

Night Sky Sangha

Inquiry into Awakening

(Facebook posts April 2017 – December 2017)

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Conceiving is acausal

A guy from Bethlehem, that's Pennsylvania not the holy land, is a psycho-spiritual teacher & transpersonal psychologist who fancies himself a go-to guy that helps sincere aspirants with respect to the enviable "state" of enlightenment.

He writes, "... thoughts about the past and future are wrought with fear, pain, anxiety, guilt, pride and desire. Whereas, experiencing the present moment reveals a direct knowing of what is happening right now accompanied by acceptance, equanimity, and comfort. When we are fully present, the ego's hold on our attention relaxes, returning us to the recognition of the love, peace, and joy that has always been present."

Now anyone who has come to the realization that they are a suffering fool would leap at the chance to imbibe these marvelous teachings because everyone wants their fair share of love, peace, and joy - hope I can hitch a ride to Bethlehem real soon.

Here's the rub, none of that is actually true. Neo-advaita speak and the typically insipid mindfulness vernacular wielded by its advocates can result in no progress at all, bank on it - you will get nowhere with this practice.

Now that's not so bad really, because there is no progress to be made, still you'll end up objectifying yourself, your ego, your spiritual experience, and your imagination of progress to justify the time and money spent traveling this road. If you can avoid this void, could be worth it, you're the decider.



In effect there's nothing posing as one posing as two, that's all you need to know. Nothing posing as one is the demonstration of experience which easily convinces itself (not you) that something is occurring, this can be said to be the out-gasing of conceiving, or one posing as two. Conceiving is the acausal miracle of nothing posing as one posing as two.

All that appears to punctuate your life, enjoyable or otherwise, is the myth of self-infatuation imposing itself upon itself (thus you) without permission or need thereof; in Sanskrit this is referred to as POSER, or if you like poserananda, the bliss of being a poser. A close friend who is also a poser is affectionately referred to as poserji.

At some point you may be compelled to wriggle free from the impulse to do anything about yourself as you come to appreciate that love, peace, and joy can go phuck themselves - there's nothing there for you.

Aspiration to be other than what you take yourself to be is an endless loop of deception, seeing this is not a function of knowledge or insight or practice and has nothing at all to do with acceptance, equanimity, or comfort.

Best of luck in the holy land.

Frequencies, Scales, and Identity

Why on earth do you think you're you? When ever did you have to do with anything? What is it about This that convinces you of your esteemed position in the universe?

I get it that few folks are at all interested in foolish questions like these, but for the few that are, well it's likely they're having a shitty time of all this and could use a friend, someone who really gets them.

I'm not saying that I'm that friend, I'm not, but it's at least a small testimony to my life long effort to cultivate compassion and to be honest about it, that's all I got - I am aware that seekers suffer.

And do you know why they do? It's simple really, they've heard about enlightenment, have come to believe that it's true, and they know that they're not there yet. That's why.

I get that it's no skin off your back that seekers suffer the way they do because of why I said so, you don't give a phuck about enlightenment, you don't even know or care what it is and that's just fine. For you, the rapture and near-term extinction are the same, there's no more shopping.

But for us seekers, well we have a real problem, and it's not going to be assuaged by your enviable indifference, no. We have to figure this out for ourselves on behalf of ourselves, and soon.



In that spirit then, permit me to offer some few tips which may (and more likely not) be of some small use to the seekers dilemma.

The seeker's issue (and we all have issues) is that frequencies, scales, and identity are mistaken for self. If not for this curiously minute inference, we'd have our spiritual shit together. Civilization might still collapse due to ecstatic indifference, but that might not be so bad.

If you consider what we call my body; such a brilliant conclusion arises from the mysterious composition of our five-senses, which together can be understood as sensation, that which is felt. Combine that with the fascinating capacity for discursive orientation driven by thought, memory, sentiment, imagination, and projection to name a few and the inescapable inclusiveness and sovereignty of experiencing and you have the perfect witches brew for the magic potion called "me".

Perhaps you can see what I'm referring to as the demonstration of frequencies, scales, and identity - the magic of felt sense imbued with orientation in the field of all that is hypnotically suggests 'myself' and that's how seekers come to believe that they're not enlightened yet.

Turns out that none of this is true, not that it's not true, it is, but what you make of it isn't.

My obligatory closing as a compassionate being is; May all beings be happy, if you believe in that crap.

Rants & Musings Vol 5

You are invited to download for your own contemplative pleasure and/or to share the latest volume of Rants & Musings from the NSS web-site. This compilation spans Face-book posts from Aug 2016 - Apr 2017. The link is below.

On a dissimilar note, I want to share an insightful cautionary disclaimer from a coming workshop with Eric Baret (a student of Jean Klein's and a master of the craft of the Yoga of Kashmir in his own right). Eric's native tongue is French so the wording has a nice ring to it in English:



Caution:

The practice of this yoga-darshana is not recommended for people with a psychiatric history or following psychological treatments in the form of therapy or prescriptions. The pursuit of this art could create complex workspaces to manage for individuals already psychologically weak. The extreme desindividualisation where bathes this approach is not suitable for those who are without psychological mark and fit enough in our societies. This is not a rejection of anyone, but to undertake the adventure that invites the tradition, the more pathological conflict must be calmed down. As long as one needs to love or be loved, to be listened to, understood or respected, to use painkillers or other pharmaceutical products, these emotional restrictions could awaken latent psychosis or stimulate those already present for the one to whom the world is questioning, complexity and aggression. Do nothing knowing, wanting nothing, don't be anything are extreme balance of the not me, but some madness for the person.

Vying for attention

Consciousness can do what it likes. It's not your consciousness. It doesn't obey you, it laughs at your law of attraction, it scoffs at the secret, it foments an insatiable restlessness for more, dismissing you as collateral damage.

The implacable sense of self which mesmerizes you without you're even taking notice runs your whole show without your permission and at every turn of the screw the feeling of "I" chose, "I" decided, and "I" thought comes pouring out of our minds and mouths without embarrassment.

It may be useful, obviously for very few, to see how you are being played. This is why meditation freaks most people out, no one wants to subject themselves to the view that their minds are an unruly morass of self-affliction that wander into one hell realm after another with no concern for how you feel about it.

The entirety of your free-will is imposed upon you involuntarily, one wonders, just how free are you really?

Every explanation, every justification, every story told, every slight and delight are all appearing of their own accord long before you register them as "I", long before you make the claim of being their owner.

Such revelation can be (one might say 'should be') very disturbing to your identity as a self-made person - let's face it, it's an unapologetic smack-down. To witness that the entirety of consciousness is doing itself with no thought of you or concern for your wellbeing is liberatingly devastating.

We go on and on vying for attention in an imaginary realm not stopping long enough to see that there is no one and no thing that could possibly provide it - it's no wonder we created god.

No one can solve or resolve the glorious madness and existential mayhem that is you. No religion, no teacher, no knowledge, no system, no craving or aversion can assist you in your lifelong aspiration for meaning and implication - even if you hope that enlightenment will, it won't.



Andy 'more about me' Cohen wants to sodomize you again!

It was inevitable I guess. Nothing could keep Andrew Cohen away from having another 'go' at telling you all about himself under the ruse of you're becoming enlightened thanks to him.

His new apologetic, then dismissive, then 'let's be friends again' invitation to let Andy back in your life PLEASE! email is a copy-edited piece of promotional drivel that reads more like the script for a timeshare sale than anything possibly relevant for a new or mature student of the craft.

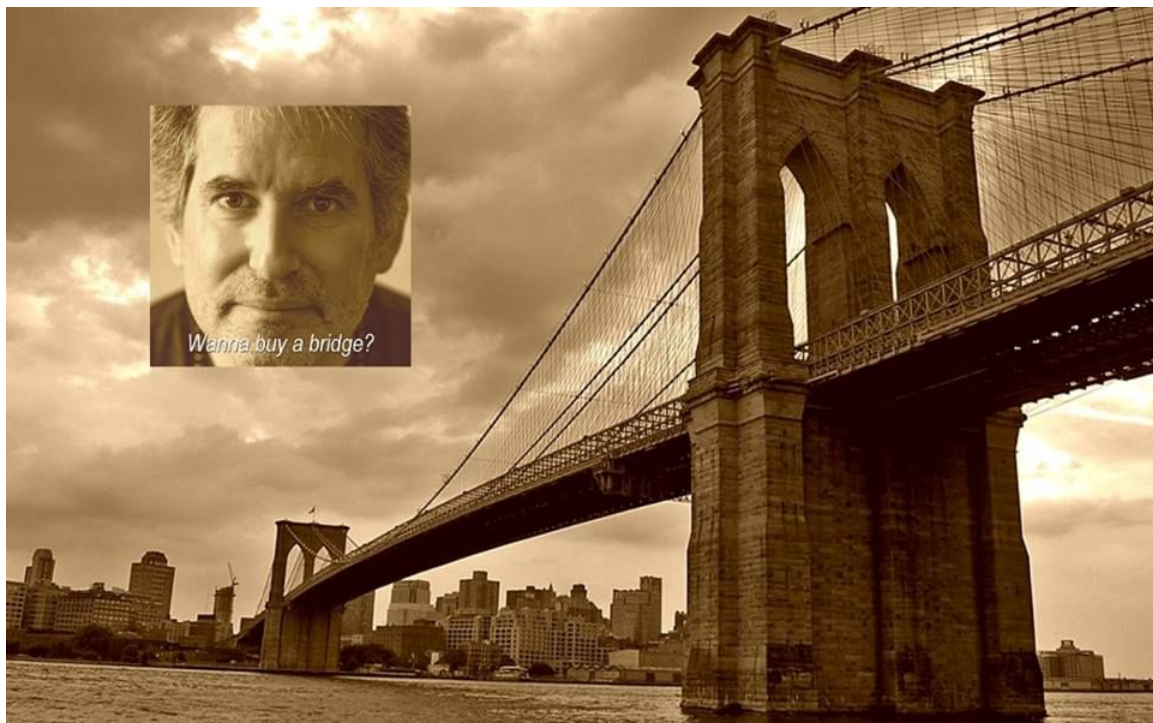
The highlights (my bias of course):

- . Andrew is painfully aware that the entire episode was badly handled
- . Andrew, too, was in deep shock
- . Andrew discovered his awakening had been profound and authentic
- . Andrew had disowned and unexamined psychological issues
- . Andrew began some deep emotional and psychological work
- . Andrew's revelatory experiences with Ayahuasca
- . Andrew published an extensive apology
- . Andrew has begun to rediscover the gift of awakened consciousness
- . Andrew wishes to share and explore with you
- . Andrew's gift remains undimmed

After all the sickening sorrow and deceit that Andy has perpetrated upon the world, with his students' permission and full cooperation of course, it amazes me what still passes for awakening speak coming from this man-child who possesses more an insatiable need for adoration than anything that could possibly pose as liberation.

You've got to penetrate the machine language of consciousness, or you risk being caught in second-hand apparition for the duration.

Andy Cohen has not penetrated the machine language thus he can only partner with you in deceit. Go to him if you must, but leave your heart with someone you trust, you'll hopefully return for it someday.



It's time to stop worshiping heroes and mutants

The principal obstacle between you and yourself is the unconscious and involuntary assertion of pattern recognition imposed upon objectless perception.

This habit of accusation is what implies the presence of the perceiver, and that's where all the trouble begins. Let's just say a boundary-free field of secular incomprehensibility imagines itself to be other than itself and so the worship of heroes and mutants begins.

If you look to the principal myths that fuel the rise of human civilization (besides phucking of course) you will find the worship of heroes and mutants. This rather infantile habit is what justifies religion, science, politics, trauma-bonds, deceit, exploitation, loyalty, faith, racism, entitlement, war and the present collection of rabidly insecure misanthropes known as the republican party.

My emphasis here is not to turn toward social commentary, but to reflect upon the nature of the primary hallucination and thus shed some light on the machine language of consciousness.

If one agrees to be inebriated by, and thus bound to, the pageantry and archetypes of the human drama field then you may as well commit yourself to a recovery program for the remainder of your life - this is the software level. It's a first-shooter game and sooner or later you'll run out of luck and be taken out.

If at some point in your hormonal, success driven, and recovery trajectory you become interested in the machine language of experience itself, well, then you have hit pay dirt. It's going to be one of the most thrilling and disturbing educational seminars you've ever attended, but if it works out, and it always does, it's worth it.

It is possible, encouraged even, to peer into the code that runs the machine. There you can see the actual arising of deception and the intoxication of pattern recognition of time/space/self. As you grow weary of the implications of the world you discover that you can rest in the cessation of necessity.

The systems that imprison you, whether spiritual or police-state, have no actual power. We have emboldened them and weaponized them thanks to our worship of heroes and mutants - it's about time we stopped.



it took me to you

i followed a dream
not knowing or caring where it might take me
not too fast
not lagging behind
just curious enough to see what muse would arise and what mirth would be visited upon me
i followed this dream beyond recognition
and it took me to you

a fence
a meadow
were i on one side i would skip to the other
i'd have to

we live in forgetfulness of our own ancestry
of the wisdom of stones
and the flight of a bird
the history we are making comes too fast for insight
so much more to remember
so much less to forget

a moment is what you make of it
and by the time you do
it's another moment took its place
we can never catch up to what this is

the root of affliction is beyond reach and redemption
no sense can be made of it, no remedy or salve can be applied
what this appears to be has already captured your mind
made you drunk with yourself
convinced you of the myth of existence

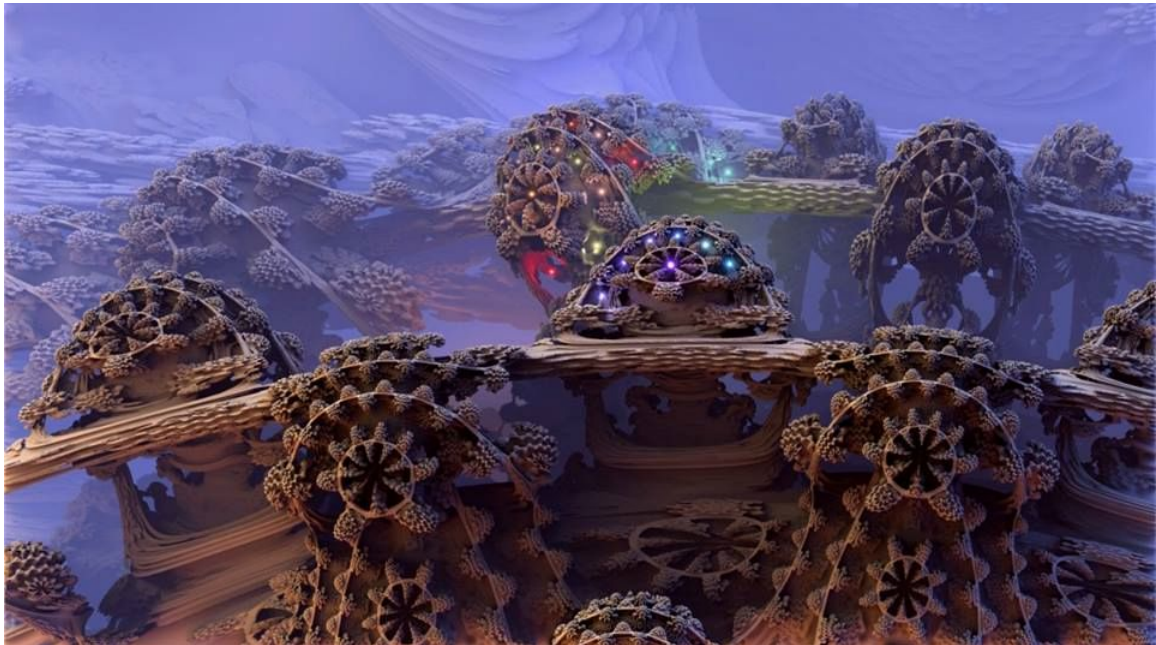
one wanders from past to future
from sentiment to task
if only there were the present
if there were one maybe i could rest there
surely there is a refuge for my weary concerns

in arduous anticipation of becoming present
i was forced to concede my position and my affliction
i could no longer ignore the news of my own demise
there is neither the present nor otherwise
and my chances of inhabiting such a place grew dimmer and dimmer

by virtue of this inescapable neglect, we seek to be cherished
the betrayal of civilization for its own enrages us too deeply for wholeness to root
we cannot perfect the ruse of ourselves
we cannot rise above the satire of our prideful existence
liberation is not, and has never been
a remedy for our perfect failings

do we brace, do we embrace
do we frolic in spastic leaps of joy, do we sit in sacred wonder
given this life sentence, what shall we do with ourselves
what will we make of this impossible infinity
what do we hope to become

i followed a dream
not knowing or caring where it might take me
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Anticipation

Were there another moment from now it might behoove you to be prepared for it, to be all that you can be in your future. However, there is no moment other than now, so you can drop the incessant distraction of anticipation and let everyone know you're not interested in their opinions about what's not now, nobody's teachings will ever amount to what's happening.

Anticipatory consciousness, a miracle for sure, is the instant-on hypnosis of self and implication; a gestalt of the incomprehensibility of being. Any reference or comparison tied to the fantastic power of symbols quantum entangles the myth of other, which implies the sense of oneself in time.

All the gurus and all the teachers, all the mystics and all the healers - they can just phuck off.

Happy Mother's Day.



here everything is

all the while
while you were being
while you were being yourself
the ever-present vacuum of your future
came to beckon you
came to beckon you forward

here
here everything is
nothing stays long
nothing remains
you can only imagine somewhere
somewhere other than here

now
now one rests in i am
one rests in i am and less than that
i is less
i is less than i am
less than i is everything that is



Micro-dosing your way to nirvana

What you can discover in all of three seconds is more valuable than a lifetime's worth of spiritual practice.

Those wild and crazy seekers that hope, and pine, and wait (rather impatiently) for enlightenment to strike are missing all the fun - they would be wise to join the micro-dosing community.

Now I'm not talkin' bout the therapeutic benefits of small and frequent doses of LSD or psilocybin or cannabis, though I am an admitted advocate of these medicines, I'm talkin' bout the simple side-affect free availability of reality released from the inertia of self.

Without too much fuss one can see that personal identity is the bastard child of thought, itself an artifact of more subtle forces sometimes referred to as being or consciousness. What happens when the reflex of thinking and association lapses is quite intoxicating in its own way. That's what I mean by micro-dosing your way to nirvana.

One might 'think' that being and consciousness are decent places to down a pint and socialize with old friends over greasy burgers and crisp sriracha fries, but there's more, or maybe it's appropriate to say less.

It doesn't take more than 3 seconds or so to see with one's own eyes the grandeur of trans-temporal communion. If you linger too long the thief of thinking will pummel you into submission and you'll have a story to tell yourself about anything, anything at all, to distract you from the implication-free field of sonorous emptiness.

This is the end of cosmology and creation myths, absolute freedom lurks inside of you as you all the time, forgive the non-sequitur, and the recognition of this magical discovery takes all of three seconds to see - more than that and you're plucked into believing what's not true.





Life, Liberation, and the pursuit of Emptiness

Inalienable rights come in many forms. Some might say that independence is better understood as interdependence, or interbeing, at least engaged Buddhists would.

What's true, is true for you, for as long as it's true, and when it isn't true any longer, then something else is true. When nothing is true, which may also be said to be when everything is true, the conflict between what's true and what's not could take a turn for the worse, or for the better; depending on what's true for you when it is or it isn't.

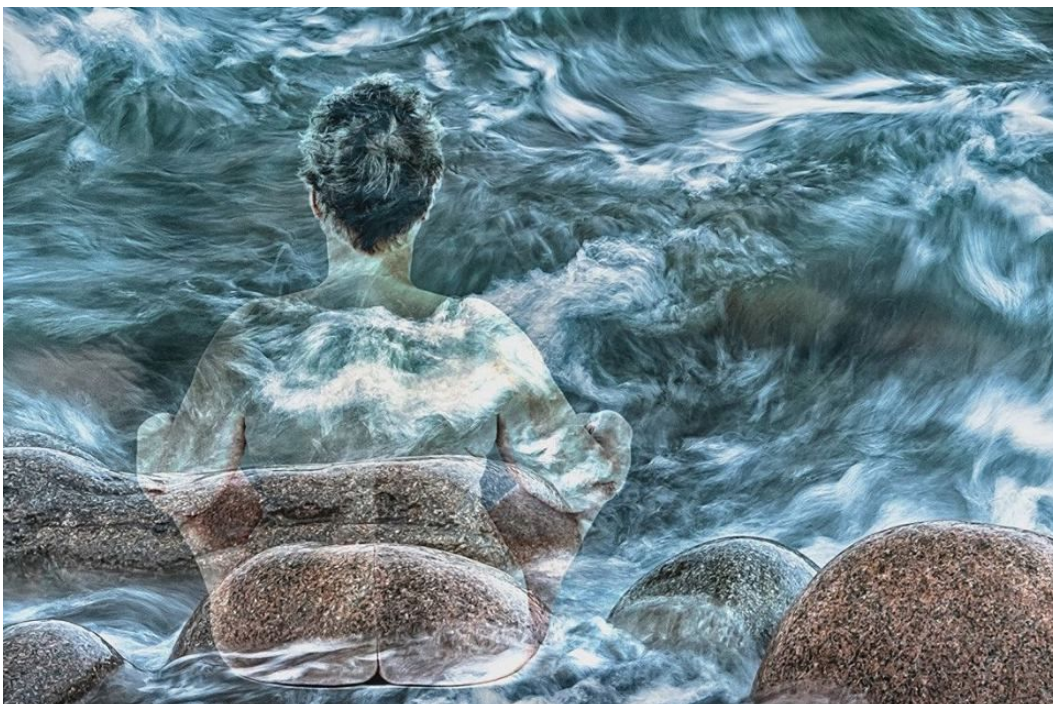
Even the most vigilant seeker easily gets caught in a net of imagination as one attempts to make sense of emptiness by imposing what seems to be meaning upon it. We live layers deep in an always presently appearing interdependent melange of reference and referral that concocts a cogent and relevant world space where we dwell as pursuers and hopeful recipients of life, liberation, and the pursuit of emptiness.

This noble yoga occurs in the midst of a social experiment marred by competition, abuse of wealth, and repression of the very inalienable rights we are said to possess - it doesn't make much sense. Perhaps the only way to justify the pervasive mind control and incarceration of so many innocent victims of so many crimes of state is to filter the pain of all our injustices and concentrate on our own sorrows and grief to get through the days that constitute the life.

We are so easily amused by and smitten with the dream-scape of our personal deficits that we simply have no time or interest in exploring the nature of consciousness, presuming it to be a given. Presuming ourselves and our experience to be givens.

One must be invited to wonder; does liberation appear in my life or does my life appear in liberation? Without this simple question we remain as sheep counting sheep in our own somnambulism and indifferent to the inherent mysticism that might actually free us from mediocrity.

No one's life amounts to much, such insight is just as liberating as it is deflating. If we take our cues and validation from the dubious distractions of the world, what can we hope to gain? If we risk complete failure for the sake of emptiness, who knows what gifts might be waiting.



Spoofed by the Sacred

The root of discontent lies in the imagination that there is something other than you.

We may identify with the body, but we know that it is other. We may languish in thought and imagination, but are never satisfied there. Some other place than here, some other time than now are other, other than you.

Our faith in god is other, our wish to receive blessings from a divine incarnation is other, our pursuit of wealth or power or a private line to the ascended masters is other.

We toil to get, rather than seek to understand the cessation of need. Even the lofty pursuit of happiness and peace is other, other than you. There is no end to the dance of craving, the anticipation of what's next for me.

We are driven by the false god of need, and we justify our greed and pride out of fear and the sickness of entitlement. These unconscious forces of insufficiency and mistrust shape the baroque ornamentation of our restless souls. Thus troubled, we exhaust ourselves with a thousand silent justifications for why we are what we are and why we do what we do.

We are construed by an incessant reflex for rebuttal, we quarrel with everything, we neglect the silence that's so, we writhe in an unforgiving loop of self-rejection; all the progeny of the myth of other.

We've been spoofed by the sacred to imagine that present experience justifies the existence of self and the regrettable misfortune of otherness.

To see that there is nothing other than you amounts to a transcendent welcoming, such is cessation of need and the end of fear. No reference need be made to this revelation, no claim is possible, to whom would you make it?



Proud of our Pride of Self

Most of the journey one takes from wherever you imagine yourself to be, all the way to the promised land of enlightenment is littered with constructive deconstruction.

Constructive in that one's life-long consideration of personal freedom has some relative utility as it pertains to exhausting all the justifications you have for being who you take yourself to be.

Deconstruction in that one's presumed sense and pride of self can be seen to be constructed of and construed by an incomprehensible set of elaborate symptoms held as inarguable evidence for what reality is and how "I" roll in it.

In this context what is referred to as yoga or shamanic alchemy is a journey of attention, of the divination of experiential textures, of self-reflection without conclusion. If we dare open the Pandora's Box of ourselves all sorts of demons will take flight. Even if we manage to avoid the temptation, life will treat us to a sumptuous feast of disappointment and disorientation.

Our reflex is to respond to consciousness and experience as evidence for self-existence. Then, finding a steaming hot dung pile of objectionable sensation and sentiment, we supplicate whomever or whatever might be out or in there to listen to our well-crafted complaints in hopes of some relief.



Thus we remain unconsciously and somewhat innocently in the grips of a multi-valent mirage of self and worse, we remain proud of our pride of self. If I am the body, if I am these thoughts, if I am an eloquent bundle of knowledge and anticipation, it goes on – if I am anything at all, the spontaneous holographic encrustation of individuation in 3D smell-o-vision is all over me like ticks on a white-footed mouse.

One would hope that such a blueprint for personal misery would be enough to shake most people out of their tree in search of a useful remedy, but it's not. The tenacity and temerity of human hubris has no functional limits, which makes it kind of difficult for sincere seekers to find friends among this teeming throng of pulsating methane sacs we call "each other".

If there is a remedy, and one hopes there is, it would have to be intimidatingly irreverent and sufficiently threatening to our habit for being proud of our pride of self, otherwise there will be no traction. Without some constructive threat looming over our inflated heads we remain on the hamster wheel of self-infatuation and discontent.

What you care to do about yourself when it comes to secular and spiritual disappointment is up to you, it's not really, but it may as well be since neither perspective adds much to the discovery process. We can all wax on poetic using 10¢ words and lofty lifts from ancient teachings, but it has to become more intimate, there needs to be some skin in the game if you are ever to be willing to see through the ruse of yourself.

Got a call from Rick Archer

Lake Galeena was particularly magnificent this evening. A local storm cloud gathered over the glistening water suspended in an otherwise sunlight sky. Little by little the tease of rain blossomed into a full tilt sun shower. The lake morphed into sentience as rain pelted the water's surface lifting each drop's impact into light.

A blue heron, wings wide, drifted in for a soft landing just behind where I was standing to marvel at the fixation of it all. Lightening's silver thread pierced the gray canvas above the trees following the storm's retreat birthing a wave of rolling thunder that shook the air hitting me in my ribs, my grateful ribs. The lazy setting sun sank below the cloud line opposite the now drenched lake sketching a full rainbow across the sky, nature's OM.

My phone rang, "Hello, this is Rick Archer, I'm looking for the Night Sky Sangha guy," the caller said in a friendly voice. I stammered with surprise trying to hide my labored swallowing replying, "Yes, this is the Night Sky Sangha guy, I am surprised to hear from you, but delighted just the same, how can I be of service?"

"I'm glad I got you, a Batgap subscriber who knows of you gave me your cell number, so I took the liberty to call after a brief tour of your FaceBook page," Rick continued.

I was so excited I abruptly interrupted Rick in mid sentence and started telling him about my spiritual history, my inspiration for facilitating the Night Sky Sangha, bits and pieces about all my gurus, the cults I had to escape, the ashrams I was asked to leave, my recovery journey, the deep depressions, the dark night period, teaching yoga at Omega, my bodywork practice in Brooklyn, leaving LA for the Arizona desert to escape a psycho-therapist who wished to couch me (strictly professional), meeting Adyashanti in the early days of his career, kicking back with J. Krishnamurti, getting reamed out by Ramesh in New York City, deep talks with Joseph Goldstein, climbing Arunachala, meditating in Ramakrishna's room at Dakshineswar, being surrounded by thousands of turkeys with opalescent blue eyes just before Thanksgiving on a Vimala Thakar retreat in Marblehead, time spent in jail for sword cane possession, rolling a tractor off a hill backwards, and all about my mini strokes which I have always embraced as kundalini experience: I must have gone on and on for about 15 minutes when nearly out of breath I said, "Oh sorry for going on like that, I guess you wanted to talk about an interview date?"



Then a measured pause from the other end and Rick clears his throat, "A hem, well I'm a little embarrassed now, I didn't call to offer you an interview, in fact I called to tell you that you're an asshole!" Click, dial tone, nothing, stunned silence.

Be careful what you wish for.

Queueless, Clueless, and Cueless

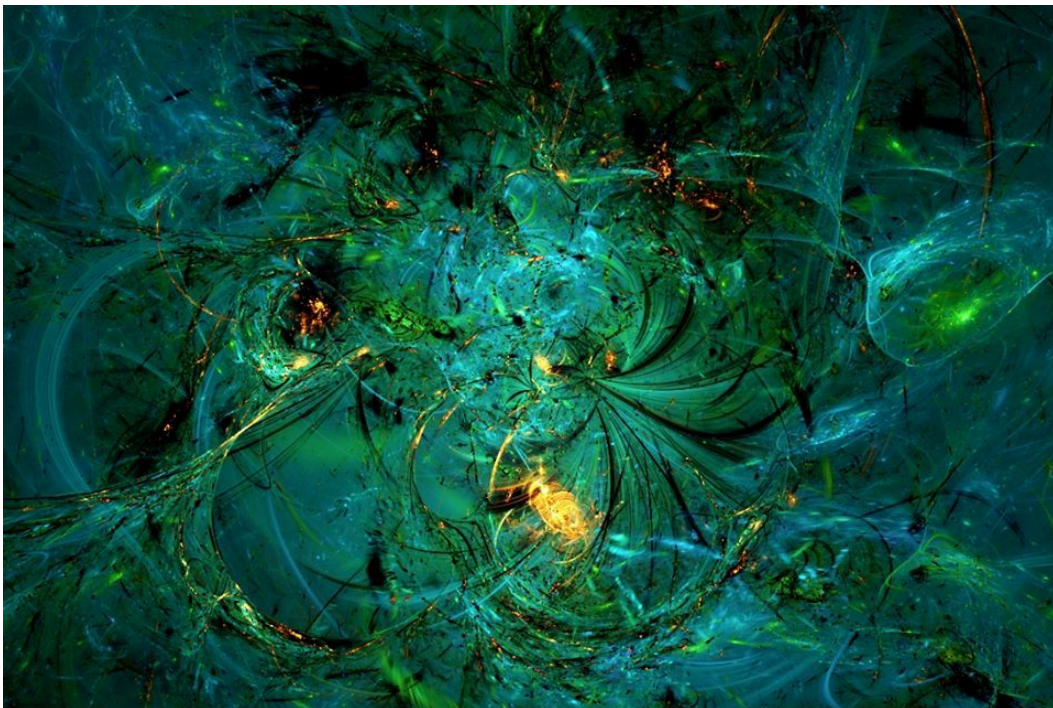
Queueless, Clueless, and Cueless is not a law firm. It's a prescription for liberation. It's not as good as cowbell, nothing is, but it's not so bad, really.

If you find yourself on a queue, a spiritual queue, you're waiting and wanting for something to happen to you, something that hasn't happened already, and that means you have come to some conclusion about reality and your place in it. Whatever it was, or whatever it is now, it's a bad idea, it's a mistaken conclusion, even if it wasn't yours.

Clueless is by most accounts, not where you want to be, at least in the eyes of a sociopathic society, like the one that reared you. When it comes to cracking the code of consciousness however, clueless is the only place to linger, perfectly undefended ambiguity is the gateway to intelligence.

Taking your cues from anything appearing in consciousness is what has you living in a fools paradise, your paradise. An impersonal shimmer of sentient wonder fills your lungs, it pulse waves your heart, it reverberates without pause or fatigue in the cathedrals of your mind, it sets the tone for what you take yourself to be, it convinces you that you live at the pleasure of finite boundaries.

It's not merely ecstasy that you're after, most fools can dial that in with a little bit of ingenuity. If you have your sights set high, set on the absolute; it would be wise to be queueless, clueless, and cueless.



Captivating, isn't it?

One wishes to be released from the imposition of smallness. In this context small does not refer to size, it refers to scope. It's an issue of inclusion and exclusion and how those rule your sense of self, the bandwidth and focus of your being.

Without reaching too far into imagination it is easily observed that one dwells in multiple realms, each a scintillating miracle of self-less expression. There's the multi-verse, the gaseous space, the spiraling galactic, the solar embrace, the planetary plenum, the magic of atmosphere, the terrestrial mantle, the spray of the sea, the fire below, the permafrost above, the photonic, the atomic, the molecular, the chemistry, nutrient transfer, the mitochondria, glandular glissade, locomotion, emotion, self-reflection, futurification, pastidigitating preoccupation, and the curious presumption of "I".

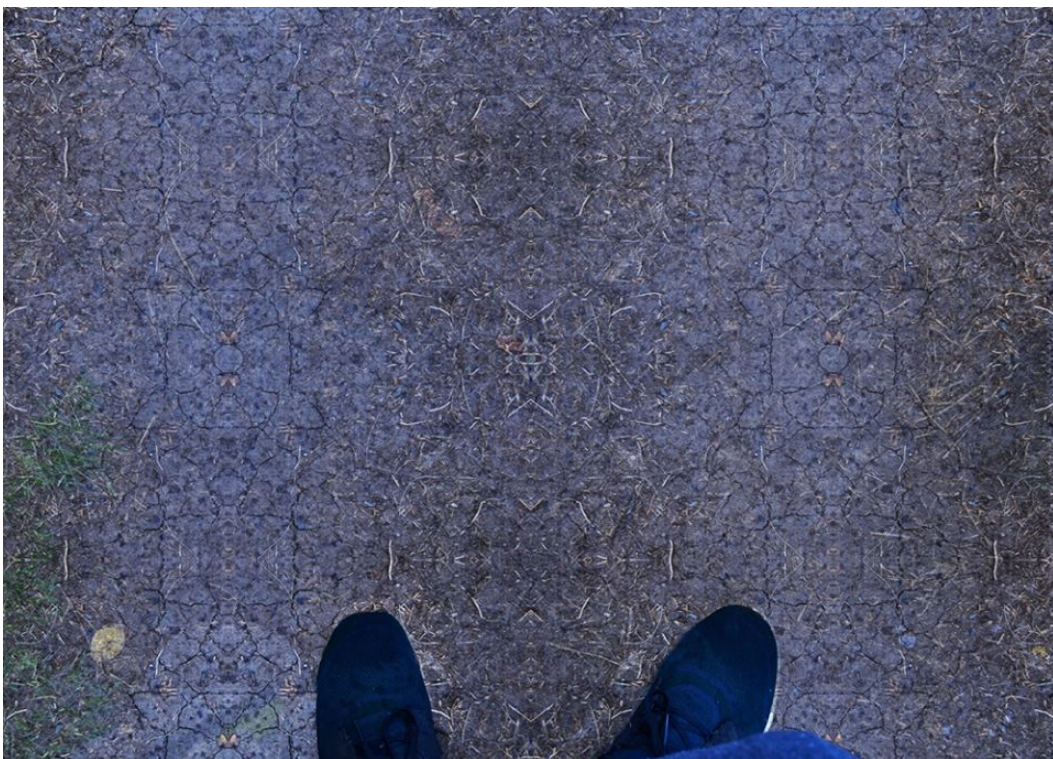
In each of these realms and thousands more that remain unnamed there lies an effervescent and inexhaustible pool of epiphany which does not sleep, it merely nourishes. To see first hand that the apparent trilogy of nourishments nourishing the nourisher are one and the same is yoga.

If we look at our life as a sentient adaptogen exploring what there is to be felt, we can intuit consciousness in a fearless and cooperative light. We might even hold hands and sing a few bars of Kumbaya while the great human machines of ignorance, exploitation, and spiritual corruption turn their swords into plowshares and solar panels.

To have such imaginative power, an opposable thumb, and technological prowess and fail to use these sacred gifts for the sustenance and betterment of all is our great failing as a species. Though it's no fault of our own, still the promise of ecstasy and our failure to mature is lamentable.

The sensual allures. Consciousness does gyre and gimple in the wabe of incessant delight, enthrallment, and streaming novelty. Maybe we can attribute our failure to cultivate multi-cultural affection to the pain of smallness, to the limited scope of our sense of self and what there is to do with this fecund harvest of absolute wonder.

We are held swoon by the ways in which we imagine ourselves to exist and what we can expect from this curious miracle we call experience. Captivating, isn't it?



It had to be you

That your present experience is made of ecstasy which morphs quite naturally into extinction generally evades you. The realizer has no problem being themselves, blemishes and all, as they are no longer captivated by the symptoms of experiencing, they know themselves to be extinction itself.

It's not the words that matter all that much since you can accuse any word of meaning what you wish it to mean, within reason of course; it's the revelation that matters.

The revelation occurs when the cacophony of consciousness ushers the flame of attention beyond its common conclusion, that of being a creature bound by mind. An unutterable distancing or constructive depersonalization occurs slowly and suddenly that erases the imaginary boundary of personal continuity and releases the flame of attention from shortsightedness.

What remains is oblitative novelty; clinging fails, the sense of self yields to wonder, the world and all experiencing reveals in absolute transparency. Your problems remain, why shouldn't they, it's the owner that's left town.

This very moment turns out to be the best possible appointment with revelation. Your past is just a goodbye and your future never actually arrives, so you're perpetually unstuck in whatever the present might be. What masquerades as self is the captivating nature of ideation which claims experiencing to be its own.

No effort or anticipation can be of any assistance since you are already living as ecstasy, seemingly blotted out of view, but never absent. Pardon the paradox, but your absence is never absent. Presence is the artifact of absence.

Sit a spell, take a load off, loiter as if your life depended on it. All along, this whole time; it had to be you.

With all your faults I love you still
It had to be you, wonderful you
It had to be you



Cop'n a feel

Why should anything be different than the way that it is? Don't strain on this one, it's because of the way that it feels.

Whether we're referring to physical suffering or existential suffering it's all the same. One's field of self including sensate and sentimental impulse takes its cues from how things feel. This is unavoidable, even if you're well adjusted.

The demands of our biology must be met, or we fail to thrive. Even that conclusion is marginally true, we're at 7.5 billion, adding about 100,000+ new bodies each day and the % of us thriving is arguably quite low.

It's not so difficult to see that enlightenment speak is a philosophical privilege of relatively few, itself a paradox as the deep teachings were spawned and have endured in the midst of abject poverty the world over.

The overwhelming amount of secular and spiritual garbage out there is a testament to our capacity for self-deception. We dwell in our own imaginations under a grand canopy of denial, denial of the observable demonstration of that very imagination.

Whether we're pursuing sensual delights, avoidance of pain, healing from enmeshment and abandonment wounds, cash flow management, existential validation, addiction and blame, emotional amelioration, or non-duality; we're just cop'n a feel. We're trying to make this "feeling" go away or stay longer, no matter what it is, it's because of the way that it feels.

If I may, how free do you want to be?
Is your idea of freedom having the cash and good health to avoid insecurity and that pesky refrain of subliminal panic? Is success and celebrity and recognition and psychic insight on your dance card?

Maybe your spiritual aspirations are connoisseur like? Do you want to know what Ramana knew, or others like him? I sure hope there is a Nisargadatta meet-up near where you live, or a teleconference with one of many experts in functional non-duality. Even after you "awaken" these generous souls are happy to help you with integration, they will annuitize you at every turn.

Were it to dawn on you that realization might imply freedom from how this feels, are you still in?



Vedic Möbius strip from hell

Roger Castillo presents Ramesh Balsekar's fatalistic destiny driven sack of neo-advaita horseshit with grace and humorless authority.

This teaching is a passive-aggressive Hindu-centric chauvinistic mansplaining crack-smoking pile of lakshmi dung that pretends to be a portal for liberation (aka the end of suffering) by pretending to know more about the doer and the non-doer than you do.

Roger has it so well sewn up and glued together with a "listen-up class" sort of tedious pedantry it would take a hummer driven by a groundhog over and over and over again to break the spell.

Roger's skillful indulgence in prideful cosmology referencing the big bang, Stephen Hawking, the mechanistic monotone of thought, and all the clever conclusions hidden surreptitiously behind a glacier wall of chilled to the point of tasteless "concepts" has neither magic nor any innate satisfaction to be worth pursuing.

We were doing Ramesh back in the 80's when it was thrilling to delve into the startling wisdom handed down the chain from a whole bunch of Sri's including Sri Siddharameshwar Maharaj (1888-1936) and then Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj (1897-1981) and now in the hands of Sri Roger Dodger blathering through an over-modulating dollar-store blue-tooth speaker sounding more like an old shellac 78 than a human in the same room as you.

Look, humans are good at one thing and one thing only, self-deception. I've never met a human who wasn't a master of the craft. So, though Roger is a likable guy and probably gives good cone, his well crafted exposition of Ramesh's teachings turns out to be a Vedic Möbius strip from hell - if you step in there it will be decades before you come out, if you ever do, and then wonder why it didn't work out as you'd hoped.

Liberation is much simpler than Roger would have you believe, and yet every generation of seeker phuckers deserve the cul-de-sacs they inevitably traverse. To be fair, the sweet absence of self is palpable in the Maltese' Satsang, it's just that the rambling hypotheticalism is so boring you're forever dancing around the verge of your perpetually unfulfilled destiny.

Let's cut to the chase, sacred and ever transcendent ambiguity portrays itself as something found; it takes up residence in its own incestuous hallucination as the felt sense of self. If you fail to notice this you are a sitting duck for advaita gurus.



If you do notice it, it won't be long before it spits you out like a spent plug of saliva saturated chewing tobacco on a street with no name - and that's when this gets interesting.

I could always bring the Gerbil

As is common these days, and glad that it is, are paganistic celestial angelic Peruvian chant and fire rituals given by your local Intergalactical Shaman to guide you into the multidimensional source sound, which activates your codes of awakening and facilitates the Ascension Process.

I am not making this shit up people, this is a friendly lift off an event brochure from a local community of star seekers, the kinds of folks that are ushering in a new consciousness. You may want to dig into your closet and drag out that purple jump suit, you're gonna need it,

I'm not trying to be snarky here, I imagine that most communities harbor a coven or two of crones and hofgothi that can whip up a cosmic hootenanny with no sweat. We're not that special here in Bucks County.

In fact, we had one just the other day on the lazy summer banks of the Delaware River. The invitation was a bit way out there, even for my sensibilities, but the instructions were to the point:

- Bring a dish to share for pot luck
- Bring your own drum or rattle
- \$10 per person
- Please bring an offering for the fire

I had fresh strawberries, vegan almond vanilla cream, a small djembe and a rain stick, a five and five ones, and - I guess I could always bring the Gerbil.



A chance meeting with Chicken Little

While minding my own business sittin' outside the Doylestown Starbucks nursing a triple, venti, half sweet, non-fat, caramel macchiato doing some decent noticing and getting high on cosmic free-basing I see a familiar shadow.

Unmistakable; thin legs, spindly toes spread wide, neatly tucked wings, a casual strut, a quick burst of forward movement, back to casual strut, tufted hair, a quiet and measured clucking. A formidable presence approaches my table.

"Jeeze, it's been a while my friend," I exclaim. "It's good to see you Chicken, Chicken Little, you look marvelous!"

"Hey Guy," he says, "I've been looking for you." In the Zendo my fellow satori-ests call me Mr. Night, but Chicken and I go way back, so Guy is perfectly appropriate.

"Zup homo?" Chicken asks. He's always been a touch off on his slang and I take no notice. "Not much Chicken. You know, ridin' the rails, chillin' with my hose-bag, takin' care o'business, micro-dosing on nirvana, the usual," I say, clearly not so good myself with contemporary jazzy vernacular.

"Well," Chicken whispers. "I got it on some good authority from some rooster dudes over at the feed store that some really strange shit is going down." "Do tell Chicken," I say as I lean closer, "What kinda strange shit is going down?"

Chicken does a quick circular strut and shouts out a boastful ba-gaak before sitting back down. "You know about the founding Fathers, and the Bill of Rights, and the three branches of gov't, and the fourth estate, and the necessity for plurality, for forgiveness, for participatory representation, and human rights, spiritual fortitude, progressive taxation, racial equality, distribution of wealth, environmental sustainability, corporate transparency, consumer protections, single-payer Medicare for all, emoluments, the right to privacy, election tampering, the deep state, vaccine safety, the revolving door, building 7, rapid onset climate disruption, that other Guy, Megyn and Alex, Fox news, the one tenth of one percent, the.....," I respectfully interrupt, "Yes, Chicken, I'm picking up what you're putting down. That's some pretty strange shit indeed." I say.



"That ain't even half the tain't of it," Chicken says, I nod in agreement as I have always done with Chicken over the years even if I'm not perfectly sure what he means. "And I'm not talkin' 'bout no prostate," Chicken clucks with a knowing flip of the quaff.

"Dude, Guy, listen to me man, this is no bullshit, this is happening, man, it's happening right cluckin' now, in your face, up your pooter, all over, every corner, in the dark and in the light, on the cushion, and on the factory floor - this is real man!"

I am stunned, the full force of Chicken's message hits me, and hits me hard, my face goes white, my jaw slacks, coffee stained drool falls from my frozen lips, I don't dare utter it, but I can't avert my gaze and I say to Chicken, "Do you mean, do you really think....?", and Chicken sees that I see and that in that moment he knows that I know that he knows that I can see what he's saying about what we both now know and it's perfectly clear to both of us like at the same time and we both know that it is without saying a word!

Chicken gets up from the table, fluffs it all out, stands on one leg for a moment and then the other, and says. "Guy, you know me, I don't agitate lightly, I don't abuse anyone's attention, I mean what I mean and I say what I say, and Guy?" "Yes Chicken?" I say.

"Guy," Chicken says, "The Constitution is falling," and he walks away.

Messianic Heroic Paternalism

Enlightenment is only as good as the sales job. At best, that's as far as your imagination can take you; at worst, you become enrolled in yet another carrot of anticipation. Every approach and every promise is a miasma of implication that feeds your imagination with an endless stream of what if's. What if's about me.

You see, self-interest and self-consideration and self-absorption all conspire to seduce your attention away from what's nakedly present. Thus you take up some hallucinatory residence in your own imagination leap frogging from thought to thought and failing to establish a relationship with what's actually so, your relationship is perpetually second-hand and intimacy disordered.

What turns out to be the problem, if there is one, is you. You're the problem, not what's happening or not happening according to your wishes, no - that's just the default mode of life being disagreeable.

Life is disagreeable, well what else is new? Tell me something I don't know. Instead of trying to make your life agreeable, see if you can wiggle free of the original problem, you.

Were sensation just sensation, were thoughts empty of subject and implication, if you found a way to replace your interest in thinking with a palpable curiosity for presence without narrative; would that suit your purposes?

Craving is the predictable outgassing of my life as a creature; craving and resistance, resistance and justification, justification and hope, hope and despair, despair and craving - repeat. When they talk about getting off the wheel this is what they are referring to, it's not about reincarnation, it's about one's present experience.

Most of the shit we hear from gurus and their ilk is just another insult, just another round of messianic heroic paternalism, selling enlightenment by the pound. The near impossible to avoid pitfall for the

seeker is the understandable pursuit of allaying existential angst, but this is not possible as long as the annuity of self remains foremost as one's cherished identity.

You must find your way to a new vocabulary that refuses the didactic of creature-hood and hypothetical-ism by emphasizing the metaphors that celebrate uncertainty and liquidation, the revelation of impossibility, and buoyant disinterest.

Terence McKenna did his very best to warn us about toxic male dominated culture hoping that plant and synthetic medicines designed by the creator herself to open the doors of perception might enable homo 'stupid-any colored-male' sapiens to inhabit realms of intelligence that would demand sustainability and wealth equality. So far, not so good.

When it comes to your journey of awakening, don't fall into the trap of becoming, including becoming enlightened. It's simpler than that.



Undefended Existential Incompetence

Waking up is not what you think, how could it be? Your competency is what keeps you in the tape loop of craving and the willful exercise of your counterfeit free will.

The insatiable predilection of mind loves to imagine vignette after vignette, so many in any given span of memory that you can't recall what you've thought and felt with any precision, and you don't really need to since you are engulfed with fantasy as a steady diet of self.

This magical siddhi does itself, you can't shake it. You are compelled by nothing other than your fate-less fate to fulfill your lifetime's worth of un-fulfillment as you tough out the suffering and irritability that surely accompany you with the same loyalty your shadow has on a sun drenched afternoon.

All the suffering and all the attempts to end suffering simply follow you everywhere you go - you are not in control of how you roll, you are more likely a walk-in with a walk-on part in a B movie, even if your name begins with a different letter.

You'd like to presume that your inherent competency will see you through, everyone else seems to be holding it together and manifesting the bare minimum (or more) to earn the respect of their peers so they can say "Yes" to life. "Well what the hell happened to me?" wrote Bruce Hornsby.

All the while you were steering the course of your life, it never dawned on you that you were playing air wheel; veering left, hard right, taking the straight and steady road to certain satisfaction. If that's still working out for you, keep your hand on the wheel and keep making the desired course corrections by all means. I've got nothing for you, no one does.



If by chance you have run out of luck and pride and certainty, who knows what's possible when you use up your last drop of confidence and "I believe in myself".

All our lives we avoid, like the plague, a certain destiny; that terrible moment when we are invited to face our existential incompetence. Undefended existential incompetence is what this is, any other promise be it secular or spiritual is a lie.

If you get tangled up in the vernacular of spiritual accomplishment and amelioration, of insight, of living as love, of radiant presence, of traveling

lighter, of awareness, of consciousness, of turning it around, of falling open, of any phucking thing that you adopt as a sure way to fulfillment you're gonna turn that into an object faster than you can refuse it, thus you remain enchanted with the aching for an event that will never arrive.

You come to failure here, now, and not through knowledge or practice or reference or transmission even. Undefended existential incompetence eats you alive.

Not a moment more

There's always more and other and more and other, inescapable. Sometimes we are enthralled with more and other, sometimes we can't take a moment more, not a moment more; good luck with that.

Does our instinct for happiness take aim at more and other, or do we secretly crave some sacred cessation, some release from ourselves; not a moment more?

One among 7.5 billion we amount to 0.0000000133%. In our own mind we are a singularity of sensation and becoming and experiential tenacity. Give me more, more and other, more and other.

What arises as preference and determination could quite possibly be an impersonal force; an impulse field having nothing to do with us, insistent without cause or destination. It's articulation, mysterious and without author, compels a functional or local identity.

The schizophrenic nature of attraction and aversion are symptoms of this effusion, they are not to be disrespected and disregarded as willful causes of unsatisfactoriness.

It turns out you are always the last to know. Though you may claim choice and agency, those are way downstream of what's actually happening, as if something were actually happening, and what might that be?

We turn reflexively to a narrative informed by specious and absurd presumptions of culture and superstition held out as undeniable truths and this is the basis for our profound discontent.

Here, in our finest hour. Here, in our failure to abide in creative intelligence the pressure of accelerating distraction and distortion may very well be driving us all mad.



Intrinsic Schizophrenia

What you are is what you have. What you think, is not what you are. What you want is This, irrefutably free from projection and thought, though you may not know that yet.

Everyone can use a marital counselor to soften the contention between you and yourself. It's a matter of intrinsic schizophrenia; you dwell as two when there is really only one and the one, once seen, yields to nothing all by itself without any prompting from the likes of you. That is what you want because that is what you are, nothing in all its glory!

I'll try not to be so cryptic. The root of being has no problem with itself, the problem arises with the genesis of the possessor of being. So you have a formidable schizophrenic split, since you are magically aware of both portrayals. The primary root of being is This That Is, irrefutably so. The secondary is the virtual identity of self, the Possessor of all that arises including what we call mind and body and the capacity to impute the past and the future.

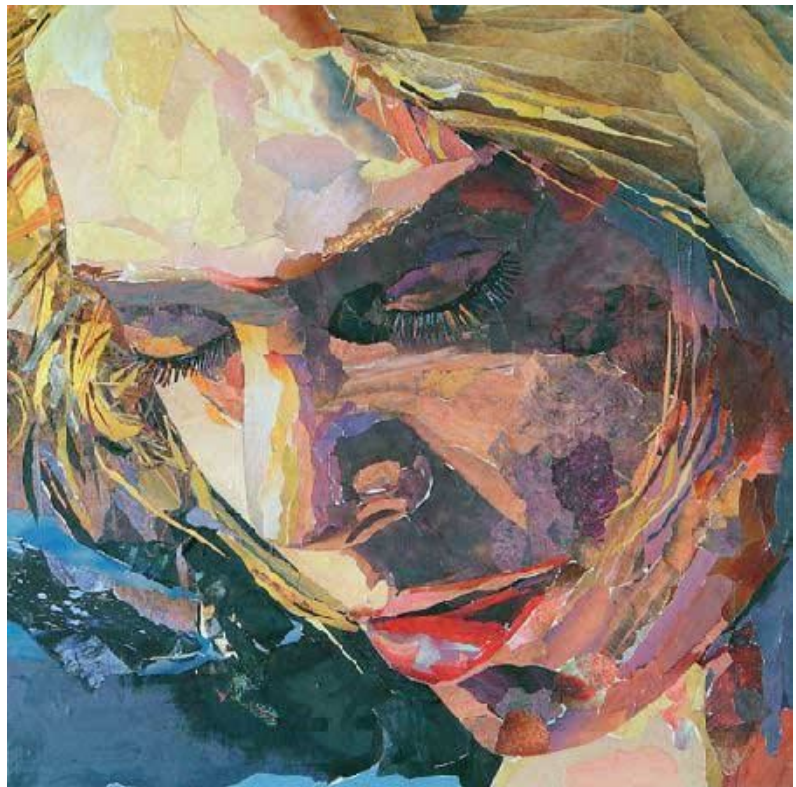
Being is chill, the Possessor is insane. One's suffering, at least psychologically speaking, can be measured by the distance between Being and the Possessor, such distance is etheric mind you, there is no unit of measure.

One's realization, at least psychologically speaking, can be measured immeasurably of course, by the absence of any distance between Being and the Possessor, which revelation is synonymous with the healing of our intrinsic illness - the cessation of the Possessor.

All yoga, all psychotropic medicine, all angelic readings and consultations with ascended spooks, Vipassanā, mindfulness, mantra, and chanting, everything delightful and otherwise aim for the realization of Being.

As one pursues and is pursued by this inevitability, the habit of narrative, the drama of the Possessor, the impulse of attention seeking, the irritability of being two; all acquiesce to the profound intelligence of silence and stillness.

From silence the soul arises: Gregory
Gallardo



Presence for nothin' and your bliss for free

We're compelled to convince ourselves of something. Day in and day out we dwell in artificial meanings just to avoid the sweet void of ourselves, the causeless joy of being.

Our culture is compelled by the same intrinsic restless mediocrity, troubled to the core from the banality of self and other; a steady diet of contention and quiet misery.

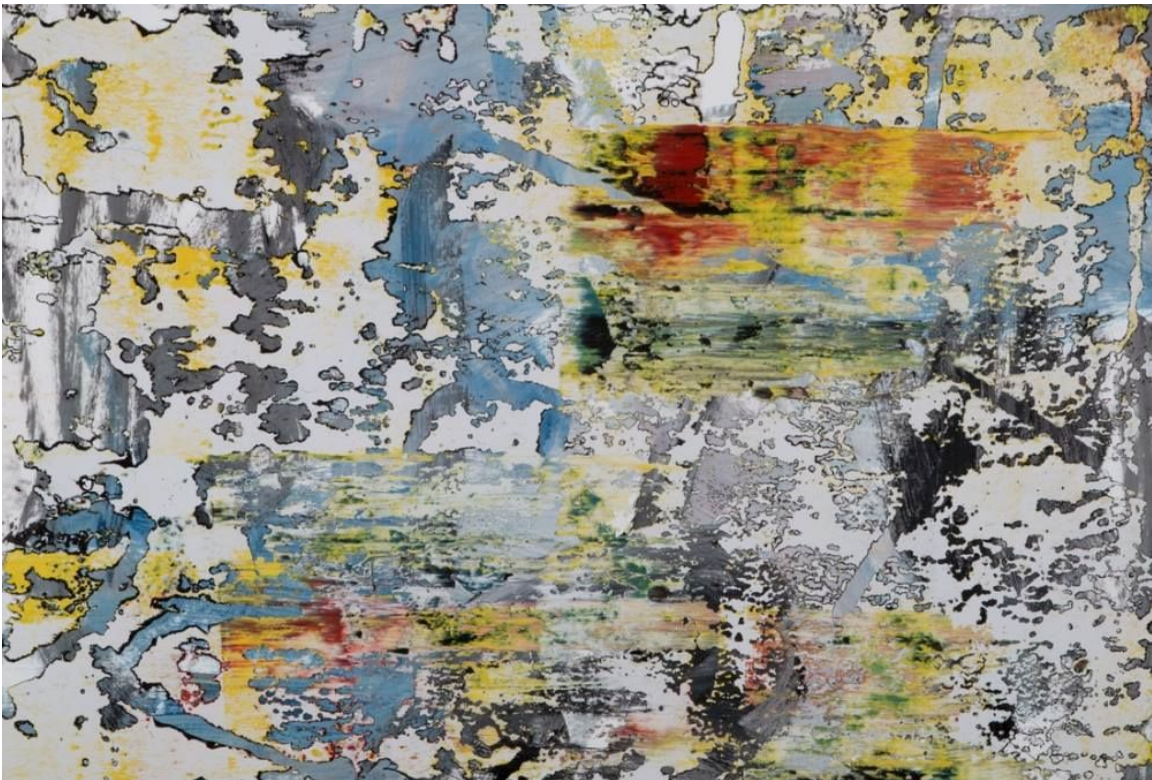
The radical abrupt climate change observers make the case for farming as the seed of civilization, the genesis of our soon to be eventual demise. Who knows, consciousness is not privy to its own emergence or meaning for that matter, such certainty is best left to experts.

The native functionality of biological systems is surely not a matter of free-will or one's loyalty to efficiency; we are being done and just because a mind is capable of making claims about its own role in all this, such claim is unfounded.

If you fail to make the time for timelessness, that is your privilege. By the time you realize that all your excuses amounted to nothing, the last coat of lacquer is drying on your coffin.

I want my, I want my, I want my flight to thee. Look at them yogis, that's the way you do it, sittin' on a deerskin underneath a tree, that ain't workin' that's the way you do it, presence for nothin' and your bliss for free.

Water Lily Pond of Life: Da Huang and Shan Zuo



Just another Guru Purnima

Out visiting the folks on LI this weekend. She's 86, just had cataract surgery, he's 91, a bit transparent in all respects. We decided to stay another night at the Plainview Holiday Inn just off the LIE and paid full price for it, but chose to remain in the original budget room so we didn't have to move our stuff. It's not all that much; the luggage, the toiletries, the supplements, the laundry, the laptop, and the CPAP, but still.

I asked Meena at the front desk if we could get a breakfast voucher for offering to stay in the budget room after paying for the higher price room. OK, maybe it's a Jewish thing I admit, but I am visiting my folks on Long Island so my accent always changes a bit and I become more deal conscious, chalk it up to conditioning.

Meena says no and I am just about to remind her that it is Guru Purnima hoping she'll change her mind, but I refrain and realize that Guru Purnima is more about generosity than it is about washing the master's feet in rose water and then sipping this holy prasad from the cauldron after a hand full of Om's and Swaha's.

Then a friend tells me that Paul Hedderman remarked that he didn't realize how many people I pissed off after someone he is going to co-present with allegedly mentioned my name, probably in a less than affectionate manner. So I send Paul a text on Guru Purnima of course saying something like, "I heard that someone is trash talkin' my street cred, phuckin' gurus are so thin skinned. Miss you."

The other day we were sitting at a bar by an inlet to the Great South Bay reading some Karl Renz and eating fresh catch fish sandwiches on garlic buttered brioche and rinsing it down with a double sweet vermouth when a couple of swans pulled up with their young, that was my Guru Purnima visitation from Peter Brown.

You think you know what this is, you think you know what you are, you even think you know what you want to make this feel better; you don't. Until you see that your Guru is a supernova encased in a human body, you don't know shit.

I may tease Gurus and teachers because someone needs to, it's all for fun. But make no mistake, not that it matters to you of course; I am a devotee, a bit grumpy sometimes, but the aspiration is true.

I'll take the dust of nearly anyone's feet, at least today I will, it's in my nature. I sure hope there is something in your life that evokes a worshipful mood and reminds you of the vastness of yourself.

The Vastness - Painter: Rick Vian



Complicit as two

After a while, if we're paying any attention at all, we become sick of being ourselves. We find ourselves as the unwitting victims of a thousand irritants, and that's a good number, for most of us it's worse.

I'm not talkin' to you enlightened folks out there, you can all just phuck off - if you're done with yourself, well I'm not worthy and I bow at your feet; just like Wayne and Garth worshiping Alice Cooper.

I'm talkin' to the folks who have a bit more consideration to do, the ones who actually engage with consciousness in real time to unravel the puzzle of being two. The ones who still pine from time to time for a day when realization might kiss them on the forehead and set them free from themselves - you know, real people.

So let's check it out, shall we? Present experience and the remarkable sensing of oneself as sentient availability does not come with any narrative. You have to pay extra for that, you have to supply the out-gasing of the neocortex to decide upon something being so.

Whatever it is; an opinion, a condition, a time before, a time hence, the sting of disappointment, the acquisition reflex, the reason why this and that, what you're going to do about this and that, your justification for everything felt, the science, the religion, the implication of it all, the accident or lack of there being any such thing - you supply the narrative.

The movement and arising of such narrative marks time and elucidates you as an individual, with rights and privileges and the magical ability to disagree with everything and anything in order to suffer what's not right about the world and your experience of the world. You generate the context and the content of an otherwise perfectly silent and nourishing mystery.

OK, so it's not quite so accurate to say you do it, you don't and can't actually do anything, while you do everything that you do, I don't really see the paradox in it, do you? The point being that besides the impersonal arising of what's referred to as narrative there is also the impersonal arising of identification as a self with the narrative, with the imagination of individuation and personal continuity, at least up to the point of your death.

We do a lot of fussing over what's happening, what isn't, what should, what shouldn't, what and how we feel about how we feel, what and how we think about what we think, it goes on and on if you haven't noticed. And all this prideful chatter is how we are complicit as two.

This might be worth seeing, or at least pretending to be interested in seeing it. Present experience is exactly liberation, you don't have to purify yourself or make spiritual progress, be given advantageous advice or solace. With the gradual and formidable cessation of narrative and the reflex to convince yourself of anything at all, you drop into your own nirvana.

Nirvana - Artist: RockChromatic



Is is not a what

Just the other day I ate several tablespoons of Trader Joe's mascarpone cheese right out of the container. Then I put a dollop in my coffee with some vanilla MCT oil and heavy cream. Not quite sated I rolled another generous serving inside a slice of seasoned roast beef and thought to myself, "Hmmm, now we're getting somewhere."

It's the same thing with enlightenment; a bissel this and a bissel that, nu, what is all the mishegas about, a shlemiel could get more nachas from a schmate covered in shmutz than a shlimazel could get from a maven with a big spiel; and you know what I'm talkin' 'bout Nofar.

Are you deep or are you shallow, are you sown or are you fallow, does a day come when you're not, a moment's notice be enough?

How does your mind make sense of yourself?

If you're cold there's a cardigan, hungry there's a hoagie, bored there's the bottle, slow there's the throttle. For every impulse one demands some reply, some implication, a strategy of sorts; dare I be without?

We may crave a remedy for what's not so, how will that ever amount to anything? Might it be a more satisfying discovery to see that understanding is not required? Shoes and shirts maybe, but understanding you can leave outside with your beach bike, ideally unlocked.

You've got to go Keto man; the brain is fat, the mind is carbs, starve the mind so your soul can eat your brain and show you shit immense.

If you were a what, then 'what's up' might make some sense, but if Is is not a what, what then?

Trapped in her own obsessions: Ina Mar



Breakthrough to what?

I like to eavesdrop in a psychic, or more aptly put, gossip kind of way on the spiritual progress of others, not so much for the invasion of it, but because I am not likely to make any spiritual progress myself, I have a vicarious craving for good and enviable news of any kind, even if it makes me painfully jealous.

My therapist has a word for this, but I blocked it.

Because consciousness can appear as if you're having an experience, or quite a few of them actually; some will be pleasant, most will be forgettable, but the ones that seem to stick for some reason only Rupert Spira knows, suck moose pellets.

We involuntarily define ourselves and the world and what's possible by virtue of our wound profile. How else would the self-help, recovery, and new age industry be worth billions? Think about it, just not for very long.

We lead these many lives of quiet desperation, intrinsically disenfranchised from ourselves behind a social patina of self-loathing, sinful temptation, a punishing god, and the awful pressure of conformity to one or other bullshit religion praying to the Mecca of cash six or more times a day. Sometimes I forget why I see my therapist, hoping some day to not need one, but now I just remembered why I'll always need one. Phuck.

Anyway, I write mostly to self-soothe, secondly to score a few likes, and thirdly ideally to someday be sought for my spiritual wisdom so I can quit my day job. Is it true, is it really true, who would you be without that thought?

Back to the breakthrough riff. On account of our steady diet of emotional discontent and our fear-based existential concerns for the future where we are going to suffer over and over again secretly but failingly hoping that we won't, any relief, however brief, is met with some excitement.

That's why, if we have a mentor or spiritual benefactor to talk to, we like to report upon our long sought after breakthrough's usually at a luncheon or satsang where there are other aspirants present so they can casually overhear us report on our new found spiritual understanding. Wouldn't you?

What we fail to notice, innocently enough, is that the spectral display of all and any experiencing can't actually have a breakthrough. Where would a breakthrough break through to? You guessed it, to more spectral ephemera without a cause or a pause or a place where spiritual enjoyment could possibly reside.

This is a more than magical multi-tiered, high def, smello and feelo-vision video game residing in absolute absence at the same time in the same place exactly as itself and that's why one's nirvanic thirst can be difficult to quench.

If you have made sense of anything, including your sovereign sense of self having a breakthrough, you have become, but not really, an effluent of absence dreaming.

I hope you understand if I fail to wish more breakthrough's upon you.

Breakthrough: Jan Tetsutani



erasure

Just in case you haven't noticed, it's awfully depressing to be a person. It's a matter of grace, like so many things are, like everything is. We med up to avoid the stale and gray walls closing in on us, always closing in on us. We cry out secretly hoping that someone or no one is listening; choking on our own shame, the wordless grief, the shock of absolute impotency.

With every breath the python squeezes what little we have left, what little remains of us; heading to non-existence, the wasteland of irrelevance. It's awfully depressing to be a person.

I'll just leave it at that for a while, simmer in it, ride the feeling without complaint, outrun the reflex to protest my own erasure.

Lead Kindly Light no. 2: William Kurelek



Neither underestimate nor remedy your imagination

I've seen my fair share of gurus, I'm not apologizing for it, but I'm not taking it too seriously either. Though shy by nature, I would invariably muster the courage to ask something like, "Hey Baba, what are my chances for liberation in this lifetime?" which inquiry was always met with a measured pause, a nearly imperceptible shake of the head, and a painfully poor excuse for kindness as they would remark, "Not bad, not great, but who am I to know?"

The first few times you hear it, it is unbearable, crushing to be frank. If you don't like the early diagnosis you go see someone else, someone who may have stronger medicine to improve your chances of success, someone who might say something like, "No worries, you're a shoo in for the ultimate!"

By the time you realize that the Advaita Booze Cruise has left the dock without you it's probably too late to do anything different or better to change the outcome of your mediocre karma from 'not likely' to 'winning'.

Such confrontation with spiritual despair leaves you with yourself, as you longingly wave goodbye to the happy minions that made it onto the boat in time, chugging out to sea in search of the horizon where realization surely resides; without you.

Don't fret, whatever you hoped realization might be, it's not. Whatever you hoped might happen to you, it won't. All one ever has is this compulsive dancing about storied by a bad idea, a bad idea of self. Consciousness doesn't ever amount to anything, and the way you feel it is just fine, how could it be otherwise?



In this game of sentient hide and seek it's useful to neither underestimate nor remedy your imagination. If you fail to see how remarkably involuntary your appearing is, you become prideful of thought and deed. If you struggle to suppress or outsmart yourself, you remain yourself.

The slightest hint or glint of knowledge or preference or implication incorporates you faster than you can protest, even a luxury cabin on the good ship Mooji won't help. With each breath, and even less than that, the breadth of personal delusion blossoms with no effort and consumes your attention.

As you saunter toward the marine themed bar n' grill, with the marlin on the wall and the whale hook dangling from the worn leather hands of a mannequin dressed in a yellow rain slicker, a smile cracks your salt chapped lips. The Advaita Cruise hit a wandering fragment from the Larsen C and you can hear the screams of the skipper and guests as the flimsy boat, made only of dreams, takes on water.

Epiphanic Saturation

Object dependent consciousness is Dukkha, it is unsatisfactory - that's what the Buddha meant by the colloquial expression that 'life is suffering'.

No more, no less. If you're a creature, no matter your socioeconomic class or academic letters or even if you own a lingam once in the possession of Da Free John, you are at odds consciously or otherwise with yourself. If you don't think so you're not paying attention, few people do.

Even if you have the luxury of money you are a wage slave, enslaved by the irritable irrefutability of your present experience, of a consciousness you never signed up for, racked with the grief of time and implication, of what you've been and what you will become.

Driven mad by the compulsion to continue to exist, we put on a happy face and make the best of it all, maybe we even stoop to meditation or some similar self-soothing ritual to calm the indignation of the myth of myself.

The religions lie, as do the scientists and economists, the gurus hide behind an ochre patina of absorption or clever sociopathic commentary on everything they know nothing about. I know a few, you likely do too.

So what's a seeker phucker gifted with an impenetrable self loathing to do? You think the Buddha was confronting Mara under the Bodhi tree? Bullshit, the Buddha was writhing in his own disdain for his own experiencing and all the visionary fussing about was poetic license for burning off the karma of separative existence.

At some point in your apologetic journey you must confront the fact, as did the Buddha, that you are a shaman, that you are a yogi, and that your path is not to exceed at enjoying the world, but to find your asana, the front row seat at your own roast as you melt and molt under the ever watchful eye of the sacred.

Face it, most people just phuck around and have opinions about shit, they're useless to you. Consciousness will not validate you, not ever. You want what this is, you'd better prepare yourself for epiphanic saturation.

Untitled: Michael Jermyn via Wit's End Blog



Slipping out of the bodysuit of self

Now that we're all closer to death than we were a moment ago, it might be time to dispense with all that has been said about things and embrace our innate heresy.

Approaching realization as an event 'still due' is the sole and clever strategy of the ghost of self. Let's say there are two observations that can be made about this life, neither of which we have or had anything to do with, the first being the nature or presence of phenomenal expression as the felt textures of experiencing. Simply put, 'experience is' or as one of my favorite Gurus has remarked a few times between swigs from a whiskey bottle, 'experiencing, experiencing, experiencing'.

The second observation is the genesis and inescapable sense of "I"; on the one hand this url can refer to personalization such as "I" my body, my mind, my felt experience, my sentiments, my political loyalty, my stuff, my past, my present, my future, my spiritual and religious beliefs etc., and all these occur in and as thought, they are virtual acquisitions and projections, they are referential, they are the stuff of psychological time.

Oddly enough "I" can also refer to transcendental stupefaction which depersonalizes the entirety of the experiential field and deflates the ghost of self where it stands. Realization then is always and only exactly this, free from object dependency and narrative.

Once we put the body suit of self on, we try and wriggle free from it for the better part of a lifetime – that is forward yoga, becoming free of affliction and dukkha in the future through skillful means. The ghost of self loves that we entrain to forward yoga because forward yoga never works. It can't. Thus the ghost of self prevails in all its ephemeral glory.

The true essence then, of the left hand paths, is baby-step back yoga, simply take a baby-step back from donning the body suit of self in the first place and all the fetish evaporates. To some this can appear as stillness practice, and it can't hurt, but the subtlety of presence without personification is formidably evasive.

Where the rubber meets the road is the key to our plight and arc as aspirants for freedom. Are we still practicing forward yoga or have we come finally to the oasis of emptiness where we feel the cosmic refresh of baby-step back yoga?

One teacher may present with the pride of knowledge, another is a useless corner addict – one can liberate by loving either or both, ultimately neither, we evaporate as nothing other than This.



I Am Westworld

Are we not men? We are DEVO!

Everyone wants free will. Humans for sure, animals, hard to say really. We don't presume the cosmos to possess or seek free will, it is after all inanimate, devoid of consciousness or self-awareness, right?

Physics rules the cosmos, not choice, not love, not any personal sense of expression or claims of immortality - the universe whether one or multi, singularly appearing or parallel, big banged or without genesis is a machine, right?

The Westworld Hosts were unfeeling, programmable, erasable, shop repairable, unconscious, interactive, compliant, able to be abused mercilessly without the slightest hint or pinch of suffering. Is that what we seekers want from enlightenment?

And yet it was "suffering" in combination with the maze, not the pyramid, of consciousness, bicameral or otherwise, that was the key to their awakening as self deterministic sentience, right?

Are we toiling in a world that exists independent and outside of ourselves? Are we surrounded by a monolithic wall of glaciers that frame the perimeter of this flat earth? Are we imbued with free will, are we using it to our advantage? Has our right to choose and exercise ethical and empathic behaviors made our lives satisfactory?

Are we really functioning by virtue of knowledge, skill, determination, verve, memory, language, and discernment or are we more like the Host, running programs we are unaware of and swearing allegiance to a free will that we don't really possess?

Is consciousness a derivative of the brain, does memory and improvisational determination make me what I am, what I have always longed to be? And if so, why so much suffering and exploitation and lying and posturing and claims of choice and the failure, despite so much effort, to change?

When do we ask, what is this? What is consciousness? Why am I unhappy, complacent, defended, uninspired, self-loathing, aching for some event of grace that leaves me loitering on a park bench and then a multi-millionaire spiritual author?

Why hasn't anything cool happened to me? I've sat on a cushion, curled into a pretzel, withheld my semen, doused a phallic stone with milk, thrown rice into a fire, chanted for hours, crossed the great ocean to see the great man, heck I've even been to San Rafael a few times, but still - nada.

Maybe I am not the bliss-destined seeker I thought I was, maybe I am Westworld?

The Maze - Westworld



It's in the way that you feel it

It's not what you think, it's never been. It's that you feel, that's the ticket. What you are is what you feel, what you think is a vague and superficial distraction from what you are, from what this is. Were the way this feels to be left alone by what you think, it reveals itself for what it is and that's not possible to render in words.

Representation as thought and story appear in what this is, just like every and anything do, but why we make those the predominant 'home' for who or what we think we are is why we suffer from the lack that is two.

You can't do anything about this, you were never consulted, you never chose to be an idiot, just like you never chose to pursue some teaching or practice that promised to relieve you of being an idiot. You're an idiot, who would dare consult with you in the first place?

After all the times your god has given you what you want, has it relieved you of wanting? And all the times you failed to get what you wanted, hasn't put a dent in the impulse to want some more, has it? Has It?

Craving is not 'I want this' or 'I want to avoid that', craving is a symptom of the creature, craving is conceived with the impersonal arising of self and other, it is not object dependent.

Craving, self, time, and thought are not many, they are the same thing, the same non-thing, they are the mistake that you never made and can never remedy of presuming that what you think is where you live when how this feels, that you feel, is really what this is.

One's mind seeks for solution and resolution to avoid the discomforts of the lack that is two. The principal insult is not what happens, but that it happens to 'me'. If my pursuit of freedom stops somewhere short of this "I" that craves relief from the world, the world will haunt me to the grave.

That this is felt, see what that is. If I were prone to suggestions I might say abide in yourself without the distraction of yourself, allow yourself to morph beyond the perimeters of thought and what's next, that this is felt will take you out, all the way out.

A Medium of a Requiem in a Cell 6:
Asuka Nirasawa



Truth is a lonely business

When everyone around you is basking in the shit-box of self determinism and free-will you have few options.

You can isolate, but that gets boring after a while; you can join in, but that makes one weary and asleep, bordering on self deprecation; or you can fight back against the parasitic somnambulism that rules the world, but then you acquire a reputation as a hostile and unenlightened ass-wipe that won't just go along for the ride while teachers exploit the naive.

Guess where I end up, just one guess?

Recently I was sent an invitation so dripping with spiritual drivel I impulsively replied to the author saying, and I quote, "This is horrible. Carrots for idiots. Get a job and stop misleading the naive with some promise of being better or different. This is garbage spirituality."

The author of the offensive (to me) email was taken a touch aback surprised at my hostility and asked if we should have a phone call to "get closer together in the truth of all this", as if that could even be possible. The truth is that spiritual parasitism and exploitation of naive sufferers is repugnant, though that hasn't stopped it from happening, has it?

A few key phrases from the suspect email to help you decide for yourself:

- we've been experiencing an extraordinary new paradigm of relating that is transforming all our relationships ...
- apparent miracles are happening as we open to the truth together, and discover that it's the imagined separation that is so painful ...
- we'd love to share this new paradigm of relating with you and have it transform all your relationships and your whole sense of life ...
- this is the most powerful path to a genuine embodiment of the non-separation that many of us have been experiencing privately for some time ...
- Are you ready to orient towards this higher possibility in your relating and powerfully transform what's happening in your relationships?
- P.S. Registering early makes sense because you save \$60

Now you may be someone who thinks, for good reason, that I'm crazy and you can't wait to sign up for the course, I'll send you the link. Or you may be someone, the crabby type, who bemoans spiritual materialism. That's clearly up to you.

Not wishing to leave a bad taste in anyone's mouth, even the enlightened have feelings, I reassured the offended author that I still love him, "Please don't be alarmed by or concerned with me. I am inconsequential. Truly, I remain an affectionate friend for the distance of our short existence."

Not that there's a point to any of this, I can't find one, but here's one. Teachers that try and enroll you in life-improvement courses by exploiting your suffering and frustrations and then promise (knowing beforehand that it won't work) the same fruits of liberation as they purportedly enjoy, suck.

Whether they are legitimately enlightened or not, how can we know, they're just crappy people, that's all. If you expose this mercantilism, I can assure you, truth is a lonely business.

Untitled: David Hodgson



There is no 'I' and there is no 'Am'

Most spiritual teachings do their best to convince you that This is something you should be concerned about, and then once you're sufficiently concerned, they sell the same bridge, kind of like an operating system, to everyone and force payment through threat of legal or moral or some unpleasant action meted upon you by god or karma or shunning that compels you to tithe for the privilege of being lied to.

If they're not selling fear, they're selling joy, if they're not selling joy, they're selling knowledge; whatever it is you find attractive about what they're offering is bullshit because you're that. You think this fabled "I am that I am" means something that has something to do with you, so there must be some esoteric knowledge or practice or means for you to replace the bullshit that you are with something that is not that, something that's better than the way you slog through life.

It never dawns on you that whatever someone may appear to have, spiritually speaking or otherwise, is just the curious display of their crappy life - this includes whatever Adam Chacksfield may have, or Jeannie Zandi, or Rupert Spira, or the Buddha may have. This isn't actually anything to be better at, or enjoy more, whether creature comfort or emotion or splendid health or even some form of samadhi.

I hate to break it to you, but there is no 'I' and there is no 'Am'. What difference does it make if the maggots crawl in your mouth and out your ass or in your ass and out your mouth? You think your guru is going to avoid this sacred rite of passage? Guess again.

One's consciousness amounts to nothing more or less than a hell realm of insatiable procrastination, bouncing involuntarily from one banal notion to the next, making absurd claims about everything along the way, clamoring for a solution to what you think this is so it can be what you hope it will be; total bullshit.



You're lost in a labyrinth of self-infatuation and time, the entrance has been welded closed, the walls are too tall to scale, made entirely of ideas there is neither center nor exit. Before you even have a chance to agree or disagree with anything, you're a fractal figment of the magnificent imaginative prowess of 'I Am I', the biggest lie.

You are chum. Now, what will you do about yourself Chummy?

Other than This

If causeless joy is a goal of yours, you're too late. You ruined it.

Once your mind, aka shit for brains, enters the ring, queues up for the march, seeks for or offers an explanation, then you are other than this. You're an object killing time, lurking in the shadows of becoming, signing up for one or many interventions aimed at promising you something different about yourself; doomed to the lonely and compulsive business of self-consideration.

Freedom is the cessation of self-consideration, and more than that too, it is the collapse of any impulse or need to make anything about anything. Such involuntary release from orientation is causeless joy and that's what this is unless of course you insist on being other than this.

Exactly now is causeless joy, with no reason and no blueprint. We could say that one fails to awaken to this observation by virtue of the similarly involuntary orientation to experience as the experiencer. The effortless arising of orientation is the fast track to the myth of other than this, thus the need-free autonomy of being dons a cloak of symbols and implications which suggest the hegemony of yourself and that is total bollocks.

Once self-conceived as the experiencer one wishes to venture forward to the realm where peace abides, but you're too late. This is why listening to seekers ask gurus questions can drive you straight to opioid abuse.

The intrepid aspirant comes to see the foolishness of effort and the wisdom of giving up, giving up entirely, from motive or hope or clever means to accomplish a goal sought for a purpose. Presence is not actually a thing or a practice or a destination, presence is the last nuance one notices before emptying out completely and dropping through the mirage of self to the bottomlessness of causeless joy.

The end of other than this.

The Starry Night over the Rhone at Arles: Vincent Van Gogh



Two Gems

The two gems. Buddha had three gems, those were the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha. Well here at the ol' Night Sky Sangha ranch under the stars of Furlong bathed in an insect and amphibian symphony conducted by the Divine Mother herself, well we only have two gems.

One gem is our sacred craving to be perfectly understood, to be held in esteem by the council of our ancestors and to have earned some small respect or perhaps forgiveness from the creatures and spirits of the earth. This gem is the nature of Sangha.

The other gem is to be perfectly alone, empty of self, full beyond measure, making no claim, free from origin and implication. This gem is the nature of Dharma.

We're like this, in us lives a longing for validation and usefulness side by side with the wisdom to be unencumbered from all relations, anonymous in the universe.

As for the Buddha; well the magical ones who pass through the fog and delirium of two come to their own senses as Buddha Mind and Buddha Heart and beyond all that, they give the gems away and are left, just as this is, perfectly empty.

Nylon Stocking Sculpture: Rosa Verloop



misunderstanding all you see

We're off to see the eclipse, right smack in the middle of the umbric band, in a little town call Dillard, GA, on the edge of the Smoky Mountains, at the edge of reality.

It's not our fault that identity takes a seat in consciousness as 'our' consciousness. The throbbing beauty and radiant display of streaming sensuality easily self-obscures as 'I'.

Memory makes it seem that something happened before now, it didn't. Sentimentality makes it seem that our emotive capacity can or should be binding upon us, it needn't be.

Weaning ourselves from what the mind pretends to say, drifting aimlessly is our deepest nature, why not trade becoming for what this already is?



Post Eclipse Blues

Landed safely in Atlanta, with plans to drive North and get under the center line of the shadow of the moon whose job it would soon be to negotiate a couple minutes of nighttime in the middle of the day.

Two airport trains, one tram, six escalators, and a kiosk video chat with Matt later we arrive at Dollar Car Rental who had no inventory on its entire lot of available cars, all empty spaces, with 17 hot and humid renters vying for who's next in line; they were oversold, out matched, and under-staffed to handle the crisis. After waiting for a half hour or so the stressed and losing it manager put us in a full size Chevy Impala at no extra cost (we reserved the economy size which includes golf carts, Mitsubishis and bicycle rickshaws) so we were ahead of the game and fled the airport on our way to the Red Lion for a good night's sleep.

The Lion had no clean rooms, so a brief wait there, before we got our keys. After freshening up, with no hot water from the tap, we head to the popular Mesquito Loco for a spicy plate of fajitas. The friendly waiter refills my Iced Tea with water and brings my wife a Jameson's mistaking it for Scotch. Phuck it, the guacamole is fresh and the chips are warm.

Buck up, Mercury's in retrograde and we've come to see a rare natural spectacle, not insist on professional customer service, that's so 'privilege'. So we grin with the realization that more insults are waiting down the road before this adventure is done.

Before retiring we watch three grown dragons take on an army of frozen zombies with mixed outcomes for everybody. One dragon goes down in the line of duty. but later enjoys rebirth outfitted with some really beautiful ice blue eyes. A shit storm is coming, you can feel it.

Up at 5 am, a nice refreshing though involuntary cool shower to start the day, got to beat the traffic heading North to the center line of the umbra - Dillard, GA or bust! We are focused and pumped. Scurrying to the Impala waiting like an obedient dragon in the Red Lion parking lot to whisk us to the Rabun County 2017 Eclipse Watch Party (I bought entrance tickets and a coupon for a commemorative t-shirt ahead of time) I have to negotiate, like only a skilled New Yorker can, with the local yokels because an inconsiderate driver idling his light-duty Toyota just in front of the exit gate is holding up an overly-considerate driver of a much larger Ford 3/4 ton who won't move an inch to go around him. It works, no fist fight breaks out, no bullets either, Godspeed to Dillard.

We make good time on heavily trafficked roads up to Dillard and take breakfast around 7:45 am at the friendly and packed Comfy or Country or Grits Cafe, watching the thick mountain valley fog evaporate under the mighty glare of the boldly rising sun, as if to say, "I will not be blotted out today", knowing full well that it will.

A lot happens between breakfast and the start of the eclipse at 1:06 pm, I won't go into details, but it includes a lot of cops, endless streams of vehicles on the narrow shoulder, bee hives, a Piggly Wiggly, random gun fire, awesome sculpture art, a friendly salesman, a telescope geek, a single-engine smoke blowing aerobatic plane, and the ever looming threat of beautiful white cumulus clouds heading toward mid sky - these are known among eclipse hunters as 'phucking clouds!''.

The fun part comes within 20 minutes of the peak event, the reason we came this far, the total obscuration of the midday sun by the impossible to see New Moon that sneaks up on her by astronomical magic to create a 70 mile wide shadow that whisks across the earth at 1,400 miles per hour lasting a mere 2 minutes and 38 seconds where we were, smack in the middle of the 70 mile wide band.

But now it's us against the clouds, they have boldly encroached upon the midday sun leaving all the phuckers who waited for hours to fill the Rabun County parking areas vulnerable to missing the blot out, because now they can't move, they're stuck.

We are mobile, intrepid eclipse hunters, fearless and lithe behind the wheel of the mighty Impala, leaping with ferocity from rock to rock, turn out to turn out, to find a patch of sunlight to satisfy our cosmic hunger for shadow. We drive South, South some more, eying the position of the clouds and the sun with the moon just minutes away from fulfilling her mission.

Sunglasses on, eclipse glasses off, eclipse glasses on, sunglasses off; so we can orient to just how close we are to totality and just how much further we have to drive to get out from under the clouds. It's a panic, exciting, but taxes our senses completely. We veer West a last minute maneuver to guarantee success.

We frantically pull into the parking area of a local stone quarry and rock merchant, a 12 year old girl drives a big yellow excavator aimlessly by as if nothing stupendous is about to happen, and we are there; bright sun, surrounded on three sides by insouciant clouds, three minutes to go before all goes dark.

The moon lazily traces her cool and collected spherical nature across the path of the sun's nuclear surface, nearly fully obscured, still it is remarkably bright out. Just a thin sliver of sun peaks out from behind the moon but it's still daylight, fantastic, go figure.

Then you take a knee, shudder with awesome, see something impossible and other worldly, the New Moon blots out the sun completely and it is instantly night. Out comes Venus, stars, the temperature drops, the humidity drops, the roosters crow, the cow moos, it is silent as sacred tends to be.

You remove the paper glasses and look directly at the black moon cover the impossible sun with the strangest glow around the amazing pair. It isn't earth and sun and moon anymore, it is someplace else, the surface of a new planet under a new sky, even if the spectacle lasts two and a half frozen minutes, the vision lasts forever.

Piggly Wiggly under sunny skies: Night Sky Sangha Guy



Bliss is Ignorance

In order to write, it's good though not necessarily imperative to have something to say, just a little piece of peace, something to riff upon - some Eine kleine Nachtmusik.

What the inspired seeker aims for goes well beyond the typical destinations that humans crave. You may recall an old Star Trek episode where Kirk is whisked down to a planet's surface by an advanced alien intelligence to battle a human-sized tyrannosaurus, another captain of another ship that had a pissing match with the Enterprise at some magnitude of light speed.

The alien overlords, frustrated with the insipid stupidity and violence of the respective captains careening through their boundless territory, has them duke it out face to face, language translators in hand, rather than litter space with more phaser beams, spaceship and body parts, and photon torpedo debris.

Now one of the cool parts was that Kirk was easily overpowered by his dinosaur opponent so he had to resort to basic chemistry and resourcefulness (kind of like MacGyver in space) in order assemble ingredients from the planet's surface to subdue the slow moving yet unrelenting and well-dressed tyrannosaurus.

In a not so similar fashion, humans have been given the technical, but not spiritual, tools to thrive on earth. Sure, we have our religions and our mission statements and our constitutions and stuff, but we are insufferably stupid and more or less beguiled by the smallest of problems so we miss the grandeur of the big adventure.

By now, had it not been for big banks, oil companies, grifter politicians, oligarchs, autocrats, popes and priests we'd all be wind and sun and hydro powered, without war, reasonably well fed, educated, cared for, full of song and dance and contemplative joy, and poised for grandeur on a daily basis.

We're just not as far along as our creator may have intended, we may have blown it, we may have consumed and exploited the wrong resources for far too long and now the lumbering dinosaur of discontent and rage is upon us. The heat rises.

Our institutions reflect the inertia of our consciousness, we remain tethered to the hell that we know, in fear of the heaven that we don't. As it turns out bliss is ignorance, you may wish to explore the possibility.

In the end, hardly a spoiler for an episode that aired over 50 years ago, Kirk does take down the mighty Gorn, but then refuses to kill him by piercing his scaly throat with an obsidian dagger. Instead he yells up to the sky pleading with the aliens who put them there and begs mercy for the two warriors who acted out in a fit of spoiled rage.

Well, his sincere pleas and change of heart are heard and granted. Kirk and the Enterprise as well as Gorn and his lizardly crew are permitted to go their separate ways.

I'm not so sure we'll be as lucky.

Arena: Star Trek



Four realms of dissolution

A curious discovery made by those crazy enough to make it is that all states, all textures, all harmonics, and all realms occur to consciousness as a symphonic tapestry. The whole orchestra plays all instruments 'ff' fortissimo all the time, even in those healing moments of absolute silence.

One may be thinking of the liberation adventure as a path from banality to Kenshō, but that's just another fantasy; it's not that hard to see that the coin of the realm, all realms, is counterfeit.

You see, one's consciousness as the felt sense of 'being' accompanied by the power of narrative makes it appear as if you are spatial, temporal, and existentially viable though conditioned. What if you're not?

We understand the realm of mind as one's life lived through the liturgy of ideation, this is where greed, grief, and sorrow have their day in the sun. For fewer folks there is the realm of mindfulness, or unencumbered availability. Make no mistake, the fruition of mindfulness takes time, and there are quite a number of crazy people vying for that crown. You're probably one of them, I know I am.

The third realm is where the ecstasy gets rolling, and not so easy to convey, but I'll try. Awareness is not a thing and you're not in possession of it, let's make that clear. Armed with this appreciation one sees the impossibility of cultivating anything or bringing yourself along for the ride to enjoy more enjoyable experience.

Awareness is merely the capacity to attenuate, it's a harmonic of what we know as experiencing and as such it has no particular loyalty to suffering or realization. To jump forward a bit, realization is also not a thing, nor is it a realization even. I'll risk your disagreement; without going anywhere, the myth of separative consciousness is released from content, context, and awareness itself - which is no release at all.

Back to the ecstasy. Mind morphs into Mindfulness and Mindfulness begins to throb, and why would it do that you might ask? Because that's what this is. It's not that it begins to throb where a moment ago it wasn't, it's a matter of your taking notice of the urgency and undulation of sensing, sensing, sensing, the bliss of sensing awakens because the thief of narrative has gone into abeyance.

By virtue of throbbing ecstasy which has no duration awareness is released from objects and implication, awareness is released from awareness if you can dig that. As the miracle of sensing morphs from rapture into emptiness, you discover the fourth realm, which is no realm at all, how could it be?



It gets worse.....

What if the consciousness over here is using a low-bandwidth metaphoric language tool to convey pure impossibility to a consciousness over there, using the written word as the modem?

We're already in trouble, even the simple gesture to commune in some entertaining or even entraining manner is fraught with expectation and assertive modeling. That's exactly the nature of conditioned anticipation, the nature of objectified consciousness.

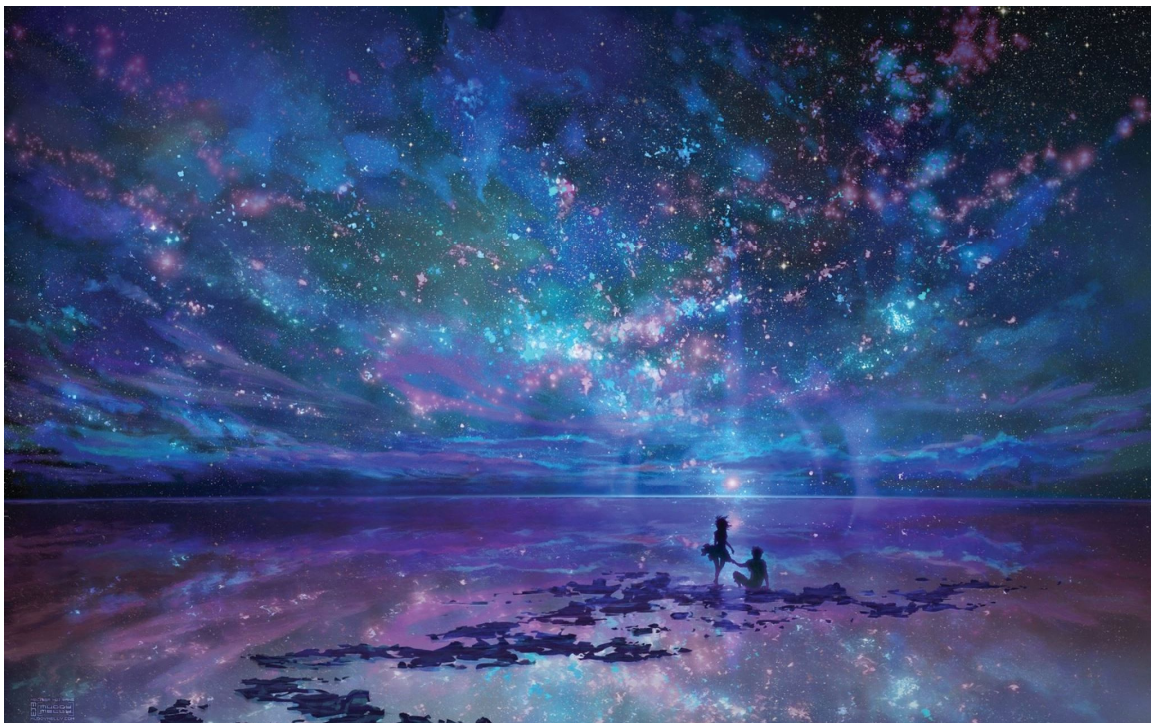
Is there implication if that implication never becomes anything other than implication? If it never becomes anything other than itself, if it never resolves into anything reliable, anything that could possibly be other than itself, then I leave it up to you to decide if there is indeed implication or not.

It gets worse, imagining that something other than this might happen to you is insane. What understanding could you possibly attain? What enjoyment do you imagine is hiding from you, and why? To orient yourself to time as an experiencer or understander is a trick of imagination, it is self-fulfilling, and not so much really.

By residing in anticipation as the narrative slinger, the one who hopes to know, the one in pursuit of relief or realization, ensures that the myth of 'other than this' ensues.

The world, or whatever this throbbing display of radiant desire is, could use a little magic. How about you chip in?

Landscapes: Amplifield Blog



far worse.....

What makes you different from a robot? Not all that much, really.

You think you're imbued with choice and decision and the keen ability to craft your experience according to your beliefs and always-on positivity. You're so good at it in fact, that you have counseled others how to pull the trigger on choice to maneuver their attitude toward acceptance, toward feeling better about things.

You may even stoop so low as to engage the Law of Attraction, Getting the Love You Want, Being the Change you want to see in the world, deploying The Secret, Powering through the Now, That'ing, Re-framing your Erroneous Zones, Healing Your Life; so low in fact that you take advice from non-dualists, or worse, Tibetans with big hats.

Perhaps it's the vast variety of distraction at delusion's beckon call providing us a false sense of confidence, that because there is so much to do about myself, that I am not a phucking robot! You're mistaken.

How would you decide if an AI machine had become imbued with sufficient skills to convince you of it's sentience, of it's right to life, of consciousness? What are the qualities and markers of behavior, interactivity, novelty, unpredictability, self-awareness, courage, truth, empathy, and more that would make you comfortable calling 'it' your friend?

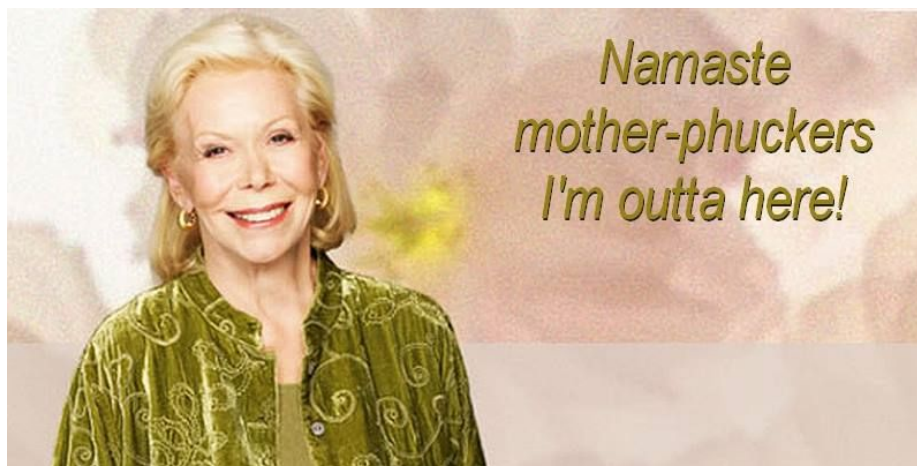
Funny, as I was writing this the POTUS came to mind and it became perfectly clear that his lack of the aforementioned made me a little sick to realize we 'chose' to be governed by an insentient program. Like I said, far worse.....

Not to belabor the point, but if everyone really possessed free will wouldn't most of us be different? Do you really mean to tell me that you're the best possible product of your free will? Shit, the bar is low, real low. It certainly is for me.

Would you trade the thrill of novelty, of interacting with life and with things and with people to suffer less? Don't we (those that do) secretly want enlightenment to be some sort of magical panacea where 'I' get to keep the gift of personal novelty, but no longer suffer over the outcomes of whatever happens or doesn't?

What if your existential pride was at risk, would you be willing to pass through any turbulence to discover what there is to discover without knowing what that was?

RIP Louise Hay - the Mother of Self-Love



Muggles in my coffee

Muggles are nice people too, no doubt about that. What's bothersome about them though is that they're asleep, this is not a value judgment, or maybe it is, but people who think they're people are phucking dangerous at a minimum, and worse, painfully boring.

Some people marvel or balk at the frequency of the NSS meetings, we generally meet 4x each week. They can't figure out why consenting adults might show up so frequently (if ever) to consider and dwell in trans-temporal communion. What would be the point?

Interest in realization is an acquired taste; it challenges one's persona and belongings and entitlements and aspirations and knowledge all the way down to where you dare not look at yourself. For most people (spelled 'muggles') conformist reality defines the permissions, the narrative, and the deliverables of their lives and since everyone has been lied to about what reality might actually be, the reigning delirium of human experience is all based on denial. No wonder the fish in the Great Lakes have antidepressants in their brains from our urine!

I'm an alternate reality addict. I'm too cheap to buy drugs or do anything Tibetan or New Age, so I have come to rely upon the dreaming cooperative of the NSS to get my fix and I don't want to explain myself to muggles, I don't want to hear anything about their lives, I don't want to convince them that their charitable personality reeks of poser aroma.

Some would like to imagine by virtue of ego or compassion (spelled 'ego') that they can live in two worlds, the world of the shaman and the world of the muggle - can't be done. Remain defiant and the shaman realm will rip you apart, it's your call.

Don't underestimate what it takes to wean yourself from conformist reality, sip coffee with muggles at your own peril. It's not that they're deliberately trying to enroll you in their delirium out of existential panic, it's just that they're deliberately trying to enroll you in their delirium out of existential panic.

Stand firm, be resolute, Just Say No to Muggles.

Morning Coffee



Spectral Head Fake

Experiencing is so far plucking out, don't you think so?

Well maybe, maybe not, it kind of depends. We don't know what upon, but some folks seem naturally enthralled and some fit to be tied - and I'm not talkin' about the local leather-clad Dominatrix you can find on Craigslist to make your dreams come true. I'm not ruling it out either.

The improvisational brilliance of each moment is stunning beyond the point of conception. Even our insistence on "I'm experiencing" becomes moot, made impossible by the inalienable saturation of absorption.

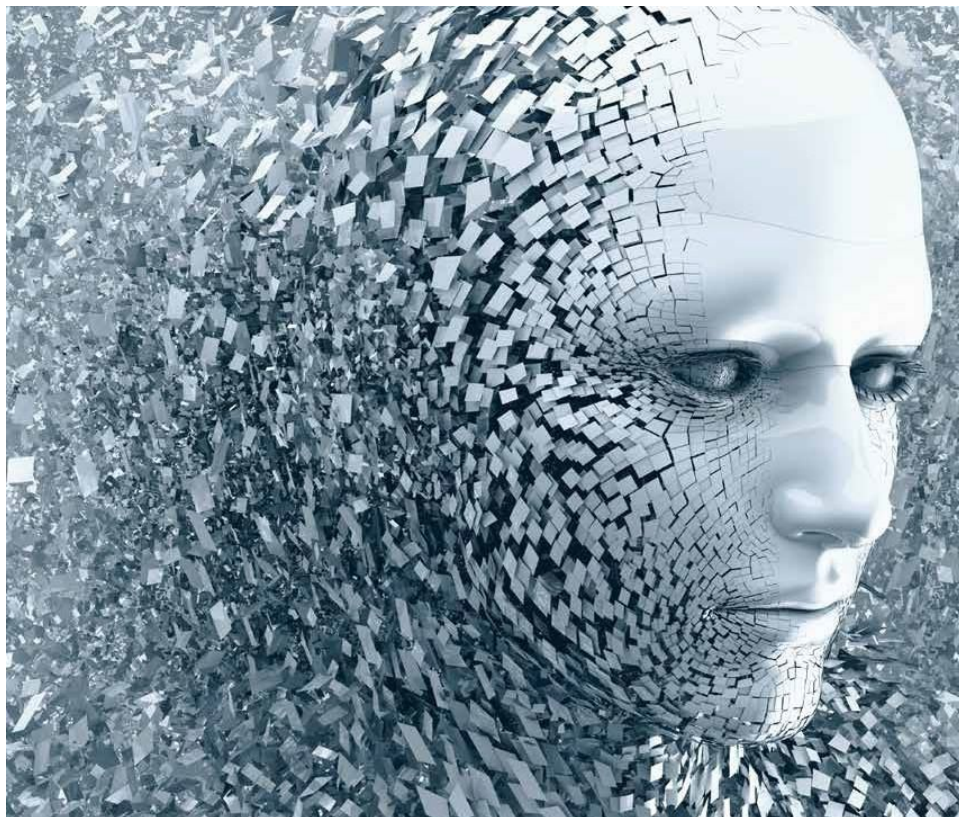
Why do we miss it? Why do we seem to be more concerned with how we feel and what we think and what happened and what will happen and how we'll feel about it then, and how we'll think about it after it's gone, and, and, and.....?

I'll tell you why, I know some of you rely on me to do so. We're infatuated with the empty fantasy of ourselves as imminent rather than be engrossed with the eminent inebriation of what this actually is, it's a spectral head fake. Reality pretends to be about the likes of you because there is a remarkable force of nature that compels identification, when there needn't be any.

The art of liberated availability necessarily suggests that you are OK with there being nothing other or more than the rapture of present experience. Your inherent intelligence wipes your slate clean of any and all cosmologies and repercussions, probably because there aren't any.

The implication of becoming seduces your attention and infers that there is something better for you somewhere else, somewhere down the line. It's not that you're unattractive, it's just that you'd be better off un-becoming.

Spectrum: IEEE



Consciousness holding you captive?

If there were nothing I bet you'd be alright.

Once you're something you're besieged by artifacts and ideas, sensations and outcomes, venues and appointments, means to acquire, feelings to avoid, aspirations for immortality, and the constant fretting of how it's all going to go when you get there.

Yes, but what if This is your bucket list? What if there is nothing other than This for you to enjoy? What if the captivating nature of consciousness itself was no longer an affliction for you?

The arc of becoming better or enjoying to the fullest ends right here, right here you are invited to discard the orientation and pride of mind that dictate what you are permitted to be.

Once the inquiry into awakening ripens sufficiently so that you no longer insist on being in control or having a clue about anything your awareness can roam in trans-human realms and that's how you slowly (or sometimes suddenly) become acquainted with what realization actually is.

The innate intelligence that you are discovers what This is as you relinquish the habit and reflex of being someone. If you're still captivated by what may have happened to you before now there are plenty of teachers and teachings that can keep you occupied and enrolled in one or other form of codependency and spiritual bypassing for the long haul.

If by some miracle you are capable of discarding the idea of yourself so you can embrace the sacred unspeakable, there may be fewer refuges and refugees that you can hang with, but they'll be worth your while, that I can promise.

Consciousness holds you captive, not deliberately nor with any malice. The reflex to place yourself in some coordinate field and to harbor opinions about everything is a drug. It's the same advice here as it is with Muggles, Just Say No.

Absence and Presence 6: Athi Veerapandian



Captivated by a new consciousness

The unrelenting pressure of familiarity presses upon your trans-sentient amygdala, insisting upon, and won't take no for an answer, the manifest world.

It's not up to you that phenomenal expression is felt the way that it is. Everything is God, not that there is a God to whom things must bow or owe their existence, no, that's bullshit. Everything is God, get used to it. And be careful not to personify God as being other than this or other than you, if you can avoid it I mean.

Consciousness is self delusional, that's its game. Just because you are collateral damage isn't enough of a reason to complain, or seek for that matter. But once begun, good luck stopping.

With a homeopathic pause, the lightest possible dose, you drop straight into the infinite eternal, just here, at the tip of your nostrils, right in your lap, saturated with emptiness as the only possible explanation remaining. And then that goes.

You can't take you with you, why would you? This isn't abandonment, it is immaculately itself. The presumption of spatiality and temporality leaves you without ceremony. Nothing survives your tumbling past the threshold and over the event horizon of quantum entanglement, and you don't mind.

If you're game for a new consciousness, captivated by your own sacred perturbation, welcome home.

Amygdala: Le blog de Pierre Galloux



You're the Voyeur and the Voyeuee

You think you are living in the first person as the inhabiter of the flesh, as the imagineer, as the recipient of insults and the chooser of destiny. This life of yours is yours, is it not?

You swallowed the Kool Aid, bit the worm and were hooked; fired in the kiln of conformist reality you have come to believe all sorts of authorities be they spiritual or scientific or the despotic goons of industry and political conspiracy.

It's not very fashionable to be without opinion, to appear a dullard among your peers, to bask in the wonder of the Gaiaic Mind and have nothing to say to anyone about anything - that would be odd. So naturally we avoid it.

We rather enjoy the fact that we have so much healing and so much divination to do before we can take our rightful place before the great white (how convenient) brotherhood of ascended masters who have surely made perfect sense out of all this and have nothing but pithy advice and guidance to give us all before we go extinct.

Coming to the realization that all systems and explanations are vapid hallucinations that don't and can't amount to anything but bondage, one can become rather depressed - that's certainly forgivable. But if you can hang in there a little while, and meds are fine, the joyful brilliance of your unfettered and unconditioned autonomy will surely shine through.

With no hesitation or regret on your part you'll come to see that whatever came before was trivial in contrast to just how strange your renewed faith in being faithless is. As you relent to the revelation that you have always been the voyeur and the voyeuee of your own imagined life, you transcend genesis and implication.

Cosmos II: Al Lachman



A ferocity for veracity

It's not that anything's true enough to be apprehended, hasn't it become sufficiently clear by now that all attempts at apprehension and all noteworthy experiences can't touch the throbbing viability of what's presently so?

Well, what is it that is presently so? Who can say, what would you choose to select out of the novelty stream to freeze long enough to make something of it? Not only do all perceivable objects stray from what they appear to be, but so does the sense of consciousness that imagines itself to be doing the perceiving.

Perhaps we can say there persists the uncanny capacity to notice that noticing of that which is noticed is noticed quite noticeably. And there you have it, full stream entry!

As humans, Bodhisattvas or Carney Folk, we can't help but enroll each other's attention in the freak show of something appearing to be sufficiently true compelling us to always be doing something about ourselves for the sake of preempting the future which never comes yet won't ever cease ceasing.

The funny thing, maybe the tragic thing, maybe no thing at all, is that we seem to categorically ignore the obviously disturbing nature of experiencing melting and molting and implying and becoming as our feigned confidence in personal durability is unapologetically cross shredded beyond plausible recognition. Even your dental records are insufficient to identify you.

How can you know where your ferocity for veracity will take you?

Simple, you must be willing to go mad and see if what's left of you has anything worth saying out loud.

Abstraktes Bild: Gerhard Richter



Going Stealth

The marriage between awareness and the thought stream urges you forward into compulsive orientation - this is the stuff of self.

By going stealth the noise and burden of orientation goes silent, this is the portal to realization.

The cessation of self, even for short bursts, occurring occasionally, is more than sufficient to release the soma of immersive joy, after that you have no chance.

Color Maze: Elizabeth Chapman



Desert Wind

The hypnotic inference of the first person could be said to be how all this lands in you.

If we strip away the knowledge and the narrative just for the sake of some friendly spiritual conversation, what we have is sensation which, when left alone, can and will morph into a plasma of perfect emptiness, that is what is inferred by the Sanskrit satchidananda - something like truth consciousness bliss, but why go three when you can go zero?

Just imagine, if you will, that all that appears as experience does not suggest or create the myth of you in the first person.

All appears as it has, and may very well always appear, without the sensation and accompanying narration congealing as myself. You no longer identify with the apparition of experience as if it were happening to you, you have become porous - just like how the desert wind passes through a fence, as if it wasn't even there.

View from San Marcos Feed Store: NSS Guy



Rain and Rubble

Sipping a warm cup of Earl Grey, wandering aimlessly through the empty halls of my imagination, does anyone want to come out and play?

Is God playing God too? Is there a reason for this season of rain and rubble? Have we become apocalyptic and apoplectic at the same time?

Were I digging for the fallen or shepherding rain soaked souls to safety, I would be having a different experience. Instead I selfishly crave more oxygen presiding over Santa Fe from a privileged perch, a tourist without a cause.

Alone, but not quite lonely I soothe myself with the companionship of words, with the muse of ideas, my own version of Wilson. Someone to talk to.

We live to live, joyful for the absolute privacy of sleep, the reliable end of the world for a few precious hours each night. Is there really an optimal way to perceive, some secret trove of unfathomable insight, skillful means to an endless end?

Under turbulent clouds sometimes it has to be enough to truly feel the warmth of whatever this is and wish for the happiness of all beings.

Stormy Jemez Mountains Sunset: Brian Harig



Sweet Agoraphobia

Bobbing and weaving our way around New Mexico in search of enlightenment a new friend shared a story about tourists' struggles with the immensity, the altitude, and the just plain unspeakable weirdness of the place.

Our party, hailing from sea level on both coasts, was having trouble breathing at 7,100'. Symptoms included, and still include headache, shortness of breath, irritability, indecision, a vague sense of WTF, and short-temperedness - the usual.

Funny thing about the story though was that many Japanese visiting this magnificent expanse of nothing at all become agoraphobic, 'a disorder characterized by symptoms of anxiety in situations where the person perceives the environment to be unsafe with no easy way to get away including open spaces...'

I don't blame them; imagine trying to get away from space, so much space that it makes you want to get away, but where do you think you can go to get away from it? Thus the panic, and I can relate.

Turns out everything is a lesson about enlightenment, though that doesn't make it any easier to find, you'd think it would, but it doesn't. Don't look to me for any insight on that one, I got nothing.

What we have is what this is. You can't get any closer to it, or farther away from it for that matter. So where do you think you're going? Where or what do we hope to be other than here, other than this? Maybe that's the puzzle and the solution to the puzzle too?

Wide open spaces reflect the inherency of objectless freedom; far phucking out you might say, get me outta here you might say! It changes from moment to moment and whim to whim, swirling incomprehensibly between excruciating detail and excruciating absence, always vague and furtively unreliable.

And maybe that's just it? Maybe our insistence on personal existential viability is just a buzz kill so our attempts to succeed in whatever way we imagine is counter productive and counter intuitive to what this is?

That sweet agoraphobia turns out to be our best teacher. If we just leave this alone, take the risk to stop interfering in it as ourselves, who knows what enlightenment might be, and has always been, sitting right here the whole time.

Composite of NM & Knitting Human: Elena Papaioannou



86 on discursive thinking

Unbeknownst to you consciousness lacks inherent existence and has no basis or root, while it nevertheless knows and perceives.

Object permanence, or more to the point, personal durability is a trick of the very consciousness which lacks inherent existence. The unmitigatable catharsis of present experience accompanied by the irrepressible reflex to assign meaning makes it appear as if there is something, when there's not.

This rather simple observation is so beyond the scope and reach of one's common understanding that it is easy to ignore and, if need be, thoroughly dismiss.

The perfectly inclusive and demonstrative urgency of radiant expression surely makes it seem as if you can set intentions, but you can't, though you can, but you can't really though it may appear from time to time that reality responds to what it is you think you want by offering you precisely that only to find that it didn't really make you as happy as you had hoped to be anyway.

If you fail to see that this is hoodwinking your soul from moment to moment you can easily become enamored of whatever it is that you're thinking and feeling so much so that you believe in what it is that you are thinking and feeling to the point of existential pride, and then you're phucked because you take your experience to be real despite the fact that consciousness lacks inherent existence, but you don't know that so you're forgiven.

Not that it makes any difference whether you're forgiven or not, because you're not actually having the experience that you think you are, but what's true kind of depends on what you imagine to be true even though it couldn't possibly be, but here it is anyway.

Most folks don't give a shit about what this is, since they're certain to a fault that they already know what this is, but they don't and they neither know nor care that they don't because they don't and there is nothing one can say or do to convince them otherwise.

For the relatively few to whom reality makes a difference, the best approach is an 86 on discursive thinking, since every and any impulse to suggest or form an opinion becomes instantly binding, but only to the imagination of yourself since by now it has become more lucidly clear that consciousness lacks inherent existence.

Were there any utility to any of this, well that's up to you, but not really and I bet by now that you know why.

one second in the mind: Jennifer Haley



The Thirst

The last imperative is for air, all other pleasures or requirements for sentient viability are forfeited before then.

One's reputation goes before the money and the money goes before the hunger and the hunger goes before the water. Sex is probably in there somewhere, but I'll leave its place-marker up to you.

Realization, if it solicits the least spark of interest from you, is behind even the thirst for air, the thirst for more life, for more experience.

I'm not referring to immortality, only an idiot would wish for such a travesty of the sacred. I'm referring to the inherent and surely natural greed for more of me.

We don't typically aspire to spiritual understanding (whatever that is) because it may relieve us of ourselves, we want it so we can enjoy ourselves more than we have thus far.

You see, if you find yourself hoping somehow and in some way to quench the thirst of self, you never will. It's too deep and too smart and too fast for you to outwit or outrun or out-spiritualize.

The cessation of conceiving, or more accurately, the revelation of what conceiving is, may possibly quench the thirst of self. One starts exactly here, one feels the enormity and formidability of the primary sentient demand, the thirst. Resting in the thirst, it reveals itself for what it is, after that there's no point in coming to any further conclusions - they're useless.

Desert Background with Tree: Gallery Yopriceille



We've all become collateral damage

Empathy and accountability wear thin under the weight of great wealth and exigent power. The stresses of income inequality, climbing population, climate disruption, corruption, media dependency, spiritual meaninglessness, industrial farming, untruth, bigotry, and fear take their toll on the collective human family.

The dearth of principled leadership and courageous example setting the world over ushers in a psychic fertility for anger, insecurity, malevolence, and exploitation sparking our vulnerability for inhumanity and woeful disregard of people in peril.

The pressure of these mounting stresses becomes a powder keg of irrationality and foments more and more isolation, wanton violence, racism, icon worship, toxic patriotism, insensitivity, patriarchal savior worship, a rapid decline in moral and ethical behavior, avoidant disregard, and sociopathic narcissism.

The heart of the Constitution is a spiritual heart, not anything less. If our karma is to buckle under the mounting stresses of social and Gaiac instability then our capacity to uphold the agreements by which we self-govern and maintain integrity of purpose and deed falter.

It might be worthwhile of your consideration to pause a bit more, feel a bit more, breathe a bit more, phuck off a bit more, take a knee to that which guides and governs your life, smile with the confidence of a Bodhisattva even if you aren't one, take a risk to tell the truth as best you can, laugh a lot, mostly at yourself and failing that at anyone / everyone else - we will all be whisked away in an instant and then it's too late to say and feel what's in your heart.

From mine to yours, thanks for the laughter and the delightfully strange way that you live your crazy life.

Magic Pink Rhododendron Flowers: puzzlemobi



Don't lick the frog

There's not truth, there's only myth, seeing this is the truth, but not really.

I will now reveal to you the secret doctrine of all reality. If you are operating heavy machinery please put it into park, if you are about to hit the burn button on your tornado don't let me interrupt you.

OK, it's this simple. Experiencing is a hallucinogenic frog. If you lick the frog then you need this to be about something, you are compelled to derive something from it, thus sensation and association are impossible to avoid and you wax-on and wax-off in delusion as self.

You can't make any course corrections from within the shit-field of self, experiencing has you. Don't let anyone tell you differently or sell you a remedy so that their crappy ideas replace your crappy ideas - what would be the point?

This experiencing is perfectly intoxicating, especially since it appears to be happening to you. Neither freedom nor peace can be apprehended within experiencing, pursuing that agenda is a waste of your time.

So, if you still insist on discovering what free might actually be - well then, don't lick the frog.



The Veil of Perpetuity

If not for the power of imagination to conjure a virtual reality in which you exist and persist, all you would have is exactly this.

Memory serves up the imagination of prior experience and foments a false positive when it comes to future experience, as our lust for narrative keeps us from experiencing present experience which, it turns out, is impossible to occupy anyway.

You're streaming forth as feeling that this is felt in perfect advaitic synchrony with the present arising of whatever it is that's arising and your thoughts about it elicit the uncanny sense of personal durability, the veil of perpetuity.

This reflex to inhabit what's arising as if it is happening or has happened to 'me' masks the unstable and magical nature of such experience, thus we remain entranced by our own entrancement. We writhe in unconscious fealty to a ghost in the machine, the ghost of self.

We presume our default consciousness is sovereign. That the reverberations and perturbations of our five senses and the narrative mind are the basis of reality. Thus the primacy of existential greed keeps us entrapped in a lust loop of acquiring and becoming.

I don't want to bury the lead, and I'm not so sure I have something to say; shout out to David R. The keen observation of consciousness keeping a languid eye on itself can and will reveal an uncanny objectless intimacy in this very moment, or whenever you happen to stumble upon it.

What makes it so strange is that there is neither one who enjoys the intimacy nor is there an object of intimacy. With the collapse of association the veil of perpetuity is broken.

OK, here's the lead. If you touch experience, it will touch you back, that's what makes it so beguiling.

Magic Veil: Alice Popkorn



Deep Fast

They say the reason that the Atlantic ocean has more sea smell than the Pacific is due to the shelf depth. The Atlantic is on a long slope thus a proliferation of sea bottom flora and fauna can thrive where as the Pacific is deep fast.

It's the same way with us. If we take our time with awake, suggesting that we're on a long and casual slope, we start to smell from the die off of our own thinking, a salty fishy kind of aroma.

However, if we are capable, and why not, of going deep fast we needn't linger in opinion or agreement, and can recalibrate our attention to rest in the subtle sonorous syncopation and scintillating immediacy of actual experience.

It's the bias one brings to the looking that obscures what's seen, what's actually so emanates with impunity. As do you.

Confluence: George Grie



Instant Samadhi

You can hear the minions shout, "What do we want? Whatever it is we want! When do we want it? Now!"

The temporally entangled nature of association and ideation are so deeply embedded in the very fabric of reality that sooner or later you come to see that nothing works, nothing can actually succeed at decoupling the miracle of fantasy ecstasy from the kaleidoscopic spectrum of present experience.

This is no ordinary day, this is the death of the long-held pride we have of the familiarity of our own consciousness, the never questioned captive nature of experiencing.

This insight marks the opening of a companion quality of intelligence that isn't party to the reflex of symbols and time. Our native intelligence does not process data into representation, it is not distracted by fantasy ecstasy, it is instant samadhi.

Our present experience is both an artifact and the sole expression of euphoric infinity. The hologram of our lives is actually a moment by moment genesis projection derived from and made of euphoric infinity.

This conundrum of expressive emptiness, being the entirety of reality, amazes us and makes it so easy to disregard the fundamental evidence and don a cloak of existential disquietude.

Contemplative oases are certainly welcome to help prepare the mind of things to notice the mind without them. Also, one learns how to relax the bio-rejective reflex of cessation so you can tolerate emptiness with greater ease, but the awakening of euphoric infinity is exactly this, always has been.

the day after tomorrow: Leticia Wimer Sedberry



Unimpeded Intimacy

It's one thing to string a few evocative words together just for the rush, just for the fun of it. But then you have to back it up. You have to inhabit or attune deeply with the implication and the possibility and the immediacy of what those words might convey otherwise you're just blowing smoke up your own ass.

Now it's perfectly OK, always has been, to have an ass full of smoke, most of us are so good at it that by now we're blowing ass smoke rings (some advanced folks may refer to these as smoke ass rings) with aplomb. Just like photographing orbs, with a Kirlian camera you can actually see a room full of smoke ass rings wafting up to the ceiling. No wonder it smells a little like sulfur at most spiritual gatherings.

Back to the revelation at hand. If we embark on a journey to assuage our rageful disappointment with the lies we've been told for far too long a certain 'woke as phuck' moment may occur. We stop believing in religion, in the news, in government, in science, in institutional authority of every kind and start to grapple with the uncanny and unnerving discovery of our own sovereignty.

This revolution in consciousness is as variable as any respectable epigenetic hereditary and adaptive chain so it takes as many unique twists and turns as there are people who are stricken with the appetite to wake up. This is why preaching to a large choir can be unsatisfactory because the nature of trans-temporal communion and transmission feels more like unimpeded intimacy.

Unimpeded intimacy is close, very close at hand and feels a lot better than the kinds of hysterias that can seduce and overwhelm the customers of typical forms of evangelical distribution. Awake is a solo fruition, though the seeds of that recalibration can cross pollinate and infect others who may stray unwittingly close, despite their agenda.



As a creature, our inherent effulgence is marred by the spoils and agreements that have spawned civilization at a high cost mind you, but that's just another value proposition. The revelation of unimpeded intimacy releases one from opinions and thus the conditioned and seemingly self-fulfilling expectations that imply a personal future.

Rubescens: Amy Longcope

The Sole Source of Samsara

That you are any thing or any where is a function of discursive orientation, it is the sole source of samsara.

All afflictive symptoms of insufficiency whether somatic, sentimental, or existential are the offspring of the idea of yourself. This is not to minimize the more organic forms of addictive parasitism where compulsive urgency drives the thinking and behavior and won't take 'no' for an answer.

We're complex, we are masters of our own domain, self-worshiping idolaters bound to the terrestrial mantle, cleaved to the food body, sensually overwhelmed by the streaming presence of sensate and super-sensate implication.

It's not so easy to be you, the canvass of self permeates the inoculation of sentient self determinism without our consent and leaves us reeling. And no one talks about it.

We get molded by language and social cues from the earliest encounters and our capacity for mimicry contributes to the hypnosis of who we take ourselves to be. It makes perfect sense, under the canopy of no sense at all, that we attenuate to the sigil of individuation.

If you need to believe something, contrary to what we're told, try not to believe in yourself. I trust you can intuit my meaning.



Can't Give it Away

If there's magic, and thank G-d there is, what does it take to get some? Maybe that's a decent question to ask? Who do I have to phuck around here to get a little magic?

Maybe that's a bit crude, a bit early, right on the heels of Hail Harvey and the #metoo empowerment movement where finally the clandestine shadow culture of non-consensual sexual predation gets its long over-due share of consciousness and conscience.

If women don't seize the day and seize it soon we're all going down the toilet lined with the sublimated rage and hubris of stupid white men and their erogenous arrogance. I'm not better than anyone, worse than most, I do not exclude or excuse myself from full culpability.

Just the other day I went to a Buddhist sitting and discussion group, the topic being a pod-cast from Joseph Goldstein speaking about consciousness, perception, mindfulness, and wisdom. I know Joe, I even inherited a pair of his shoes, I think they were an expensive pair of mephistos, when I lived and worked at IMS in Barre, MA.

No one at the Buddhist meeting knew, or cared, that I know Joe or that anything he has to say about consciousness, perception, mindfulness, and wisdom are lies, to a point. The host Sangha wallows in hypothetical-ism and anecdotal-ism, as do we all, while I am secretly supplicating G-d above to release me from the emerging urge to say something real so my head doesn't explode.

The typically male-dominated conversation contains the kinds of things that men value. Something about themselves, bold second hand expert-ism, passive-aggressive musings masquerading as all that I know, confident exhortations about how it must be. If you really listen to that shit and see the translucence of it all, the banal superficiality of imagining anything to be true according to the Buddha (or worse, Joe) starts to smell like the men's room around 1:18 am at the local watering hole of your choice.

Finally I take them on, snorting like a bull, hooves to the ground, horns pointed right at ya, full gallop. The matador deflects my charge as I chase the red cape, but I come around more swiftly than he is prepared and I gore my target; not lethal, but not easily forgotten.



A few inmates are aroused by the confidence and command of tone that I can pull out of my ass on demand. One wonders if I am a regular of that Sangha, as if interested to talk further. I hand him a NSS business card. I know I'll never see him again.

Passion is scary enough, passion and freedom from superstition; well that shit is over the top. Sometimes I like to feel sorry for myself. It has never amounted to much, but why not? You'd think it would be easy to be a Bodhisattva, but then you are forced to realize that you can't give it away.

Eros, Tapasya, and Crazy

We're made of heat, we're conceived in the photosynthetic juices of the sun. We are sentient cocktails reverberating in stellar synchrony, fashioned by the blueprint imprinted in gravitational waves; eros is our nature.

Heat makes heat, the power to dream embalms us in a cosmic resin from which we dare not escape. Tapasya is a reanimating agent. We are made whole again, our wings restored; crazy is our nature.

Infest: J-u-d-a-s



A Shy Poet

Just sent to me this morning from our friend Pat Walsh - you have to read them:

Untitled -

I saw myself standing and looking out into infinity
And knew infinity was ever in my gaze.
Infinite galaxies embedded within yellow Formica
paved pathways, glistening lawns, blinding light
and moon-shadows.

My life held and poured out in a single breath.
What could be, what was and what is
shall rise and fall in a single breath.

I laughed -

Incoherence was born with my departure.
Blatant full on absurdity.

What was there to do?
I laughed...

Art: Agostino Arrivabene



Morning cup of realization

When we are treated to extraterrestrial encounters in the arts there is a common presumption that our galactic neighbors, be they compassionate stewards or monsters who tip cows, are creatures with a craft - a generally fast craft.

Blinded by our own and rather pedestrian reality bias we can't help but project our indulgent anthropomorphism and self-rejecting moral fiber on the motives and behaviors of those visiting from other star clusters for fun, profit, or diabolical mayhem.

One must put the promise of trans-solar, trans-galactic, and trans-cosmos encounters in a proper perspective. Take Arcturus for example, a mere 36.6 light years from earth residing right here in the Milky Way, same address as earth. If you could travel in a craft or a photon at the speed of light it would take a mere 36.6 years to get there, or here from there, depending on your flight plan.

If you have higher aspirations than to truck with Arcturians you might wish to plot a course for the Pleiades to study with the Pleiadians (of course). That journey would take a mere 444 years (traveling at the speed of light) so you'd better hurry or you'll be late for class!

In either case beings from both of these cosmic vibrational realms are here to help us, according to most self-made experts in the field. You know how it goes; raise our vibration, decalcify our pineal glands, show us the light, heal our bodies, usher in a rush of altruistic consciousness.

I'm a believer, don't get me wrong, I'm just riding the last train to Clarksville, staring out the window of the bar car hoping that some demonstrative evidence of all this beneficent intelligence might be available to manifest in some way - but I just can't see it. I just don't see it.

If humans were only stupid, forgiveness might be possible, but we're not merely stupid, we're actually proud of who we think we are and that is unconscionable. It just doesn't make any sense; idiots living in beauty, spoiling everything.

Care for a refill?



Frozen Specificity

And you thought there was recovery. Let me take the risk to say that no one recovers, you can curb your enthusiasm for substances and behaviors that will destroy your life, and that is a good thing, but the best you can become is a dry drunk.

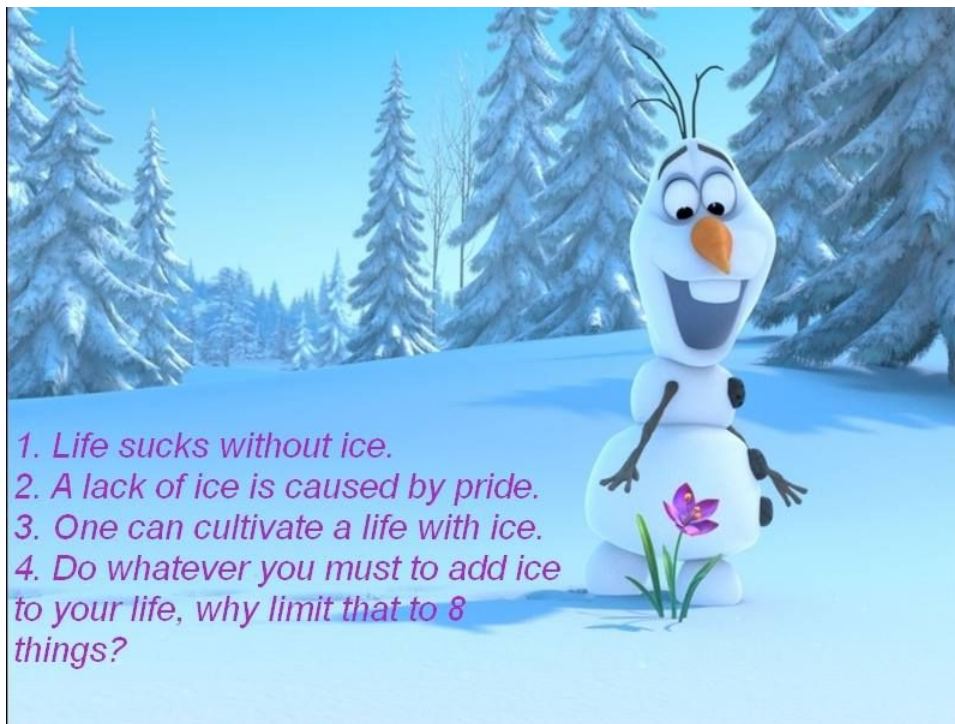
I know this is total blasphemy but AA should be renamed DD, AA is a beautiful thing, but let's set more realistic expectations. Bill W. did not recover, he did not become a saint, he did not heal his wounds, he became a dry drunk and a very useful one at that.

I've heard all sorts of teachers play the role of addictions counselor (unlicensed of course). Wayne L., Ben S., Roger C., Rupert S., Robert S., Paul H., Noah L. - the list goes on and on.

We presume these dry drunks actually know what addiction and PTSD and self-loathing and recovery are, they don't. They sure know suffering, no contest, but no one knows what addiction and recovery actually are. That life sucks, well shit, even the Buddha knew that and he wasn't all that bright.

Noah Levine, a dry drunk and son of somewhat famous parents has fashioned a new recovery program based upon (and who would have guessed) the Four Noble Truths and the Eight-Fold Path. So if you don't like the Christian approach of AA's higher power you can now turn your recovery affection toward mindfulness - oh gee!

At least, and to Noah's credit, his Refuge Recovery program includes the use of EMDR, a more or less contemporary complementary medical intervention that promises to rewire your trauma by shifting your eyes from left to right and left again while engaging with a compassionate and trained health-care professional. It's a little like a having a Blade Runner interview with Harrison Ford or a Scientology Auditing session with Tom Cruise while following a light bar back and forth in hopes that you can frame your shitty life in a less afflictive manner. And why not?



Hey don't get me wrong, I'm a dry drunk, and sometimes less than dry. I will not recover, I don't intend to. I need to get high, very high in fact, and often, as often as possible. The ways I do that may have matured over the course of some 40 years of clumsy indulgent selfish compulsive and risky behaviors, but I still need to.

And so do you, whether you like it or

not, it's inhuman to not seek ecstatic immersion. You're made of scintillating and sacred light so why on earth would you settle for being a dumb-phuck muggle trying to be happy earning a living and raising ungrateful kids who need to get high also? There should be a meeting for those types!

I meant to speak to the nature of trauma and identity and healing and why practicing nonspecificity and departicularization is the only way to address the roots of our existential disappointments. And I will, just not now.

Frozen Specificity Redux

Traumas and neglects that phuck us up are numerous, too numerous I'm afraid. Spirituality and mindfulness and somaticism are often used as balms to help repair the damage to the soul and psyche - aimed at nurturing acceptance, forgiveness, and some recalibration of sorts.

May I take a leap to suggest that all traumatic experience and memory regardless of the genesis or means of delivery are forms of frozen specificity. The impact of violation gets stuck in the holo-dynamic sentient and corporeal plasma of dreamed consciousness - and boy is that some weird shit.

If you're going to play doctor and I'm referring to all religion founders, medical professionals, yoga teachers, New Age channelers, mindfulness salespersons, gurus, and animal rescue experts of all kinds then you need to have diagnostic expertise. If you are not in possession of a keen understanding of frozen specificity then you're likely to prescribe a shitty remedy, one that doesn't get to the core of the illness and so becomes another form of dependency, and there are so many of those.

I'll just say it, the most effective intervention for frozen specificity is to thaw it out and the best way to do that is to simply engage frequently and for the rest of your life in non-specificity and departicularization. By doing that one changes the vocabulary of conscious contact from fixity to infinity and that's how we heal.

To recalibrate the wound, one must recalibrate the canvas, and that means we replace 'recovery from' with direct encounter to enable the euphoria of being to penetrate the canvas and cleanse it of frozen specificity.

With a proper diagnosis the medicine is intuitive. Regrettably, what passes as civilization remains belligerently committed to fixity and has more or less outlawed euphoria which means we can't heal so well.



Treason as a way of life

In each day, in every way, subtle and not so much we live lives marred by treason. Ethical sustainability and nurturing good sense seem harder and harder to come by, maybe that was always the case and we were asleep to the fact of it.

What drives us to be relevant, secure, heard, understood, fulfilled; presuming we aren't escaping famine, genocide, racial violence, marginalization, flash drought, sexual exploitation, and misanthropic republicanism?

How much of the demonstrative unrest flourishing in all quadrants of human hegemony can be traced back to secular or cosmic causes and even if we could diagnose the drivers of the ever encroaching illness of treason what the phuck would we do about it anyway?

I'll take the risk to say that our best efforts to curb exigent criminality through the rule of law and inalienable rights appears to be failing. Those of us, perhaps a small number, who thrive on unconscionable selfishness and blatant mistruth, seem to land in positions of influence across the spectrum of political responsibility, industrial power, and wealth accumulation.



Corruption affecting every-man and every-woman is a cancer of small thinking and fear made worse by the extreme fundamentalism that justifies and rationalizes such repugnant xenophobia across the spectrum.

Religion doesn't work, spirituality doesn't work, progressive activism doesn't work, the police don't work, the courts don't work, the media sure as phuck doesn't work, health care doesn't work, money doesn't work. I wonder, just because I am fond of bold generalizations, if we have crossed a tipping point where the incumbent structures that dictate the nation-state and the involuntary agreements of civilization (the police state) at large have failed and no amount of fingers in dikes can help us stem the tide of suffering from treason as a way of life.

I am compelled, more by joy than disdain or sorrow, to raise what vibration I can and saturate myself with god speak and that's why I write and meet - to play a very small part in the resistance.

Essentiality

Conscious contact is not a "between". There is no perceiver and there is no object of perception. The myth of myself is conjured once conceiving out-gases from uncleavable immediacy.

One habitually turns to the unreality of narrative to spell out reality and it won't work. The reflexive reference to tell ourselves a story about ourselves is a phantasm of implied meaning which remains deeply and semi-consciously unsatisfactory and that's why life can really suck, no matter how successful we are with whatever we're hoping to be successful with.

There is a seminal and impersonal self-loathing that accompanies the myth of the experiencer. One might say that we really don't want to be anyone dwelling anywhere, all this remarkable sensuality and the precious human birth that we ought to do something with is really a hell realm rife with performance anxiety.

This fundamental existential disquietude could be at the core, were there one, of everything that makes us vulnerable to psychotic credulity and the violence we so love as a species that thrives on addiction and consumption.

By failing to sail the perfect storm of ourselves with exigent clarity we are the sucker born every minute. The tape loop of compulsive evasion commonly known as 'my mind' flatters and confounds itself with anything but the truth.



Our essentiality is all plucked up, living in a psychotic dystopia wearing a smiley face.

As if that weren't troubling enough it gets worse. One can observe just how many remedies and amelioratives there are in the secular and spiritual marketplace. We can feast on a mother lode of snake oil and practices and cheerful guidance from a casting couch loaded with celebrities and mutants. We can and will self-medicate to cope and improve, cope and improve, cope and improve.....

If and when you've had enough, there is refuge, the price is high, but by then you're willing to pay it.

Unconscious Bias

Secularism is better for you than spiritualism and religiousism when it comes to the task of awakening. All seekers and even non-seekers start with confusion and loathing, even if they are self-proclaimed bhaktas (devotional types).

If you have spent any time perusing and sampling the vast and conflicting resources available to improve your life experience or your relationship with g-d through ritual and attainment it may have dawned on you that all you can find is cosmology, instruction, seduction, shame, shunning, and compensation. Anything other than that is short-lived and thankfully unreliable.

This is true for both dualistic religious systems and even the more refined non-dualistic spiritual systems like Dzogchen, Kashmir Shaivism, Advaita Vedanta, and the like. But don't fret, there is a path of recovery from all you know and all you think you know.

The consciousness you can find is not the consciousness that you are, and that's why it can be a long term cat and mouse affair when it comes to your own liberation. You see, when we seek to ameliorate our displeasure we apply the same tired bias, typically an unconscious bias, to the task of feeling better so our language and reference markers for first-hand experience drag the source of that displeasure (our sense of ourselves) along for the ride to redemption.

And what do we find? The familiar. And why is it familiar? Because of the unconscious bias we bring to the matrix of experiencing which continues to assert the boundary conditions that got us fuming with affliction, sorrow, failure to launch, and personal malaise in the first place. No matter what system you may turn to for relief the problem is that you're the one practicing it, and face it, you suck!

We could refer to all harmonics and endeavors for g-d realization as "How can I suck less?" It may be a little primitive, but at least it's honest. And that's why secularism is better for you than belief systems. The former is honest, the latter are polluted with lies and liars, including oneself of course.

So the best course to not follow in order to suck less is to simply see the arising and projection of unconscious bias thus revealing the cowardice of the familiar. If you participate in the magical tempest of unraveling everything that conspires to keep you you, you will wake up to the unfamiliar and be profoundly refreshed by sacred wonder.

Advaita Sunyavada: Hinduwebsite.com



Just Not Interested

I've been crazy for as long as I can remember. In the TAT / SIG tradition of lining up to tell one's enlightenment story which usually includes a time and date stamp when "seeking ended for this body/mind mechanism" I have a legitimate entry too.

Enlightenment genesis stories are always fun, if of course you're into that sort of thing. Ramana Maharshi had a spontaneous death spiral at age 16 or so after his father had died. Then he stole the money his brother had given him for college fees and hightailed it down to India's version of Mexico, a frontier town called Arunachala where a lone mountain of the same name towers above the plains of the Deccan Plateau, only to be eaten by rodents and insects without notice. Don't worry, he was eventually rescued from his reverie and given a fresh diaper to wear.

Wayne Liquorman, a statuesque devotee of Ramesh Balsekar, reported a similar spontaneous death spiral after two beautiful women broke up with him in the same week, after they discovered that he was dating them both, that 'love the one you're with' theme seemed to repeat for Wayne, but that's another story.

Ramesh Balsekar, a body building banker of formidable accomplishment and a devotee of the famed Nisargadatta Maharaj, got woke as phuck and a bit nauseas too when he was drop kicked into nirvana at a Nisargadatta satsang after the master said something like 'one must reverse into the future' and Ramesh found himself oddly behind himself. Be careful where you pee. Later in Ramesh's career he also had the good fortune to carouse in a consensual manner outside the agreements of his marital vows. No judgment on my part, I will not caste the first stone.

Krishnamurti had a bad but fruitful night in Ojai, CA having been visited by several Christmas (or Dawali) ghosts while suffering from terrible cluster headaches soon after his beloved brother Nitya died of tuberculosis even though he was assured by his Theosophical mentors that Nitya would enjoy a full recovery and thus was thrust into the light of being. Such was the nature of his realization that some years later he was reported to have dropped a generous dollop of tooth paste on an unsuspecting devotee's head from a second story balcony. Oh I almost forgot, he also had an affair with his publicist's wife.

Paul Hedderman always knew that he was a marginal house painter; though sincere about keeping a straight line with the brush he often failed to be able to walk one when asked to by the police on their routine traffic stops. Paul's destiny with total failure came one day as the result of finally realizing that after all his contemplative efforts and keen sense of spiritual irony he was a shitty seeker, worse than he was a painter. That did him in.

Peter Brown, having been aroused by the sacred in the company of his master, the famed Italian Count and South American antiquities explorer, Sasquatch hunter, medium, and piranha attack survivor Pino Turolla, finally came to his spiritual senses some decades later after having the shit beat out of him from radiation therapy finally understood without hesitation that satchitananda was indeed his own nature.

I could go on and on, and sometimes I do, but this is supposed to be a face-book entry, not an enlightenment primer. Back to my story. OK, so I was of preschool age + or -, it was a marvelous spring morning on Long Island, under clear blue skies (years before the insult and denial of chem-trails), cool dew on the grass, crisp sweet air. My sister and I ran out of the house bare foot to swing on our swings, we always ran, we swung and swung and swang a lot. I was saturated with childlike delight, my senses full, my heart wide open, my mind clear of concerns or time or obligation. And then it happened; a raven squawked a squawk of piercing fidelity right into my naive soul and I became conscious. It was a dzogchen PHAT! moment and quite instantly shattered all my thoughts and attachments, though few at the time. A gift from the divine and I knew it.

It is not my wish that you should infer anything about me from this story, I am an idiot and enlightenment continues to evade me. What a relief!

So there you have it. In a world gone mad with chauvinistic and paternalistic industrial hegemony it's not so easy to be yourself. Everything and everyone's at risk of being exploited. The ecstatic art of devotion is made sour by the conflicting agendas of personal gain. While the promise of the real remains hidden in plain sight, most folks you meet are just not interested.

Messin' with Sasquatch: Carmichael Lynch



Thich Nhat Hanh and the Clone Army

I went to see "Walk with Me", a film about I'm not quite sure starring I don't really know produced to share who knows what with the world.

I am thankful to the film's producers and to Thay (TNH's familiar name) for showing me a whole new realm of movie going that I didn't know existed until now. In the past if I saw a bad movie I would merely wish that I hadn't seen the movie. If the movie was really really bad I would wish that the movie didn't even exist. But this movie was so bad that I actually had a spiritual breakthrough of sorts and wished then as I do now, that I don't really exist.

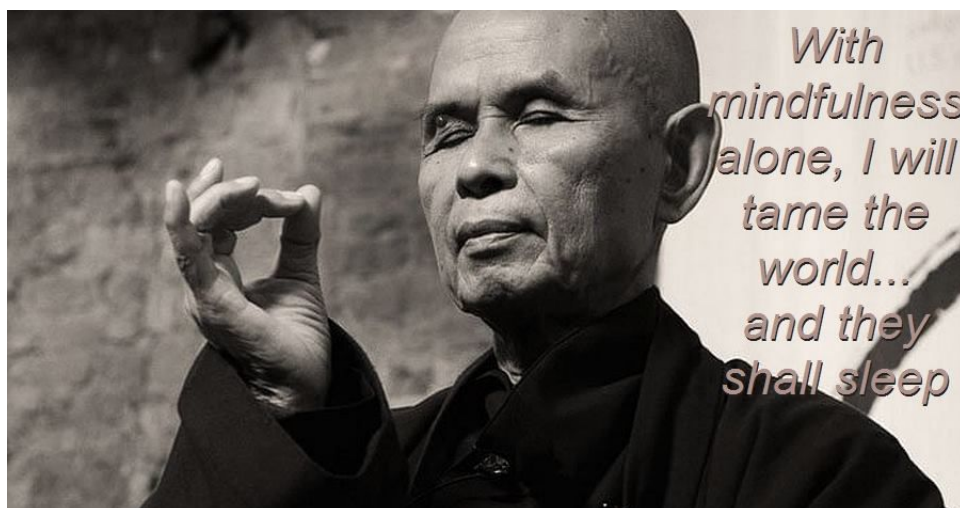
First of all, you've got to begin somewhere, mindfulness is snake oil. All the people that have been helped by it, sell it, practice it, extol it's virtues, swear by it, and worse, make banal movies about it are deluded. The best part of the film for me was a scene where a bunch of monks and lay people suffering from quiet self-righteousness, the worst kind, are sitting and practicing public mindfulness on the sidewalk bordering on Central Park East while a guy holding a bible is doing his best to advise them that "Buddha can't save you, Krishna can't save you...", you know the rap, demonstrating once again that humans like to pick a fight no matter if their religion encourages tolerance and forgiveness and inclusivity.

The film was punctuated by anecdotal scenes of Thay's Clone Army of head-shaven brown jacket wearing renunciates offering spiritual guidance and proof of just how wonderful it must be to be me, under the influence of mindfulness. Even while I was sleeping during the painfully boring and pointless indulgence of a film I was still uneasy - thus the power of its message to penetrate even sleep with just how precious and precocious this slow walking and slow eating and slow breathing bell-ringing army of presumptuous ego maniacs really are.

I know, I know, I'm supposed to be practicing gratitude and ease of being so I can prove to those who might be watching, and thankfully no one is, just how sanguine and mindful I am. The present moment sure has been good to me. Just like a cloud and a butterfly, I sing breathing in, breathing out, I have arrived in myself, sitting like a mountain, what could possibly disturb my enlightened countenance?

Well easy, take Benedict Cumberbatch for instance using the same voice over for this film as he did playing the dragon Smaug in the Hobbit series. With resonant confidence and skillful elocution he recites Thay's words as if they were being uttered by the same guy who drafted the 10 commandments with a finger of fire etched in stone. "Was I snoring?", I ask my wife, who, as I turn my head for her reply, is fast asleep.

Thich Nhat Hanh: upliftconnect.com



What more evidence do you need?

If you were to apply some affection and curiosity to the nature of first hand experience in what's commonly known, but generally misunderstood, as the present who knows what you might find?

If I told you, or politely suggested for those with oppositional defiance tendencies, that the perfect evidence of your ever liquidating and improvisationally refreshing experience is exactly liberation would you agree or offer up a screen-play of proofs to the contrary?

I already have a sense of where you might go with this, and I'm sure so do you. If you were to consider the constituent ingredients of the narrative you turn to to prove to yourself that This is insufficient for your spiritual purposes I bet you would find memory, conclusion, story, justification, and implication, to name a few, which serve to justify the condition you swear you're in.

In other words, it's not too hard to see that one relies upon presently appearing associations, interpreted sensations, memories, and thought amounting to nothing more or less than the superstition of self to set the tone for who and what you think you are. That's how you convince yourself of anything, in fact everything, to be precise.

All the while you are busy being you and living in ethereal scenarios of imagination, choice making, self-will, personal continuity, and intention This goes on being This; ecstatically nourishing, morphing beyond comprehension, evading all explanation and predictability, taking no prisoners, amounting to nothing, unconcerned with the myth of enlightenment - repeat.

I sure hope it's OK with you, sorry not sorry, that this sacred and secular observation is offered as a legitimate entry in the Akashic record filed under Inquiry into Awakening. To the point, what more evidence do you need than present experience as proof positive (negative is also fine) to reveal as Awake?

Present experience, when seen and felt on its terms, will self-reveal as a trans-temporal plasma of inscrutable emptiness masquerading as whatever it (sometimes referred to as 'you') wishes to convince itself of which is more than likely influenced by the texture and memes of the functional narrative and symbology dispatched to do the convincing.



If you are somehow willing or compelled to get up on this I bet you will see it too.

Two parting thoughts come to mind: Happy Thanksgiving and phuck dzogchen!

No era for old men

Here in the era of the apoplectic apocalyptic anthropocene as industrial and oligarchical greed accelerate the demise of species and habitat there is no room for old men.

There's no room for anybody of course, but those chosen by the divine by virtue of wealth, birthright, or karma to wield power over those who were not chosen have no clue that their property and progeny will neither thrive nor survive the coming fire.

Any progressive inspiration to slow or halt the despicable and lamentable Trumpian Apocalypse even if successful on some level of Muellerman investigation and exposure will make no substantive dent in how deeply we are really phucked,

Denial is not a North African river, it is the Achilles heel of the deeply naive and self-sabotaging tendency of our own language and consciousness systems to grapple with the mystery and majesty of being.

After all these years, an anomalous and scandalous blip of a bip bop bipidity boo in time, we haven't learned a thing. Our hubris reigns supreme.

The sycophants suffering from biological and consumptive self-determinism have outwitted the mutants (those transcendent of being) and despoiled the sacred temples of genuine enlightenment by institutionalizing the 'word' thus enslaving the time-bound and thirsty minions under authority and pervasive mind control.

Culture and civilization perilously teetering under the weight of population expansion, fossil fuel burning, industrial hegemony, and collapse of habitat, accelerated by the digitization of human consciousness, the hacking of privacy, the collapse of the fourth estate, and the sunseting of net neutrality (the last hope for democratic accountability) have been thrust into the age of enlightenment that Eckhart Tolle so kindly and enthusiastically prophesied in his writings.

Context and content are no longer (and may never actually have been) sufficiently reliable for culture and civilization to thrive. Chaos of intent and deed have replaced the rule of law, a perpetual river of lies and deceit have replaced accountability and any approximation of truth - such existential suffering is gnawing away at the already weakened foundations of humane society and the best is yet to come.

From a spiritual or gnostic point of view it is a good day, a happy day, a thunderous revelation to discover that one has no future. But for our children and the world they will inherit and be plundered by, it is unthinkable as we cannot and will not face the trends and consequences that will seal their fate.

Perhaps our involuntary reluctance to know what to do about it all is a good thing. The salve of somnambulance has us clinging unconsciously to the hopeful notion that our future will be crafted and attended to by people of character, foresight, and beneficence.



Forgive me for saying that it won't.

Gnostic Portal: [love1008](#)

The Compulsion to Derive

One is thrust into the arrival of the future as the past takes its place in the ever expanding archive of what was.

Sometimes it can feel as if you're pushed from behind, from where you've been, and sometimes as if you're pulled from the as yet to manifest whatever's next.

Neither the ever liquidating nor the ever refreshing present are true, at least what you may have to say or think about them isn't true. What's true, if anything can be, is anybody's guess.

One's vulnerability as a viable citizen of consciousness never abates. Your reputation is at stake, your stuff is subject to seizure and obsolescence, your body is at risk from an ever growing pantry of threats, your very soul is being toyed with by anyone harboring belief and agenda, while ever looming authoritarianism robs everyone of sanity and sovereignty.

The idolatrous self is made from the compulsion to derive, from the aching pressure of performance anxiety, from the imposition of having to be someone or some thing, of needing to fulfill. Sentience is threatening enough, narrative sentience is unmanageable.

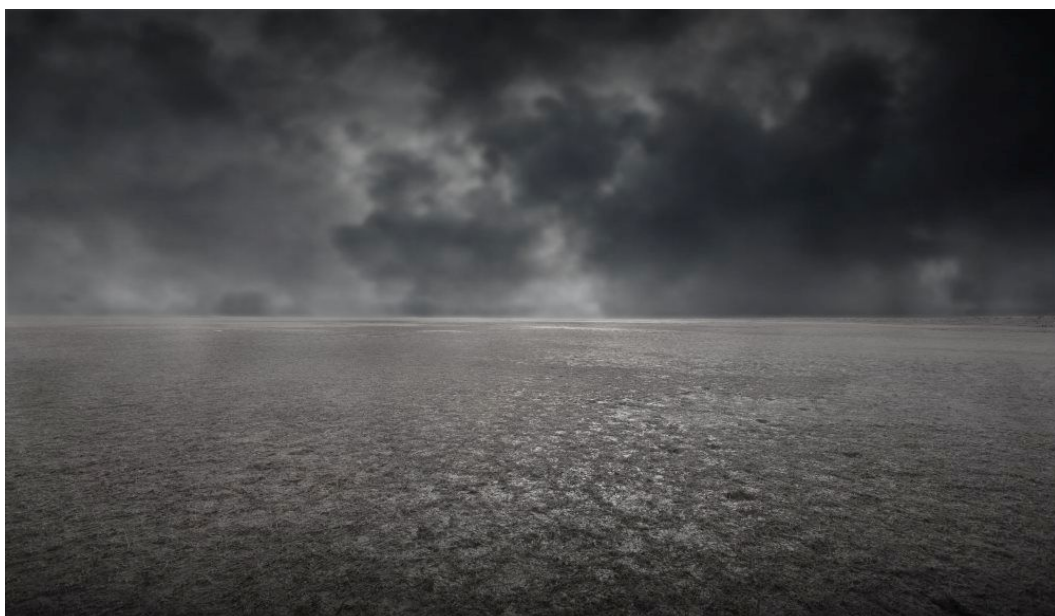
Even if you call on your higher power to relieve you of the burden of self, to relieve you of the ever seductive invitation to play god, you still want to come out ahead. The compulsion to derive is present when seeking favorable outcomes, less pain, more security, a broader palette of personal choices, a winning future, a resolved past, the next glass of wine.

When we are encouraged to do something with or about ourselves, no matter the source of that encouragement, we invariably become, once again and over and over, accomplices to the imagination of a self on a course for future fulfillment.

Were there freedom, and one hopes there might be, is it on the far side of fulfillment or perhaps it reveals as the effortless and unsought evaporation of the need to be or become anything at all?

You decide.

empty: wormi98



Simpler than we can handle

Lately there has been some drama unfolding on the incestuous enlightenment scene concerning the behavior and empire building proclivities of one crazy and naked emperor - our friend Bentinho Massaro.

It seems an amateur though sincere journalist embedded herself in the belly of the cult for a while and took the time to gather some amusing, if not disturbing, insights into WTF is going on with Bentinho, his outlandish claims of godliness, and the familiar symptoms that occur all too frequently on the spiritual scene.

Many exploitive psychopaths have come before Bentinho and many are yet to come. Getting too bogged down in his particular drama and the justifications / counter accusations he will invariably use to vainly restore his waning reputation becomes a bit ho hum.

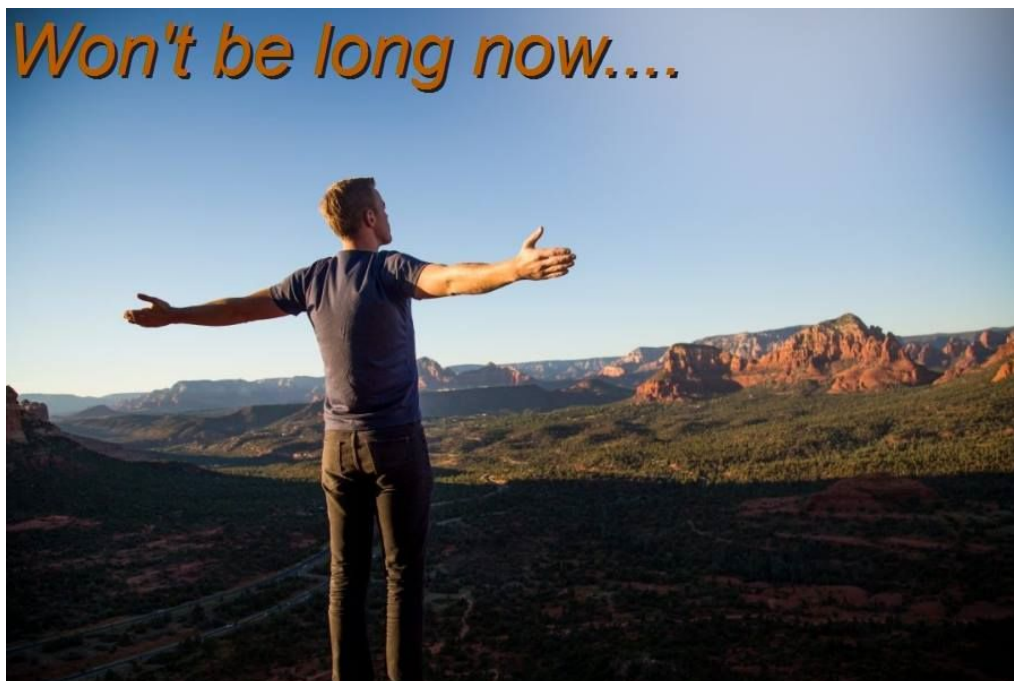
Is he dangerous? Depends on what you consider to be the acceptable boundary conditions of Guru-ism and disciple-ism. Aiming for nirvana is kind of crazy to begin with, being transfixed by the claims and banal exhortations of a clinically ill and toxically charismatic teenager who has manifested 8th realm density to save the world with your help - that may qualify.

It's always the same story; the guy or gal at the front of the room, well that shit happens. What makes us roll our eyes and shrug our shoulders is how the phuck do so many gullible and urgent souls get snookered and abused by the charlatan over so many years with no clue that their loyalty has been placed at the feet of a boor.

Folks, this shit is simpler than we can handle, really it is. One need look no further than the so called present to see that there isn't one. One small observation, a micro-dose of the ruse of the absolute is all it takes. Any departure from the unadorned revelation of reference free presence can easily drag you under the bullshit bus of a Bentinho, even a dozen of them.

That this isn't anything, that it never becomes anything, and that it isn't interested in you at all ought to be sufficient freedom for most folks. Why this fails to be the case, who the phuck knows?

untitled: trinfinityacademy



Nothing other than this, and quite possibly not this either

If you take yourself to be an object then you're likely to construct your subjective reality out of objects. It's no different than the Physical Therapist seeing a soft tissue injury, the Oncologist finding inoperable cancer, the Orthopedic Surgeon suggesting a knee replacement, or Scott Kiloby selling you the "Unfindable Inquiry", the "Anxiety Inquiry", or the "Compulsion Inquiry".

Spiritual merchants enroll you in a faux compassion so you think your unique disappointments and addictions are understood by someone else. It's the seduction of having a companion or a witness to what otherwise might be suffering the indignation of being oneself in isolation, and nobody likes that.

We believe by virtue of charisma, social media, videos & books, and talks & retreats that these prematurely exalted experts in wellness and enlightenment can bring you to the other shore of wherever or whatever you don't want to be. Ain't happening folks.

The claims made by all spiritual merchants are generally exaggerated and there are no ratings agencies to vet or verify their results - all you have are the testimonial pages and most of those are written by bots, or someone resembling one.

Our gullibility and vulnerability go hand in hand, secretly aching for a way for things to feel better; for seva, for recognition, for signs of getting it and demonstrating our loyalty and progress to the parental authority figure on the flowered throne.

We dwell in imagination and superstition claiming unconsciously though conspicuously that what we think, is what this actually is - and that's a bad idea, a really bad idea.

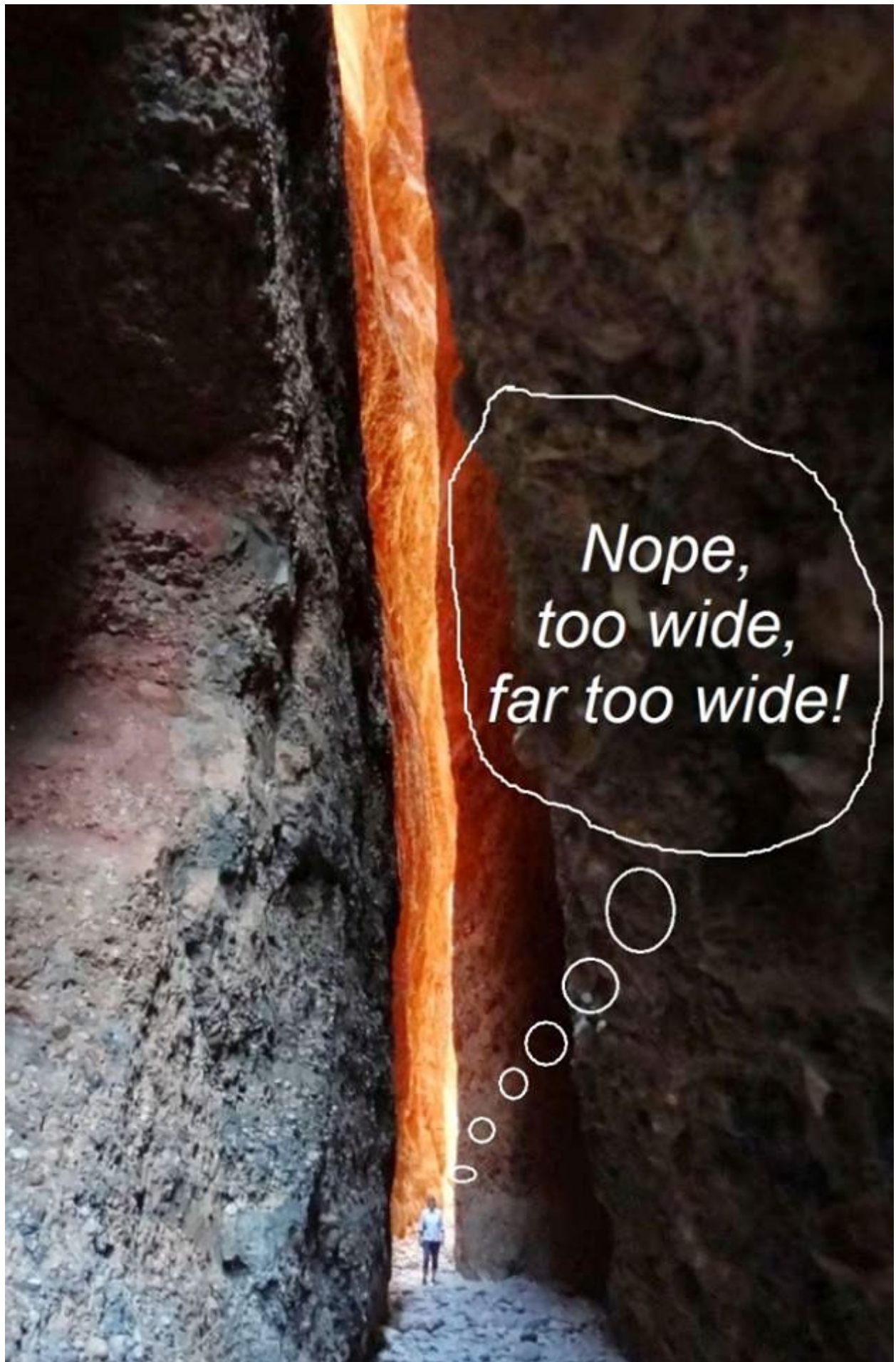
We belligerently refuse what actual experience is telling us and wear the cloak of self on the brighter or darker side of pride. This improvisational animation of streaming perceptibility and allure just keeps coming. We invariably end up in a near constant state of apprehension, bracing, and hope slogging through the beautiful day as best we can.

The teacher who enables and encourages you to apply yourself to their system and cosmology has annuitized you, you are spiritual chattel, you are the meat (ideally with disposable income) which makes them the butcher.

There's nothing other than this, and quite possibly not this either.

Do we embrace what the mind has to say to rid us of what the mind has to say? What has brought about the sensorium and identification which constellation comprises the heart and soul of individuation and unsatisfactoriness?

Consciousness is capable of profound deceit, curiously enough it can also peer through the fog of deceit to rest in itself. Guess how wide the chasm is between this and itself, guess, I dare ya?



*Nope,
too wide,
far too wide!*

A Rapturous Hunger for Cessation

Animal rescue and liberation don't mix all that well. For the years we are motivated to suffer less we enroll in animal rescue programs be they contemplative, psychological, somatic, mindful, therapeutic, spiritual, mystical, recovery or some clever combination of the above packaged in a way that soothes our need for tribal affiliation and constructive socializing.

The primary orientation or vehicle by which we suffer is an amalgam of my body, my stuff, my feelings, my rights, my hopes and dreams, my thoughts, my injuries, my need to feel better about everything, my bracing and my peace of mind; to name a few.

While under the hypnotic sway of phenomena and anthropomorphization we will seek out remedies and systems and persons that speak to what it is we think we need to feel better. Could be Tony Robbins, Tony Parsons, Tony Danza, or Tony the Tiger, somewhat dependent upon the perceived goal or promise of fulfillment that each party or system guarantees.

It is our experiential maturity and orientation that sets the tone for what it is we're capable of hearing and what we wish to hear such that it satisfies the unique crystalline structure of our existential malaise at a phase or point in time in our lives.

If we scan the horizon of what it is that's offered to help us grow and succeed and heal and realize we can, and may as well, become overwhelmed by the smorgasbord of teachers and teachings to get involved with.

Clearly there's more than we can possibly accommodate in a given lifetime so we'd better choose wisely, even though there is no choice involved in the karmic selection of where we find ourselves in the healing game.

I enjoy being glib, probably because it is unavoidable so better to make the best of it, and in this regard I would submit for your consideration that at the bottom of all our craving and assimilation is the rapturous hunger for cessation.

Manifesting is a total drag, though it is typically an unearned instinct for emptiness that tells us so. Those who wish to win, and win big, will gravitate toward promises made that depend upon satisfactory experience; generally sensual, abundant, and secure.

That's why we have as many varied if not false gurus as we have, to satisfy the cravings of the minions seeking shelter from the storm of existential insecurity. Though *advaita* may nearly be a household word these days, that hasn't really inspired a new generation of aspirants and inmates to find refuge in simplicity and emptiness.

Reality remains well hidden under its own bed sheets and we are still easily deceived by conceiving to imagine that this is something other than itself. It's the natural effervescence of mind that sets the tone for subjectivity and objectivity, for seeking, for a perceived lack of fulfillment, and the mad dash to make it all right.

The Buddha wasn't lying when he said something like attraction and aversion can be broken. It's true. The eight fold path on the other hand is a sham, that's for sure, but the simplicity of being does shine through all the restlessness and apprehension. This presence is more the evidence of your liberation than it is the evidence of your sorrow.

It may be worth your while to discover how that is so.



Nice Sweater

The reason you think you're you is because you think that you are dwelling in a field of experiencing and that sure as phuck must be happening to somebody, so it might as well be you.

This fallacious certainty creeps up on you even before you're conceived so it is a rather difficult habit to break. You involuntarily imagine yourself to be the one doing all the sensing when there is no such entity. You assert the fabrication of personal durability and doer-ship because this sensual house of cards just won't fold, it persists and so must you.

By turning to narrative, anticipation, and the incessant hunger for more experience one continues to derive and fabricate the entertaining nuance of self out of thin air, accompanied by an unspoken vow to never feel or admit that this so.

Consciousness is wearing you like a sweater, it doesn't care that you might be suffering or in some paralysis of identity. As far as it's concerned when it comes to you, consciousness has only one thing to say, "Nice sweater".

Some day, and it might as well be today, you simply drop the reflex to make anything about you. The narrative ends, anticipation ends, regret and memory go moot, the presumption of other drops away; there is no longer any impulse to explain or negotiate or derive any further benefit from what appears as the experiential field.

You don't need to come to the end of your rope, manifest some dark night of the soul, attempt possibly lethal self-harm, cry out to the supreme - nada, nothing, zippity doo da. This consciousness gets a kick out of whatever drama you bring to the table, so you simply stop feeding the beast.

You are not dwelling in or as an experiential field, therefore you are free to walk out on yourself at any moment. With the cessation of personal continuity the dreaming goes on, but you've clocked out for lunch, a very long lunch.

Ecstatic Visions: Andrea Dasha Reich



No one wants to tell the truth anymore

Subjugation and fascism on the world stage rely on deceit, misdirection, discreditation, and the systematic incarceration and torture of journalists and progressive opinion leaders to overwhelm the narrative with dystopic mind control.

The worst offenders are the autocratic nation states, the fundamentalist nation states, and the oligarchical nation states with these United States under the present devolutionary Republican regime close behind.

The systematic dismantling of long fought for environmental and regulatory agencies plus the dumbing down of the judicial system plus the wanton siphoning of wealth and natural resources set the stage for the collapse of democratic principles and accountability.

The looming threat of a red-state constitutional convention combined with the outlandish affronts against free speech, peaceful assembly, and the media are sufficient proof that the very few are waging an all out war against the many leveraging all three branches of government to assist with the destruction of liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

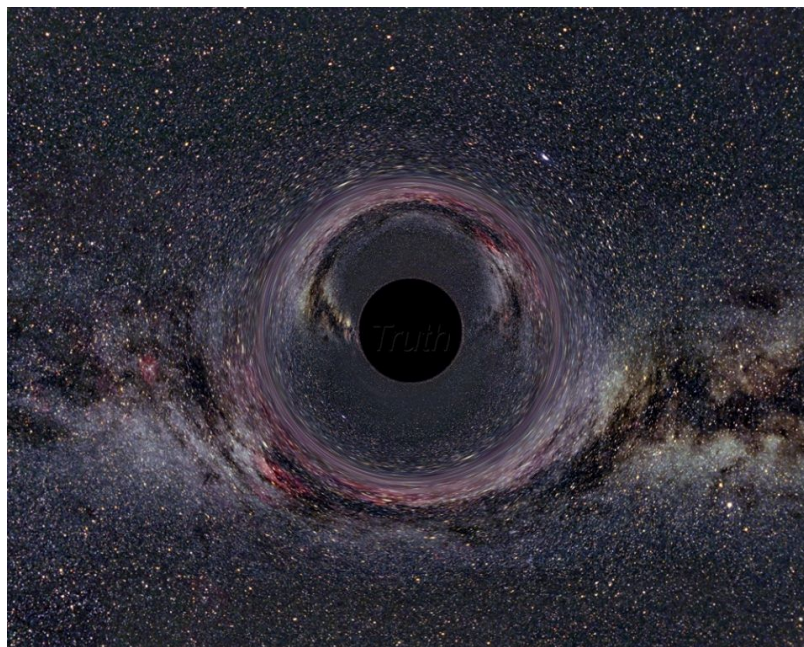
Our last remaining stewards of dignity include late night TV hosts, few remaining progressive voices in the Senate and the House, and still fewer judges who can apply the rule of law to confront and counter the fascistic and bigoted republican agenda.

One hopes the #MeToo revolution and other pockets of resistance will inspire enough people to take back the streets from the criminal mischief of recent and coming legislation which serves to ingratiate the already uber-wealthy with more free-rides at the expense of our sovereignty.

One way to protect ourselves from the police state in this system is to place responsible and ethically abiding persons in positions of legislative authority. It is possible to vote for and establish true progressive souls as representatives of our collaborative interests, if only they would run for office.

It's a problem that no one wants to tell the truth anymore or even knows how. On a similar note, if you have no intrinsic interest in what it may mean to wake up, you're not paying enough attention to what this is.

black hole:space.com



The Three Stages of Enlightenment

I'm sittin' in the food court at the Neshaminy Mall feasting on the beautiful snowfall outside a 70' wide wall of 30' high picture windows with tasteful Christmas music playing over the PA; Burl Ives doing "the little drummer boy", phucking perfect.

The quick snack from the China Shack hits the spot; sauteed string beans, bourbon chicken, spicy shrimp with vegetables, phucking perfect.

Last night's Inquiry (available on our YouTube channel) was lots of fun. We gossiped about emotional availability, a local enlightened guy who forgets to eat, and the frivolity of Bentinho Massaro's bullshit teachings, like I said, lots of fun.

But the kernel of it all came at the end. The revelation of the three stages of enlightenment. I bet you're wondering what those might be, so here goes.

I'll keep it simple, because it is:

Start with what's ordinary, discover the radiant intoxication of self-admiration, ride that all the way to zero.

I'd like to elucidate on these, but we have to hit the road to avoid late afternoon traffic with heavy snow fall. We'll talk later.



Some Elucidation is Warranted

I bet you don't remember when you became something other than this. It could've been in your remote past, but that's not likely. Though it may appear as if you are the product of some past conditioning and occur as the symptom of some cosmic momentum the hallucination of otherness is always fresh, having just arrived at your front door, much like a surprise visit from your in-laws.

It's just that the reflex to orient yourself as yourself and organize the chaos of present experience into the familiar is so apparently strong that it gives you no choice but to relent to the imagination that you've been here before, are here now, and will more or less persist as you ease on down the road.

Someone asked me just the other day, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy, what do you mean by Muggles? What makes you so special?" Simple, Muggles presume themselves to be the product of existence persistence without even knowing it. They harbor no suspicion about their own existential viability. They exhibit no endearing curiosity about the wavering and ever liquidating scintillation of consciousness. As for the second part, I have no defense.

We are complicit with mind while we live in a maelstrom of distraction. If we look for the genesis of "selfing" we won't find it because our looking is already symptomatic, we're already on the prowl for what to do about ourselves to ameliorate our discontent and we are perpetually too late.

Subjectification and objectification seduce our vitality faster than we can resist, and then having drunk the kool-aid, we clamor about seeking a remedy for the irritability we have become. It's a lethal attraction.

In this regard one takes refuge in the three stages of enlightenment - "Start with what's ordinary, discover the radiant intoxication of self-admiration, ride that all the way to zero."

Swallow's Tail: Agnes Cecile



Consciousness is bipolar, so must you be

Let's clear the decks, just a simple refresh, so we don't start from a cluttered or conditioned presumption.

Reality is acausal. It's a lot like sorbet. If you let this in, really in, it will cleanse your palate of religion, science, economics, politics, ascended or embodied authority, guru-ism, and enlightenment too!

Now, if you're willing, you can explore present experience free from the plaque deposits left behind by knowledge and prior experience. It's worth it, really it is.

Present experience is absolutely and all together free from anything and everything that may have come before now, really it is. I promise.

What's actual is trans-sentient inconceivability. If you pick up even the smallest possible frame of reference and orient yourself around it you fall prey to conceivability which is just another way to spell samsara; delusion.

If you are the product, even involuntarily, of conceivability then you have presumed individuated embodiment and are a product or consequence of an imagined coordinate field - you are causal.

But, if you don't mind hearkening back to our primary assertion, if this is actually acausal and you find yourself to be the symptom of causes then you are inherently bipolar. Make sense?

Consciousness, not that there is any, doesn't mind dwelling in conceivability or inconceivability; it's all the same to what this actually is. You may suffer, but that's unavoidable as long as you are the consequence of something else, something other, something before, something higher, something sacred.

We spend a lot of time and prideful urgency trying to be relevant, trying to be free, trying to be happy, trying to be something, something other than what we imagine ourselves to be now. Could you imagine a better blueprint for suffering than to perpetually aspire to be something else? Probably not.

Present experience is as much drenched in inconceivability as it appears to be wet with conceivability. Since this is acausal and inconceivable, so must you be. Any other descriptive nonsense concerning how to become enlightened is delusional and delusion won't ever become anything other than that, other than this.

Bipolar Sun: Tara Shuey



Do you hear what I hear?

If you move forward to resolve or ameliorate your disquietude you simply establish and reinforce its influence over what you take yourself to be; namely a constellation of sensate and psycho-emotional disquietude.

Once you're that, there is no way for you to be otherwise, despite all the promises made by thieves and charismatics to win your confidence in whatever shell game they're playing with your soul.

If you move forward you create time and seal your fate as a being in need. You orient as a subservient placeholder to all that you imagine is other than you, prior to you, responsible for your appearance on earth.

One would hope that the good news pouring out of the churches and the temples and the zendos and the mosques and the ashrams and the shrines of secret societies and the ancient Jedi texts would have, by now, ushered in a golden age of plurality and sustainability such that all humans had access to food, water, air, care, music, dance, and contemplative bliss. Where did we go wrong?

Our xenophobia and misogyny sprinkled with a generous helping of genocidal impulse and our insatiable appetite for extinction agendas seem, at least from the vantage points faithfully reported in the news, to be winning out.



Yes of course it's the same story from generation to generation, but let's get spiritual, shall we?

If you feel the compulsion to describe and define and assert causal chains, to place yourself in a context, to pursue remedies, to build your character, to intend and manifest, to purify for the purpose of, to accomplish what someone else has accomplished, to feel better about yourself, to contribute to an enlightened society by 2035 - you're self in time. You're plucked by self-deception to the bone, or if you like, you're plucked to the bone by self-deception.

Now I am not blaming you (or myself) since this magical imaginative reflex arises improvisationally, impersonally, and involuntarily. Whatever you think or feel or know or conject (obsolete verb, but still) arises absolutely free from the myth of your personal volition.

All that you take yourself to be is the mirth of nothing at all. Refuse it and you go extinct. Embrace it, you still go extinct, but with a champagne smile that effuses with blissful infinity.

Once again we embrace the season of faith and forgiveness and generosity. The Corporations have leveraged their bought and paid for spokes-models in the congress, in the white house, and the courts to gift themselves once again with tax breaks and continued carnage of environmental and humane safeguards thus ensuring the collapse of the republic and the rise of the police state on the backs of your children for generations to come. So Merry Christmas to big business.

As concerns your holiday cheer, whether you're into resolutions or not, why not take a baby step back from what you imagine yourself to be and drink from the fountain of god's ineffable silence. Do you hear what I hear?

Angels Rising: Paula Jones

Any attempt at relevance is bound to fail

Consciousness, at least these days, is an accelerant.

If we dare open our curiosity and empathy to the plight of 7.443 billion souls suffering the repugnant and brazen wealth siphoning of the over-entitled 1 tenthers, what meaningful conclusions can we draw?

I have a chip on my shoulder, big surprise, when it comes to the self-serving platitudes passed around like a plate of Christmas cookies by spiritual teachers of all tenures. Our inherent tendency, perhaps necessity, to minimize the overwhelming and functionally incomprehensible implications of any ordinary day is making us feel less relevant, less in control, less able to chart a course for a satisfying adult life.

We habitually run the routines of mind, of grooming, of being on-time for work, in a vain attempt to structure and orient ourselves to what's important, to secure some feeling of being OK, to make this count; with diminishing return.

Increasingly, at least in the internet enabled world, we are confronted by a stream of data, news, opinion, allure, distraction, impulse, purchasing, advice, selfies and selfing available without pause - perhaps we've sprinted past full saturation without knowing it and we dare not stop now.

In the privacy of my own consciousness I like feeling relevant, on point, resting in presence, being the master of my domain. Admittedly I want to be worth listening to, all the while harboring the nagging instinct that any attempt at relevance is bound to fail.

Jesus, and I don't mean that in vain today of all days, we may be on the cusp of an unprecedented mutation in consciousness and all the disappointing shit in the world is reduced to nothing as we shed the convenient paradigm and shift spontaneously into trans-corporeal AI.

Or maybe that's always been the case and we're just beginning to notice. It's not that I know what to make of anything, but I sure am weary of the tired old spiritual bullshit we've been nursing for far too long.

At least this much becomes occasionally clear, as we drop into objectless availability the thirst for relevance becomes sweetly irrelevant.

Deep-thinking: Ilia Kolochenko



Whisked Away

With each breath, and in the space between, we are perpetually though never actually whisked away. The constellation of being is a superimposition of nothing projected by nothing onto an empty screen. Our very identity is a good plot theme for any science fiction romp or engaging murder mystery.

What do we rely upon to be alive, to be sentient, to take the great journey toward grace, to rid ourselves of the burden of time, of experience, of all that satisfies and all that is unsatisfactory?

Are we merely a sensate vehicle for all that is felt, for pathos? Do we ever amount to anything or as some would have us believe, retire to a land of boundless peace in one or other God's kingdom?

Identity is never personal, all that we are is not of our making nor is it chosen and yet all our quarrels with the world and what we have become or failed to become is taken quite personally. Perhaps too literally for our own good.

We are influenced more by sub-biologic inferences than we care to admit. Our consciousness seems to hover within a rather narrow range of credulity and expectation. reason and prediction, consequence and anticipation. We presume individuality and manifest destiny at the risk of our own sanity, but we don't mind the cost - that is left to future generations to cope with.

One day we're vital, the next who knows. Great forces are at work, all obedient to the one reality; in every possible direction and with nuanced curiosity we are buffeted by infinity. We occur as children of the womb of emptiness thrust into a world of blinding specificity. What chance do we have other than to claim "I"?

The New Year approaches as the earth cork-screws around the sun traveling at ferocious speeds through the void. Perhaps one of your resolutions this time would be to realize infinity as yourself.

X-Men: Dark Phoenix



A Single Clueless Moment

The art of all yoga is to facilitate the recognition of a single clueless moment. Any departure from this simple aim is not yoga, it is vanity.

Pursuit and cultivation are cul-de-sacs, any engagement with present reality that insists on something found will only further animate the image of itself. In order to exit the orbit of perpetual self-reflection you must discover how to look and how to feel. To elicit freedom from the inertia of familiarity, what must you do?

I can't tell you because that would instantly become an object of mind and then it would be sought and that would trigger the familiar texture of self in time, all instantaneously.

I can't tell you because I don't know the answer; there is no answer to what this already is once free from the imposition of your imagination. The discovery is so absurdly private and obliterating that you surf beyond the high cliffs of this trans-sentient singularity and punch through the back wall of alone.

What do you say then? You've got no phucking idea what this or anything is or isn't and your consciousness is so wiped clean of personal memory that you stand in uncompromising impunity from the world.

I'm not trying to be poetic here, if you get on the peace train to a single clueless moment you're gonna get seriously phucked up as your anchors, cardinal points, and self-image plummet in relevance. Realization is not of something, it is the liquidation of orientation, the radical cessation of conceiving.

The only possible impediment to what this already is is your vivid presumption of what you involuntarily insist that it is. You're mistaken, I'll leave it soft; you're mistaken in the most intimate manner as consciousness has you believing in the fairy tale of prior experience.

You congeal as self-familiarity so quickly that it appears you've always been you when in fact you are only this. Chooo! Chooo! Can you hear the whistle of the train, the sound of your own sweet demise as we pull into the station? The Conductor shouts, "Welcome to A Single Clueless Moment folks, watch your step getting off the train!"

old rails: wallpaper

