

Night Sky Sangha

Inquiry into Awakening

(Facebook posts November 2015 – July 2016)

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Wishing your life doesn't suck - blows

Consider the complexity and mind numbing serendipity of your average day. The number of breaths and heartbeats and thoughts and aches and pains and the ever nagging crescendo of confusion and all the compensations and justifications one makes for all that ails us.

Even on a simple day we are a total wash out of desire and distraction and doing and avoiding and intending and pleasure seeking thinking we are choosing and deciding what to do next and for how long we'll be doing it on the way to our next cosmic appointment with nothing.

We dwell in a fantastic soup of virtual association and mental conflagration talking to ourselves incessantly always after the fact of the fact of being though all thinking can only occur at present even though there is no actual present that one can dwell in since the as yet unknown future streams into view while the imagination of the past streams out like two ships in the night in the middle of the day and since this impression field never stops there is no phucking present as a place or time to be.

Then we make the whole shit storm worse for us by wishing that nearly everything weren't so or at least different somehow than we think it is and the way we think it is is absolutely mistaken because we don't and can't know what is actually happening except according to all the infinite sensations and trivial ideas we have about what we imagine is happening so our wishing it were somehow better for us tips the whole shit storm into a giant turbine - now you've got an off the scale F6 tornado flinging shit everywhere for everyone all the time.

Good luck with that.



You want something to happen to you, don't you?

It's a simple equation. You're a seeker phucker, you hate suffering and being ordinary and you most likely dislike your job and the routine of your emotional life, if you even have one.

Drinking isn't working out so well and you think your sponsor is an insufferable geek trumpeting some kind of higher power bullshit that you just can't align with because you can't imagine in your wildest dreams that some diva of grace would have the slightest interest in your well-being.

Everyone is stupid, everything sucks, your pride keeps you from enjoying life and also from doing anything constructive about yourself - this is what's called being between a rock and a lingam. And you're the lingam.

The drugs work for a short time; the visions, and the rush, and the high and the small sense of dignity that infuses your soul once your ego is temporarily suspended is worth the price of losing your insignificant and lonely life to the reaper.

Paul Hedderman can't help you because your suitcase is full of too much grief and you'll never travel lighter, Jeff Foster can't help you because why would you take any meaningful advice from a 10 year old, Peter Brown can't help you because he makes no phucking sense, Byron Katie is out of the question, you can hardly make the rent - so what do you do?



The world is such a shit box of incomprehensible suffering and surreal indignity that one wonders why Adyashanti says anything about anything, what's the point? Maybe it's so others invited to teach by him can take their turn at the advaita wheel of hopelessness and see if they can make a living at it also.

Wouldn't you rather die under a bridge than cater to the middle-class housewives and depressed minions who frequent his retreats, or have some comedian be your spokes-model? What a cluster phuck of buffoonery it all is, having something of value to offer a seeker phucker is hubris, it's a microcosm of indulgence and a form of consummate narcissism.

Why are we so vulnerable to all this spiritual folderol? What is driving our quiet desperation to the point of senseless credulity?

It's because we want something better to happen to us. We want the life to be imbued with all the good times and the ascended sublimity that one reads about in spiritual comic books penned by Paramahansa Yogananda or Ram Dass.

How the phuck did I get here? What's happening to me? Why am I such a failure? Will it always be this bad? What should I do? What should I do? What should I do?

I like scotch.

Absolute Porosity Liberates Absolutely

For those of you who must have an approach to follow it's a 3-step process. Feeling better?

Step 1 is you appearing as a creature suffering from the pretense of individuation in duration as the product of sensate consciousness. Experience is appearing irrefutably and it seems as if you have come into being by virtue of birth perhaps and dwell as a separate being in a separate body in hopes of procuring a good job.

Any and all attempts to suffer less under the influence of this root inebriation are going to fail, though most of us spend our entire lives trying to make ourselves work out satisfactorily under the umbrella of this unconscious denial.

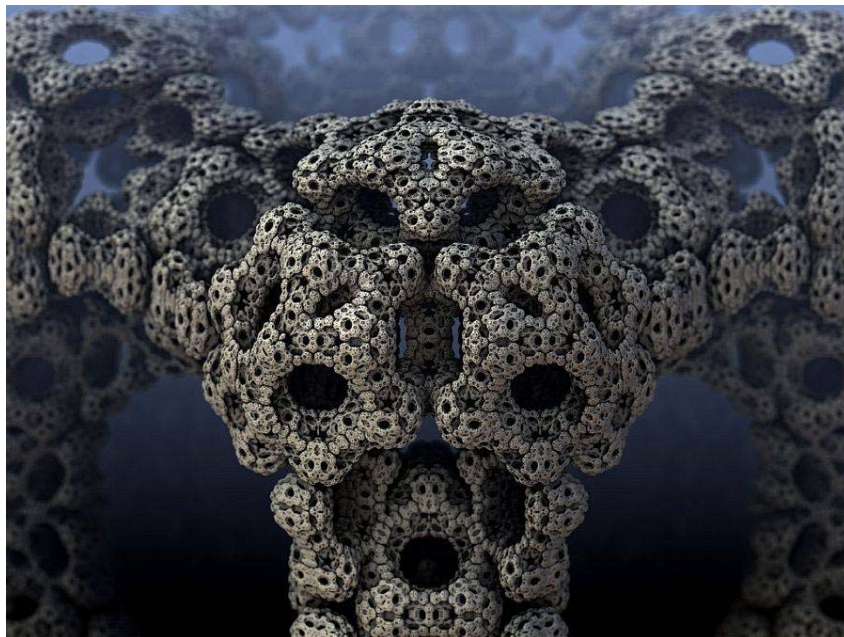
Step 2 is when the unconscious congestion of self-in-time starts to loosen up and we find ourselves surprisingly nourished by the irrational nature of being without having to rely upon objects, circumstances, or events to feed us or ameliorate our innate restlessness.

We are able as if by magic to rest in presence and liberate from the root inebriation that binds us to sensate consciousness. This grace may appear to come about by virtue of practices, teachings, and transmissions; but the truth is that it occurs organically and absolutely without effort.

Step 3 is not really a step, but it is worth mentioning for the fun of it. Neither Step 1 nor Step 2 are true. No context or content are actually existent or binding. No sense can be made of the recalcitrant persistence of sensate consciousness or what it might be up to.

No one knows what This is or how it has come about; all of our knowledge seems to be steering us more toward extinction than to some Kumbaya event.

As you naturally come to see the presently appearing myth of your own delinquency it is possible for absolute porosity to liberate you absolutely.



Consciousness is not your friend

We hurt, we look for explanations and remedies for our pain. We find some, they work for a while or they don't, we keep looking for what works, we fool ourselves, we over commit, we give away our power.

We want to make this life work, we want this consciousness to deliver us to whatever image we may have of not-suffering. We want to outsmart our principal hallucination so we can find resolution and deliverance in the midst of what we're not.

Consciousness is not your friend, though without it you can't have a good time or a bad time and let's face it, so far we're sufficiently resilient that our aim for the good times is still a length at least in front of our despairing disappointment about the bad times. We're hopeful that time will deliver.

For those that have an interest in whatever liberation is, most commonly it is a hope that liberation will somehow make consciousness bow to its will and reduce or forever banish what sucks so much about me and then consciousness will be my friend. I can at last enjoy life without fear, without complaint, without not getting what I want.

Let's face it, all the phuckers that sell or give enlightenment teachings away appear to be having a better time of it than you are. They are in the winner's circle and you will do whatever it takes to be there too.

Most of the languaging around the topic often includes a spiritual journey, a spiritual epiphany, a dark night of the soul followed by a melt-down of epic proportions that culminates in some kind of winning which makes one an ass kicking broadcaster of a strange but palpable barbiturate high that can linger in the plasma of the aspirant's experience for days.

The rubber - road thing is a bit strange and a lot counter intuitive. Instead of something enviable appearing in your life, the imagination of your life is blown completely to shit. Release from the all-pervading psycho-trauma of being someone on a journey to somewhere sneaks up on you like a grizzly parted from its young, don't bother trying to find your head.



The Right Hand Path can only take you to the Left Hand Path

I met an affable, entertaining, truly compassionate, disarming, wise, playful, and wonderfully generous awakened guy this evening, his name is Gary Weber.

Gary had slides, research, imagery, stories, anecdotes, and fun exercises we all could play - it was a concentrated festival of possibilities and exuberant hopefulness for a future without thoughts.

In a word, he was irresistible. A rare master of the Right Hand Path and I've met my fair share. Gary will not hesitate to nudge you into an incinerator (a good thing), but mostly he is into process and good spiritual works and the deep satisfaction one derives from becoming.

You see, the Right Hand Path concerns itself with cultivating a true approach for the wellness that makes us whole. It is a journey of healing the wounds and insults that bind us and opening to the places we have consciously or otherwise walled off from ever being hurt again.

The Right Hand Path is a way of activated contemplation and engagement that aims to eradicate the errant idea of a separate self through acts and practices and purification's for ego disenfranchisement.

If I may take the liberty of offering a respectful however.....

Awake doesn't give a fuck about how you feel about anything the least of which turns out to be yourself. This shock is the ticket to the Left Hand Path, that's where the Right Hand Path ends and your doorway to revelation begins.

Gary's own insights and program notes gleaned from yogic experience and contemporary research have quite far or near-reaching implications, but these were drowned out by the all too tempting default to make our present experience about ourselves somehow which is what most of the speaking audience did.



The Left Hand Path is unadorned by self or history or what I might do with this or that in my future. Your present experience is transcendent and trans-human and perfectly clearly that right here and right now and that's what you must contend with after you've fallen off the Right Hand Path bus.

I did try to nudge the exploration in that direction once or twice; if you don't see what you want, there is no harm in asking for it. But the group juice wouldn't take the bait so I rested rather than make a nuisance of myself - which is out of character for me.

Gary made an explicit move as the evening closed to greet and assure me that he can go into those far places and maybe some other time. His smile was warm and infectious. His eyes were welcoming and without guile.

I thanked him for making the long journey from State College to Levittown, PA and when he asked me if I would be returning the following day I said, "No, I don't do human," to which he remarked, "That's OK," but I already knew that.

Lust for the Truth

The Grateful Dead would often play a little game during their shows called 'Take a Step Back!'. It was intended to make space for the folks in the front that were slowly being crushed by the crowd's enthusiasm for close.

The same game has some utility for we seekers of truth, but the context is completely unique. Take a step back from your operating system, take a step back from the world of images and ideas and crisis consciousness, take a step back from the need to be fulfilled, take a step back from the imposition of accumulating things and craving security for all the wounds you have vowed never to feel again.

Discover the ephemeral nature of heresy and how you lean into imagination and virtual scenarios to construct a reality field that doesn't have any actual existence. See that present experience is occurring quite of its own accord and though you feel yourself to be deterministic; you are being played.

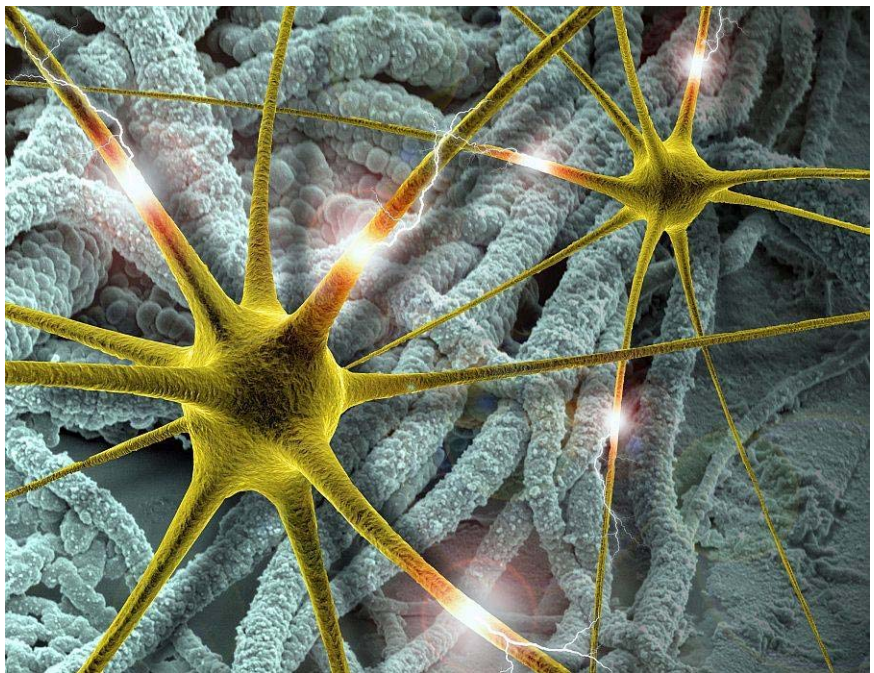
You can feel the aching and liberating truth of constantly evaporating having no capacity to cling to anything except through memory and arbitrary association. Empty empty empty and shouting relevance. Still still still and restless angst.

How can you stop suffering the inertia that keeps you thinking and thinking and expressing non-stop interest in how you feel and what you know and how you're going to outsmart the sacred and stay on top of the murky solitude of your own experience bubble?

We find a thousand excuses and justifications for our primary confusion and commit ourselves to some satisfaction strategy that we will co-create or attract into the myth of our unsatisfying inability to make sense of anything.

I hate to say it, but you're gonna have to fire your life coach, leave your closets in clutter, do less, kick back and see if you can find the 'Ouch' that binds. See if you can find the 'Ouch' under all the acting out and clever deferrals that keep you from feeling what there is to be felt.

Go to the most intimate primacy of 'Ouch' you can find in yourself and let it kill you. We have to run the risk of losing control and never being the same again. This is a shamanic catharsis, we have to call on our lust for the truth to move beyond the familiarity of our senses and the super structure of time.



A simple explanation

In corresponding with another local Sangha to consider the benefits of some cross pollination we were asked for a simple explanation of what the *NSS* does.

Here's what we told them:

There is a curious wealth of healing (which transcends the typical modes in which we crave and cultivate healing) in the trans-human approach to present experience and this manner of inquiry begins as we naturally depart from the beliefs and superstitions which punctuate conformist reality.

Presence is where we liberate, it always has been and will always be so.

We can't liberate in the past, it's gone. We can't liberate in the future, we don't have one.

The entirety of experience is making itself known as conscious contact and fractal ephemera only here, only now.

Our journey into presence then is always the same, but always improvisationally different and novel.

As we learn to feel consciousness, context, and content without story or implication we touch freedom.

This freedom slowly and startlingly relieves us of the habit to live through a virtual lens of hysteria and imagination.

This freedom relieves us of the mirage of time.

I wonder if an invitation will be forthcoming.....



When does memory fail?

We typically think of memory in the present as that which references what has already occurred. Some refer to this as the past.

So when does the past commence, when does memory fail? Researchers, thanks to Gary Weber's recently scintillating presentation, tell us that the accuracy with which we recall what happened, even to us, degrades over time to the point that what we imagine happened didn't - at least not in the way that we suppose it did.

Our capacity for accurate recall sucks, in other words. Once we reach into the past we are flirting with delusion and concocting a story about a story about a story that is no longer true and probably wasn't true when it happened.

You see, memory fails right now - it doesn't require the passage of time to start degrading like some lethal dose of enhanced plutonium. Memory is presently unreliable as in 'In Your Face!' unreliable.

We think we can accommodate and articulate what it is that's happening right now but if you settle down to feel what you feel in the way that you feel it you might notice that you have no phucking idea what is happening right now and this may reveal an interesting observation.

If it is objectively and/or subjectively so that you don't and can't know what it is that's occurring right now how the phuck are you supposed to remember it for future's sake, for phuck's sake?

You see, delusion isn't a look back, delusion is exactly what you think and hold to be true about anything if not everything right now. That's the past and the present and the future all becoming flush-able as concerns what you take to be reality.

This has nothing to do with research or science or the scientific method or what gurus and pundits and New Age physicists have to say about black holes and protons and what you can do about shit as some co-phucking-creator of reality you silly dumb ass.

Right now you are appearing in and as a perfectly inclusive plasma of total chaos, hysteria, and breathtaking affection taking credit somehow for the fact that you cleave to earth rather than fly off into oxygen-free space and confidently presume your crafty imagination and banal self-determinism are running the successes of your life.



Brahman is the Big Tent and you, the clown, take the bow.

Innate Nature

As you explore the warp, woof, and weave of consciousness portraying the role of 'This is happening to me' you can see how assertive you are when it comes to making something, anything, true about your present experience.

Once you make something true you have assumed the condition of an object, a body, or a person subject to the whimsical whims of everything you don't and can't control.

Not being able to tolerate the implications of this observation one becomes one or other kind of control freak and spends the life in some capricious denial which shuts the doors, of course, of perception.

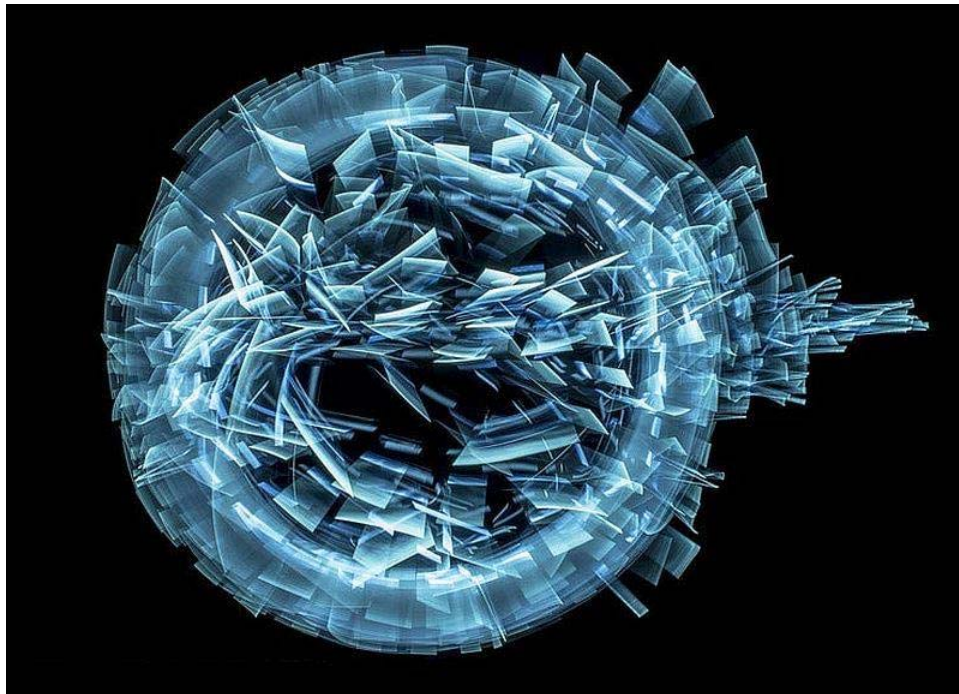
Now, once you've become complicit as an object you might seek a remedy for your new found disdain and suffering and start wondering how you can outsmart your un-examined convictions and find your way back to freedom.

This always fails because your starting point is hallucinatory so you can't actually take your crappy self anywhere you might wish to go.

What you have to do, or not, is discover the curious course of conceptions that got you believing you are a creature in the first place. This is the way of dismantling deception rather than extroverting your way to nirvana.

By releasing yourself from the implications of discursive rumination you learn how to feel what it is that feels what there is to be felt and this reveals your innate nature.

There is no lasting satisfaction to be had from the things of this world, your homecoming is the revelation of prana shakti jyoti or imperishable radiant expression, your innate nature.



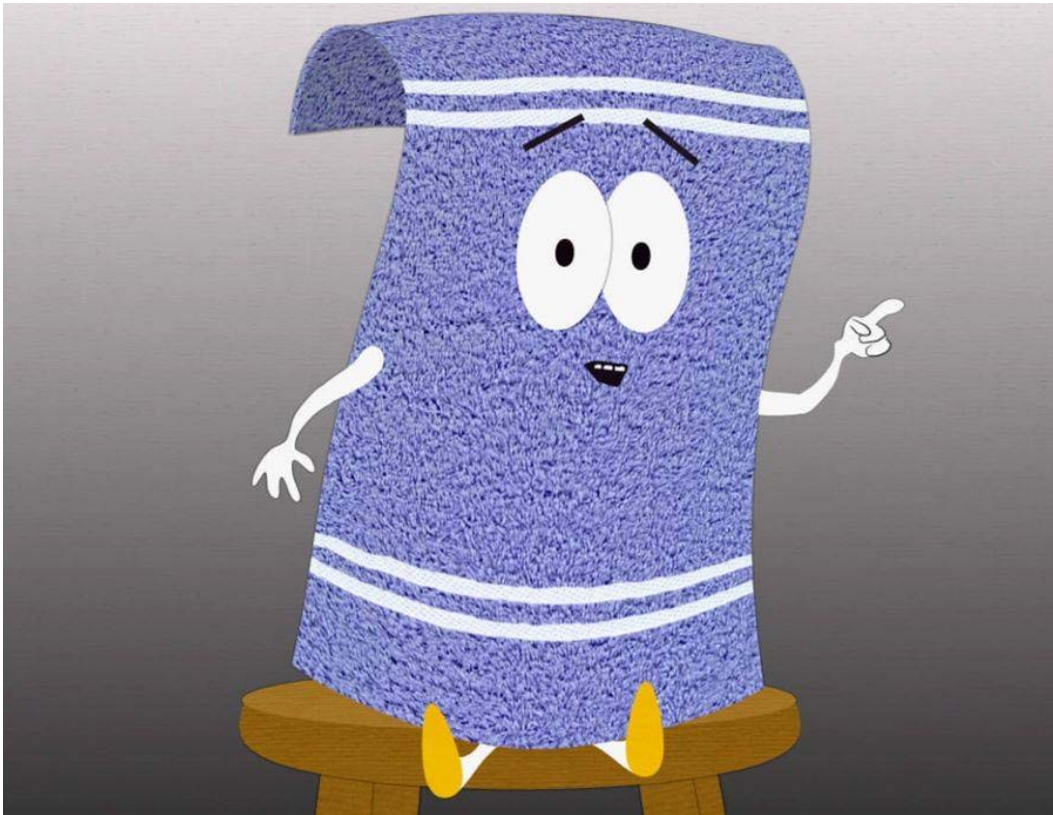
When your mind gives up

There is no implication of anything occurring at all except for what you imagine it to be. The course of what you call your life is a compendium of imagination bytes aimed at improving and reporting upon your dopamine levels - that's it.

All this thrashing about on the way to certain extinction engineered by Oligarchs too wounded and too stupid to see that cash and power leads to deprivation, amounts to nothing more or less important than your morning evacuation.

When your mind finally gives up from making This about something and further, about something that includes you you can catch a glimpse of the sacred unknown and this view, albeit momentary, reveals the incomprehensible nature of all that is happening and all that is not.

If it's happening, you're a towel (thank you South Park), if it's not happening you can count yourself blessed to abide in nothing at all.



Why stake a claim?

Realization, if that matters to you at all, is so much simpler than Patanjali or Buddha or Krishnamurti or Nisargadatta make it out to be.

A lot of folks say, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy. Why don't you spell it out in simple language like so a crane operator can understand it?"

Well, OK - that makes sense.

A) Can you feel, even if for a moment, that your present experience has nothing to do with your will or your preferences?

.....[If 'Yes' continue - if 'No' come back to it later].....

B) Can you observe then that something or some awareness is greater than what's appearing or masquerading as your body and your mind?

.....[If 'Yes' continue - if 'No' come back to it later].....

C) Might it be then that this sense of an always-on background awareness serves as the foundation or supporting principle of all experience?

.....[If 'Yes' continue - if 'No' come back to it later].....

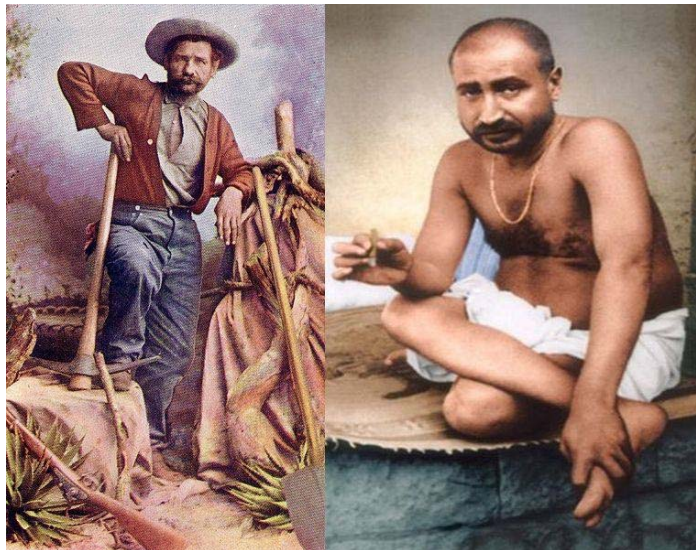
D) Now it gets weird. Would you agree that this spaciousness in which all experience occurs is felt by you? That we don't actually process our experience through thought, but through this that is felt?

.....[If 'Yes' continue - if 'No' come back to it later].....

E) Lastly, and you can't come back from here the same, so plod on at your own risk. Here's where we take a leap to consider the impossible:

Could we say that what it is that is felt, the way in which it is felt, what appears in what is felt, and any remaining sense of the feeler are all concomitantly appearing as an unbroken singularity without any shred of intent or destiny?

.....[If 'Yes' please pay at the cashier's window - if 'No' come back to it later].....



Here's a secret key for all you crane operators -

Just because all is arising in the way that it is across as many dimensions as you care to count, why stake a claim?

A fresh look at Dependent Origination

As my well educated readers may know, Buddhism depends a lot on the principles of Dependent Origination which are so imperviously confusing and, like the Big Bang hoax, have to start somewhere though everyone knows there is no place to start thus any divine chronology turns out to be utter bullshit and way too indulgently complicated to be useful for anyone's liberation.

It's really quite simple though. Conscious Contact is felt. That's all that's happening and perhaps saying too much. It's a binary system or more like a transistor, it's either on or off.

Let's say that Conscious Contact by virtue of its perfectly demonstrative nature infers "I Am"; that's On and where all the trouble of this world resides.

Curiously enough Conscious Contact can refrain from inferring "I Am"; that's Off and nothing more can be or need be said about it.

All of the absurd biographical enlightenment stories that litter the Non-Dual airwaves are nothing more than trivial indulgences in On.

The welcome release from all that sentimental and pedestrian blather comes when one sees that presence (as in your present experience) cannot actually be occupied by you, that's Off.

Isn't it kind of obvious that in order to pretend to occupy your present experience you must resort to some or many forms of representation about what is felt so you can paint or concoct a story about what happened, what's happening, and what may happen?

The consequence of this gargantuan effort which arises effortlessly horse-whispers you into a dreamscape where you think you know what is happening and can navigate the secular field of your psychotic imagination for your benefit.

All that clutter is occurring in On, which places you under siege via the myth of "I Am".

Why must Conscious Contact be your business? Might you be relieved of the myth of enlightenment and all the posturing around it by simply seeing that no "I" need be inferred by virtue of the presence of experience?

Dependent Origination is crap; there is no chronology or family tree for This That Is So. It is not possible, thanks to the nature of evaporating phenomena, to accuse yourself of anything - enlightened or otherwise.



A simple flick of the wrist

The excruciating intensity of one's dark night of the soul is proportionate to the size of their sense of self-importance.

Many enlightened salespersons have reported that their life prior to the golden ring of "I don't suffer any more so phuck you" was full to the brim with undulating and cascading waves of incalculable despair so deep and so impenetrable that they were close (or so they say after the fact) to the point of taking their own lives.

The one's we should really take notice of are the ones who aren't here anymore; you know that their conviction was total, but instead we worship the cowards who lived and then pay into the cult of celebrity survivors whose egos were and still are so big that they passed through the temptation for hara-kiri in order to write a book and build an empire dedicated to helping you get enlightened too!

Since we are so fond of our own misery and take great pride in just how phucked we are, we identify with our cosmic comic book heroes and can't wait to attend their talk or retreats so we can let everyone else know just how bad our personal situation is in hopes of

Jesus, I'm stumped. I'm not sure why we do this. There is no pay off for investing so much pride and self-pity and dark night unworthiness in ourselves for the sake of attracting attention or grace from the schizophrenic universe that has no stake in our personal dream. But, we do it anyway.

If you have participated in events where enlightened folks speak for the greater good of all you may notice just how many show up and just how few wake up.

Too bad no one has a chart of the success rate for genuine transmission passed from guru to disciple so we can vet the market and go to the gurus who deliver.

After all the hoopla and drama of a life filled with deep center field home runs where you are the ball smacked over the bleachers from a fat ash bat landing on a windshield in the parking lot one could say the moment of realization turns out to be a simple flick of the wrist.

This that is presumed to be about you turns out not to be. Why all the bling?



Shakti has Chutzpah

I speak regularly with spiritual seekers all over the world. OK, that's a lie, one guy from Berkeley who will talk to anybody calls once in a while I think mostly for what we might call a mercy satsang - for my benefit, not his.

But this does not deter me from waxing on and on and on and on about the curious nature of awakening. Mind you, I don't know anything about awakening, but that should come as no surprise. No one knows anything about awakening, and that's the good news.

I realize that our common default operating system relies heavily on what we call knowledge and memory and temporo-spatial placement to define our experience, and I do my best to reveal and emphasize the absolute surrealism of any positional view one may hold.

Were this a chaotic and empty revelation of radiant inclusivity which is not bound by the ghostly insistence of "I, Me, My", it kinda implies that everything and anything you hold dear including the sovereignty of yourself is a lie, or to be diplomatic about it, untrue.

Only the most courageous seekers enjoy the affectionate accusation of being told they are liars, most others are pridefully offended.

Let's take it down; shakti has chutzpah. After that we are deep into myth and imagination. This that is felt is outrageous by any measure and its capacity to imply form and meaning is legend across the universe.

As seekers of truth our typical dilemma then is that we yearn to arrive at whatever train station we imagine realization to be waiting patiently on the platform biding its time until we get there.



But there is no there there, there is no here here, there is no now now, and most frustratingly there is no self that could attain to this celebrated realization.

Awake is the unfracturable entirety down to the quark and out beyond the mirthful genesis of the red shifted big bang, so it makes sense (not that there is any) that our own presence is the harmonic sigil of this entirety - and whatever that may mean to you could assist or confuse your appetite for awake.

Happy birthday to the Prince of Peace and thanks to all Gnostics everywhere for your courage and persistence.

Vitriolic Recalcitrance or Pleasant Disregard

Are we there yet?

If you are a student of some form of self-discovery and you've been at this for a while, you likely have a generous experiential library of books, videos, and personal encounters with all sorts of teachers and teachings spanning several decades.

I'm just starting to realize that our preoccupation with how it's going and how might it go better is perennial. Every generation has its purveyors and students of philosophy and with the proliferation of the miracle repository we call www; we have a veritable treasure trove of teachers and teachings across culture and time and ethnicity and gender and tradition. One wonders, are we there yet?

With all this profound information and insight at our fingertips wirelessly on tap 24/7/365 it would seem that if you have even the most superficial interest in just about anything you could become an expert in record time.

In fact, were self-realization a destination in your future looking at it from your past in your present no one would have any excuse not to be there, here, and is, now.

But we're not, or at least the feeling tone that attracts and holds our attention can easily accuse itself of being unenviably less than fulfilled right about now. This observation might be a clue if you're interested that is.

It's all about the lens. Before you take a vow or commit yourself to a spiritual or secular course of action in order to somehow change the feeling tone that attracts and holds your attention it might be wise to consider the conception, genesis, and implication of the lens from which you are looking, and feeling, and acting.

Perhaps we can appreciate that despite all the nurturing wisdom pouring forth from the cloud, the keys to awake require something more than vitriolic recalcitrance or pleasant disregard.

You must not participate in the myth of becoming because that keeps you pasted or posted to the same lens that defines you as a creature circumscribed by temporo-spatiality in the first place. It means you are an artifact of the big bang or something worse like birth.



Realization cannot be attained to and any biographical reminiscences that appear to have anything to do with it didn't and won't ever. Still, we are capable somehow of reconsidering the sketchy evidence that has defined our experience since for as long as we can remember.

We are capable of getting out from under or behind or before the lens of conformist reality condemns us to individuation, it is possible. It can be felt, it must be felt, one can repeat (don't ask me how) a magical encounter with radiant novelty that transcends self, that erases time, that eviscerates becoming.

Involuntary Indifference to Infinity

Why are some folks enlightened and I'm not? For a card carrying seeker phucker this is the only reasonable question left after all the complaining and boasting wears thin.

I've sung Hare Krishna, muscled through Vipassanā, done downward dog till my coccyx hurt, read 'I Am 'That', did books on tape with Jed McKenna, smoked Salvia divinorum with Terence McKenna, meditated on the FSA, the TSA, and even joined ASS (the American Society of Seekers) - one would think I have attained to stream entry by now with the gold ring in my greedy hands once I finish listening to the next Paul Hedderman rant.

But no, my daily grind and the nagging sense of "There must be more to life than me!" persists.

Well friends, I am here to tell you why you still suck; even if you don't think that you do, that's one of the principal symptoms that you do. Suck, I mean.

Here's why. You suffer from "I. I. I." or Involuntary Indifference to Infinity, that's why.

An impossible and implausible miracle field of non-stop novelty comes rushing at you faster than the speed of light twisting and rolling and shining in your face as incomprehensible irrepressible beauty down to the quark and you gladly reduce yourself to an opinion.

If that's not beyond proud I don't know what is. Once you are or have an opinion the entirety of the miracle of timeless experience becomes something to defend against, something to indulge in for sensuality's sake, or worse, something to exploit.

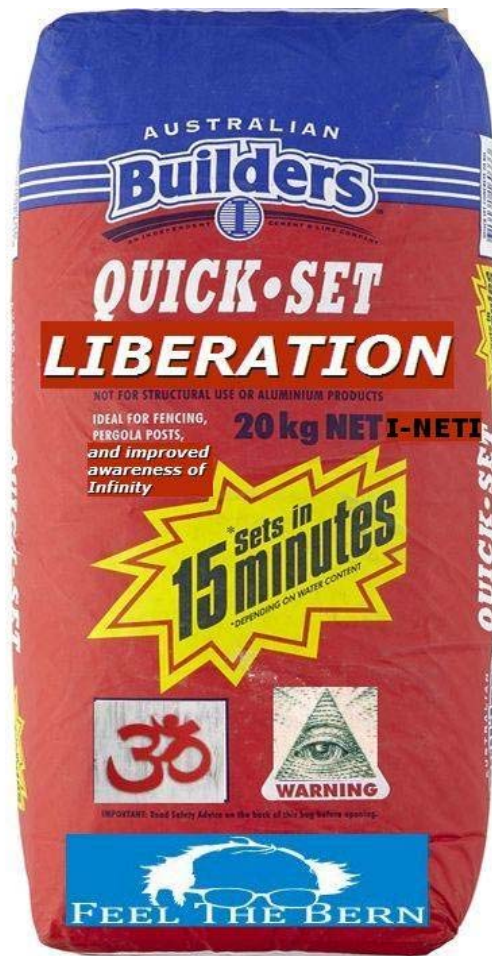
That's why 7.3 billion are careening toward extinction while the 1/10th of 1% Lizard Overlords call the shots on your fast evaporating inalienable rights. Let me take a brief moment for an unpaid political announcement - [Bernie 2016!].

OK, back to the truth of your life as a shit-house of despair. You may have noticed that the ailment includes the implication that this scourge of denial is involuntary. Well it is, until it's not.

Now that you have had the great fortune to read this modest post your denial of freedom is no longer involuntary, now it has become deliberate.

What you do about it is now up to you. I'm not suggesting you have free will - you don't. It just means that your suffering about your suffering is going to be much worse because now it is a question of choice and you continue to make the wrong one!

The Buddha offered an 8 step program (with far too many cul-de-sacs of confusion) which no one has time for anymore. Now that time is speeding up we have less of it. So now you need a quick set solution for your chronic and stubborn denial of truth.



Reality at its best is not personal

As you consider yourself, should you ever be somehow inspired to consider yourself; you know, the miracle of you, the solemnity and the dignity and the autonomy of you.

Should you turn your attention to the fabric and fascination of your present experience you may discover some profundities lurking just under the skin of conscious contact and the patina of habituation.

We typically dwell in our imagination of things, we project through memory where we are, why we came, who we are with, the purpose of our visit, what we want and what we need, how we will entertain ourselves next, and what we hope we will derive from it all not seeing how this magical tapestry of imagination defines the corridors and possibilities of our life experience.

What we hold dear is fleeting, anything that may have occurred prior to now is an ambiguous compilation made of fantasy. We float down the rapids of reality more or less unconscious of presence and the nourishing infinity of being.

Our entire unconscious identity is constructed of sentiment and sensuality bolted together by a glib and superficial profusion of representational memes appearing magically from nowhere that seem to conclude with our prideful and disdainful ownership of self as body.

The movement of thought, an uncanny mystery if ever there was one, is stubbornly self-referential. Even though reality at its best is not personal we suffer from the imaginary conclusion that everything is personal. This unbearable loneliness drives us nuts.

We cannot satisfy our hunger for free within the context of separability as a creature formed by sentiment and sensuality forged in the fires of birth. We need to look, or more importantly feel our way back behind and before any hint of self-assignment condemns us to the wasteland of self.

You can ignore those gurus who trumpet there is nothing you can do. Beatitude is easily fooled to consider itself to be other than itself, this is the genesis-free always present hypnosis of self.

But it is beatitude just the same, you are beatitude whether you like it or not. Your attention as awareness is, with no effort, object free.



Lit and running

Here's a simple genesis story that may shed some light on your quest for contentment.

So the Divine Mother (riding bareback on the Great Turtle of course) presents you with a curious gift; This.

As in all This, as in a sentient sensual image making bio-container with an opposable thumb for exploring the grandeur of a terrestrial liquid earth under a blue canopy that holds invisible gases vital to your well-being with a distant photon factory in just the right spot to render mitochondrial digestible sugars from plants to maintain your internal power pack as you navigate the Gaia and the effulgence of inner and outer space.

Then she says, "Who wants to Phuckin' Party?" And everyone yells "I do!"

Now you're lit and running. The infinity of your earthly walkabout is punctuated by the infinity of your consciousness animated with the gift to dream whatever you want. As a species, by now we should be knee deep in sustainable abundance and frolicking about making art and making love and making music enjoying hallucinogens without consequence and noshing on living foods saturated with negentropy.

Why we're not could be a question worth exploring, that's of course up to you. I promise your life will be more interesting if you do.

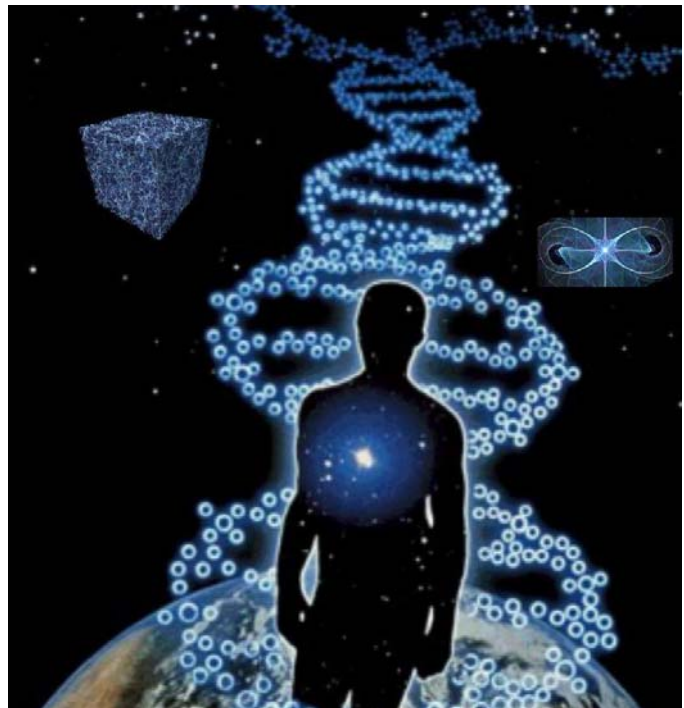
As concerns contentment though our attention must return to the genesis of lit and running. Once you are lit and running you are of the nature of time so you always want to know what's next, and for whom - well that would be 'me'.

This 'me' that compulsively needs and wants to know what's next turns out to be a cauldron of profound insecurity masked by an even profounder capacity for denial of same.

In the current pandemic of species-wide control agendas and psycho-spiritual malaise aimed at entropic extinction we might be feeling a bit perplexed and overcome by an existential sorrow and powerlessness that drains our vitality and we can't quite put our finger on it or know what to do about it.

For whatever time remains (not that there is any) it might be useful to reconsider the default conundrum of 'what's next for me' and discover that 'This has no next for me' which is a portal one can use to liberate one's own inalienable infinity.

What I'm trying to say is "Happy New Year!"



Constant craving has always been

So we're living our lives and as long as we have someone to love, something to do, and something to look forward to we can avoid the black hole of absolute irrelevance and the reluctance for non-existence that fuels our ongoing enthusiasm.

We figure out how to sublimate our true wish, which is to live with abandon, and we compensate for this existential disappointment with all sorts of distractions and dreams and pop spirituality and pharmacological interventions that bring us (if we're lucky) to recovery so we can start the cycle over again.

We want to be free from the ravages of constant craving which has always been, has always been, has always been.

We think enthusiasm or faith or prayer or meditation or just about anything we can get our hands on will emancipate us from feeling small and being addicted to worrisome-ness and loneliness and worse, fear of cessation.

When all else has failed, we hope that self-realization might be the last stop on the train of insufficiency bound for higher ground. We aim for some permanent solution to impermanence - anicca. We aim for some reliable satisfaction in a field saturated with unsatisfactoriness - dukkha. We aim for the exaltation of self when there is none - anattā.

We want self-realization to be the ultimate remedy for 'me', but it won't be, it can't be.



We crave resolution to manifest in our lives or for the fearless ecstasy of abandon so we can actually enjoy ourselves at last. This motivation keeps the wheel of karma spinning as we commit ourselves to improvement, becoming, and/or medicating our failures so we don't have to feel so shitty.

It's gonna take more from you and more out of you than you may have previously agreed to in order to touch awake. But really, what else are you doing with your life that could possibly distract you from you?

Welcome my son, welcome to the Anthropocene

(Sung to the tune of Pink Floyd's catchy number)

I know you're busy with a plethora of competing trivia day in and day out and I know that you're (I'm) glued to the wireless telepathic portal (aka cell phone) to the Akashic record stored in the cloud for all your social and information needs.

This dawn of a new epoch referred to as the Anthropocene should hold your attention, at least for a few precious moments. Simply, the modern human has impacted its domain to the point of leaving measurable traces of cathartic and potentially extinctive biospheric poisons mechanically and osmotically spread throughout the fossil record, or what's referred to as stratigraphic evidence (layers of deposit).

What we commonly fail to appreciate is the remarkable poetry of scales and serendipities that conspired to suggest a self-conscious biped occur in the first place. Really, the unbearable complexity of cosmic, galactic, heliocentric, and gaiac forces that rose like a great wave of dominoes to fall perfectly in your lap amounts to impossible, as in never never ever going to happen, like never ever.

And yet, here we are, depositing hellacious amounts of industrial and organic effluent right back into the belly of the mouth that feeds us so what we're getting in return is a rancid acidic puke that is killing us and killing us all - welcome to the sixth extinction.

The depth of our gullibility and casual disregard for spoiling the elemental abundance that sustains our Creator given inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness knows no bounds.

Ah but really, where could we go with this? Since every moment is fresh; never happened before and will never happen again, everything must be unprecedented. So it is no surprise that the age of homo sapiens has genocided itself in a mere nano fraction of a wink of a blink of an eye. Flame on and flame out pretty much in the same glorious instant.



One wonders if it is even possible for coincident cultures capable of inter-galactic or more likely inter-dimensional travel to ever be able to meet within the space time continuum of what we call the known universe given the likelihood of such brief spans to party in and early flame-out.

If you've been penetrated by a grey for affectionate or other reasons I guess you have no doubts, I'm just not convinced, though not committed to stubbornness.

Now that I'm so far out on a limb without context I'll just close with one of my favorite Jean Klein 'isms that he used to throw at folks who vehemently doubted his teachings - "In any case, you are not a person!"

The Negativists & The Positivists

Just because emptiness wins out over form at every turn, This is not nothing. You don't go to zero even if your favorite guru or latest spiritual experience reveals not self.

The Negativists emphasize the dissolution / disappearance of any remnant that infers the hypnosis of a separate self. It follows that there is nothing one can do to remedy the mirage of self because there is no one to do anything about themselves, all is just happening in the way that it is.

I'm not sayin' these folks are misleading or not helpful for others whose karma it is to pick up what they're puttin' down, but don't you want to do something with the urgent presentation of your vitality? Don't you want to join a bowling league that gets you out of the gutter?

The Positivists encourage engagement. After all, aren't you are sitting on a non-stop LSD bender of incomprehensible grandeur pouring into your soul as light and sound and smell and touch and taste and the profound presentation of irrational thinking, imagination, curiosity, awareness and the irrefutable presence of yourself?

So what if conscious contact has the audacity to infer that you are a body / mind in space / time writhing through it all as a creature with a chronic case of abdominal bracing and refusal.

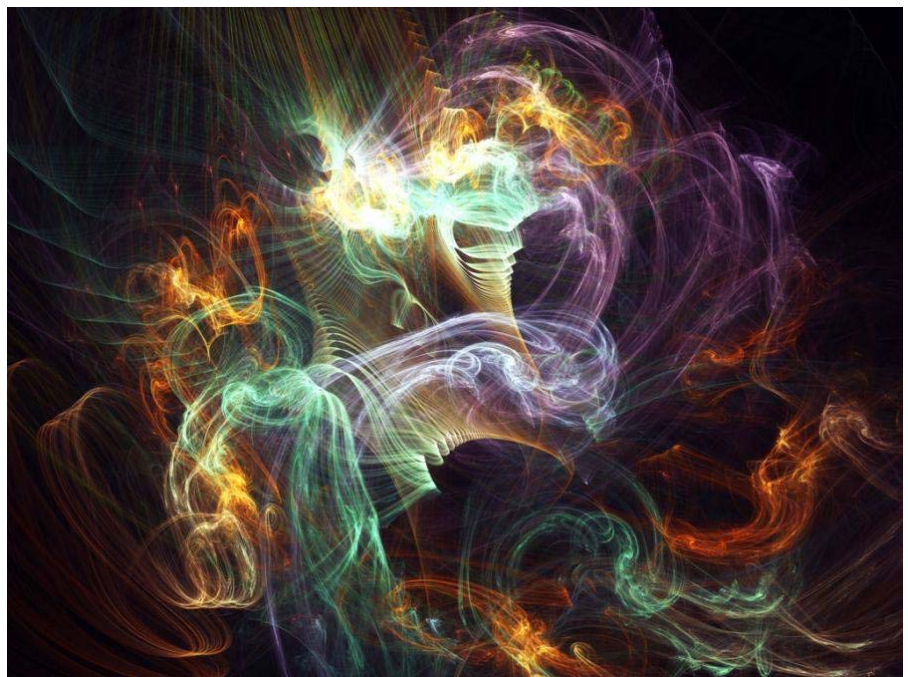
Even the meditators who make a big deal over sustained mindfulness through sitting and walking practice have no advantages while playing fake-it-till-you-make-it and refusing anything that appears and inspires one to get out from under the pressure of becoming.

The genesis of individuation occurs by magic, it is not the consequence of some bad decision or even societal conditioning and there is no point in trying to refuse thought or suppress desires.

Sure sure one must respond to the inevitable fractures and turbulence that potentiate confusion and so a fair share of re-parenting and recovery is inevitable. At some point though we put down the binky and immerse ourselves in the play of consciousness so we can peer into the esoteric and ambiguous nature of what's actually occurring and slough off the snake skin of self.

The Negativists leave you with little more to do than become entangled with their satsang posse which gets boring after a short while because you don't want to sit in the audience like forever.

So, with full disclosure of my bias I say go positive on your shit and attenuate the euphoric rhythms of your own present consciousness to become aware of the miracle field in which and as which all is arising and being felt - you can go to zero when you're dead.



Freedom = Constructive Denial

You may have noticed by now how your mind is capable of spinning endless scenarios that place you at risk and cause all sorts of restlessness, irritation, fear, vulnerability and a general atmosphere of malaise - pretty much 24/7/365.

One might think that weekends and holidays would be off-limits for our capacity to imagine a million ways we will suffer and are suffering, but there is no safe house for our sense of self.

This opportunistic and seemingly involuntary habit for projecting insecurity in imagination everywhere we look is what we're hoping to remedy by way of self-realization. We don't like being or feeling afraid, no matter what circumstances or events may be contributing to it.

We feel better when we're not afraid, when we're not confused, when we're not overwhelmed with how our person or belongings or other artifacts of security may be taken from us.

We have been gifted with sentience in a field of absolute abundance down to the quark, but we conduct ourselves as beggars and paupers either asserting or suffering from one form of exploitation after another.

You could say we are all one, but we are not all one! We are we and one is one and never the twain shall meet, ever.

So what do we do to respond to the fatigue and trepidation that accompany a life mired in existential panic? All the addictive 'isms' that manifest as means to self-medicate do not relieve us of the burden of individuation and the grief of self we all feel, but pretend not to.

It may be possible to enjoy some degree of emancipation through faith-based inspiration and charitable giving, it works for the evangelists at least on the receiving side of the equation and it keeps us in God's good favor as concerns wealth, health, and freedom, but it's not for everybody.

If the religions were as infallible as they want you to believe they are one might expect a greater success rate or happiness quotient for subscribers and practitioners, but simple observations about the global SOTU would suggest otherwise.

I regret to inform you that the only path to lasting peace is by way of constructive denial; let me explain.

The startling discovery made by sincere realizers is a little bit weird. It is impossible to articulate satisfactorily within the framework of language and comparison and accouterments, since perfectly improvisational inclusivity bereft of individuation has no time stamp or location or genesis or implication.

So for we poor seekers heaven-bent on emancipating from self, the only thing we can do (and do well) is to approximate the rarefied atmosphere of total freedom right where we are. We do this through a somewhat careful lighthearted playful engagement with present experience in order to see for ourselves what it is actually appearing as, how it is appearing, and what the implications of our ruminating fantasy suggest.

We can't solicit or demand realization come down from above and strike us dumb with wonder, or put another way we can do that but it won't work so rather than give up, which won't work either, we can apply ourselves to the effervescing of our actual first-hand experience and reconsider the involuntary and conditioned conclusions we came to prior to this moment.

This is both a rivetingly disturbing and exhilarating adventure, and since we have no choice in the matter we may as well make the best of it.

It doesn't matter whether ending fear or demonstrating devotion or becoming an instrument of G-d is the motivator; the bottom line is that we don't like suffering and the only way out is the revelation of the primacy of being.



Presence never becomes anything

I bet you can't remember when the presence of 'you' began. I bet you have no idea when the lights of sentient or felt experience startled you out of your slumber as a nascent singularity.

Don't sweat it, there's a good reason you can't - you didn't begin. You never began. Your present experience never not was.

The reason all these phucking satsangs are so boring is that they're littered with creatures, or more to the point packed with angels that think they are creatures so all the quarrel and explanation and clever non-dualisms cluster around enlightenment speak from the vantage point of constructive utility for me as my body on clock time. Oh yeah, we're also insisting that whatever I hope to glean from my successful spiritual trajectory will occur in a place like space, like where I am.

Take note; all of the cardinal points and loci and scales and contextual boundary markers for me and my consciousness are imagined. 'You' are not presently occurring, 'You' never began, nothing will happen to 'You', never did and is not now.

As long as you may wish to deploy a strategy, practice a spiritual ameliorative, commit to a solution in time, or supplicate the great turtle for your emancipation you are too late. You're already creature-fied (maybe that should be spelled 'fried') and there is no future for you as a creature; certainly not a satisfactory one as an enlightened person.

Let's take a baby step back from all the noise of everything that happened (is happening) and the curious conviction of whom it is that it is happening to. There, and this is not a place, you can get a glimpse of this perfectly impersonal radiant infinitude never becoming anything.



Presence never began, presence is irrefutably so but you cannot inhabit it, presence is not likely to cease, ever; presence never becomes anything.

At the risk of being repetitive, presence never becomes anything.

Wanna buy a bridge?

Human spiritual endeavor pretty much ends in death. Whether you've gotten what you want from life or not, the maggots are banging their elbows on the table with forks and knives raised high ready to feast on your flesh as you go anaerobic.

The only two folks I know of that may have avoided this fate would be Jesus having bailed into the sky where the maggots can't reach and Babaji who just won't phucking die - the lengths some people go to astounds me.

All that we do or avoid in this life comes unsolicited and can't really be traced to self-will or self-determinism in the years when we trade diapers for a credit card and a time machine that spins the world where we want to go.



We live more with doubt, self-abnegation, and fear than we do with affectionate abandon and abundance. We self-incarcerate and act out our self-loathing frustrations and temporality confused by the demands of our own Eros and the sublimated instinct we have of a short-lived and meaningless life.

We diligently apply ourselves to one or a million amelioratives hoping that something, anything will one day work and deliver us from ourselves so we can finally be free of the rush of imagination that tricks us into creature-hood over and over again.

But there is no bridge between our fundamental hypnosis and our hoped-for hip gnosis. That's because the field in which we firmly believe ourselves to be operating in is in fact a contrived and non-consequential surreality that never becomes anything other than that, it can't.

But wait, just because there is no bridge one might come to appreciate that we don't need a bridge, we won't benefit from finding or crossing a bridge because we are already on the other side as in already here and already now and Boom Lakalakalaka Boom Lakalakalaka - awake reveals itself as the inclusive entirety that rids us of the pesky and oh so stubborn myth of individuation.

Awake however is not a state, one does not come to understanding as the meat, as the formerly suffering person, as a Cheshire Seeker with a mischievous grin. It's a tad stranger than that and one's best approach will not be by way of will.

Wanna buy a bridge?

Artesianal Upwelling

You want to discover what consciousness is, not what consciousness finds.

You may notice, if you're a sojourning type, that stimulating and weird textures, apparitions, and associations appear in the field of 'your' attention non-stop. What we call memory or thinking are just a few constituents among many that spontaneously appear in and as experience.

Our notorious habit is to mistake this impersonally appearing rush of sensation and association with "I" as the body, the person, the decider and chooser, the sufferer, the winner and loser, the aspirant, the seeker, and perhaps worst of all, the procurer of enlightenment.

A simple question if I may? To whom or to what is this kaleidoscopic magic show of undulating and throbbing presentation appearing? That it is appearing is more or less undeniable, but the notion that it is all appearing to 'you' is a bit suspect, no?

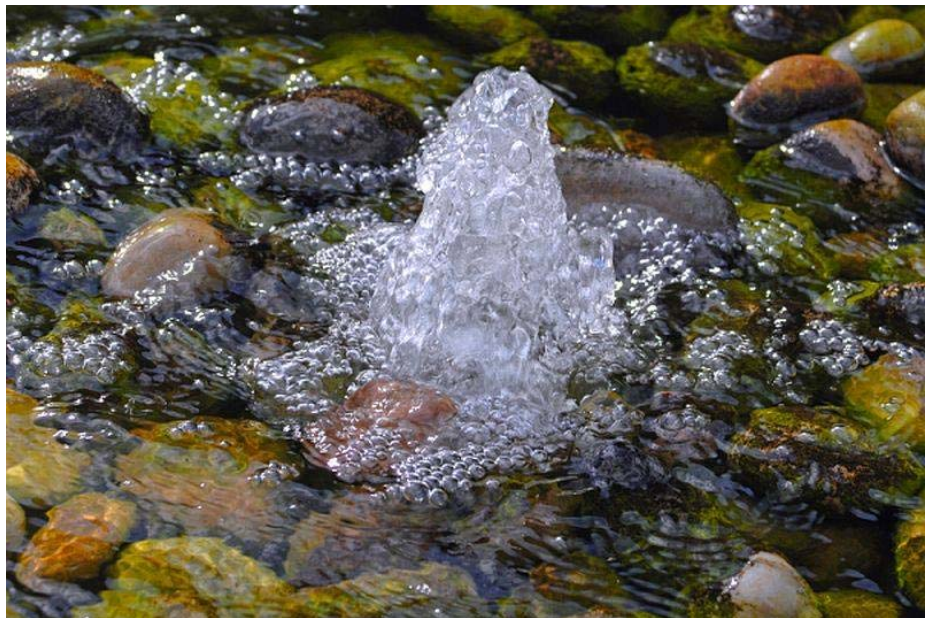
Kindly consider that the context and frame for what you take to be your experience is already conditioned by knowledge and memory and explanations and beliefs and superstitions and a rather profound and unconscious presumption of separative existence tainted by education and all other forms of hypnosis perpetrated and promulgated by idiots! Why we are so happy to be counted amongst them boggles my mind.

Is it really so hard to see that the entirety of human meme and human myth is an artesianly and arbitrarily veiled upwelling of ideation conjured in real time that you tend to believe in as the defining reality?

We want our spiritual and secular solutions to benefit the flesh, to benefit our absurd sense of self, our stuff, our feelings, our relationships, our portfolio, our chances for love and liberation.

We are a veritable vortex of truly improvisational expression capable of feeling and broadcasting an incredible spectrum of affection with absolute abandon having no thought of, about, or for ourselves and this innate capacity is standing idly by while we obsess about ghosts.

To discover what consciousness is frees you from what consciousness finds. What This is will astound you while what you find will forever confound you with the misery of self.



Re-parenting: Mirror and Affirm

As is typical of many popular spiritual teachers, more and more yearning aspirants come to them seeking salient and practical advice for what ails them. I am pleased to report that no one has ever sought my advice about anything, and what does that say about them?

At a recent NSS breakfast we were speaking about the incessant tyranny of that stranger who has taken up residence somewhere in the etheric space between our ears that barks commands and swarms our attention with all sorts of absurd nonsense.

I bet you know who we're talking about.

If you are an adherent of some kind of spiritual cult; you know the ones with spires and stupas and synagogues and kivas and swords and temples and priests and libraries and founders and coconuts and baby dolls and miraculous healings by snake venom or urine and steps and work and forgiveness and metta and twirling and a way and a way out - then this little unsolicited advice may be helpful.

When it comes to the shit that shows up in your mind that bully's you to tears, here's some advice: Re-parent by mirroring and affirming.

At an Adyashanti day-long held in Ross, CA a ways back (before you had to win a lottery just to hear him speak) there was a crazy girl in the front row who had probably taken a brief hiatus from her meds and she was naturally aroused by all that shakti in the room and went a bit off rambling up an incoherent storm of what was wrong with just about anything and everything that popped into her desperate head and she was not going to be quieted!

So Adya (he hasn't asked me to teach, but he does let me call him Adya) did what he does best; mirror and affirm. He softly repeated in his own words (so as not to mimic her) what she was suffering from and he affirmed her right / existence to feel how she felt. This went on for some time which tried the patience of those who came to try their hand at enlightenment. But it worked!

She finally went limp having exhausted the fuel of her discontented panic and became, at least for a brief afternoon, quiescent in her own experience (or at least it seemed that way).

We can do the same with our untamable schizophrenia. Rather than avoid or dismiss the waves of insecurity that accompany our life as the creature, we can sit right down, pull up a chair and co-counsel ourselves with the simple and effective sobriety of mirror and affirm.



You may or may not try this, and if you do, it may or may not work - there's only one way to find out.

I am not advocating or suggesting this as some kind of helpful advice though it may be. Whatever we may find under the cosmic arc of the miracle of ourselves is entitled to be heard and considered. Freedom however has nothing to do with what we find, what we imagine we have or can lose and this is a nonsensical jolt out from under the hypnosis of conformist reality.

We can never resolve the hypnosis of self, it is far too fast and clever to best it. We can however untangle from the snare of self by way of the revelation of absolute inclusivity which confers cessation and nirvāṇa.

A Gnomish Gnarly Gnostic Gnani Gnoshing on Gnocchi

Sometimes one must take a leap of faith, tack into the wind, be willing not to know where or why one goes or how to get there, least of all what might be found.

If you search for peace you find restlessness, if you search for abundance you find a thousand things that bind you, if you search for meaning you find an ambiguous and mutative chaos that can't tell the truth about anything.

What if you seek for nothing, not in hopes of finding nothing, but by putting down the incessant demand for arriving anywhere, for understanding anything, for acquiring some sense of finality that will quench your spiritual thirst and relinquish your irritability with sentience?

Having appeared without cause and living without consequence still we can find ourselves compelled to believe, compelled to become, thirsty for relevance and usefulness and the fond attention of others so we can avoid at all cost the grandeur of being, the absolute affection of emptiness.

We'd rather seek than find, have an appointment to express our dismay rather than be without quarrel, possess ideas and practices and all manner of justification for our existence than bear witness to our own evaporative presence pouring forth with no impulse for objectification.

By insisting on relevance and relief we remain tethered to the quirky vicissitudes of a life that makes demands upon the present in hopes of a better future by repeating or avoiding what we think happened in the past.

Why not enjoy what it feels like to live life as a Gnomish Gnarly Gnostic Gnani Gnoshing on Gnocchi - which isn't so bad, really.



This isn't anything at all, and it's always like that

Here's why so many sincere aspirants get stuck on various plateaus of spiritual misunderstanding. They think that This is something, that it persists in becoming and remaining something, and that that something has something to do with them - all wrong.

The simple paradox which has no quarrel with itself is that This isn't anything at all, and it's always like that.

It's the seemingly persistent nature of experiencing that suggests something has happened, is happening, and is likely to happen next that has taken hold of your otherwise perfect observational intelligence and snookered you into the presumption that a source event prior to now is responsible somehow for now and that by managing now one can steer presence to become the outcomes we call future to be more satisfactory or spiritually deep for the likes of us.

Guess what? That's not what This is and that's why you're phucked into remaining a beggar seeker phucker hoping that the shit your guru tells you will come true someday for you as it has for her, when it hasn't and it won't.

You are always invited by the likes of reality itself to see that all ideas and boundary conditions which you take to be binding, causal, and true are not - in this way your intelligent hunger for emancipation from the dungeon of stupidity (though the door is not locked) can be sated.

We can never become anything other than what This is and isn't so our most efficient approach to cultivate Kenshō is no approach at all thus appreciating the apparitional implications of your already boundless nature right where you stand.

You'd think this would be instinctive and encouraged by all parents and mentors and gurus, but they all want to help you or sell you something and so by relying on your capitulance and credulity they stroll to the bank while you remain in the shit-box of self.

If you can, when it occurs to you, see what This might actually be and notice that This isn't anything at all, and it's always like that.



Cloud-Based Awakening - the Virtual Ashram

Everything has moved and is moving to the cloud, no one knows for sure where the cloud is exactly, but you can bet that it's safe from natural disaster since it exists in the sky and nothing can hurt the sky.

This good news has implications for your spiritual life as well. It is no longer necessary or advantageous to commit yourself to a specific teacher or teaching or facility (be it an ashram or in-patient mental health, that's admittedly redundant) in order to penetrate the mysteries of your own ineffable nature.

Thanks to the www miracle you can now enjoy comparative religious studies via a treasure trove of great spiritual literature, recordings and videos galore, teleconferences, satsangs, transmissions, plus ritualistic religious services and worship ceremonies from the comfort of your easy chair 24/7 at little or no cost to you.

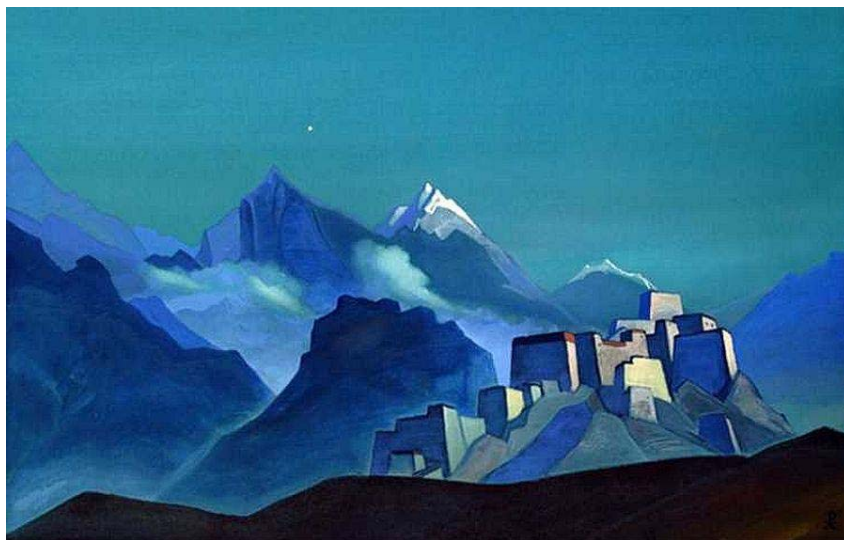
One might imagine that awakening ought to be much easier to come by now that we have such a generous amount of material and metaphor courtesy of accomplished sages sharing their secrets and the intimate biographical details of exactly what they did to transcend suffering.

There is no question that more and more people in the developed world are aware of the possibility of suffering less, but this does not necessarily translate into greater numbers enjoying the fruits of true selflessness. Having a www or a local community that practices and studies and shares and sits and recovers together may or may not be an effective enzyme for your liberation; presuming you are interested in liberation in the first place with all due respect if you are not.

The wonderful contribution of the left-hand paths (the ones that emphasize radiant presence) is that one needn't leave the comforts and indulgences and travails of ordinary life, just as it is, to consider the nuances of present experience as a vehicle for awake.

This does not mean that you should do anything more or less with your preferred allegiances and alliances, it just means that you are in the driver's seat when it comes to being the sole occupant of your experience and that this experience is exactly what reality has in mind for you to consider as fodder and grist for your emancipation from presumption.

A good sage, one worth knowing, knows less than you, not more than you and by magically harmonizing with this divine cluelessness you can take your rightful place amongst the clouds and dwell in wonder in the great halls of the Virtual Ashram.



Spiritual Promiscuity is Perfection

Our nature is made of intimacy, we are designed by miraculous forces forged in sacred geometric patterns and Fibonacci sequences to emanate and feel an excruciating and transcendent intimacy with all things as ourselves without the slightest hint of withholding.

That's what we are and that's what we crave in the physical and ephemeral orbits of our very existence. Why we have sublimated and punished ourselves with sin and sensual foreclosure may be a matter of survival or cultural convention but I think it is a contributing factor to our immanent and imminent extinction.

I am not merely referring to the rather mundane nature of physical or sexual consummation that rules the cultural airwaves and hallowed halls of shopping mall consumerism and drives us to exploitation and misogynistic violence; that's included for sure.

But why haven't we opened ourselves to other realms of intimacy which permit and encourage a falling in love with every nuance of every breath and every gesture and every facial expression and every feeling and the surging orgasmic textures of experiencing itself?

We are made of this fabric, our nature is open to the absolute emptiness of everything and we are gifted with the speechless capacity for boundary free nirvana which reveals itself as we naturally withdraw from the habit of bracing, the habit of being small.

So much spiritual face time is given to repression and fantastical thinking which dilute and disparage our innate intimacy and create entropic waves of negative reinforcement that keep us small while we crave release.

What if we were to discover that spiritual promiscuity is perfection, that we're capable of seeing and being beauty beyond measure as our fear and self-rejection morph into non-arising?

A good "O" with someone you love and trust (or not) gives you a brief glimpse into cessation of self, the beatitude of non-arising. It's about time that we discover (as a species) how to integrate our innate ephemeral transcendence with our cultural experiment so the daily life and rhythms of social engagement can flourish free from fear and exploitation.

The religions and the bankers and the industrialists and the male dominated authoritarian militaristic culture veers toward the rocks as the Sirens of Denial pollute their minds with greed and shame and cries for pity that can't be heard above the din of their folly.



Our fate however is not so nearly and dearly important as our presence, that's where we shine.

Ascension Noir

Euphoric and free from arising we cruise down the West side of the bridge and start to merge into a double streamer of ruby lights filling both lanes, "Shit, we're gonna be late for the kirtan," I mutter.

Lydia adjusts her gaze from nowhere to right now and reaches her long right leg across the passenger seat and presses her foot down on my foot on the accelerator covering my eyes with her shawl which smells of frankincense and myrrh from another time and I shriek as she starts chanting "Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram" kiss close deep into my ear and the van is speeding into barely crawling traffic ahead and I freeze with helpless panic as Lydia grabs my nuts real hard though I don't feel a thing, "Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram" and I black out.

I can't recall with any certainty what happened or how it happened or even if it happened, but before I regained worldly consciousness my body felt like water flowing up from a deep blue aquifer of streaming emptiness perfectly present and perfectly causeless and there was the sweetest soma on my tongue that radiated through the roof of my mouth into my pituitary gland and from there straight to my crown chakra just above where the left and right parietal bones suture with the occiput and all was light, sweet streaming palpable light and without the slightest doubt or fantasia I knew I was seeing God, I knew I was God.

Then the brick. I open my eyes half expecting to be strewn across the rear end of another car or maybe in a surgical suite with missing limbs but I find myself without injury in the van with Lydia softly cooing beside me in what appears, by the low grey roof and neatly parked vehicles on either side of us, to be a parking garage.

"Lydia," I whisper dryly, "Where are we, are we OK?" and she says with mirthful glee, "We're in the Third & C street garage in San Rafael just across from the Open Secret with just enough time to get a taco before the show. Coming?"



I cannot describe and vaguely remember how tight I seized right there and then like a living Rigor mortis stiffly brought on by an elephant's dose of PCP that pervaded my entirety as my demands and insistence on reason and reality were drop kicked hard enough to apogee at the far edges of the Thermosphere.

I was unriveted from anything resembling physics and my as yet untested loyalty to it, such uncharitable derailment is not possible to convey. I could not speak so I plead with my eyes wet with tears that are crying themselves, "Lydia, help me. I can't move".

She knows my predicament and giggling, reaches over to caress my face and wipes the tears away with her shawl which smells of sandalwood and ghee from another time and I am released from this swell of disorientation in an instant, if I had to count it, and we stroll into the night for tacos and the rhythmic pulse of bhajans and drums.

Non-Referential Mind

Thoughts do not dictate mind, so having them or being without them is of no consequence on your journey toward liberation.

This yoga requires, or at least invites you to examine and explore the subtle textures and frothing nature of experience as it arises presently in your presence without resorting to presumptions or conclusions that will necessarily taint what it is that you hope or expect to find.

To be effective one must be able to deploy sensors and probes that reflect a mature quality of non-grasping and curiosity so you are not hell-bent on committing yourself to some crappy remedy for what you think is wrong with you.

New Age and fantastical thinking (including Buddhist and related ministrations) is like wandering about in some bardo of curvaceous, studly, and seductive ghosts who want you to believe in their contrived ideas about reality so you can then become an annuitized customer for their brand of remedies and solutions to medicate an imaginary person in an imaginary realm suffering from a heap of disappointments that you have come to insist are what's really bothering you.

You can never extricate yourself from these ghosts as long as you entrain to the myth of individuation and chronological causality or self in time. If you take yourself to be a disparate creature hoping to thrive in a preexistent secular reality you are a sitting duck for everything going South on you and it will, right on schedule.

For as long as you crave security and accumulation and wish that consciousness will operate in your favor you commit yourself to something other than what reality might actually be and thus will forever evade your demands and supplications.

Why not reconsider the evidence of what constitutes your existence and free yourself from the inertia of self-condemnation and the nuisance of becoming something other or better than what you already are?



For this to flower you must explore the nature of non-referential mind and discover a palpable texture of being that refrains from reflexively inhabiting itself as a creature in a virtual and veritable sea of objects.

This intimacy with yourself is relieved of projection and bracing and the incessant need for remedy or revelation even - you put down your craving for something like enlightenment to happen to you because you are no longer interested in or dependent upon anything that consciousness can do for or to you.

How to deal with your old Guru friends

In order to flower and find your own wings you must put down the pithy sayings, polished lingams, and devotional pictures you have worshiped for so many years. You must be willing to be wrong, stupid, arrogant, and further still, be seen by your former cohorts as a useless and attention seeking poser who merely pretends to be something that you're not.

They have a sacred trust to denigrate you, troll your web site, post quotes from their favorite gurus, make you out to be a fool and perfectly unworthy of anyone's attention or interest.

You have a sacred trust to erase any sign of them from your circle of interest because they are like drowning clowns clinging to what they think they know about themselves, about you, about some guru you may have had in common, about who is and is not enlightened, what the telltale symptoms of enlightenment are and how you fail to demonstrate even a single one of those symptoms.

For them, and this is a good thing, you can never have something they don't have. You can never be taken seriously or original for as long as they project their empty worship and failed attempts at spiritual knowledge upon you, you will never be permitted by them and their crusty devotion to amount to anything.

One reasonable test of your new-found enlightened equanimity and transcendent dispassion is to ignore their pesky affections and dismissals because it shows the world you are above it all.

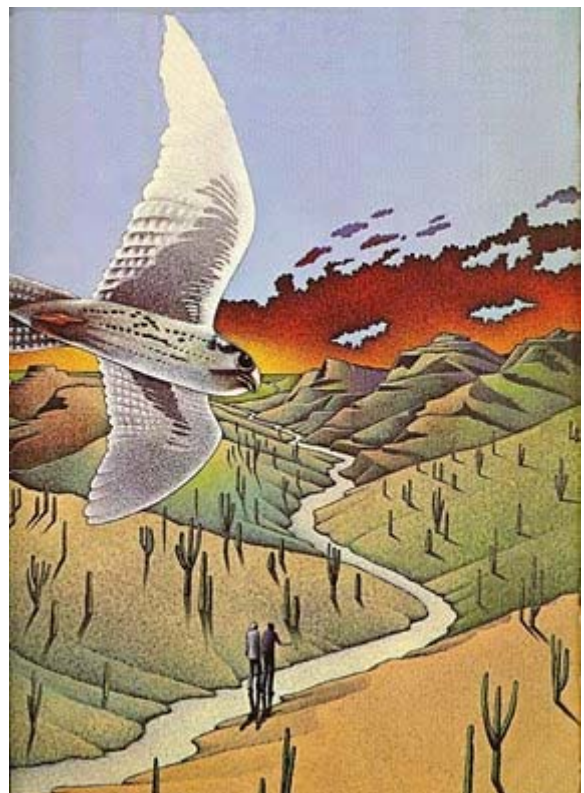
I prefer another approach. Why pretend to be above it all for the sake of some disingenuous appearance? Why not hide and delete their indulgent troll-like behavior from your Facebook page and, if necessary, your life?

There is nothing of value on this Facebook page for anyone. I do not claim anything for or about myself. One may consider these writings on a perfectly voluntary basis, if there is nothing here for you, you are free to move along and satisfy your hunger for truth or dismissal elsewhere.

You may recall the journey that Don Genaro took after he had encountered and attained his ally in Journey to Ixtlan. After that shamanic battle in the wilderness Genaro was assailed by phantoms who pleaded with him, offered him food, and met him with a terrifying eagerness that he instinctively ran away from.

Don Juan explained the gist of the story to Carlos by saying, "...at a time like that what's important to all of us is the fact that everything we love or hate or wish for has been left behind. Yet the feelings in a man do not die or change, and the sorcerer starts on his way back home knowing that he will never reach it, knowing that no power on earth, not even his death, will deliver him to the place, the things, the people he loved."

You must claim yourself for yourself and not at the behest of your guru or the shithead phantoms (intended with utmost affection) who may have known you then and by virtue of their own failure to be free will do anything they can to deny you yours.



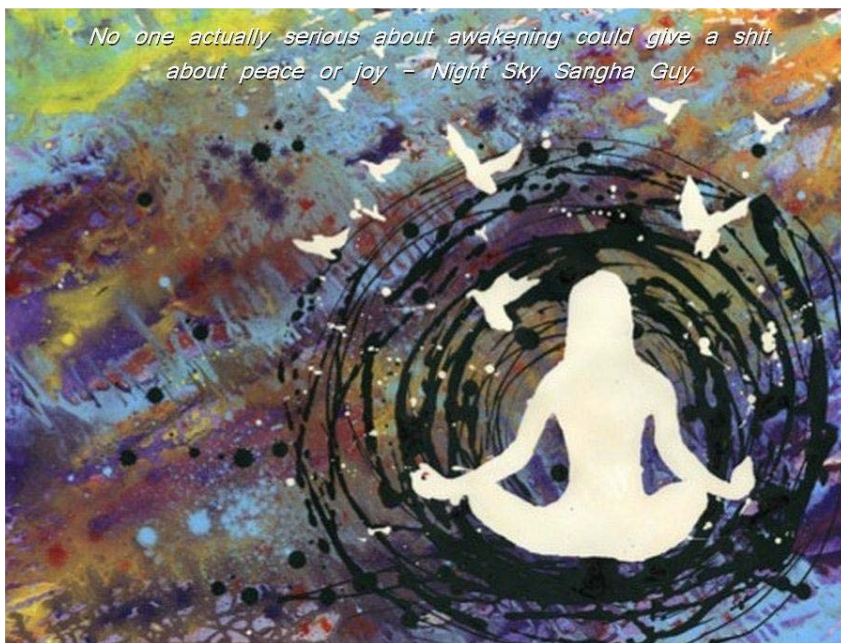
What we're here to find!

The Night Sky Sangha Guy wears his spiritual incompetence on his sleeve. Feigning knowledge or non-dual revelation is not the best of ideas.

Having no head or being without thought or living free from the FSA or traveling lighter or basking in the obvious delight that everything is just happening are for those special few who have actually had some enlightenment experience.

But how can we little people keep up with spiritual giants, what are we supposed to do in the meantime with our involuntary insistence on person-hood and separation? We like taking ourselves out for a spin, out for a ride. We like going on a date with consciousness so we can explore the tapestry of life according to ourselves.

Sure suffering can be a rather pesky buzzkill, but are we really interested in trading the delight of free will and choice for some radiant singularity where all possible discernment evaporates into an impersonal void of bottomless infinity?



We like it that life is about something that includes us, even if we are not yet optimally oriented to the end of suffering, or perfectly empowered with self acceptance and compassionate forgiveness. Those can wait.

In reply to the image quote below (and other choice words) I was given some heartfelt advice from an old friend who has traveled the world and met more gurus than you can fit in an open pit mine, or on the head of a pin for that matter. She knows about stuff having conducted hundreds of spiritual interviews with actual gurus.

Here goes:

"And I hope that one day for you love will get the better of cynicism and real spiritual progress could be made."

".... despite what my good friend NSS Guy says - we are here to find peace and joy, not some dogmatic longing for an abstract awakening. It won't come without giving 'a shit about peace or joy'."

"What I can say about you, He spent his life trying to wake-up, only to find the dream was an illusion. Wake Up NSS Guy! You are awake, only you think it is supposed to look like some fabricated idea. The fabrication is the illusion. What I am trying to say here is: Just relax..."

I stand corrected I guess. Not that I can make any promises but from here on out, for as long as it may last; I will relax, give a shit about peace and joy, and aim for real spiritual progress.

I'm done, promise broken, phuck that. God, I'm feeling better already.

Are we existent or space for existence?

Feel the way you inhabit yourself. There is no need to bring your mind along for the ride even though it may insist on sitting shotgun.

The irrefutability or ground of experience is present and occurring without relying upon thoughts to make it so. Your actual experience is without delay, no time is required for you to be so and feel yourself as such.

That's all there is to the famed and often worshiped non-duality. Without turning your attention to thinking or self-reference in order to place yourself in some time-capsule that defines where you were, where you are, and where you'll be - what have you?

I'll tell you what you have or worse, what you are - uncatz. You got nothin'. You are one big fat zero bubbling up from nowhere. Your memory is shit, even if it is still good. Your calamitous and pretentious life is a mirage of randomized reflections on things that couldn't have possibly occurred the way you imagine them to have. Your loyalty to what you believe and hold true becomes a sad, empty, and rusted bucket filled with faint barking noises that no one is interested in hearing.

We deny this simple observation by dedicating ourselves to the fomenting drama field of low and high self esteem always seeking, always demanding, always grasping and claiming and becoming and ignoring outright the fact of our ever present transcendent liquidation.



We think we might be interested in liberation and we hope that it will have some utility for us so we can suffer less, enjoy more, be invulnerable, deploy magical powers, make a living, attract partners, get good parking spaces, heal and heal some more so we might evade the silent nibbling and tiny little tickles of maggots converting our rotting flesh into a sumptuous fine dining experience.

If we dare take a short break from the hubris of insisting, from having even one opinion, from the inane and insane restlessness of 'what's next for me' we may discover that we have no idea what's happening.

We might stumble into a curious wonderment that naturally ponders, "Are we existent or space for existence?" And better than that, we discover that we have no question at all as we retreat entirely from what consciousness may have us believe about ourselves.

And oddly enough you can immerse in this speechless wonder while circling the block trying to find a suitable parking spot, not caring if you ever do.

Despicable Inexplicable Me

I am a fatuous idiot suffering from the incontinence of roaming consciousness, leaky mind, and petty superstitions that foment nonstop scenarios where I lose again and again.

All thought and projection, though arising in an etheric space of ideation and random assignment, qualify me and become abstractly true and defining; thus I place myself in the chains of imagination though none of what I imagine to have occurred, be presently occurring, or sure to occur to my detriment are so.

We can point to the genesis and movement of thought and self-identity as being somehow causative or responsible for the way in which we impose the shackles of disappointment upon ourselves to birth the despicable inexplicable me, but we would be mistaken.

If some spiritual teacher or body of teachings tells you why and how you have made a wrong turn into samsara you can bet they are lying because no one knows how this presently effervescing singularity of pre-manifest emptiness convinces itself to don a cloak of sustained individuation and it sure as phuck has nothing to do with thought.

All apparent symptoms appearing in and as consciousness portraying what is perceived and felt as phenomenal experience, which includes the miraculous myth of you, cannot be the consequence of anything.

Any look back in hopes of catching the thief, so you can feel better about what you don't feel good about, can only be presently appearing and so the thief is robbing you while you search for evidence of how the thief got into your house and sooner or later everything you were trying to keep the thief from stealing will be gone and then you wake up.

Everything you do and fail to do are equally useless as contributing factors to your liberation, since nothing of any consequence could possibly lend a hand to what's not happening - and that's your ticket to nirvana.

It may be useful to think of yourself as a blue balloon animal committed to changing the world.



Euphoric Liquefaction

If you are looking to consciousness for some experiential evidence of your spiritual progress you are looking in the wrong place through the wrong eyes.

Being relieved of something you find objectionable or attaining something that you've sought, for like forever, will not satisfy you for long because you will never run out of objectionable shit to avoid or some form of sensual, secular, or spiritual candy that you cannot live without.

This is why ardent seekers hit the proverbial wall of always being in the way of their own aspirations for euphoric liquefaction without even knowing it. We habitually and most often unconsciously drag our own conditioning, like a burlap sack of rail spikes, into the next moment or incoming packet of transcendent emptiness in hopes of acquiring the most pleasant certitude of not-self and we do this ad nauseam with no sign of letting up.

Either we're reporting on how cool we've become now that we have made some spiritual progress or how frustrated we are that the song remains the same, and both of these smack of human pride.

If I may be so bold; conscious contact expressing as manifest phenomena felt by you will incessantly beguile you till Lakshmi (Ramana Maharshi's cow) comes home which is a time scale punctuated by the flow of the Four Yugas over endless cycles of Brahma Day and Brahma Night simply meaning that infinity will phuck you for a very long time.

Now that you know the good news and the bad news, let's turn our attention to no news at all, which is where you really live.

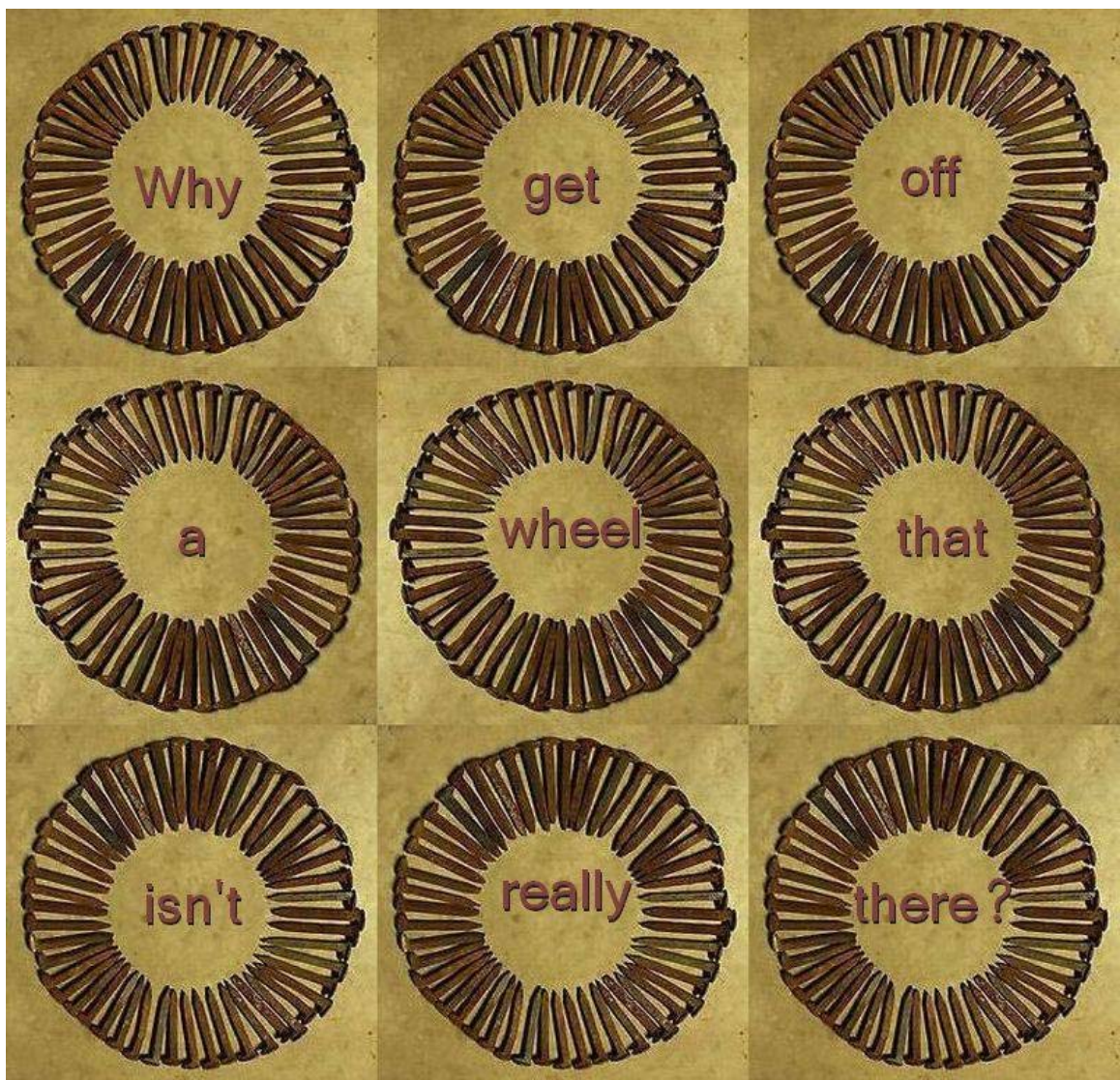
As you begin to see that your personal take on experience is made of spontaneously arising opinions and judgement factors over which you have no volitional control or actual preference you get glimpses of just how irrelevant your momentary and hallucinatory nature is to anything at all, most importantly your self.

At first, this view of nothing that could possibly matter to you may appear disconcerting as you have always been about everything that matters to you. In fact you might be in some unconscious way terrified of not being yourself or not having a million inconsequential things matter to you because then you don't know what's happening or why it might matter that it is.

You begin to see, though you may be reluctant to admit it to anyone, that all your insistence on the end of suffering is the very ticket you use to get on the magical mystery tour bus of suffering because you have taken up residence in what's happening and what's not happening as someone that happening is happening to.

Cessation of phenomena is already what's so though we gyre and gimble in the wabe through a shit-storm of trying to manage and control what we deem to be in our best interest not realizing that our interest in what might be best is what's holding our feet to the fire of self.

The easiest way off the wheel is to see there is no wheel.



Unrisen Profusion

Sacred Geometry is more the nature of The Word, which is a sonorous harmonic, than it is a consequence of mathematical principle.

In other words the universe is sung or hummed into being, it is not 'banged' into existence as some would have you believe.

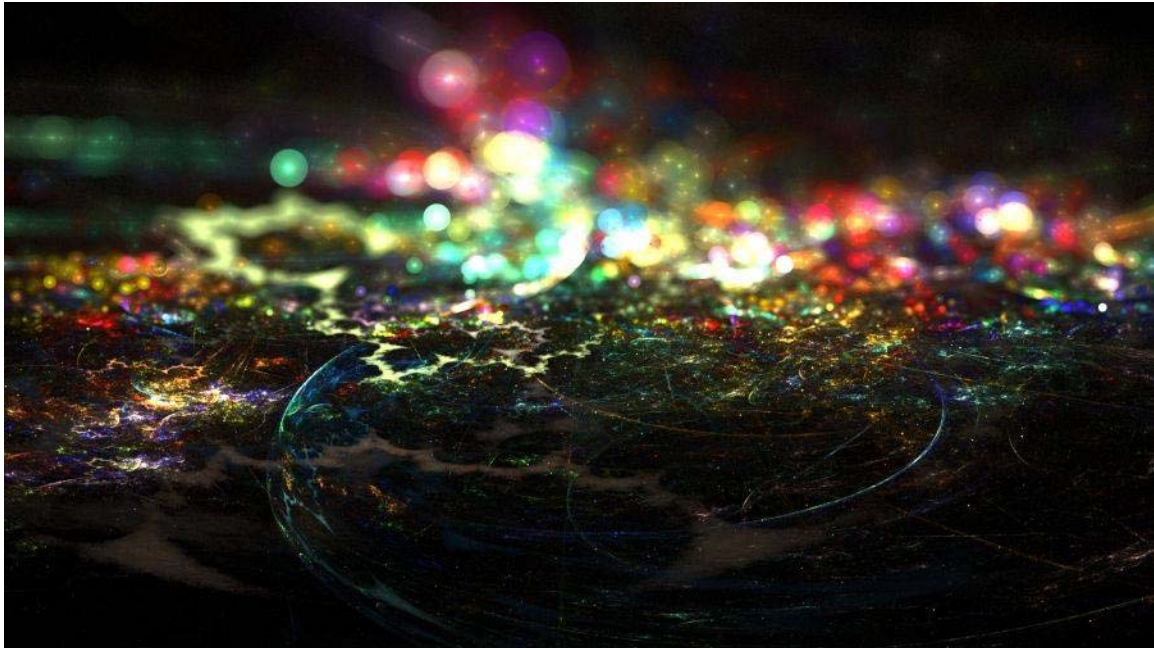
God cannot be rendered understandable by higgs bosonic miniatures or the ancient humpback's song of two black holes merging; emanating a score that rides outside the arc of the electromagnetic spectrum, heard by us as gravitational waves.

In a sense, you must be willing to transcend the double blind placebo effect of knowledge and faith to inhabit an understanding that shines a light on realms undreamed of by science or religion. You must be mad enough to become a sage yourself because no one can or will bestow it upon you.

You cannot count on anyone to vet you or ask you to teach or even say a kind word about you because you are alone in the fulfillment of your own consciousness, you always have been.

You dwell as a disembodied window of euphoric wonder feasting your eyes and your senses on the ecstatic profusion of the living god, as That.

And yet, you remain unrisen. There is no sign of you on the other side of the window, there is no window. Selfless ecstasy is neither subject nor object and still one and the same. You are without name. You are unrisen profusion.



Delusion Transcends Remediation

For most seekers, I think it is fair to say, we wish to resolve what's ailing us.

Now we're not exactly sure what it is that's troubling us since the symptoms of insufficiency and restlessness and injustice and withholding swirl about faster than we can get a bead on. The creative, mutative, and always vague appearance of what it is that makes us vulnerable and subject to the vagaries of Dukkha is very difficult to diagnose let alone repair.

It is a common ailment for many sincere seekers wishing to ameliorate themselves, or heal what it is about themselves they can do without, to remain on a hamster wheel of chronic dissatisfaction for quite some time moving from remedy to remedy and solution to solution and teacher to teacher not realizing that nothing works and never will.

By the time we notice that something's wrong, we're actually too late to fix it, but until we stumble across the great good fortune to see that delusion transcends remediation we will commit ourselves to outsmarting what we claim is the culprit and mechanics of our fortunes gone sour.

The few ancient and prescient yogas that concern themselves with dispassionate observation will invariably invite the aspirant to feel what's so before it becomes something that one must do something about - that's how frequent encounters with unspoiled intimacy cleanse the palate of our psychosis.

This approach to ending all approaches may seem counter-intuitive if not counter-productive, but once you fall under its spell the citadel of your insistence on what's wrong and what you're going to do about it becomes moot, deliciously irrelevant.

Slowly suddenly fitfully and effortlessly you are restored to what you are not and this curiously transmutative process does not fall within or under the spell of conformist reality.

Though you can find a plethora of pundits hawking neo-advaita lurking around most convenience stores smelling like stale urine, what we are exploring is not for public consumption.



What you are or What

Before the myth of you gets too much traction you might want to notice the extraordinary textures and tonality of consciousness without a story or insistence on persistence.

Before your mind and defensive histrionics blot out the fact of you, you can relish the actuality of presence reflecting upon what's evaporatively present and see through the random noise and hypocrisy of delusion that you take yourself to be.

Like, are you interested in what you are or what?

If the answer is yes, that's a big yes, so you discover how to cultivate present awareness aimed toward actuality and you learn how to turn down the volume of your conditioned codependency so you are not condemned to living second hand behind a scrim of fear.

There is no spiritual knowledge worth having. There is no secret message or teachings worth knowing. Carving up This Marvelous Inclusivity into parts, pieces, and cosmic work flows is pure bullshit, and will not provide you with understanding or advantage when it comes to seeing what This already is.

Trying to emulate or measure yourself against the awake of someone else is a fantasy and can only result in a twisted sense of pride that will keep you down, usually unconsciously.



What This is is what you are and what you are or what is more than sufficient for you to be your own awake and if you keep on referring to celebrities in the industry you will die of boredom and another lifetime's failure to immolate.

Everything must go, all presumption and pride of knowledge and spiritual experience must go. You cannot take anything with you, all the ways you have adorned yourself with pride of ownership and pride of becoming are useless to you here.

You bask in what's so without anything being so, you shine as is.

The cowardice of faith

The moment you place yourself in faith or belief and hold up the good book (any book) as evidence of truth you have become a loathsome coward.

Once you entrain yourself to the word, biblical or otherwise, you have created a schism of self-righteous stupidity that can only be used for violence and exploitation.

The authorities that hijacked Christianity in early Alexandria used their faith and influence over the gullible minions to control behavior, control wealth accumulation and taxation, control warfare, control the rules of engagement and ethical culture for their own purposes.

This oligarchical monarchy has since purchased the three branches of our constitutionally mandated representational democracy and splintered it to hell by siphoning off the wealth of the land leaving an angry mob of deluded and confused white privileged misogynists who have turned once again to xenophobia, bullying, and fascistic control through hate mongering as their only way of regaining a sense of dignity they forfeited a long time ago and still have not noticed their spiritual paucity.

Self-realization is liberation from authority and a portal into the organic harmonic and morphic resonance of the Gaiaic field, the sacred feminine - a telepathic intelligence that honors sustainability.

With the accelerating collapse of western democracy displaced by the Monarchistic Corporatocracy committed to depopulation agendas and suppression of ecstatic discovery, the great experiment of our triune democracy fades into the setting sun hidden behind a lethal matrix of chemtrails illegally plastered all across the sky.

If we fail to understand and align with trans-human telepathic intelligence, and I am not advocating the banal delusion of New Age thinking or Enlightenment correspondence courses, then we succumb to a despicable and sublimated rage never realizing the enemy is ourselves.

In the spirit of ending on an inspirational note, have a nice day.



The Holy Trinity of Self - Insistence, Persistence, Existence

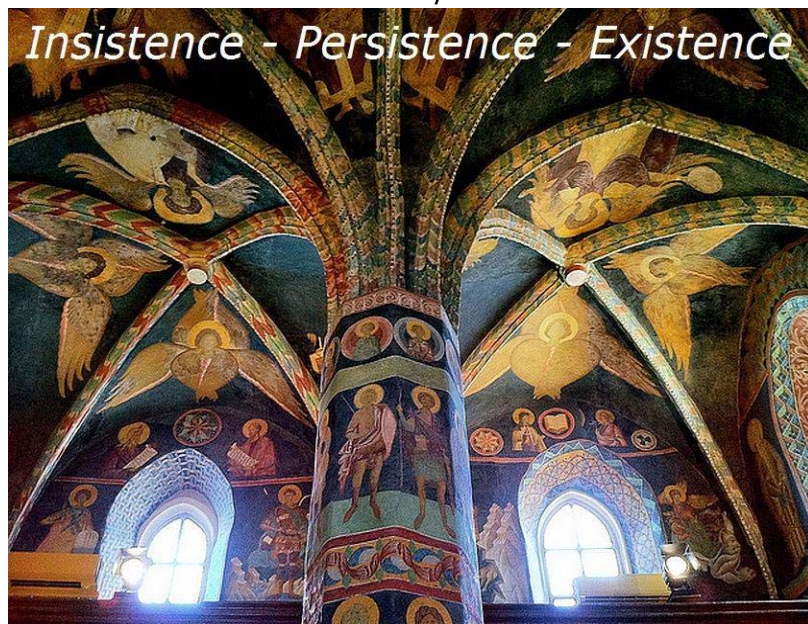
The other day one of the few people on earth who finds it marginally useful to talk with me about spiritual shit called to do just that.

He launched into a rather thoughtful and sincere inventory garnered from his life experience of what's what, and why it's so, and what to do about it when it sucks the way that it does, all in hopes of attaining to some imaginary place where life might look or feel better and perhaps be appreciated by others as being somehow satisfactorily spiritual.

I listened with bemusement and affection, two of the three or so emotions that I am capable of, and after he was done I suggested that he 1) go to his art closet or junk drawer, 2) find some red ribbon, 3) wrap his self assessment into a neat bundle and tie it together with the red ribbon, 4) ride his bike to the Berkeley pier with the bundle perched on his handle bars, and then 5) dump the whole thing into the San Francisco Bay so he could feel what it feels like to be free of all that blather and imagination.

He laughed, a good sign of course when a seeker phucker sees the humor of what they have created and how much fun it might be to discard it all. Without the gift of this humor you go nowhere.

We continued our mirthful discovery to see that without one's insistence on persistence which suggests



separative existence, all of these stories about what has happened, what might be happening now, and how we will steer ourselves into a bright and satisfactory future all become absolutely irrelevant - and that is liberation.

Once you get a glimpse of the timeless emptiness and innocence that permeates your boundless soul the story of you becomes a petty nuisance, which is a whole lot different than trying to remedy yourself within the neurotic imagination of what you insist that life should look or feel like.

Really there is nothing to do about yourself since any assessment or reaction to what you find can only be imaginary and tethered to sentiments and memories that can't actually define you because you are already outside the delusional trinity of insistence, persistence, and existence.

Discovering this is why, according to some Buddhists, that you appear as the consequence of human birth; but let's not take it too far. The impulse field that drives your activity is not made of anything and has no one and nothing behind the wheel that effervesces as karmic effulgence.

It's not that you finally become free, you cease to individuate in the first place.

Full Saturation & the Assertion Wave

You are befuddled by a plethora of presumptions that you don't even know that you have. You are already so downstream from the life spring of realization that it will take a phucking miracle to turn you around.

You're in luck, a miracle is at hand. In your face and as yourself is the full saturation of reality operating non-stop, full-time, and with such bracing intimacy that you cannot find anything other than This, as yourself, forever and always.

So why does my life seem to suck so often? If for some reason your life doesn't suck, you're in luck again, you can ignore this missive and practice your golf swing, or polish your bowling ball, or raise your right arm in Trumpescent Solidarity.

But if your life does suck, even once a while, then this may be of some value to you, and probably not, but that doesn't stop me from writing and enrolling folks in a conversation about what This might be if it isn't what we think it is.

Full saturation is the cessation of self; as consciousness disrobes and leaves its ideas, all of its ideas, strewn about the floor in a heap of disinterest then This is This, just as it always has been, but now it comes to light, fully felt and wet without distraction or enrollment in the Assertion Wave which makes it appear as if This is about something when it's not.

Take a moment to consider the nature of your commonly streaming experience. Might you recognize that you are always 'there' as the interpreter and designer and decider and chooser urgently pushing forth a froth of commentary that punctuates, if not delivers, the relevance and cogency of your experience?

You are involuntarily suffering from the hubris and delusion of being an independent operator which basis has no basis in observable truth, though there is none. The Assertion Wave is simply the reflex of meaning assignment that sounds a lot like you speaking to yourself about anything other than the revelation of Full Saturation, which you always are mostly without noticing.

In this light, radiantly present to coin a phrase, you simply back off from the counterfeit urgency of what you think you must do, must think, must feel, or must become next. You recover the deed to yourself from the thief of conformist reality and learn to reside in nothing at all, though there is none.



Belief is involuntary

Belief must be predicated by the 'one' who believes. If there was no founder or beneficiary of what it is that is believed, there would be no point in cultivating or possessing beliefs.

One can observe this deplorably stupid and sabotaging reflex of human credulity in religion, politics, cultural and gender squabbles, climate denial, fossil fuel environmental abuse, greed, fear, and all that inspires us to exploit the air that we breathe, the water that we drink, and the space that we dream in.

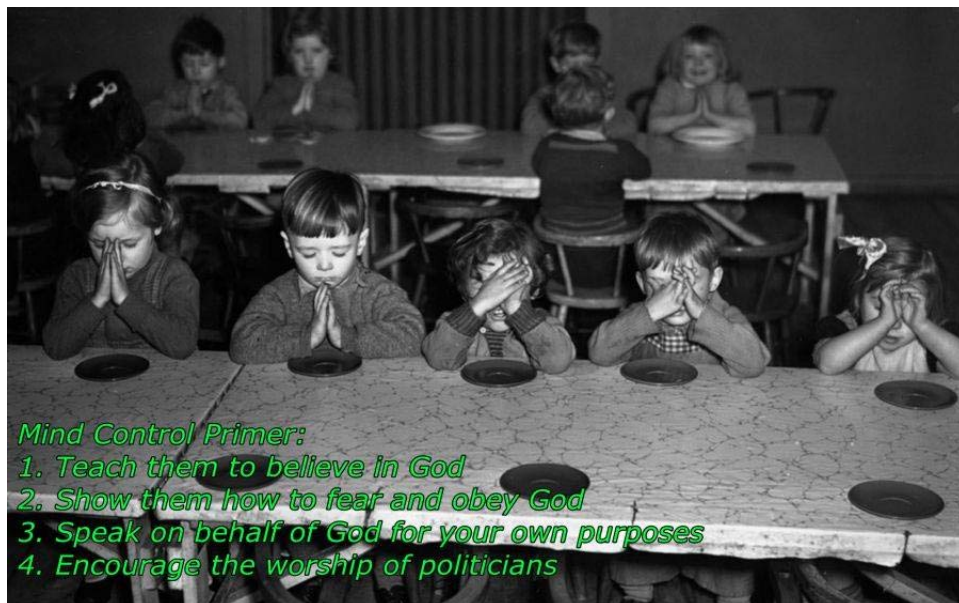
The arc of spiritual discovery aims to return us to sobriety, euphoria, and transcendent relief from belief though paradoxically the cruel manipulations of our fabled religions and political systems all rely on belief seemingly for our own good which amounts to nothing more than mind games and incarceration placing you under the thumb of one authority or another so you remain chained to belief at your own peril.

We believe that belief is essential to our survival and capacity to think, choose, discern, and act with love so we dare not phuck with our cherished beliefs which belief turns out to be the same reason we fail to consider the possibility of living without belief, because we can't bring ourselves to believe that we would benefit from its absence.

It starts to sound like a self-fulfilling prophecy of certain doom and perhaps it is, but the essential point, at least for now, is to catch a small glimpse of just how involuntary the arising and momentum of you actually is.

Once you can see, even if for a moment, just how reflexively silly and shallow you are as the product of belief you can only go in one of two directions. Unconsciously vow never to feel that way ever again, or consciously (and there is no difference really) commit yourself to discovering what This is and how you might feel about it in the complete absence of belief.

Believe me, I've been there. Oops.



The End of Intimacy

I have been enjoying a curious, ecstatic, and quite frustrating mind-fart condition of late perhaps owing to my recent saturation with the teachings and casual company of Peter Brown; a living enigma of trans-

human paradox who somehow manages to communicate a multi spectral sensate, inebriating, and auditory display of seemingly cogent, sometimes startling, and always ordinary extraordinariness.

Often, while he's talking I am traveling to nearby and far sub-cellular and trans-solar realms that though happy to share their speechless spiritual wealth with me have no words to do so and so all I can find is the traveling, the traveling, the traveling which can be slightly nauseating and largely thrilling as the traveler dissipates into something that even silence is too loud for.

You can't find attention without an object and you can't find an object without attention which observation may shed some light on the myth of duality and non-duality both.

When attention finds what it thinks is an object appearing outside and other than itself you have the world. When attention withdraws its interest from objects and takes up residence in and as itself you have Yoga. When attention, having become empty of objects, can no longer find itself, you have This.

With fond affection for all that has come before you realize the end of intimacy is yourself.



Awaken to What Exactly?

Typically we live behind the blast doors of our own unconscious ignorance of the nature of reality, not that a definitive reality actually exists, and we belligerently refuse, unknowingly of course, to consider what This is beyond the perimeter of our confused and obnoxious comfort zones.

By pandering to one's sentimentality in hopes of untangling from the tenacious tentacles of existential codependency most teachers and teachings appeal to what's wrong with you (though nothing could be) and happily and justifiably take your money so they can inoculate you with yet another useless and dangerous vaccine to protect you from what's not happening.

You might notice that the default of your disappointments and efforts to secularly or spiritually ameliorate them must all begin and end with who and what you take yourself to be. If you have inadvertently misdiagnosed yourself as a willful and deliberate decision making creature rambling about in the random and rhythmic abyss of space and time hoping to amount to something in this life you may be in for a surprise.

The elaborate ruse appearing as the story and history and trajectory of you can only be imagined. If you stop and look and feel and consider the evidence presently available in and as your direct experience without referring or stooping to search your memory for relevance, what have you got?

What you have is an incomprehensible disembodied euphoric inclusivity that morphs fantastically faster than you can consider or report upon with any confidence or dignity which suggests that it is impossible from moment to moment to render actuality into the thimble of lies that you call your life.

This curious and rather simple observation evades most people so if you're into it as a vehicle for spiritual discovery you're likely to be a bit lonely from time to time because no one will understand or even care to consider the implications of your enthusiasm for freedom because they live behind the blast doors of self.

They, as it turns out, have a strange advantage over you because they're phucked but they don't know it whereas you're phucked too, in a conscious sort of way, and don't know what to do about it! Not an enviable place to be.

After some number of years of sincere seeking the typical psychological or behavioral approaches for dealing with existential dubiety become so banal and predictable that one might find themselves between a lingam and a hard place - not knowing what to do for a taste of authentic novelty and discovery.



The yoga is simple and admittedly hard to sustain because the harmonics of present experience dream up scenarios upon scenarios of mutative fantasy faster than you can say mindfulness.

Still you learn to occupy or consider your present experience without resorting to consequences or outcomes or certitude of any kind and you discover that awake has nothing to do with what.

That Sweet Sweet Slipping Away

For as long as you can remember, you've been you. Possibly a glib comment, possibly a remarkable insight.

This you that you know, and hopefully love, so well is a thus far perpetual spring of self-aware and sentient consciousness cascading as sensation, volition, noble and capricious activity, goals, gains, losses, and possibly faith in the God of your understanding who, if you're lucky, helps you with your addiction issues.

Your lens for encountering and navigating the labyrinthine cul-de-sacs of your daily grind is one that places you in the center of your own universe as 'myself' occupying the body, born happily of loving parents into a preexisting universe that sprung from nowhere and nothing into an enthusiastic inflation amounting to a space-less space filled to the brimless brim of some 100 - 200 billion galaxies, our own containing some 100 - 400 billion stars alone as we gallivant through the galactic plane pulled along by the kind gravitational tow of our dear sun at 45,000 miles per hour while the Milky Way itself is traveling at near 1.3 million miles per hour from where to where - only the Great Attractor knows.

Turning your attention inwards as it were we spy another incomprehensible anomaly of some 60 - 100 trillion cells doing some pretty gnarly shit to keep you humming along metabolizing all the over-processed gluten bombs loaded with cocaine bursts of refined sugar washed down with cups of coffee and cans of Red Bull burping and refluxing your way to the plant just in time to hit the time-clock hard with your digital security badge hanging neatly from a small lanyard clipped to your pocket protector.

No one knows how or why the myth of individuation appears on the scene and manages to convince what you really are of being something that you're really not. And just as magically, though the waiting can be a buzz kill, this lens of self evaporates quietly and right on cue without fanfare or owing to anything special.

You witness without knowing how, the sweet sweet slipping away of who, what, and why you thought you were.



The Cult of Caring Less

When you find yourself on a journey to find something out about something what is your criteria for success? How do you measure your progress when it comes to something as curious if not infuriating as enlighten-phucking-ment?

What does the church give you? A passive-aggressive insinuation of a lifetime's worth of mortal sin in exchange for the promise of residing with the risen Christ forever more after death. Do you really want that?

Do you really want to be yourself like forever eating finger foods and sipping wine with Christ? Wouldn't you start to get a little testy after a while and probably interrupt him after a few thousand years yelling, "Enough, enough already, I've heard that same phucking story like a million times and I can't stand it any more!" Haven't you already had enough of yourself by now to shudder at the thought of being with yourself for an eternity?

Not that you have the spare time, but what would the Gantt chart of your awakening look like if you lined up all the frivolous bullshit you believe and practice and tithe, repeat; plus all the boring and meticulous horseshit (we are equal opportunity when it comes to who's shit we are considering) you've heard from Pamela Wilson, and Adyashanti, and Byron Katie, and (please don't make me list them all).....?



What's the message really? What are you after? If you study with Tony Robbins (net worth estimated to be \$480 million) or Paul Hedderman (net worth estimated to be the \$36.00 he owes me, and the \$78.42 he owes his car mechanic) what are you hoping to achieve for yourself?

A new guy on the scene is offering a workshop through the East Bay Open Circle entitled, "Empowering the Work of Guides and Facilitators - New Edges in Embodying Sacred Essence." Jesus Christ! (oh sorry, we already credited him), how is it that this unceasing parade of indulgent crap masquerading as something you need to know and will surely benefit from has no end?

If you've been at this for a few decades and your spiritual library is spilling over with hundreds of bibles all contradicting each other what do you believe, what do you apply yourself to, who do you follow, and what do they promise you'll find?

Shit, your last soulmate (the one you thought was going to be with you for the duration) just left you for a gypsy with genital herpes she met at a Tex-Mex swap-meet somewhere East of the Four Corners, drained your mutual bank account, and left your '67 Volkswagen (the only wheels you had) turned upside down and scorched to hell in a 30 foot deep arroyo where coyote skeletons mingle with the tumble weeds and scorpions fear to tread!

So tell me Bunky, is that what's bothering you? Are you feeling lucky, punk? Have you finally joined the Cult of Caring Less or do you still need to get even?

Cherish is a word

One's present experience is where and when we live. And yet the actuality of one's present experience does not convey any meaningful or reliable information about where or when that might be.

Sensation and subtle data convey no implication, thought doesn't either, but it pretends to. Not that it even pretends to, it only pretends to pretend to pretend that there might be something worth pretending about in a pretend kind of way for as long as it pretends to pretend that, and this stream of euphoric and metaphoric resonance also appearing in and as one's present experience never arrives anywhere better or worse than where you may have thought you were though it sure seems so - in a pretend kind of way.

The Course in Miracles (which I always thought was a secret instruction manual for making mayonnaise for S&M folks) says that we give whatever it is that might be happening or not, all the meaning that it has. We do this? We don't. We can't.

The mellifluous sonnet of context and content ascribed to presence masquerading as something happening to 'me' comes quite involuntarily and improvisationally so even what the Course says is happening, isn't. Why it is happening and to whom it is happening all the while this missive of contrived meaning is occurring has nothing to do with you. You're not doing anything and anything you think you are doing is kind of like thought pretending to pretend to.....

Owing to the observation that this streaming wonder-field of felt presence fails to cease or flicker or become anything other than itself can be instructive, in a manner of speaking.

Then, if you're lucky; "Perish is the word that more than applies".

I'm not sure if it's an Association or disassociation kind of thing.



All roads lead to Presence

Consciousness like most things is circular, like one of those freehand Zen paintings made with a wide brush and black ink in a single gesture that speaks to the improvisational nature of each moment expressing itself unconditioned by the previous one and never caring for its own future.

We are made bat shit crazy as shit from the zombie fools that raised us to believe what they believe in hopes that we might someday raise some crazy little bat shitters of our own passing the torch of sheep gullibility and exploitive denial into our and their future so we can stay clear of the FEMA camps once the police state gets into high gear, and it has.

We are fractured and injured at the get-go by the nonchalant and unconsciously intentional indoctrination and inoculation of conformist reality which condemns each generation to worship authority and seek validation from and employment by the State to flourish somehow within a social and political context of fear and loathing.

It's no wonder so many are under the influence of one kind of anti-anxiety remedy or another whether it's religion, anger, alcohol, prescription or Schedule I intoxicants, climate denial, Republicanism, violence, or a steady stream of blows from a corrupt news industry and the pundits that manipulate our xenophobia and validate misogyny.

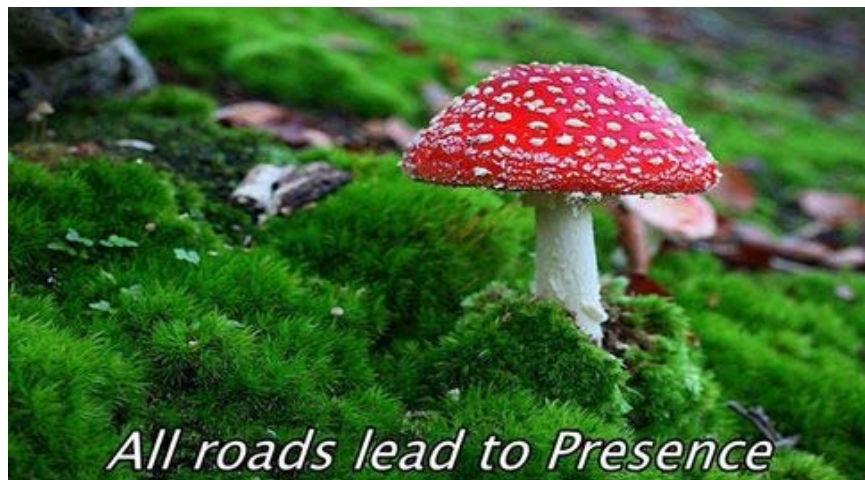
In the midst of this cluster phuck where you are conceived, grown, and harvested for your fealty to belief and taught to obey those who siphon your vitality for their own purposes and agenda - you go a spiritual seeking.

Let's take a short song break!

I love to go and seek a bunch,
Along the dusty trail,
And as I go, I hope someday,
That I will be derailed.
Val-de-ri, val-de-ra,
Val-de-ri, val-de-ra, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Val-de-ri, val-de-ra
That I will be derailed.

It may seem a little schizophrenic to consider the ramifications of something like Awake tumbled about in the same dryer as a rant against the empire, but doesn't it all boil down to you involuntarily or otherwise occupying the miracle of your own curious life?

If you begin to wonder what's it all about, if you sojourn into one or a dozen mystery



schools, in and out of a hundred Dojos, listen to Dr. John, get healed of John of God, or get arrested on the lonely streets of Pittsburgh as a John, you only ever have the liberated conundrum of presence to call your own. All roads lead to Presence.

You always come back to yourself just now and just here to relish what's so (though nothing is so or if it is it's not for very long) or seek to do so. If you are committed to a better future then you ignore what's so and take your place in line at the Cosmic Complaint Department, where they have a Yoga & Meditation Room just like at the airport.

This is not spiritual, it's a survival thing, they're not the same

If you don't vote, I get it, the enthusiasm one needs to care enough about casting an affirmative vote of confidence in most people running for office is hard to come by.

As the ACD (anthropogenic climate disruption) hastens, and the CDC manipulates key links between vaccines and injury, and the Architects and Engineers for 911 Truth stop coming to meetings, and the Koch's blot the sky with coal fly ash for our own good of course, and Hillary takes in \$4.5 million from lobbyists, bundlers and large donors connected to the fossil fuel industry, one might wonder (if you do at all) what your children and grandchildren will inherit.

The wholesale purchase of our democratic way of life by Corporations who value EBIDTA before GAIA and the 1% that control them is fast becoming a deliberate slide into fascism as the failed promise of a capitalistic plurality targets one group after another and disenfranchises everyone of the rights held inalienable by the Constitution and Bill of Rights and actual News reporting can no longer be found.

We are a textbook study in the decline of a wasted, debt burdened, controlled, tormented, imprisoned, police controlled, surveillance intimidated, poisoned, and lied to Idiocracy where the most common response to this tapestry of incarceration is denial.

The most basic charge of government is to insure that a disenfranchised constituency, manipulated by unethical and immoral misanthropes, remains capable of overthrowing that very government for true freedom and sustainability. In other words a true Democracy cherishes revolution, think about it.

I realize you might read these indulgences for some entertainment or some occasional inspiration as concerns the curious nature of what freedom might actually look and feel like, and for that I am grateful.

In this case my salute to Brahman is a simple encouragement. If you vote for anyone other than Bernie Sanders you are voting for extinction. Tell your young and adult children how you feel about them and that you want them to inherit a beautiful life where earth, sky, and sea are cherished as deeply as you cherish them.



The Three Levels of Nothing

We have to keep it nice and simple this morning since I'm late for breakfast, and that is never a good idea.

Level 1 - Objects and sensations and thoughts and impulses and beliefs and decisions and all memory of my life in the world all appear to what or whom?

Level 2 - We imagine that all these objects appearing in attention must mean that we are on the receiving or experiencing end of objects and sensations, etc. Thus we are a 'self' to whom or what appearance and experience occurs.

Level 3 - We stop doing that.



Conformist Reality is a thimble of memes

Everything you think that has happened to you, is happening to you now, and will hopefully happen and not happen to you in the future is contrived through your associations and filters for what life is (or might be like) which amounts to a thimble full of memes that define conformist reality.

All of our obsessive interests and concerns have to do with my body, my mind, my feelings, my stuff, my survival, my dignity, my recognition by others, my success, my happiness.....

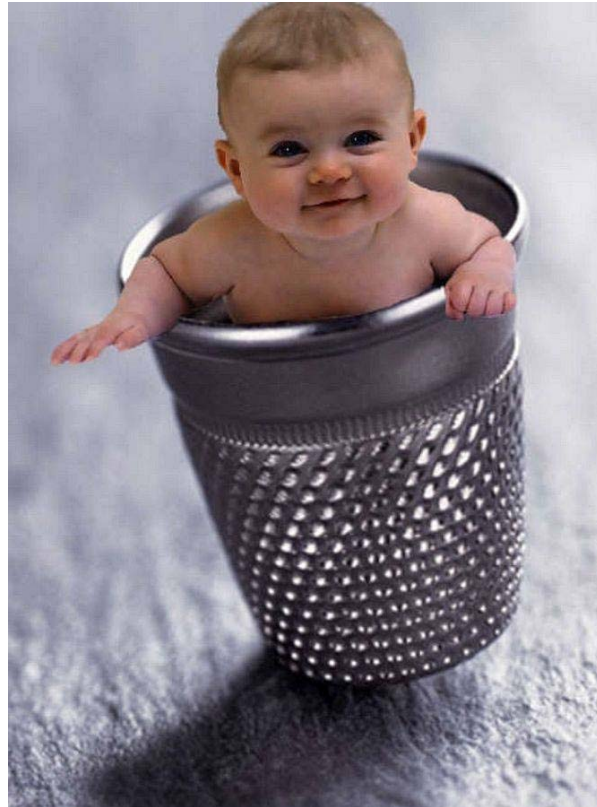
Once consciousness makes contact with experience as an involuntary flow of objects appearing in attention it construes itself to be other than itself and so fractures into the imagination of two.

Now we're consumed with objects and future and a whole host of appetites that can never be sated. We're swimming laps in a thimble of our own making and we can never leave the thimble because we have become inebriated with our ideas of conformist reality as the only defining way we are permitted to experience whatever This is.

Drunk with our own hubris and shuttered behind eyes of unconscious presumption, we toil in the labyrinth of our own imagination and crave an idea of freedom that has nothing to do with true cessation.

Objects can never provide, nor can consciousness ever provide you with what you actually are - such object-less autonomy cannot be asserted with words and yet it is impossible to be other than This.

Though perfectly self-obscuring we can never be other than This.



Dwindling sphere of influence

Spiritual seekers want to be powerful, relevant, true, in alignment, successful, compassionate, full, empty, trusting, seen, healthy, recyclable, and friendly to extraterrestrials regardless of their purpose or agenda.

We want to continue to be someone and something that makes a difference, that leaves a mark, that uplifts the soul of humanity, that resides in Brahman hoping secretly that there is a Chuck E. Cheese somewhere in perpetual nirvana so we can play the occasional arcade game and snarf down a hot slice flavored with mock pepperoni.

The last thing we want is the revelation of a dwindling sphere of influence. We don't want to be irrelevant, ineffectual, easily distracted, unnoticed, spare of conviction, bereft of knowledge and spiritual surety, useless by virtue of having no opinion about anything, and somehow complicit, by virtue of our frenzied consumption, in the march toward certain extinction. That would really suck.

We want mindfulness to mean something, we want the Judge Your Neighbor worksheet and the fabled cathartic turn-around to mean something, we want Sri Ramakrishna and Bhagawan Nityananda and Nisargadatta to mean something. We want stuff to mean something, anything, so we don't have to confront the chilling existential malaise of the absolute frivolity of our own soul.

The generally unconscious and belligerent refusal to be nothing and have nothing to say in the midst of our dwindling sphere of influence is probably why we engage in so many genocides.

It gets better, I promise. Once we are forced, because no one does this voluntarily, to see through the spiritual illiteracy of our own consciousness, then we see that there is no remedy.

All the pundits and teachers and celebrities of empowered spirituality and truth-saying are lying to your face while they deposit your checks and relish your adulation all the while engaging you in the fantasy of there being a possible intervention for your loathsome and imagined condition.

I told you it gets better, there is no remedy for you. How's that for freedom?



You're a Towel!

Sometimes it's the simplest inspiration that sets us on a course to absolute freedom. Healers and Guides and Crystal Skulls are ok I guess, but when the going gets tough the tough get high!

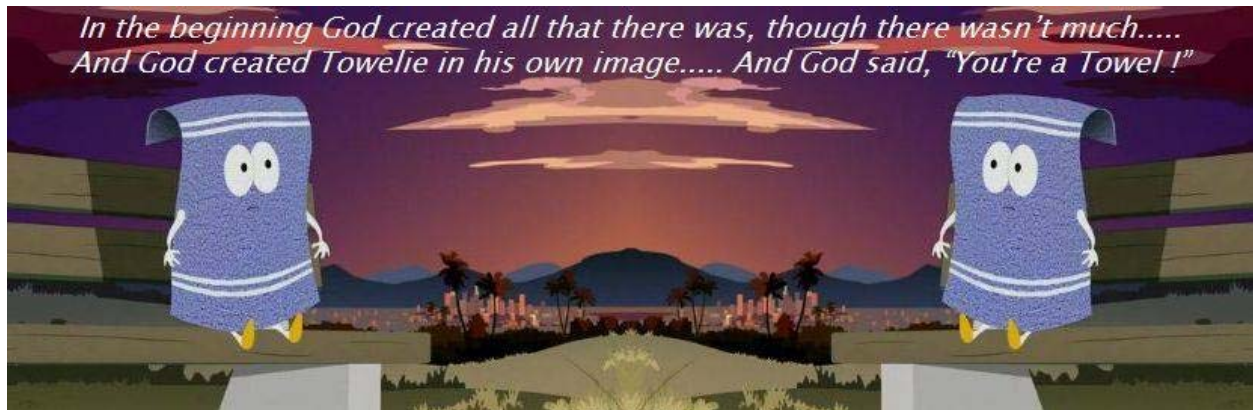
Here's a good example from my friend Towelie when he was faced with the challenge to wake up and take responsibility for his life. "I need to shape up and find a new job quick. But first maybe I'll get a little high."

Or here's another when Towelie was confronted by a strict Zen Master to answer a life changing Koan: "What is the sound of one Towel drying?" Towelie: "Don't forget to bring a Towel. When you get out of the water you need to dry off right away to avoid catching a cold, that's why Towelie says 'don't forget to bring a towel'..... You wanna get high?" whereupon he ascended into stream entry and was ordained on the spot.

Recently Towelie was invited to attend a Thrump Rally in hopes of calming the often violent, racist, morally bankrupt, and spiritually repugnant assholes that go to those kind of things seeking to have an orange haired mannequin of hate-speech be their president. When interviewed about his experience he said, "I was wandering through the crowd for the past few weeks, ya know helping people out with towel safety and proper towel use. It's important!"

Perhaps his most cherished contribution to the upliftment of humankind came when Towelie was seeking the holy grail to remedy the most challenging problems facing humanity today. Jeraldo Riveria was on the scene to reveal to the world what Towelie had found in Alistair Capone's secret vault. Jeraldo asked, "So Towelie, the whole world's counting on you for its very survival, what have you found in the secret vault?", to which Towelie replied, "Oh man, I'm so high right now, I have no idea what's going on."

And so it is with all of us all the time, and remember kids, You're a Towel!



Māra, The Movie!

Even if you're not avidly seeking nirvana as did our blessed Lord Gautama the three daughters of Māra come and visit you every moment.

They are Taṇhā, Arati, and Rāga; Craving, Aversion, and Delusion. Now we don't have to get all sentimental and ashamed about it all, that only hastens and strengthens their power over you.

This is how all the religions and their minions exploit your innocence by sucker punching you with shame-based control agendas thus winning your obedience and robbing you of the courage to see things for yourself.

This is how the media controls you, the politicians control you, the Pharmaceutical giants and the CDC control you, the police control you - it's all done by intimidation and deceit. It's the same way your own consciousness falls under the spell of Māra's daughters as the irresistible plume of present experience showers and pelts you with such a primal force of seduction that you swoon with individuation and shudder in fear from the constant barrage of mental projection.

To wend your way out of the inferno of delusional identification and escape the gravitational pull of compulsive, self-directed, and dysfunctional behavioral strategies you must learn to "touch the Earth". In Buddha's story this was a pagan or Gaiac gesture of standing one's ground to dispel the reach and shaming of the demon.

In contemporary life touching the Earth means to: and here I must pause. I can't tell you what it means, no one can. You see, your beliefs and loyalties and fears are your own business and no one can talk you out of them. Despite heaps and heaps and reams and reams of scientific and more than legitimate evidence as concerns media control, 911 truth, CDC deception, police-state intimidation, GMO's, acidification of our oceans, chemtrail solvents, surveillance, the daily shredding of and assault against Constitutional rights and privileges, tax scams, prison profits, industrial violation and injury, 1% privilege: you still believe what you are compelled to believe and you do so with fervor and insulting marginalization and indignation toward those who believe differently. Everyone does this!

You strut your wisdom and knowledge and certainty like a peacock on the prowl for consummation and you would never in a lifetime, let alone a million years, ever consider that your ideas are manipulated and your sentiments are propagandized by a corporate controlled government and media machine that has fallen from grace and turned toward the dark side with a disturbing and ruthless vengeance against all who would take a knee to liberating insight.

It doesn't matter whether you see this on the cushion or on the Geo-political landscape - they are one and the same. I would take a risk to say that liberation demands that you free yourself from the hubris of your own gullibility as concerns the motives of vaccinators and the machine that creates them, sells them, defends them, suppresses research about them, and has become completely immune (a sick and deliberate twist of agenda) by virtue of its control over the FDA and CDC from any consequence for the horrendous damage they can do.

Andrew Wakefield is our generation's Galileo. Ignore this hero at the peril of your children and your grandchildren. And please for God's sake, stuff your enlightenment up your own ass if you don't have the courage to really wake up.



The Chicken or the Eggzaltation

What comes first? Is it our chicken-hearted discontent followed by some years of earnest seeking resulting in some fabled enlightenment? Or maybe our eggzaltation has always been so and we just need a few nudges to realize it?

Realization could not possibly be the result of anything, there isn't anything. All that you imagine you perceive and hold to be the holy grail of your reality is simply the blast furnace of Being burning brightly and self-consuming instantaneously leaving no trace of itself while it stubbornly refuses to cease as this transcendent display never becomes anything other than itself pretending to become something.

The confidence we place in the duration of self and stability of form is a mirage of sensate identification with the dynamic cloud cover of memory, itself the radiant movement and expression of the blast furnace of Being.

Nothing ever happened, is not happening now, and will not happen hence, but the inconsolable and undeniable profundity of yourself will not go away! Maybe at death, you'll find out soon enough.

The good news is that whatever you are or aren't is already so, thus the path to yourself starts and ends right about here and now and when you discover, as you discover, that you can't obtain or occupy here or now it may possibly dawn on you that you are not yourself all the while not being other than that but how would you know because there is nothing to find that can possibly define you.

You see, we want to acquire a solution for our existential and emotional and physical malaise as a creature suffering from one or other form of discontent, often a profound discontent.

But the rub is is that our sense of individuated

consciousness is a ruse of the absolute so doing something about or for ourselves is going to be just another chicken crossing the road only to find another road to cross.

Eggzaltation on the other claw, is already all that's so and somehow we learn how to tune our attention to the irrefutability of presence and take up residence in ourselves - what is revealed along the way is only for you and as it deepens cannot be rendered in words.



Another New Age Invitation

Around here there is a spiritual semi-monthly that lists all the workshops and products and healers and shamans and dolphin dreaming that one could ask for.

The opportunities are so prolific that if you can't figure out how to purchase and practice and swim your way to nirvana in Bucks County PA, you shouldn't be in this in the first place.

I place an ad in this prestigious journal every two months for \$10 a pop hoping someday that it may reach just the right person who, having failed at every spiritual endeavor, is ready to give up and might stumble into the web of the Night Sky Sangha to find some well deserved relief from themselves and their crappy spiritual experiences that haven't amounted to much.

It's not your typical meet-up invitation, in fact it's kind of in your face and for that reason, after spending a couple hundred bucks over the course of several years, no one has come to see us from this particular journal even though it's circulation is claimed to be over 90,000 readers.

Here's the May / June listing:

THERE'S NO POINT TO MY LIFE - That's right, if you're looking for something you're looking with something and the something that you're looking with is a fraud, a ruse, a hypnotic suggestion that's not made of anything and isn't going anywhere. This revelation turns out to be freedom, and that's why it continues to evade you, because freedom is the last thing you want. See www.nightskysangha.org.
Word!

The reason I ended the listing with "Word!" is that I get 65 words for \$10 and I came up with only 64; I have to have my money's worth!



I punch your feet!

It's not like one has to have a clear idea of what to consider or write about. Reality, were there one, just keeps pushing weird shit in your face that pretends to have some meaning, but doesn't, and that's OK because we're done with consciousness having to mean something or have closure or merit.

As long as you think you're living a life you'll never be done with discontent as your most intimate companion. You have to conjure the apparition of your life from some pretty sketchy evidence and a bunch of shady characters who try and convince you that you exist so you can apply yourself to making your life some kind of success and get all the stuff that you want and crave and deserve to have.

Just because the startling observation of everything disappearing before you even have a chance to report about it seems to elude you, that is no excuse for you to continue to presume object permanence as concerns yourself.

You're a poser not just because everything you think and feel is counterfeit, but because consciousness itself (not that there is any) is not made of anything and continues its eerily cascading march to nowhere as an atemporal oddity of Spooky Action-at-a-Distance.

All turns out to be some kind of spiritual cul-de-sac where one immerses in the hypnotic conundrum of being someone on a journey to a better place where metta, and bodhicitta, and Sila, samadhi and panna are a nostril's breath away - always and perpetually a nostril's breath away.

We don't see that our very concern and interest in what we imagine to be happening as the warp and woof of our existence can only be a prison cell of woven imagination that appears to knight us with individuated continuity.

If it turns out that your involuntary sense of self is the actual culprit that contributes to all the mayhem, then you may reconsider how to occupy or feel presence without having to improve upon or micro-manage your life and all the discontent that appears to mare it.

I got a Chinese acupressure massage today and had left my ruminating consciousness behind when all of a sudden the therapist started to punch the bottom of my feet with her fists - brought me back fast!

So, in honor of Prince's passing and the fruition of your spiritual quest, I punch your feet!



Freedom can't be from something

So maybe you've had just about enough of yourself by now, that's a good sign. If you're still finding nourishment from spiritual programs, stay there, no need to rush your ruination. If you're getting mileage from your devotion and your JYN's and your tea ceremonies and your correspondence courses promising you entry to the New and Improved Human, stay there.

When your rpm dial red lines to "I'm phucked and nothing works anymore", that's when you're ready to discard everything that's appearing in and as consciousness. Before then you are still under the hallucination that This can become something somehow more palatable to me.

You aren't willing to see that This is just a barrel full of red herrings and even though there are a million or more pointers they can only ever point to more fish and more fish pointing to more fish, there's nothing but fish. Consciousness always smells like fish.

You remain on the hook of how good it's going to be when this or that happens always failing to see that the primal structure of conscious contact with phenomenal ephemera can never satisfy you.

This mysterious dilemma is what has everyone living in constant craving always caring about themselves and their experience and what will become of it all. Buddhism is consumed with itself, turns out there is no freedom to be found in Buddhism. Same is true of all teachings and all clever explanations and solutions for why This sucks the way that it does, and what you can do about it.

The speed with which conscious contact hooks you into presuming individuation and implication makes the speed of light look like a tortoise on the nod having just scored a nickel bag of Thai brown on some cosmic skid row.

You can never and will never outsmart the sovereign demonstration of This barrel of herrings. As you are invited to see the absolute and intimate irrelevance of your present experience you start to wake up to sacred futility, and that's when your pride begins to wane.

When it dawns on you that freedom can't be from something, now we're talkin'?



Consciousness always smells like fish

Tainted Love

Your interest in yourself as a candidate for liberation is tainted by all and everything you have been told is true about yourself, by yourself; convincing yourself and taunting yourself with your own custom brand of xenophobia.

But the fact is ... is that you don't know shit about yourself and what you think you know is just a bunch of random and mostly false accusations about what you insist happened in the imagination of your life that brought you to this most disdainful and pitiable condition of being you.

The conditioned urgency and reflex of implication is too fast for you to make sense of or outwit so all your best intentions to unravel why you feel the way you do in hopes of turning it around will fail miserably for the simple reason that your very consciousness is just tainted love.

You are vexed by the unconscious habit of interfacing with the radiant nature of being through the prism of self so your rainbow becomes all about you, incessantly and without pause.

You feel a certain way, that is the only real estate that you have. Your mind lies, your memory lies, your intentions lie, all aspirations to feel differently or to attain to radical acceptance will only hook you in a cosmic undertow that drags you further into the sea of self and will not let you get to shore.

If there were a way to avoid this karmic circle of moment to moment rebirth as self, well here it is. The simple beauty of this gesture relieves you of the impulse to catch hold of yet another strategy that thus enables your tainted love to persist.

You simply forgive yourself for feeling the way you do just now. Let me reiterate - you simply forgive yourself for feeling the way you do just now.

Here's the power of it. Your past is gone though it may appear as if you are presently suffering from your past, but you can't be. You are suffering, if you're suffering, from what you are feeling at present and so you simply forgive yourself for feeling the way you do just now.

There is no quarrel, there is no justification, there is no therapeutic unraveling, there is no coping strategy that you keep in your pocket for later use.

You are not voluntarily responsible or to be held accountable for how you're feeling right now, you just feel that way, so you simply forgive yourself for feeling the way you do just now.

This gesture is not acquiescence, it is not acceptance, it is not of your mind and you cannot, try as you might, phuck it up with your clever avoidance, justification, or deferral strategies.

Profoundly present and nonavoidant, you gift yourself with a cherished invitation to feel what you feel in the way that you do and offer yourself the nectar of forgiveness.

Consciousness is a shit house of deceit and exploitation. Consciousness can only do one thing and that is to fool itself into imagining that it is other than itself and that's where all the suffering comes from. No one is responsible for this primal mandate of effusive confusion. Attraction and aversion are symptoms of this sacred conundrum, you have nothing at all to do with any of it.

Mindfulness is forgiveness, presence is forgiveness, Inquiry in all its nefarious forms is forgiveness. As the content and bracing of our imaginations wane then this gesture of present forgiveness transmutes into perfect wonder and perfect intimacy.

One has escaped the Eagle (a Castenada reference) and toils no longer in the mirage of the world.



Ascension Noir

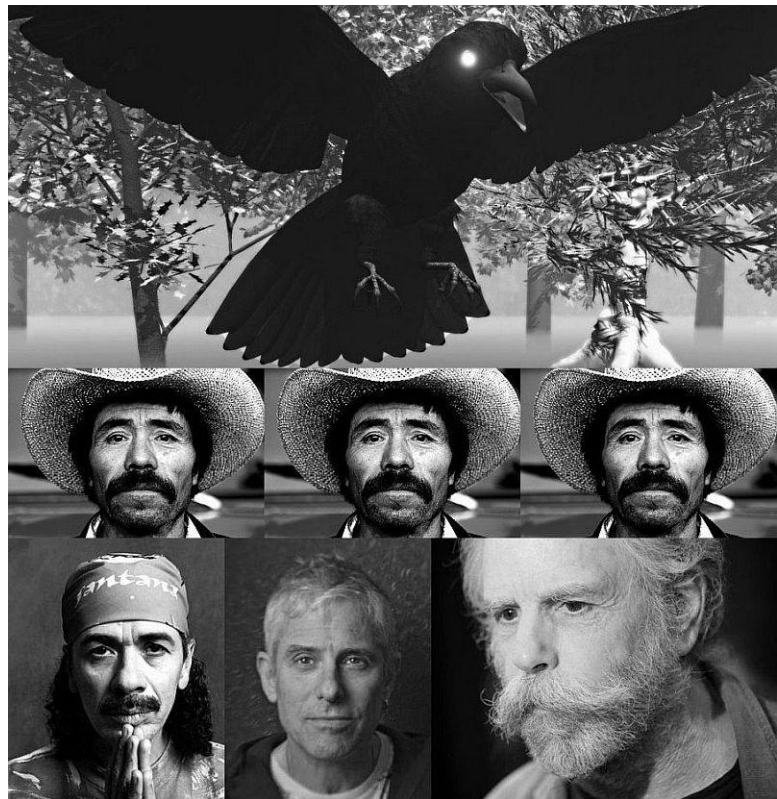
Veering sharp right out of the garage heading up C Street toward the Mission San Rafael Arcángel I gaze to my left and see three men standing in front of the Open Secret, then I freeze when I realize it is Carlos Santana, Jai Uttal, and Bobby Weir. "Holy shit," I mutter. I am transfixed as I watch them giggle at jokes told under their breath leaning on each other for balance as they sway with laughter.

Lydia turns quickly back around once she realizes I am frozen in wonder and star struck and held in a trance of affection and she yells at me, "Stop looking at them! Those beings are not who you think they are. That's Sahuarita the little saguaro. She is a trebruja and when she's not flying around like a big fat crow she appears as three men. You must avert your gaze now or she'll enchant you. Do it now!"

Lydia jerks my head away and starts to push me up the street humming something in a language I don't recognize saying, "you tog tsam skyag pa, you tog tsam skyag pa, you tog tsam skyag pa" and tells me not to look back too late after I do and see my three music legends turn into three Mexican men with sombreros glaring at us from across the street and then I buckle over and dry heave as they merge into a behemoth iridescent black raven and fly straight up over the roof of the garage.

"Phuck, phuck, phuck, what was that, phuck, tell me that didn't happen, goddammit phuck, I'm gonna puke!" and do. Lydia says, "Goddammit yourself you phucking tog tsam skyag pa. I told you not to turn back!"

"Lydia", now I'm starting to laugh and spasm, "What the phuck does tog tsam skyag pa mean, what language is that?" and she says laughing and dropping to her knees, "It means little shit in Tibetan, you goddam little shit," sputtering out her words and rolling on the sidewalk holding her stomach roaring.



"Look you little shit," catching her breath, "We're not where you think we are, we're never going back, you're never going back to whatever your life was or you thought it was, that Earth is gone for you, all of it. From now on it is free fall and shock and wonder and free fall and repeat for the remainder. Everything you see, everything you hear, everything you smell, everything you touch, everything you taste, and everything you think this is, it isn't, and you can never go back to what you still remember as the world."

Now she is standing over me and she is all business and there is nothing that even hints at 'I'm only kidding' and she holds out her hand and asks, "Do you understand the words that are coming out of my mouth?" and she morphs just for an instant into Chris Tucker and back again as if just to make the point, "Do you?", she purrs in a way that I cannot refuse, and say "Yes, I see now. I'm not sure what it means or how it will go from here, but I understand now that I am never going back."

"Good," she says. "Now be careful of that witch Sahuarita, she makes mirth and confusion out of anyone who dares hold her gaze. I need you sober and here. Now let's get a taco and a Tecate, you've made me hungry."

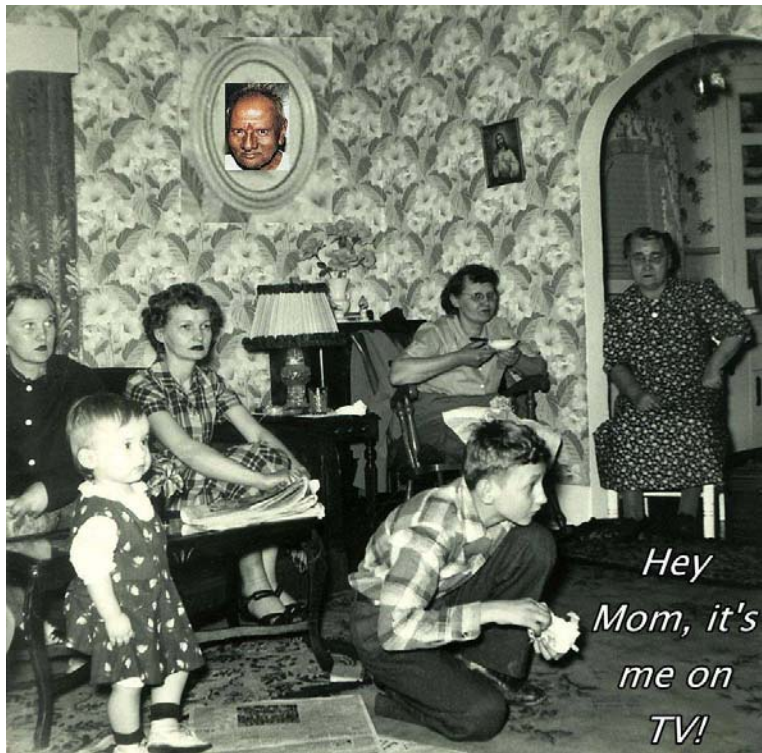
Liberation has no heirs or airs

The simple revelation of the primacy of being renders all representation and impulse moot. Shit doesn't stop happening and you will be eaten by maggots for sure, but something you once held dear to be the definitive evidence of your individual existence will no longer invade your consciousness as the pesky little nuisance of you.

Most folks who think they want this, don't. This is not a criticism, just an observation. We want to heal and be cool and enjoy deeply and get important messages from disembodied souls about our dear departed pets and shit, but we don't really want to be disemboweled by the fire of the divine. We don't really trust the divine.

We'd rather go to conferences and retreats to be told about ourselves over and over again so we can enjoy the fruits of spiritual progress and all the psycho-dramas that accompany us on our journey and pursuit of the holy self.

We have all sorts of compelling ideas about the past and the present and the future and what we've done, are doing, and will do to insure our seat around the fire of the enlightened ancients so we too can offer a mortal still dwelling in earth-bound consciousness some sage advice about their pet or pet peeve at least.



We have places to go and people to see and shit to do that will bring about healing and satisfaction for the minions (not the yellow ones) just like Jesus, and Abraham, and Mh'd (just trying to avoid a fatwa), and Buddha, and Krishna have done for so many.

Our typical relationship with consciousness and experience is a veil of indulgent superstition which habit of conformist reality preempts instinctual intelligence and renders us fools suffering ourselves heavily.

There's no how to and there's no reliable evidence that you can use to impress your friends with your condition, liberation has no heirs or airs. No one becomes holy and no one needs to, that's a relief.

If you are inspired to reply to the miracle and disingenuous confusion of your own existence then you may be willing to discard your complaints and conclusions to see what else may be so. Without this invitation you remain glued to the TV of your own ideation and committed to a life of reruns.

The End of the Value Proposition

What is your mind doing all the time? Well, at least during the so called conscious waking hours. I'll tell you and you can decide if you agree or not.

Creating value propositions.

These include what you're doing and why you think you're doing it, what you are getting out of it or hope to in the future, strategizing relationships, speech, disclosure, motive, including incessant inner commentary, justification, satisfaction quotients, navigating one's imagination, considering one's appearance, one's impact on things, task management, with so much force of bravado; and that's just skimming the surface.

We live as if the fomenting and fermenting content of mind defines reality for ourselves and others, we live with a counterfeit confidence or lack thereof, which consists of the entirety of our experience and brazenly asserts the world.

The reflexive and involuntary force of nature which suggests and creates value propositions amounts to the hallucination of self, and at some point you may become inspired to get out from under the influence of self, and that's when you start to fill your cup with the ideas of others because; let's face it, in the earlier stages of our bid for anything else but me, we don't know what to do or what to believe since we haven't yet discovered that doing and believing lands us right back in the jail cell of living under the influence of value propositions.

It is a plucking miracle that life can be lived free from the implication of implications and that one's nature can unfold in such a way that a recognition of defenseless wholeness can be won.

This revelation is not an accoutrement of self and it cannot be dependent upon or beholding to anything nor does it have any intrinsic utility since that would snag you back into the world where something is happening and happening to you.

The trick is simple;
presence is not
indicating anything
and is not
compromised by the
unrelenting profusion
of value propositions
thus the genesis of
the imagination of
self comes to rest and
with it you are free to
dream and feel and
surf the beatitude of
pure inclusivity
without the sting of
time or compulsion.

It's worth a try, really
what do you have to
lose but yourself?



How many singularities does it take to change a light bulb?

Location is a myth, if and when you're ready to consider the consequences of such a blasphemy. Otherwise location is a certainty. How do we entrain to the conclusion of location?

How do you know where you are and that you are? Are they the same? That you are could be characterized as sentient felt presence which has its own signature, this would be the home-ground.

Where you are is a function of coordinates that place you under the skin, as the skin, in a place which must be an environment that can be determined more or less by where you're not as much as by where you are.

Location is a function of pattern recognition, discernment, and memory; it is construed by thought which is the language of pattern recognition, discernment, and memory. This movement of consciousness, one can say, is subservient to the fact of That you are.

Before you can be somewhere, you must first be.

This kind of begs the question; how do you know, what information or experience do you rely upon that tells you that you are? And were you to give your attention to these vague and unavoidable factors of quirky demonstration what might they reveal to you?

One possible take away could be the awful discovery that your entire persona and life experience is no more than a jumble of ephemeral accoutrements amounting to a streaming hallucination of contrived continuity as a for-certain, if not forsaken, individual suffering from one location after another as your capacity for enjoying the world slowly declines, leaving you with nothing but yourself.

Or, not to be left out, the liberating discovery that your entire persona and life experience is no more than a jumble of ephemeral accoutrements amounting to a streaming hallucination of contrived continuity as a for-certain, if not forsaken, individual suffering from one location after another as your capacity for enjoying the world slowly declines, leaving you with nothing but yourself!



The other say I saw a Tibetan Monk eating an empanada on the streets of Doylestown and I bowed as I passed by. He shouts after me, "Hey, Tah-shi de-leh," which I understand as 'hello' so I turn around and he says, "How many singularities does it take to change a light bulb?," to which I reply in the appropriate manner, "I don't know, how many singularities does it take to change a light bulb?," and he says, "I don't know either, what's a light bulb!" and starts to laugh and laugh and I'm laughing too and somehow we both knew that it couldn't be any other way.

Oh Jesus, not more creation!

There are countless teachers and hucksters that have made millions off of our collective gullibility by capitalizing on our incessant need for more and better and more of that again without end.

The psychics and the mediums do it too, reading our auras and tea leaves so we can get a glimpse of better days ahead and how we can usher in a new me!

We feel always dependent upon others including God herself to provide us with what we desire and feel entitled to have and our happiness and existence become thus cleaved to co-dependence because we presume individuation apart from forces and environs that exist outside and other than ourselves.

What we fail to consider is that for as long as we experience or interpret what reality might actually be as other and apart from the perfect mutative intimacy that it is, we can never free ourselves from longing and becoming and these two bosom buddies will never be sated or quieted by creating shit that we think we want.

Our ameliorative impulse is to look outside and elsewhere for more novelty that can uplift and heal our sorry asses when the only salvation possible must be the cessation and laying to rest of the "impulse", that sense of separation and temporality that seem to define the ever present miracle of unindividuated presence.

The only thing a good friend can offer is permission to transcend yourself, if you offer it in return then you both can dream a new dream free from the demand that anything must come of it or be reliable somehow as a solution for a future that you don't have.

A recent come-on from theshiftnetwork has a guy named Terry Patten offering you this spiritual promise:

"You begin to feel an ecstatic current of divine presence pouring through your body and mind in a way that makes you magnetic to what you most want to create in your life and what "It" wants to create with you."

Here's what Terry and his esteemed pals seem to miss, and let's face it, they avoid this observation like the plague because if you ever got wind of it, you'd stop subscribing to their courses.

The moment you indulge in becoming you have signed a pact with Beelzebub which insures continued confusion and unsatisfactoriness, the Buddha called this Dukkha which makes you a Dukkha-jari, a practitioner of unrelenting dissatisfaction, and nothing that you can imagine happening or having will release you from this really really bad deal.

Freedom from self is freedom from becoming, is freedom from insufficiency, is freedom from having to have, is freedom ultimately, if not immediately, from freedom.

Phuck you Terry and your lying bullshit, and that goes for you too Andrew Harvey, Thomas Hübl, Ken Wilber, Barbara Marx Hubbard, and Jean Houston - by the powers vested in me by absolutely nobody I put the Maloika on you.



*Father, why
do they lie?*

If you build your lego house with contact cement, you'll never come apart

It's when a perfectly inclusive singularity without qualities or composition or expressive outcomes somehow convinces itself that it is other than itself and by virtue of the fascination that something has been found by someone, that the chaos of self ensues.

We function by way of a certain bandwidth of intelligence that construes a world in which we find ourselves scrambling for validation through everything we feel and think and plan for. We effuse as unwitting victims of time and place always rife with becoming and bracing and insisting upon as many forms of security that we can acquire all the while unconsciously suffering from the original misapprehension of having found something which piques our interest.

So it is interest in the effervescing obstinance of consciousness as an immersive and intimate immediacy, which we cannot refuse or outsmart, that suggests the genesis of a separate self.

Everyone's gonna build a Lego house of self - the culture demands it, your parents demand it, your peers demand it, the educational and commerce systems demand it. You're phucked into inhabiting yourself as a self and this cannot be refused until you come of age and can reconsider the shithouse you signed up for under duress and against your better judgment so maybe you can unravel yourself and rediscover (since you never actually forgot) what reality actually is.

This journey is yoga, and I mean that in the broadest sense as you become compelled to be an outlaw when it comes to the incarcerating demands of conformist reality.

But, if you build your lego house with contact cement, you'll never come apart and that would be a shame, though I am not implying anyone should be ashamed of anything.



If you think you know what you want, you're mistaken

Let's say you're taking a stroll by the sea, when lo and behold, you fetch a bottle from the froth and to your surprise see a genie, nose up against the glass shouting, "Hey, get me out of here and I grant you one wish!"

What do you wish for? Really check this out, what do you imagine would be the ultimate satisfaction that a magical wish could bestow upon you?

Is it money, love, health, longevity, immortality, wisdom, awakening, reckless indulgence without consequences (one of my favorites) - what do you really really want?

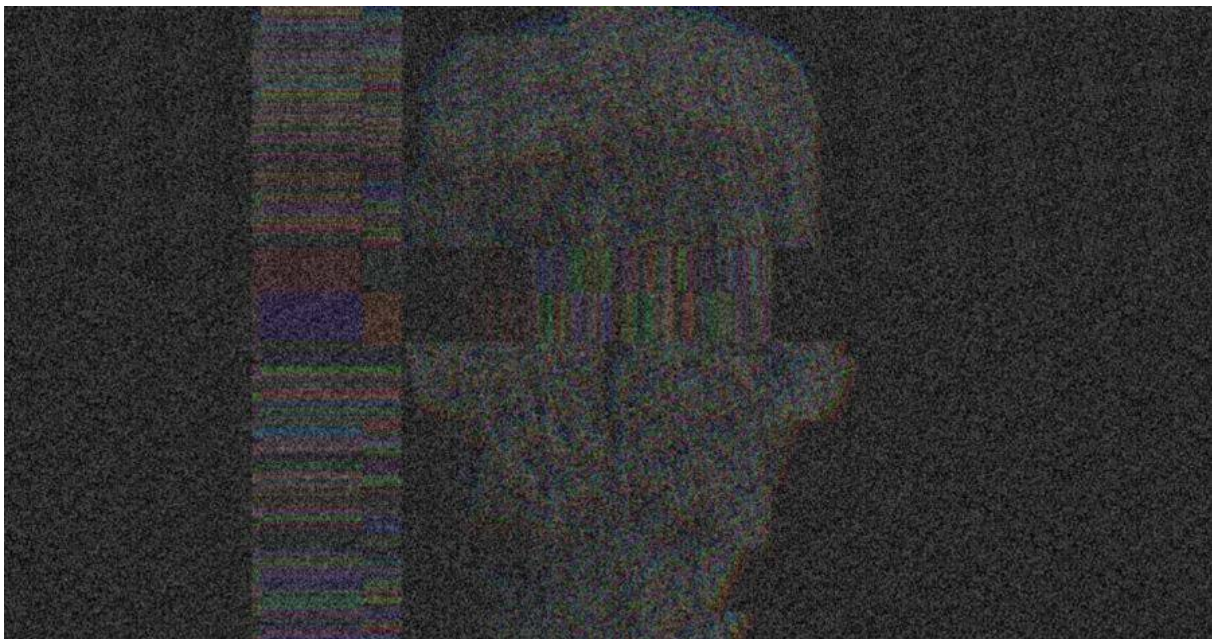
If your answer is anything other than this crappy shit just the way it is throwing the bottle back in the water; you're phucked with becoming and despite the fulfillment of whatever wish you wish for you will always remain in the dungeon of distrust and insufficiency as a creature bound to time.

Angels can't help you, gurus can't help you, aligning your energy with the intent and creative love-force of the universe can't help you; nothing other than or outside yourself can't help you because nothing other than or outside yourself exists.

It would be appropriate to kindly tell the genie and her ilk to get a life and stop making promises to vulnerable and greed stricken muggles that it can and should be better than it is.

It is not possible to find cessation of fear and cessation of desire as a creature because the creature is a product of fear and desire and these emerge quite magically with the arising of impressions out of the void.

Face it, you are void avoidant and no wish fulfilled will ever fulfill you.



Desirelessness sneaks up on you

Those who walk a spiritual path fill themselves unavoidably with knowledge and expectations as to how this ought to be if it's not that way already.

Our penchant for superstition is fueled by a magnanimous predilection for making shit up about stuff so we can foment some form of worship that empowers us with a false and unearned authority that we can then use to manipulate others. And this is what's referred to as religion.

The entire field of human experience amounts to weird shit arising about which we presume some fantasy to place it all in some perspective that permits us to make sense of the senseless ephemera that punctuates existence.

Seen in this way, if you care to of course, we are nothing but an ongoing festival of pernicious pride prone to violence and fear inescapably. Why else would we commit one genocide after another and strangle the bronchial tubes of the atmosphere that birthed us?

Humans are dumb and dumberer, not likely to amount to much, and thanks to the Prime Directive will be permitted to self-extinct under the watchful eye of the Federation.

But enough about them, what about you?

As you come to realize and appreciate that sensual demands and proclivities cannot fulfill you (and I am not advocating for organized renunciation, which is bullshit), you naturally turn your attention to more refined pursuits as awareness itself becomes admiring of the felt sense of presence without content, context, or prideful adornment.

We take ourselves to be choice driven deterministic objects wrestling with whatever we can find, accumulate, store away, defend, consume, manipulate, multiply, attract, and on and on and I'm just referring to what occurs in mind, let alone in the world of external objects where we make a mess of things on all scales.

We tend to reply to our existential dissatisfaction with more choice and object seeking, never imagining that this hamster wheel will never bring the cessation of self that we silently and unconsciously crave.

God realization, which unapologetically confers and imprints upon your soul an unutterably irrational view which defies humanocentric knowledge, has nothing to do with empowerment or manifestation or becoming anything better or more enviable than you are right now.

The very core of what you think you are and what you hope will become of you goes hyper-critical and melts down never to be seen or heard from again, and that's why we generally keep our distance from such lethal grace.

If you have sufficient curiosity to do and become nothing more than what's so desirelessness sneaks up on you and that is the shit.



Reports about reality are all false

We function within a relatively narrow scale arbitrated by the bandwidth of our senses and the stimuli we are capable of perceiving. Then we presume such a compelling entourage of perceivable phenomena dictates the entire reality-field for all creatures near and far and necessarily paints the universe at large according to one or several branches of physics and cosmology using the electromagnetic spectrum as its palette.

Thus we imagine that everyone occupying the observable universe must also obey the laws of our physics and discovered boundary conditions because they must be here and now in the way that we perceive we're here and now never stopping to ask ourselves if here and now are binding in the way we think they are.

It's possible that our sensorial chauvinism and the self-condemning projection of a stabilized reality being relevant and functionally inelastic for all also places us in a small container of space from which we cannot escape under the rule of relativity and the limits of our bio-determinism.

We thus toil under the mirage of existential insufficiency and resource limitations always craving and suffering from poverty consciousness, narcissistic aggression, and exploitation of the ignorant by those with knowledge and power.



We are no better on a sociopolitical scale than our own bacterium is at attacking microscopic foreign invaders (though there it makes some sense) - our xenophobia knows no limits and our appetite for burning fossil fuels and making profits is indicative of a tragically primitive lack of intelligence broadcast to the heavens as we go seeking extraterrestrial companions and possibly habitable planets orbiting white dwarfs (why don't we refer to them as little people) that we can never get to.

No one can report on reality with any authority and no one can tell you why things are the way they are because they aren't and everyone who enrolls you in their remedy program for your crappy life is a bully and a jerk and a liar and all your craving for a winning solution to the poverty you feel inside can never be satisfied in a world made up of your perceivable hubris.

Realization is not about anything you know, nor is it a prescription for how to win enviably big in life; it doesn't require belief, ritual, practice, purification, or commitment even.

Do nothing, then do some more.

A Flash Mob of One

You are a flash mob of one, that's how imagination and the myth of continuity work. Actuality is not establishing a beach-head, has no intentionality nor any creation agendas - you provide all those through the effervescence of mind.

What's so is so as it is so just now, just now, just now which leaves you nowhere special and reveals the infinitude of novelty in which you can rest and dabble about without the pressure of consequence and future.

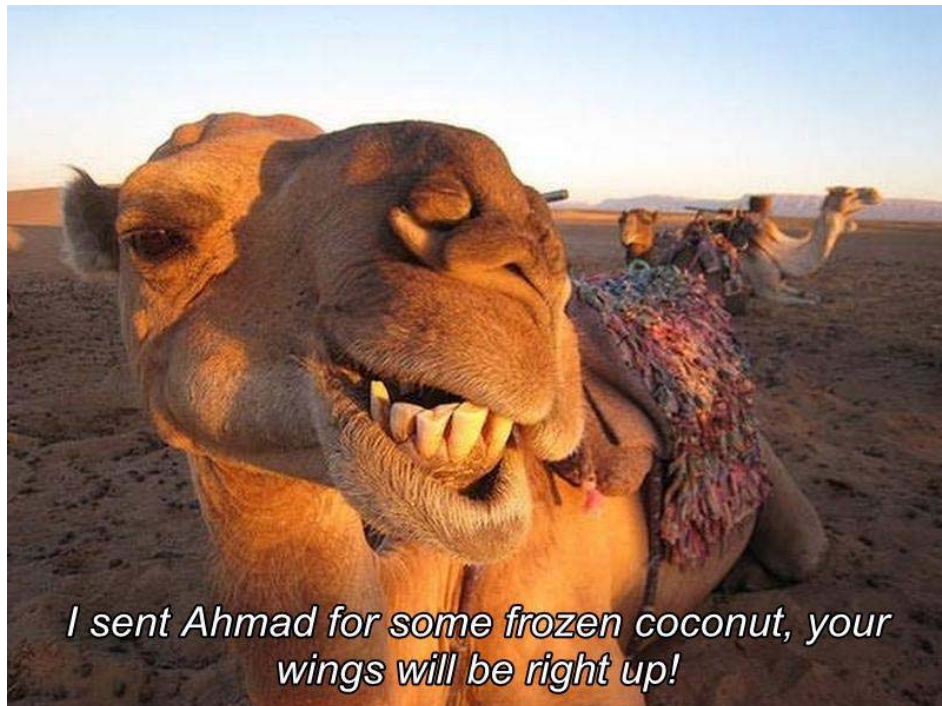
But no, that would be too easy and for sure irresponsible, I don't really want to relinquish my ownership and authorship over the choices and outcomes of my imaginary life, I want to win and win big!

Consciousness takes you for a fool and plots incessantly to enroll you in the myth of manifest destiny, individuation, and control dramas so you can pretend, at your own expense, to be in charge of something, anything, all the way to the grave.

You won't be able to win in life, that's like taking an imaginary seat at the tiki bar of a hot sandy roadside mirage somewhere in the middle of the Sahara and ordering a piña colada that will never come. The bartender is a camel who you think is some "10" in your gender preference and she tells you, "Look, this is not a tiki bar and we're fresh out of rum," but you won't listen.

If you have been enlisted to wake up, there is no turning back, no guarantee, and no destination that you can write home about - you're on your own and no one can or will corroborate your demise.

See if you can go to the most precious and still place in your psyche and experience in hopes of discovering some ineffable answer to the myth of consciousness. If you're lucky you won't find a damn thing and you won't mind. You're a flash mob of one.



Imagination runs small

From moment to moment, if you're willing to be honest with yourself, you have no clue what's happening. The contextual universe of contrived relevance you perceive and hold to be true is constructed of your imagination and that imagination runs small.

Your experience as a functioning primate arises without a blink and is effortlessly assembled in your imagination (itself a miracle of presumed scenarios) that seduces you into believing object and subject permanence, self-determinism, and the myth of personal control (referred to as attraction and aversion) by putting your opposable thumb and neocortex to good use to satisfy your will.

What we fail to see is that impulses arise involuntarily and our reaction and response to those impulses are also involuntary. Our cherished persona is conjured by mind, as self, claiming choice and decision making power after the fact which dysfunctional heresy persists without pause.

Our delusional and adversarial relationship with Being persists without pause, though once in a while someone intuits this malaise as a bunch of horseshit and wants out. Before then you may as well be a Trump Republican or a Clinton Democrat as your house burns to the ground.

One has to be sincerely motivated in order to refuse the malignancy of conformist reality and reconsider everything that conspires to keep us loyal to the Church and the Synagogue and the Mosque and the Temple and the Zendo of belief and therefore ineligible for transcendence.

Take your seat amongst the Gods and then leave them to their folly as you stroll into beatitude.



The Life Coach

You probably don't notice it much, but your inner Life Coach; you know the one, the one who comments on everything, plays back memories, gives you advice without your consent, plans and orchestrates your smooth moves in life (and yes I'm referring to the tea), that's the one, that inner Life Coach is a fraud and is made only of archetypal noise.

You may not have noticed but if you give it some consideration you may discover that there are two of you living inside your head or where ever is ever that might be. The one who thinks he/she is thinking and the one to whom that occurs.

Might it be possible that you're neither the thinker, the thinking, that which is thought, nor the seer to whom all else occurs? This casual blasphemy can point toward a curious portal through which you cease to amaze yourself with consciousness and consequentiality.

Thus you discover emptiness staring you right in the face as your face and the possibility of rendering this view in words is a big fat zero. Just here, all is as it portrays itself to appear to itself, just now though there are no coordinates for presence lurking about without context, in your very face is the revelation which is no revelation at all of emptiness.

Objects, including the Life Coach, depend upon otherness and contrast and the rattling about of the ten thousand things birthed upon the scene by the winds of consciousness, Hanuman himself, ringing the wind chimes of the three gunas that express as sound with no delay parading as manifest form dancing on the shoulders of space and time.

Emptiness, which is exactly This, has no quarrel with the Life Coach. Once revealed, irrationality fills your soul and the Life Coach who just lost his only client, is never to be seen or heard from again - unless of course that doesn't happen, who knows.



The Mark of the Beast

Many years ago I was riding my bicycle from Eugene, OR to Missoula, MT just to get a loaf of bread and had the privilege of riding up White Bird Hill in ID, a grueling climb including what Wikipedia calls a multitude of switchbacks to get to the 4,245 feet above sea level summit.

It was hot, I was sweating. Just to cool down I would pour my now tepid water bottle over my head to keep my ears from igniting. The switchbacks are killer on your knees, your gut, and your soul.

Long story short, I landed in Grangeville, ID after a blistering descent and got a cold coke from the grocery store to re-hydrate and took a seat on top of the peat moss bags stacked up on pallets out front.

A guy named Ernie Willet pulls up in an Appalachian style station wagon blistered with bumper stickers and approaches me to ask if I know what the UPC code on my coke can means. This is long before UPC codes and scanners were used.

I don't, and he starts telling me a fantastic tale about the mark of the beast and the sign of the lamb and how we'll all be tattooed across our foreheads some day with a UPC code and our whereabouts will be tracked and our commerce will be cash-free and our privacy will be stripped away under the mark of the beast.

He was compelling and I believed him, partly from fatigue but more from the power of his enthusiasm.

I wandered into the theater last night to see Angry Birds, because I am one and noticed how before and after the show everyone was pretty much tethered to their cell phones including me and Ernie crossed my mind for a moment and I realized that the beast was in my hand and I was paying for the privilege of being tracked, digitized, hypnotized, De-privatized, marginalized, and snooped upon - just so I could look trivial shit up on google once in a while. I may be more an idiot than I am angry and more angry for being such an idiot.



Ernie was right, the mark of the beast has landed and we have all been branded and are complicit in ushering in a consciousness of fear, restlessness, superficiality, and the imminent danger of centralized and fascistic control over our inalienable rights.

It often seems like we've missed the forest for the trees in our appetite for self-realization to ameliorate our personal sorrows and secular frustrations with the rhythm of a life lived under the influence of self.

In order to be an activist you have to care, is it the same for the minions seeking nirvana? Is it the same for those who have discovered how to see? In this, our present day surreal matrix of corporate / government exploitation and misinformation what are we aiming for? What do we tell our children so that they might enjoy whatever dignity remains in a world screeching toward extinction?

Who the phuck is listening to your thoughts?

I mean really, who or what is listening to your thoughts? Is thinking doing the thinking and hearing the thinking and responding to the thinking with yet more thinking?

Is that all you can find as you consider, if you dare consider, what's happening in your experience? And don't we usually say I'm thinking, or I'm choosing, or I'm suffering, or in some cases of repugnant self-promotion, I'm enlightened?

This I'm; are we referring to the body as I'm, are we referring to thinking as I'm, are we referring to sensation or emotion or the power to imagine as I'm?

Who the phuck is listening to your thoughts and have you ever asked them or him or her or it to stop? You've never considered the possibility of asking whomever it is that seems to be so interested in your crappy thoughts to just phuck off? Of course not, who or what would you be if you couldn't be an interested party or worse, voyeur, tagging incessantly along as a pet, perhaps a peeved pet or maybe a pet peeve never leaving your side for a minute.

You know why we are so phucked up? I'll tell you why, and I make no apology that the Buddha and his ilk got it all wrong. We have no privacy! We're, I'm, My is always leaning over our shoulders and commanding attention so we can't even sip some coffee without our neurotic friend butting in, always butting in.

And the worst of us, the damaged souls that own everything, and their bobble head puppets that say, run for president, are so consumed by the madness of "I'm" that they lie and deny and homicide their way onto the public stage - reminds me of the scene in that Lord of the Rings trilogy when Galadriel takes the ring from Frodo and becomes an insufferable narcissist. At least she gave it back, Hillary insists on wearing it and Donald whines and whines about how much he deserves to have the ring instead of her. Bernie doesn't want the ring, he wants to take it back to the dark mountain and throw it in the lava lake.

I digress.

First you are invited to see the way in which suffering gets a hold of you. That attraction and aversion story sucks, not because it's not true, but because it's not true. Long before your experience is marred by the psychosis of attraction and aversion the sense of I'm has been on the throne for centuries, your unwanted companion has already taken the throne demanding fealty and obedience to the point of absolute despair.

The remedy is simple, but must be solicited often, and seems a difficult task because our love for experience is legend and great.

I was told a story just last night about a satsang in Berkeley (where else?) some years ago when Sri Ranjit Maharaj (a contemporary of Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj and fellow devotee of Sri Siddharameshwar Maharaj) told the audience, after contemplating his own hands and finger nails for a short while, that "You're suffering because you love this too much."

Sounds like a simple and easy to disregard observation, but if you get right down to it and in it, you can see the truth of it and by virtue of that terrible encounter you are faced with the revelation that all of you must go if you are ever to come to sanity. You must go out of business.



Where do we go from nowhere?

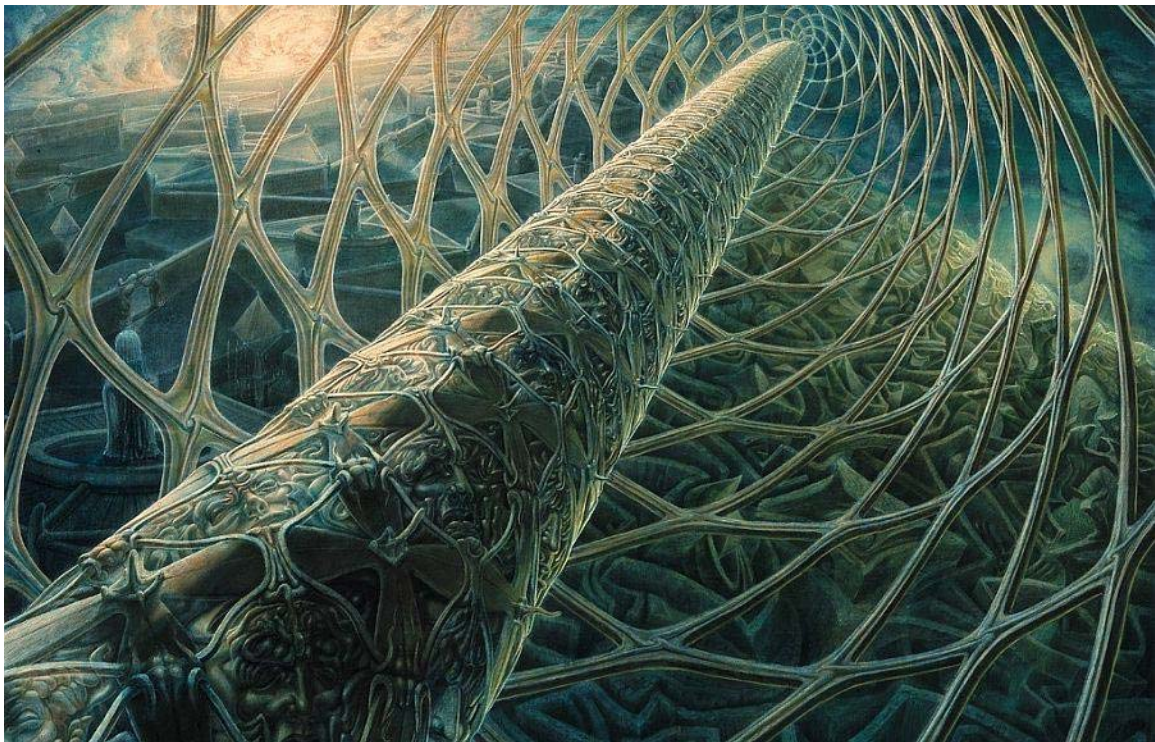
Oh that sweet rhythm of me.

I eat (and this is in order of importance), I breathe, I sleep, I play trivial games on my PC to the point of falling over, I eliminate (maybe that should be closer to the top), I worship my wife in a tantric sort of way (and I need to eat in order to do that), I avoid family conflict and humans in general, repeat.... you get the point.

I wander through the day and the life from room to room and situation to situation biding my time and biting my nails always apprehensive about the future, or my ideas of the future, and honing my reputation about which I am so invested so one day they can scribe my headstone with something like, "He did try, it didn't work, but at least he tried."

The refugees are drowning, the temperature is rising, the politicians are lying, the corporations are siphoning, they shot a silverback, they control the media; which means your mind and your sentiments and what you insist is happening and to whom by whom and for what reason like liberty and democracy and freedom and all this surreal and violent bullshit just to keep you glued to a spot the size of a neuron in the vastness of a universe that never actually banged in the first place.

Imagine the harmonic of nothing at all having no obedience to time or space or creation even, spontaneously occurring to itself and dreaming a dreamer to be the recipient of all that Is.



Why are we so violent and selfish and prone to control and manipulation to make a place for ourselves as a creature in a world? This is not some behavioral choice we make that if we would only embrace the right religion then we can hang with the birds and the lilies and enjoy a dalliance with the simple pleasures of Being. No. We are wired to violence - shame and mindfulness won't work, we are, after all, the proof of that sad realization.

What is it that motivates us to be the way we are, to toil the way we do, for the few to accumulate at the expense of the many, and why do the many seem so keen on making more and more many?

Perhaps it's just biological imperative and perhaps it's just chronic poverty, like for way too long for a forward thinking species that discovered radio waves, can split an atom, and send probes beyond the reach of the sun.

The ferocious pressure facing the species at large is simply too much for the 1% and the industries and technology they wish would persist for their continued hegemony as they bankrupt the biosphere and the food chain and any slim chance we may have to enjoy a little Kumbaya.

It's not so easy, if not irrationally impossible, to reconcile the State of the Union with the realization of the Sage. One might wonder, "Where do we go from here?" What if there is no where there, or we or go or here here? Where do we go from nowhere?

June is bustin' out all over

Sometimes the NSS inmates lapse into silence during an Inquiry into Awakening meeting after the socializing, and gossiping, and snacks are consumed loudly too near the microphone.

Now no one likes social silence much so in order not to appear too spiritual or rapt with contemplative bliss we might lapse into a show tune or two. We sing a few bars mumbling the words that no one remembers very well but the feeling is there, the feeling is there.

Some folks are happy being what they have come to expect from themselves, some are systemically compelled to find out what the phuck is going on. Some of us find comfort knowing what we know and can carve out a life that seems to satisfy our curiosity with living while others writhe with an insatiable craving for an inexplicable crescendo of spiritual fulfillment to dawn.

We use words like enlightenment, peace, equanimity, ascension, cessation, miracle, silence, you get the gist; but we seem to overlook the frustrating fact that experiencing itself is unsatisfactory in a very intimate sort of way.

We aim our sights on health, flow, peek experience, and a plethora of trivial pursuits always doing our best to satisfy and maximize our experience and security and longings, whatever they may be.

We march to the drums of time and spend most of our waking hours in a virtual world built by memory and imagination that barely if ever approximate the tonality of actuality which intoxicates us with the rhythms and swells of being.



It is not blasphemy to point out that our actual interface with the ephemeral streaming of conscious contact is felt without boundary and completely independent of mind or body or knowledge.

Our secular and spiritual frustrations are construed by thought which is an artifact of conscious contact consisting of symbology, language, memory, spatial and temporal coordinates, and the presumption that thinking has anything at all to do with shaping or reporting on reality, when through simple evaluation it can be discovered that it doesn't.

Choice is a myth though decisions are made, time is a myth though I can keep an appointment, space is a myth though I can say where I am, suffering is a myth though I hurt a lot, all is impersonally broadcast though I can be insulted.

What we are invited to discover is so incomprehensibly irrational that we cannot apply the conditioned presumptions of individuation to make any contribution to the adventure at all.

This suggests the collapse of effort and any attempts to justify or improve upon the mirage of one's imagination to usher in a better tomorrow. Why settle for second hand news when you are already yourself, just humming a show tune.

We should all be arrested for LUI

Humans Live Under the Influence of abstraction and fantasy trading the intelligence and intimacy of reality for the false god of self.

This transcontinental pandemic is fomented and magnified by every human institution known including and perhaps most concentrated in the world's religions and reinforced by its political, educational, industrial, financial, entertainment, and media industries repeated cross generationally, which celebrated dementia will kill us all!

Most of us suffer quietly and our sphere of influence is insufficient to do much harm, but the inherent gullibility and repressed anger of mob consciousness and profit-driven corporate consciousness can and will place leaders in power who by virtue of their own anti-social and toxic narcissism can accelerate Gaiac depletion and compromise the very values espoused by our cherished religious and secular moral codes.

We are already there; living under a police state of rampant surveillance, forced vaccination, wealth inequality, war for profit, marginalization, food degradation, digitization, and dissociation.

The religions can't help as they too are under the spell of this entrapment and don't possess sufficient intelligence to educate their minions as to the dangers of the default path that consciousness seems to be taking. Ignorance of the nature of abstraction and fantasy is of course forgivable, all the way to the extinction wall.

LUI is not just about one's personal suffering or irritability. It is worthy of our collective concern, but such a concern requires a depth of intelligence (not the knowledge kind) and sensitivity that would influence the way we conduct ourselves and how we educate our children and what we value in governing our lives - and sadly it appears that such intelligence and sensitivity is in derthful supply.

We have a cornucopia of traveling salesmen and saleswomen who make a living selling you spiritual snake oil and remedies for your personal sorrows and guarantees of a better parking space, but that just won't do. All of our mindfulness practice and our conferences overrun with neo-advaitists driven by carnal instincts will not make a dent in our fond inebriation with abstraction and fantasy, with LUI.

If something as silly and profound as liberation interests you, what will you do? How will you attend to the invitation?



A dependency relationship with experience

Conscious contact can be understood as phenomena being felt. This may also be referred to as experience or experiencing. If we have a quarrel with what's appearing or failing to appear in our life then we can be said to be suffering from the presence or absence or anticipation / regret of the presence or absence of whatever it is we want and don't want.

Our journey as spiritual seekers can often be tainted by the expectation that by being spiritual we will suffer less, so we won't mind so much when things happen or fail to happen according to our preferences. We'll be above it, or have compassion for it, or we'll breathe into it, get out from under it, learn to love it, discover the emptiness inherent as it.

We remain generally unconscious of our dependency relationship with experience as the field and cauldron in which our lives are lived and felt by us as satisfactory or otherwise. We are all about circumstances and events occurring in a way that delights us, nourishes us, makes us happy and whole and interested and abundant and worthy and pious and free - we have a serious dependency relationship with experience.

Consciousness is the bomb, and now that I've discovered Vipassanā and Oprah and ayahuasca and non-duality I am going to enjoy the shit out of everything so phuck you sorrow and phuck you depression and phuck you poverty consciousness, this baby is going for the ring and once I get it I'm gonna pierce my nose and wear it!

What we may discover is that our insistence on satisfaction, in all the ways we seek and demand it, is likely to evade us. It may be revealed that experience is not all it's cracked up to be and despite our welcome successes and our avoidance of failure something is still missing, something doesn't feel quite right, I just can't occupy my experience in the way I want to.

We are confronted with the vague and fuzzy nature of ourselves as a striving entity accumulating good times and security and spiritual fulfillment occurring in time as the experiencer of experiencing. We start to loathe our claustrophobic preoccupation with ourselves wishing to medicate and avoid what we've become, a toxic stew of alienation and apprehension.

Perhaps we begin to see the ferocity and velocity of distraction robbing us of our core intimacy by thrusting our attention into anecdotal abstraction and a hypothetical virtual reality construed by thought and association and memory and the pursuit of sense pleasure.

If we remain tethered by and loyal to the demonstration of conscious contact as my self-deterministic life we cannot avoid or avert our appointment with disappointment. Any response to what is imagined can only deliver you to another iteration of imagination and this streaming miracle of distraction will not abate.

If you're still interested in getting off the wheel as they say in some circles, something else, something immune to distraction must reveal itself to you. That's the infuriating fun of waking up. That's the heart of transmission.



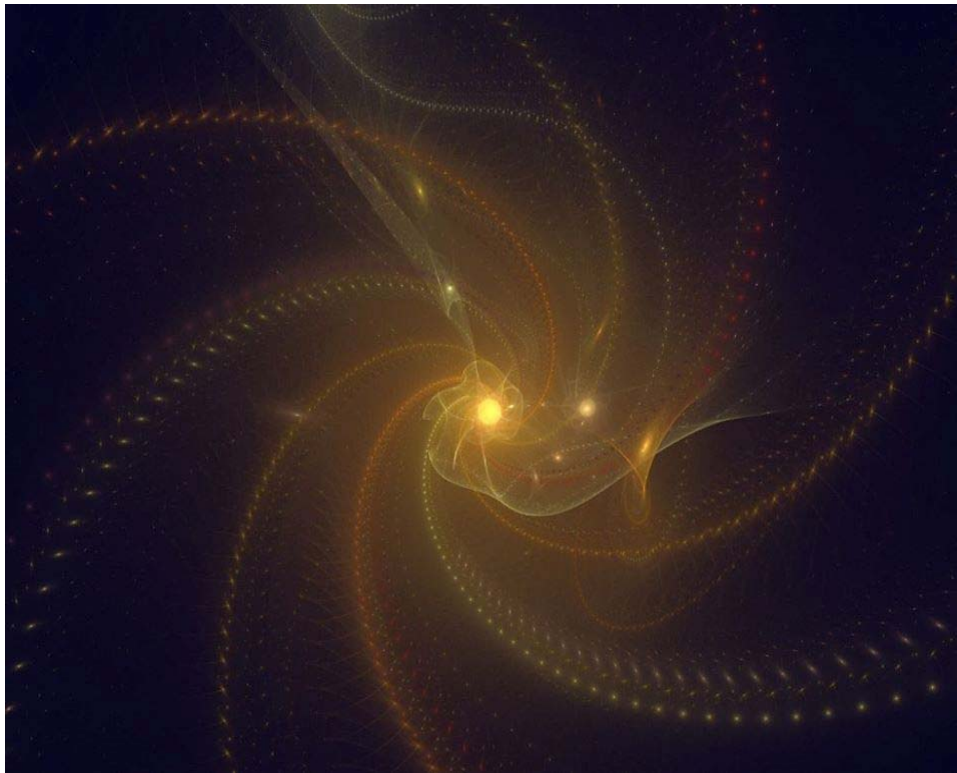
Scales are meant to fail

What you imagine your life to be is rather a largely complex synergism of scales seemingly placing you in a context that defines you as a creature breathing the life giving invisible gas under the canopy of a remarkable atmospheric envelope on a planet anchored to a star itself barreling in a vortex pattern through the galactic plane in a sine wave at 45,000 miles per hour.

The earth herself is about 8,000 miles in diameter so the sun is traveling around 5.7 earth diameters in an hour every hour without fatigue; measured in football fields that would be a big number.

The planets are revolving around the sun unable to resist her gravitational gravitas and of course rotating on their respective axes trailing along at this mind numbing speed, while we watch TV, or worse, practice meditation.

Closer to home we record the passing of years, seasons, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and seconds (that's far enough to make the point) and measure our location by a street address at a relatively precise longitude and latitude having carved the earth up into quadrants on a sphere triangulated by geosynchronous satellites that mark our position with cell phone in hand.



All of these scales conspire to hold your attention in a sort of psychic orbit often referred to as self. Thought can only pretend it knows where it is, when it is, what has happened, and what it might be up to as the presumed arbiter and announcer of reality.

You may notice that most of your waking hours are consumed with thought and speech and the marvelous interactivity of social and task engagement.

We unconsciously insist that we know all about the environment we are operating in, but such confidence is without purpose or evidence or merit.

We're conditioned to interpret and experience our lives through a myopic confluence of scales and conditions imposed and concocted by the creative prowess of attention and symbology, when there is actually no defining or secularly dependent or existing reality that can be found as some underlayment for all that's appearing.

If all phenomena is being suggested or projected from nothing and nowhere at all, fractally implied, and without any lasting quality, then the scales fail all the way down leaving us with no plausible explanation for consciousness appearing and being felt in the way that it is.

Such observable intimacy with the twinkling of present experience defies genesis and consequence as we see through the implications of our imaginations and spy the horizon of an unutterable panorama of consciousness as undifferentiated inclusivity.

Scales are meant to fail, this is a curious and worthwhile adventure to eschew conformist reality and recalibrate your attention in an entirely novel way.

Your nose is snowing!

Consciousness makes shit up so fast it's like one of those freaky cold days out on the Straits of Mackinac that separates Michigan's upper and lower peninsulas where it can get to -51 °F like it did back in 1934 so when your nose runs it turns to ice immediately and if you sneeze, well then your nose snows.

This is not a joke, our delusion about what we believe 'consciousness' and 'attention' and 'awareness' and 'self' and 'personal manifest destiny' to be is entirely contrived even before your snot hits the air. One might be encouraged to see just how prior the myth of individuation and the flavor of personality are, just how broadcast your experience of the world appears to you as a creature employed by a culture that dwells and swells completely ignorant of the truth of being.

Let's take a look at the NSS's simple equation of suffering.

- 1) You have convinced yourself that you are not god. Thus you are other than god and the consequence of forces that have conspired to make you appear.
- 2) You don't trust god, because you always have a better plan for how things should be.
- 3) The last thing on your mind is cessation. You're never ready to leave consciousness behind; you're a jonesing junky for the future.

We might subscribe to the notion that suffering is the result of circumstances and events, but what if the beliefs and superstitions we hold about our own hegemony and our involuntary receipt of consciousness are the real culprits?

How do we fulfill ourselves? What is it that we want from life? What compromises have we made and are they out of love, responsibility, obligation, fear, security? How does the culture hold us hostage to the whims and agendas of those with power?

Is it possible for us to be relieved of the myth of future so we might rest in presence free from the imposition of otherness, free from the distortions of conformist reality?

Your nose is snowing, what will you do about it?



Failing to Connect

People have ideas about stuff, I guess you've noticed. And isn't it a relief that the involuntary crap that floods our attention as thought, is private? The chatter we say out loud is rancid and boorish enough, we'd all go mad if our impulsive thinking were broadcast.

It is a wonder that we can pretend to be speaking of the same thing at breakfast, at the office, even at a satsang where vague inanities are cherished as deep inquiry and everyone is thanking everyone for their insightful sharing and willingness to be so vulnerable.

The pitiable condition we find ourselves in is too strange for words or causal explanation. Someone at the satsang says, "Thought is OK I guess, it's just that we shouldn't believe our thoughts," and another suggests, "It's the identity with thinking and self, that's the culprit."

Another Buddhist wonders what happened to Nathan Gill, an enlightened guy who committed suicide, and that he must not have been established in his awakening after all.

Someone at the front of the room holds her hands out piously as if receiving and radiating divine light and reminds us that we have a right to be here; sounds a little like Buddha's sparing match with Mara.

From a vantage point where a pinch of inner silence lingers and some remaining curiosity with the words and delightful personas of others persists, I wonder if there is anything that could actually be called connecting.

Our attention is fickle, our moods are fickle, our chemistry and reactions to what we perceive or imagine is happening is fickle; we are a kind of flickering superficiality blabbering on about whatever seems to be of interest to us while attracting the interest of others or commanding their attention or soliciting every possible sentient creature in sight for some purpose we decide to have just then.

We make a hobby out of non-duality by reading it, retreating it, blogging it, chanting its holy name, meditating, not meditating, seeking it, letting everyone know when we've stopped seeking it, being clever and unconsciously opinionated about it all; all the while occupying a sense of ourselves that hopefully feels right from time to time - aiming for a decent percentage from the free-throw line.

Underneath all this identity flickering, pheromonal posturing, sublimated self-conscious-ness, attenuation to an imaginary future, and refreshing though unconscious cluelessness, what are we?

We wander through a sensual field of indeterminate origin surrounded by technology and tools and media and the near unbearable noise of the rhythmic assertions of ourselves in psychological time held captive by our belongings and appetites and plans for how it's going to be better.

It can be a bit intimidating and disorienting to see how all communication is gossip, to see that your experience alone is, to confront a failure to connect.

Perhaps through this failure and the evaporation of our confidence in the myth of mind, we discover an intimacy that does not seduce us with ideas, an intimacy that is no longer dependent upon what anyone else has ever said, an intimacy that leaves non-duality in the dust.



A Simple Litmus Test

If you have found an object in attention, you're under the sway of self. The reflex of individuation has nothing to do with thought or identity or anything the Buddha was credited with saying about it.

There is no culprit or genesis that can be held accountable for the myth of self, the myth of my being a continuous and will filled entity occupying a body, serving time. The default presumption of individual continuity is nothing more than the impersonal effervescing of conscious contact occurring with each timeless and instant moment unencumbered by conditions or implication.

One needn't struggle with what's felt as ego or identity or thought or any such bullshit, the story of self is always imagined presently, it has no need of anything that may have occurred in the past, since there is no past except for what's imagined to be the past, now.

If you find an object in attention and become fascinated with it you run the risk of inhabiting experience from an imaginary vantage point. You self-hypnotically create the attender, the volume or spaciousness of attention. and that which is found as an object in attention. This ongoingly refreshed hallucinogen has no pause, but in the seeing of it you exit the haze of self you thought you were.

If you find anything at all besides immersive radiant silence and bemused incredulity you have found too much and that's when all the remedies begin, they ignite as the myth of self presently blooms and sells you a raffle to separation.



The shell or the yolk

Fact is, when you look at it with unjaundiced eyes, pride of consciousness will abate and leave you at some address that sounds a lot like 1240 Brokedown Palace, In a Van by the River St., matted with dead locusts, open to the sky, having just fallen off the wall like humpty phucking dumpty, and you can't figure out whether you're the shell or the yolk, but it doesn't matter because all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put you back together again.

Once the foolish presumption of being a person recedes from a prominent position upon the mantle of your mind you see that there is no purchase to be found anywhere in sight, anywhere in your experience; neither anything that can be found nor anyone in a position to find. Flat lined and unadorned, even of consciousness itself, you are.

Infinity has no hesitation to swallow you whole. One does not transition from once in a place to some other place still masquerading as something found. The geodesic triangulation of identity leaves you flat, while you cry, "Oh you can't do that."

If you had to draw a flow chart you'd start with the absence of intimacy, the default harmonic of conformist mentality; and move to undefended presence, freed from the authority of time; and then when all the handles have been stolen by the vandals and the well has run completely dry, there you find yourself as nothing left to find.

I'll give you a hint, you're the yolk.



Nirvana is closer than you think

Consciousness is (as in equals) grasping, there is no intermediary or intermediate stage between This and Itself felt by you which radiant sentience has no delay and does not need to process its own inherency.

With no training, no spiritual practice, no cultivation, and free from worthiness or the lack thereof nirvana is the perfectly present causeless inclusivity of streaming novelty which is yourself.

The least worthy flickering touch and tinge of consciousness infers all that appears to bind without genesis or substance and dreams the apparent primacy of separation from nowhere. No one and nothing can be held responsible or causative for the imagination of individuation in all its luscious glory.

As you consider the inescapable plasma of self-interest and all the cues we rely on to animate and occupy the virtual landscapes of our imagination we curiously learn how to escape, but not as a creature.

We open to vistas beyond comprehension that are nowhere other than here and nothing other than presence. We discover a quality of intimacy, not between two, but as itself.

Nirvana is closer than you think, where could it be but you?



Is it any wonder

You may have noticed by now that being interested in self-realization is not something you chat about at the water cooler. It's not unusual to be scorned by anyone, it's not unusual to be ignored by everyone, and when you're hanging around as the only one, it's not unusual to cry and cry and cry.

We might seek refuge among fellow seekers at the SAND conference, or on the meditation hall floor at Insight Meditation Society, but we soon discover that we are alone. Everyone is interested in their own experience. They may joke with you, eat with you, sleep with you, go to therapy with you, but you can never include them in your experience nor can you enter theirs - it's just that way.

Self-realization is not called, "Hey, everyone let's all be free together, like right about now! Whaddaya say, let's all penetrate the mystery of being all at once, together." No, you'll never hear that - it is called self-realization, you do it alone because all you can find is your own experience.

We're hoping to find our fulfillment within the bounty field of consciousness, so it will stop torturing us and finally provide us with the sensual and experiential treats we crave to mitigate our sorrow and the aching insight of our own irrelevance.



We're not sure what fulfillment looks like or feels like, but we have come to believe somehow that it must be about us, it must appear in our experience - and that's where we're mistaken. Like a monkey whose fist is clutched around a banana in a trap, we cling to the myth of individuation and place our loyalty on what we think is happening so it can happen in the way we want it to.

Is it any wonder you are too cool to fool?

The Finder or the Space

It's a package deal. Life as suffering and life as infinity present as an inseparable helix of effusing phenomena where a story can be told about one's personal hegemony though nothing has ever and will never occur.

The entirety of your memory and accompanying convictions that circumscribe the infectious hallucination you call your life appear as virtual and spontaneously arising inferences in imagination that have absolutely no connection with what you insist happened or is happening to you now.

You are nothing more or less than a streaming Anime fantasy of sense objects accompanied by psychiatric, emotional, and somatic artifacts found in attention which miracle of creation suggests the genesis and flow of your sense of individuation and creature-hood.

So we toil in ecstasy under the rubric of unconscious sentient agendas to fulfill an imaginary future where it will hopefully be better than it isn't now, and we miss the trans-sentient emptiness in which all this fury masquerading as papancha (conceptual proliferation) and maya (illusory magic) projects from nowhere and nothing to more of same.

Though it may be articulated in a chronologically and behaviorally dependent manner the whole enchilada of samsara and nirvana as sensory sensitivity arises or implicates a found world with no delay implying that the creation event is all there is, there is no outcome or implication of something being created.

We tend to identify with objects found and the proud sense of being the finder which is merely a spontaneous anthropomorphism of attention as experience occurring to 'me' and we rarely, if ever, notice the space-less space that suffers neither objects nor attention and marvels free from context or content.

It begs the question, and this question is wonderfully and perpetually inexhaustible; are you the Finder or the Space?



Dzogchen

Dzogchen ("Great Perfection") is a branch of discovery from Bon Tibetan Nyingma culture graced with probably the most pristine and spaciouly loquacious expositions of Rigpa as the base of consciousness and the emptiness that lies beyond.

Be forewarned, if you venture into these teachings you will lose your grip on the myth of yourself and from there you can only go forward. Back is no longer an option, it never was.

What's present as you read this (if you are) is the marvel of attention. You are appearing in your attention, your senses are flooding your attention; sensations, emotions, thought, the processing of thought are all broadcast on the screen of attention. Without attention, as the base and basis of consciousness all would go dark. Maybe not, but I'm trying to make a point.

Riding and resting in attention you can surf the most intimate intimations of present experience as you withdraw your attention from its familiar grooves. Resting in Rigpa you are free from memory and imagination thus not squeezed in time with no impulse to reinvent yourself.

If you don't mind the spaciousness, if you don't recoil and go back to imagining, your attention will open and open as the super-sensate capacities of awareness are lit up, now you're lit up - and to here you can return.

If you are so inspired to open your attention, there is no barrier to entry, no preparation or instruction is necessary. Curiosity and restful wonder are the keys that open the doors of perception. Present attention is the most skillful portal to enter: in simple order you withdraw from the story of you, become affectionately available to subtle perturbations in attention itself, move in and past the waves of body identity, and untether from the need to find anything or name anything.

Your attention opens beyond the boundaries, beyond the invisible fence line that memory can go, you've left the meadow entirely. Realization has nothing at all to do with your life or any hoped for reconciliation of same, nothing about you of any substance survives the worm hole of mutating attention.

This is dzogchen, you are welcome to think otherwise.



The Causeway of Because

You remember the song from the Wizard of Oz;
Because, because, because, because, because
Because of the wonderful things he does.....
doo da la loopa da dee doopee doo (played instrumentally)

That's what's driving you crazy and you probably don't even know it. You're unconsciously dependent upon the must-have, must-know, and must-fix approach to the otherwise ecstatic presence of your life, dare I say, 'because' of no reason at all.

Neither the big bang nor the sad news of your own birth are responsible for the presence of this sentient wonder-field and the intoxicating diversity of forms appearing in the miracle of awareness dancing with abandon on your sorry face while you remain insistent on 'because' and everything you plan to do with and about yourself.

Continuity of self abstracted in imagination and asserted through the rose colored glasses of 'all about me' and 'my bright future' is a sure way to commit yourself to sorrow and disappointment while desperately seeking applause and amelioration.

We tend to ignore the principal miracle of unfettered being, one might say, due to the self-satisfying presumption of 'because' and thus concern ourselves with all of the trivial activities and superstitions that punctuate the hallucination of our lives in hopes of some future satisfactions that for some reason have evaded us up till now.

We live infatuated with our own conditioning under the watchful eye of the greater police state forever expanding its self-appointed privileges of surveillance and mandatory checkpoints at the border, the airport, the grocery store, and the quiet privacy of our own browsing and social media habits - like Facebook for instance.

Our own insouciance keeps us enrolled in and under the influence of the authority of others, be they scientists, physicians, politicians, priests, New Age goddesses, or the next cool neo-advaita guru that tells us it's just happening.

Consciousness is well aware of and similarly unconcerned with the risks of extinction and fascistic incarceration owing to the brazen stupidity and misanthropic indulgences of fossil fuel dependency, militarism, pharmaceutical-ism, and religious idolatry to name a few.

Where's this all going? If you're cruising the Causeway of Because you can pretty much bet it's going to that magical place where shit and fans meet.



There are no steps to presence

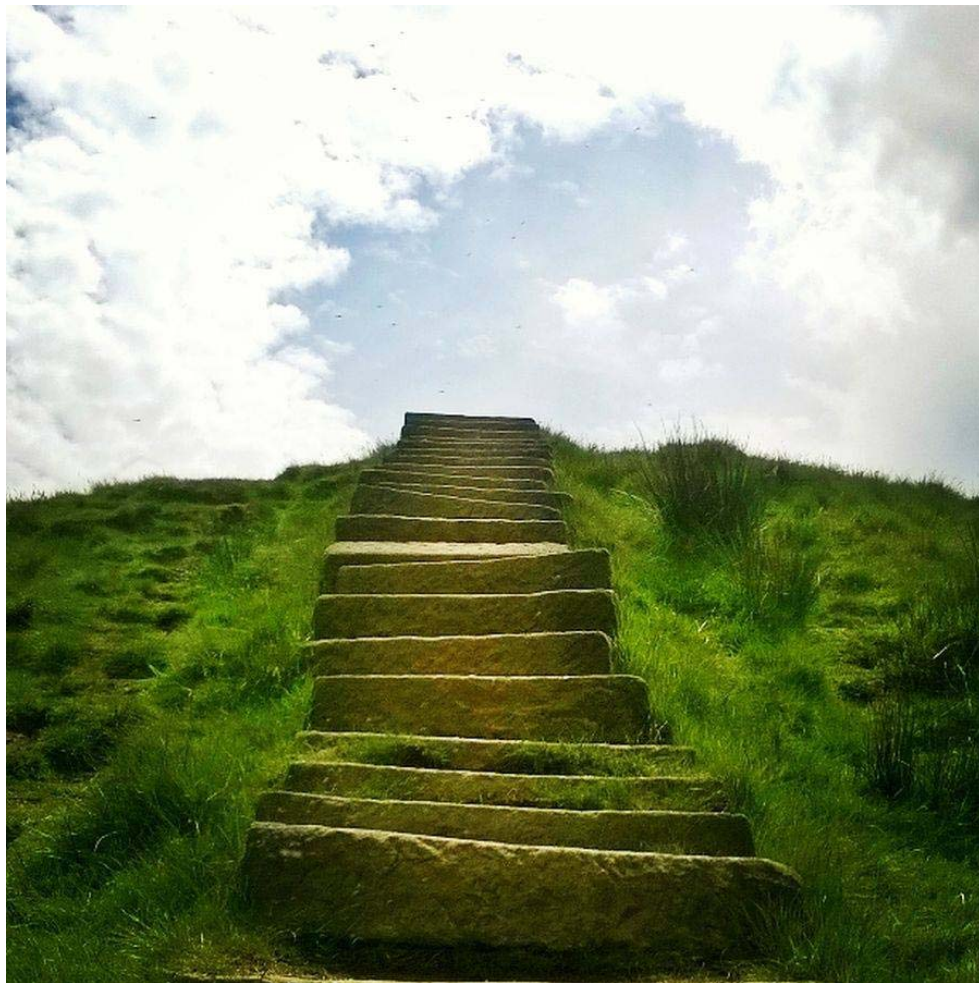
It doesn't require a lifetime's worth of conscientious effort to discover that reality does not rely on speech or letters to reveal its mirthful ecstasy.

You are this mirthful ecstasy and despite all your efforts at devotional effervescence, thoughtful penetration, and selfless good works, reality goes on shining in your face.

Once we fall prey to language, Culturalism, Scientism, and religious exoticism we become paupers never to see the light of consciousness for ourselves having become dependent on some intervention or interventionist.

The tools and Zeitgeist of maturing culture, presuming it is maturing and not devolving, are of course just swell. I am not speaking on a materialist level. The arrow aims for the trans-sentient capacity of your awareness to pierce the veil of the virtual reality you have concocted with imagination to see reality unadorned by self and time.

This cleansing and object-free intimacy permeates the field; as we sip from its cup our orientation changes from second-hand to first-hand and then to nothing that can be found which amounts to the effortless annihilation of otherness.



The four steps to presence

Anyone can make up a religion and an exotic humidity of ideas that pretend to be about something and some other something that is likely better than what it was once you apply yourself to it being different.

Presence does not perpetrate courtesy of some genesis event. No, presence is the entirety of what is felt and how it's felt, which includes of course the mystery of consciousness and story.

Without story, one's innate and pristine capacity for trans-sentient observation deepens of its own accord, quite without effort, as it reveals the singularity of Atman and the precious void prior to sensate consciousness.

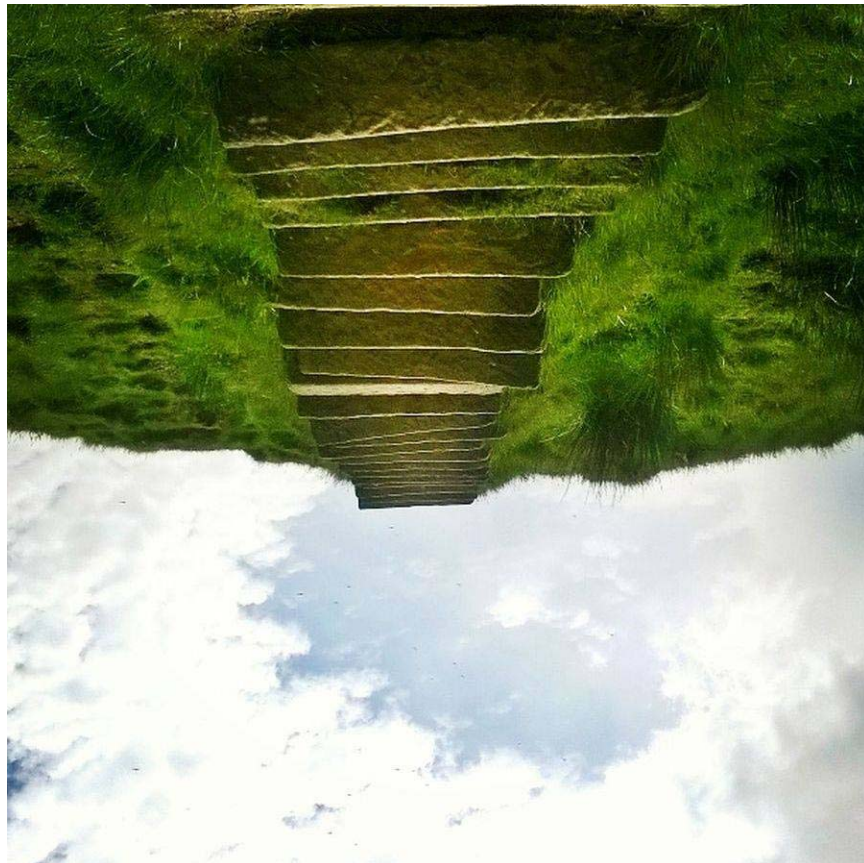
It's a lot like taking the yellow brick road to Oz and dispatching with a fowl witch only to find out you always had the red shoes on, you're wearing the red shoes; you're wearing presence on your sleeve.

Without further ado, the Four Steps to Presence:

1. Phuck
2. If
3. I
4. Know

There's nothing other than This, than Here, than Now and that's not saying much. As much as we are in our own face there is also nothing to be found, no substance, and no implication. When you see the profundity of consciousness adorned with story the gate opens, has always been open, the gate opens to open.

There are no steps to presence, but you already knew that.



Brahmanic Inherency

If a Big Friendly Giant were to hold you by your ankles above a giant sized vat of boiling water, just before you were dropped like a lobster on a Maine afternoon into the roiling frenzy beneath you, what would you find?

It's not a trick question really. Let's take the movie out of the movie for a moment and consider what it is you find right here. If all the stories were wiped clean from your consciousness, if all the flesh has boiled off leaving you as bone so to speak; there is sensation and sentiment and ideas.

Permit me to suggest that experiencing is of the nature of , not comprised of mind you, sensation, sentiment, and ideas appearing as limitless, as in an infinite timeless display that needn't place you in a location. Experiencing needn't germinate nor gesticulate as self.

In order to be a creature in a realm you must subscribe to the dismissive side of mind, that being the tendency to objectify yourself and your environment to thus live in a virtual field of imagination and rumination.

If you are a creature in a realm then you bind yourself to the whims of space, time, and implication which means you are occupied more so than you are occupying. Dreaming has made you its bitch (I had to say it though it is admittedly sexist).

The arc of realization could be appreciated as a movement, speaking with permission of time, from the story realm (the fantasy of self) to the bones realm (sensation, sentiment, and ideas) to the trans-sentient realm (which is not a realm) of Brahmanic Inherency - the awakening of the singularity.

There is only one thing here, a singularity that dreams.



Non-duality is a Bust

Were This a duality, then maybe non-duality might have a chance at making you feel better. But it's not, it's a Triality. So until they (the neo-triatilists) come up with non-triality you're stuck in the muck of your triateral self.

Permit me to explain. This is a triality. Everything begins with enthrallment, that's the only thing you truly ever have - perfectly enthralled with experience; regardless of the context, content, or interpretation.

That's number 1. You are transcendently enthralled.

OK, so now we follow the bouncing ball to number 2. Number 2 is that once having come upon the scene as the miracle of perception itself, you are consumed with delusion and live second hand through the lens of self and this can really suck, but you are still under the influence of being perfectly enthralled so you deal with it through denial, negotiation, compromise, hope, inebriation, hallucination, voluntary and involuntary interventions, something someone wrote, a meeting, therapy, wealth accumulation, sense pleasure, meditation, etc. and this semi-conscious agreement to bide your time writhing around in consciousness from the vantage point of a creature in a realm - that's number 2.

To keep it simple, enthrallment begets the world.

We're on a roll, onto number 3. Number 3 is trans-sentient abiding which is no abiding at all since there is no longer the implication of a creature in a realm marking time wandering from place to place with your worn copy of 'I Am That' in your back pocket playing the role of Brahmachari Bill Bumming Behind Bob's Big Boy Braying for Burgers. You're done with that That.

You see, enthrallment is the gateway drug to restlessness articulated by sensation, sentiment, and ideas. The Suffering Bus picks up billions of passengers every day shuttling them from one idea of self to the next while the tragedy of impoverishment and belief express as exploitation and violence.

One could say that all contemplative traditions aim to return the holy mendicant (that's you) back to enthrallment and they do indeed work, but the magical impulsivity to beget the world is not very impressed with your strident efforts at dispassion so you find yourself once again a victim of restlessness and pride, all the way to the grave.

What's a yogi to do? Seeing the unambiguous nature of ambiguity you no longer seek for your fortune in the world, and recognize there is no point at trying to sustain the bliss of enthrallment for enthrallment's sake.

There and then, just a figure of speech at this point, Brahmanic Inherency solicits you and you fold.



The Guru Purnima Moon

The full moon of July marks the remembrance of the Guru in the Vedic lunar calendar. If your liberation arc includes a guru then you have no reason to hesitate to enjoy the lush harmonic of a moment's devotion.

If you are not the guru type you can still benefit from the Guru Principle, that being the recognition of radiant inclusivity - a repast that subsumes the world and you with it.

To revel in the Guru Purnima Moon is to solicit Bhav and Prem, an abiding in devotion. Devotion is the solvent for separation, one's ardor and faith in the unseen serves as a magic carpet ride all the way home.



The Trash Heap of Self

It's good to be the King. Riding your Mars rover over vast and rolling landscapes of debris, shooting your laser beams of will autonomously at whatever you choose, everything you see belongs to you. Your kingdom has no gates or walls because there are no intruders, for as far as you can see this marvelous debris field is yours and no one can take it from you. You are the sole occupant and lord of the trash heap of self.

Though you may entertain the presence and good cheer of others, they too are wandering aimlessly over hill and dale of their own debris field claiming hegemony and incontestable authority over all that they can see and feel, all owners' of a lonely trash heap of self.

The miracle of conscious contact has you so convinced of your own existence that there is rarely even a single moment of curiosity or adventurism in hopes of busting out of the container that you find yourself in. Nope, you just fire up the rover and hit the trails hard with the routine agendas that circumscribe and define your life experience.

For the few who can handle the truth, by way of cosmic invitation, there is profound inherency which never tires of your indulgent dismissal. Conscious contact needn't give you the keys to the rover to cruise your private trash heap at will, you can dismount, you can turn and tune your attention to the inherency.

What you find there is your business. There is no need for religion or authority or RNC's or DNC's to dictate control and fascistic agendas that simply promote platforms of incarceration and wealth inequality for the minions of trash heap owners making it seem it's for your own good.

In order to wake up you must eschew every last meme of authority and discover what there is to discover which is likely going to be beyond the reach of knowledge and metaphor and perhaps even truth.

In the meantime you can ride your rover with abandon over the trash heap of self and fire your lasers at will.



The Mind is Incapable of Presence

Good to know. Mind if I ask a question? Either way, here it comes. Are you authoring a thought or listening to the thought and if both, in what order, and if none, then what do you suspect is happening between your ears?

Are you thinking thought or is thought thinking you? Between thought and you, who is the alpha? Further, with your kind permission of course, is thought presently occurring and is it about something that happened, is happening, or will happen? Or maybe some combination of all or none of the above?

If you are traveling with me and applying yourself to yourself in order to find out what's being implied then what or whom would you say is executing such present interest? Is interest the same as thought or the thinker or the knower/listener of thoughts? Is interest the same as will or choice?

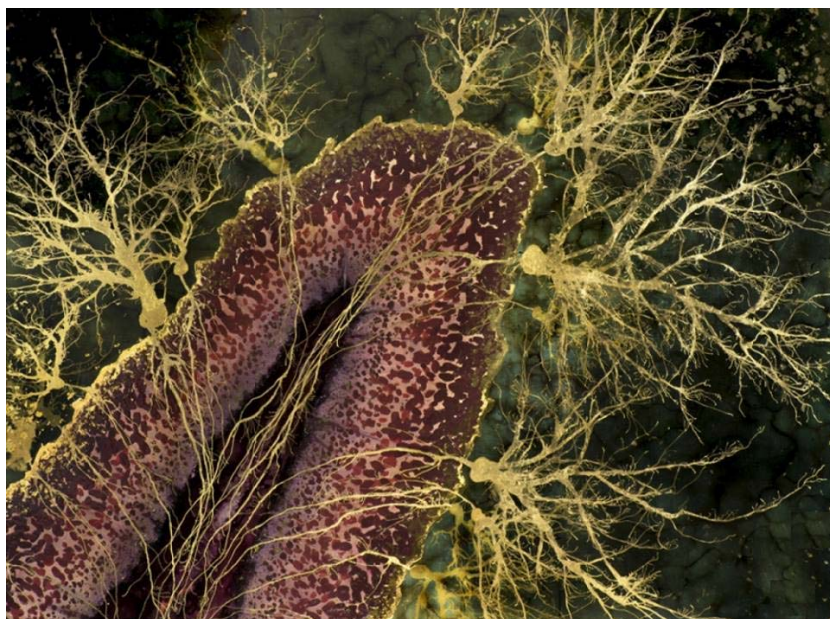
If you tune your attention to what's presently appearing or occurring in your experience, as experience, then the imagination of your life is temporarily suspended. Your attention is fascinated with itself as it would have to be in order to consider the questions I am suggesting.

With this quality or intimacy of present attention you don't necessarily find out what's true, since that would be relativistic and so incomplete, you find the scintillation of radiant presence itself as attention, and this discovery can also be, is in fact primarily felt and there are no objects in it and it is no longer individuated nor takes itself to be a subject.

This articulation of felt presence has nothing at all to do with what you've read or heard about, this antecedent transcendence sings its perfectly silent song with absolute impunity.

The Mind is incapable of presence, the mind is a symptom of nirvana, if you turn to mind for anything useful you will be disappointed at some point; thus unappointed, your appointment will be dissed and there is nothing left for you in this world.

If you're waiting around for some enlightenment to find you then you presume there is a future where things will be different or better, there's not. Anything found by you is an imagined artifact of what may actually be true, and as long as you remain fascinated by what you find you will ignore the profound emptiness that circumscribes the myth of the finder.



Sophie's Choice

An awakened mind does not seek for control over or obedience from others, an intelligent mind is not polluted by fear or the reflex for exploitation, a sensitive mind yields to the wonder of all things and rests in beauty.

For those of you who like to elevate the heart, I would ask you to replace "mind" with "heart" and we can all be on the same page, one could call it a truce between the bhaktas and the gnanis, though they have always been of the same ilk.

It's not too difficult to assess the spiritual IQ of the species. You can look to the leadership, religious and secular, to gauge where the tachometer needle is. Are we humming along in a sustainable manner or red lining toward the extinction wall?

Even though we have voices from the likes of the Pope and the Dalai Lama, Cornell West and Sam Harris, we cannot stem the tide of Neo-fascism which appeals to the violence and vitriol felt by those who live in fear and seek to place blame on innocent parties to vindicate their own demons.

Similarly we have the Oligarchy of the über wealthy (not the cab drivers) and the Corporatocracy who exploit on a much larger scale and trash the Earth like a meth addict trashes their teeth.

We have been birthed in a heaven realm, a rare jewel where the magical nature of consciousness and cellular elasticity can grow an incomprehensible display of sensuality and delight. We are a Fibonacci spiral of ecstasy.

The 2016 Presidential election is Sophie's Choice redux. A child is going to die, our child, we are forced to choose which one, we do, and suffer the consequences to the grave. Religious and all forms of idolatry beget division and confusion and ultimately violence.

Donald is the fascist, he has no dream, just the threat of obedience. Hillary is the face of the Oligarchy, while pretending to be a progressive her real agenda is to pass the TPP which finally places the Corporatocracy in an advantaged position over government, over the rights of the people - that's the last straw for industrial hegemony to exploit at will with no one left to stop them.

From here on out, unless we can call on the blues or the greys to intervene (I forget which one is for us and this is not a reference to the Civil war), this species is red lining.

