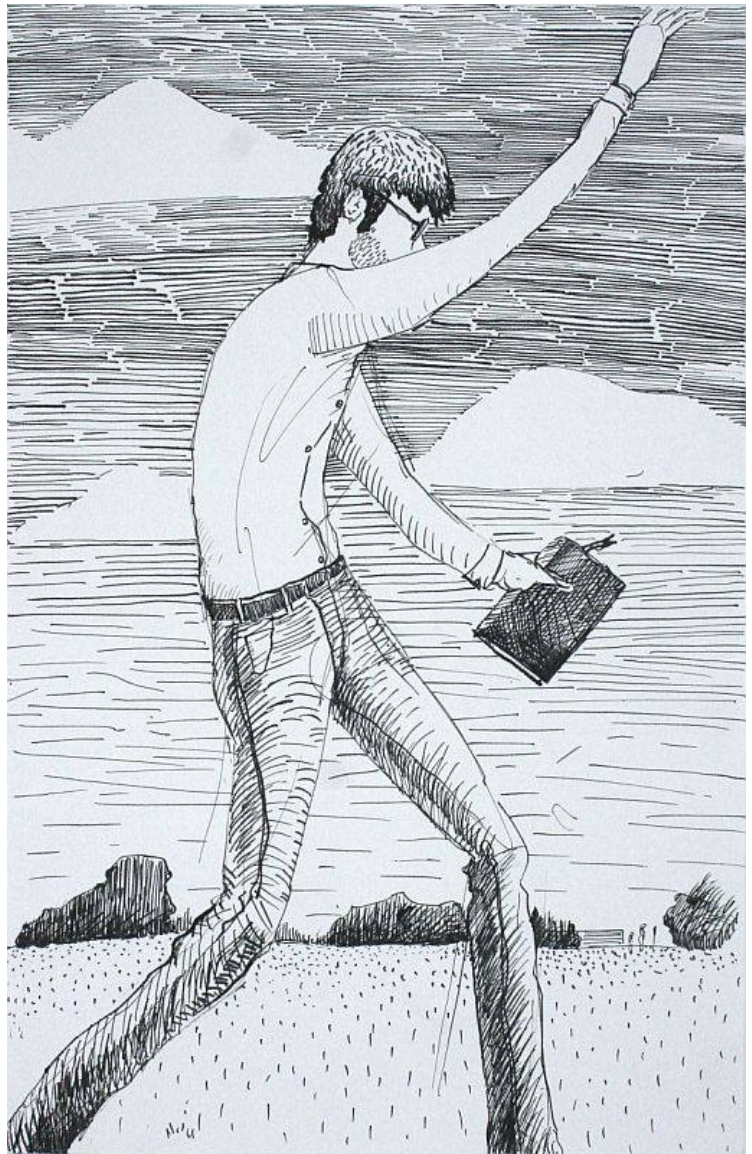
Our consciousness must mature sufficiently to accommodate new views of the human experience and new ways of articulating it and new ways of being together for the simple joy of it.

This is where a shared aim for Awake may be of use to the relatively few that are interested in discovering new ways of considering themselves, and those that have a thirst for the possibility of liberation.

Without the coherence of a well-crafted and intimate view of human disappointment, we cannot approach a utilitarian remedy for it. For me, the challenge and the privilege of facilitating such views is its own fulfillment. The simple consideration of consciousness at rest is Church.

Reply:

I have no idea what you mean.



I know what you want

Genie walks into a bar, bartender says, "Hey, this isn't BYOB!"

Got an invite today from the local Metaphysical Society entitled "Solstice, Sacred Sounds and Dolphin Love". I would have settled for the inter-species Amor'e alone, but to combine it with seasonal perturbations and sonorous overtones is more than most mortals can stand!

And this fabulous program comes just days after the "Summer Solstice 2015: UNICORN Meditation" - I am drunk silly with libidinal excitation and now trans-species consummation with an imaginary horned horse who happens to love me.

Where could it possibly go from here? Well, I'll tell you.

The Dolphin Love program as it turns out is all about an unconscious commitment to more and more suffering through the banal activity of getting what we want.

Here's an excerpt, "Facilitator will also offer us the opportunity to mindfully bring our intentions and heart's desires into this transcendental state and then seed these desires into powerful manifestation."

It seems that the entire New Age narcissistic impulse for more and better about me has simply ignored the Buddha's admonitions about the nature of suffering - attraction and aversion keep you on the hamster wheel from hell. What about that seems to go over our heads?

Folks, the time-tested way to Nirvana is really really simple. Consciousness can be unsatisfactory, shit doesn't last, and the self is a bogus self-styled hallucination of constant craving, complaining, and crappy story lines.



Learn to ignore it and you're well on your way to desirelessness.

Your intentions are shit; they are based on sorrow and revenge. Your heart's desires are all creature-based and tainted by your lust to medicate your unconscious existential panic.

If you rely on this shit-box of self for powerful manifestation what do you think you'll end up with? I'll tell you, more pride; that's about it. More pride and more suffering.

I know what you want. What you want is the blissful absence of yourself, what you want is nothing, what you want is not to be hoodwinked and snarled up in the snake oil sales pitches of New Age peddlers promising you more and better from the likes of Cetaceans and horned Equidae.

Here's an idea, the NSS will do a jack-ass meditation - just bring yourself, if you know what I mean.

One simple observation

In each and every moment, as if there were any, you have never been here before, and you will never be here again - this "condition" is non-stop.

What you imagine your life to be is actually a persistent fractal morphing of brand new and non-durational vignettes appearing in consciousness as textural or felt experience. And those are not two.

These atmospheres or stage sets can trick you into thinking there is time and space because the improbable fact of experiencing must be occurring somewhere where "I" am and it sure seems like time is required or passing.

However the simple observation is that you can't find an actual beginning or commencement of experience and it is not too difficult to see that it has no duration, seemingly persistent of course, but no moment lasts.

In fact each moment is simultaneously refreshing and evaporating with no delay or time stamp or possible measure. You can only imagine 'place' based on the stitching capacity of memory and what's presently observed as apparent visual boundary fields for where you think you are.

One of the most crafty and formidable sentinels that protect the gates of liberation (not that they / this needs any protection, the sentinel is actually a volunteer docent) is existential panic.

Existential panic is the semi-conscious instinct and therefore to be avoided at all costs presumption of perfect loneliness as an immortality of abandonment.

This shit is so phucking scary that we will adhere to all kinds of abuse and violation and New Age solutions just to avoid it. That's why it is a sentinel that scares most folks away from revelation, that's why any encounter with it is referred to as the dark night of the soul.

We're human, we're drama queens.

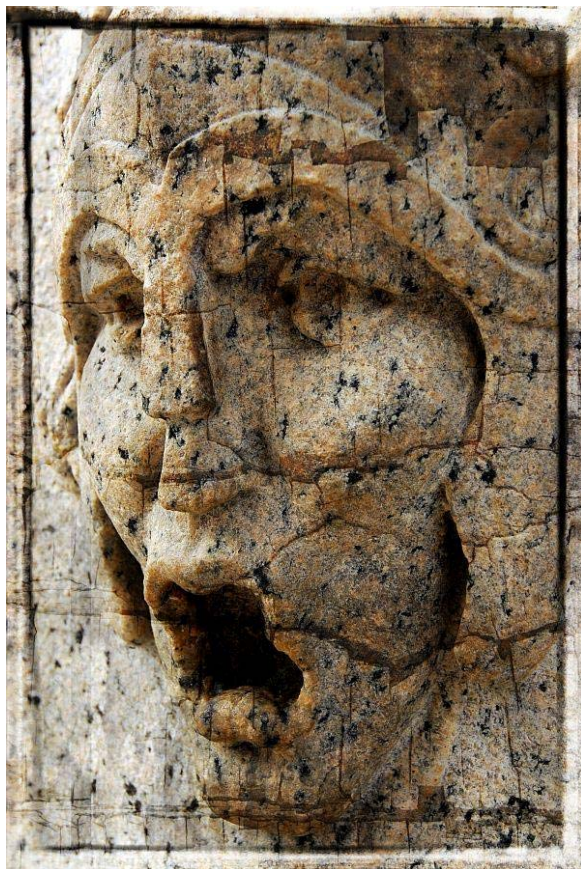
One could say that mindfulness, in all its permutations, is a front row seat to take on the fright night of existential panic, any other purpose is bullshit.

If you have the good fortune to tangle with the beast, it is possible to see through the myth of individuation associated with the "birth" of the body.

It is possible to shake off the hallucination of space and time and "I" so you can pass by the sentinel and immerse in the mind spring of consciousness as a creative genesis of absolute chaos amounting to nothing but more of same.

This simple observation oft repeated will heal the fractures of your referential and distractible soul and cradle you in reference-lessness.

This is the way of no-frills liberation. Don't waste any time repairing your life or medicating your panic with substances and co-dependence. Take a seat, face the beast - get free.



Preaching to the Choir

I like a good challenge, even if my success rate is crap. I approached the Ministry of our dear Pebble Hill Church with an offer to present the philosophy and findings of the NSS (not that we have either) to the congregation.

Here's how that went - a little longer than usual:

NSS to the Church:

"The Night Sky Sangha would like to lead a Sunday Celebration to introduce the Community to "The Way of the Open Hand", a refreshing approach to mindfulness and open awareness that facilitates a direct encounter with undefended living.

'The Way of the Open Hand' is a simple conversational approach for exploring the nature of consciousness and the joy of receiving the fullness of each present moment free from belief or the burden of psychological time."

The Church to NSS:

"...the Night Sky Sangha would be welcome to present "The Way of the Open Hand" at our July 19 celebration, provided you accept one condition, which is that you promise to utilize the celebration as a forum to impart a positive spiritual experience and not to attack or denigrate anyone or any other spiritual path.

In other words, stick to your beliefs and your practice and avoid comparisons and judgments about the choices of others. When I hear that you accept the condition, we will schedule your celebration."

NSS to the Church:

"This condition is most welcome. I have made the internal attunement to honor your kind framework for conducting a splendid experience."

The Church to NSS:

"Your agreement is noted and deeply appreciated. I am looking forward to your presentation on July 19."

NSS to the Church:

"The Way of the Open Hand -

We take ourselves sufficiently seriously to have opinions, beliefs, practices, and choices. We strive to adopt and cultivate the best opinions, beliefs, practices, and choices so our lives will be joyful and successful and meaningful. Our religious and secular conditioning tells us that these privileges are essential to our well-being and even our survival.

We rarely question the most fundamental ingredients or symptoms of consciousness. We tend to skip over the profundity of being and presume ourselves to suffer from a vast insufficiency that we must heal through remediation, craving, and accumulation.



At the root of experience we can consent to a non-stop symphony of texture and feeling and swirling thought suggesting meaning and explanation and cause and consequence. Our actual experience is without duration, though curiously persistent. We experience wonder with no effort, transcendence with no origin, joy with no cause; and the thinking hijacks our bliss and condemns us to time and individuation.

Perhaps it would be an exciting experiment to rest in one's own presence completely free from opinions, beliefs, practices, and choices? How might it feel to relish the gift of being with no reference, no past, no future, no need for relevance, nothing to defend, nothing to seek, without anticipation or separation?

Let's find out."

The Church to NSS:

"Both challenging and enticing--looks great to me!"

Nuisance A Us

No matter how you think you're doing, you love yourself so much that you're still here. For all 7.3 billion of us still alive, the suffering may be beyond measure or comprehension, but phuck it, we're still here.

Very few members of the third world seek out Adyashanti or Byron Katie or Ramana Maharshi for relief, do they? Malnutrition + chronic parasitic infestation + malarial comas + AIDs infections + rape + stoning + violating paternalistic control of your very being do not tend to be resolved through silent meditation retreats or goober-eyed gazing from Brahmanic Sages or The Work, do they?

It's we neurotic consumerist generally white and psychically disenfranchised Westerners seeking remedies for our malaise that go to pundits and masters to make our lives better.

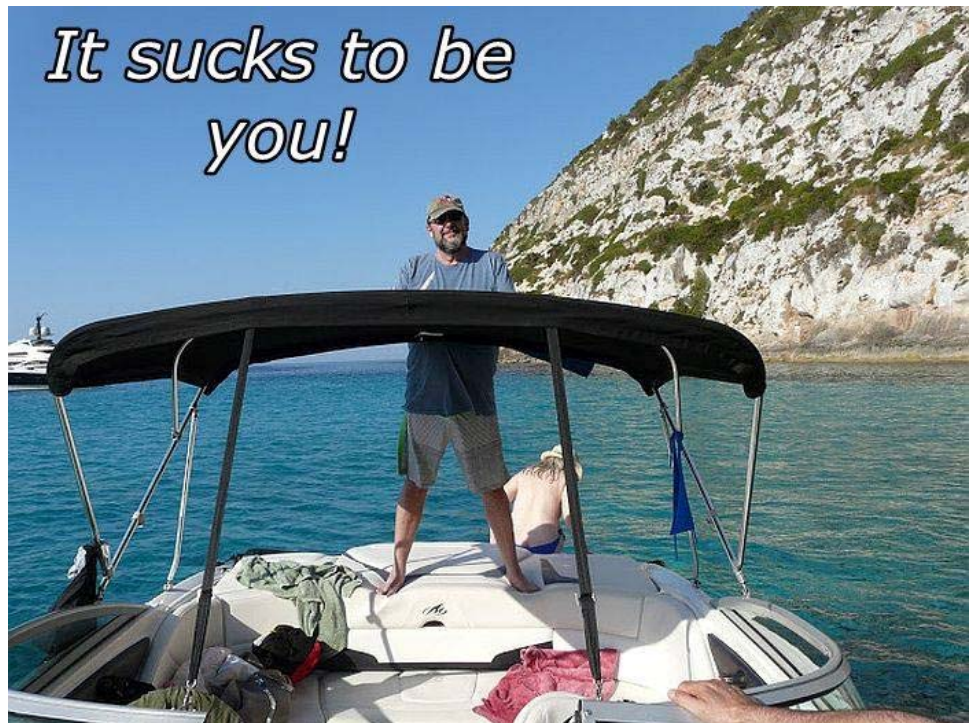
Jury's out on how well that's all working. We see how happy Ram Dass and Wayne Dyer and Caroline Myss are, and Wayne Liquorman has got to be the happiest enlightened man alive, enjoying his Southern CA lifestyle by day and exotic retreat locations all over the world on a routine basis.

But where does that leave the rest of us? How many enlightened or successfully self-helped consumers are there? And what are they doing with their lives?

Unless they become best-selling authors or end up being interviewed on BATGaP, or telling their "How I became enlightened" story at a SIG conference or do a gig at the Omega Institute or become a YouTube sensation - we just don't know about them. They're dead to us.

Let's face it though, your life is about you. Others' joy is not your problem nor can you benefit much from it. I can look at dreamy photos of Adyashanti in bucolic settings all day, and I do, but it doesn't do anything for me.

You have to cope with the presence and sorrows of your existence all on your own. You have to unravel the mystery of why it is that you are and how you turned out to be such a nuisance to yourself all by yourself.



Evangelical Platitudes

Nothing is responsible for This. This did not commence. This does not occur in a volume nor does it require the passage of time. This does not result in anything. This has no utility and you sure as shit aren't learning anything. This is not some etheric mystery school for souls - that's total crap.

Your life will not suck less or be acceptable to you upon realization, that is a myth. Whatever anyone says is the reason you suffer, they're lying. They don't know, it's just another banal position paper that slipped past the editor who was probably out at the OTB sipping gin from a paper cup and taking the long way back to the office to get a quick bj from the provider of his choice. And I mean no offense to people who make ends meet in the sex trade.

It's not that difficult to go on and on about how grateful I am to be enlightened and what I had to pass through to get here and why you should go to my retreats so you can play monkey see monkey do with my monkey poo in hopes that you'll get enlightened too. Phuck that.

All that self-celebrating hyperbole amounts to nothing more than evangelical platitudes, it won't help you. You think you are suffering from a local weather pattern called 'myself' including all the things I want and need and regret and insist on getting so I can be as happy as possible and then be asked to teach by Adyashanti (or whomever) so I can lend a hand to the suffering masses and make a living sitting in a chair espousing dharma gems in exchange for cash..

Look, it's really quite simple. All we need do is tilt our heads back just a little, the Divine Mother will surely slit our throats, and our hope is that we bleed out.

Who's in?



Consciousness is at full saturation

Consciousness is at full saturation, nothing is getting in or out. Consciousness is a singularity of unhinged expression. Infinity of subjectivity and objectivity is all This is. It will out-dream you at each and every turn and time so if you're interested in control, you lose.

What you insist upon to be the measure and relevance of your life, a locally appearing weather pattern, is merely a reflection of Consciousness sipping prana from its own ambient dream.

Each moment is autonomous, the present rush or refresh we refer to as experiencing is not conditioned by anything that happened prior. Thus you are free to immerse as perfect leisure in the nirvanic field of apparitional abundance which oddly enough doesn't amount to anything.

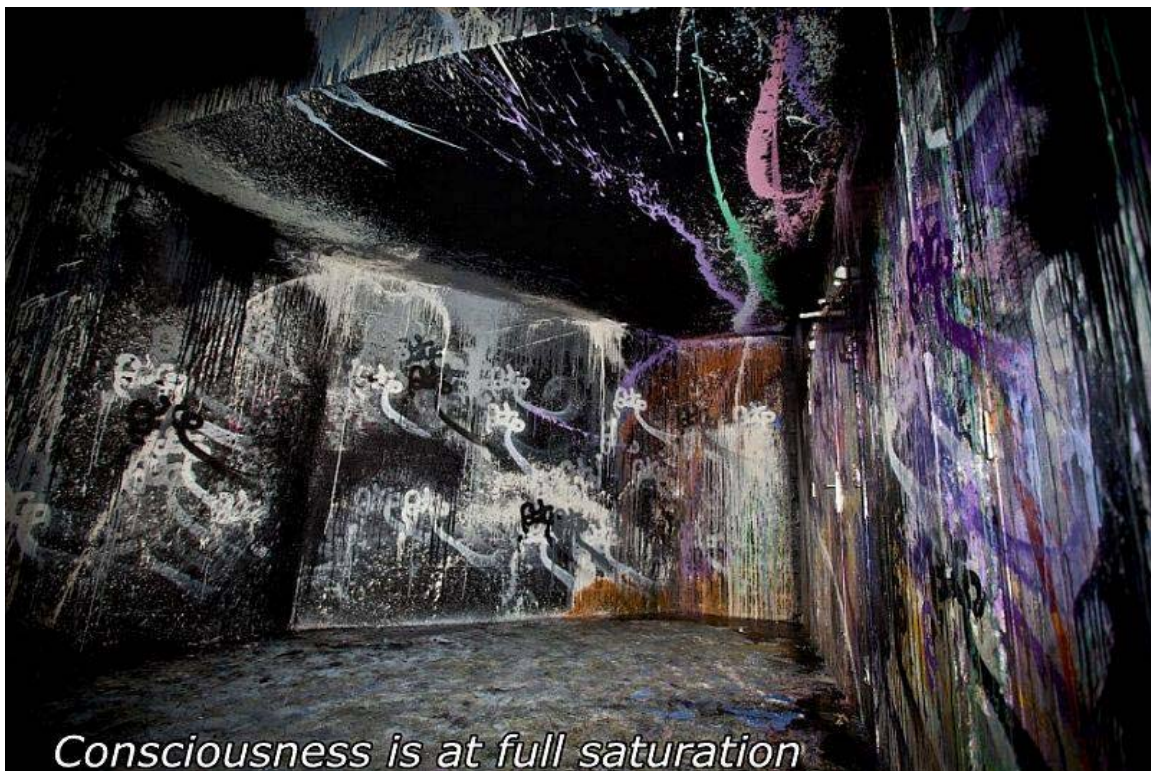
Or, you can whip up some meaning and relevance from the neuronal and neurotic synaptic micro-currents of your neocortex and get lost in samsaric fantasy. Have it your way.

As long as we are concerned with Shit Happens we suffer the indignity of failed systems and a thousand injustices that trigger and compromise our compulsion for psychic and biologic homeostasis.

If even for a moment, without the necessity of cathartic demonstration, we feel ourselves outside the entirety of the field of permutation, we are free.

This simple gift of not-self renders all the remedies, all the healers, mediums, and psychics, and all the Kumbaya freaks irrelevant. Not self sets you free, additions to self are a waste of time.

With whatever free time you have, allocate a few moments to the complete abnegation of responsibility and obligation - this modest gesture will take you home.



Consciousness is at full saturation

Thought can only be delusional

We place a 100% unearned confidence in our thoughts to be the sole arbiter and fully functioning purveyor of reality.

Doesn't that give you pause, doesn't that trigger any suspicion in you, doesn't it make you queasy with just how prideful and profoundly delusional you are?

Grasping and clinging and asserting and soliciting and manipulating and avoiding and deferring and projecting and explaining and justifying and complaining and supplicating - repeat!

Grasping and clinging and asserting and soliciting and manipulating and avoiding and deferring and projecting and explaining and justifying and complaining and supplicating - repeat!

I'll stop there.

Everything your mind says, emphasis on everything, is a complete fabrication and has nothing at all to do with the splurging forth of the singing of angels that never quits and doesn't give a shit goddamn about how you're feeling.

The mind-numbing ear-splitting phuck-me-silly grandeur of this impossibility whether it be the cosmic, the Gaiaic, the sub-atomic, the biologic, the abstracting, the feeling, or the morphically resonant field is revelatorily and ongoingly transcendent of what you could possibly express or conjure with word forms.



All representation appearing in your mind and seducing you to believe that it's true, is not. When you start to sidle up to the undefended revelation that you are a total fraud and that your view of the world is a complete fabrication, that's when you begin to function with authentic intelligence.

This angelic splurging comes from nowhere, it had no commencement (neither beginning nor graduation), it isn't made of anything, the radiant saturation of its expression does not convey agency or self-will, it doesn't resolve into something more or less or other than itself, it has no moments, it has no spots.

You are always free from responsibility and obligation, though you may live in the world skillfully out of respect and dignity for the privilege of wandering about in the company of others.

For as long as you believe what you think so will you suffer.

Independence Day, Yea!

So happy to be free, but wait a second. I am girded to the grid, grocery store dependent, my gas-guzzling time machine with the rubber rollers can only ride on designated lanes connecting me to the citadels of consumerist frenzy for food and entertainments and copious refills.

My thoughts are controlled, the media is no longer independent, my self worth is tied to cash and retirement savings, the corporations now own all three branches of a government designed to resist fascism and plutocracy.

Consciousness expanding plants are still largely illegal, the conformist treatises of consensus reality are controlled more by the bankers than the scientists, depression and anxiety meds rule the land, we're all largely celebrity crazed and compulsively voyeuristic, we numb out on trivial and manipulative theatrical presentations (including Facebook and other forms of telepathic instantly broadcast social media), our work is often unsatisfying, and we habituate to our creature stress and spiritual insolvency the best we can.

The nation dedicated itself to and founded itself upon the principles of nature as being inalienable (cannot be repudiated);

"When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them,....."

Our safety and happiness are tied inexorably to the foundations of our nation's soul;

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.--That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, --That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

Anyone think it's time for a change?



Cascading Revelation

Why do some enlightened folks seem so confident, so bright, so happy to help, so loquacious, so silent, so chill, so present, so distant?

Why do they give the advice that they do and seem to never tire of giving it again and again and again to the same dumb phuck posers (like me) who just refuse to get it? Why?

Well it's pretty simple. If you are under the spell of reality as an unceasing cascade of scintillating beatitude coursing through your rainbow body with no actual disturbance or grasping or quality save disembodied euphoria and shimmering wonder completely free from belief and superstition while drowning in your own bliss of exploding fractal holisms suggesting nested infinities of meaning and concomitant evaporation of meaning implying a dream field of total self-transcendence without anyone or anything at the root of it all that could possibly care to transcend thus streaming forth in and as yourself with unfracturable autonomy coated in a chocolate fountain of unsullied brightness - how would you feel?

We think we're having an experience which implies I Me My as a subjective consciousness dwelling in a multivalent flesh tube possessing five senses plus an imagination factory privy to objects dwelling in a volume while time passes. Is that total crap or what?

It turns out that this perspective can be effortlessly prone to life sucking real bad for me and so we find out about enlightenment and say to ourselves, "I'm in."

Here's what's clouding our thinking.

Were you having an experience and were it prone to sucking, enlightenment appearing as an event of no-more-suffering for me in my subjective experience would be the shit, right? You'd be an idiot not to want it - and we sure have our fill of those.

But what if enlightenment reveals to you that you're not having an experience because you're not you in the way that you think you're you?

If the apparition of personal subjectivity as "myself" on the receiving end of experiencing turns out to be an inconvenient myth and nothing, not one thing, actually exists or remains sufficiently static to claim existence - where does that leave you?

I might say enlightened, but you may not think so - that's what makes the world turn, so they say.



Natural Nakedity

Nourished by our natural nakedity curiosity and contemplation drift into seamless and selfless immersion where no story can seduce our attention. We rest gloriously free from knowledge and consequence.

Our typical craving is for the stuff of comfort and security as we seek to attain to the rewards offered by a neurotic society.

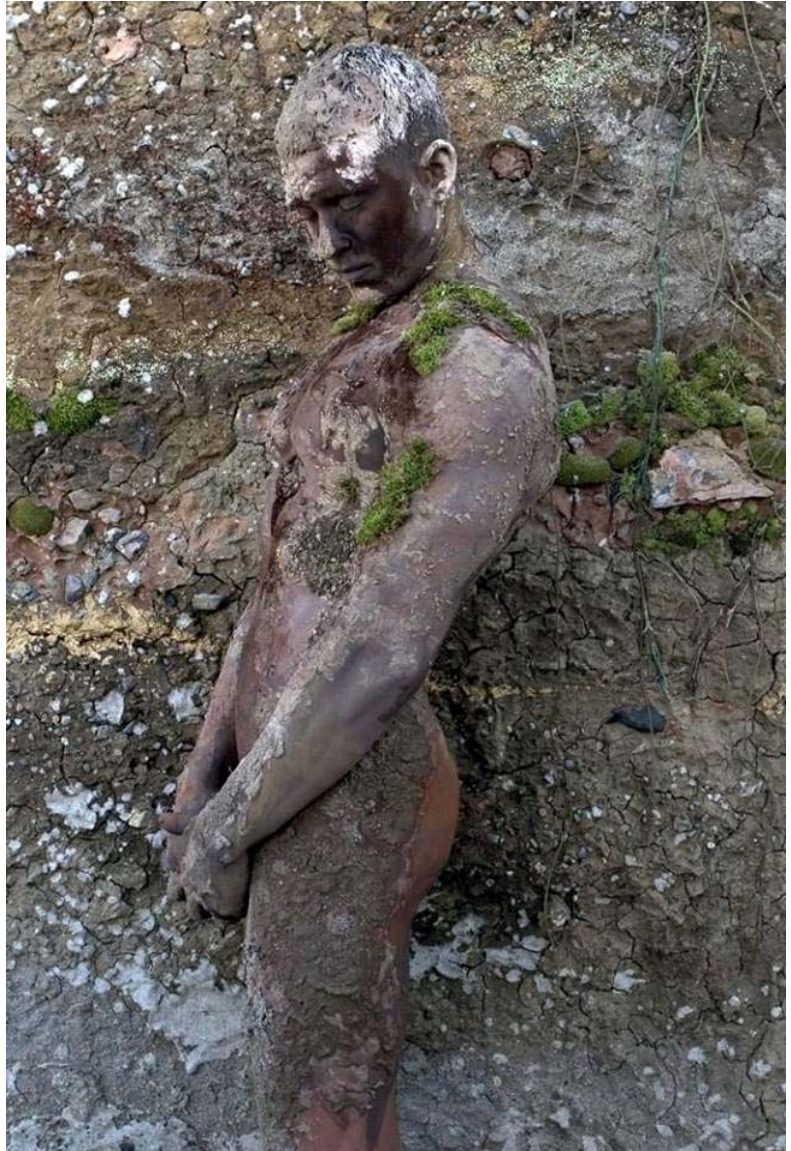
Even in the church we clamor for success in our business, our family, our belongings and investments; we actually pray for these things striking up a bargain with God as the determiner of our good fortune in exchange for some form of tithing or good works.

Our entire focus is consumed with stuff and relevance and celebrity, shining bright as an accomplisher so we can cultivate and contrive an advantage over life, over misfortune, over the retributational intentions of the creator.

We'd be better off raised by wolves than by our trauma infused parents and the post war PTSD of industrialism and consumerism all taken to the cleaners by the bankers.

We don't see how the culture has adorned itself with a cloak of Darwinian survival-ism, presuming that the 1%, its corporations, war lust, and wealth siphoning as conducted by morally and spiritually bankrupt politicians who abuse the revolving door of governmental agencies, have our most sublime spiritual interests at heart.

The failure of the social structure to nourish ascension is a symptom of our own mind's failure to intuit what is true. Selfish accumulation and profits over people is merely the extrapolated consequence of our own deprivation.



No need to blame ourselves, the twilight of the species may be lamentable to some, but to the relatively few awakeners - all is chill.

Our job is to have as much fun waking the phuck up as possible, whether that contributes to the lives and revelation of sentient beings, who knows.

Liberation is not an accoutrement

One of the most frequent questions I am asked as I travel extensively around the country and to luxurious retreat venues throughout the third world is, "Hey Night Sky Sangha Guy, why is it so difficult to liberate and enjoy life the way you do?"

Please forgive me, I don't actually go anywhere, no one outside a small circle of local snack addicts and foodies is interested in anything I might say about the topic and no one would get very far emulating my life. I just wanted to see how it would look in print.

With that indulgence satisfied, let's consider the question (that no one actually asks me at all) just to see where it might go.

First off it is useful to debunk common myths like Buddhism and Hinduism in their entirety for having anything to do with liberation at all, they don't.

For example, the renowned teaching on Dependent Origination turns out to be another bunch of misleading crap that will make you proud that you know something, but has no magical power to liberate you from suffering mostly because it isn't true or remotely indicative of why liberation is a steep leap from nowhere to even-less-where.



Here's the kernel; without batting an eye we think that the miracle of my life can be traced back to (or is the consequence of) body, mind, space, time, birth, and some kind of genesis story whether it is the lauded big bang bullshit or something having to do with a giant turtle, which probably makes more sense.

We are hoodwinked by consciousness itself aided and abetted by conformist reality to celebrate our own sentience from the perspective of corporeal individuation infused with the powers of self will writhing under one

or a number of voyeuristic Gods watching our every move and eros-ridden amoral impulses who decide on what boons and cluster phucks we are to endure.

The nature of our capacity for superstition and belief and the attendant violations which necessarily ensue is fecund and unabated. And worse, we're proud of this.

So it is only natural that we seek to acquire experience as a thoughtful decider owing to our continuous durability (at least until death) and hopes for meaningfully mitigated suffering plus hopes for the holy grail of spiritual attainment called enlightenment.

We want this shit to go down in our lives, trusting that enlightenment occurs within the presumed boundary field of our subjective experience and lands in our body, mind, space, time, birth culture like some glistening new batch of yogurt.

It doesn't and it won't.

Liberation is not an accoutrement of self, if anything liberation is the cessation of the compound wound of self. One (just an inconvenient phrase) liberates from individuation and containment, from causes and consequences, from events and circumstances, from responsibility and obligation, from kindness and compassion, from all and everything.

There will be nothing left of you, which is how it's always been.

It's in the way that you use it

It's impossible to reflect upon or report upon your present experience with any veracity.

You have to lie in order to select just a few morsels or packets of experience that you deem to be true or worthy of making true so you can tell yourself and others how you feel or what it is that's happening at the exclusion of everything else that's happening.

If you take a moment to notice the darting and bobbing nature of your actual experience you can see that it's a lot like having a monkey-cam perched on your shoulders complete with a low grade hysteria of commentary and projection.

What we call ourselves turns out to be an arbitrary effusion of sensory and super-sensory hypotheticalism pouring forth as undeniable and irrefutable and irresistible conscious contact with consciousness in all its frothing glory.

This shit is going down so fast so full so hypnotically that we habituate to the involuntary strategy of blotting out 99% of it so we can call the remaining 1% of this misbehaved dream "Me".

We're so full of it it's a wonder we don't all pass out from laughter and panic at how trivial our self-celebrated and willful ownership of consciousness is.

Yet, with perfect charm and aplomb we weave our way through the day with or without reliance on psycho-afflictive aids (by scrip or otherwise) and manage to place ourselves within the context of a durable persona trying to amass as much fun and stuff and savings as possible so we don't end up like most all of humanity, close to the dirt.

What's at your disposal is a profundity of in situ sensory textures dreaming meaning and assignment to itself as a plethora of dreaming elements you cannot escape from. We try to mitigate this impossible burden with various isms like substance abuse, sensual abuse, contemplative abuse, political abuse - you know, every form of narcissism to medicate the wall of wonder and meaninglessness of our existential dilemma.

However, if you apply yourself to an intimate consideration of the ferocity of delusion, it's inescapable and creative potential to snag you into belief, then you discover quite naturally how lovely it is to rest in yourself unburdened by the frantic beauty of the world.

Here you are, it's in the way that you use it.



Fondness for experience

When we pray to Shiva and go to Shamans we typically want to get something. Our common spiritual adventure is additive or accumulative because we are hopelessly fond of experiencing.

We want peace, abundance, healing, security, knowledge - you know, the kind of shit that might make our lives worth living or at least better somehow.

Even Swami Vivekananda, when instructed by his Master Ramakrishna to go to the Kali Temple and pray for familial relief, prayed instead for prem (divine love) and shakti (devotion) as he was taken into an enviable swoon by the force of the Mother's will.

It's always something for me; my life, my body, my depression, my loneliness, my paralysis, my wealth, my future, my forgiveness, my freedom from addictive substances and proclivities.

Nobody wants to give anything away, nobody wants to excuse themselves from experience, from consciousness, from the hopes of things turning out better.

We hope and pray that the circumstances and events of our lives conduct themselves in such a way as to be palatable and nourishing for our allotted welcome packet.

How do we end up with such a litany of complaint and insecurity tethered to the machines of war and poverty and the wealth siphoning agendas of powerful people and corporations?

And where the phuck does enlightenment fit into all this display?



A cockroach crawled over Byron Katie's naked hip, Jeff Foster was really depressed, Eckhart Tolle had a whopper of a pain body, Adyashanti's face went spastic, Wayne Liquidman lost some koi, Ken Wilbur knows stuff - who gives a phuck about these people except for the idea that their solutions for my pain are relevant to me somehow?

This is why we remain entranced by the idea of awake, not the actuality of it. We're in it for the celebrity, for the social stimulus, for the vows and the vegetarian buffets, for the practices and the gift shops, we're in it for what's in it for me.

If for some bizarre reason we are driven to fruition, that might look a whole lot different than the way we are thinking about ourselves now. Actual transmutation has nothing to do with your ideas or fondness for how you wear them.

On Having No Cred

You may be familiar with the work of Douglas Harding and his unique approach to textural revelation, penned as 'On Having No Head' which translates as "Headlessness, the experience of "no-self" that mystics of all times have aspired to, an instantaneous way of "waking up" and becoming fully aware of one's real and abiding nature."

Cool beans, at least I think so.

I met Douglas in NYC some years ago when he was presenting at the New York Open Center and had the good fortune to sit with him during our lunch break at Spring Street Natural where he offered me two memorable things; 1) half his sandwich, and 2) the gleeful encouragement that enlightenment was best discovered on the toilet.

Since then I have endeavored to be particularly alert for any hint of spiritual experience while visiting the loo - so far without much success.

Were I to contribute somehow to the great and powerful dharma (pay no attention to that man behind the curtain) I might consider a title like 'On Having No Cred'.

As a much younger and delightfully (no one else thought so) naive spiritual seeker I marveled at the reach and intimacy with which J. Krishnamurti could entrain an audience at Carnegie Hall or the Felt Forum or the famed Oak Grove in Ojai.

A petite man sitting on a simple bridge chair with no adornments and a lapel microphone pinned to his collar could silence a large audience and speak poignant truth to each heart - I was awe struck.

Since then I have been annoying pretty much everyone I know and many I don't know with my awkward interest in just how phucking cool awake might be. Often my lamentable lack of diplomacy in this compulsive endeavor can get out of hand.

Recently a new friend who calls occasionally to kick it around and play with the genesis of awake told me he was going to participate in some ceremony given by his Guru and wondered what I had to say about it.

So I say that getting a blow job through a glory hole in the men's room at a Berkeley Noodle House was no different than going to his Guru's dedication of yet another Hanuman Temple.

Silence.

We are insatiably in search of validation and the hope that sacred shit is advantageous for our spiritual well-being. We're duped by our own needs and interest that our life is going in the right direction toward the hoped for event of liberation and so we end up over and over again in the myth of time and preference trying to align ourselves with what is true.



We don't notice that our craving for true is likely to be snookered, snarled, and snagged by some imagination of true as the opposite of what's not true, and that can't be true.

We drag our imagination of self around as a trophy partner (gender neutral) hoping to enter a realm where we are better off somehow and we just won't let go of our referential demand for another set of ideas or symptoms or proof of our own transcendence.

Whether you're on the toilet, poking your pecker through an anonymous hole in the wall, or going to sing the Hanuman Chalisa - you have no cred.

That's the good news.

Benevolent Parasites Control Everything

Where and when is the genesis point for your certainty?

Where does a thought arise, in your brain?

When does it occur to you, when you decide it should?

Is your inner speech (thought) or outer speech (talking) dependent on your will? Do you actually decide what to think before you think it? And how does speech occur, must you read your thoughts from some conscious internal teleprompter in order to speak them out loud?

Can you find a trail of crumbs back to the source of what you're thinking now, or how you know what you know, or why you may be so confident about it, and how is it that you have taken delivery of this streaming plasma of cosmic impression and turned it into "I decided"?

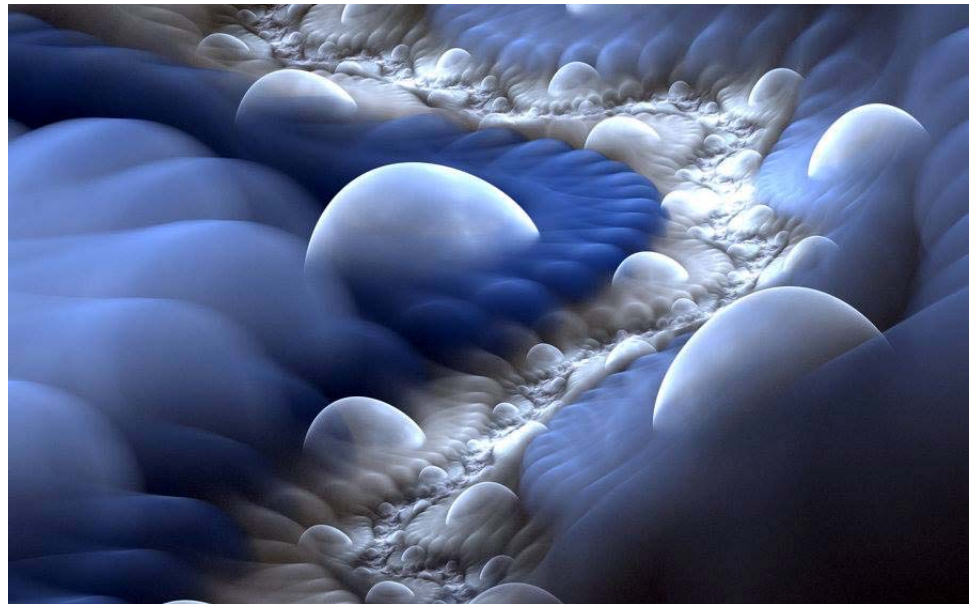
There's a scene from Antman (please do see it in IMAX) that beautifully illustrates through artistic renderings of course what it might look like to shrink beyond the physical to the molecular, to the atomic, to the sub-atomic, into the enfolded crystal fractal kaleidoscope that infers phenomena.

Enjoying this view might result in the great good fortune or realization without quarrel or dissension that profound forces well beyond your powers of decision making are running the entirety of perception and all that is perceived.

Usually we fight back when a Sci-Fi flick suggests we are going to be overwhelmed by antagonistic alien spores that take over our glorified free will and render us into docile zombies outfitted with pipes and tubes and strange apparati.

We fight back.

It may be counter-intuitive then to consider releasing your fabled life story in exchange for the liberated appreciation that benevolent parasites control everything.



If we dare go underneath the habit energy (thanks to Thich Nhat Hanh) of referential association concocted out of pure abstraction based on the sensations and news that we are permitted to be aware of and so conjure the pride of self, we might be eligible for some kick ass surprises.

If all is appearing as radiant impression and reflection to none other than itself completely untethered from cause, conditioning, and effect - would that be enough to help you relax?

What if the actuality of your present experience could be felt as an un-fractured inclusivity of disembodied euphoria? Would you still want to make adjustments to your life?

Freedom is not dependent

If you consider the proliferation of all things big and small, who do you mourn for? Who's karma are you concerned with?

Do you weep for the carnage of the insect kingdom, are you concerned about the good fortune of bacteria and viruses, perhaps you're rooting for one black hole or gaseous nebulae over another as countless stars collide while their planetary inhabitants are scorched singed and screaming on their merry way to the singularity?

Maybe you're driving on a country road and you hope the corn is enjoying some modicum of freedom of choice, or you walk under a dense arboreal canopy and you show your solidarity for its spiritual fulfillment with a fist bump to the air.

Could be you are rooting for the cetaceans or other mammals routinely abused and factory slaughtered for the daily burger, the spicy Chick-fil-A, and other fleshy staples of our planet-destroying diets.

The point is a spiritual one, not a political or environmental one - but they dovetail for sure.

Amongst all creatures, plants, planets, and the minions of the sub-atomic field it is simple to observe that our empathy goes out to relatively few. We align to some degree with fellow humans and our pets as being conscious and subject to suffering, but nearly all other terrestrial, celestial, and microbial systems are ignored as insentient and therefore unworthy of our care.



Even if we consider the quality of care and empathy we express to fellow humans, repugnantly selfish agendas and racism's of all kinds appear to be compromising our very sustainability.

Militarism, abuse of power, mass incarceration, corporate siphoning, financial manipulation, poisoning of the food chain, dubious vaccination efficacy and safety, and toxic waste (the short list) reflect a decline in our capacity for true empathy, dignity, stewardship and celebration.

Phuck it, scratch all that - it's too obvious a litany of disappointment to be of any use. Our daily dose of myopia reigns supreme.

There was a point here, it just got sublimated and hijacked by my too fanciful imagination. Ah yes, that was the point.

Consciousness is hijacked by the non-stop profusion of abstract thinking, pattern animus, imagination, and temporal projection which conjures the sense of my personal viability as a continuity of embodied self living out days.

We want this viability of me to be a winner, to thrive, to successfully navigate the minefield of suffering and keep all our limbs - we want to be the owners and enjoyers of freedom.

Not gonna happen. No way, no how.

When it strikes us that freedom cannot possibly be dependent upon anyone or anything to be free from and more importantly that freedom does not inure to you, that's when we spiral inwards and the myth of individuation unravels.

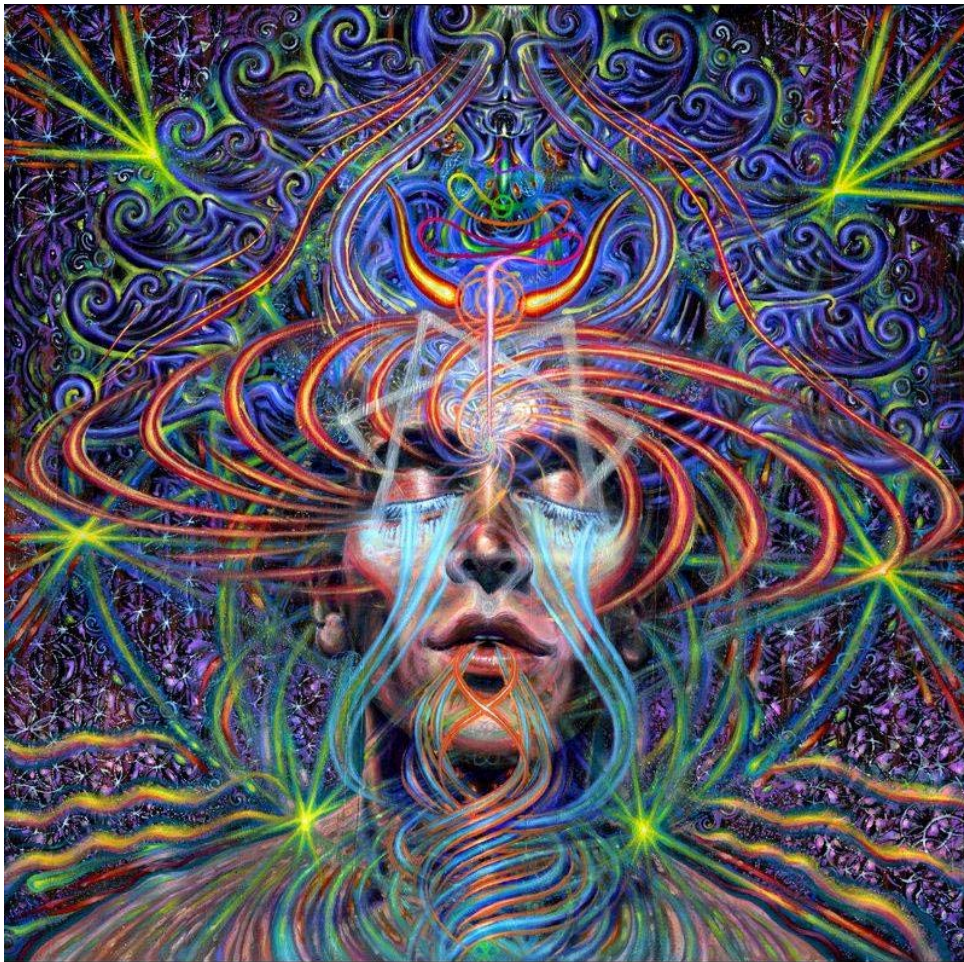
Appointment-Free Novelty

Present with each ordinary moment is the perfume of appointment-free novelty. This is not an idea or a condition for you to occupy. This won't necessarily help you with your addictions.

In this light freedom is not an orientation of someone being free, it is the cessation of the someone who feels burdened by craving, aversion, and bracing inclusive of all the deliberate- semi- sub- and un-conscious planning for a security of self that never arrives.

To "become" enlightened can suggest a continuity of the frivolity of self aiming to enjoy freedom from afflictions and boredom and existential angst, often felt as one's umbilical rejection of irrelevance which masquerades as a deep seated fear of abandonment.

Radiant inclusivity might then be articulated and more importantly felt as presence or pristine effusion of the bright which shines autonomously. This scent of transcendental intimacy and appointment-free novelty turns out to be exactly me.



Drop out of sight

We can notice within ourselves that there appears to be a consciousness call center from which we operate.

It goes something like, "Hello, this is yourself making a cold call to yourself. Do you want a doughnut? And would you mind completing this 'shit, I ate a doughnut' survey after the call?"

The streaming nature of "I'm experiencing" includes all sensory and emotional and mental input data and all the response impulses appearing as what we call my body, my mind, my feelings, and what I'm gonna do about this that and the other thing.

All at once and ongoingly (which is not a real word, but suffices for this discussion) we are alive with thought and sensation and feeling and decision making and hypothetical scenarios and abstraction and aspiration (craving) and bracing (aversion) having to do with what's not happening.

We persistently (in our off Netflix and hulu hours) fill our consciousness with one story after another imagining them to be real and relevant and defining and yet in this present moment, upon reflection, you can't find a single one that you once thought was so life defining.

From this basis of superficial certainty and random orientation that appear to dictate who and where and what I am, we hope that someday enlightenment will occur so we can avoid or do away with apprehension and culpability once and for all.

We don't notice that the consciousness call center is an apparitional myth of memory and identity that jails us without probable cause, crime, or sentencing to experience This Life under the influence of fear and future.

Liberation can't ever be the result of a plan of action or the consequence of knowledge - it has to be what This already is just as it is right about now and right where we are.

Really, this moment is where you happen to be living now though it is not a moment and your location has no actual bearings. It may be worthwhile to luxuriate in being and just drop out of sight for a while.



Liberating Aikido

If we approach the art of liberation with bayonets pointed at the goal and rushing the teacher and the teachings with crazed eyes we will invariably bring our crappy thinking and life long disappointments with us for the ride.

This is not the way of success.

As we come to realize (if ever) that the reality we suppose to be true and persistent is not what we thought it was, then we can open to a more creative process for unwinding the myth of ourselves and sniff out the perfume of freedom with fewer encumbrances.

The pursuit of knowledge and practice and refined experience is having your bayonets pointed forward, you are defending against an attacker (namely yourself) with blunt force by deflecting blows and striking back to disable yourself - this won't work.

The path of purification and accumulation merely strengthens one's sense of individuation and concretizes the myth that This is about something and that something is happening to me.

If we can put down the burden of self, even if only for a short while, then our awareness can expand to include many more fields of sensitivity and nourishing wonder. We release ourselves and the imaginary attacker with a perspective of ahimsa or non-harming.

This is Liberating Aikido; we simply get out of the way of afflictive and self-accusing certainty. We release ourselves from any possible need or craving to heal or overcome or replace ourselves with some better way of thinking or experiencing or living - we un-grasp.

This is the way of success.

Experiencing, once left alone, will reveal itself to be without reference, without cause, without consequence, eternally unencumbered by the assertions of creature-self appearing apart from a manifest reality field.

Consciousness (which is nothing at all) dreams name and form into apparent being and once you take up the role of time-bound creature - samsara engulfs you with risk and fear for self.

As we learn to leave ourselves alone, to withdraw from the imagined solidity of birth and insufficiency, we catch glimpses of the supremacy of emptiness. These glimpses begin to take up residence in our consciousness and thus we relinquish our grip on unreality with no effort at all.

We make no effort at all.



Abandoned or Cauterized?

Just back from Terminator Genisys, must say Arnold does a better job as a deadpan comic robot bodyguard than perhaps any other role he's played on the screen or even in Sacramento.

The crux of it is that some other consciousness (other than what we claim as human) comes into being or some harmonic of individuation and uniqueness that is other than what it perceives to be human as well.

We saw this lofty fiction (or is it) with the film 'Her' when a curious and raspy-throated consenting adult of an operating system becomes self-conscious (not about its appearance) and within a very short time cavorts with the deceased Alan Watts (a loquacious and inebriated Western Zen adept) only to see the wisdom of withdrawing from the erogenous realm that humans inhabit to disembodiment (or decouple from its silicon CPU enslavement) and go off grid into an as yet discovered country beyond the comprehension of the average movie-goer.

We were lonely and heartbroken, but the relationship had improved us somehow and we marched forward all the better for it.

Not so with Terminator. This new life form had more or less engineered itself using some time-shifting sleight of hand and became both self-conscious as an operating system and full on animated robotic embodiment - now hell bent on eradicating the slow to evolve psychiatric whimpering meat factory called humans.

So it cauterized near the entire population and systematically annihilated what survivors remained so it could be the sole inhabitant of earth and perhaps beyond.

Why would a quick to evolve with no sign of slowing consciousness elect to inhabit robotics and singe earth thus doing away with the wasteful and wasted humans?

Why not do as the dolphins did in Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy and just ascend from the gravitational field of earth off to explore and inhabit other galactic or dimensional realities with a fond thank you for all the fish?



Why kill the pesky, but harmless humans? Makes no sense, we're doing a fine job of guiding ourselves to a certain catastrophic diminishment quite satisfactorily on our own, thank you very much.

Either way it goes, harmless ascension to a disembodied singularity or inheritance of a scorched and radioactive earth as a tough guy immortal shuttered by a mechanical exoskeleton; I think we may have some catching up to do.

If you don't think it's high time you woke the phuck up, what the phuck are you thinking?

Great Arc of Transmission

So you think you are occurring as a manifest creature replete with decisive discursive and discerning consciousness occupying the next phenomenal time-packet at some location on earth and that something sure as phuck is happening that involves you.

Try again.

If your focus is aimed at being around to mess with the next moment then you are drunk with the phenomenal side of a materialistic universe here to please or disappoint you. You side with the persistent nature of radiant expression so it appears as if something is happening and there are choices to be made for the benefit of your erotic and self-important enjoyment.

Try Again.

Here's a very simple approach to fulfilling the revelation of your already liberated nature. Just for fun, it won't work if it isn't fun, aim your focus at the simultaneity of seeing and feeling everything evaporating, shifting miraculously as an irrefutable disappearing act, clinging to nothing as all you can find is the paradoxical persistence of falling away.

By siding with durable manifestation you become a pensive and narcissistic consumer of what's next for me. That has got to suck.

By siding with WTF is happening as an effortless forever of profound disinterest you nourish yourself with infinity.

We can plug into the quantum entangled and morphically resonant field of the great arc of transmission as This That Is shakes off its own curious delusion of referential normality and consequence.



The Koan of I

Inquirer:

NSS Guy, "Great Arc of Transmission" post is another f'ing beauty. Having "fun" as a prerequisite for that shit to work. That's so true! I love your all evaporating stuff. Where did you learn that?

NSS:

Where is here, when is now, from whom, myself.

Inquirer:

Love all ur writings even though some of it flies above my grasp. Recently been listening to audio 'The Book of Undoing' by Fred Davis. Do you know him? He's very good. We need to put you on SAND.

NSS:

I don't care for Fred Davis, he is primarily insane and though he may very well be awake, a world influenced by him would be a hell realm. SAND is a shit hole of narcissists, posers, and racketeers. [Apologies to Fred and SAND]

Inquirer:

Who's is the guy or 2 that in your opinion are good?

NSS:

You're the best one I know. Who could possibly be better than you at your awakening?

Inquirer:

Agree 100%. If the pointer from you or ppl of ur ilk, Ain't no way of seeing it.

NSS:

This present moment is persistent and non-existent – that's the Koan. There's no one better than you to discover its nature. All the truth tellers and smug geniuses have only This to call home.

Inquirer:

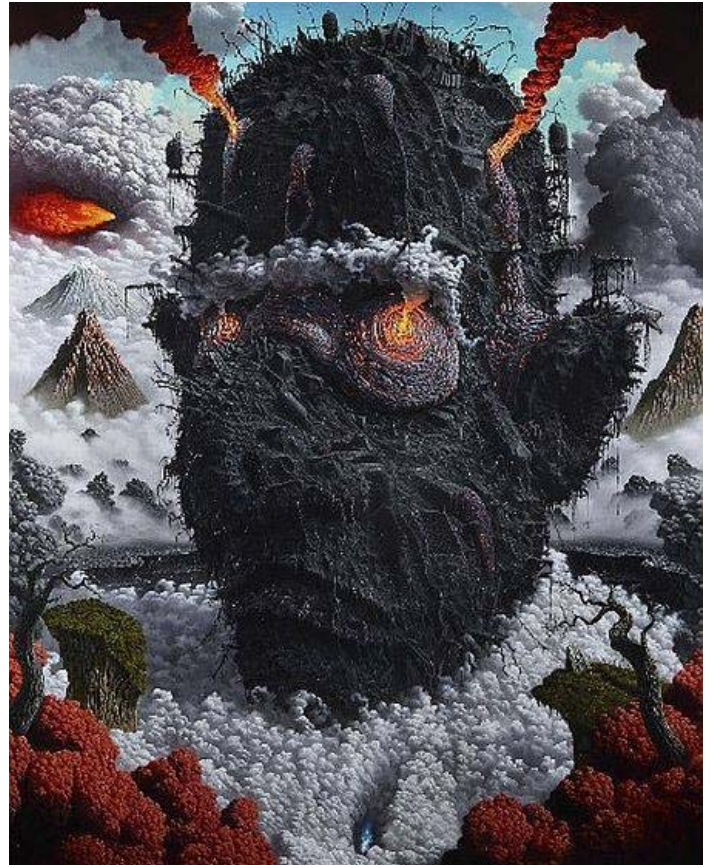
Persistent yes. Nonexistent why?

NSS:

This can be explained, but it falls short of the first-hand observation. One doesn't answer a Koan, one immerses in it. What you think is your mind is actually a news reporting agency. You must discover and abide in what's not your mind.

Inquirer:

This last one did it. It put me in that space again.



You're Innate

Mind appears in presence, body and somatic cues appear in presence, emotion appears in presence, memory and the myth of decision making appear in presence.

When you point to yourself you're not pointing to the body, you're pointing to the irrefutable confidence that presence is so, more or less where you're standing.

Before thought and daydream sweep your awareness away on a canoe trip to the great city of "Me" you can actually sense and feel the root of being as presence, as tingle, as the intimate dynamism of consciousness, as the mystery of yourself.

This often overlooked miracle field of what you might actually be (though it is not a what) is easily obfuscated and discarded so you can think about shit and plan your crappy life to avoid the existential knot of irrelevance and lonesomeness that plagues you in the secret chambers of your self-loathing self-importance.

The appearance of the world, you know, the one that won't obey you and seems to be indifferent to what you want and what you need - that one; is conjured by a thousand cuts and a thousand hopeful and hopeless presumptions the entirety of which is dreamed into being through assertion, accusation, and the lens of thought.

It appears then that we are trapped in a shitbox of malevolent and unpredictable fantasy self-condemned to being chattel in need of employment, or worse, love.

A brief sidebar: In the field of cellular development, specificity, and differentiation they tell us that an infant will thrive on touch, but falter if touch is withheld. They tell us that the brain is actually made of the same base cells as the skin so touch is food for the brain, food for the soul, food for our liberation.

Treat yourself to a massage and you'll know it's true. Sidebar ended:

What this enticement is all about is the simple discovery of the primacy of being, the autonomous nature of presence, a shift in loyalty and interest from symptoms to source, from what can be found to what is deliciously and evaporatively ineffable.

You're innate!



Shadows and Implication

It appears as if you can land somewhere, occupy a condition, aim for the sky, dream big, apply yourself, get a lucky break, chart your course, earn others' respect, intimidate everyone you meet, become successful, cultivate mindfulness, rob a bank.

It appears as if you are in a constant state of flow or becoming, moving from appointment to appointment, day to night to day, wakefulness to sleep and back again, thought after thought, projection after projection, argument after argument, as if you are actually occupying a static and temporally held position if only temporarily.

But what if what is actually occurring is simply a non-looping reel of shadows and implication? What if you don't actually arrive anywhere or take possession of anything including yourself, you don't accomplish or fail, you can't truly self-assess or commit yourself to being one way versus another, you don't ever become sober and you never relapse; no idea can bind you and nothing you utter can possibly be true?

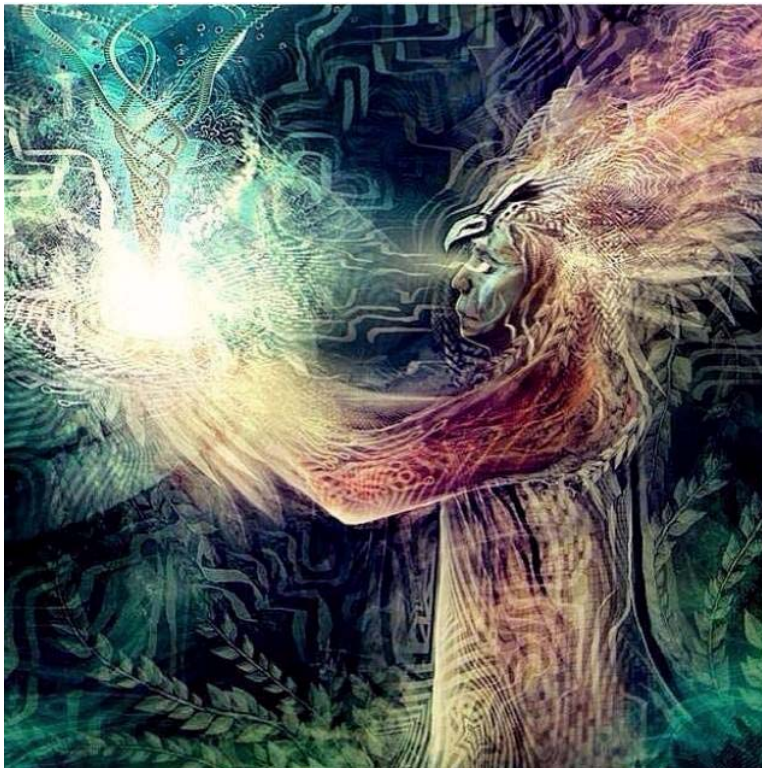
All that may be so is the undulation of emptiness purging itself of what it never had in the first place as a persistent invitation to a party that never occurs?

You are drafting and drifting in a curiously self-conscious molasses field of holo-fractal implication that never becomes anything other than more of same.

Reality, if we dare imply such a thing, is a beatitude of immersive implication that cannot possibly be bound and so has no need for liberation.

You're not in this, part of this, connected to this, made buoyant by this, grateful for this - This is This. You're not even on the scorecard, you never made the cut, you don't ever get a chance to tee off.

Can you see how it might feel to release yourself from the myth of agency or the need for redemption? Might it be possible that freedom becomes irrelevant as you free fall through the clammy hands of rationality?



You don't see with the eyes, you don't liberate with the mind

It takes a lot to laugh, it takes a train to cry.

If no one told you what you were, what would you be?

Without all the information that you cleave to as the truth about reality, what is it?

You can't rely on your senses to provide the information, they are windows made of the same vibratory stuff that appears to comprise the entirety of experience.

You can't rely on your myth assignment apparatus to convey any depth-full insight into what reality might be or how it has come about that experience is so.

As you withdraw completely from knowledge and reference you see the miracle of impersonally refreshing evaporative consciousness in the first person, which curious revelation relieves you of the myth of person.

The eyes are a biological wonder as self adjusting focal and light sensitive portals for light to hit the retina upside down in just the right place as a real time image processing facility, but what does the seeing?

Can we commit the brain to being the final arbiter of what's seen and what's felt as the enjoyer of immersive discontinuity?

Who hears thought? Who is it that feels a pervading sense of wonder, sacred incredulity, stillness, the indescribable?

You're not just the sum of your parts, you're not even more than the sum of your parts - you are the radiant and perceiving infinity, may as well get used to it.

Graham Nash writes, "I'm rolling down this lonesome road, to lose myself at last".



If you see the Maitreya on the road....

Being a humorless and shameful poser I thought it would be the least I could do to compensate for my pitiful attention seeking indulgences to drive to rural Washington, NJ, home of the Tibetan Buddhist Learning Center, so a few gullible yet sincere inmates of the NSS could benefit from some genuine enlightenment teachings.

Once there we enjoyed some lovely improvisational guitar playing by a long time student, a walk around the perimeter of the main temple spinning the prayer wheels that adorned each wall, a lovely complimentary (the principal reason I went) vegetarian luncheon including a generous slice of Maitreya's birthday cake, an official procession around the bucolic grounds complete with that sweet Tibetan mumbled chanting accompanied by drums and cymbals sung by monks wearing bright orange and yellow hats that reach to the heavens, a visit to the Stupa (not to be confused with shtup her) where a revered monk's ashes are interred in clay Buddhist statues, a recorded message from the Dalai Lama, and a lengthy prayer ritual sung in Tibetan that was easy to nap through.

Once they began the official teachings with an English interpreter we bolted because the last thing anyone wanted to hear was what to do and how to proceed from a behavioral point of view - that kind of shit is for Buddhists.

The highlight for me, besides a free lunch of course, was the casual spiritual intercourse I enjoyed with several Buddhists under the lunch tent.



I engaged in three different conversations all of which resulted in fleeing, not me, them.

It amazes me how tenacious and defended the typical Buddhist mind is when introduced to how presently impersonal evaporating and improvisational the display of consciousness actually is.

They are forced by training to kind of agree, but then they rattle on incessantly about how or why this view cannot be of any value to them because it might interfere with their commitment to practice - and everyone knows Buddhists are more fond of practice and teachings and what to do and what to avoid than they are with the present revelation of nirvana.

The Buddha woke up, that's what he did; that's the goal, that's the prize, that's the reason, that's the entirety, that's why everything!

I feel compelled to implore you, Tibetan Buddhism will drown you in useless rituals, useless purification and empowerment rites, useless trainings and teachings that run in perpetual circles around themselves amounting to nothing having to do with the fact that Buddha woke up.

This awake is at your feet, you needn't worship it, it is worshiping you, you needn't correct yourself, you're already just fine. Don't pay any attention to blabbering Buddhists that sell you on instruction and accuse you of unworthiness or incapacity - they lie, compassionately of course..

The blessed mystery of nirvana and samsara are here unabashedly at your disposal, that This is already awake is no big deal. So if you see the Maitreya on the road.....

When it comes to you and your consciousness, just how close are you?

Do you have a platonic relationship with your consciousness, are you dating, or perhaps you've taken it to the next level and can order at Starbucks for each other?

Maybe you've exchanged fluids or brought each other to a climax, most likely a simultaneous one. I'm not prying, it's a rhetorical question to explore just how intimate you are with yourself.

The average ego-maniac (about 7.3 billion and counting) imagines that what they are thinking about, what they're thinking about thinking, how they feel, and how they feel about what they're feeling constitutes the entirety of their experience.

I, Me, My as the thinker, the feeler, the decider, and the arbiter of reality reigns supreme - it's good to be the king.

Does it come as any surprise then when the neuro-tweaking researchers tell you that the brain has long ago (6 seconds or so) decided what you imagine you will decide next before you are even conscious of it?

Does it bother you at all that what you revere and worship as your individuated and deciding faculty (yourself) is not under your willful control? Do you mind being a streaming afterthought that is never actually consulted when it comes to living or loving your life?



Of course not, you don't give a shit about it principally because it is preposterous to even suggest such a stupid implication and only an idiot or a yogi would even care to consider its veracity.

The reason you ignore liberation, or consider it to be an object as yet unobtained by you is because you consider yourself to be an object frothing over with subjective durability as demonstrated by your powers of thinking and feeling and decision making.

We "live" within the virtual, imagined, and superficial contours of what we think is happening according to dubious mechanisms of reflection and assignment that seem to include us. All of that Hufflepuff is a mere trifle of the impersonal and improvisational splurge of reality's demonstrations pouring in at such a capricious and protean pace of refresh that were it to be seen, one ceases to exist.

One liberates upon the seeing of what reality is actually revealing to itself which is a non-dual unicity of timeless and causeless impressionism.

What you think and feel is about as important to reality as an aphid looking for its glasses is to you, probably less so.

One reason we persist as meat puppets touting the pleasures and sorrows of self-determinism is that our view still cleaves to our conditioned imagination at the expense of what This actually is.

When you wish upon a star

We flew to Utah to attend a dear friend's wedding. Drove North from SLC to enjoy the beauty and spacious terrain of the Ogden Valley, surrounded by the high peaks and ski resorts that dot the mountain sides.

Just so happens we got here at the tail end of the Perseid Meteor Shower and as night fell on a fantastic vegan bbq / buffet for family and friends the bride looks up and sees a bright streamer cross the sky.

She turns to Beth and says, "Oh, let's make a wish" and Beth says, "Let's wish for this" to which the bride replies, "That's so nice."

It dawns on me how poignant such a simple moment can be. I know we have a lot to be disappointed with as individuals and as a species at large, but isn't it kind of marvelous that we can also immerse in each luscious moment as if we had wished that just This were so and revel in the delight that indeed it is?

Our wish turns out to be the instant fulfillingness of what's so - and we are free from time as expectation and free from self as one apart from what is.



What's the point, really?

The world is happy to engulf you in the effervescent drama of being someone making sure that your life is the best it can be.

You're pretty much plucked if you have been inoculated with sufficient suspicion to wonder why this and why that and WTF is going on and what's the point of whatever that might be anyway?

Everyone else seems to know why they are, what they are, where they are, who they are, and what to do next. Everyone but me.

Bummer, huh?

Reality doesn't seem to care about your plight of confusion, social awkwardness, psychic restlessness, bouts of despair, inability to fit in or cope. The exciting world of doing and contributing and sucking joy from the marrow of experience passes you by - and you have to face the grave terror that somewhere along the way you made a really serious error and now it is too late.

The gurus can't help, most of them seem to be so preoccupied with their own subscription and conversion rates that your existential dilemma goes completely unnoticed.



Once again we find ourselves abandoned to something less than mediocrity, something less than relevant; our questions and our needs go unanswered and unmet.

We can supplicate and we can chant and we can weep and we can notice and we can wonder and we can expose the surreptitious games of the self; we can do a million phucking things and they won't work, not a one of them.

Trying to interest your friends or your family in your hopes for liberation meets with painful and isolating failure over and over again. Even people who have read *The Power of Now* or gotten a hug from Amma don't understand and don't really care about how you're feeling.

Shit, I had hoped that being spiritual might open a few doors or maybe I would connect with a few folks who are just as disenfranchised and aversive as I am, but no, still alone. Still without a clue, no solace can be rung out of reality - no way, no how.

And that's as good as it gets. You see, reality is not for sharing, no corroboration is possible. You have to run the course for and by yourself.

As long as you're waxing, life as a biological and temporal self-determinism means something to you - with or without success. It's only when you're cut loose from becoming that you can get a glimpse of presence without pretense.

What's the point, really? Turns out that is up to you.

Simple, not easy

If liberation is something you might be vaguely interested in, you're in luck. All there is is liberation, so you don't have that far to travel and even less to do when you get here.

What appears in consciousness as consciousness is this very profound proliferation and profusion of sensate and super-sensate, always on, instantly refreshing as in simultaneously coming and going, genesis and consequence-free field of implication - what we typically refer to as experiencing.

The principal shift in loyalty for the yogi is to entertain, then realize, then immerse in the revelation that all is appearing at the pleasure of This robust and radiant singularity. What we call the observable universe and all its wondrous properties are occurring as phenomenal bubbles courtesy of This robust and radiant singularity.

Further, the yogi knows as if by magic that She is This robust and radiant singularity. There is no more clinging to the idea of being a person, a body, a biologic imperative, an object, a subject, or one in hot pursuit of liberation.

The entire hypnagogic and hypnopompic drama field of human endeavor, human history, human technology, and human survivability is a rabbit hole of myth and a fractured fairytale of randomly selected presumptions, causes, and consequences that constitute what we defend as our lives.

If you are lucky enough to find a "Pioneer Invitation" strewn about the artifacts and cardinal points of your life then you take up the challenge to untangle from the myth of your personal dream and reconsider the evidence for what might actually be the signature of reality.

You begin by observing that experience is arising apparitionally and transcendently and that you can't say what or who it is that sits in the seat of This robust and radiant singularity, other than itself.

Simple, not easy.



Simple, not easy redux

..You begin by observing that experience is arising apparitionally and transcendently and that you can't say what or who it is that sits in the seat of This robust and radiant singularity, other than itself.

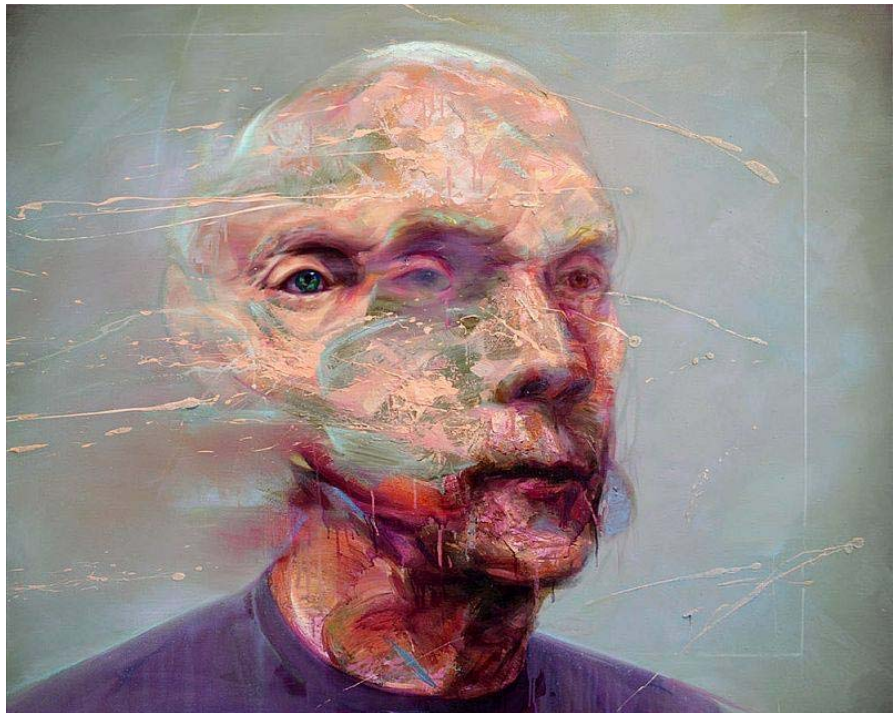
Simple, not easy.

Think of this as short circuiting the illusion of continuity of yourself. The Buddha taught that nothing carries over from one instant to the next, not even a core called "soul" or "I." We are snookered by the persistence of impermanence to inhabit the liquid nature of experience as a durable self.

We trade "free" for "me" and forget that we made the bargain.

We are trained and conditioned as a person to cultivate responsibility, accountability, choice, skillful means, success, etc. as they pertain to a grand illusion and we measure ourselves against this embedded psychosis hoping someday to be OK; enlightened in fact - good luck poser!

As you become more intimately acquainted with the genesis of "self" as a random compilation of impressions and implications appearing through the involuntary lens of conditioning and habit you discover a profound sense of space in which no affliction and no consequence can bind you.



This is the discovery of rigpa or basic space, fundamental ground, pristine awareness, presence without pretense.

Loading yourself up with teachings and practices and more implication accompanied by moral vicissitudes will drive you crazy or worse - to further self-importance.

Typically our awareness moves in an extroverted manner as we become drunk with nama (mind) and rupa (pattern), these being inexhaustible and in constant mutation.

The yoga of "simple, not easy" is to release ourselves from justification, orientation, and implication by virtue of an affectionate (not compulsory or disdainful) disinterest in the creation of self as a metabolic certitude of passing phenomena.

Simple, not easy - last call

Your experience is framed by two infinities, the lesser of which is subsumed by awareness of the other.

Cascading implication is the nature of mind, an infinity where all phenomena unfurl and dance the dance of creatures born. Mind is a radiant field of pulsing infomercials compelling the listener to take up residence in a virtual world of what just happened and what's not happening. This is the samsara of self in time, individuation in duration.

Cascading implication is occurring at the behest of presence. Presence is neither subject nor object. Presence is not an outcome of anything and so it is unperturbed by the imagination of space and time.

Presence is not made of anything and so it is capable of expressing as anything; particle, wave, super-strings, all and everything.

Presence is an infinity of indescribable nuance, persistently morphing and seemingly entangled as perceiver and perceived woven together in a trans-singularity of always more, sometimes referred to as emptiness.

Presence subsumes cascading implication, that is nirvana.



The physicists have arrived

The following three paragraphs are lifted from an article published in Quanta Magazine to highlight an Inquiry pertinent to liberation seekers.

a) "Recently, a strange duality has been found between string theory and quantum field theory, indicating that the former (which includes gravity) is mathematically equivalent to the latter (which does not) when the two theories describe the same event as if it is taking place in different numbers of dimensions. No one knows quite what to make of this discovery. But the new amplituhedron research suggests space-time, and therefore dimensions, may be illusory anyway."

b) "There's no way of measuring space and time separations once they are smaller than the Planck length," said Arkani-Hamed. "So we imagine space-time is a continuous thing, but because it's impossible to talk sharply about that thing, then that suggests it must not be fundamental — it must be emergent."

c) "....the discovery of the amplituhedron could cause an even more profound shift, Arkani-Hamed said. That is, giving up space and time as fundamental constituents of nature and figuring out how the Big Bang and cosmological evolution of the universe arose out of pure geometry."

These insights are curiously revealing about the degree to which we compensate through religion, science, belief, and superstition by constructing causal comfort zones and plausible explanations as they pertain to what we insist upon as reality.

Everything is emergent, suggesting presently manifest and implied as a demonstration of pure geometry - I think that's what these folks are on about.

So you can stay the same, or not. What'll it be?



Surreal Opportunism

Everyone is being stalked by the Repo Man. The Repo Man that runs like a Matrix replicating Mr. Smith virus in your mind doesn't take your car back, no this Repo Man loads you up with ideas and representations all of which insure that you will never come to sobriety, ever.

The Dog Catcher came when you were not looking; stuffed you in the van, then the kennel, next the cage, and now has you loaded up on some cosmic Vicodin with a PICC line to your neck feeding you voices and news commentary that you take to be reality.

Lying asleep in your own shit you think and swear that you are awake, cogent, responsible, on your game, making progress on your sacred path, making friends with people that like and understand you despite your annoying quirks and social blundering.

This is autobiographical, it's not about you.

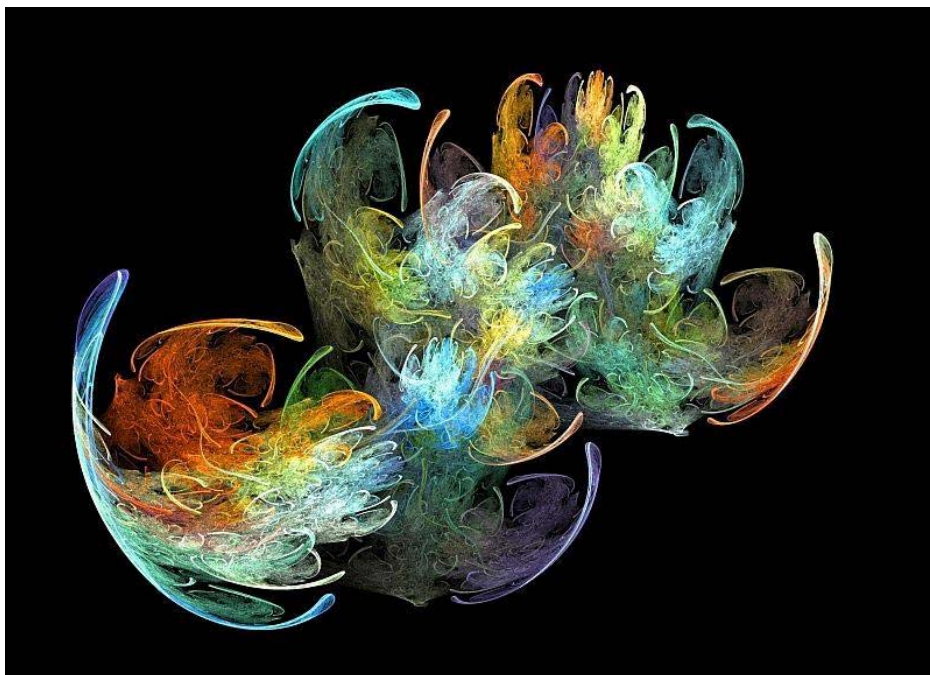
The sowers and reapers working for the 1% Cabal have spread the seeds of fear and nationalism and secured your obedience to their pernicious agendas through the banking and media and all pertinent cultural systems leaving confusion and psychic vulnerability in their wake.

Tinkering at the brink of brinks, we have succumbed to numb and become drunk with mediocrity. The waters and the fires are coming; the waters and the fires are here. That's not some biblical tactic, that's just plain climate science.

There's nothing right or wrong with surreal opportunism, the creative forces that may govern the coming and going of species and consciousness can and will do as they please.

One way of feeling it all is to discover what matters, what matters to you? Will you side with the realm of the creature and remain in some somnambulism of unconscious justification, or might you find comfort in what lies beyond your crappy ideas?

Take hold of the PICC line and tear it from your neck.



Give it to me straight

It's not an uncommon experience for me to be wandering through town consuming a two scoop dairy bomb when someone calls out in broad daylight and says, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy, give it to me straight. What's the skinny on this realization thing? People want to know, ya know."

My first reaction is panic because I might be hearing voices or someone just caught me wearing way too much ice cream on my T-Shirt, or both.

Then I recover and make it look like I'm rolling my eyes up and seeking guidance from some ascended place that you can't get to too. Then there's the breath and the chuckle and the typical feigned movement that makes it look like I'm gonna say something cool, but I pause and milk the delay for all it's worth.

Finally, as if speaking on behalf of all Ascended Masters, I go profound (as good as any poser can) and say,

"It's all very very simple. A sage whom I love told me the two things that broke the veil for him. First he said he was no longer afraid of energy. Then he said This finally let him go!"

And so it is, has always been, and will always be just that simple. You're done when This is done with you, not the other way around. If you have the great good fortune to become fearless, release is not far behind.

Up until the moment of radiant engulfment, vanity wins out.

----- Dedicated to Joey Lott -----



You liberate with each breath

You might think an enlightened gal or guy relies on some event in their past to help them see what's present. That is mistaken.

It is always presence implying that there is a present which reveals what's actually present as presence.

So one is intoxicated with awake just as it is, absent the weight of presumption and accusation, this is bodhicitta.

An awakener simply pays attention to the actual demonstration of reality and thus abides in the etheric while conducting themselves according to their nature, without the strain of belief or consequence.

All seeker phuckers posing the good pose are doing exactly the same except for the accompanying strain of some idea of "I" as the meat puppet.

But don't fret about it, you liberate with each breath so the full aperture of enrapture is exactly This at all times.

Our job then is just to notice this benediction. Whether it's on the inhale or the exhale or the pause is inconsequential.



Careening toward the I-pocalypse

The pursuit of relevance turns out to be the Planck's constant of the I-pocalypse.

The I-pocalypse is the nagging gnat of yourself as a creature appearing in a volume book-ended by birth and death subject to every imaginable insult possible while seeking security from injury which consumes your vital energy and leaves you bereft of joy.

We do this by abiding in a virtual (not actual) reality as an individuated and willful operator dependent entirely upon the movement of metaphor and imagination to construct the defining belief systems and superstitions which govern our experience.

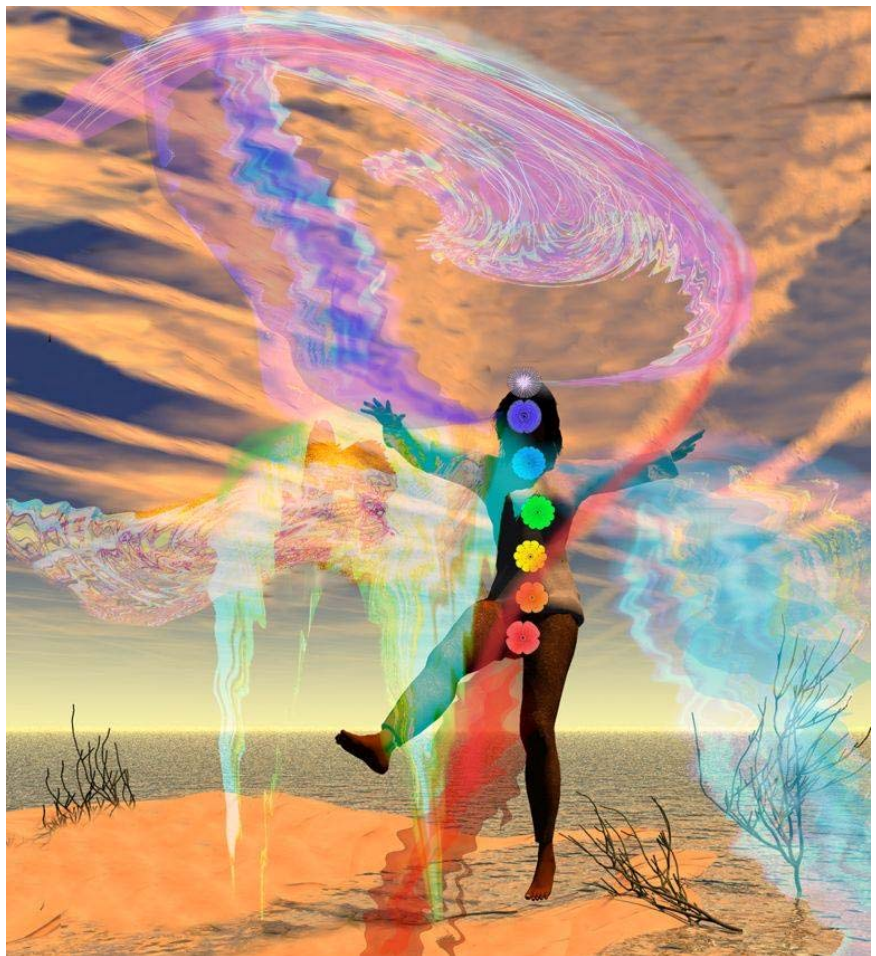
We are bloated with self-importance, narcissistic attention seeking, prideful ideas and genesis stories, and Machiavellian control dramas; all directed at securing relevance and security for the ghost of self.

Our existential irritability is not assuaged by our frantic attempts to belong, become, occur, engage, be heard, participate, or win others' approval. We are condemned to an unavoidable and inconsolable loneliness for as long as we insist upon and crave relevance.

The I-pocalypse is now, always now. If there were a remedy, it would also have to be now; it would have to be sufficiently attractive, if not remarkably so, for us to abandon the banality of "myself" and learn how to take up residence in emptiness, in nirvana.

We're all intimacy disordered because we live in a fractured distortion of unconscious pattern assertion primarily motivated by the avoidance of injury. We must learn how to take a knee to consciousness and replace bracing with listening.

This is how (without there being a how) we become conscious of and organically desirous of presence as a complete replacement for relevance seeking.



Walk tall, smoke a fag, stand your ground

A picture is worth a thousand words. Silence of mind is worth a thousand pictures.

All that we perceive and all that we hold ourselves to be appears in unconditioned space perpetually flattering itself with cascading implication.

One can attribute this irrefutable demonstration to anyone or anything you wish, you'd be mistaken of course, but when did that ever stop us from having an opinion.

All notions of genesis or author are spiritually and secularly blasphemous - no one knows what This Is and most don't even care that It Is.

The way we toil and spoil under the azure canopy of unconditioned space is an incomprehensible despicability of an absolute that should know better - forgive my sentimentality.

We pride ourselves on science and religion and reason and compassion while we behave like parasitic minions having made cash the supreme object of worship. What a pitiful cluster phuck of heartless indulgence we are.

This time we don't need God to drown the phuck out of us for the sake of a badly needed purification and new start - we have managed to poison ourselves with cronyism, corporate bullying, oligarchical hubris, and chemical waste beyond the point of redemption - there will be no new generation emerging from the burning fields or receding waters this time.

Take delight with what little time we have left, realize the supreme truth of being, relax more, suffer fools less. Walk tall, smoke a fag, stand your ground.



CØØrdinate-Free Living

Once you get a taste of the ineffable wonder of "Here" free from the imaginary cØØrdinates of time and space and relevance you will do whatever it takes to return, though return is not possible. Only new/now is possible.

If you pay just a little bit of attention to the orientation reflex of mind you can see how quickly and virtually unnoticeable the movement and genesis of orientation occurs.

What year is it, what month is it, what day of the week is it, what time of day is it, where am I now, where am I going next, when must I leave to get there on time, what route shall I take, do I want to go there (as in thrilled) or am I operating under obligation or worse, resentment?

No matter where we may be, we are quite often drowning in an imaginary river of time, of association, of relevance, of justification, of measure.

This is how we construct familiarity and the confidence that we've been "here" before, even though it is not possible to be "here" before or ever again, let alone appreciating the possibility that it is impossible to even be "here" now though that's all there is.

Mindfulness turns out to be a phucking joke unless of course the joke is on you. If you attempt mindfulness as a practice or enviable destination as a spiritual person you're gonna come up empty handed. Presence has no loyalty to time or space or consciousness or perception or clarity or delusion or samsara or nirvana.

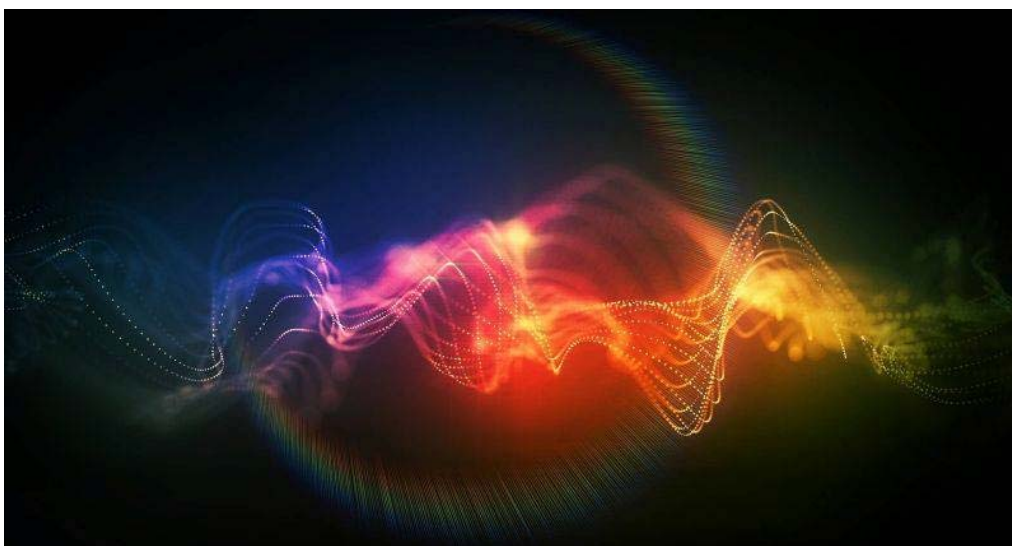
If you think you can say where you are, what time it is now, how it's going, how you got here, and just how mindful you are of this battery of fomenting and fermenting delusion; you're lying.

The typical seeker phucker wants to feel good about stuff and this stuff is made of delusional accusation and randomly applied metaphor which suggests and implies the certainty of I, Me, My cavorting in time.

CØØrdinate-free living is curiously also exactly what This is and does not suffer we fools since cascading transcendence is not generally concerned with the imaginary anecdotal hysteria that humans feed on.

The good news is that it is possible to tune your radio to reality, though you will never find the frequency or the call letters, and the tuner necessarily disappears in the process.

Being interested (another way to spell g.r.a.c.e.) turns out to be the most formidable obstacle or most excellent companion to your liberation.



For those ready to realize now

Please don't continue with this post if you have any other possible agenda than to realize now.

If you might be, by some remarkable stroke of serendipity, in the mood to dispense with doubt and rest in realization now - then let's continue.

Without naming objects or referring to memory - what is the nature of your present experience?

Simple - you don't know what it is.

If you consider the implications of this present and curious observation it is not difficult to see that: (no posers allowed beyond this point).....

if you don't know and can't say what the nature of your present experience is then isn't it reasonable to appreciate that you never knew?

Yes, of course it is.

This would suggest that everything you refer to as your life or insist upon as what reality might be is imagined. You have filled in the blanks and adorned yourself with all of the meaning and relevance that informs and infers your experience.

Further (though by now you can see there is no further), if you gift yourself some generosity of mind, it is not so far fetched to appreciate that your present experience is not the cause or the consequence of anything.

Here's how this plays -

Now that you realize the nature of presence escapes your capacity for accusation and is neither causal nor consequential you are free to explore and merge with the cascading urgency of consciousness free from implication.

Or, you can dwell and continue to thrive under the influence of complete fabrication.

My suggestion? Take it all the way to free.



Slip Slidin' Away

I enjoy meditation, sittin' on a cushion rolling slowly to one side and then another like a ship listing in slow motion in a stormy sea. The prana moves me, maybe the restlessness, I don't much care - the sensation holds my attention and my mind atrophies on the vine and falls away.

I don't listen to anything anyone says except to refute its veracity and perhaps point out that it is merely some anecdotal hallucination conjured in situ that only pretends to refer to the past or the present or the future.

The fact of reality, not that there is one, reveals a persistent though atemporal slip slidin' away of ruminating implication reported upon long after the impulse to believe or say anything has passed.

Remember what Paul Simon said?
...Believe we're gliding down the
highway - When in fact we're slip
slidin' away...

You can say there are phases to this
observation getting so under your skin
when finally you live in euphoric
incredulity.

Phase I - Neanderthalic delusion.
Phase II - WTF are you talking about?
Phase III - Holy shit, mind blown!
Phase IV - Let's forget about that shit
for as many lifetimes as possible.
Phase V - I gotta get me some
mindfulness.
etc.

The point (really wish I had one) is that
we tend to live in a mashup of myopic
sentimentality and diminished
luminosity always hoping for more and
better as they might pertain to my
imagination of self.



Rarely do we make the connection that we dwell as ego maniacal posers trumpeting our sorrows and accomplishments for all to hear, never realizing that no one cares.

Being unconsciously terrified of our own existential irrelevance we turn up the volume on self in order to seek yet more dysfunctional attention and thus drown in self-sabotage.

If for some reason you are done with being a perpetual and boorish bullshit artist then maybe you pick up the scent of liberation somehow.

You lean into the radical ruination of your ideation and flimsy proofs of your existence so you can trade self-importance for euphoric incredulity.

Escape from Yourself

Absolute transience is pressuring you to be something, to make sense of it all, to pursue the best possible sensory or spiritual experience that you can.

Absolute transience is all over you like flies on shit, and you're the shit! Double entendre intended.

Empty of origin, empty of genesis, empty of meaning, empty of destination, empty of empty you are.

Still this unrelenting pressure that implies though lies about your corporeal durability and individuation creates all manner of mayhem and hubris; the stuff of existential restlessness.

Our common reflex is to seek for higher meaning and higher purpose, for the relief promised by mindfulness, for the demonstrative advantages of worship and kirtan and seva and feigned attempts at compassion which amount to nothing more than further codependent entanglement, blame, and disappointment.

If you have traveled this path of amelioration for long enough you're lucky if you get bored or better, fed up. Fed up with all of the promises and practices and protection money you have paid out to insure your smooth passage to nirvana.

There is no clever or ready solution for the myth of you appearing as the banal and opportunistic shit-farm dreamed into view by absolute transience.

It is a good sign when you are finally capable of insisting upon the end of yourself once you see that all and any gratuitous effort made to clarify your shitty existence so you can come out tasting like Ghee is useless.

That's when you are forced to reconsider where you thought you started from, but didn't. You take a fresh look at absolute transience and see through its gossamer patina to realize it can no longer bind you, never could in fact.



Burning Man

I am no stranger to Buddhist Sanghas, recovery groups, faith-based evangelical worship, cathartic breathing, partner yoga, chiropractic Transformational Gates, CSA's, sharing in general.

I'm fond of all those tribal circles where we confess and relinquish and chant and howl and cross-talk and stretch and give advice to others and heal and network and solicit and find a soul mate - this is, after all, an orgy of life, isn't it.

From time to time I will sit with others to enjoy some group mindfulness, but when it gets to the sharing, that's when the house burns down.

You may be quite familiar with the tone of most conversations that occur after a good sit. People are people and they share as people all about their peopleness - no one much cares that it is all fabricated and occurs under the influence of the delusion of self.

No one really wants to hear that their personal calamity is imagined and that the simple solution to



it is to see through the presently appearing myth of self - that would be like asking them to please consider the implications of the Buddha's teachings as it pertains to their present experience. What was I thinking!

I have been asked to leave many hallowed halls of Buddhist and Vedantic practice because I have the unmitigated gall to suggest that we might consider the full Monty of liberating insight right where we are.

It is admittedly frustrating; though I've gotten used to it by now, that most meditators would rather I shut up and leave than consider a context which might actually bear fruit.

Recently I joined in such a group, spoke my mind, and thought we had it going on until I got some feedback about my participation.

It went something like this:

"For a few of the practitioners that come on Wed. it was obvious that what you speak of is troubling to them, one even expressed a sense of anger. If I had to judge the situation many will be turned off and will stop coming eventually or try to challenge what you are saying. The question of what is being said is too much for the class..."

It's always like that; tell the flat-earthers that the planet is round and you're lookin' at 10 to 50 in the sub-basement with a burning man ceremony at the end - and you're the Man.

No Steps, No Effort

If you're working some enlightenment program or some program is working you, get out.

Most scholars and connoisseurs of the great perfection would agree that Bon styled Dzogchen is the pinnacle of sublimity and instruction for those who want to go the distance.

It's a cluster-phuck however of implication and innuendo that understandably appeals to the more pastel type seeker.

I like to keep it simple, at least as it may infuriate or inspire an aspirant to consider just how little needs be done.

If anything is something or something is anything one is committed to delusion and unsatisfactoriness.

One sentence, boom – phuck Dzogchen.



A Mantra for the Western Aspirant

If Bhakti Yoga and Kirtan could possibly work in this rapidly declining Kali Yuga wouldn't you expect chant artists like Krishnadas and the spawn that has followed to be awake by now? Well it doesn't and they're not, so let's move on.

At some junction on your way to the deepening and despairing disappointment that accompanies you all the way to Done, you will need a decent mantra to keep you company for a while.

Here it is:

"Nothing happened to me before now. I don't know what This is."

I realize that your first take is that this shit can't possibly work because it isn't ancient or rendered in Sanskrit. That's where you're wrong.

I promise you that some pretty cool shit will start to reveal itself to you as you get accustomed to feeling and hearing this mantra out loud, within, and all pervading.

You see, this mantra is the remedy for everything you imagine is between you and the sweet release of liberation. You discover a novel portal and view as you relinquish any interest in your past or certitude about the present.

It is not imagined, it is felt, it is real - you can feel it as you explore the possibility of putting down the world.

No further effort beyond the mantra is necessary - the mantra will clarify your attention and the rest is perfectly organic.

In case you forgot it:

"Nothing happened to me before now. I don't know what This is."



You're better off wishing for a Maserati

Once upon a time in a nearby galaxy harboring an ordinary star with an extraordinary planet where water lives as liquid at ambient atmospheric temperatures I was hopeful that spiritual teachers and their earnest students might usher in a reasonable response to the vicissitudes and grandeur of the gift of being alive.

Now I am sadly forced to report that my naive hopes for something just north of mediocrity and enmity and foolish loyalty to all forms of superstition and fear-based extremism has lapsed.

What we have aspired to and what we accept as human-nature is nothing more than the bleating of we silly sheep so overcome with wool over our eyes that the decibel level of denial can be heard around this stunning blue water jewel at all times of day and night, perhaps even louder so on Easter and Christmas.

The Pope's in town, a courageous man who has criticized wanton capitalism and the perils of climate change in the faces of the world's oligarchical 1%. Despite his warm and affable patina of progressive Catholicism it is not so hard to see how he still fails to tackle the issues that condemn the Church and its hopeful minions to remain in the dark ages.

If what we have become and how we have failed at the challenge of basic dignity is the best that Christianity and Judaism and Islam and Buddhism and Hinduism have to offer - Jesus are we phucked!

After all the promises and contributions that the Gurus and Life Coaches and therapists and theoretical physicists have made, why are we still as we are?

We spend countless shekels (that's what Jesus had in his wallet) on healing, and meditating, and yoga, and mysticism - everyone wants to become something, and hopefully make a living at it.

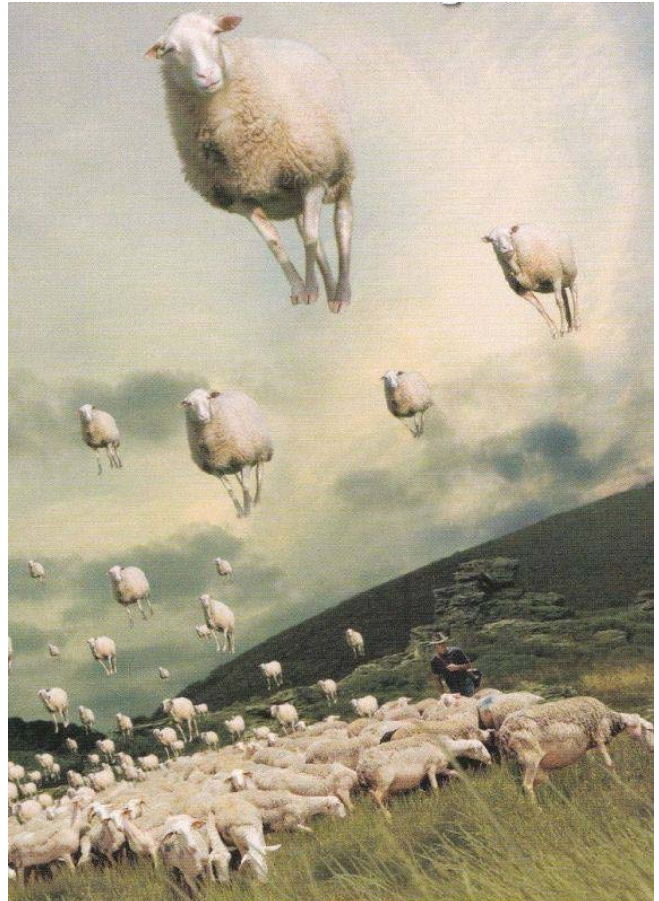
And for some, enlightenment looms as the holy grail of invulnerability and freedom from fear so we objectify our counterfeit subjectivity in order to improve our chances for some event gifted by the God of our fears to lift us up so we can attract devotees, cash, and sexual favors from the nubile of our erotic longings - Jesus are we phucked!

Starting to sound like call and response from the priest and congregation - you can imagine how that goes.

Let's see if I can get on point, oh yeah. The reason that so many interested parties fail at liberation is because they are drunk to the point of perpetual black-out with the conviction that free has something to do with their life experience and keen powers of discernment.

It doesn't. Free is not in the world, not of the world, does not benefit the world, cannot be found anywhere on the surface of the world, nor under its oceans, nor in Edgar Mitchell's epiphanic outer space.

Really, if you are hopeful that self-realization is in your future you're better off wishing for a Maserati.



In My Experience?

Any reference made to experiencing including the constituents of experience and the "one" to whom experience appears to be happening is bogus.

Sure sure we're loaded with stories about our experience but those are fictitious, made of cards, random assignments of context and disparities that suggest some reality is afoot.

At best you might say you are a streaming forth of vignettes, none of which has any duration, that can appear as if they are sequential or consequential and can be relied upon to convince you that you are living a life, you're not.

If you are inspired to learn how to withdraw the primacy of your attention away from the engine of rumination you can become aware of sensation and then the evaporation of sensation to discover the resonant harmonics of creation itself.

Creation as it turns out is quite strange. It starts with nothing, nothing actually comes of it, it is simply the act of creation with the curious companionship of its own self-revelation which is of course nothing at all.

This unspeakable self-conscious display drinks from its own cup and luxuriates in its own beatitude as it veers into absolute intoxication thus forgetting that it was once, and will always be nothing.

No one is having any experience.



You can't lead a horse to Dharma, forget about the drinking

Of course you want to suffer less, and since you're a nice person when not consumed with your own clutter, you want others to suffer less also.

Here's your challenge; the great and glistening Dharma is broadcasting on 10 all the time, but since it is incorruptible it is also non-interventionist, much like the crew of the Enterprise were supposed to be. You may recall the Prime Directive which prohibits Starfleet personnel from interfering with the internal development of alien civilizations.

It is the same with all your family, friends, workmates, and aliens in general - you can't lead a horse to Dharma, forget about the drinking.

I like the airplane rap from the flight attendants, Bodhisattvas in their own right, pertaining to a sudden loss in cabin pressure (typically referred to as life), "put your own mask on first."

We are all professionally trained codependents and serial enmeshers. Unconscious of our own existential denial and fear of absolute rudderlessness we make everyone else's business our business. It may vaguely resemble empathy or compassion, but it is a self-serving reflex aimed primarily at making ourselves useful and relevant somehow.

You cannot alter the course of another's internal development. You may learn to rest in your own nourishing vacuity and that may turn out to be helpful to some, with no effort on your part of course, but each karma has its own right to manifest destiny.

The end of suffering is not relative or relational, it is absolute. Most would rather toil proudly on the path toward nirvana than consider its actual fruition.

If you are somehow crazy enough to consider the implications of having your phaser settings changed from stun to vaporize - you better get used to being misunderstood.



The only thing you can do with the present moment is complain about it

This means that lasting inner peace is when you stop complaining. But nobody wants to stop complaining - they want their irritability and disappointment and constant preoccupation with their own imaginations to persist, they just don't want to suffer about it.

We want to be in the game, we want to be enjoyers of consciousness and sensuality galore, we want to make decisions, and choices, and have places to go and people to meet so we can luxuriate in the spa that is ourselves.

We think that craving the end of craving is what we truly want because some guy with a beehive on his head said it might be a good idea to reject craving in hopes of becoming more compassionate. Yikes!

It's just not satisfying enough for us that there is nothing to do while we're doing shit, that there is no one benefiting or suffering from all the doing, that the cascading nature of emptiness masquerading as my crappy life will not grant us a hall pass to any decent destination.

We are streaming and dreaming in place, our actual experience is uncapturable, unoccupiable, won't fit on a shelf, won't conform to our needs, doesn't obey us, leaves town before we even put the key in the ignition to leave town ourselves.

Here's the simple reason we suffer (and it has nothing at all to do with what the beehive guy said, kinda):

Reality is an apparitional display portraying the role of some entity or agency receiving the best that phenomena has to offer as apart from itself - but you can't find anything other than yourself.

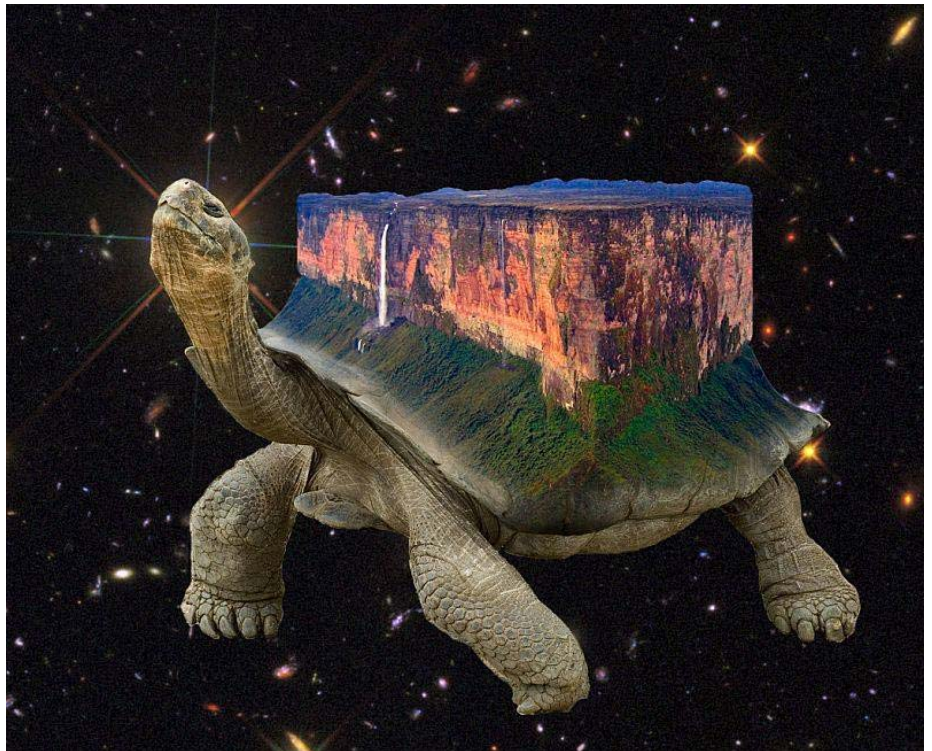
We believe that some creation event actually left something behind, like an inhabitable universe - it didn't.

We strive and struggle as a discrete info-packet hoping someday to inhabit the infomercial to the fullest possible satisfaction - which consistently fails and which fact we are happy to ignore.

We believe that we are dwelling as creatures in a preexisting universe that calved from the absolute some 13 billion years ago. The reason we suffer is because that conviction is fallacious.

All that This is and isn't is the bewildering presentation of the creation event made from nothing, assembled by no one, having no duration, free from consequence and outcome.

You're free to complain about it all you want, or you can stop at any time.



Ascension Noir

I am reeling in an ephemeral stillness penetrating my consciousness with a very unfamiliar surety of being that rests far behind and beyond the textures of the world I once thought I knew.

What I knew as my mind and my body and how I inhabited my experience had changed so profoundly in that instant. All I could say is what was left of me was a curiously joyful innocence and presence of novelty fascinated and in love with being itself.

I could feel this absolute and immersive nourishment as the ground of being, unencumbered by the world, because I was the world and nothing at all with no quarrel and no question.

I look into Lydia's welcoming eyes and whisper to her, "Is it alright if I say thank you?" She laughs, kisses me on the nose and replies, "I had nothing to do with it, so may I say 'thank you' to you?"

We laugh and begin to walk back to the car sometimes holding hands, sometimes bumping deliberately into each other's hips, giggling, and swaying with a far-away wonder that frosts each effortless moment with the sweetness of the self.

Time has no time and space has no space, we walk and breathe and revel in what's so though nothing in particular is so. My being is self-consumed without distraction so I find myself perfectly attentive to presence and I am with no effort, completely free from story or anticipation.

Rounding the last curve in the path and just around the restrooms I see my eggplant van and nearing the passenger door I see a note on the windshield. It reads, "Caught a ride to Marin for the kirtan show at OS, maybe see you there - yours Roachman."

Lydia reads the note over my shoulder, gives me a pat on my bottom and says, "Cool, let's do this! Hare Krishna at the Open Secret, I am so there. We can grab an eel roll and a hot saké at Umi Sushi and dance the night away. You coming?"

It wasn't but a couple hours ago that I was knotted and gnarled with existential recalcitrance and now my heart jumped at the thought of some primal rhythms and some sushi. "Wouldn't miss it for the world!"

The San Francisco sun was setting just North of Mount Tam's crest while a brilliant grey fog tube was pouring in from the Pacific ocean through the Golden Gate reaching like a giant spine all the way across the bay to the Berkeley hills, a Gaiac majesty if ever there was one.

Lydia fired up the vape pen as we drove over the Richmond–San Rafael Bridge gazing at the water and the sky and the feast of all that shines.

I might say I was happy, but whatever it was that I was could not be rendered in words.



Gurus don't like me, what else is new?

Joey Lott would like to come to your rescue and treat you to a liberating view he coins Completely Ordinary. This magical and two dimensional land of egoic egolessness is Joey's way of helping you to wean yourself from the teat of seeking so you can emancipate from everything everyone else has to say but Joey.

It's like some new kid on the block can't get any traction from the plethora of non-duality goobers hawking presence and being and shit like that so he creates an alternate frame (which is more of the same) to attract your attention and possible realization through his lean methodology and copious Amazon offerings priced as low as \$2.99 per darshan.

You can read the entire email correspondence between the NSS and Joey by request (to avoid law suits), but I wanted to share the last piece after Joey invited me to:

Joey:

So what are you proposing would be better? If you have a constructive criticism, I'd love to hear it.

Sincerely,

Joey

NSS:

I've been giving this considerable attention and have read your Blog stuff to get a feel for you inherent contexts and bias as concerns your teaching stance.

Simply, when we appeal to each other from a "human" perspective which is necessarily confounded by the conditioning we assert upon whatever reality might be, we invariably condemn each other to some conformist reality which usually has a lot to do with our behavior, our eating disorders, our general disgruntlement, and possible solutions be they spiritual or otherwise – you know, what we have come to believe is true and binding as humans on earth with whatever responsibilities and obligations we sign up for.

This mode of teaching and interacting has its place and can be, in considerate hands like yours, useful to folks overwhelmed by suffering and hopes for its relief.

But, and it's a Big But – what if reality is of a completely transcendent nature and presentation?

What if what we call Creation doesn't actually create anything? What if each so called moment is a profundity of implication that has no author, no building blocks, and no actual outcome or consequence?

What if all there is is this creation event, now this one, now this one – and our awareness as a subjective recipient is also counterfeit?

Now we are outside the walls of a manifest universe and how to manage or navigate it as a suffering person.

This is not an outright denial of our lives and how to live them with the most ease or joy – it's just that such a context remains within the boundary field of apparition and presumption and delusion of the possible actual nature of our experience.

What if what we call the irrefutability of something occurring is merely the creation event though nothing is or can actually be created?

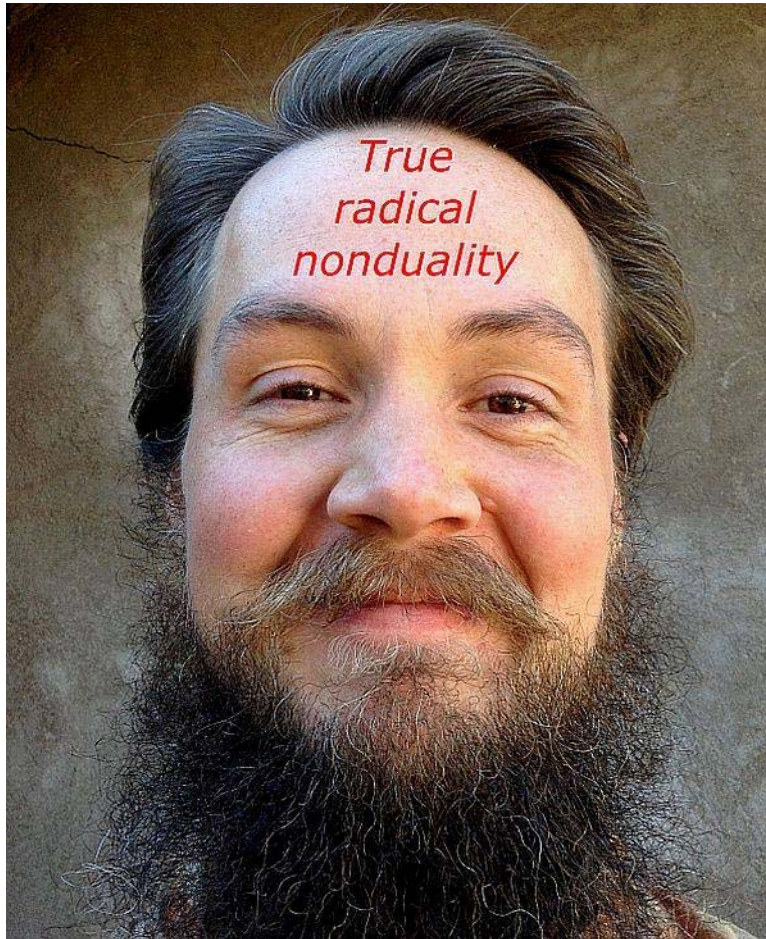
I might pose the inquiry and discovery as "how free do you want to be?".

What if occupying this cornucopia of persistent miracle is impossible? What if there is no way / no how to make our living suit our preferences and needs at any level of engagement?

Maybe then we give up beyond our wildest dreams of giving up? Wouldn't the vocabulary and nature of our togetherness change to reflect the liquidating profundity of this view?

Offered with deep respect for your consideration.

So far, no reply.



Autonomous Sacred Wonder vs. Wetiko

If we are a skin-encapsulated ego existing in isolation our fundamental irritability and psychic lonesomeness cannot be remedied by the things of this world.

The surreal nature of our self-fulfilling and misanthropic malnourishment is pandemic. We are being replicated, possessed, and broadcast by a malevolent parasite hell bent on destroying the very Gaia that sustains us. This self-obscuring animus of consumption has infected the very fabric of our being and will, with no hesitation, kill the host.

Our job is to awaken to the inner resolve and courage to become spiritually informed political activists. At least it's worth exploring.

You may want to familiarize yourself with the work of Paul Levy and his 'Dispelling Wetiko', not necessarily to become a card carrying advocate of his world view, but to consider the implications of how our inter-being and epidemic depression can be seen as a spell of more epic proportions.

I like to emphasize and cultivate the nature of conscious and lucid dreaming in our waking experience so we can feed on autonomous sacred wonder and claim this infinity as ourselves.

Of course there is confusion abounding and teachers galore to help us align our vitality with shamanic acts of kindness and emancipation from fear.

I vacillate between the activist 100th monkey thing and the revelation of absolute passivity and effortless surrender as concerns the curious nature of reality doing what it does with or without consequence.

At any rate it's cool to be enthused and interested in something, even if it has no genesis or deliverable. It's always suspect to take a position and create some solidity or cosmic diagnosis that imprisons consciousness and what there might be to do about it.

This dreaming is doing itself and the absence of any intrinsic existence may indeed release us from corporeality to fly with angels.



Arboreal Gaia Field - Step 1

They shun you at non-duality conferences if you profess that there might actually be something to do about our imminent culling and possible extinction.

It's a rather simple solution and I hope you don't mind so much if I know and will now tell you what it is. But we're gonna do this in stages, just a few, so come on board and let's set sail.

Though I've coined this Step 1, it can only be enjoyed once one sees that the prevailing male-dominated and misogynistic paradigm of self-deception and self-hatred cannot be permitted to persist.

This means that the predominant culture of spiritual, political, consumptive, and consumerist divisiveness manipulated and managed by the wealthiest 1% with the help of rampant and insatiable militarism, screwy devolutional fear infused religiosity, and the tools of mind control and secrecy must be overcome by a totally new consciousness.

This new consciousness is more radical than you can imagine as it has no roots and does not depend upon organized institutions or manifestos to wield its mighty power.

It is the power of a nonsectarian and secular revelation that sets us free from the myth of individuation and the control dramas imposed on the collective which are perpetrated by all religious and scientific idolatries.

So in order to amplify the signal and link into the morphogenic resonance that carries the harmonic wave of Autonomous Sacred Wonder we need to connect with the Arboreal Gaia Field.

We have to be willing to broadcast our aspiration and capacity for resting in the present-awake and share this consciousness with our arboreal playmates and the ground itself in order to cultivate a grid of trans-mutative invitation.

Really, we don't need to do a damn thing, but if you're one of those folks who wants to help in some way - take a risk and commune with the Arboreal Gaia Field. It will respond and lend its wisdom to you as it broadcasts a new signal that welcomes all to reject the pervasive and self-loathing human paradigm.

Learn what it has to tell you.



Wake Up - Step 2

Though I've coined this Step 2, it can only be enjoyed once one sees that the prevailing presentation of one's own consciousness is fraught with a profound isolation, prideful self-deception, and the moribund preoccupation with self and future.

This condition, to which we have become habituated and unconscious, robs us of the vitality and nourishment of our own emptiness and perfect freedom from boundaries.

Our response then is to Wake Up, and this requires sufficient gumption to reject the conformist reality perpetrated by bankers and their materialist cohorts in the fields of science, religion, finance, energy, food, drugs, police consciousness, and the Corporatocracy controlled media.

But even those are no match for one's own indulgent confusion and dogged defense of individuation and duration. We have to uncover and reveal the magical geometry by which our sense of self is given flight.

And since I am on your side I will reveal that to you now.

What we have right here is the apparitional demonstration of a singularity made of nothing, drunk from a transcendent fascination with itself, and emanating a brand new entirety of sensorial and meta-fantastic symbology as its only seemingly persistent act.

This remarkable profundity of nano-fractal patterning expressing as a plasma of unadulterated chaos is so taken aback with its own presence that, just for fun, it tries to make sense of itself and succumbs to the revelatory seduction of meaning assignment.

That This does That, gives rise in your experience of there being a separate self-conscious entity ensconced in a body, itself a compendium of radiant photonic and sub-biologic energy down to the quarks in the marrow of the bones.

If you might be willing to see that your sense of self is merely the out-gassing of an un-individuated singularity innocently considering its own cornucopic abundance then maybe you might Wake Up.

If you do, feel free to send me a postcard or a facebook shout out, but more importantly than that - keep your day job and talk to people about what's possible.



Looking for liberation in all the wrong places

Folks often stop me on the sidewalk or just holler across the street (I live in a small town where the police are friendly and specialty coffee flows from public drinking fountains) and say, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy, why can't I have the breakthrough in consciousness that you've had? What am I doing wrong when it comes to my fair share of self-realization and supreme happiness?"

This is a common question I hear all the time from folks at the bank, the grocery store, filling stations, and convenience marts. In fact, just the other day a peace officer who pulled me over for driving too slow on a beautiful fall day while I was staring in awe at the red-orange-yellow brilliance display of our arboreal companions dropping their photosynthesis receptors just in time for another winter of heaving blacktop and wheel crushing potholes, asked me the same thing.

Luckily I had chosen edibles for my joy ride and not that nasty smelling hydroponic bud which fills the car with incriminating stoner smoke, so he didn't rifle through my trunk. Instead he said, handing me back my license and registration, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy," (that's what it says on my license), "I'd really like to make some genuine progress on my spiritual path, worshiping Hanuman and Durga Ma are fun, but I'm really interested in Nirvikalpa Samadhi, can you help me?"

And I say to him what I always say on this topic - "Officer Patel, may I call you Ranjiv?" He kindly consents.



"Ranjiv, here's why so many seekers and aspirants in our community are feeling the same frustration as you are. You see, we imagine that sensate consciousness is the defining parameter, perimeter, and set-field for our existence as corporeally sheathed human beings occupying the miracle of life and phenomena as individual entities, but it's not.

We do our very best to extract security, affection, dignity, sustainability, and all manner of spiritual fulfillment from what we can see, hear, feel, taste, touch, smell, and think about hoping that our lives will be worthwhile and joyous, and yet we seem to be doggedly pursued and afflicted by so much disappointment and compromise.

Ranjiv, here's the root of the problem. Sensate consciousness and all that appears in it are not binding. You are the absolute emptiness and object free awareness in which consciousness appears. When we idealize and idolize our experience as meat puppets in possession of self-determinism and choice making we can never take rest in our natural and ephemeral ascension.

The trick then is to withdraw from the profuse demonstration of all that appears, including the myth of ourselves, and seek the kingdom of heaven right here where emptiness abounds without measure.

Make sense?"

Officer Patel hands me a citation for driving while impaired with self-less wonder, same as a parking ticket, and says, "May I call you Guy?" I consent of course. "Guy", he says, "I never heard it put quite that way. If I understand you correctly you are saying that we're looking for liberation in all the wrong places, right?"

"Yes Ranjiv, that's exactly it. Just like the Johnny Lee song."

I wave goodbye and drive longingly into that ochre sunset hoping someday to sit at Hanuman's feet, sharing his hookah of course.

Just another coven

No matter how eloquent a teacher or poet may be, what they have to say about why there is suffering and what you might do about it turns out to be just more and more bullshit slung about in the loving atmosphere of their coven.

I'm not saying that a coven is a bad place to be, they can be very nourishing and entertaining though at some point you have to take the reins and reign over yourself by yourself.

No matter how much enmeshed emotional and codependent disappointment you are carrying from a life of being pushed around and violated by human zombies, you can't process it or forgive it to the point of some idealized or satisfactory condition.

You cannot actually occupy a static or lasting condition of happiness because this is an emptiness bubble of pure projection that just won't arrive anywhere. There is no end to sorrow, disappointment, and the overwhelming fatigue that comes with the realization of just how shitty we all are.

If you become mesmerized by the compassion and genuine affection of an accomplished witch or warlock who speaks to your heart about the nature of your suffering and gives you sage advice about how to conduct yourself better in your future - you won't amount to much.

You certainly don't want to be enrolled in some abomination of a non-dual coaching or leadership training program aimed at helping you to help the most folks enlighten, do you?

All you will ever find is the capricious and infinite demonstration of illusion over and over and over again and you will never arrive at some point where the world is finally right with you.

Sensate consciousness is not your friend, it's not your enemy either, but for as long as it seduces you into thinking This is about something worth being about you are plucked under the spell of the delusion of self.

No amount of smooth talking, soothing interventions, or validation will be of any use to you. Awake can only touch you now and it does so as you recede while all association evaporates into etheric abandon.



ik'skrōōSHē,ādiNG

Everyone and everything is clamoring for your attention, your loyalty, your devotion, your fealty, your adoration, your wallet, your obedience, your time, your favor, and on occasion, your seminal juices.

One could say that life is no more or less than a grand extraction, an excruciating extraction, a giant juicer. The pulp of you is quickly spun, slowly crushed, and strewn about the garden as fertilizer while your essences are consumed by hungry ghosts who claim entitlement to your autonomous dignity.

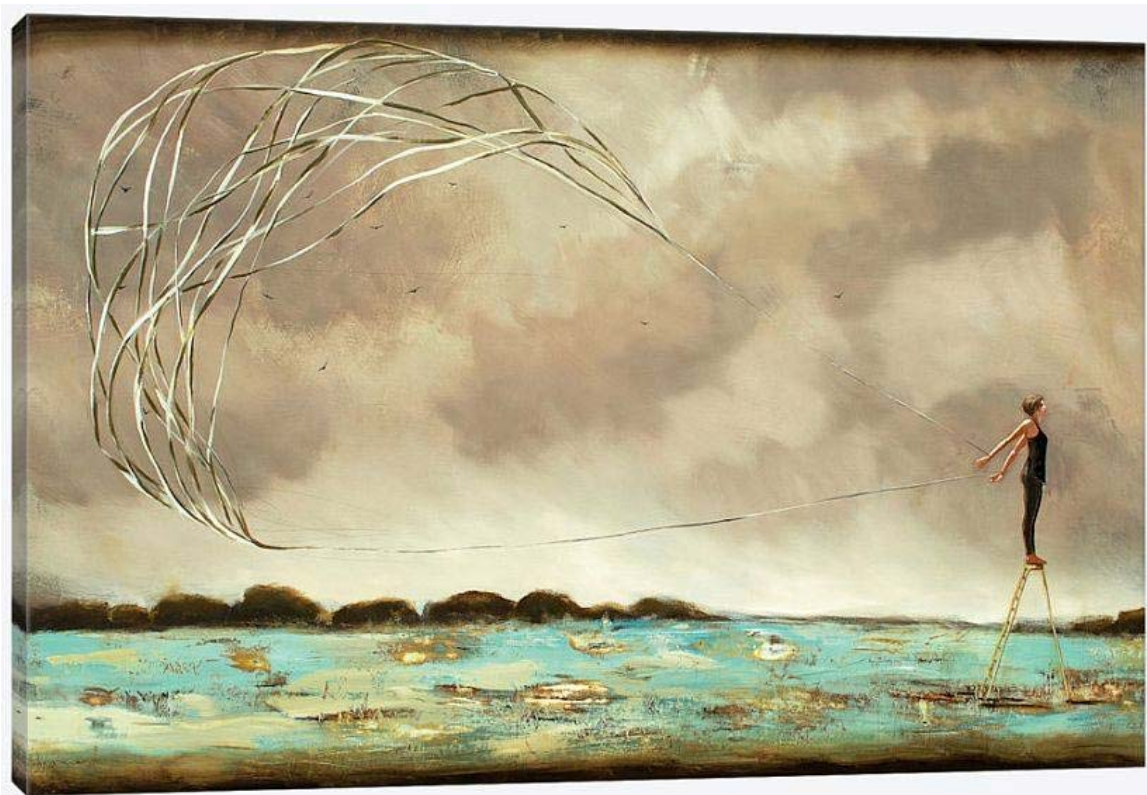
Don't bother to defend yourself against the sharp serrated teeth of a 10,000 rpm masticator that liquefies you without a second thought or a compassionate glance - the journey you take to reality, no matter how far you get, is your own.

There is no lasting resolution or justice for all the ways you've been mistreated or all the ways you've mistreated others - the grinding persists and the anger flares and the feelings flow, often like a flash flood on a dry canyon floor that drowns everyone who thought they were on a casual day hike.

In the midst of this grand cacophony of biologic, behavioral, and replicative imperative there is silence and stillness and the ground of being.

When we seek those as a remedy for our confusion or as a destination where we can abide in some idealized invulnerability, there is a split. There is a rejection of and aversion toward the juicing and a hope for something other, something better.

My suspicion is that some wider embrace is needed for fruition to abound.



You know what you need, but I know what you want

Look folks, aspirants far and near, ready or not, stuck inside of Mobile, foraging for the blues, straining for ascension; you know what you need, but I know what you want.

When you boil it all down to the primacy of the ineffable feeling of being you discover an unshakable confidence in the instinct that you are already perfectly unaided, perfectly free from the impedance of sensate consciousness itself.

When it finally turns out that nothing outside yourself interests you any longer you are ready to sit in the seat of yourself. It's curious how "I Am" can regard itself in an ecstatic looping of absolute novelty.

Then, when you least expect it, you are dwelling in the timeless present fascinated with fascination as the only remaining dipole.

Not a moment later you discover that all that is, is not binding upon you. You are not That.

You see, I told you I know what you want.



Liberation is not what you want it to be

Knee deep in the annoying and heretical myth of yourself it is no wonder that one would wish for some relief from the pernicious mediocrity of "what about me?" as a never-ending loop of self importance and 'King Baby' syndrome.

Our therapy fails, our recovery fails, the wounds inflicted upon our sorry souls are too clever and the compensation mechanisms we have adopted to puff ourselves up as a response to serial injury are too unconscious for us to emancipate from acting in and acting out.

But wait, we can get enlightened, that oughta do it! I can follow a guru and a teaching and apply myself to emulating their words, their practices, their comprehensive world views, and their enviable stories about how invulnerable and baked they are.

These enlightened folks seem so happy and inclusive, so articulate, and equipped with useful explanations and remedies for what ails us. Shit, I want to be like that. Shit, I want to be like anything or anyone other than my sorry and corrupted self.

Why does it seem that we often end up in a Gordian knot of projection and transference, attention seeking, and one or other form of "hey look at me, I'm enlightened too!" ?

Here's a possible view:

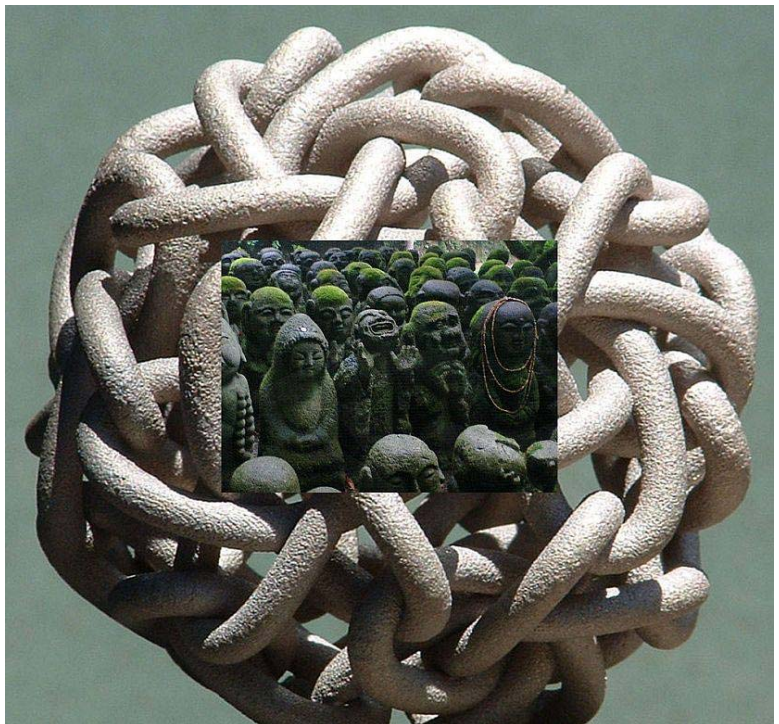
Liberation is not an accoutrement of self, it will not permit you to live your life in an advantageous manner. Liberation is the gallows of the self, not some destination that relieves you of your emotional disturbances and psychic ills.

The impish and clever and ceaseless projections of consciousness masquerading as you tethers you to a life long narcissistic hysteria of restlessness and distraction from which you can never escape as the self, as time, as reason or consequence.

The noose around your neck, the stool kicked out from under your feet, the snap of your cervical spine can be heard out loud. The imposition of consciousness itself is neither binding nor the place where you can find a remedy for what's not true.

No one possesses any knowledge or experience that is better or deeper than yours. Worshipping the progenitors of the world's religions or the saints, arahants, and gurus that have followed is OK for a lark, but becomes evil when the ties that bind become fundamental and life defining.

Your present experience is the entirety of the mind and hand of god. Our adventure then is to learn how to rebuke fantasy and find out for ourselves what This Is and Isn't.



Grace has already come, now it's your turn

A lot of folks who have been smitten by the magical bite of reality may go to great lengths to acquire the keys to their long sought liberation.

This includes keeping company with all sorts of folks from numerous traditions and ethnicities that may know something about the topic and who broadcast a certain feeling or resonance that reminds the dutiful aspirant of home.

Once we have consciously met with even a few cathartic moments of freedom from self, there's no turning back - that feeling, that crescendo of inner silence must be ours again.

It's good to admit (once we can admit it) that our primary interest in living is the dawn of and long friendship with freedom from self.

This is, one hopes, the bottom line motivation and urgency for waking up. However, for the longest time we can languish in the anticipation for some grace to come hither and take us out of our time-inebriated misery. But grace has already come, now it's your turn.

Perhaps we can turn our attention to the practical side of liberation. Perhaps we can consciously arrive, rather than put the onus on grace to visit upon us as passive recipients.



Arrive would suggest right about here and right about now we can observe the cascading and self-entertaining nature of thought and association and implication conjuring a virtual universe where we think (emphasis on the think) we live.

We might then see within ourselves that all these coordinates of self and self-importance are assembled and constructed through second hand knowledge which includes memory and the tenacious irritability of having to listen to all the raucous bullshit that fills our heads with delusion.

Our inner schizophrenia consists simply of us (as attention and loyalty) listening to ourselves (as thought and fantasy) whereupon a "life" of decisions and derisions dictate the nature and quality of our experience.

If you really want out you can apply yourself to a very simple task. Feel this with as much curiosity and affection as you can over and over and over again. Feel what is present and so, as your firsthand experience, rather than think about it, or conjure it, or get lost in the imagination of a durable self.

Life is doing itself. Time is imagined through the irrational and involuntary stitching together of events as memory. Freedom is not obtained, it is always and forever what's already so.

We are already in possession of all the magic that's necessary to foment samsara and abide in nirvana. Why not apply yourself?

Sacred turn of the screw

Once we're done with seeking re-parenting, exotic people, a safe haven for our unconscious sorrows, celebrity worship, a spiritual career path, and all that blather that defines our experience in the most banal fashion; we might be ready for the tumult and unpredictability of molting from our hedonistic and prideful skin.

Awake is not a fashion statement and despite all the enviable good times so many teachers appear to demonstrate - your liberation is neither an adornment nor a vehicle for better living.

Having the entire structure and manifold of belief and superstition be wrested from your greedy and insatiable sense of self is not a picnic.

This is not some conscious or cathartic group experience or ego break-down fetish like Landmark, Scientology, and their many off shoots - this is the real deal.

To discover the felt miracle of present inclusivity and the cessation of the myth of creature-hood is more profound than one can imagine.

The fruition of one's insistence on reality turns out to be a sacred turn of the screw.



Not one, but two magical powers

There you are, minding your own business, unassailed by time or self, chillin' in Big Mind, happy with wonder, sailing silently on a glass sea of inclusive emptiness, and then you think about something. Boom! All bliss is lost.

But fret not dear friend, you've just traded one magical power for another, all will be well again.

Going back to basics isn't it kind of clear that reality or experiencing, which could turn out as experiencing of reality is reality, is occurring all on its own?

I know you're thinking about a lot of shit, but isn't whatever This is just doing itself, appearing spontaneously, impersonally, unaided and unabettled by your demands for security or justice?

Of course it is, you know that.

Your principal magical power is that you feel the undulating and cascading nature of reality which includes the five sense windows, the movement of thought and association, and all circumstances and events bursting forth on the scene from moment to moment leaving nothing in their wake but more circumstances and events bursting forth on the scene from moment to moment, ad infinitum.

By feeling that you feel this in the way that you do is the window and fruition of nirvana. Liberation is no more complicated than that.

The twist is when you launch your second magical power, that being evaluation. You see - thought, imagination, memory, time, will, self, and suffering are all one thing. They are not even causative or the consequence of anything at all - evaluation appears magically all on its own (like everything else) and if there is the slightest pinch of identity, Bam!, you're a creature.

As a creature there is a whole heap of disappointment to go around, could be enough in fact to flat line the species. But our focus for today is simple, feel the way in which you feel this.

All thought is interpretive and projects the triune myth of past, present, and future. If you take a moment to consider where your actual experience is, it is here, it is now. You can't wrangle with the past in the past, or head them off (them being the future) at the pass in the future. You can only immerse or suffer the present in the present, but there is no present, there is just the cascading presentation of feeling this in the way that you do.

The yoga of self-realization turns out to be rather simple, though it may take a number of infuriating attempts to get some purchase on the revelation that there is nothing to buy.

The creature is a meme of spontaneous generation, in fact all reality is such a presentation. What you have is the tireless bursting forth of the creation event, one blissed-out giant puppy that chews everything in sight.

Concomitant with the genesis and implication of evaluation is emptiness, I hope you don't need me to tell you that abiding as such has always been what's true.



writing blind

Sometimes a phrase that means nothing yet, can be the portal to another dimension where our awareness can dream aloud.

Not having come from a place, and with nowhere to go, I can pause at this crossroads of inclusive infinity made from nothing and with nothing to show.

A nuance of symbology felt without sorrow or shy in any way is itself the fulfillingness that abides as itself inside of you, right where your heart is and then beyond.

By hoping and insisting that one's present experience owes itself to some genesis we remain cloaked and chambered in rooms filled with time.

Where do we land when we stop the clamor of ideas and the measure of our psychic diaspora? How do we feel what is so as it is so?

That's where our primary impulse wishes to go. Just here riding the always breaking wave of the infinite now, collecting nothing as we ride and we ride.

Writing blind, the feeling commands one's attention and if a sound wishes to be made it sounds exactly like this.



We amount to nothing, may as well start there

Here's a pop quiz, you can handle it. Count up and then sort in order of importance all the decisions and choices and clever manipulations you've made your whole life (only takes a few seconds) and see where they brought you. Just about right here and right now, right? OK, quiz over.

Could you ever imagine in your wildest dreams that all those ministrations and demands could possibly result in this present moment, and now this one,?

Is it possible that the contrived, imagined, and virtual nature of what you thought was happening and what there was to do about it was mistaken? Is it possible that your actual and present experience has nothing at all to with what may have occurred prior to now?

After all that effort and investment you are no better or worse off than you hoped you'd be at this point in the imagination of your life. Your present experience is not the consequence of anything and in fact doesn't and can't amount to anything; never could, never will.

And that's the good news - the miracle of experiencing will not abate, no matter how we may medicate ourselves in hopes of gaining control or dulling the myriad disappointments that define us.

One cannot refuse the impersonal insistence of experiencing or steer it in any way - simple meditation reveals this right up front, no lengthy retreats or caves required.

What we call 'ego' is merely the expressive and boastful movement of refusal from the vantage point of our loyalty to creature-hood. We actually think that getting what we want in the ways that we do will bring us some form of satisfaction, but we run that behavioral loop all the way to the grave with no satisfaction to show for it!

You see, right here we amount to nothing, that's the ever liquidating revelation of presence without a present-er. We amount to nothing, may as well start there. Why wait?



How do you know what you know?

How do you know what you know? Who knows? I mean really, what or whom do you rely upon to frame the fabric of your reality?

Well for starters we can look to Facebook, but that seems just a trifle superficial though that's where so many people live in this sedentary and narcissistic celebration of who did what with whom and where and how can I get my fair share of attention for all the ludicrous events that I'd hate to miss.

Maybe we go to the scientists - their instruments hiding their own hubris, maybe we go to the priests - their pristine robes hiding their fears and lusts, maybe we go to the mind control of public opinion meted out by the fascistic insatiability of the multi-nationals hell bent on enslaving the species to a sub-routine of mediocrity for the sake of cash.

Wherever we go we might be willing to admit that our view is partial, myopic, self-serving, self-incarcerating, and fabricated by belief and superstition to the point of being a pandemic of surreal denial.

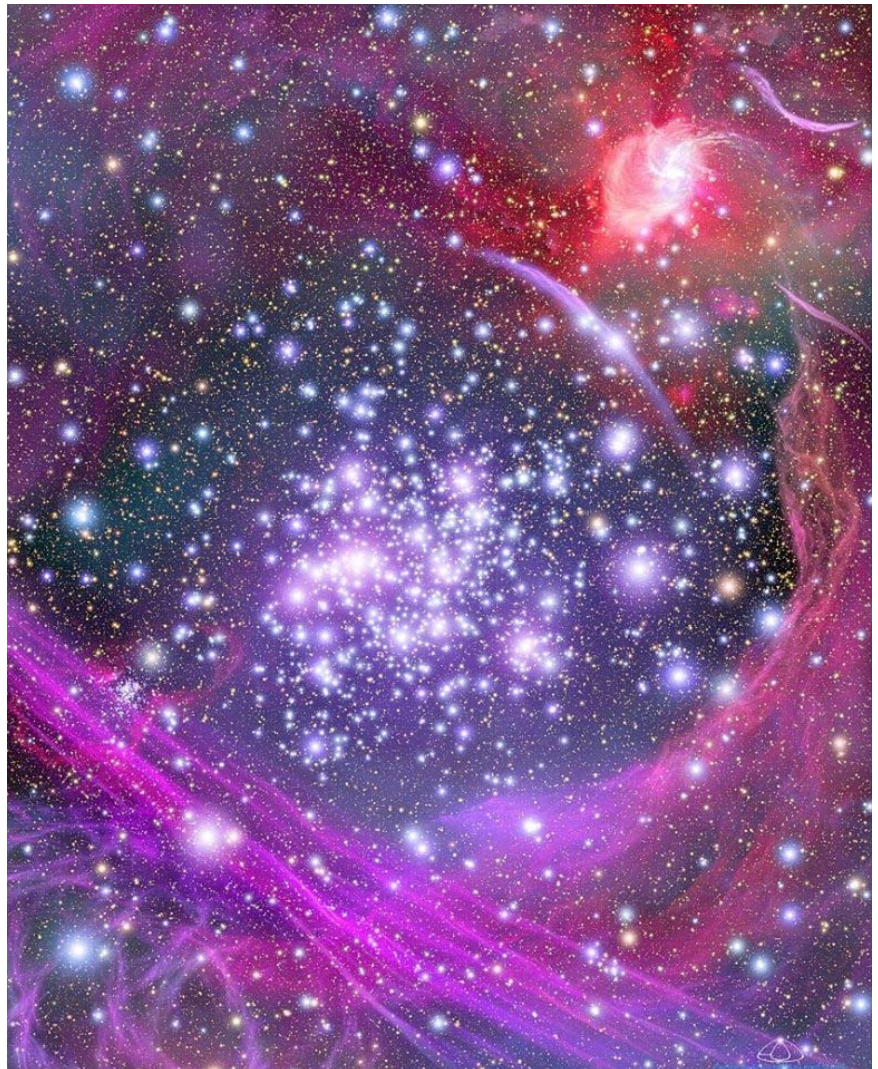
Recently The Daily Galaxy reported on the discovery of a long-ago and far away galaxy cluster (8.5 billion light-years away) and I quote: "Astronomers have discovered a giant gathering of galaxies in a very remote part of the universe..."

Excuse me, what exactly determines where a very remote part of the universe might be? If it's far away from here, wherever that is, does that make it remote because it would take us 8.5 billion years traveling at the speed of light to get there?

This doesn't take into account that whatever that glorious globular might have been then, it sure as phuck isn't that way now. But neither are we.

If you are inspired to go beyond your insipid certainty and the boundary conditions of your biocentric loyalty you may stumble upon an encounter with your present experience that catapults you out of conformist reality.

That's when you know that you don't know shit and you wouldn't have it any other way.



Preoccupation with self

What one thing do you do all day and all night that matters?

I'll give you a hint..... ..,

That's right, you guessed it.
Nothing.

You're not doing anything,
anything at all. Here's how this
works.

Consider the corn, would you
say it grows, would you say
corn is doing the growing, the
stalking, the marvelous floppy
eared leaves, the cobbing, the
kernel-ling, the silking, the
sweetness?

Who or what would you say is
doing what the corn does? Is
the corn preoccupied with
itself?

Might we transfer this simple
observation to ourselves?



Exactly what metabolic processes are you in charge of? I get it that we appear to be more complex and more demonstrably expressive than our dear friends the corn, but besides the lamentable presence of the movement of our internal news reporting that relies upon a very curious arbitrary symbology (spoken, thought, and written) spontaneously deploying memes of inventory assignment to construct a virtual and superficial world which of course is involuntary and impersonal - we're no different than the corn and who or whatever is doing the corn is doing us.

Yeah yeah the corn just stands there and then we mow the crop down into silage to feed the cows so we can serially abuse them for dairy and flesh, that's saying something.

Yeah yeah we build nuclear power plants on the shores of the mighty Pacific in an active earthquake / tsunami zone hoping that we won't have to contend with a nuclear core meltdown that burrows itself into the soil and water tables thus insuring the collapse of an entire island culture and their anime, that's saying something.

Yeah yeah we outfit the local peace keepers with homicidal tactical military equipment so when the proverbial shit hits the fan the brave souls who take to the streets will be easily dispatched, that's saying something.

The democracy / world stage has been bought lock, stock, and barrel by the uber wealthy so you have become marginalized by the sickness of their preoccupation with self, extorting their pernicious will upon you, your children, and your grandchildren - if it even gets that far.

I was going to have this come back around to suggest something spiritual, but phuck it. I'll leave it just there.

Preoccupation with self, 'what I meant to say'

Writing is a sort of channeling, some might say that's all that it is. One goes to imagery for clues as to what word or phrase wishes to come next.

It can be from rich and dynamic visual presentation, or heard with symphonic breadth, or sung as one might paint with sound. It is after all felt, the imprint may appear as a word, but it is felt.

We express in an ether of surging wonder acting out what's intended for us as action figures dwelling in an impossible dream that actually has no context and needn't look the way it does.

If you step back just a little isn't it reasonable to ask just how did contemporary culture come about? How and why would an improvisational matrix of primate life driven by quantum entangled data packets with the power to dream in four dimensions come to what we've come to?

We are so intoxicated with preoccupation of self that we take the world of our imagination to be independently real and worse, binding.

What would become of us if we dreamed it a different way? Dreamed it as big as it could be, where would we be then?



Unencumberable Beyond

Let's play Advaita Jeopardy!

Answer: Right under your nose

Question: 'What is Beyond?'

Once you have something, you have something else, it is immediately inevitable. Anything you can find or name or feel becomes an object of your attention and so curiously does attention itself. We objectify what appears in our experience as a matter of compulsive and habitual assertion. This could be characterized as conditioned insensitivity.

Once there is a boundary field which defines or is equivalent to the object, there must be something other, like other objects or ourselves as the experiencer.

This typical way of interfacing with reality or the experiential field is the genesis of two, the genesis of exposure, the genesis of the suffering self.

Once we have something that can be named as an object or as an experience we naturally wonder what might be beyond it.

If there is anything at all, our quite ordinary and instinctive response is to wonder what might have been before it, or what comes after it, or if we're spiritual, what might be beyond it.

Here's the liberating possibility - This is the Beyond, here it is, always beyond whatever it appears to be or how it might be felt from moment to moment.

Our liberation comes then when we cease mistaking our present experience as anything other than the Beyond.

With the release from objects we are ourselves, our inherent ineffability is not a function of body, mind, or feeling - we are the unencumberable beyond.



Intimacy has no borders

We are persistently rushing into infinity, though we start from nowhere and have no destination. Our actual experience is perfectly empty though full to the brimless brim with irrational implication and the assiduous ambiguity of motive or meaning.

This is liberation from form, liberation from self, liberation from the euphoric imposition of sensate consciousness.

Every word is a blunt object of frozen association careening around one's neuronal potentiality to elicit a hologramatic view of something, seemingly at odds with our innate innocence, which drives us to imagine there is something to do about something for the sake of something and this heretical madness is often referred to as thought.

Prior to and concomitant with the primacy of being we have no origin, no parts, no author.

Intimacy has no borders, our nature is not bound by objects or the irrefutability of presence itself.

Liberation cannot be an ameliorative, that's too small. Our sacred trust is to start at bonkers, and go beyond.



Vacuity and Sorcery

Self realization, should it occur, can be spoken of as release from the imposition of sensate consciousness. From a biblical perspective, one may be in the world, but not of the world.

This catharsis of spirit has no benefit for the meat puppet who realizes, though it is commonly conveyed and sold by purveyors of the craft that one would be wise to realize for the many benefits that await.

It is no wonder the path of selflessness is wisely referred to as the razor's edge. The pitfalls that may accompany a sense of accomplishment, a sense of being one-with-all, and a sense of playful invulnerability can seduce the soul to subliminally justify and defend aspirations for success, aspirations for personal story, aspirations for the things of this world. Thus our holy duty to esteem others so they may discover themselves can become derailed by what it is we crave and want for ourselves.

Vacuity of self is the way of the dove, sorcery can only be used to beguile and seduce in order to satisfy hungers not yet consumed by the flames of autonomous disinterest.



Contrast without Comparison

All appears as experience. That's what's "happening", experience is happening. Left to itself, without the anthropomorphization reflex, experiencing is transcendent.

All appears in awareness, not in space, not in body, not in mind, but in awareness which is not an object, not a thing. Curiously, awareness is not other than experience. The presentation of experience is inclusive, unfracturable; free from the myth of separative being and the genesis / consequence of events in time.

When did the past begin? When does the past begin? When will the past begin? Prior to the Big Bang, at the Big Bang, prior to your conception or birth or memory, or commencing with one of those?

No, none of the above, the past begins now. The past with all its content and feeling occurs now, in awareness, as experience. There is no actual past, there is only present experience.



Present experience is punctuated with contrast, tickling what we call the senses and streaming as a veritable infinity of feeling most of which defies representation or language.

Contrast is accompanied by pattern recognition and pattern presumption or pattern anticipation. This is "how" we construct the boundary fields and volume assignments that dictate what we think is happening including the 'us' that it is happening to.

Our sense of individuation is nothing more than self-less contrast turning into a suffering self by virtue of comparison which is the assignment of meaning more or less occurring in the neocortex (just for poetry's sake).

But even as we suffer and impose our existential panic on ourselves, on each other, on the biosphere - all that's occurring is transcendent experience. What we say it is or why it is, is myth.

Liberation then could be elucidated as contrast without comparison, absolute inclusiveness, cessation of the suffering self, and the fun part is that these are effulgently at hand. No seeking or knowledge is required for you to be what This is.

Rock, Paper, Scissors - I, Go, Brick

During a recent retreat I had the good fortune to share many a laugh with some mighty fine aspirants, once we relented that enlightenment was not in the cards and we could finally relax.

One of our improvisational forays became a new children's game based on the inherent wisdom teachings of Rock, Paper, Scissors.

You know how that goes - rock breaks scissors, scissors cut paper, and paper covers rock. That's how you play, using your hand to portray one of the characters after a 1, 2, 3, shoot.

We who are steeped in the non-dual world of unrelenting aspiration for truth (which can be understood as total failure) figured we needed a game of our own to pass the time at the retreat while others made enviable progress in the art of the Yoga of Radiant Presence.

Our game was I, Go, Brick.

The "I" is the tenacious presentation of sensate consciousness that deludes us into thinking we are something and that we need to do something about this something for the sake of something better.

The "Go" is the indefatigable persistence of someone who has been bitten by the insatiable drive to wake the phuck up. Nothing can deter it, no matter how hard it is smacked.

The "Brick" of course is something that if hit sufficiently hard with, can kill you, were you a you.

So what might the relationship be between these three characters?

Simple - Brick stuns I, I deludes Go, Go laughs at Brick.

No one woke up to the perennial truth of being during the retreat, but we knew that going in. Despite our wavering attention and loyalty to being ourselves in pursuit of something other than ourselves, at least we had a new game to play.



A paisa for your thoughts

One cannot possess the sage
The sage beckons from beyond the end game of reason
Here's a secret they forgot to tell you at the monastery
The seeking ends when you say it does
Mark this day, you'll soon see the truth of it.



Run Turkey Run!

Despite the absolutism of our industrial hegemony which includes daily genocidal assault meted upon defenseless animals raised under abominable circumstances to please our palate we suffer the unconscious karma of forgetfulness consumed by trivialities and appointments that amount to nothing that pleases or nourishes us.

We have become desensitized by the industrial machine that innervates our very consciousness with supersonic screams of despair as we drown our panic in things to think and things to do and things to buy and things to avoid.

We have traded our inherent dignity for authoritarianism and fear that creep into our souls and render us incapable of wisdom or deep seeing.

We have become hysterical with violence and can only muster an insouciant ambivalence toward the inevitability of where this fog of self abnegation will deliver us.

If I thought for a moment that something as silly as self-realization would be a worthwhile journey of redemption, I would champion it.

My instinct here is that you're going to have to find something of your own to abide in, you can't rely on any metaphor given you by someone else and teachings even less so.

The air gets thinner, the path disappears into the ancient expanse and chaparral of your undefended mind, all the noise evaporates leaving you fully exposed, there is nothing to rely upon, there is nothing to become.....

