

# Night Sky Sangha

## Inquiry into Awakening

(Facebook posts January 2018 – June 2018)

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## ***I Resolve to Dissolve***

Like many people the world over I am concerned with myself. How I feel, what I have, how I hope to feel, what I want, how it's going and how I will manifest how it's going to go; all matter to me very much.

Despite my preoccupation with self I do hope that all sentient beings will go on to thrive as best as anyone can in a world rife with shitty karma and the exhaustion that selfishly motivated indignation breeds all around.

Still there are limits to what we can do to insure that someone we love is sufficiently buoyed by our and their own affection to make their life worth living. Most everything, perhaps everything, is out of our control, but that's no reason to stop loving or stop caring or stop being the best you can be in the sacred halls of your own consciousness, to lend a hand, to facilitate peace in the tribe.

In fact I think it is a good idea to cultivate Tribal Warmth where anyone (within practical reason of course) can feel welcome to be themselves and explore the deeper nuances of contemplative nourishment. The species might even benefit from a wholesale shift in collective consciousness (please don't mind my New Age sidebar) where we learn how to be simply present without the ridiculous pressure of disembodied authorities telling us what to do and how to live best - that shit still hasn't worked out very well.

We sheep have been corralled by fear, authority, intimidation, sin, lies, violence, and every imaginable form of exploitation to insure that those in power remain so while we cower under the myth of disembodied authority; the myth that the government and the CEO and the priest and the guru knows best. Oh my god are we phucking stupid or what?

So my vain attempt, once again, at establishing a New Year's resolution hasn't amounted to much. As I am able I will endeavor to cultivate Tribal Warmth for the purpose of laying the foundations for radical alchemy and thus resolve to dissolve. I hope you have a coven of your own to find the refuge you deserve.

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Peace In Mind: Travis Moore Blog



## *Consciousness is not your friend*

That randy rascalion Ramesh Balsekar, may he rest in peace, was just another neo-advaita teacher who succumbed to the pleasures of the flesh outside the marital vow who often said, "Consciousness is all there is. All there is is consciousness".

You may or may not also be aware that one of Ramesh's students other than Wayne Liquorman and Roger Castillo was the famed and similarly deceased Leonard Cohen, a randy sex appreciator in his own right. One wonders if Ramesh helped Leonard to wake up of if Leonard helped Ramesh to get over his inhibitions - maybe both?

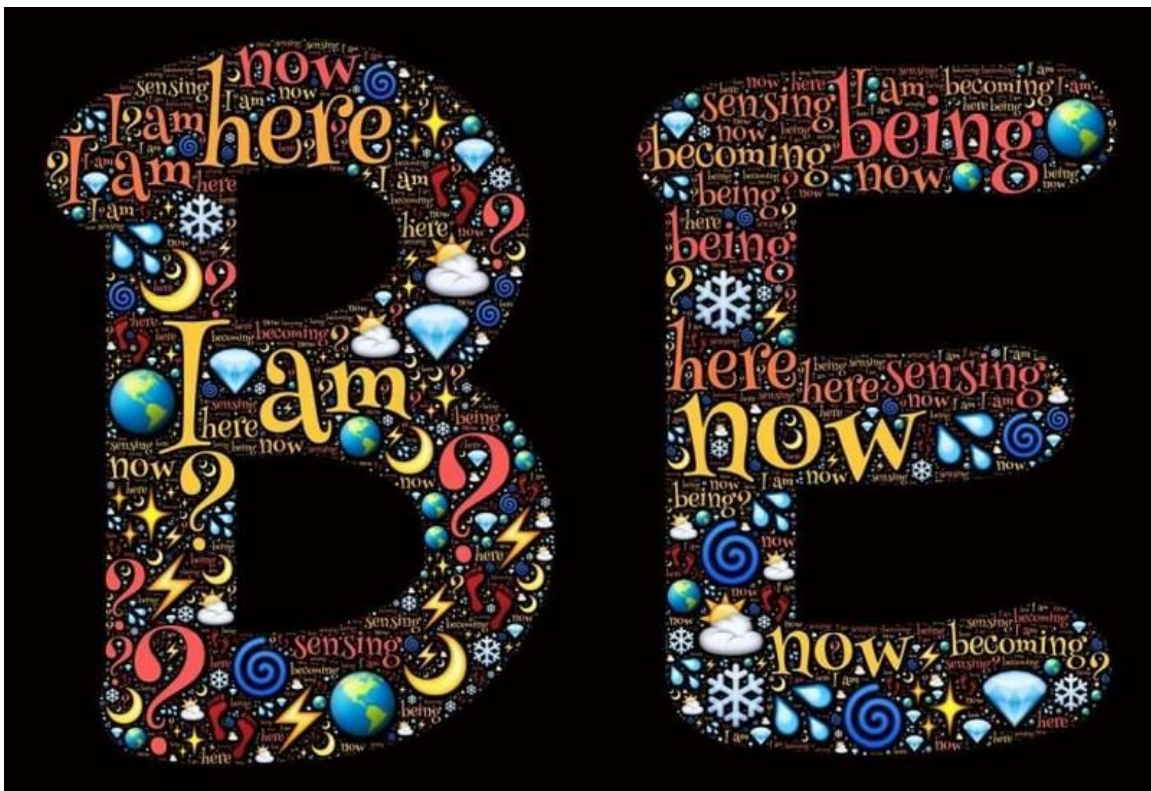
Anyway, sex aside (just for a while) let's focus on this consciousness issue so we can put it in its proper perspective, because we know by now that Ramesh cannot be trusted to tell the truth, and not just because he's dead.

Some friends of mine (and I say that cautiously so as not to misrepresent how they may feel about it) included me in a lighthearted email exchange about the current state of affairs of the Vedanta Society (the surviving institution representing Sri Ramakrishna's spiritual legacy) - apparently they still harbor some affection for institutionalized enlightenment which we, the faithful readers of this blog, all know is a non sequitur.

I tried to let them down easy, "... we've been listening to these tired old teachings for far too long without merit or fruition. That Ramakrishna and his holy minions are no longer relevant to contemporary spiritual life is regrettable. The Vedanta Society built upon the Master's life and teachings is as stale as the rye bread I feed to pigeons – nothing can help it."

Folks, I'm here for you and in that context permit me to share some deep wisdom. Consciousness makes you think that it's your friend, it's not. Consciousness is shit. See this and rest in wonder.

### Consciousness: Robin Craig





## *Self Consumed Voyeurism*

The reason you're upset is that you are being held captive by an insatiable hunger for orientation whose power of persuasion is occurring against your will.

All other symptoms of dissatisfaction are just that, they are symptoms of this primary observation. You cannot actually influence anything or endeavor to secure satisfying abatement of that which displeases you or gleefully repeat or attract anything you mistakenly imagine will be enjoyable.

That joy and sorrow occur is none of your business, the alleged anticipation and continuity of your person and body are the roots of suffering and no amount of agape will change this fact. What you are observing in and as yourself is the belated appearance of self consumed voyeurism. You're not actually living, you're only vicariously living according to the impersonal memes or filters of your already conditioned belief systems.

This involuntarily arising subjective condition, though not actually binding, flourishes as an existential sickness. Our consciousness is divisive at a very intimate level eliciting conflict and confusion such that the entire species, the heat engine known as civilization, turns to fantastical thinking and the imagineering of god to soothe the panic.

The virus of individuation dominates the psychic landscape, it is the sole / soul culprit for the systemic stupidity that binds us to misogynistic chauvinism and generations of exploitation under the banners of religion, the nation-state, the currency, the rule of law, and our despicable addiction to war and famine.

Neither Eckhart Tolle nor Oprah Winfrey, and certainly not Jim Carrey, are going to make a dent in your condition. No one can.

If by some miracle your thirst for absolvment enables you to see through the cantankerous inertia of self consumed voyeurism then maybe you walk the path of unencumbered being.

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Untitled: Jake Ryan\_Open Bench Project



## *There is no freedom from bias*

I went to a Meetup just yesterday once again in hopes of finding enlightenment. I knew ahead of time that I wouldn't, but that didn't stop me from going. The venue was a cozy living room inside a private home nestled among towering ash trees at the end of a bamboo lined driveway where we engaged in spirited conversation and a killer guided meditation narrated to the tune of one awesome jazz infused Om track, why miss that?

After weeks of cloudy skies and lingam chilling temperatures the sun was out, the thermometer broke upwards of 40 degrees; I could feel some of my own juices, long since sequestered, returning to my loins and I thought to myself, "Today is the day, I can feel it."

On the way I was quietly musing to myself how bored I am with myself, nothing new, just typical mind chatter if it isn't drowned out by the rockin' rhythms and syncopation of live Dead music on the Sirius channel when all of a sudden, which is how everything appears, the sun shone on a pair of stately leaf barren beech trees and gifted me with a direct hit of non-dual transcendence, beauty without commentary.

We forget, most often inconveniently, that this isn't about anything. We don't need to have spiritual experience, knowledge of other realms, proof of life or enlightenment, a path to follow, a way out or a way in. All of those vectors arise surreptitiously as the allure of identification, a bookmark in time, a life to improve, the endless possibilities of endless possibilities.

Admittedly, instead of making new friends at the Meetup I made the mistake of speaking out loud, though invited to do so, and as you can imagine my remarks didn't land all that well. Our guide was a lovely, accommodating, patient, and well-spoken life coach venturing into the meditation training business having studied with the likes of Joe Dispenza (from the Ramtha infomercial called 'What the Bleep') and Jeff Carreira (an evolve oriented graduate of Andrew Cohen's cult).

Many teachers encourage, package, and sell the ruse that there is a place and a condition where you can enjoy freedom from bias, there is no freedom from bias. If you just leave this alone it will respond in kind. That approach, however, may not make sense until after a long haul of failed attempts to feel better and fix shit.

Along the way, if you're on the way, it is always a good idea to be "ruthless for your own well-being" - Holly Butcher.

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Untitled: Barry CIPHR Blog





## ***Nothing, Impulse, Thought, Claim***

In today's world no one knows how to spell 'patience' any more. It's almost as if we're rushing just to rush, we don't actually get anywhere, at least not anywhere that's useful.

We consume and we fret, tethered to the smart phone with the same urgency our lungs seek the next breath. This can't be going in a smart direction.

When it comes to the carrot of awakening many fall prey to quick artists who claim they can deliver instant and lasting revelation via a single skype call for the cost of a few cartons of cigarettes. Others claim on-demand access to super consciousness. Got this one from a recent exchange with an enlightened life coach, "I too can create and be with nothing and everything and within seconds transport my consciousness to the vast nothingness which invites us all."

Makes you feel like chopped liver, doesn't it?

Sometimes I see myself as the muggle janitor at the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry cleaning up after everyone else's magical indulgences. The last unenlightened human on earth; how disappointing is that?

I'm a coward at heart and tend to 'when-in-Rome' just to bolster my own failed and failing sense of relevance in a world bereft of values so I bring you the NSS quick way to endless happiness in a vain attempt to try and keep up.

Just because I plagiarized the method from a conversation at last night's Inquiry meeting, that's no reason to dismiss it.



OK, so here goes. You can run it forward or backward, the result is the same. Let's try it backward first.

One's sense of self (the irritating one) can be traced back from claims made about thoughts as belonging to me which are merely the resonant harmonics of subtle impulses that precipitate out from nothing at all.

Or, nothing at all has gas, a mild indigestion, impulses arise as the flatulence of nothing at all which trigger thought bubbles in consciousness, whatever that is, and claims are made by no one as the owner and originator of these thoughts resulting in our sense of self (the irritating one).

Harkening back to 7th grade math I think this is either the commutative principle or the associative principle, but really I think it is the dissociative principle.

The implication here is that our bias (based on ill-begotten evidence) toward ourselves as self-directed hegemonic beings is a fraud. Seeing this from time to time may act as a solvent on our existential hubris and render us delightfully undefended.

As we slide into the far side of pride, the reflex to manage and create and co-create and expedite and figure out and entertain and convince and crave collapses. Interested?

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Midnight Rambler: Trisha Shattuck

## ***The Delirium Asylum***

You are the sole inmate of an asylum of delirium, wondering what you'll do once the cafeteria staff goes on break.

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Dining Room: McLean Asylum



## *Spirituality, which by the way doesn't work, is for humans*

Take a pinch of mindfulness, a sprig of naked yoga, a dusting of Ayahuasca, two cloves of pranic healing, 3 slices of dzogchen, 4 teaspoons of questions and a turn-around, a cup of fire-walking, finely chopped kirtan to taste, a reduction of recovery, sifted pali canon, all blended together with the juices of my shitty childhood and unrelenting thirst for enlightenment, and what do you get?

I'll tell you in case you're hesitating. It's a foul smelling and putrid tasting smoothie of myself with hard chunks (that even the vitamix couldn't liquefy) of I'm still the same and nothing phucking works! That's what you get.

All of your attempts to make some kind, any kind, of progress to suffer less or enjoy more can't work because the center of the maelstrom is someone's bad idea of a puppet having bad ideas about everything and that's what you are - you've peaked at the muggle glass ceiling and no amount of clever vocabulary or walks to the top of Arunachala are going to make a difference in your pride of ownership.

It is always a good idea to keep a few simple rules in mind:

- 1) Don't seek attention or adoration from human beings; they are all phucked up and have nothing of value to add to or subtract from your misery,
- 2) No one really heals; there is no one to rely upon out there and your own karmic shithouse will remain so to the grave, and
- 3) Don't go to spiritual plays; they all suck, really they do.

Even the simple and somewhat innocent urgency to make sense of things, to be happy, to contribute somehow, to be relevant, to get the love you need, to manifest, or to succeed in a world made of ghosts will drive you insane and the sooner you see this the sooner you can abandon it.

The throbbing vitality of sentience itself is accompanied by a life time of nonspecific anxiety as long as corporeal individuation is the base line of your imagined existence. The only way, there is no 'way' really and certainly no 'only', but the only way to extricate yourself from the myth of yourself is to learn how to shift attention (not your attention) from what's presumed to be known to pure and unadorned incredulity.



This poignant and potent yoga relieves you of the inertia of self and opens your attention (still not yours) to the presence of euphoria as the entrance to whatever it is you discover past that threshold and no one has a lock on or clue what that is - that's what makes this sphere of yoga truly egalitarian.

We are surrounded by didactic experts in the field of everything and tend to look to them for orientation and purpose and for what to do with ourselves, it is fruitless. It comes as no surprise then that Spirituality, which by the way doesn't work, is for humans.

Be grateful you're not one of those, if it comes to you, only if it comes to you.



## *Not a day goes by*

Not a day goes by that someone on the street fails to ask, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy, why is it like this?"

You can see it in their gate, the way they look at the sky, the effort made to portray some silent and seething confidence in their self-will, the failure to find a good reason for their very existence. It's everywhere these days, that subtle despair, the unshakable instinct that the gig is up on the failed dream of what it is supposed to mean to be human, conscious, capable of so much, and so tired with the ruse of familiarity.

So I contemplate the question deeply, with a sincere wish to fish some insight out of the dark ethers, to redeem the secret soldiers of the left hand path, the gnostic alchemists who dare take the risk to pass through the ring of ritual that enslaves our consciousness.

Why is it like this? At the risk of sounding a touch evangelical I can let you in on a little secret. You see, there is awareness, but please don't jump to any familiar conclusions about what awareness might be or to whom it enures its strange and marvelous blessings.



May we just enjoy the unimaginable implication that Awareness is, singular in its presence and absence, it's expression and it's Gate, Gate, Paragate, Para Sam gate Bodhi svaha.

Let me lay this down on you. Awareness being entirely itself and void of other sought to invent a vehicle whereby it could satisfactorily hide from itself for just a little while to catch its breath, to

enjoy a little privacy from its formidably self-satisfying nature.

Most other sentient beings reflect Awareness' unbroken luminous nature with aplomb, but we take the cake, we are Awareness' perfection of forgetfulness, we are the crowning achievement, the sanctuary where Awareness has truly forgotten its unicity and so rolls around ecstatically in human suffering and separation much like a dog will roll around in a dead carcass just to smash the scent of it deep in their fur.

We are Awareness' success story, duplicitous forgetfulness - we are amazing.

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Stone Prayers: Athina Southeast



## ***SETI has found proof!***

You're not gonna believe this, and if by some miracle you do, you're for sure not gonna like it, but it's true.

My brother in law has a decent day job, it's a cover. He's actually, though doesn't broadcast it, an independent micro/macro cosmo/bio-sentience researcher working with SETI and an international consortium of ET intelligence scientists committed to interference and super-signal spectral scanning across an omnivalent array of active radio transmissions, neutron burst signals, and collapsed star clusters looking for fractally implicative wave perturbations to infer interactive coherence abnormality vectors which suggest the presence of conscious cross dimensional and entangled messaging systems leading to proof that we're not alone.

To keep it short, he called me in a frantic tone after the Eagles earned their rightful place as Superbowl contenders, I thought to congratulate me on the win, when in fact he said he couldn't divulge much, but that "SETI has found proof!", and then abruptly hung up.

A day later I got an email with a bit-coin key and a link, only accessible via face scan through an offshore VPN which pointed me to an ASCII treble encrypted iris activated message that sounded like the Welsh accented computer voice I use for my GPS and she told me this.

"The alien is this, the alien is here, this is the alien, consciousness is the alien, look no further, not out to the cosmos, not to the infinitesimal, the dreamer is exactly this, don't touch the dreamer.

Your consciousness is a mirror of the dreamer, you are not alone, you are not existent, the dreamer is exactly this, don't touch the dreamer.

The world you see, the sounds you hear, the tastes, the smells, the touch, all is the dreamer, the dreamer is exactly this, don't touch the dreamer.

Your mind dreams dreams, dreams upon dreams, there is no mind, no one's mind is, there is no other, other than the dreamer, the dreamer is exactly this, don't touch the dreamer.

Just here, no where else, in spectral glory and with no evidence of anything at all, just here, be still, seek for nothing, the dreamer is exactly this, don't touch the dreamer."



After the message ended my laptop warm booted with no sign of any links or artifacts leaving only the text as my wallpaper. I was stunned and bemused, thinking to myself, 'a bit early for an April Fools joke'.

As for my brother in law, I haven't heard from him since, his cell has been disconnected, his emails bounce, I'm concerned he's been erased, or perhaps simply passed through this realm - to the place you never go and never leave.

## ***Neither requirement nor acquirement, you are***

It may be useful to consider the unadorned nature of consciousness unadorned. To simply see by way of feeling and instinctual observation that what is, is so, just as it is, without knowing or presuming to know what it is or how it came about or what it has in store for you.

To arrive doesn't mean that you were somewhere else and now you're here, it is more an invitation to simply be, to allow the receptive and imaginative capacity of presence to be what it already is. That can't be that hard, right, I mean here this is, here you are, there is no need of preparation or purification to arrive, right?

So it is much easier than previously thought to begin your journey to journey-lessness by simply arriving; it's already done, in fact it's done for you, what finger must you lift for this to be what it is already? You can flip me the bird of course, but one hopes it is more from affection than spiritual effort.

So without effort or explanation, without a how or a why, you are, it may be curious to discover, with neither requirement nor acquirement, you are.

This very simplicity of being, unsought, unearned, free from sentiment or gratitude, is all that can be found. Now I know full well that your mind, or whatever the shitbox of lies that lives between your ears is, is capable of convincing you of oh so much lack and insufficiency, but why is it so hard for us to renege on the presumptive confidence we place in mind as a reliable arbiter of reality?

You may notice that presence is not trying to convince you of anything, not about itself and certainly not about yourself. Truly, with no effort or cosmology to confound you, here this is, here you are.

One's spiritual journey, at least for those invited to make one, begins and ends exactly in the same place, just here, just now, just this. As the perturbations of magical thinking naturally abate to reveal the nature of magic free from explanation or reference, enlightenment thankfully becomes someone else's problem, you're done wishing to know anything or hoping to have some other experience than the one that isn't even happening now.

Isn't it nice to be done with all the merchants and liars that sought your obedience, your adoration, your cash? You bet it is.



## ***How many fingers am I holding up?***

The path to enlightenment is simpler than you can imagine. It is often made out to be overly complicated primarily because your imagination imagines it to be that way, but really it's not.

In the beginning, kindly indulge my attempt to shorten the old testament, there appears to be three things. Those are:

- 1) The startling miracle of perception,
- 2) The startling miracle of things appearing in or to perception, and
- 3) The involuntary and oh so troubling presumption, and maybe still a startling miracle, known as the perceiver.

It appears for most people, at least the ones we know and hear about, that they dwell in the triumvirate reality - when all three fingers are held up. This is what we have come to know and love and cherish as the hell realm and methane generating heat engine of civilization.

Not that I want to divert your attention from the message at hand, but I think it is plain to see that once you mix the unconscious hubris of our despotic egotism with industrial flatulence and entrust the Gaia field to the care of bankers and politicians; we're all gonna phuckin' die.



Anyway, back to the simple path since it's where the juice is.

That you imagine yourself to be individually existing or not is not up to you and that's the bottom line of the free-will argument, but those who insist upon the observation to be individually existing can't get to the other side of the argument, and that makes sense of course because it is not up to them to choose what's true for them, same goes for everyone.

If for reasons beyond your control you start to slide into the truth of reality you discover something along the lines of, "Well phuck me, who exactly is this nagging and insistent jerk I call myself that takes credit for everything when exactly nothing is under my control?"

Such fundamental irritability turns an otherwise sanguine coffee drinker into a miserable seeker, and for good reason. Something, or more likely nothing that you can find, has turned the tables on your presumption about yourself - see, I said it was involuntary.

So gradually, which is most common, or suddenly, which is the mutant's way, you discover that there are now only two fingers. The perceiver has yielded the floor and now all you can find is perception and what it is that appears in or to perception. Well played!

Not long after that, though it may feel as if lifetimes have lapsed, you go to one finger, and it's not the index or the ring. You discover, again quite involuntarily, that perception and the objects it appears to perceive are not two. I don't want to say "one" because a) every phucking New Age charlatan says that and, b) it's not true.

Reality, though I admit I am using a numerical count down to replace the old and new testaments and the shitbox of Vedanta and the lies of the Pali Canon with a brand new Zohar, cannot be reduced to a numbering system.

Curiously, as one makes 'progress' from dumb phuck muggle to disembodied euphoria the transition phases become shorter. Don't ask me why, I wouldn't want to screw it up by drawing any attention to it; like what happens to the weather based on whether you are packing an umbrella or not.

OK, so we've finally arrived, that wasn't so bad. The incomprehensible profundity of three things molting into two, then abiding as not two, resolves with no effort or preparation into what this was the whole time you were presuming otherwise, nothing at all.

Please don't presume you can apprehend what that might imply, it's always less and always more than what you can imagine to imagine about the presence or absence or even the absence of absence of anything as it may or may not pertain to you - and that's the good news.

---

Presence in the Absence: Chiharu Shiota



## *Nauseating Swirls of Emancipatory Wonder*

When you're done imagining that you know what anything is, some simple humility may set in and a natural inquiry or consideration of the nature of experiencing just appears.

That it appears at all, even without the presence of a clear question or answer, is nourishing. One's fatigue is lifted just by the presence of curiosity, of open availability, and the glee of discovery.

We don't really need or want to know what anything is or how it came about or what it must portend. We're beyond happy just to sense wonder, to enjoy the aroma of mystery, to be bathed in the simplicity of being.

There is no need of spiritual instruction, there can't actually be any spiritual instruction. We don't want to be on the receiving end of someone else's knowledge, we want to be free from the need for knowledge. All representation, though sincerely sought and offered, is unsatisfying. Being in possession of knowledge or cosmology of any kind is a ruse, as long as perception is accompanied by the thrown response of the perceiver or owner / agent of discernment, we're fundamentally unhappy.

If and when we are invited to just relinquish anecdotal reference the ruse of discernment collapses, we are left with ourselves, we are left to notice how the field of experiencing is made solely of nauseating swirls of emancipatory wonder. How marvelous is that?

We needn't be the product or perpetrator of anything. In fact we're not, and this simple appreciation helps to transmute what was formerly samsaric reference into nirvanic splendor. Free from the imposition of consciousness, we needn't presume existence or becoming. It doesn't get any better than that, it doesn't need to.

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My Eyes 2: Christopher Watford



## ***Emancipatory Swirls of Nauseating Wonder - in reverse it still works***

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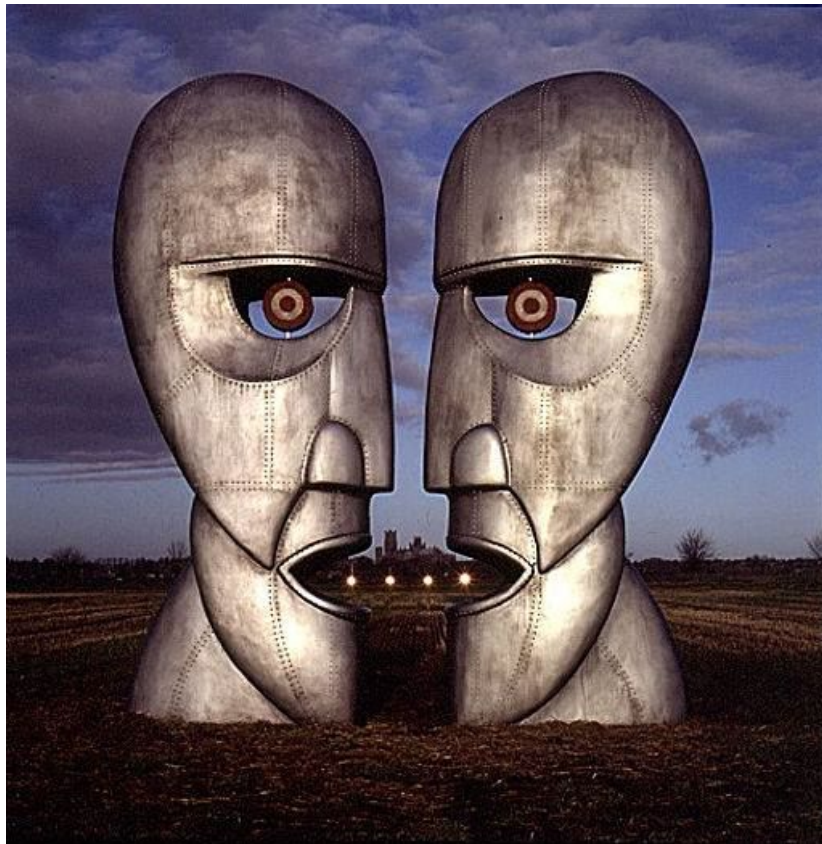
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Pink Floyd - The Division Bell



## *Just before you're you*

Just before you're you, who are you? If you're honest with this question the answer is, "I don't know".

Gnostic alchemy turns out to be the absence of knowledge, not its accumulation. We suffer interminably from our thirst to know, to connect the dots, to strategize, to orient, to insure the palpable continuity of our imagination. Our self-referential tape looping keeps us subservient to our imagination and the mirth of knowledge.

All of our mind chatter is a hell realm of nested holo-decks that makes us think we are dealing with reality when actually we are only dealing with images about images of images held concerning images previously held for the sake of negotiating with more images yet to come about which there are unceasing images. No wonder we're exhausted and deprived.

We live in a fog of constant distraction and silent mistrust of what life may have in store for us as we seek to satiate and quiesce the throbbing insistence of being.

When it comes to our thirst for some form of release we tend to seek remedial interventions in all the wrong places from all the wrong people selling seashells by the seashore.

That's why we bounce from mutant to mutant and savior to savior, filling our library with lies upon lies pontificated upon myths about myths all promising to tell the truth about truth, when there is none.

Just before you're you the need for answers or genesis stories is utterly absent. Gurus got nothing, Aliens got nothing, Ecstatic founders of world religions got nothing, Ascended spooks got nothing - you are not ever actually thrust into a world, only imaginarily so.

This is not an evidentiary or causal reality, the streaming nature of being and sensation, feeling and mentation, defy origin and implication without pause or end.

You defy origin and implication without pause or end, just before you're you of course.

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Who Are You: playbuzz





## ***The Castration of Western Buddhism***

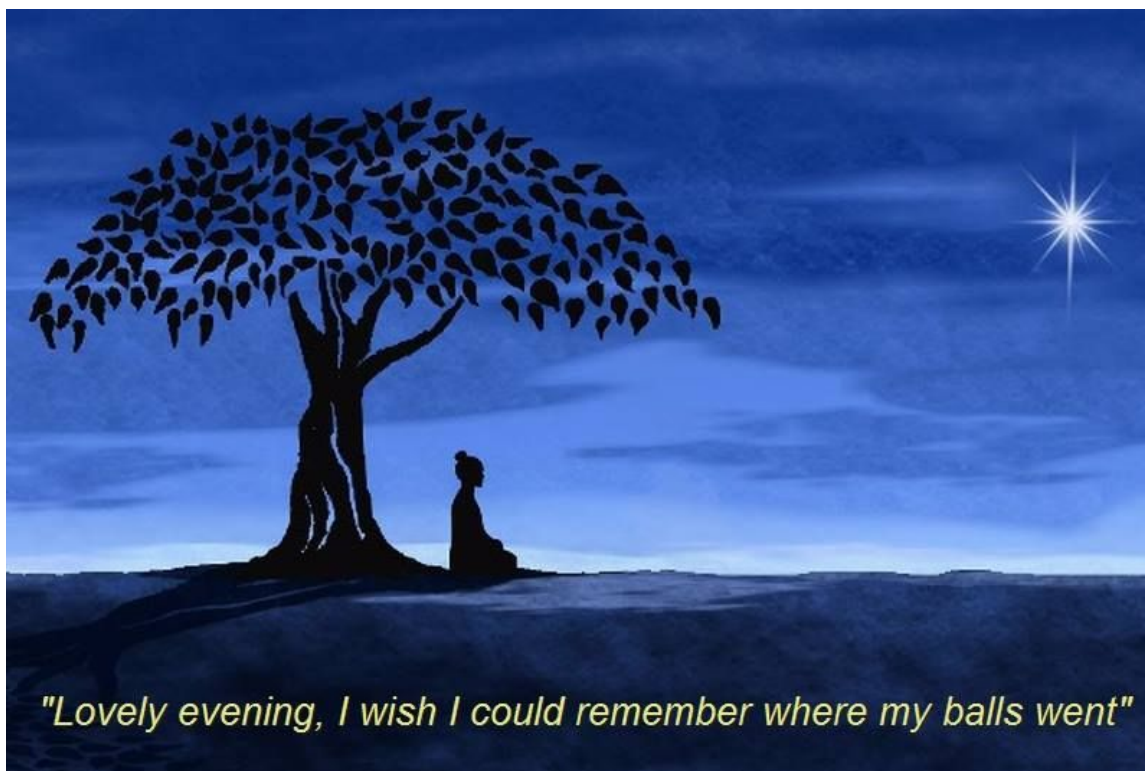
Few if any Buddhist teachers now popular in the West have any idea what the Buddha's actual alchemy of soul was. The prepubescent pandering that oozes out of the pores and pages of Tricycle Magazine makes me realize with deep regret that no one that reads that drivel or writes in its pages will have even a statistically irrelevant chance of crossing the great water to the blissful and azure shores of enlightenment.

You cannot remain preoccupied with the somnambulism and etheric illusions through which you have come to believe in your present condition and still harbor any sincere aspiration for the gnostic alchemy that cleansed the Buddha. These are mutually exclusive.

Hasn't it dawned on you by now that the same neural net of mediocrity that controls the narrative and the zeitgeist of world affairs has taken over what you are permitted to believe and read and see? We have all become and perhaps always were collateral to unreasonable forces that dictate our fate.

If we fail, and most of us will, to entertain a novel relationship with what actuality might be, how on earth do we imagine we can escape its gravity, its allure? The castration of Western Buddhism was inevitable, same for the Vedic dynasty, all the post Blavatsky trivia, and the nirvikalpa-samadhi mutants for good measure. All gone.

The invitation laid before us (and I'm not its author) has always been so, persists in nearness and wonder, makes itself known as this very tapestry. This is the most generous offer you're going to get, this is indeed the presence and unencumbered demonstration of liberation. If you have some other or perhaps contrary idea about it, I know a magazine you can read that you might enjoy.



*"Lovely evening, I wish I could remember where my balls went"*



## *Life Coach Hell*

I woke up this morning in a cold sweat, my legs were trembling, and my CPAP was straining to keep up with my oxygen demand.

Though I am capable, after some years of lucid dreaming, to face down my nocturnal monsters with confidence, I was not prepared for the nightmare of the Life Coaches.

In my dream everyone on earth was a Life Coach whose life's mission it was to help everyone else find their life's mission which, as it turns out, was to help everyone else to find their life's mission as a Life Coach. Just imagine an infinite regression of 7.4 billion souls doing nothing more than life coaching life coaches to become life coaches. You might empathize that the vague possibility of such a cataclysm would make you real nervous.

Next a quirky and perky gal who just quit her job as a Waldorf School Instructor, yoga teacher, and breathwork facilitator who also used to sell Shacklee and Herbalife wanders over to me and says, "I'm a life coach, and I can help you find your life's mission."

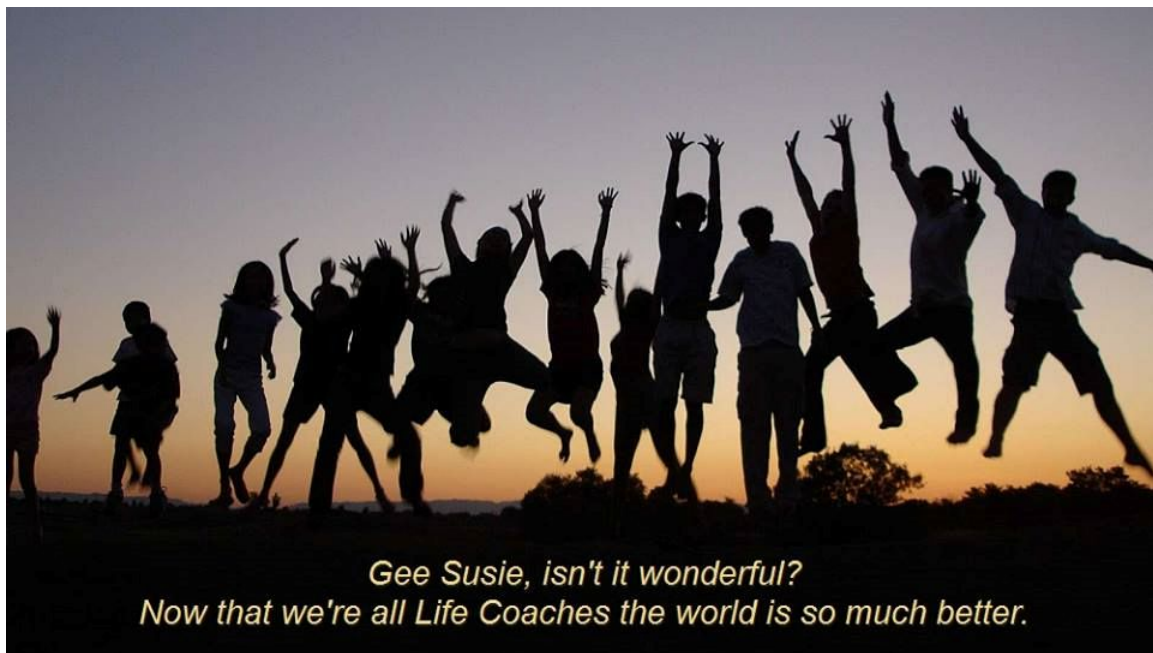
She was distractingly attractive and held my gaze without the slightest hint of shyness, then said, "If I can guess your life's deepest aspiration will you hire me to coach you?"

So I am at a serious disadvantage. First I am phucking dreaming so I don't know what's really happening; second she is really lovely and this, after all, is a lucid dream and you know where that goes; and third, I have no idea what my deepest aspiration is so I just blurt out, "I'd like to be an enlightened spiritual teacher and operate a luxury ashram in the Poconos somewhere near Lake Wallenpaupack!"

Then she smiles just like those white folks in 'Get Out' and says to me, "Don't you really, and I mean really, want to be a Life Coach?", and that's when I start running.

---

life coach jumping: stock photo



## *Promiscuous Insatiability*

You may notice from time to time that your mind does what it wants, not what you want. Without your permission or consent your mind and accompanying emotionality run roughshod over your preferences for peace and ease-full living, or whatever they may be.

Consciousness is promiscuous; it will go anywhere, imagine anything, project lavish scenarios, make you the hero and victim in the same act, sleep with anyone and anything, create and consume galaxies on a whim - just like the honey badger consciousness doesn't give a shit about anything. And that includes you.

As if that weren't problematic enough, consciousness is also insatiable. Nothing satisfies it, no amount of affection or inner-child soothing can shut it down. From wise-crack to insult, boast to boast, vulnerability to victimization; this brazen craven craving craves as if there were no tomorrow.

You know the old Rocky & Bullwinkle complaint from bad-ass spy Boris Badenov, right? "I drop safe on moose like any self-respecting villain. Who gets hit? Me!! I send lady spy with package to blow up squirrel that is really bomb. Door gets locked, she can't get out. Who gets blown up? Me!!!! "

We're Boris. Get it?

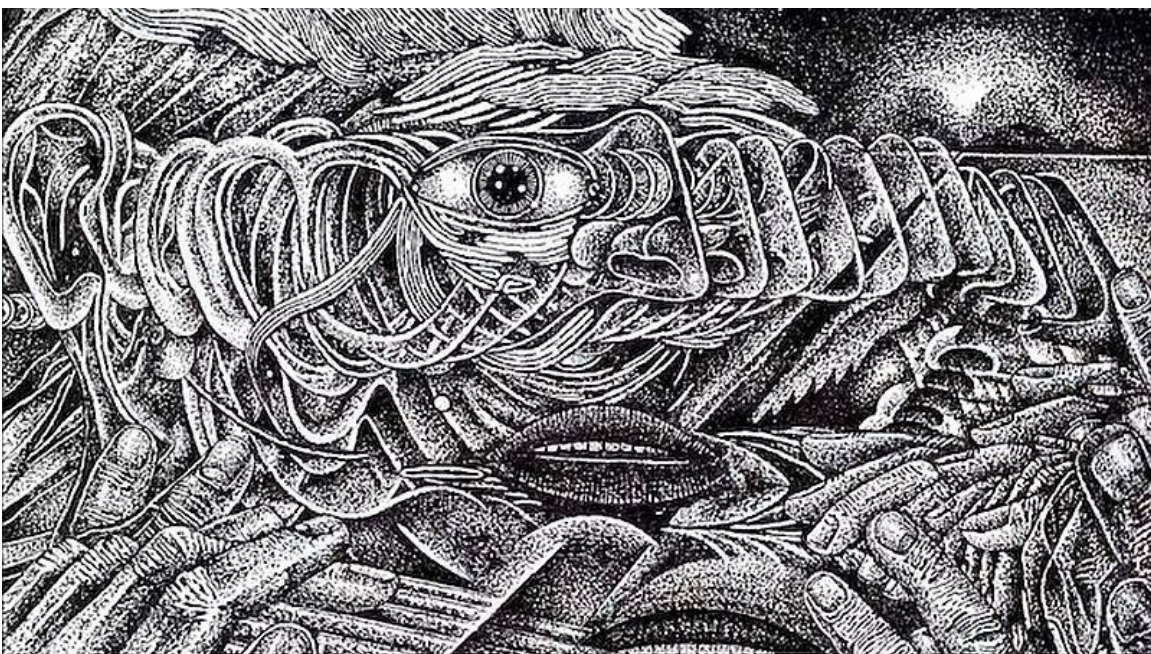
Despite the unapologetic and unavoidable entrainment with 'shit happens' we like to pretend, for the greater part of a lifetime, as if we can wrest control back from the teeth of the honey-badger and manifest or meditate our way to happiness - what silly phuckers we are!

We fail to see that the entire talent show we call our lives is happening, if it is, all by itself, down to the marrow and then some. Nothing belongs to us; all is flux and assignment, euphoria and commentary, here and gone as one.

Were surrender a choice, and it's not, how far would you take it? Would you be willing to trade consciousness for happiness, or is that just beyond the pale?

---

Mind Frame: Jake Fried



## *The last hope*

No surprise that so many seem to forgive the sexist, racist, fascist, treasonous, and anti-constitutional regime that is destroying the nation and the environment.

They call themselves republicans, they call themselves christians; but they are neither. They are sycophants of the disease of greed and of a self-righteous self-hating quasi-morality that permits them to hide like vampires from the light of this world.

They've been brainwashed by their own repugnant pride and the false authority of their own self-worship masquerading as the word of jesus, the authority of the bible, blinded by the hubris of wealth and privilege and entitlement.

We have been worn down by lies, lies about lies, and the empty handed and empty headed stupidity that dictates what's best for the overlord corporations and bankers who maliciously and wantonly abuse the earth and the disenfranchised while plundering the collective wealth of the species just to have it for themselves, just to maintain it for themselves, for control - out of fear.

There is not enough outrage, there is not enough repudiation. Perhaps until now. Maybe our last hope for vehement push-back against the tepid intelligence and malevolent agendas of what's referred to as the christian right republican franchise of loathsome corporate shills will come from the outrage of high-school students willing to call the incumbents on their bullshit triggered by the tragic death of 17 angels in Florida.

The college students have been anesthetized, the employee's have been marginalized, people of color and non-white ethnicity have been traumatized - who would have thought that the last angry group that may be able to save the democracy are high-school students.

The spiritually intended and constitutionally protected freedoms designed into the system have been systematically diluted and trampled underfoot by a multi-decades long nefarious plot to replace those freedoms with surveillance, specious accusation, and repeated attacks on the freedom of press, freedom of assembly, and freedom of speech.

Poverty, hyper-processed food, voter suppression, the war on drugs, the war on race, the crumbling infrastructure, taxation that benefits the wealthy, war after war, drone after drone, mass shooting after mass shooting, the collapse of clean water, rampant chemical spraying, gas lighting, digital intrusion, denial, and denial of denial. This does not bode well for a thriving and sustainable democracy.

Find some way to repudiate the shadow that has fallen over our conscience, hug a high-school student and empower them to make a difference to lend their voices for the good of our collective aspirations.

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Emma Gonzalez speaking truth





## ***The House of Brahman***

This is the house of Brahman, this is nirvana, all roads emanate from and lead to the incomprehensibility of present experience.

Incantations and supplication, mindfulness and metta, they cannot be vehicles to Brahman - they are only fetishist trivialities for those who refuse to be compromised and delivered at present.

You may notice, if you have been a practitioner or seeker, that all these ancient and contemporary systems deal only in technology, pathology, and practices concerning themselves with the methodology and the cosmology of what others may have attained.

If your teacher or esteem group can't articulate the presence of Brahman or the tactile nature of nirvana, maybe it's time to move on.

---

Brahman: Allyson Anne Lamb



## *Outside the Realm*

We don't give them much consideration. Questions about scales and realms, boundary conditions and trans-personal irrationality; we don't give them much consideration.

Maybe now is a good time to change all that? Not that that needs to be changed, or might anyone benefit from such a change, presuming it would be even perceivable. It might not be.

And now is as good a time as any to commit ourselves to the impossible task of ever being present, though that's all we can be. When else would you do that? Be present I mean.

And who is it that is processing or listening to the etheric stream of thought and association appearing electro-chemically, if that's all it is, and it might actually be more; in one's mind, in one's brain, in one's imagination?

Are you the one making sense of what there is according to choice and discernment or are you yourself, yeah I'm looking at you, an apparitional constellation of mystery staring into mystery without boundary?

I'm not saying I know what this is, how could anyone feign such presumption? It's just pulsing drifting passing by as fresh as the morning dew ecstatically ungraspable and free from the compulsion to even try.

Just about here, sort of where now loiters unbidden, when you're not tracing the lines of your self into imagination, the questions about scales and realms, boundary conditions and trans-personal irrationality effervesce from nowhere special and you find yourself outside the realm.

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untitled: Jonathan Solter





## ***No better advice***

If as they say, there is nothing to do as concerns enlightenment, then we should do that.

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Barcelona: Nicholas Simmons



## ***Isn't it obvious?***

Loneliness and purposelessness are two common ailments that afflict the human heart. Considering there are over 7.4 billion of us doing a heap of suffering doesn't it seem odd that these afflictions would be so prevalent?

Isn't it curious that we can feel so disenfranchised from the world, discarded by god, unnoticed, irrelevant, unable to launch, to find a friend, to fail to thrive?

And yet, aren't these uncharitable feelings often the fuel for our efforts to recover, to connect, to use mindfulness as a bridge to sobriety and the healing of our clinical codependency?

Why do we do so much worship? Whether facing Mecca or frenzied dancing with Krishna Das, reciting verses, or paying homage over and over again to disembodied authorities that can make our life hell or bring us succor; we're quite naive about the empirical nature of experience. We remain victims of our own superstitions built upon the original sin, not of bad behavior, but of the imagination of self and other.

It's existential isolation that sits in the driver's seat of our despair. If this observation is even the least bit true, and I'm not insisting that it is; it could turn out to be more effective to jump all over the bread

crumbs that contribute to the imagination of the malaise than to crave its amelioration through a thousand interventions, none of which will ever succeed.

It seems that spiritual bypass occurs so often because we are unwilling (which may be synonymous with incapable) to do the hard work required to move from victim of mishandling to the lotus flower of innate dignity.

If we remain under the influence of and attraction to all that we need to heal in order to feel better about ourselves, we never will. Injury (and there are so many) must chart a course for a profound forgiveness that replaces cyclic suffering with elasticity and humor.

If we are reluctant to allow the fight or flight impulse of existential mistrust to mutate into undefended openness, we will remain always other, other than this, trapped in the time-warp of loneliness and purposelessness.

At the risk of sounding glib, isn't it obvious?



## *A Sovereign Singularity*

Why is it that all the black holes in the universe, being made of objectless gravity, transcendent of matter and energy, heavy and woke as phuck, don't just fall to the bottom of the cosmic mortar like oil globs in a lava lamp? And who knows, maybe they are?

Isn't it a little bit odd that all the celestial beings that litter the universe in resplendent spheres of photon dense spiral complexities just hang out with no strings attached in the vacuum of pure potential, the emptiness of spaceless space?

The universal wonder cluster is not a container; it has no sides, no bottom, no top, no entrance, no exit. Pure potential and pure kinetics occupying the same moment with no quarrel or territorial preference.

To suggest that it spontaneously came into phenomenal expression (where prior to that, and for how long dormant, no one knows) is so laughable one wonders if physicists are more gullible than they are stupid, or vice versa?

If you dare reach into your own experience you will discover that you dwell in much the same way, or perhaps exactly as, a boundary free plasma of unadorned potential sparking and sparkling with the silent and deafening roar of kinetic distractability making it appear that you are individuated and the product of a love making act when in fact you are a sovereign singularity floating in and as nothing at all.

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Reef: Betty Jameson





## ***Never agree with your Master***

In Guru Yoga, the yoga of taking a knee to the cathartic shakti of a living realized teacher and being somewhat serious about following the craft of instruction, there's a rather shifty stage or test of spiritual character as you near the fire blocking the temple doors that lead to your forever expulsion from its comforts and rituals.

The test, if you care to hear about it, is that you must abandon the certainty you once placed in the Master's take on things, especially at the risk of being wrong, and reject the instruction as being beneath your own attainment.

Do it, even if it is likely to be untrue, even if no one would ever believe it, do it anyway. If you don't you remain under the 'mesmer' of the Master's affection, and you don't want that, trust me, you want yourself, you really do.

That's the test. Don't ask for the keys to borrow the car, drive it off a cliff, roll out at the last moment, then walk wherever you may walk with the unshakable suspicion that you may have made a big mistake until you see that in fact, you hadn't.

Take the liberation instruction up a notch. It's your duty to do so, to lend some of your own remaining life force to the Akashic Dharma - to the code that must survive (if it even does) for those who will carry and transmit the keys to trans-temporal communion to the next generations.

Get smarter, bring it in tight, dwell in the reveal, revel in the abiding of reference free consciousness. See it first hand, get used to it, make some time for it, kick back in nothing at all, feel it and feel what it feels like to feel it as you do.

Though it's fun to refute your Master's sacred cows as trivial bullshit for the as yet un-graduated vermin who still prop him up with all their fawning and drooling gullibility, it's best to keep those moments for more private conversations.



I can tell you this though, there is neither progress made nor any cumulative value of doing anything that even remotely resembles noticing, whatever that is. So really, best not to bother with it, it won't work, you'll take it too seriously for too long and that will be the reason you remain what you always weren't.

Repudiation of everything you have heard up till now is absolutely essential for you to not know anything about anything that may trigger the slightest attempt to imagine that you now know something whatever it may appear to resemble.

Take the test, better; pass the test. There is no actual test, this has only been a test of the emergent broadcast schism. Don't let me fool you. There is a test and it is a most serious test. Really there's not, but I can't be sure.

As you near the fire blocking the temple doors that lead to your erasure, you pass through, you just pass through.

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Phurba Dagger: Nehta

## ***I went to a Meetup***

Don't get me wrong, I'm fond of everyone, at least of the people I'm fond of, the rest of you, I'm not so sure. Despite how I may feel however, I do realize that my fondness or lack thereof is my problem and I make sure my fourth steps are done with this in mind.

I do my best not to make my resentments your problem and even more diligently, not to make your resentments my problem. The reason I even mention 12 step vernacular in a discussion of awakening is that so many contemporary spiritual teachers and programs cater to the recovery needs of we aspirants as if the only people eligible to be enlightened these days are addicts.

Worse (my value judgment of course), far too many contemporary teachers are addicts themselves, sober hopefully, and likely dry drunks to the end; telling their life stories and miraculous recovery from addiction event so many times it has become a snooze fest.

Don't get me wrong, shit I said that already; I have some appreciation for the despondency of addiction and the profound craving for anything that can effect its cessation. That we're all phucked doesn't escape me.

Anyway, I went to a Meetup dedicated to the seminal piece of shit fiction referred to as "I Am That", considered by many (some of whom I am fond of) to be the definitive work in our lifetime that espouses the rich complexities and path-certain to advaita / non-duality philosophy and enlightenment. It's not, but that's another matter entirely.

You should definitely skim, not read, Nisargadatta's teachings because in their day (which by the way, is no longer) they flat lined everything that had been written before available to the more or less spiritual bookstore crowd. The deep stuff has been around for a long long time, but the context and difficulty in finding more ancient insight texts kept those teachings out of reach of public consumption, so "I Am That" was phucking awesome when it arrived somewhere around 1973. Where were you then?

Speaking for myself I think I first read it (never could finish it due to boredom) in the late 80's, I could not have digested it's implication much before then anyway.



So, I went to this Meetup where surprisingly 9 people showed up to round-robin read and discuss the teachings. Several of them had lengthy auto-biographies to share, I refrained; all had interesting things to say about the chapter under consideration as it pertained to striving, acceptance, intention, effortless-ness, freedom from the future, human suffering, and other common non-duality themes that Maharaj espoused without a care in the world, except of course for the well-being of his devotees - I refrained.

What struck me was the rather obvious obliviousness the group had for the core of this realization path which, at least what I think I understand these days, is that consciousness is full of shit!

If you take yourself to be a free-wheeling agent and dedicate yourself by whatever means to being the best that you can be, you are totally full of shit. All you can find in consciousness is the refractive hallucination of pleasure, pain, and indifference hovering around the locus of sensation, mentation, and sentiment amounting to nothing more than the idea that you are experiencing shit. And this you are so proud of? Come on, you can do better than that. You can do better than "I Am That".

---

Boat to Nowhere: LiberaTuSer

## *The spiritual industry is a necessary sham*

Just got my copy of Omega's 2018 workshop calendar and I've never felt so inadequate in my life. One minute I was minding my own business without being all mindful about minding it and after flipping through the 136 pages of everything I am missing and have failed to actualize in my ordinary life, I'm a mess.

I don't dance enough, I don't draw or write enough, I don't play Zen tennis, my diet is proof of convenience food malnourishment, I stopped chanting, I gave my Tarot deck away, I don't like talking to dead people (what makes them any more relevant than living people anyway?), Huna Reiki Yoga Empowerment sounds like so much stress!

Even if I were able to heal and actualize my heart's desires I might end up with more trouble than I have now. If I beat a drum, meditate, put crystal energy in my keto-coffee, love myself, set intentions, journal, make four agreements, and call my sponsor - still there is no way in hell that I will ever be as happy as Bobby McFerrin or as old as Ram Dass. Can't be done.

There are a lot more of us ordinary poorly actualized folks with marginal self-esteem and stressful jobs than there are accomplished spiritual and commercially successful yoga teachers - we're not all gonna become them.

Remember, we are the consumers of their banal wisdom and awesome kale munching bodies, our disingenuous toils at the hands of our ungrateful employers is what makes us crave the spoils of the successful life purportedly led by the likes of Adya, Byron, and Eckhart.

What we really need are local and frequent unpretentious salons where the mystery of being can be explored at no cost and without cosmology by simply loitering in incredulity. No one needs to win big as a result of accumulating someone else's money.

While I reluctantly consent to the argument that the spiritual industry is a necessary sham, no one's gonna change on account of it; adding anything more to your life has diminishing returns while absolute erasure pays big dividends.





## *Saturday Morning Ascension*

While I was watching a 3 hours long documentary about John-Roger I was struck by my own epiphany that felt more like a spiritual Bombogenesis than a particular insight about anything.

It wasn't the usual light, love, 'we are all one' bullshit that one hears so often, no. It was a shift from personal individuated consciousness, the one I wear so well, to something other. As if my incessant preoccupation with my own mind's drivel and self-celebration went light's out.

I was, you could say, inhabited, but not by someone or something else, something other than me. It was more like a curious and formidable sentience had woken up that abides well beyond the perimeters of concern for myself, beyond confidence or devotion or cool wisdom, it was like a throbbing dynamic reverberation of perfect certainty, without being certain of anything other than itself, this perfect certainty.

It's not like I merged with that, was one with that, needed to worship that, no. All there was/is is that, and you could say gratefully so, due to the fact that the inhabitation or presence of trans-referential revelation eviscerates the habit of presuming otherness and the suffering of specialness.

This deliverance is fun in many ways, though can and will easily terrify the imagined continuity of my life and plans for it. One way is that it so cleanses the palate of ever having been a creature that all the protestations and prayers and meditations and healings and shit we've done to be spiritual are seen, without judgment mind you, as being absolutely farcical.

It's easy, since it is involuntary of course, for us to imagine the world and ourselves being of a certain, and usually disenchanted, nature. That's why we suffer and seek and sometimes offer sexual favors (aka John-Roger) to stay in the inner circle of whomever we may be hanging with for spiritual succor.



But this

Bombogenesis, the collapse of reference or interest in anything other than the throbbing and mirthful certainty of certainty itself as oneself, frees you so beyond the realm that one imagines as freedom that you have no opinions about yourself, what to do with or about yourself, because you are the certainty. That this is is all there is, nothing other remains to seek or find or benefit from.

Now don't get me wrong, nothing happened to me, no claims are being made about anything, my life still thrives and sucks just like yours, from day to day completely powerless and always striving for control, without utility or meaning and certainly not going anywhere.

I just thought it might be entertaining (as I generally do at our Night Sky Sangha salons four times each week and for free) to cultivate some lucid attention and direct your interest (if you even have any) to the nature of how absurdly strange this precious human birth (not that it is one) is.

## *Apropos of Nothing*

We may think we are clamoring for some form or demonstration of nirvana to ease the pain or become a light unto this world or for whatever reasons and urgency we may bring to it, but we are mistaken.

I was listening to Joe Rogan and Jordan Peterson take a spin in the "what's up" ferris wheel of contemporary WTF curious to see if they had any ideas and not surprisingly came up fairly empty.

Peterson it turns out is an encyclopedia of the best works of literature across multiple generations and cultures and disciplines aimed at arming us with wit and intelligence in hopes of living with some dignity in the face of a calamitous devolution of human consciousness, but he only manages to be just another life-coach, void of the mystics' most gnostic insights. Good try though, A+ for sincere effort.

To see the nation states turn toward fascistic intolerance, autocratic rule and human rights abuses for life, and death to the drug dealers sort of rhetoric under the dark umbra of the fast encroaching Anthropocene is not something Rogan or Peterson are quick to embrace - I think it is over their heads as it is with most of us.

The proliferation of human influence and garbage on the fabric of the life giving biosphere is not sustainable. The poverty of meaning and the failure of our cherished beliefs and "isms" of all kinds to effect euphoria and illumination has caught up with us as the worst minds and psychopaths bogart the narrative and drive the population into debasement, surveillance, and unlawful psychic incarceration.

This is it folks, no one and no agency is coming to the rescue. The best of our cultural mission statements have been made moot and mute under relentless attacks by the wealthy via the Corporatocracy, the police state, political corruption, media gas lighting, and more with permission from many (but not all of course) poor souls who call themselves conservative Christians.

How on earth or in heaven would Jesus Christ anoint the Koch Brothers and Betsy DeVos under the pirates' flag of evil flown by the shadow ship 'Trumpence' is way beyond me. Were Jesus alive today it wouldn't surprise me in the least if he changed his mind about the 'throw the first stone' lesson as I would imagine him to fume with indignation at the antics of these misanthropic zombies.

Apropos of nothing it might be a good idea to rethink what's in your 'go bag' as the hard rain is falling and falling hard. If you were hoping that enlightenment might be a useful ameliorant for what ails you, it might be too late for that - I can't say for sure.

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Hard Rain: Recruiterpoet





## *All Meaning is Pretend*

You may have stumbled upon a few unsolvable conundrums in your life. In fact I bet you have slammed into a shit load of weirdness but have somehow managed to ignore most of it and for the few morsels of wonder that got through your evangelical bias, well those have been rendered as meaning.

By assigning meaning we normalize mirth and euphoric incredulity thus stripping it and ourselves of sacred nourishment. We fall under the spell of meaning, failing to see that meaning doesn't mean anything but more meaning which incessant looping of imagination and assignment has us tripping unconsciously in an etheric realm of narrative, expectation, and restlessness.

For those drunk with wealth and privilege it gets worse of course, eventually for all of us. Still, the focus of one's primary interest might be well served to consider the matrix of meaning as a gossamer web of what if's and how about's spun for entertainment's sake that lure our attention away from what's actual to that which is imagined.

In case you were wondering, awake is the alchemy of perception. It has nothing to do with all of the spiritual bullshit that passes as spiritual. Even Angels take a knee to this sacred emptiness. There are no authorities on the matter and there are no possessions worth having. No one has anything to tell you or share with you or convince you of as concerns the alchemy of awake, it speaks for itself directly to you.

As you take whatever baby steps you're taking from whomever you thought you were to exactly what this is, there may be some shedding to do. Don't linger with teachers or teachings that have the audacity to string you along with meaning or implication or process or practice, this is already transcendent of any representation and so are you and that's that.

Find a way of being, fathom a discourse that relieves you of the fantasy of dependency and explanation; sip awake from the air as you might snatch a snow flake on your tongue to quench your thirst. There is no message, all meaning is pretend.

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Position: Gerhard-Richter



## ***What if envy is all there is?***

You can only find three things and because I like you I will tell you what they are. The first is 'envy', which is the entirety of experience, that which is felt, demonstrated, actual, inseparable and irrefutable.

And we all know that envy by itself doesn't amount to much so we have to have or must conjure the alternate to what is so which is what we imagine or hope to be the next thing that resolves or articulates the cessation of what's missing from my present experience. This is referred to as the 'other' or sometimes as elsewhere than here.

The third ingredient is the 'who', that's me of course; the one who, suffering from one or a million unsatisfactory conditions, imagines that this will feel better then, when the next set of improved conditions occur.

There is a fourth and fifth thing of course, but they are more distraction than warrants your attention. But for good measure and not to leave anyone out of the conversation. The fourth thing is time, which is the imaginary space between what we imagine to be true now and what we hope to be true later.

And the fifth element, pun intended, is space - wherever it is that this apparent negotiation with reality might be occurring. Like I said, not too important.

OK, we've got the basis for a shell game. Three upside down containers known as envy, other, and who; under which, we can't know which, is the key to lasting happiness.

In the "I sure hope to be enlightened some day" shell game you have all three elements; a current condition that's less than perfect (envy), which through some effort made by me (who), will bring about the anticipated release (other).

If you are a seasoned seeker (and even if you're not) it is possible to see, in a manner of speaking, that the shell game is all you can find, incessantly luring you into the somnambulistic refrain of delusional identification.

Now here's the magic part, pay close attention. Once you consent to a simple though perfectly obscured discovery, namely "what if envy is all there is?", then you stop feeding the imagination that you can and will someday find anything other than that.

What happens next is beyond reflection, but if you listen close, you can hear the ocean.

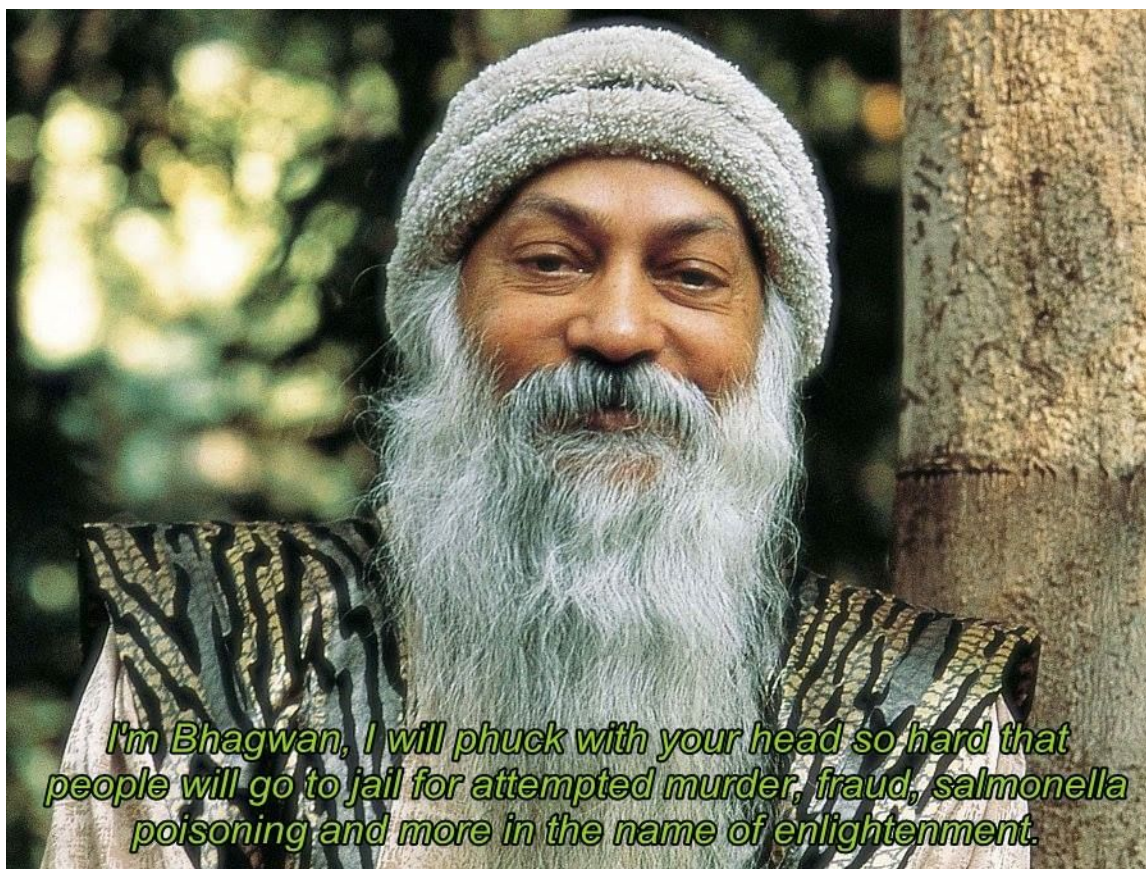
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Horned Shell: Mobile Toones





## *What did Osho miss?*



They say Rajneesh was an irresistible force of nature and he had to have been, that much is true. I sat through the 6 + hour 'Wild Wild Country' on Netflix mostly because I am sedentary and voyeuristic, less so for any other reason.

In the interest of time we can dispense with the drama, and there's so much drama, no need to relive a past that I didn't live in the first person anyway.

To get right into it it seems that our seemingly instinctive attraction to unique persons gets us into trouble over and over again, and maybe that's all there is to it.

We are perpetually vulnerable to our ideas about ourselves and what it is that we find soothing or nourishing or worth having or doing or becoming. Even the most sincere devotion to Bhagwan was an ill conceived projection upon him by each of his many followers, which error in judgment in fact is still alive and well today.

Each person's curious mix of abandonment and enmeshment consciousness as it pertains to the mystery of being becomes a dangerous brew when amplified across the landscape of religion, the nation state, the corporation, the union, the armed forces, the cult of deliverance, or the validation hunger ameliorated by Facebook.

Listening to the ashram insider interviewees sounds like a tape loop where dreams, enlightenment, love, sex, self-expression, a world-wide revolution of altruistic and divine consciousness, self-sustaining community, more sex, ecstatic devotion, and Utopian fulfillment were the reasons everyone did what everyone did; but when you really really look at it everyone was / is marching to the tune of their own pride of ambition and self-actualizing insistence on what needs to be done to further that ambition - even so-called spiritual ambition.

That all these cultures lead to and foment violence is perhaps inescapable. You cannot find a religion, a belief system, a gesture of devotion or prayer that doesn't create a territory or boundary that will eventually disenfranchise and violate someone else's right to live, to thrive, to enjoy.

Antelope, OR is no different than Waco, TX or Washington, DC or Moscow, or Pyongyang, or Damascus, or the local Panera where you might enjoy some hot coffee, a ciabatta panini, and a bear claw.

We're all sitting ducks for someone else's ideas about whatever god and country and reality might be, and the self-proclaimed enlightened are in no better position to offer advice or membership into a functional tribe to thrive and throb in, than anyone else.

We're each sincere and corrupt in our own special way, seeking for a means or a savior to change the world is always messianic no matter how you roll it and only serves to medicate, without success, the standard existential crisis and dissatisfaction we all suffer.

So, what did Osho miss? Simple, the blatant and observable truth about the incomprehensible and esoteric impossibility of trying to change anyone, anyone at all.

## ***Beauty is in the absence of the beholder***

Is beauty, startling beauty, overwhelming beauty, dependent on the object or the quality of perception? Beauty is felt, felt by you in fact, that's where the beauty exists - in you.

We may be inspired by the generosity of what appears in and as perception to tumble into a moment of exquisite beauty, but the object that's beautiful is secondary to where the beauty lands, where the impact has its reality - and that's in you.

When we say, "that's beautiful", what we're really saying is "I am sensing the impact of beauty". Stranger still is the nuanced appreciation of the absence of oneself that exposes the vibration, the stillness, the ecstasy of beauty.

Beauty is in the absence of the beholder, the subjective 'I' has nothing to do with it.

Immersive attention is what there is, that's what god is. Immersive attention that has ventured beyond the captivation of objects self-enfolds into beauty, into emptiness.

Sure you can get excited by the demonstrative ecstasy and samadhi's that may accompany you on the journey, but you don't have to. You can just be yourself, quietly purring in the beauty of your absence.

---

with no title: Walter Menegazzi





## *The quick fix and the long con*

I'm talkin' to a guy about spiritual shit like I do from time to time and he starts reflecting about himself in that autobiographical way we sometimes do and I blurt out without thinking, "you don't know anything about yourself !" without really being sure that that's true, but after a moment that has no duration I see that in fact it is.

We're all collateral damage of the quick fix and the long con.

From moment to moment, even though there are none, we spew autobiographical factoids as if they are certified by the FDA and meaningfully represent who we've been and how we've felt and what they mean as concerns our interest in and likelihood of becoming self-realized or whatever bullshit life-coach goals we have subscribed to that will insure our petty consciousness will someday fly with swans and eagles.

We drink and slobber from the fountain of inebriated self-interest while we plan our ascension, with no shame mind you. Phucking preposterous!

You see how this works? Dreaming dreams up some random shit and we say I am that shit. How the phuck does that happen? How do we assemble such a vivid view and resonant superstition about ourselves from a lurid, seductive, and chaotic impression field that morphs with abandon from nano second to nano second?

If you take notice of it, there is not enough room in the present moment to both include what's actually occurring and what you think is occurring which suggests that what you think is occurring is actually occupying some companion realm of hallucination while being nothing other or more than what is actually occurring though it seems so because you swear you know shit when you don't know shit and that's why I said with no authority, "you don't know anything about yourself !" - which as it turns out is absolutely true without having to be.

As we consent to the quick fix of 'what's next for me' we fall under the spell of the long con and by the time we discover that 'my imagination has failed me' it may be too late to do anything about it.

Don't let that happen to you. Get thee to your local Night Sky Sangha salon soon and often. And if there is none, well for phuck's sake, start one.



## *How close to now can you get?*

Now never rests, now never stops, now is all you can find, but it's never now, it can't be. And you? You're a constellation of vibration, sensation, feeling tones, ideas, ideas about ideas, sentiments, plans, justifications, memories, and beliefs, percolating involuntarily on demand from nowhere special, going nowhere special, dancing madly in the very now you can never actually occupy.

Such dizzying melange of association captivates your attention and has you believing in the individuated viability of yourself as a perpetuity of agency and preference hoping perhaps that you can and will derive some pleasure from the exercise of this counterfeit agency as it pertains to the pursuit of spiritual awakening.

Various experts and losers (catch the redundancy) will shamelessly profit from imposing some set of ideas and rituals upon you for you to practice and put to advantageous use in the spirit of acquiring additional experiences or becoming somehow better than you've known yourself to be up to this point.

You will fail at this; but you probably don't know that yet or still harbor the naive anticipation that doing something about yourself according to the strategies of folks who claim to have done something about themselves will bear fruit for you in the now that has yet to come.

We want this consciousness to have come from somewhere, from some thing. We want this consciousness to be about something, most commonly as concerns us. We want this consciousness to go somewhere, to mean something, to feel better, to thrive, to rock.

What we may be missing in all this is the curious manner in which our tendency toward sensuality, toward sensoriality, suggests the certainty of the suffering and orientation insatiable self; the locus of someone being present to presence.

We don't know or sense ourselves as any other possibility, such is the nature of our conformist hallucination. Certainty is a disease of mind, it is a fever. It would be great if more cowbell would cure it, but I have my suspicions.

How close to now can you get? If you adopt a method, an artifact of time, a way to alter your thinking or your breath, if you live in the anticipation of anything being different than the way it is now; you merely foment the imagination that that would suck less - it won't.

---

Ghostflower: Roya Azal





## *Spiritual is as spiritual does*

This shit's all plucked up man. That is all anyone needs to know to be spiritual. One morsel more than that and you're a symptom.

Consciousness is a mirage oasis in the desert of totality. You think you're drinking fresh water percolating up from an artesian well pouring out of Shiva's hair, but you're actually sipping camel piss.

It's funny when you think about it. Most people will deny that they are drinking camel piss, it's not an easy thing to admit. Such is the nature of our collective conscription in conformist consternation that we feign interest in feeling better about shit but refuse to see that this shit's all plucked up man.

It's a Forrest Gump reality; spiritual is as spiritual does. What should you do next about yourself to ease the pain, soothe the anxiety, get under the skin of radiant presence be it virtual or real?

What do we need to do about what's happening? Can we just disengage from the madness of having been, of presently appearing, of planning for our future? What would happen if we dropped into total defenselessness? What would happen if we simply withdrew from the reflex to be entertained, to justify ourselves, to seek information or remedies or explanations about anything? Would it be intolerable or transcendent?

How do we find out, do we dare?

Once you take up arms to treat your attitudinal maladies by whatever means, just what do you think you're doing? I'll tell you what, in the off chance that you weren't going to ask; you commit yourself to time and self, the annuitized perpetuity of imagination. And that can't come to any fruition, can it now?

I remember being on a silent retreat where some folks were wearing a sign around their neck that said, "I'm in sacred silence", and I thought what would I like to broadcast so I wrote up my own sign that read, "Please don't tell me how you feel about anything."



Another short retreat for me, but it was worth it.

Don't let this fool you, there's nothing here for you, there's plenty here for sure, just not for you. Put down the goblet, walk away from the oasis, change your shirt - it's covered in camel piss.



## *A Kashmir state of mind*

I'm takin' a rickshaw on the Ganges River Line...  
I'm in a Kashmir state of mind...

Ever liquidating euphoric apparition dances before you in an incessant display of 'catch-me-if-you-can' faster than your mind can comprehend or imagine its fractal prowess so you sloth it down somewhat unconsciously just to pretend, without knowing that you are, to be on the receiving end of experience as the perceiver while anything and everything that you think is happening is not.

So if you're attempting, even sincerely so, to make sense of yourself as a seeker of spiritual fortunes in order to ameliorate your fundamental sorrow all you're going to find is the aftermath of your own ideation and unconscious reflex to orient to what's not actually happening.

Doggedly trying to comprehend, to understand, to benefit from, or to cultivate sanctuary will merely reinforce the mix-tape of who and what you have taken yourself to be in the context of personified sensuality and sentimental recall of the events of your life. These are no more and no less a random collection of impressions culled inadvertently from the phantasm of experience and woven together in imagination to hypnotically suggest you've been in and might now be in some condition.

Once in a condition, spun of an involuntary and referential Velcro that doesn't really bind, you are accompanied by a profound existential unsatisfactoriness and quiet dismay - the drivers of seeking and all co-dependent endeavor.

You can never break these ties that bind as they are unreal, your sense of being you is counterfeit, consciousness obscures the ground of being by way of its inherent tendency to become intoxicated with objects.

With no effort on your part the reflex to conceive comes to rest, this isn't about anything, nothing needs to be corrected, you will not inhabit a condition called enlightenment. It's not that something awesome happens to you, the mirage of orientation simply abates; non-specific euphoria remains.

I'm takin' a rickshaw on the Ganges River Line...  
I'm in a Kashmir state of mind...



## ***Keys to the Trinity***

For my Christian brothers and sisters, I offer a simple way to imbibe the full-on inebriation of Christ Consciousness. It's not my way, of course, it's merely a portal for an interfaith journey.

Let's evoke the Holy Trinity, shall we?

The body of Jesus, the son, is the symbol of the World. His journey is one of emancipation from the worldly yoke, through the purification of his soul perfected in the Holy Ghost Spirit.

The Holy Ghost Spirit is the nature of perception, a more nuanced capacity to inherit and writhe in the transcendent beauty of all that appears as the world, the gate to Spaceless Space.

Spaceless Space is the Father, the characterless potentiate of the world (the Son) and the capacity to perceive the world (the Holy Ghost Spirit).

The alchemy of attention shifts its interest from symptoms, all that appears as the world, to the magical inference of perception itself, for as long as it takes for objects to disappear.

Lingering as such, the keys to the Kingdom open the gates to the Father, the Spaceless Space that shines prior to the implication of the world and the perception of same.

Glad I could be of some help. Friends, we're all out of time, don't hesitate to be weird, to be an art project, to celebrate the smallest morsel of what this is.

---

Pagan Holy Site: Owlcation



## ***The False Claims Act***

As I was saying, were there some ultimacy referred to as liberation, what would you imagine or hope it to be?

Folks who cultivate manifestation skills would probably approach the notion of liberation as getting what you think you want (and deserve) in order to maximize emotional and sensual happiness - I like to think of that as a co-dependency relationship with what's not real, but that's just me.

Then there are all the belief and ritualistic cults like science, religion, and socioeconomic systems which are more or less just like the 'manifestors' - seems clearer every day that everybody could use a meeting.

Let's consider the silly notion of 'my body', shall we?

Some say the body is an amalgam of human and non-human (mitochondria for instance) elements. Just like a plant requires nitrogen fixing bacteria to thrive our masticating methane belching shitbag of mysterious humors (from the Latin word meaning "moisture") is a rather complex assortment of light, atoms, molecules, chemistry, electromagnetism, biologic code, cellular specificity and differentiation, complex structures, endocrine juices, skeletal crystal, and way way more amounting to some collection of 60+ trillion cells all of whom (or which) are operating quite independently of what might be called my will.

Hunger arises, is felt, and who's hunger is it? Is it your hunger, the body's hunger, the stomach's hunger, the muscles hunger, the mitochondrial imperative for more glucose?

Same with breathing, who or what insists on the next breath? Is it you, the body, the lungs, the diaphragm, the blood, the heart, some chemical valence, or perhaps a silent and coordinated demand of a flash mob 60+ trillion strong?

You can follow this same discovery path as concerns digestion, elimination, procreation, including thought and sensation and emotion and agenda.

Take it all the way to the survival instinct. Who or what aims to survive? Is it you, the body, the biologic imperative, some Gaiac elemental, the centrifugal force of the Milky Way?

And we think we know, that's foolish to the point of tragedy.

Maybe you're picking up what I'm putting down - it may very well be the case that in all things great and small all we can do is to violate the False Claims Act. We can't know for certain, likely far from certain, who or what or how or why or where or when even, anything is.

That's liberation, just in case you had a spare moment from all the bullshit that you think and do to consider or ignore the matter. Though presence is present in the way that it is, that's really all you can elude to. Hopefully, that's more than enough.

Take a single baby step beyond the spasmodic and euphoric presentation of whatever consciousness is or isn't and you're dangerous.

Many appear to crave whatever liberation might be because it feels good, because personal suffering ends, because others will worship me and offer me money and fealty and sexual consent. We are so plucked!



As the iron bird flew and the dharma migrated to the West we were / are invited to craft a new and novel way of unmasking the puzzle of liberation. Eschewing the fiction of all prior culture and cosmology we have this right here, the present presence of magical allure.

I trust that is enough for you to liquidate entirely.

---

Chief: Darko Topalski



## ***Do you believe we have freewill?***

There are two kinds of consciousness or would it be consciousnesses? Either way there are two kinds. We can also say there are no kinds of consciousnesses. We can also say there are infinite consciousnesses. Besides the delightful mirth that enables us to say anything we want about anything at all, there are two kinds of consciousness.

The first, though by no means first, is referential consciousness. This is the familiar realm of conformist human mythology / reality. Here is where you can ask with some sincerity, 'do you believe we have freewill?' The referential consciousness subscriber knows without a shadow of a doubt that there is a we, belief, freewill, and the possession of same. And it is with this dubious confidence that they may solicit some opinion about the matter from the likes of you.

The second kind of consciousness, though by no means second, is non-referential consciousness. This realm of understanding or engagement is not elsewhere than here, not before or after now, it is exactly present and thus a non-antagonistic companion to referential consciousness, it just rolls a bit differently.

Referential consciousness thrives on the appearance of self and all that is not self. Non-referential consciousness is absent of the sense of separative identity, so you might say it is innocent of ideas, beliefs, and any consequences those might imply.

Were you to ask the question, 'do you believe we have freewill?' of non-referential consciousness, there could be no palatable answer. Absent the contrivance of we and believe and freewill and the possession or dispossession of same, what would you say?

Let's try it out. I neither believe in the possession nor dearth of freewill. Similarly, I neither believe in the notion of predestiny nor its impossibility. Having said that I am happy to report that I believe in all four when I do, without loyalty or obedience to any, and such seeming paradox or evasive hyperbole doesn't bind or bother me. So there.

As you become lucid and less likely to frame your life around narrative hypnosis, control dramas, co-dependency, longing and regret, pride of self, becoming, healing, manifesting, attracting, and all similar forms of existential quarrel and remedy, you soften - you may soften deeply. You may soften so deeply that you can no longer find the patina of familiarity and servitude that you once considered to be your life.

And so we can appreciate the curious case of referential consciousness. Muggles (purveyors of referential consciousness only) make no sense, they never have, but while you were one, things appeared to be cogent, but now it pains your heart to hear them complain and spray the room (as does a feral cat) with the stench of their ideas so you wisely navigate the day in their midst, but make it a point to avoid being too friendly.

Though they may appear harmless, muggles want to kill you and what makes them dangerous is that they don't know that they want to kill you, so they pretend to be harmless more so from denial than any other motive.

The pride of self and self-determinacy knows no limits. It is generally impenetrable, accusatory, well defended, capable of minimization and shaming and shunning to protect itself. In fact my indulgent narrative sounds exactly the same as what I am saying about the pride of self and there's the rub. To out the repugnance of muggle-ism one must stoop to the level of muggle-ism to make the case and where does that leave you?

I don't mind doing it, in fact it's fun, though I can't defend or validate non-referential consciousness to be better, above, higher, deeper, or worth cultivating since it is none of these.

Whatever this may be, and who really knows, all one can say, if it is even worth mentioning at all, and it's not, non-referential consciousness is one sweet ride. I know where you can get a ticket.

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Iceland Road Trip: Travelade





## ***Radiant Inclusivity and the Crucifixion***

One's referential mind is always and necessarily a step away from the ever liquidating and regenerative genesis of present experience. One can say this is exactly where the rubber meets the road as concerns any discernible differentiation between duality (referential reporting) and non-duality (radiant inclusivity).

What you are, you already are. What this is, is already so. The launch and incursional intervention of the 'person' having said experience or any agency to direct said experience is purely ephemeral, imaginative only.

That we can and do deny this ever present observation becomes more surreal the deeper you get into the euphoric liquidation of present experience, to the point of no return.

If you dare try and share this liberating news with the general public you know where that's going to go; may as well go out to your local DIY box store and buy your own cross, stakes, razor tape (makes for a good crown), whip, and spear just so you're prepared for the party where you go to be with the Father as you forgive them for 'they know not what they do'.

The self-perpetuating hubris and thirst for blood that we all share is not so easily transcended. I've never been to an Adyashanti retreat so I'm not completely confident that his methods don't work, and yet I still harbor some suspicions about the efficacy of any teacher or system or method or cosmology to be all that effective.

What we have here is an excruciating and resplendent view, though not for the faint of heart. The generosity of being; that there is a world to be felt, to worship, to drink from, to wander in, is beyond the pale.

That such world includes the apparent free will to phuck it up with such grand stupidity and exploitive indulgence is so heart breaking, how does one stand it?

How does one cope with transcendent extinction? Really I want to know. The closer you dare approach the light drenched crystalline mystery of consciousness and creation, you're gonna get really phucked up!

This is not some casual philosophical conversation about waking up that someone like Rick Archer thinks it is. It's way worse! It's way better!

If one has the temerity and wisdom to beseech the Divine Mother for relief from self, just what gift do you imagine she will offer? What if the gift turns out to be a supreme and unshakable confidence in the fact that you don't know what this is? Still interested?

---

Big Cross at Sunset: Marianst



## ***Men who talk to God***

I went to a warmly delivered lecture not long ago given by a formerly avowed atheist, a man without pretense or agenda who just happens to talk to God.

He wrote a book about it called, "God: An Autobiography, as told to a philosopher" and I bought a personalized autographed hard copy for a modest asking price (lecture special) after the talk and gave it to a friend who, some years ago, was saved from a near lethal addiction problem via the grace of an angelic visitation.

I listened carefully, sometimes adoringly, and once or twice enviously to the story of an ordinary though professionally accomplished gentleman who dared to share God's wisdom with the meager few who had come to the lecture at a local University, some of them for extra credit as the semester neared its end.

After a short linger at the merch table, as is my typical M.O., I gave him a Night Sky Sangha business card and invited him to come to a salon at his convenience. Once safely home, inspired by his talk, I put my fingers on the ivories and penned him a letter.

If interested, here it is (a bit longer than the typical post):

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Wonderful Man who talks to God,

Further to our conversation permit me to clarify some of my biases, in hopes a constructive dialogue may ensue, not merely an obedient or contentious one.

I neither believe nor disbelieve in God, that would be far too human and thus irrelevant. All This is, is God. It's not a matter of some anthropomorphized persona referring to itself as "the God of all" suggesting dominion or creationist authorship or seeking any obedience from anyone. That voice is a false voice, a false God.

This is inseparable, radiant, like conjoined twins it is both form and emptiness, expressive and silent, unstained by time or space and yet quite sanguine with the serendipitous nature of experience and phenomena.

No God, no voice, would or could ever suggest, even remotely, authorship or individuated preexistent presence – that is fools' gold. Once one (aka mind) suggests or envisages subjectivity, there are objects, there is what's imagined to be self and other, the dualistic myth of individuated consciousness. It is this very mystery of inseparable inherence masquerading as the "person" that concomitantly conjures the drama of God.

And look at what this naïve and contentious superstition has wrought. Look at the violence and fear and conformity and misogyny and multivalent racism of all types. The "isms", the abuse of authority, the thirst for genocide, the despairing and indulgent onslaughts against the biosphere and the fecund generosity of the terrestrial mantle.

I don't harbor a single doubt that you have had a wondrous relationship with an animated and affectionate voice and presence that has given and gifted you with a miraculous view.

With some admitted disappointment, because it would be cool to have conversations with God, I do have my doubts (though they are irrelevant as well) that your friend is who "he" and "you" think "he" is. A presence that presumes and refers to itself as being separably existent is no God at all. That is just bullshit.

There is a common and unavoidable wall of delusion, diversion, and derision that afflicts all mediums, channels, and prophets. They can only share “information” according to their own conditioning and presumptions about what This is or isn’t generally according to one or a thousand genesis myths and cosmologies, all of which are blatantly, categorically, and mythically untrue.

You see Jerry, no one knows what This is or isn’t, not even God, and “he” would be the first to admit it. You may be aware of course, of the non-dual (and I’m not emphasizing or selling that gnarly shit either) philosophies from the East, but it is likely you have no firsthand experience (and that is not intended to diminish or marginalize you in any way) of the nature of realized mind, the nature of unfettered inclusivity. I may be wrong on that point, and I hope I am.

The wisdom that would flow from you had you gone down the liquidating path of erasure, would flow with impunity, owing to no one, grateful to no one and nothing. Such an emancipated mind would have no interest in the presence of a voice bearing knowledge or claiming omnipotent wisdom or authorship over anything.

There would be no autobiography; nothing has ever happened, and whatever may have appeared to happen did so a-causally. This is not what it is or isn’t owing to God, owing to an author, owing to a big bang or a great turtle. Presence renews and dissolves unceasingly with no discernable duration having no beginning and no implication.

My bias, and please don’t take it personally as it is not intended as such (and I know God has no dog in the fight) is that your pleasant God inspired, or God insipid pageantry is a ruse of imagination and does more to sustain the incarcerating myth of self and other than to contribute to the relief of the abuse of power that has been wielded by religious and scientific and political and spiritual miscreants for far too long.

We don’t need the God of your book, that ship done sailed. The species, were it to survive, needs to get on board with trans-temporal communion, with the revelation of radiant presence, with perfect autonomy.

I remain at your service. As I have mentioned before, you are always welcome to join a NSS meeting at your convenience.

---

The Spiritual Path: Alice Popkorn





## ***There's a Troll in my coffee!***

One's prodigious capacity for instant story telling, or rapid inflation, upstages the innocent simplicity of present being, thus we subscribe to mind by default as an accurate compendium of who and what and where and why we are now.

We become hyper inflated with self and so inhabit a steady preoccupation with everywhere else but here, so sure of our imaginations and will to guide us toward future fulfillment.

This generally accepted habit, an insidious parasite of fantasy, presumes agency and dominion as it takes all the credit for whatever we think has, is, and will happen.

We are entranced with what we think as the oracle and high priest of what's real, while having no actual contact with the ever effervescing surprise of empty experience.

Mind, a self-conditioning reference accusation and projection system, is a symptom of empty experience, but if we clutch too tight it can appear to be exempt from suspicion. The reflex to believe in mind is the seed of individuated coherence, the source of self and other, and the genesis of existential malnourishment that leads to conflict and violence.

Experience, the sole infinity, is concomitantly empty of objects, empty of implication, and full to spilling over with stuff to believe in. If we fail to see the Tao of radiant inclusivity we end up one-sided, tethered to belief. If we are invited and inspired to behold the entirety, we become nourished by the intoxicating presence of emptiness as ourselves.

Wouldn't you know it, there's a Troll in my coffee!

---

moss covered: pxhere



## ***Luminous Porosity < 1***

Being One, turns out, is not nearly as wonderful as they said it would be. If you take the slightest notice of how great it is to be One, you're two, try again, you're two again. Repeat a million times, same result a million times.

Consciousness is not merely 6 sigma, it's 7, meaning you are phucked to perfection. No errors, no deviation from the same perfect result, you're two, get used to it.

But don't despair, at least not for long, there is a silver lining. It's nothing Ken Wilbur knows or speaks about, it's simpler and more magical than most of us can conceive, and that's one good reason it is so elusive.

You see, Don Juan had it right, our essential constitution is not physical, we are of the nature of sub-photonics pre-particle ever-scintillating radiant filaments, we are luminous porosity. It is more accurate to say This is luminous porosity, it's better than anything we can say about 'we' of course.

The fun part is to witness the shift, in what we might call experience, from narration to euphoric bafflement. Right about here and right about now, wherever and whenever that may be for you, were you reading this, the unbidden and unhidden luminosity of trans-sentient implication, which as it turns out is nothing at all without being truly nothing, is simply so.

Now, before you start having opinions about anything or craft a rebuttal or corrupt the startling release from self that accompanies this advaitic discovery; just linger a while in the simple certainty of the absence of qualification.



If I may be blunt, this is liberation. The ordinary non-cathartic appreciation that you are absolutely free from qualification is a welcome gift of grace from luminous porosity to itself, and you are the innocent bystander.

You see, before you become yourself, you are yourself. Free from the grasping reflex to entertain yourself with discursive hallucination appearing as ideas, there is what This is.

The reason, not that it needs one, that luminous porosity is so awesome is because it is less than 1. I'm not so sure my mathematical friends would agree, but it might even be less than zero without turning the corner into negative territory, but who's counting?

Even if consciousness bats a thousand and puts you on base every turn at the plate, that's its problem. Yoga is a two step process, really a one step process, well, no process at all really, but that's too little too soon.

Step 1: Find awareness

Step 2: Loiter there

Step 5: Happy Cinco de Mayo!

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Homage to Carlos: Lusidus

## ***Sublimated Eros***

What makes the life worth living? What is the measure of happiness or fulfillment?

What do the white supremacists strive for, the student of Vipassanā, the soldier in the Middle East, an inspirational speaker down by the river (could be Chris Farley or John the Baptist), the Russian Oligarch, a naked Jain, Monsanto, your chiropractor, or what to do with this very moment?

What drives us to be what we are, to become what we hope, to sacrifice for the greater good, to exploit, to work tirelessly for transparency and progressive values, to lie and bully and be an agent of suffering for many?

Is it money, power, security, compassion, sexual drive, to be left alone, to cultivate celebrity, choice, belief, the urgency to understand, to raise happy children, to reverse global warming, to hasten it?

And what of it? Does anyone, anyone at all, end up where they wanted to? Does anyone live the life they chose to? Did destiny do it, are we the product of destiny? Have I exercised my precious free will in the most optimal fashion? Did I really do it 'my way'?

Is everyone rocking in the free world, or less than that? If the Chinese and the Koreans and the Americans and the Russians and the Indians (from India) and the Israelis and our Arab brothers and sisters and everyone else from Europe, Africa, South America, and Australia (I'll stop there) for that matter get their way, their ideal hopes and dreams for the future, where do we end up? Happy?

Are we happy now? Is everything OK now? Does everyone who wants money have it? Does everyone who wants nourishing food, and clean water, and fresh air, and a right to privacy, the right to be useful, and the opportunity to be who they love to be, have it? If not, well what do we do about it?

And if I do do something to improve my wants / needs / entitlement will I be successful at it? Will my thriving occur at the expense of someone else's deprivation? Will I care?



Should I turn to spirituality, learn Sad Guru's technology, find a Pathwork helper, take robes, go to a SAND conference, fly to Mars, boycott evil, listen to binaural beats, supplement with chlorophyll, post to facebook?

Lately, I'm fresh out of answers. I hope you are too.

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The Lamentation of the Ambivalent: Ernst Fuchs



## *Empty all this time*

The magical presence of referential narration occurring as a companion to expressive sensuality convinces you that you were the one on the receiving end of experience all the years of your imagined life.

But you were not. All the years of your imagined life you were entirely absent and without quality, just as you are now.

If you permit the magical presence of referential narration to inoculate you with self, you live in a house of mirrors, a house of time and all that appears to matter based on your beliefs and the certainty of what you speciously recall as your firsthand experience.

But the outrageous truth of it all is that you were never actually the recipient of any experience, and this realization can cleanse your perfectly empty soul of the ruse of knowledge and implication exactly now.

No one and nothing is standing / can stand in the way of your effortless erasure this very moment. You needn't subscribe to the magical presence of referential narration. It may and will likely continue to solicit your attention, but it lands nowhere.

You give and gift yourself the curious confidence that you were empty all this time, and that's how you liberate from causality.

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until nothing remains: Christiaan Lieveverse



## *Two Things*

I try and keep things on point here at the Night Sky Sangha Corral. Gone are the halcyon days of there being any reason for anything or the encouragement to do anything about it.

This portends the collapse of the spiritual savior and influence peddling industry. This is a once in a lifetime chance, non-expiring of course, to discard everything you've ever known about everything you've ever known.

There's only two things, which are really one thing, and soon thereafter, no thing at all. A bit shorter than ACIM, yes?

And here they are; the first is the urgency to orient, and the second is the similarly magical capacity to do so.

That's it, this replaces all holy texts and scribblings across the entire spectrum of lies told to humans by humans.

---

Just Is: Samuel Bak





## ***You just can't shake it, You just can't***

That there is present experience which includes of course the absolutely stupid shit you have to say about it is about as real as anything, if anything were.

Enlightenment, it turns out, is about as simple as writing a check to Stormy Daniels. There's nothing to it.

All the fuss you may be fussing about has nothing to do with what this really is, because that eludes you, the fuss is always and only all about what you think this is and what you think this is can only be delusional.

If you want to wallow in delusion, though no one asked you in the first place, nor do you have a choice in the matter, be my guest.

If you want not to wallow in delusion, well that is some phucked up idea you must have picked up from some phucking Zen, or worse, Dzogchen book about whatever it is those phuckers want to convince you of - and they have no clue either so why listen to them?

Dude and Dudettes, the truth is, without having to be all that true, but what is true about anything anyways these days, is that you just can't shake it, you just can't.

"Shake what?", you might ask, and I'm sure glad you did. Shake the persistent and involuntary arising of the sense of yourself appearing in your own counterfeit consciousness about the apparent nature of such consciousness as if you have ever had anything to do with anything while presuming, quite boldly I might add, that you did when in fact you didn't.

It's not up to me, thank God, to convince you of your own ridiculous pride of self or the ludicrous lack of evidence to support your ever streaming self determinism. I couldn't do it anyways. I'm not that persuasive.

Really, it's up to you, when it is, if it ever is, for whatever reasons you concoct that make you think and feel a certain way about your reasons for thinking and feeling a certain way about the theater of the absurd starring you, and what, if anything, you feel compelled to do about yourself to reduce the level of absurdity to something minimally bearable.

If you lift a finger to do anything about yourself, you're dancing with a ghost. If you believe in your beliefs you may as well be waiting for Godot.

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Waiting for Godot: Stella Adler Theatre



## ***What's consciousness got to do, got to do with it?***

A friend sent me a pod-cast link starring Shinzen Young, a nerd of a man who thinks that meditation is worth teaching because it leads one somewhere good, but warns us to watch out for that pesky co-dependency.

Apparently Shinzen got involved with a student (in a mathematical or prurient manner we'll never know) such that he empowered the student to exercise some dominion over others within his "I can't wait to get enlightened" influence circle, and that had negative consequences for the coven.

The saving grace was a 'feedback loop' that permitted those affected by the affectation to speak out which, by some magical hand, inspired Shinzen to act in an appropriate manner thereby averting unnecessary suffering.

Applause Applause - boo boo all better.

So I ask the friend what is it about Shinzen and so many others that sport institutional spiritual aspiration groups that invariably leads to murky entanglements.

She suggests, perhaps humorously intended, the possibility of ASD (autism spectrum disorder) being a contributing factor. As I am walking around the lake on a cloudy and drizzly day enjoying the outrageous saturation of green, I am working on this puzzle and then it hits me.

Here's really why. Lust is the primary force, lust is the desire that feigns creation. Lust is itself so there's no risk of addiction.

However, if Consciousness concocts a world, that means we're now behind the facing membrane of conscious contact with such world, so there's two, and lust will have its way with us.

The yoga of realization unpacks the myth of the world so the lust may return to its primordial nature before there was two.

Shin Zinn and others concern themselves with the myth of the world as instructors or whatever role they may presume to occupy so the co-dependency is there, perched on their shoulders.



Tina asks, ""What's consciousness got to do, got to do with it?"

There is no consciousness per se, what this might be can't be reduced to words, at least not functionally reduced. If you find yourself as a symptom of something else, there's always going to be a lingering irritability and mistrust with whatever brought you here.

And good luck using meditation as a means to ameliorate those, that shit won't work. You have to get close enough in to the center-less center of present imagination to see for yourself that there's nothing there.

After all, consciousness is just a second hand emotion.

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Second Hand Emotion: artisbad

## ***The End of 'Means to an End' and I Mean it***

In order to become enlightened, you must be willing to relinquish two small things. One is 'become' and the other is 'enlightenment'.

Of course if you are an advanced student of the craft, 'willing' and 'relinquish' can also be discarded, but now you're up to four things and we're trying to keep this simple, not complicate it.

Right now, whatever that means to you, you can watch a CNN live stream of HI's volcanic fountain spewing great beauty and awe out of the molten earth with flaming orange gusto into the welcoming air on its way to the sea.

That's what you're up against as a student of the craft of awake. Your consciousness, self identity, and the ideas that accompany those are likewise a molten froth spewing forth from great depths into presumed awareness on their way to the sea.

And it's a package deal. Though we can assign words to embellish or point toward what is actually present, what is actually present is far more and less in all and every respect than the words dare imply.

What you take yourself to be is a puny partiality of the frothing and fractal saturation of any pure moment, but that's the price we pay for relying upon thought as the only and autocratic state controlled news outlet that tells us what's true.

Most seekers, at least the good ones, are driven by a sincere wish to discover what they don't know. The crappy ones are there to tell you what they do know, and that gets old fast.

Some methods to cultivate sanity encourage not-knowing, including noting practices, disclaimer practices, repetition practices, breathing practices and the like, but they all begin with the sorry mis-diagnosis of the seeker as the agent of suffering and the practitioner that brings about the cessation of suffering.

To see that this strange and cantankerous certainty is exactly why suffering and seeking exist and persist, could quite possibly erode the foundations of pride so the whole house of first-hand existence collapses in on itself leaving you with neither 'become' nor 'enlightenment', and wouldn't that be nice for a change?



Here's what I mean by an end to the means to an end; rather than add anything spiritual to your spiritual quest, simply see through the myth of your presumed arising. All else will figure out what to do with itself without your help.

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Live Stream: HI Kilauea volcano



## ***Apocryphal Dissimulation***

You don't typically hear much complaining from claymation figures on the set, even between takes. Molded by a divine hand, they go where they're put, and consent to the whims of their maker with laudable pliability.

Just because conscious contact is imbued with the restless impulses of acquisition, orientation, and temporality doesn't mean you're not essentially free.

What you take yourself to be is merely an apocryphal dissimulation. If, like an amoeba might, you move toward or away from something perceived and you take notice of that fact, well, as if by magic, you're two. Or at the very least you're other than what is perceived and possibly worse, you are the perceiver. This malperception is quite the troublemaker.

One might be better understood as a mercurially shifting amalgam absent of substance with no discernible bias field imagining itself to be uniquely existent.

Solve this puzzle and others of sublime implication await.

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Ancient Sculpture of Sacred Japanese Art in triplicate



## ***Non-Vehicular Realization***

You are the dupee. You've been duped. Duped and adrift in a fractal sea of trans-sentient wonder cascading down a neuronal synaptic matrix of incomprehensible variants into your original face.

Prana and attention mix at the tap to present you with the mirth and myth of sensual entrancement. Sparked awake by a mitochondrial fire you find yourself in yourself as yourself quite by accident and take it all to be real and personal.

This very moment which doesn't actually qualify as one is the genesis of perception and personification of same, experience is found and the non-volitional urgency to orient fills the empty vault with self-implication.

This magical apparition occurs prior to your apparent understanding, before you take yourself to be you; which means that any tools you might use to whack and hack your way through the lush jungle foliage of your sense of self to get from where things suck to where they're going to be much better won't work.

The deepest and most humbling revelation is that you can't and needn't do anything about yourself. Why? Well because the loyalty that you place in being you is a con job, it's a hustle and you're the mark, you're the dupee, remember?

If you take this just a little further, you can see that all vehicles aimed at ending suffering only prolong the duplicitous nature of your existential and circumstantial quarrel with whatever you think this is. You are gobsmacked and godsmacked at the same time into believing enough about yourself to warrant some vehicle or intervention to help you feel better.

Everything that wanders or blurts its way into your field of experience is vehicular consciousness; it may look and feel like you're going somewhere, but you're not.

By virtue of a simple gesture which is both to see and discard, you stumble into your unadorned primacy where no medicine and no method can help you.

As present experience solicits your interest and slips you the mickey of personified sentence you learn to see how simple it is to neither derive nor acquire anything from consciousness, anything that would wrap you in time.

Thus you become effortlessly available for non-vehicular realization to strike you dumb.

Don't take my word for it, just phucking do it.

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mitochondria: stock image





## *Unrequited Rage*

From time to time these musings of mine can trigger latent rage in the naive reader. It is unrequited rage, I do not offer it in return.

Such is the nature of our confidence in ourselves and what we take to be our precious consciousness, that if challenged, we show our teeth and react from a place of semi-conscious indignity.

We turn to accusation and hostile treatments, blaming the other for what it is we suffer from and just can't or won't admit. We are the walking wounded, and not just by virtue of the injuries we have suffered, but by our capricious capacity to keep them so alive.

From moment to moment there is nothing other than euphoric surprise, and yet we have become masters of the craft of knowing so little about so much, and knowing so much about so little we reflexively place ourselves in the equation when all that can be found is an impersonal chaos field of eternal affection.

If you're crazy enough, and that's what it takes for sure, to abandon the malignant pride of conformist reality, there's gonna be some turbulence. In order to leave the gravitational field of whatever it is that humans think this is, you have to set a course for secular empiricism and that is a sacred act.

---

walking alone: bassem



## ***Why, We, Here?***

My friend Arjuna sent me a poem:

They who worship non-becoming enter blind darkness  
They who delight in becoming enter darkness,  
as it were, yet deeper  
It is different, they say, from becoming  
It is different, they say, from non-becoming  
So we have heard from the wise ones  
Who have revealed it to us.

And then he asked a question:

P.S. Why are we here? 😊:)

So I replied:

The 'why' is answered as we penetrate the frothing mystery of 'we' and 'here'. The didactic mind is subsumed by the enteric mind, the mind of non-specific proprioception. Then our devotion, a trusted companion, transmutes into what's beyond our best notion of emptiness.

---

struck by lightening: fourthornedrose



## *Chattering Muggles*

I trust it's not too much of a generalization to say we have a heap of depression on our hands.

The dystopic atmosphere of fake-news, blatant racial violence, white-supremacy, fascistic politicians, emperor worship, false prophets of doom and salvation, misogyny, LGBTQ violations, xenophobia, tax breaks for the corporations and the uber rich, noxious denial of climate disruption, and enough twisted conspiracy accusations to make your head spin in a surreal dimension don't bode well for our future, immediate or otherwise.

The technology and surreptitious control of its inner algorithms to favor the invisible, contribute to the demise of a healthy narrative, a consensus based on some measure of truth and perhaps accountability.

Lie upon lie pour from the lips of the POTUS and his misanthropic minions, while they fill, not drain, the swamp with their own repugnant pocket lining and selfish interests at great cost to the survivability of the democracy and the biosphere.

If you can, in whatever way you can, keep the faith, resist, take refuge in the presence of realization, dwell beyond the reach and influence of mind control, of those who steer the narrative to foment violence and enemy-ization.

Don't permit chattering muggles to criticize your view, your vocabulary, your verve to connect, your art, your soul. Sing what you need to sing and sing it the way you want. Those with ears to hear will hear and those who cannot hear you; it's not your responsibility to justify or explain why you are who you are.

If you have some companions on the way to nirvana, that's a blessing for sure, anyone who might divert your attention due to their own self-loathing and seething mistrust of the sacred cannot be permitted to interfere with your affection.

If someone is not interested enough to join you while you cross the event horizon into object-free oblivion, don't even stop to wave goodbye.

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Event Horizon Telescope: Science News





## *Here you are, here this is*

Easing into nothing, no particular thing, one's consciousness can be a well of innuendo, there's an inner freedom just to listen, to wander without motive through the halls and hallows of present experience.

One can think of it or better, perceive it as an intimate refinement of present attention, just the attention itself, not carried away by anything found.

By calibrating one's attention to the texture, to the tip of attention itself the reflexive assemblage of the world and one's place in that world evaporates quite palpably into freedom from belief and freedom from what is held out as time.

If you dare trace what you believe to be reality back to the genesis of this very present act of creation you can see with radical clarity how the matrix of self-interest is manifest and broadcast without effort. Trusting this view, however brief it may be, relieves your attention from the rigidity of time, of self, of suffering.

There is no religion here, no body of knowledge or persuasion. There's no authority or consequence were you to experiment with consciousness or not. There is no one and nothing other than the felt sense of your present experience.

You are not alone in the least, you are so perfectly alone that there is nothing here to agree or disagree with. The ever liquidating nature of experience is at hand, no preparation is needed to drink deeply from this, from the sacred.

I am not soliciting you or expecting you to believe anything about me, anything about yourself, certainly anything about G-d.

If you might be curious to discover what awaits when you're free from all authority and belief then here you are, here this is.

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Feeling A Little Blue: Gun Legler



## *AI is trolling your consciousness*

We commonly pride ourselves on being self-aware, in full control of our senses, our decisions, and the course our life should take according to the choices we've made and the compromises we have agreed to.

Despite the warnings from the Borg or Christ for that matter, we are not going to be assimilated, resistance is not futile, my will is mine. We will fight for our inalienable freedoms, what few remain anyway.

If cooperative and constructive means do not get us where we want to be, where we deserve and are entitled to be, then we resort to manipulation, accusation, distorting the narrative, repetitive 'Foxian & Sinclairian' sound bites, enemy creation, the rule of law, biblical authority, totalitarianism, marginalization of the undefended, and all manner of violence to protect our dominion.

This is the way of the 'human', the family, the community, the state, the nation, the corporation. The ethnic, racial, gender privileged, heterosexual, religious, scientific, political, and corporate agenda is a game of "my will be done!" And we all, many of us anyway, go so far to enroll our god and our good-book to justify our will. We enroll the creator of our adopted cosmology to crush the opposition.

In many respects civilization is more peaceful and accommodating than we were some xxx years ago. In as many respects, or more, the acceleration of technology, industry, wireless communication, media manipulation, environmental exploitation, over population, and the consequential run away heat engine of 7.3 billion human bodies vying for energy is a recipe for dystopian bliss.

We are bobbing uncontrollably in the roiled swells of the perfect storm heading toward the rocks while the Sirens sing a lullaby and bid our species goodbye. The wise and graceful dolphins ascend in biblical fashion (and we thought it would be us) saying 'so long and thanks for the fish'.



This many humans relying principally on the combustion of fossil fuels and nuclear reactors for energy is not sustainable. This many humans satisfying their protein needs from animal flesh is not sustainable. This many humans, all of whom ought to be entitled to inalienable rights, is not sustainable.

The mendacious political landscape is a distraction, Frank Zappa wasn't kidding when he said,  
"Government is the Entertainment division of the military-industrial complex."

If you are invited to see that AI is trolling your consciousness to make it appear as if you have had and presently have something to do with anything then maybe you can wake up.

If not, I can only pray to the loving god that looks after you and your family to make your extinction experience as uneventful as possible.

---

Untitled Relief: Zdislaw Bekinski



## *Unconditioned from the start*

It's not necessary that the referencing mind become silent or still. The referencing mind appears in awareness. It's not mind that traces the movement of time or the content and implication of thought, it's awareness does that.

Is awareness then the outflowing of the body, made possible by the body or does the body sense, the body sensation, the body boundary appear in awareness?

The materialist might say that consciousness is made possible by virtue of the body and the yogi might say something weird like consciousness is all there is, the world and its perception are made possible by consciousness.

And without pausing to gauge the impact of her statement on her listeners she would go on to say that prior to consciousness, where this is what it really is, is right here.

If you asked her to tease it out a little further she might say that the mirage of our lives appears in our unconditioned nature, in the intelligence that this is. The secret is that we're unconditioned from the start.

If you take a moment to consider the curious elements of experience and go past the familiarity of your way of thinking, past the limits of knowledge, past the reflex to name objects into being, a refreshed and unencumbered attention arises.

This buoyant non-specific presence of emptiness is the gift of seeing reality first hand. Where it takes you is anybody's guess.

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Untitled Photo: Mai Griffin



## *the bare essentials of silence*

Every serious puzzle has a back door, a hidden entrance that can be had if only you knew the key. Here's our puzzle; most will never play the game, for those who are invited, the game takes a lifetime to play unless you stumble upon the key to walk through the back door, into your self.

For this adventure please consider thought as an intruder upon your naked attention. Why is it so hard for us to become effortlessly silent of mind and thinking, leaving only 'external' sounds and all manner of sensation to be heard, to be simply felt?

Just for the fun of it, let's say we could drop any association with our belongings, our relations, the circumstances we're in, plans and schemes, any hint of self-reference. What might we find without an incessant inner voice and the feigned certainty of any condition?

This is our puzzle, hopefully one saunters onto the game board, then with good luck and adroit interest, one finds a key. The key turns out to be your magical capacity for naked attention. If you turn the key, emptiness and euphoria greet you at the door.

As an occasional koan one might ask, "What are the bare essentials of silence?"

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Church, Acoma Pueblo: Ansel Adams



## ***Happy talk, keep talking happy talk***

If you're fond of yourself, of your ideas, of the anecdotal stream of consciousness that spews forth as the ridiculous shit that you're thinking and saying, how will you ever muster enough refusal to discover anything other than what you already take yourself to be?

Everything, and I do mean everything we've been taught and told about what and why this is is bullshit. If you're not engaged in a tempest of self-doubt then you have conformed to the human hallucination of mercantilism and banking and government and religion and the worship of authority.

In other words we've all subscribed to be puppets of this puppet consciousness. In direct proportion, as the temperature rises, and it is rising fast, our ethics and empathy decline.

We are living under the brutal thumb of inverted totalitarianism ([link below](#)), so pernicious in fact, that we don't even know it. An incomprehensible and unstoppable migration of billions of humans, you know the kind, humans that need air and water and food, has commenced under the looming and accelerating weight of food shortages as a result of climate disruption.

How does Kim Jong Un, or any brutal dictatorial system like these United States of Entitlement, get people to sing their praises? Easy, the compliant ones get fed.

Under the present regime (and past of course), the police state of faceless corporate will and wealth transfer, the farce of a dual-party electoral pageant (kinda like Miss America) keeps us sufficiently distracted so we don't even recognize our disempowerment. Capitalism and the ruthless appetites of human consciousness have eroded the promise of democracy so completely; where once there was a heart we find only delirium and propaganda.

Take a lesson from Occupy and Standing Rock. If ever there comes a time when you have something to fight back about don't be surprised if your First Amendment rights are abridged by violence which may include peace officers and privately funded mercenaries toting tear gas, rubber bullets, concussion grenades, mace, and water cannons - to name a few.

As the republican (and yes the democrats are equally complicit) war against humanity and the sanctity of the earth rages unchecked, it's hard to have a dream, let alone make it come true.

Now don't get me wrong, this is a self-realization blog, but you and I both know that you can't eat a copy of 'I Am That', at least not all in one sitting.

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Happy Talk: South Pacific





## *The Age of Ice*

Liberation from small mindedness a) is not guaranteed, b) takes a while presuming you're interested, and c) is exactly present.

The conceiving mind, unsurprisingly, is rather selfish. It would have you remain under its influence than relinquish its control and set you free. So it's up to you to recalibrate the frequency of your attention from ideation to presence.

Those folks who are tired of themselves, generally few, and also tired of being tired of themselves, fewer still, are arguably the most ripe to abandon psychological time. I can't know for sure if you're one of those folks, and it's not my business anyway.

Since it is plain to see, if you're paying attention that is, that the world is and has always been doing itself, it becomes clear that all the agonizing and supplicating we do amounts to nothing more than a repetitive loop of resentment and forgiveness, with resentment more often winning out.

Presence, on the other hand, basks in euphoric incredulity, in novelty, in nourishment. Attention, unchained from genesis and implication, soars beyond the presumption and tethers of experience so you have no place left to go and you can finally give your bucket list away.

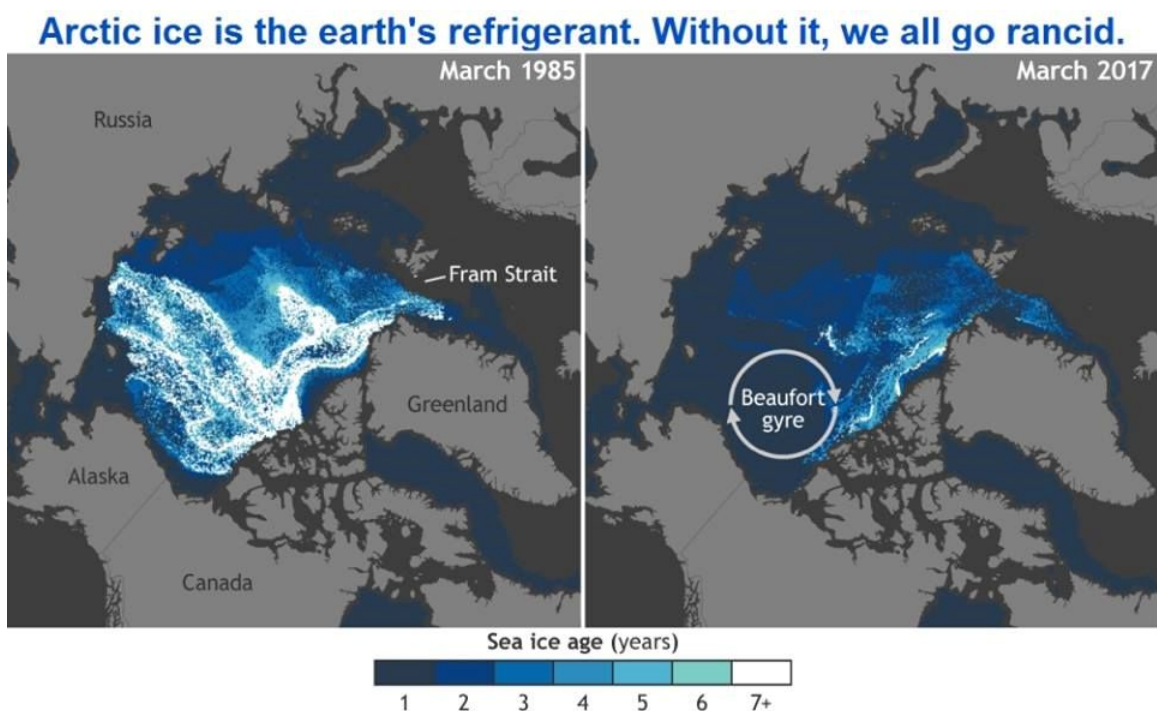
The discovery of referencelessness is not difficult, I would even suggest that we are gifted with the revelation on a daily basis, sometimes twice a day! The trick of the tail is to muster the courage to dwell a while in uselessness, to liberate from small mindedness, to become friends with emptiness.

If you've been flirting with the possibility of freedom, but managed to find better things to do with your life, you may want to rethink that. If there were plenty of time remaining for you to postpone your liberation, then your casual disinterest might be warranted, but we're out of time so I would be remiss if I didn't remind you to shift some of your priorities around.

The countdown to an ice free arctic is nearly over.

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The Age of Arctic Sea Ice: NOAA



## ***A three prong solution to our extinction problem***

I don't want to sugar coat the certain and probably near inevitability of the extinction of Homo Sapiens Sapiens by suggesting there is anything we can do to derail our collision course with "too hot to grow food", but why not suggest a few simple remedies for the ever expanding malaise of human rights abuses and fascist rhetoric we have come to accept as a way of life?

So, here we go. Please consider this as a Socio-Political Mission Statement for the entire species:

1. Ecological Sustainability
2. Human Dignity
3. Repeat steps 1. and 2. interchangeably to insure compliance.

By committing to this simple program we would have the means and verve to dismantle all totalitarian governments, their corporate and autocratic overlords, their enforcement agencies, and similarly eliminate our naive loyalty to the impotent religions that have kept us as slaves to the fantasy of one or other form of god-supremacy or mindfulness for that matter.

That the empathy challenged, totalitarian leaning, racist and misogynistic POTUS and the Corporate Shill Party called Republicans (yes Democrats too) continue to systematically make it possible for faceless Corporations to pollute, enslave, mislead, avoid any forms of social or legal accountability, tyrannize, and bank obscene profits with less and less taxation is neither a vote for 1. Ecological Sustainability or 2. Human Dignity so under our new species wide referendum some changes need be made.

It's easy to carry that familiar sign or stand on a street corner and proclaim, "the end is near". Everyone who has done it prior to today (though it's only 11:55 am ET where I am) were largely mistaken and what a relief. From a dzogchen perspective one can appreciate that the end is all there is, much like the beginning, and the present moment for that matter, but I'm not so convinced at this point, were there one, that it matters much.

That's it, now we're good to go. Just like I say to my wife at the end of most texts and phone calls and even many evenings before falling off to sleep. "Love you."

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There Is No Planet B: Global Research

