THE VAGABOND GITA

I, for lack of a better term (Ode to the Macrocosm)

and

Anarchy of Spirit (Ode to the Microcosm)

by

Jack Haas

I, FOR LACK OF A BETTER TERM

a soul's soliloquy

Jack Haas

"Each spark descended into this world- indeed a profound descent and a state of true exile- to be clothed in a body and vital soul ...so as to join and unite them with the Light."

Rabbi Schneur Zalman of Liady

"Man as he now is has ceased to be the All. But when he ceases to be a separate individual, he raises himself again and permeates the universe."

Plotinus

"Be- and at the same time know the condition of not-being, the infinite ground of your deep vibration, that you may fully fulfill it this single time."

Ranier Maria Rilke

PROLOGUE

Once you have eaten of the flesh, so to speak, you must ride it out completely.

Of course everyone's journey is different, but if you give yourself away completely, things cannot avoid falling implausibly into place around you, and a life you never thought possible eventually swells instinctively up from within, and devours you whole.

It's all so subtle, unexpected, wild, and indisputable, that when an epoch ends- when the drama of being comes to one of its cyclic, fabulous crescendos- and the spirit fully emerges, the whole holocaust and rapture of life dissolves back into itself, into you, and you into it, the two sides blend into one, the universe is fulfilled for an instant, time evaporates, distance vanishes, the light mingles and ...we are gone.

I am speaking of nexus points, unifications, grand synchronicities, convergences in the hidden patterns of the cosmos, from which sublime realities conspicuously manifest in the lives of persons chosen or willing enough to act out the universe's karmic evolution; momentary windows of a deeper vision, leaps of understanding, etheric mutations in the blueprint of our chimerical beings, such that there are profound times and places in the somnambulistic imagination of the great and dancing Imaginer, where the veil of causality lifts blatantly away to reveal its eternal marriage with effect, the continuum becomes apparent, the Creator finally awakens within and as the Creation, and yet still no one, not even the Maker, can understand how the marvelous making is made.

It is all very strange, obscure and ineffable, as it were. But to be sure- it happens. Every now and then, due, as it were, to the course of our forgotten, sublime affinities, a cohesion of disparate forces fuse into One, life takes on mythical proportions, the gods awaken from their slumber, the devil gets his due, and the lone individual, bent awkwardly upon the fulfillment of his or her impossible and unavoidable destiny, breaks loose from the world's hold, resuscitates the old breath, finds the living Life, curses the anguish, weeps for the children, drinks, dances, goes mad, and loves without reward, and then vanishes into the sky with all those brave or free enough to follow.

Let me tell you, it happens. Rarely, perhaps very rarely, but by god it comes about. And when it does, the Heavens float down like a warm deluge through the frost of Hell, the veneer of our horrid separation lifts for a blessed instant, the 'I' in each one of us untangles itself, and anyone ready, strong, innocent, or bored enough, slips quietly away, out into the gentle flow, merges there with eternity, and drifts off into God without going anywhere.

They simply float away without leaving. They stand still and fall apart into everything. That is what happens.

But perhaps I am starting off here too fast. Let me sum it all up, so as to be done with the story, and

then we can get on with the meat of our text. It goes like this: when you are born you are not yet born- first you must descend, die, rise from the ashes, forget every idea of right and wrong, lose yourself completely, gain yourself again, and become the All. There you have it, in brief synoptic fashion. What follows are merely the details.

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THE NIGREDO

"Separateness is the mystical event of oneness."
Matt Haas

How to begin? What to say? Why to say it? To whom should I confess? To whom can I confide? Who will care? Who will listen? Who will understand?

Life never follows an intended course, for there is no course, there is only life: The sun shines, the trees twinkle, the trumpets play Taps at a hero's funeral. And yet no one is there to hear the music but mourners. It seems such a waste. Though it isn't. It just seems that way.

But let me explain, oh let me hopelessly explain why I cannot explain what I cannot help but try to explain. Bear with me, won't you, as I suffer to forge the ominous building-blocks by which I might complete this structure.

It is like this: when the world you have loved, and lived, and laughed in, eventually crumbles helplessly about you- as it is certain to do with all of us sooner or later- and you stand shaken in the harmony of your song's last note, and the light's last flicker- it may happen that you will flinch for an anxious moment as if to right it all again, but if you're quick enough (and at times I was quick, and ruthless, and wild from the passion of my spiritual dismemberment, and wholly determined, if nothing more, to be myself, and only myself, through to the bloody bitter end) ...you let it go.

For it is in that moment- as the chastening reaches its cold zenith, and the degradation its dark nadir- when it all comes down, when you've lost everything you ever had- the hopes, promises, truths, pleasures, and words are all gone- and you're alone somewhere in the darkness, horribly alone- dead and yet living- and none of your life makes any sense, none of it, because all of your caring has only led to loss, and even your own earthly soul has not the eyes to see you truly, nor the heart to feel your lonely anguish, that is when, as I said, the best thing to do is ...to let it go.

I let it go. I let go. And that was the finish and start of me.

And yet, in the wash and fire of the spirit's healing, in the sacrificial disembowelment of the mind, in

the fiery assumption of the grosser self, when you know you're done for, because the Word itself hovers hopelessly above the willess flesh- when the shit has hit the fan, so to speak- let me tell you from experience- you stay put.

I let it go, and I stayed put. I went still and cold in the limitless reaches of meaning and mystery, where the atom consumes the universe, and the self devours the whole.

It's a bloody crazy mess to relate, but things change instantly when you're finished with life and yet living. Let me tell you, the weirdest thing happened as I became emptied of the last vestige of recognition, purpose, or need- suddenly I ...I ceased without ending, and remained while still going on. I don't know how to say it better. It cannot be said. You see it's all, like I said- it's crazy.

What happened is that I finally realized that everything in life is wrong, that it is intended to be wrong, that god is insane, that men are as devils, and that it will get far worse before it gets any better. And, given this unequivocal supposition, easy enough it is to recognize life as naught but a terrible joke.

But, then, after all ...a joke it is.

So with that matured understanding it occurred to me that it is up to each one of us to choose how we take the joke- whether we walk through our days with a foul and bitter scorn, or skip merrily through them with a hearty chuckle.

That is what I came upon. And what happened to me is ...I began to laugh.

For if truth be known, the last straw does not break the camel's back ...it gives it wings.

Oh to be sure, it happens to all of us eventually: you come innocently into life, laughing and playing and clowning about, the world pushes you forward, the days blend into years, everything appears to be reasonable, actual, and true, but then one rainy afternoon you stop suddenly in the tepid process of the day, you sit gently down for no reason, stare into the senselessness of it all while the tortured miracle of life blurs away before your trembling eyes, and you begin to weep and weep and weep from all the hidden fault and pain, and you wonder who the hell it is you really are, and you do not know, and it's all gone, all of it, and the whole show has the numb, eternal ache of a phantom limb you never knew you had.

And then just as suddenly the implausible absurdity of it all cascades like benedictions down upon your fallen soul and an unknown smile is be born within which flips the madness over lifting you up agog and howling. That is what happens.

Indeed, until you have laughed yourself silly from loss, you have lost nothing, and neither have you laughed. For it is only then, through the perpetual gloom of becoming, when the impotent conciliations run turgid, and the swollen vein runs dry, that the folly may begin to delight itself, and that is when you begin to laugh, and laugh, and laugh, and not even know why you're laughing.

Existence goes as such, whether you desire it to be so or not; most people come into life without asking, and leave without knowing why. They laugh, strive, want, suffer, and cry. But for the cursed or blessed few, there are times, like I said, when somewhere in between it all, amongst the cacophony and the void- when the hold you had on life, or the hold life had on you, weakens as if from sublime intent- ...you begin to remember.

And in that remembrance you forget without caring.

You come out of it. You come out wild and crazy, you come out hard and ambivalent, finished and yet hardly begun. You come out through the threshold of indifference, of care, of suffering, of life, of death, of meaning, of meaninglessness, of noise, and of silence. You come out from nowhere, out from a person you never were, to a person you no longer are. You run free at these moments when what always mattered finally ends, when life breaks stride with the current of its own disbelief. Out and out you come, all the while falling inward. Falling into the self beyond the self, into the centreless happening where nothing and everything occurs. You come out into it all, broken away from the tether of purpose, the chains of need, the bonds of striving, the shackles of the trapped and abandoned. You come out and the wind licks your wounds through the blood of your losses. There is no need to haunt the world ever again, nor find yourself simple comforts or worth. You belong to no one and nothing, not even yourself. Beyond salvation and damnation, nothing can stop nor hold you now. You are free. And it doesn't matter. And that is why you are free.

That is what happened to me. Everything vanished except …the inexplicable; all I was left with was a formless, passionate, intimate ...faith. I have no better way to poorly describe it. All I was left with was the living mystery called life. And that is enough. Let me tell you- it's all more than plenty forever and now.

And so, while you read what follows, understand that I have left the world behind, that I have crossed the line, so to speak, and am not coming back. That I refuse to come back. That I am finished tampering.

Know that I am somewhere far-off on the northern, wild coast, forgetting and forgotten, alone and not alone, sane and not sane, alive and not alive. Know that I am in agony from the impossible beauty of it all. And know that I am laughing.

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Ah, but perhaps I am delving into the mercy and miracle far too early. Let me back up a ways. Return with me, won't you, to the time before my true being began.

I can recall most of my old life well. Or perhaps not so well. No matter. After all, it was mostly a classic befuddlement, with all the hints of squirming and guise. I awoke (I called it waking), was conscious, but not lucid. I called it consciousness. For days and years I wailed and clung onto the hegemony of being. There were many disparate occasions of both furtive and calm, but hardly a moment of reason. What was it all about? I haven't a clue. It is all rather a fabulous blur; the bread smelled wonderful, the wine was nice, the flowers, the trees, and the children all gravy. I opened my eyes, looked about for a while, was filled with awe and dolor, and that is about all worth the telling. So sad and so beautiful. Mostly it seems that I often just sat staring vacuously or not off into space. So much useless staring. I don't know why. It was all very strange. Very, very strange indeed.

Nothing seemed to happen in life but a splash like of colors, dancing in front of my oblivious eye. The

pleroma and the profane were yet but scribbled rubric, laid incongruously over the timeless palimpsest of being.

It was like a pendulous oscillation which in its manifold turns drove me nearer to myself by the same distance it tore me apart. How else could I describe it? How else could it describe me?

Others called it life. I didn't know what to call it.

No one really knew what truly was up, and no one had the courage to dream.

It was all very strange. Very, very strange. I never knew a damn thing. *No one ever does*.

Coming into this world as I did- as we all do- like little god maggots growing in the shit and waiting for our wings that we might fly, I could never have imagined what was to happen. How could I? Who, after all, can know the unknowable? Who indeed?

It was all a vast, phantasmagoric festival of non-meaning. The Dream bloomed, charged and buoyant within me, as movements blended and engaged, made and unmade, ripped and mended into the fabric of our lives.

It was a harmony barely audible, through the bustle and clamor of the day, to which I danced with wild abandon upon this dead and spiritless earth. Like all others, I was trapped in this cosmic pandora, roaming hard and yet hobbled by the proximity of our woes; aflame and fluid in the directionless stream, I recognized pattern and intent, though I knew not what was intended; tangled in life's multiple cobwebs, like someone passed along the upstretched hands of an infinite crowd, I let myself be carried away by the directionless touch; touch was all that mattered, where I went was of no concern.

Like a worn vessel I listed into the seasonal winds to wherever the hell I was taken- swept into the infinite storm, the love, and the doldrums.

Oh yes, I still took part in everything. I went everywhere, thought every thought, loved every love, and suffered every pain, like all the rest, but none of it was mine- I did not belong and that is why I belonged. So you see where I was at then.

I was in the war, but I was no warrior, only an indifferent soldier gone AWOL in the glorious night; I was fugitive from both sides of the fight, caught in the soul's no-man's land, like a sacrifice the spoiled god's refused to take. There was no charge, no attack, no artillery from the rear, only incarceration, sublimation, obfuscation and decline, until the soul designed its own cage within the prison of time.

It was a strange concoction of merriment and writhing, in which the joy of life made the hurt that much more painful. The more I fled the thorns, the more I got pricked. The more I tried to grab the roses, the more I got pricked. The thicket grew around and through me. The more I ate, the more I breathed, the more I thought, hoped, attempted, or cursed, the more I got pricked. Oh, I fought hard against the crime of our earthly destinies.

In my ardor and peril, every moment was like furtively twisting about to see what had snuck up behind me, only to pinch my neck in the process, so that my eyes closed from the pain and ...I saw nothing; no rememberment, no joining, no glee. Only separation, amputation, and loss.

Come now, hold me tight. I am a man who bore false witness to himself, and then did not believe any of it; as if I never truly existed, and existence simply claimed that I existed.

Existence indeed. Of all the bizarre and stupid things that could be made.

I invented none of this. There it was, wham! Being occurred, and I staggered aimlessly about in the midst of it, imagining that I was me. I came to see the show and got pulled into the act.

There was no true being, no true me, only delusion; only not-being amongst being (oh relax, and allow me these irreconcilable lucidities).

I suffered immeasurably from a spiritual handicap, a metaphysical disability- I had become detrimentally intimate with the all-encompassing mystery of being; like a pretend man who forgot who he was pretending to be; a somethingness lurking about, blindly lost within its own interminable shadow. As if I was the executor of a vast estate, but not an heir; the stepbuilder of stairs I would never climb. Me, just a little ha-ha puppet, brought out to entertain the yawning king; a tortured joke suffered out from the exiled Muse.

Oh, I was everyone's nobody. 'In', and 'of', and yet not-in, and not-of. I was continually meandering aimlessly about inside a self that was no longer mine, in a world that was no longer Thine.

It was all too much like a dream of my youth: I returned to where I was certain that my home had been, but when I arrived ...it was no longer there; in the place where once I had found belonging, there now existed only not-belonging.

I was just a bottle without a message, floating absently about in the shoreless, infinite sea.

Who could breathe in life's thick, torpid densities? Where was the self that knew feeling? What of the manifest, in the glorious, unmanifest stream?

While everyone else had been carving out a niche for themselves in this life, I was filling mine in. While everyone else sought to be found, I inherently sought lostness; and by this I inexorably betrayed the continuity of the manifest, and fell in amongst the the chaotic, foreign beyond.

And for that the sun set, the moon rose, and the night became my homeland.

I, a refugee from being- I came to exist on the periphery of everything ...that is.

It was a fine, horrid enterprise that branched and widened, flooding out into my dreams.

In the vestiges of that engulfing miasma, dizzy in the peaceless calm, I flailed against life in a merriment of fears, and shivered around the lost fire.

I sang though I was mute, jumped though I was lame, and loved though my heart was hard as Hades'.

Cold in the stupor of reason, life bled listlessly from my soul.

Hardened in the chaos, I listened without hearing, touched without feeling, and changed without becoming myself.

Softened in the realm between victory and defeat, the Great Play consumed the player, but all that remained was the spent, broken shells of yesterday's home.

Exiled from the continuum, I performed intangible duties, healed secret ills, and reckoned with imperfect eyes.

Oh yes, here and there I grasped and held onto things, to thoughts, and to lies. Later or soon I was forced to let go.

When predicament ensconced the days, oblivion forsook them.

Resignation became my fountain and my thirst, while misery tangled about in the lyre.

Fear crept in through the fissures of my nothingness. Sadness purged it out. A hollow conduit of incompleteness was all that remained. Through this the Source oozed rapture and healing into my uncloseable wounds.

It was never enough. The distance itself was damnation. I was alone, absolutely alone, and only the pit of my troubled guts had the honest strength left to grieve it.

There you have it. Brace yourself hard into the inevitable, for there is no emancipation without the burn. There is no blockage, and no gain.

Still it was all a miracle, of that there is no dispute. How I saw it is all that can be said, not what it was I saw.

Aglow and wandering, free of context and meaning, writhing unkempt in the dark, terminal madness of becoming, it was the decadent insomnia of consciousness that held me gripped and staring. I was an Eye, casting about hither and yon, hunting frantically for a mirror to find itself within. To look, to see, to comprehend.

New Eden, old crime.

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These are the words of an historical being only, they are no longer mine. I have proceeded out from that gnarled mess of dark, manifest complexity, back into the glow of the unmanifest One. But that is not really it either. Both sides are an insurmountable heap of confusion, and nothing more. Believe me. It's impossible to describe. Bloody impossible.

The names and places of our journey are as important as the individuals residing in them, and yet the context which I choose not to bring to this story would merely be a backdrop to the eternal drama underway. It is the Great Play of life, in which we may all choose a role, that really matters; whether it be as puppet, prop, actor, spectator, or muse. The characters are important only in so far as they lend flow and color to the story, they are nothing in themselves.

So consider me then, within and without context: a lost hero, or found fool, dressed in another's soiled rags, wildly drunk and yet perfectly sober, blindly jabbering out this vain prattle, rapt in a somber soliloquy amidst the epic journey through the mystic flesh, and whimsically determined to describe my most recent part in the endless Play.

There is no narrative to my story, as I said, only a voice liberated from the song; only a mute spirit in

the chronic filibuster of the infinite soul.

In fact, I am not even speaking. Everything is inside. You are also there. I am the absence of thought. You are the ear which creates me.

You need me only because you need yourself- because I awoke before you in your dream, so as to then awaken you; because I am in you, and of you.

I need you because I am you. So you see where we are at then.

But allow me to backpeddle once again so as to fill in the yawning abysses of this artless unfable.

To begin with I had no idea worth dreaming, no thought worth thinking, no emotion for life. I had played in the world, loving its loves, fearing its fears, desiring its desires, and trying its trials.

None of it worked. It was all wrong. The path the world educated me to follow led quickly and only to hell.

Every moment of my old life was an improvisation. From the moment I first awakened I never saw the script. The director was nowhere to be found, and the rest of the cast was a bloodthirsty mob of petty, ostentatious insufficiencies. And only because of this- because I was bored and pissed off, and knew neither the plot, nor my part; it was only because of this that I eventually picked up a broom, walked into the reaches, and began to sweep dust out of the theatre.

And in that provincial domain of our feral aristocracy, where the duty and dreaming mingled into an insoluble one, nobody could have told me what I would find when I ceased living with expectation, with searching, with need. No one could show me how to get no where.

Rounding a corner in the hopeless race, I suddenly stopped and lied down in the middle of the run. I went through no finish, and received no reward. I simply stopped. I came to the end of my soul's desecration, and was born from the remains of what never was me.

Oh, perhaps I am going off a bit, lost in the verbose, dark incantations of our imperishable emptiness. Perhaps not. Bear with me though, won't you- bare with me? It will all come full circle soon enough. But not until then. Not a chance. First we must live full in the full darkness, or we shall never appreciate the light.

What, then, were the feverish hallmarks of my existential undoing? Who can say? Have I even the courage to speak? No, I have not the courage, I have only the need.

Coarse blasphemy and verbiage aside, I would not call my life a conversion, merely a version.

To begin with, there are truths I would not come to understand until after many confused and torturous years of hopeless digression, false intent, corruption, debauchery, idleness, unfaith, and agony.

For me it began as a wild and manic ride of booze and anguish, dope and euphoria, destiny and freedom, psychedelia, mushrooms, madness, faith, humility, and wonder. I would not come to the nothingness that is everything until all the blood had been letted from my putrid corpse, until I had mapped out all the blind alleys within myself, until the heavens murdered me without pity or concern, until I loved and cursed and

followed God, and then was broken from the mold of the manifest, and inhaled back to the Source, like a creature caught in the throat of a Creator who had only begun to breathe.

Throughout those formative days of my so called separate existence, there were, if I may say so, many seemingly unexplainable preconceptions, synchronicities, exuberances, coincidences, messages, voices, wonderings, and dreams. Good god there were dreams. Night after night did I writhe upon the mythical membrane in between consciousness and sleep, where the greater and lesser archetypes spun webs of unspeakable drama throughout my defenseless becoming; obstinate realities occurred rhapsodically within me, but of these I can barely admit, even to myself; I had assumed it a privilege that I was being guided, but in fact perhaps it was done begrudgingly- because I was incapable of guiding myself.

Oh, like a thief too afraid to steal, I was given everything I needed, though inside myself I still plotted and squirmed.

Yea, like a bivalve of the spirit- relentless miracles through me went, though I remained intolerable. I was a horrid creature of grace.

Lord, oh Lord, forgive me my heartless ingratitude! Would that I but sing with praise on my lips to amend for the curses I grew on.

My soul? My soul indeed! My soul was but the justifications I had contrived for not having a soul. I was Abraham, recklessly pursuing Isaac- escaped, terrified and weeping- down the precipitous slopes of my own tortured necessity? There was no economy in my strides. There was no promise within me, not a single resolution. Why the crowds of passing daemons did not spit on me in disgust, I shall never know; a sinner amongst saints, dog-shit on a cut lawn, a booger on a bare wall, a cyst on supple flesh; every breath I took was another scar upon the earth. What ghastly errors I spawned onto life. A prisoner of guilt and judgment- a frail, recalcitrant, make-believe monstrosity, oh, I was the vilest of pretend things.

While my penance flamed into its full and ruthless glory, how deep indeed I was buried in ignorance, and darkness.

All this happens so secretly- intoxication with the Worm, I mean- but man alive it happens. Let me tell you, I did not rise piously out of the noxious mist, but inhaled its toxic qualities, in the spineless hyperventilation of agreeable illusions. Oh, I had breathed in heavily for such a time- those musty, hallucinogenic vapors of my own expulsion- that I lived in a vacuum, in the nauseous stench of my own halitotic excuses and demands. Which is to say- I did not exhale, I belched.

Like a runaway angel kidnapping the light, feeding the darkness with my own estrangement, and souring the love with my flight, I was all afoul. Like the wretched concubine of a syphilitic Love; I was royalty in the morning, a servant by noon, and a lost thief in love with the night. I stole from our own treasures, and poached fleeing trophies from the kingdom's sparse herd.

Though the magic was boundlessly making me, all I did was get in the way. Many benedictions I swallowed, but only calumnies were expelled; these same hands, thanklessly receiving the manna of heaven,

returned it but shortly, as vomit.

Further, and further, down and down came the inescapable fall: I was nothing, existing nowhere, finding nothing, and helping no one, but only because there was naught to begin with, naught to maintain, and naught, in the end, to transform. I could do nothing, and no one could show me how not to do that.

What was life to me, after all, but a looting? It is now painfully obvious how choreographed all my visions were. I was merely held hostage by them; consumed by both the heights and depths, of the unknown and the known, I hovered in between, at a spot where I was equally destroyed by both; I had reached an equilibrium that was not peace, an inaction that was not serenity.

As if the angel had tripped while carrying me, and I was fumbled into unrecognizable positions, tumbling about in her frantic hands, while she struggled to keep me off the moribund ground; I was not dropped, though neither was I caught gently in the air.

There was no such noble act of willful becoming for me, only a coasting down the hill without an engine, enjoying the ride to hell.

As the Fates merged upon the barren battleground that I called me, I could neither fully believe nor fully disbelieve existence. I lost both truth and untruth, having no foothold in myself, nor in the world; neither in the mundane, nor the spiritual.

These were the trials of my idiosyncratic becoming, of God and Satan making folly in my breast. The flesh wanted me as tenaciously as the spirit; the Mother and Father forces had different ideas of who I should be. I roamed between those invisible barriers, drunk on the shifting adherence, with protean existences competing as me.

Let me tell you, the yin and the yang, if there be such divisions, were stretched agonizingly apart to their furthest possible dimensions in me; mind in the lofty reaches, heart in the pit of hell, and I, ripped open by the insoluble feud in between them. That is why nothing worked. There were two halves, two distinct, separate halves, and those halves made a whole, but I was not whole.

Ah, but things turn when the tide shifts, and as my energy waxed and waned in the smoke and mirrors of the day, I still went forth, found myself again without idea, without purpose, without glee, and plunged ahead some distance further, into and beyond myself, in the ruthless absolution of sublime, divine intent.

Oh, there were tests and appeasements, but no peace, and no return, only a fire flaming hot inside of me, inexorably engulfing everything in its path. I was its path.

I stumbled, I crashed, through rack and ruin, beating blindly without reason. Seeking to find some sort of serenity, or to die within feet of the door. To live, all I wanted to do was live. To get it right, to not fuck up. Somehow.

I did not know then what life's reckless meaning beckoned. I recognize no impetus behind my manic actions but flight and boredom, though I know not why I was bored, nor what it was I fled.

I did not at first seek truth (as if there were such a thing), only a complacency to dispel such arduous

yearnings. Every act was an escape from myself and the mind's implications. I was made stable by the force I exerted against what opposed me, and not because I could stand.

God and truth? These were merely my excuses for an inability to live. My dreams and terrors, apathy and awe, all of these I justified along the way. My words were vanity's ambitions, the nomenclature of sin; I was corrupt and absolutely unclean not because of the evil all about me in the world, but ...because of myself. Because I was not trying to come to god, I was trying to get away. Yea, running bolt and lightly through the days of torture and despair, I participated ineffectively, pondering all these supplicative maneuvers, because I was afraid to cease falsely knowing myself. I allowed myself every inadequacy, every sorrow, every confusion, because I was sanctified by the relevance of unfulfilled need. Need became a preface to finding what was needed. As long as I needed, it was almost as good as having.

Anything but to be still.

In fact, if there was to be no joy, I wanted to at to least contain a desperation; to anguish towards or away, it did not matter. I needed something much more than the nothingness I had been allotted; to be wholly crushed, beaten, and bent, to break under the immense strain of being. The weight had no magnitude, it was my weakness that was great.

I kept myself in perpetual limbo by striving only for those things which I was incapable of attaining, and in fact, towards which I was incapable of striving. I tried to walk away a thousand times, and I went as far as I could, but you can never get away. Wherever you run you always carry your cage.

And when eventually I fled to the only place left for me to flee- into myself- I found that I was still running away.

Oh, how I had bolted and run from myself, then towards myself, towards, and away, forward and backward, everywhere and none. I even imagined the piety and disdain with which I groped upon this earth.

And yet, though I was so unprepared for such gross and terrible initiations, I came to capitulation quick, but not easily. Separate and yet not separate, it was a tug-of-war between losses, where hell, and heaven, and earth met like a patch in the fabric of being, inside my weary, radiant core. I was Mary, whore of god; as if being torn in all directions by a band of lunatics, I was painfully going nowhere.

And then, instantly, everything shifted, and yet nothing really changed. It was as if the whole thing were planned out beforehand by some perverse, mad puppeteer, for when it got so hot, and I could not move from my seat, that is when- without prior knowledge or composure, as the flames lept up incorrigibly before me- the whole thing overturned, the nigredo flipped to albedo, the out became the in, and by God if I hadn't suddenly learned ...to move the fire.

I had simply capitulated without losing anything. I won without a victory. I had finally seen rewardlessness in all its guises. Which is to say, I lost gaining, found losing, and every panic and sorrow turned back into ...nothing.

I tell you, at that very moment I stopped. I absolutely stopped. There is no part of me which has moved since. It is as if I escaped without leaving, and left without escaping.

That is when my flight crashed, and, if you can stomach the paradox, that is also when I earned my wings.

I had returned. I don't know to where, but ...I had returned.

Strange that. Let me tell you. Very strange.

*

THE ALBEDO

"But on the human plane that would have been destruction: living life instead of living one's own life is forbidden. It is a sin to go into divine matter. And that sin has an inexorable punishment: the person who dares go into that secret, in losing her individual life, disorganizes the human world."

Clarice Lispector

Allow me to continue this oblique dissemination.

When you have lived existence out completely in its manifold directions- when you have thought and fought, pondered and wondered, yearned and wept, hated and loved- all to their furthest extent, and yet you are still unbroken, still earnest enough, still alive and mad for life, still strong and fighting, still driven on and on like that wild hare fleeing the unforgiving hounds- the most unexpected shift eventually occurs; the self dissolves in the vision of its limitless dimensions, the mind loses meaning, the heart loses loss, and the whole swollen mess of life literally flips inside out, and upside down- as occasionally it seems wont to do- and everything changes at once, yet nothing has changed.

It happens despite everything else that is happening. The trick is that in order to finally remember, first you must forget.

That is- as truth faltered, as the lies melted from my self's fluidity, and the soul shed its worn out old mind, I was undone, absolutely disassembled. Let me tell you, I did not attain, I unattained. What else can be said? I came apart at the seams in the midst of life, and walked about in tatters, tripping over them until I was nude. Hallelujah!

To stand in the centre of it all- without a thought, direction, or meaning, but with love and anguish exploding equally from your naked guts- is to fall into the still point of living, and to live beyond the hollow of life.

It was the end of all my fidgeting, fleeing, and venial passions; I was ready to begin again, to start all over, to end what was not finishable- because I knew, with the hard honesty born from struggle and futility, that it was time to cut my losses, and that it would be a long while before I rose up again and randomly chose another blind direction. It did not matter at that point anyway, because there was by then no such me to stop me now. There was no such me; there was only the great complexity, and the not-me not navigating within it. But

let me explain.

My return to wherever it was I returned, was very stark and absolutely innocent; I was, for most of my life, enveloped in a cocoon of blessed identitilessness, metamorphosing obscurely away from the light.

But when the wings are finally full, and the spring has arrived from winter, the covering better break, or the butterfly won't fly, but die.

I flew.

Like a happenstance dismay of unknown wonders, those specious and soothing images upon which I had been weaned then broke apart in the apocalypse of unmeaning.

You see, in the end of this new beginning- when I, so to speak, let it go- I was by that point fully shut down in all my tremulous theories, and left to roam the mystery, blinder than blind in the darker than darkness; everything effortlessly fell apart, and then just as gracefully it all came back together in a hilarious ruse of existential desperation and delight.

That final capitulation, or decapitation, or crowning release came suddenly, as it were, (or perhaps it had taken lifetimes to build up to such a tepid crescendo), and went something like this: I had been out walking alone at night- as I was wont to do at the behest of my demons- thinking of this or that or nothing at all, I don't remember much, but, of course, as you will see- that is the crux of my story. All of the sudden, in the dimensionless gap between strides, as it were, without warning, perhaps because of the many preceding years of sedulous doubt, mania, and freedom, and because I had for one reason or another seen- or at least convinced myself I had- into life's lie and unmeaning, I ...I ruptured mentally; I could not believe it. It? Life? Me? I? Good god, the impossibility of it all! I did not understand a thing. Not a thing. Good and bad were gone forever. Whatever, and whyever, and whoever it is that we are? I did not know. Man, let me tell you, I flew up and fell. I fell, and broke, and was blown away in the breeze.

Indeed, it was only after the grosser movements of my confined imagination had been burned clean of redundancy, privilege, and need; after the mean calamities of our so called life usurped me from all courage and despair; after the whole mad show boiled up in ecstasy and failure; after I stumbled and bloomed, aghast and transparent in what could not be and is; it was then that I broke, redeemed and abolished, as if newly awoken or just fallen to sleep; it was then that I possessed intimacy with gratitude and awe, because I was life and living, and now was all too new forever. Nothing was solved in the maelstrom of my new immanent ubiquity, but, let me tell you, *life became a miracle again.*

The marvelous magnitude of being had suddenly swelled ferociously up and consumed me whole. Nothing was left which was able to obstruct it; no walls, no thought, no intention, no me. There was neither curse nor praise, but only a transparent, sober nothingness. I was the dumbest man alive. *I was free*.

Oh perhaps it was only a brief glimpse of the eternal above from the ephemeral below, but a glimpse it was (everything lasting is forgotten). I stared assiduously into the light, and then, forever afterward, because I had seen it, everywhere I looked I saw naught but the refulgent sun.

That moment when I saw right through life made me the craziest of all. It was from such a disastrous,

ineffable vision- in which I was dismantled into unrecognized bits and then smashed irrevocably beyond myself- that I was subsequently patched back together, so as to return to the world, to life, and somehow manage to live it. And that is the hard and living hell of it, let me tell you. Life is now but this ungraspable remnant of seeing brightness which in its fleeting brilliance continually disappears as I continually try to look for it; like a glorious residue, hovering deceitfully on the periphery of vision, which I can neither fully see, nor describe, nor dispute IT is there.

*

Onward, we must keep on, with the insufferable rhythm of this solipsistic incantation.

I have often said that in the single instant of absolute wonder- when suddenly I forgot everything I had been told from day one- I lost my life completely. That is, I lost my life, yes, but not Life; I lost only the blind, heartless wombat I had been made into by others, and by my own spiritless cowardice and sloth.

Yet in that grey, hazy dawn of my autonomous disenlightenment, nothing was altered, nothing subsided, nothing was better. I was still bound fruitlessly into this surrogate quintessence- into the lie, the Great Lie, the one that says- you are this, and life is that, and thus binds us fast into the wrong idea of ourselves.

Indeed as quickly as I was lifted up, I melted back into the sordid old thing, helpless to remain aloft. I called it aloft, though I was still on the ground, and calling it ground, and thundering blindly about, sometimes on all fours, as if that might shorten the fall. But even then, in those lower reelings, where I was cast about in cataleptic fits of exhaustion, attempting relentlessly to escape myself, I was cleansed of the mire so completely, that all I had to do was sink, and sink, and sink, further and further into the filth, and the flesh- and then I was able to fly.

Ah, to fly- to erupt without any movement, to rise without going high. I flew inside myself, through the infinite space of unmeaning. Through the lift and the glide of just being.

For when eventually I learned to see equally in all directions, I came to exist in the non-existent space, which is immense and yet without any distance or view; it was all forever old, and all forever new.

An infinite bridge across a finite chasm. A flame within an inferno. A drop inside the storm.

I was in the storm. And I was helpless.

That is when, as I intoned earlier, I stopped, and began, and the start and the finish all blended; what ended had never even begun- it was an instant, forever cataclysmic euphoria. As the ether ignited in hellish ecstasy at my fallen condition, I opened up like a mollusk in a fire, and the scorching flames consumed me.

And then what the hell, if you can buy this, but in the next step of my dismantling and rebuilding, everything else sped up and catapulted through the living stasis of my soul. It was an exhilarating, innocent capitulation wrought down upon me by a force I have not yet named; I gave ground in the hollow of my wonder and man if everything didn't perish and grow through that infinite hole. The unworldly, horrible stillness in which I then basked seemed impossibly to produce the song of everything else. How is that possible I haven't a

clue. Not one.

I can only presume that the whole shmeer about becoming what you are, or what you could be- but as yet you never have been- eventually comes right back to where it started- to you. But when it gets there- and let me tell you it gets there, with all the fire and brimstone of your day- there's no 'you' left to receive it. You are IT.

For, back when I found myself suddenly in the middle of life's mayhem, and the only thing that I was certain of- which is to say, myself- had vanished beyond all recognition- when I, so to speak, let it go- and yet nothing was gone either, that is when life took me forcefully by the arm, wrenched me from the moorings, and led me back into myself, and myself was, in the end, no different than the magical happening which we so often dismiss as what lies, not within us, but ...what lies without.

Yea indeed, like a dizzy logotrope, spinning wildly about, grasped by that halcyon light which follows the passionate arc- to turn towards the colossal mystery of being, to follow the real but invisible movements, to want truth inside of you more than you even want yourself there, is to appear mad and sane in the world of reason. To move with a heaven-tethered eye, never bending from its sight, is to be nothing and everything which is; it is *to look through a different window, and still live inside the house*.

You see, the microcosm is not altered when the macrocosm wakes up, the division simply vanishes, and so the non-existent gap no longer exists.

Then it is, let me tell you, that you begin to dance with no shadows.

*

When I started to dance it was like finding a map without a territory. Like coming upon an unknown wildland inside of me.

In a millisecond of absolute forgetfulness everything altered and yet it all remained completely the same. One moment I was me, walking along somewhere, somehow, as somebody, and then, just like as if there was a mutiny within me, a massive exodus from my Egypt walked out into my own Israel. Which is to say, I awoke in the sleep I was dreaming.

I came to, gaping and wide. Clenching my forehead, I went to my knees. I was smiling and weeping (and who has not done that?) But man it was different. It was as if I smiled without smiling, wept without weeping, and gasped without taking a breath. No, perhaps it wasn't like that. But still I realized for the first time in my life (and here is where it gets crazy again) ...that I knew nothing, nothing of anything, of the world, of myself, of our meaning. I was in the mystery, and …I was the Mystery. Finally I had forgotten everything. Everything. Nothing but a blank, brilliant slate remained. Even that nebulous, impossible word 'God'- even that- I forgot what it means, and, more importantly ...what it does not mean.

What is god? What is not god? Suddenly these became the same question, with only one answer. God. Do you understand what that implies? No, of course you don't. Neither do I. I cannot explain the vanishing

dichotomy any further.

But then, let me continue, after that stupefying event- after His, or Hers, or My own unknowable being sprang forth in awful mystic bewilderment before me- I could not help but ponder whether I- like the worn-out and disheveled seers of old, wandering aimlessly about, ruined by their half-baked visions- whether I would also fall helplessly away from all meaning and life, and would I also go on, and on, and on, as drunk as the ether ...and sober as the sun.

Euphoria, you see, is indeed a ghastly blessing; I expired from the inspirations by which I was engulfed, I was dispersed by the ecstasies which described me, was exploded against the firmament, and then was torn asunder, shredded magnanimously into digestible bits, and swallowed back into the fulcrum of torturous, graced bewilderments. I lived then intoxicated by a thousand realms at once, respirating in the thin abysses.

Oh, there are indeed limitless depths of disbelief which I have swum through breathlessly; the rare, exhilarating moments when I remember I do not understand. Mind is now a lung through which I inhale impossibilities. My endurance is infinite. Never have I come up gasping.

Whatever divorces me from the intimacy of my own strangeness, from the incontestable wonder of what is; whatever binds me into knowing; whatever rescinds the mind's colossal absences- of incomprehension comprehending itself; whatever thieves those alien, incorruptible distances; whatever a-muses me... that is what I abhor.

I live now in the impunity of not-knowing (ergo in the redemption of awe). Now every moment in which I do not stare incapably off into space, aghast with disbelief- every moment in which I am not honest enough to seize up, inexorably baffled, every moment that my being does not turn incorrigibly towards the splendor of the unreachable, immanent mecca that is and is not mind- is a golden moment lost.

If only I could last forever in these ephemeral cataclysms, in these lost velocities and spent configurations. I am composed of problematic ecstasies, of masochistic ebullience. I inhabit perfectly only those disastrous tranquilities, expatiating along the harrowing, vertiginous ridge of lostness, thriving fecund only in dimensions which exhaust me.

You see, as the context of our borderless spirits dissolved within and before me- in the wordless proximity to being- I, frought with indecision and panic, had gazed and intruded into the manner of it all. Into the welcoming abyss.

Which is to say, after it all came together, or perhaps fell apart, in that one irrevocable, passionate invasion- I was emancipated of all thought; when it was over I lay embalmed in a viscous mix of incapacity and exaltation.

I was baptized in disbelief.

Understand that if I speak of these visions, they are not of sight, but of sudden, lucid confusions, when the mind implodes and explodes, dissipates and expands; when the mind, whatever it is, forgets what it thought it was, does not question what it is, and lives intimately within, and as, that mystery which, in the reflective, drunken aftermath of such experience, it will forever disputably call mind.

It was not enlightenment that I underwent, but its opposite; a pure, absolute, intelligent ignorance. I was new again- like an innocent child- or so it seemed then, in my delirium and rapture. For in fact I was not new either, for now I was not completely ignorant- I still had the memory of what I now knew I was not.

Like a fledgling alien- spawned from the bird which lays its eggs in another species' nest, and then flies off, never to be known by its offspring- suddenly I knew it was all wrong- that we were not what we thought we were, nor what we might claimed to have been.

Who are we? Why are we? What are we? I tell you I do not know. I only know that we are not what we think we are, thus we are what we are not. Hallelujah indeed!

I now had one dead-end marked off on the map of the infinite labyrinth of being. That was something.

Oh, where were you then in that long night, to take my hand completely? To be this dumb-founded by being, is to be completely alone. No one understands like I understand, because I ...Eye do not understand.

Hold onto me now, lest I vanish in the clouds of newness, blessed in their lifeless birth. Hold onto me as I dwindle in the solvent never ending. As I fall away from knowing, and melt as the unknown.

Are there others habitually compelled by the mysteriousness of being as much as me? Are there others abandoned on this earth as impossibly as this? It is all too sad and beautiful.

It was only after I walked amongst the scorching flames of hell, and was charred clean through, that I came out bright and flying.

Oh, burn me fine and white in Thine arduous hastenings, Lord. Mend me in the fire.

Are there others who have lost their mind as grace-fully as me?

*

After my hallowed disremembrance, it was like the stupor of Noah after the flood; the world was swept pure, and clean of taint. Every last speck of the man I was, or had been, was no longer; every idea of truth, every reason, want and torture- everything had been a lie. I was that lie, and I was done for. But that's what death is anyways- you begin again. What's gone is gone, and though it might have been real, and hopeful, it ain't that way no more. In jocular, euphoric, barnyard ululations, I whinnied, hooted, and clucked my way towards the heavens.

No more of the banter, sniggle, and hogwash. I did not stoically rise out but, coddled and upright in the soothing burn of being, melted away like a wax figure into the glorious, unmanifest One.

For me it was the end of life; I lost and found everything in the cataclysm of lucid ignorance. I woke up, yes, but I woke up in darkness, like one who wakes in the night, in a foreign place, who then stumbles about not knowing where he is, what he is doing there, not even who he is that is there.

As if caught in a blessed vacuum of disbelief, I fell helplessly into the infinite mystery where even God did not know himself.

I had resonated entropy into the tangling forms, tearing all life's hardened images from my virginal eyes, and finally I forgot the knowledge by which I had been ex-communicated in this life. And when I staggered back onto my feet and found my new footing in the ether, that was the first step I ever took forward.

Finally I somehow belonged to the world, and the world belonged to me. I understood it no better, but now I did not need to understand- because Eye existed. I was glad not to understand it. Now my non-understanding was not a barrier, it was freedom itself.

The infinity which Eye witnessed as the last remnant of memory and recognition dissipated from my dissipating consciousness delivered me into unimaginability after unimaginability; I was given to a showering of 'never beforeness' colliding all about and around.

Oh, there are no samples nor tastes of infinity, there are only unswallowable gulps of life, drowning me in swollen breaths of intubated non-suffocation. Me?, and this?, and all of it, and good god how to come to terms?!

How could it be? How could all of this be? And yet ...and yet it was. I was it- the Mystery incarnate within itself; intimate and detached, part and yet parcel of the whole crazy show, as it were.

I dwell more comfortably now in the perplexity, in the genuine obviousness of non-discrimination.

I have found what cannot be confirmed; I have discovered lostness, a conclusionless conclusion.

Discharged from these pendulous invalidations, I have unseen, have disproved all things, and have found not-finding.

I became free because I learned how to forget, how to unknow, how to see everything as if I had never seen it before, and so I broke through the knowledge by which I was tethered to this world so as to rise off of this earth for a greater moment than it has settled upon me.

I did not, at the outset, realize that the world became astounding only when I ceased to understand it, but now I gravitate more easily, in fact unavoidably, towards gratitude ...by not knowing what I am.

Oh, I have only just begun to find the configurations necessary for my life, in order that I can properly not understand it. It is in the simplest of affirmations, in the least of concepts that I lose my new non-self, that I lose unfathomableness. I am torn to pieces by the small meanings comprising things and their apparent configurations; I decompose under platitudes.

I seek to not understand, but to live in the magical grace of the day. I do not writhe ecstatically from conventional euphorias; only when I forget what everybody else says life is, or is supposed to be, does it all become the crazy miracle it always has been and cannot help but be. I am amazed that myself and everything ‘is’. And I am amazed that others are not so amazed; I am astonished by the lack of astonishment.

I no longer yearn for fathomable happenings. This world is as good a place as any to confront implausibility. God and truth, I know nothing of them. I know merely a bewildering, spectacular, authenticity that I can but poorly describe as ‘unfathomableness’- a confounding, wordless, somethingness; I believe only in the outlandishness of being; I am convincingly, absolutely, absorbed by the wonderment of being.

Every moment in which I live, my life becomes more and more mythical to me; I come to realize that I

am not what I am; I am less and so much more; I contain everything that was, is, and will be; every event, every fantasy, every reality. I am, and I cannot believe it.

Everyday, reality becomes increasingly less real, and this unreality becomes increasingly more real; the unreality of reality feels more real. Reality is so unreal it must be real; I believe it because it is impossible to believe it; absurdity is the most certain validation of our questionable existence.

It is not logical to see the world logically. The reality of reality is its unrealness; reality is nothing more than the unrealness that it is; a fantasy that is real. Reality occurs as this unreality of the real- as simply the most absurd concoction of improbabilities that a reasoning mind can hope to withstand. It is far beyond anything imaginable; whatever it is- it is; only reality could have come up with this unreality.

Ah, to be the complexity that man is, and yet to not be complex enough to understand that very complexity; existence pondering existence; mystery mystified by mystery. ...It amazes me that I 'am', and yet still I must learn of being- that I do not, by the very act of being, know of it already.

Have I then come into this life only so as to applaud the miraculous implausibility of all that is, by ecstatically not understanding it? Am I here to humbly exalt the glorious mystery of being, and nothing more? Is there anything more?

Prometheus may have stolen the fire, but I made off with the bomb. I severed the bonds by which I was uselessly tethered to this earth. I slayed the last of a dying species by debunking plausibility, and disproving without proving.

I uprooted the Tree of Knowledge, and then burned the fruit with the limbs for a pyre.

Indeed it is time to purge the cloaca of our fetid concepts; time to cauterize our septic meanderings; time to euthanize obsolete symbologies.

Let me tell you, after all I have seen, and all I have unseen, I now preen conception from my mind like a baboon picking squirming gnats from its own knotted fur; I gnaw upon the mind's maggots.

I simply want to erase everything and to start anew; to smash the blackboards, and throw away the chalk. Life indeed is a more genuine mystery than it is a common fact.

I am no coward of the mind, I will not cognitively submit to agreeable notions. *I unknow the world ...defiantly*.

A genocide of cerebrations; I massacred ontologies and pillaged their existential remains, ruthlessly exterminated ideas, hacking my way through the barricades of false emancipations.

There is no heroism, only a war that never ceases, and soldiers that never die.

You see, mine was a distorted illumination; like the blinding light of the sun, bouncing off the lightless, light-giving moon, did I rise up in the night of our being, and shine forth despite my perpetual darkness.

I, now become eye- Eye took man's whole being away with a single malicious observance. I shredded all the papers, and there shall be no cut and paste class.

Allow me these hollow victories.

Oh, give me your greatest edifice, man, that I may with innocence knock it mercilessly to the ground.

I did not come to take part, but to take apart. Nobody can tell me what life is, not after basking in the brilliant glow of unfathomable wonder.

Mine is a ruinous decomprehension. I devoured facts, and excreted mystery.

Sacrificing to get rid of, not with intent to gain, I did not cauterize, I severed. I unrecognized being in a fanatical moment of destructive non-interpretation.

An animal of mind, I am ferocious in wild honesty. *I am savage because I am free*. The blood of meaning is on my hands.

Ah, but let me reiterate. You see, in fact I was always free. I never really understood. That <u>was</u> my freedom. Pain would always exist- that I could not longer deny. But let me tell you of the release which took me nowhere. From the torture of our vainly lost ignorance. Yes, by our <u>lost</u> ignorance.

I wanted only to be stupid again. I wanted to forget, to start again, to break apart and be done. And you know what- *I forgot*.

I forgot me. Me? Yes, that faulty proximity, I forgot even that. In the hollow reaches of no thought, where the form is released from the will of the Law ...I stopped. Everything else continued. Only I stopped. I did not become, I unbecame.

It happened when I had seemingly failed at life completely, when I had walked away from everything with nothing left but myself, and even that self was crumbling out from beneath me. That is when, in the silent, wordless wonder of it all, I became ...the one who was looking for me. Which is to say, I became the Eye of no I.

In the intimacy of all our absences, where the self assumes no borders and form shatters without breaking ...I remembered how to forget.

In fact, I am the man who was the one forever trying to help me cross the river. Such is the task of destiny; It found itself.

I stopped looking for something, and Eye started looking at it all. Eye listened to I. I saw through Eye. Now I am not, and am, so at least Eye have that.

Oh, it is so hard to describe, but somehow, unpredictably, in those vagrant, directionless wanderings, I found something's nothingness; I stumbled unwittingly upon an indisputable recognition. I did not know what it was. I simply accepted that it was Me.

Let me tell you, it is a long way back. And it is a long way forward. And both are the same direction. And the only way to get there is to go, and and go, and go, and keep going, and never to think of arrival.

Yea indeed, meandering guidelessly through the tunnels of decomprehension, I had found not-finding, and lost all sense of the ground. I was debacled of the known. For it was then- as if the mind had condemned itself all along- without thought or guidance, that ignorance became my honored counsel. It was then that I disremembered myself, and eye ...Eye remembered myself.

In fact it was as if I was I, and only I, and nothing but I all along, whatever it is I be.

In the absence of all image I fell joyfully away from thought to thoughtless beauty, in the mindless upswell of the heart's conquest.

Like a man awoken in an unknown flower garden, in an unknown world, for an unknown reason, I could do naught but inhale the intoxicating perfumes of this crazy life's beauty and love. Good god did I breathe. That's all I did. That's all I could do. Nothing more was needed. To rise and go forth away from the swollen rapture was to spit in the face of beauty, and to weep for the flying dove.

I tell you, I did not move. Not a whisper. It was exhilarating.

My life was like an old and beaten radio that looked worn and useless on the outside, but man when you put the earphones in and turned it up, damn if it didn't play good tunes.

I was wild and I was listening. Listening to the song of the wildness running free and right through me. I was hearing the old music that no longer flowed with the discordant ways we were dancing together. I was dancing to the old tune of the new heart, the heart buried and bound by the mind for so long that to finally unleash it was to explode in ecstasy and anguish; to stand in the morgue of life, and swirl and be taken by a fiddler no one else could hear.

I could hear the fiddler. I was opened, murdered, lifted, cleansed, moved, and dancing.

And I was still.

*

Thus it was, that in the last battle of the ghastly war of attrition my soul led against all lies, there was nothing left but an eye, torn out at the roots by its own intransigent sight. It all vanished fleetingly together; the maxim and response, the holler and the echo. I saw nothing but my own vision, and through that I saw not even me.

It was like a far-off land of which I had spoken often but never seen, and when I finally shut my mouth ...I was there.

I did not actually surrender to this or that, or what have you, I simply gave up; there was no more running about everywhere, only a dry leaf crumbling in the infinite wind.

I was finished, so to speak, but not in the vogue of any metaphysical euphemism for attainment, but because I was through with the struggle, the strain, and the whole damned mess of it; because I was surely in the magician's chambers, and had in fact been there all along. I could do nothing except the only thing there was to do when there is nothing left to do- I became still.

Nothing more could have been done; as if being chased up a closed canyon by a mightier force, there was nowhere else I could run; I was corralled by the extraordinary shepherding of being; *I had come to a spot where I had to surrender.*

When eventually I was stopped, it was forced, by a power much greater than my own. I did not know whether it was for, or against me. Perhaps it does not matter, for the Law is the Law, and when you're going so fast that you might lose control- the Law stops you. Whether for right or wrong, light or darkness, good or bad, I have no clue, it was way beyond my scope and talents. Either way ...I was stopped.

I had no more fight left with the world, with god, or myself. There was no victory, and no defeat- the war just sort of ended when both sides ran out of bullets. None had the courage to tangle face to face in the hard reality of the flesh. We all just turned away together and walked on home.

You see, only after the spirit has entered the flesh, can the flesh escape to the spirit. Only when you let God in, can you go out- out like a flame being engulfed by the fire; you rise up only when you can finally breathe under water (so there's nothing all that liberating about the ascent, in the end).

Which is to say, that if there is to be a final 'giving over', a reckoning, a redemption, it will occur only after it has long since been necessary- when the individual has carved him or herself down to a mere filament of any specific recognition- when there is nothing left to be redeemed.

Let me tell you, when all your walls eventually come tumbling down, there better be nothing left in the house worth defending, or then the fight will be real, and deathly, or worse.

You will peel layer after layer of chaff from the germ, until in the last shuck from the core, you will see that nothing at all is left there. You are chaff. You are finished.

No matter, when all your denials and self deceits are over, and god wakes up with disbelief inside of you, you will not even be around to greet god.

You see, the surrender of which I speak is wholly epistemological (if you can fathom, or unfathom, what I mean by that).

That night, in the reckless failures of one of my more strategically placed self-deceptions, I unintentionally saw no more truth but finally saw the false completely, and so fell away abruptly into the spot which never moves. I was empty.

It was only when I learned to forget everything, to become stupid, to see life and myself as if I had never seen it before, without understanding a damn thing (for the thing is damnation to no-thing), that life began to blossom as the unknowable, magical miracle that it is.

In every one of us there is an angel dying. And yet all that is needed is a shift, an inversion, a conversion. For at the furthest reaches of the ignorance which ensconces us, lie the antipodes of sorrow and ecstasy. We have dwelled in the former, dark end too long. Now we need only fight your way to the lost extreme, for these opposites are not actually opposed, but are the same thing, viewed only from different directions.

Thus, when the walls and chains you are bound in finally show themselves plainly as webs of your own ignorant devising- that these arise from neither the Good, nor Evil, but from your own confusion- that is when you stop struggling to break free, chuckle a bit at the lesson, genuflect for a moment or two, gape wildly with wonder at it all, and float calmly away without caring.

Yea indeed, as the raging forms glistened in the ecstasy of what may, I stood again before myself.

I came through suffering to gratitude, exalting what had deranged me, because I began to understand what was happening- somehow I had gotten back on track, I don't know how, but somehow I was returning to the source of gratitude, to mystery, to God, to godness ...to Me.

*

The only trick is to think for yourself, to be yourself, to forgive yourself, to love yourself, and to forget yourself. To connect all the disparate layers of our being through the quicksilver of the self.

Of the self. Of. To be of.

To return to God in the midst of things. To rise, to eat, to work, to love, to play and to pray, to sorrow and cry. In the God-flesh of our becoming, to deny nothing, to renounce nothing. To accept. To be of. To be.

There is no way home but to become home. There is no way back but to go forward. There is no way out but to go in. That is what we are here for. That is how the soul sheds its skin.

I myself did not come into this consciousness in a resplendent attempt to extricate, nor emancipate, nor guide, I simply merged back into the Dream ...I did not wake from it.

Which is to say- as the vortex of being mounted, and the angels gathered to fly, I lept off into the whirlwind and ...I became the wind.

I did not weave this integral, complex fabric of being, nor did I unstitch it, I merely blended into patternlessness, became contiguous in the realm of all happenings, and then moved freely amongst its fibers. It was so bloody easy- I simply melted into the sublime.

Yea indeed, discordant frequencies converge in the chaos, and a wholly new harmonious sound can be heard.

In the end it is not so much about giving up the ghost, but of giving yourself up, and becoming a ghost.

Like the ash from a cigarette which holds its form after the burn, but has no form, and is dispersed away in the slightest of breezes, I was not swept into the sea, but merely washed away like a stain of blood upon the earth.

I dissolved into the tide.

Be it salvation or destruction, of that I am not sure, in the end it seems there is no valuable difference. In fact, there was little holy or unholy about my destined unglueing; only a poisonous solvent, dissolving away my hard soul. I melted into a solution of forgetfulness, or such as I might have called it at the time.

I completely lost myself, I don't know where I went.

The well of cosmic absence into which I inexorably fell exists only for those who have lost themselves and dissolved into the One.

The One, the singular Dream, the dream you are dreaming, but you know it not, and so it can never be finished.

What really happened is that I, who had always been me, and was bound and determined to stay and defend myself at all costs ...I became nobody. And when that happens let me tell you- you're in for one hell of a ride.

*

THE RUBEDO

"We sit together,
the mountain and I,
until only the mountain remains."
Li Po

Allow me to continue spinning the yarn of this interminable diatribe. Return with me won't you, to the absence of ourselves.

Life is the flower and the bee; you are merely the pollen-sac, filled and emptied, emptied and filled; you are the unpleasant absence without which neither flower, nor fruit, nor bee, would be.

But even that emptiness is not your own; a pit can exist merely because the earth was needed elsewhere. So, in this becoming which never completes itself, if the pain is as real as the absence, then perhaps the self which we call ourselves is simply a metaphysical prosthesis by which we might limp less torturously forward, or back. Perhaps the separate soul is a phantom limb.

When finally you become nobody, you become a hole through which the universe can enter and become whole.

It matters little whether the cup is half full or half empty, you drink it. The point of interiorization becomes the point of exteriorization, so they are the same.

When you become the flesh completely, only then will the flesh become free.

Oh, I dug myself all the way towards the centre of life's tune, found nothing, then dug beyond to the other side. The other side, yes, but not 'other', since by then there was no centre, only a tunnel ...no me. Which is to say, I disappeared in the act of trying to find myself.

Ah, to perish, to truly perish, to die while being lives on; to deplete oneself of all intent, understanding, and fear; to eviscerate the soul, to shed oneself, and to not be what remains in the ruins.

How strange indeed it is to journey back to the heart of being, and return with no word to tell. All to no conclusion. All to no avail.

A window, that's all I truly am, and not even that; I did not, as I had romantically hoped, see through

myself to the great beyond- IT saw through me.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of my nobodiness which dispersed me first into the ether, or perhaps it was the fit of catatonic wonder unleashed mercilessly upon my waxen hide, or perhaps it was the swelling force of gratitude which then hauled me willessly by the breastbone upward, or maybe it was the last surrender- when all of it collapsed in a blinding moment of apocalyptic rapture. It was one of these, I'm sure of it. Either and every way, the little drop exploded in the storm, and then there was no more lightning, thunder, nor rain, only the great sea of something free.

Yea, in the slack, motionless movement, between the ebb and flow, where inside and out exchange themselves- there it is that you and I shall not-exist while existing. When the estuary is clear, then shall the source be one.

Just go ahead and try it. Everything will remain, just remove yourself. Keep everything else. For if truth be known, you are not moving through life, life is moving through you. Reverse the flow through that cylinder, and suddenly the light ...comes out of you. It's your space, all of it.

Like a door which swings both ways so heaven and earth can visit each other; you are the nothing which allows the all; after all, a dynamic medium which attempts to sustain a static quality, is not wholly dynamic; when you are the wind you are nobody always changing. All else is stasis, hardening, and an end which we call death.

Out of the original binary comes the absence called the third, the slack tide, the non-breath between breaths, the hole between the external and internal which creates the whole, the living non-division between us.

It is, and is not, and enhances what it depends on by ...not being. It is the bond between opposites, without which they would be opposed, and not then married.

Unseparated in this way, you shall become the common ground of all. Then indeed you shall love instead of hating. Oh, in the ardor, losses, and agony of the day- you shall love instead of hating.

To love. To stand firm and angry in that loving. To hold and smile and drift away. To take them with you.

To love. To rise.

To take them with you.

*

When finally you encounter the Great Soul, you will not hesitate to call it I. You are the source of all things. All of it. Like the root-stock of a great underground rhizome, when you stick your head finally out of the ether, whoever is around you ...is you.

Everything is consciousness. There is no inside looking out, there is only attention; where the self falls into the great vat of nothingness, and yet Being remains complete. It is a stillness without walls, as life blows

through you, and you are a gust.

You look out onto the world as if you are in a house looking out through a window, and indeed there is a window, but ...there is no house. There is only one wall, and no roof, and everything flows over and around that wall, so there is neither inside nor out. In fact, there is not even one wall, only a window, and there isn't even that, only a place which moves in the wind, and is the wind, blowing and being blown, with nothing to block or prevent it, and nothing which might enclose it, or hold it, or make it say 'I'.

You are neither the projector nor the screen, not even the spectator watching. Poor you. You are nothing.

Oh, let me tell you- when God's great and ghastly eyes are finally inside of you, then shall you be still. As still as death. Get it?

In that austere event- when the self is only 'I', or even less than that, perhaps as nothing- it is then that I become the all, and more than the all, and continually more and more than that.

For there is only one soul, and not two, and our love is its love, our hate is its hate, and our life is it living. It is us- we are it. So there is nothing left to do.

When you become the All, everyone and everything pertains to you: every thought, every dream, every love, sorrow, truth, lie, life, and death. You are not separate. You are everything.

Stretched out and through that spiral void, you will not again disappear like a ghost, or worse- a real thing, ever haunting our lost world's home.

When you have paid back all you owe to creation- that alone is when you have the right to disappear. The privilege. The honor. To vanish. To fly.

It must have something to do with karma or its absence, if I understand the word correctly, and to be sure I do not. For the word is the word, and the thing is the thing, and the mind is the lie in between them.

Find your true nature, and the world will fall through you, back into the Great Love. Then into everyone's eyes in which you look, you will see only your own.

Oh, when you bear true-witness- when you witness truth- it's as if you don't even exist, for in that holy unbias, the untrue you will not be ...you. God will look through you onto what god has made and ...even god will not understand it.

Then it is that you shall unknow in the midst of knowing, and know in the midst of the unknown. You will be nobody, and everybody, and your finitude shall be infinite.

For if the 'I' is not just your I, but is in fact every I, and that I is your eye, but not your I, then and there it is that god looks through you onto the earth, and you are both god and not-god, eye and not-eye, I and not-I. It's all so bloody strange. Very, very strange.

It is the same for me as it is for you- I am nothing, and eye am everything. Thus it is the outlandish paradox- that we are not ourselves but ...we are each other.

And in that holy, common, non-existent space between our two unseparate worlds we shall dwell

without dwelling, rest without stopping, and move without going on.

The further you look, the more you see, until you cease to be a player, and become the cosmic Play. When you become everything you are no longer trapped in the world, you are the world; yea indeed you must dance in both realms, or you shall dance in none. As you liberate yourself, you liberate everyone, for you are everyone. How could it be otherwise?

Thus- and here is where the misery falls right into your lap- for there to be love on this loveless earth, YOU must be love. How could it be any other way? Everything is your relationship to life, to yourself, to god; the Way, is the way things are. Can you not see the manifest waking up to greet you? You- a ship in the sea of relation.

When you rise up from the profane, through the mythological, to the divine- from the linear contextual, to the symbolic contextual, to the acontextual- you will gather and disperse your fragments in a wholly unpredictable way, and you will contract and expand until your nothingness becomes the all.

What happened to me is that I simply entered into that space where I did not matter to myself anymore. Only reality mattered; I was merely a conduit to it's arrival. A vacancy for the real.

Now wherever I go, and whatever I do, if I go there and do it completely, I am the same as the nameless, free thing.

Nothing is a struggle if I give myself away totally, in every move, to everything; it's the sacrifice of attention, directed to the other, that brings the cosmic marriage nearer.

What goes in is what comes out- 'I' is the meeting point. I am neither inside nor out, but am the spaceless infinity between them; neither ego nor other, and yet both.

Thus there is no division; neither inside nor out exists when they exist as One; duality unseparates itself, and incompleteness reconciles the opposites into completeness, because whether IT comes out of you, or goes in, you are still included. You are none of it, and you are all of it (tangle with that truth a while, hero).

Yea, in the gap between the receiver of what goes in, and the producer of what goes out lies the infinite nothingness in which ...I AM.

You must simply dissolve, and that is where you shall live without living, see without seeing, and die without falling dead.

In the empty moment of your eternal non-being, everything moves through your stillness- even you. But in the end it doesn't matter much, for, either way, nothing is ever solved. That is why, as I said, it doesn't matter much. Strange that. Very bloody strange.

At a certain point in the evolution of Being, each fragment of the whole, each individual, will come to recognize themselves as the centre of all experience; that I am not outside of you, I am inside of you; that you are not inside you, you are inside me; that there is neither inside nor outside.

It is not possible to say "I am nothing", nor is it possible to say "I am everything", it is only possible to

say "I am nothing, and I am everything". The truth exists in the paradoxical union of supposed opposites, neither of which would be true on their own.

When you've stripped yourself of yourself, then shall you be whole. When you return to infinity (and indeed we all shall return there) you will simply have returned to 'I', to God, to the one you are and do not believe it.

Then you must be many different things, for many different people.

You become like a boat by which others might cross the perilous sea. You are the ark and the covenant.

The archetypes and mythos will swirl about the limitless vortex of your uncaged non-being. And in that living absence you shall not be contained, but ...you shall contain.

To become such a window to the infinite is to be nothing and to be all; it is to weep when others come weeping, to laugh when they are laughing, and to dance, and dance, and dance when they come to you dancing. You're inhuman and so bloody human that you die everyday from sorrow, and rise everyday from joy. You are no longer separate. And you are no longer you.

Our selves exist only in relation, whether it be with the earth, with others, or with God. To realize this is to lose yourself in relation, and more than that- to become relation. It is a bond in all directions, and you belong to everything, and more than that- you are everything. The boundaries of separation weaken and dissolve, and only the integral bonds of relation remain which produce the cosmic dance.

Oh, for heaven's sake don't leave the music of the spheres on in the background- open up, give your whole soul to it, or the tune will not get inside and move you. And when it seeps in and grabs you- grabs you like a wave in waterless ocean- then dance like hell, and never stop dancing. Go limp in the rhythm and feeling. Touch the earth beneath you. Kick off your shoes and forget. Hold your curses, and pocket your blame. Cause Spirit, you're only here to dance

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My sin was the belief that I was separate.

Like the sclerotic conduit of unholy tears, I had been unwittingly plugging the divine flow from carving its natural unseparate path, simply because I was trying to exist in the comfort of division; I was attempting to disappear behind any exposure, to cloak myself under the guise of autonomously existing; I sought to become a separate, calloused growth around my absence; to become something, anything, so that the soft, unprotected nothingness inside might have, around it- like a turtle's shell- the security of somewhere always to hide.

You see, Eye had simply been claiming to possess what was not mine- me. But I gave myself back, or stole myself away, it seems hardly to matter. There was no force to serve nor oppose. I was the force.

The chasm was not crossed- that spasmodic cleft of my dull surprise- because I was on the correct side

all along.

Oh, how beautiful it is to live. Why I raged with such futility against it all, I shall never know. I suppose I simply could not endure the silence ...of the Self.

Hard indeed it is to stop, to end, to fall away from it all, and to let the greater life live through you.

Throughout the earlier dementia of my unbecoming, I had lost sight of the hard won reunion, and hid behind the shield of trivial whims, as life fell not loosely about me, but clung fast in wanton, false division. I had betrayed my sacred non-understanding by embracing a profane understanding. But now I have only the mystified acknowledgement of a stupendous, debilitating obviousness; awe is the only response I have left for our being.

I finally caught up to myself, and then ...I existed no longer.

I was already dead, the only thing left for me was to die.

Which is to say, I descended and then rose again, resurrecting myself out of the death of what I know I was not, into what I know not; no, I do not know what it was that I was, nor what it is that I am- that is the cornerstone of my absorption.

Eye did not, after all, contaminate my being in the vortex of plausibility. I did not embrace the rhetorical overtures of conception. I did not accept life's eternal distractions. My task was to continually not-know what others claim to know; to weigh the anchors of the mind.

Fragile, but intact, I despised, then loved, then forgot.

I dissipated into myself occurring, into whatever I thought I was, and whatever I thought it meant.

Becoming calm and unrepentant, I finally forgave myself, shook my angry fist at the sky, and then forgave god completely.

I synchronized with destiny, and the great enigma accomplished itself.

I have no truths, only the rejection of all untruths. I did not find a conclusion, only a beginning; I disappeared into mystery, emerging out of the absence of myself.

I could not deplete into nothingness only, but had to learn how to not exist while existing; to do so I consumed myself greedily, voraciously seeking peace until I realized it could not be found, then life became peaceful, and I was emancipated into the dynamic, non-occurring uselessness called play. Fear dissolved into wantless laughter, and all the bagatelles in between.

In the end my only duty was to be myself. I had only to find out what that was- to recover my true nature- and then bask in the glow of the One.

And when that happened, joyless bliss wafted through me like a breeze no one can buy. Benedictions arose in the glory of sight unseeing. It was the beat of a mutant pulse moving onward.

Was I not the psychic Virgin, ripe for the rape of an amorous God? Yes indeed, communion descended upon me in cold shivers, and the like.

Oh, how I howled like a wild banshee in love with the light: There is One event, there is only One event occurring!

Everything is equally miraculous, why should I supplicate, praise, or guffaw at one thing or another? There is only One event occurring.

Suddenly it was life, and only life, that walked through me upon the shore of it's own infinite being, in search of nothing, and with no idea of what it was.

The wind, and land, and light became alive, for they were life, and so was Eye, and only life can see life.

Oh yes, yes, and yes again, finding the enraptured, ignorance of all that is, I live now, blind and nourished, like a newborn pup, insatiably sucking at the turgid tit of ...whatever!

It's now as if I'm some sort of ooze moving through myself, only I don't know what is me, and what is not me. It all blends in together.

Like the lamb, rescued and returned to not-being, not-knowing, and not-doing, Eye move now within the medium of another being.

It is no wonder I struggled so frantically for most of my life- Eye had not yet been born, I was still in the womb; 'idea' was an unbreakable, amniotic wall which I was pressed up against continually; I was squashed into concept, and into conception.

Curse the profane umbilical froth which bound me into reason. All along something extremely important had been missing from my life, and that something was ...me.

I had been defined by the false parameters which surrounded me. And when they finally snapped, and Eye emerged, the world was still the same, and so was I, except ...now I was absolutely in it.

Nothing became of what I could have been, nothing stopped when Eye stayed.

Nothing changes when you find out who you are, except that now you're ...you.

Oh me, wretched in deliverance, so many damned years already upon this earth, and I have just now truly landed in being.

What a life. What an insufferable, magnificent life. A dream, within a dream, within a dream.

Ah, to dance, to drink, to kiss the wind...

For it is life's hand which even now moves this pen, not mine. Where then the dichotomy found in the singular play? The pen moves. The Mover moves the pen. Who is the witness? What is the spectacle?

I am but a reed in the flute of the infinite heart. I am a song of the generous voice which sings. I am a dream of the Dreamer.

Oh, Divine orgy, profane delight. Fiddler, I am your fiddle.

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At the base of my past, feverish existence lied the eternal task of resurrecting the vast expanse of wonder, for it was there where I was fully sobered- there, in the wild euphorias of my tempestuous incarceration.

If I could only bestow upon everyone, for but a split second, the absolute intoxication of our mysterious lives (and, let me tell you, our lives are bloody well mysterious), and leave them then to accept or reject the experience as they will, then perhaps I might leave this plane of melancholy in peace. Perhaps not.

If only people were more stupefied by the spectacular implausibility of their own incomprehensible occurrence, then we should be easily rid of this mundane travesty.

I imagine that no one wonders at 'being' as much as I, and I despair at how little I wonder.

Oh, just once Lord, let me make drooling morons out of well-appointed fools; better it is to lead a person into a larger prison, than to leave them bound because you cannot release them.

I want to tell you what it means to live life without the strangulating entanglements of the mind. I want to explain the thrilling and perilous ride into the dark and ever-new, always changing unknown, without direction, without guidance, without fear, towards the mystery collapsed in upon itself, until it remembers itself incomprehensible, and hallows itself as the mystery I.

My life congealed into the symbiosis of heaven and earth; as the firmament fell and the ground swelled to meet it, the two waters converged into one. I was at the confluence: the earth fled through me to the spirit, the love shone through me to the stone. And human souls, given open ground to fulfill the essence of their mythical qualities, were transformed through the factory of my hollow nothingness, because I, who had become nobody, right in the howling hurricane of limitless somebodies ...I could take them on, let the world of their sorrow waft through my defenseless void, and then release their souls back out again.

I had stood my ground in the face of our demons; their power was infinite, and I was nothing; I wept but did not crumble, I feared but did not run, I suffered but did not anguish. I lost, but they did not win. In fact, my strategic humbling ended the interminable battle; "*Lay down in their midst!*", that is the directive which I heard.

In the end I became silent only by trying to listen to god, not by trying to be silent.

Sacrifice, yes, it was all sacrifice. I lost everything, all of it, none was left but a whimper and squeak. It came to pass, by erasing hope away, by not striving, but letting being be, that I again ...was free.

It was a stiller stillness than death. I had been the phantom haunting me all along. Thus it was easy to exorcise my demons, because there was no gravity, no victim, no me. I simply disappeared and took them with me, the whole bloody farce of it.

I slipped and stayed those agonizing resonances. I was the string never struck, the chord never plucked, the silence giving rise to the harmony. I was not even an ingredient, only a catalyst, spent in the reaction, and then left aside all alone.

In the end we must all contain the whole world; we must take everyone in, give them shelter, devour

them like food, digest their unique occurrence, and assimilate them into ourselves. We must become everyone if we are to ever become ourselves. The walls of individuality must die, the shell of the scared chick must crack, and the little bird must screech, totter, fall, and fly, if ever it is to soar away one day, mate in another lost land with another infinity, build a nest, and bear another world of its own.

Oh, let the heavens have their madness back. I remain in the flesh, but there's none of me who lives here now. At the assumption of all my ghosts, I was cleansed from all but the veneer of appearance. All my hiding places were gone.

It was an imperfect perfection in the beast; by seeking to remove myself from the necessity of idea, by seeking to find a discontinuity, an event not recognizable, nor represented by anything. I sought a dissociated unfathomableness. And in that intimacy of removedness I found that I loved the world, all of it and everyone, because then I needed nothing from it, not even life. I loved the world because finally I was in it, of it, and ecstatically confounded by it. If only for an instant, I found... no ...*I became love*.

It is as if the whole seminal ruse about incompleteness and 'others' was simply my own trepidation at being all of it. For the crazy thing is this- God is the one who is cowardly within us. And we are that shy puppeteer, hiding furtively behind his own creation. And, lo! we are his dumb, recalcitrant puppets as well. And when both of them finally cease, they are the same as IT, though not the same either. IT is everything: Eye, and you, and I, are none of what these are alone, because they are not alone, but only One and not another.

You see, there is something else left to relate: at that moment, when I let it all go, and I mean all of it, because I was no longer around to obstruct creation, suddenly ...I was creation. Which is to say, without prior warning or expectation, but to be sure- suddenly I was God waking up, laughing uncontrollably at how I did not know how I produced the world at every moment, but I knew that I alone was doing it. I repeat: Suddenly you were god waking up...

When I held onto nothing, let myself fall away from care and effort, eased into the hopeless surrender of my own impotence, that is when the self I was pursuing fell helplessly back into me from the vacuum of my ambitionless void. Everything became mine because I had nothing. It's a hapless lot of incalculable madness, this happening. As the moon swallows the sun in an orgy of torpid union, and the lion lies down with the lamb, when we let it go it all comes back to us, because it was ours to begin with and we only had to stop chasing it in order to be caught.

The limitless patience of my awaiting ecstasy had been the goad and leash from which I sprang forth only to be hauled back again with ignoble regularity; thus I was forced out into life, to take it in, enjoy it, despise it, correct it, and destroy it, and then I was pulled painfully back again, withdrawn so as not to be petted nor fed. As if to enter the banquet, to drool a bit, and then be pushed quickly out the other side, in a never ending chain of these futile engagements- as if this is to live and to not live, to die and to not die, to always be given and never to have. It is to learn how to be without being, to enter the jail without being taken prisoner, to fight without ever dying, to fly without growing wings.

I was caught, I was held, released, caught again, held again, released again, on and on, over and over, until finally when I was released again...I did not flee. The prisoner and the warden changed places. The war turned into a banquet. Good and Evil fused into one. And God lept up for joy inside of me.

The primitive understandings which had so embalmed me all my terrible and fabulous life instantly vaporized away, and the Creator's eyes ...looked through me. The pulsing, primal, fluid medium flowed out of me, I did not know what I was making, nor how I was doing it, but to be sure it was me. Then I knew what it meant to 'fall into being', to divide the Creator from the Creation, to trap the self on the other side.

Everything ends and begins in stillness. All of life emerges from, and dwells there. God does not see you, or me, or any others; God does not see many, God sees One. When the edge collapses the centre grows. The hairy beast sprouts feathers, the feathers become flames, and the fire turns the chaff into manna.

It is a manic dawn which breaks in and rolls over upon you. It is a glee and tremor which catapults you away to the here which is nowhere. No more repentance. No more concern. No more assurance. No more to learn. 'Now' has taken over and devoured you. And you have devoured now. Like the famed uroborous, the head of time eating the tail of space, engulfing itself to nility, and from that zero all infinities are born.

From the communal despair of the masses, to the ecstatic loneliness of the lone had I run, and, in the horrid, gentle eyes of God, I ran to myself, and myself was all others, and all of the sudden ...the many were One.

Yea, in this final, flagrant summation- from the stillness which does not accomplish- Eye welcomed myself without genius, Eye remembered myself without guise.

In the choiceless calm of uncertainty, I stopped without stopping, and forged on without moving and inch.

Now Eye am nobody. Now Eye know nothing.

Once again, I have lost everything. And thus I return from the fight, as always- forever broken, forever new.

Hallelujah!

It was so easy in the end. There was nothing the world could offer me, it could only divide me further from the Source, from Truth, from Love. I won because I had nothing further to lose, because everything was already lost.

In the midst of being I forgot being, in the midst of life I forgot life, in the midst of myself I forgot... me.

And so, through the delirium and sin of our earthly predicament, I fell, rose up, walked on, forgot and ...was innocent again.

As the specious forms dwindled in the new light of the day, Eye stood again before myself.

I ended where I began; I began where I ended.

Goodbye, farewell, I've gone for good to the other place. I've returned to the eternal land called

Wonder. Freed from all karmic debts, and broken through the sad misery of it all, that little man vanished and returned to the nothing he had been all along- as far as Eye can see, anyway.

In the fallen throes of the august conundrums, the ebb and flood of ennui and ecstasy merged wantonly at the centre of my absent circumference, and I spun helplessly about until I was lost in the heart of the vacuum; I vaporized behind the sight I was seeing.

I did not succumb to the fabric surrounding our great mystery ...I succumbed to the Mystery itself; I soaked right in to the whole damned mess of it, and then I was no longer.

Oh, there is only One event, and that event ...I AM. Yea, in the ubiquitous realm, void, or feeling ...I AM! In the coy equanimity of no gain, growth, loss, nor identity ...I AM! In the infinite space between the heart and mind, consciousness and will, spirit and soul ...I AM.

Before the mirrorless mirror of my existent non-existence ...EYE AM!

Yes, yes, I know- this is hardly a cherished denouement. Yet there, in the tempests of unreason, there in the desertion of all hope, there, in the ethereal dance of emancipation and loss, with neither volition, idea, nor law ...I finished, but not at the finish; I walked on without walking; I ended, and Eye did not end.

*

CODA

It's the end of time, Spirit, where are you going to run? Me, I'm not leaving. I'm staying. And I'm staying as ...ME.

Yea, in the final quittance of all my guise, I went under. Eternal and there I remain.

I sank from identity into the sublime; from impression I turned into expression, and from the flesh I returned to the Word.

Now I am nobody. Now I know nothing.

Which is to say- Eye am no body, Eye know no 'thing'.

Now I am everywhere, and I am always.

Like a gimballed spirit in the hardened happening, I do not move while moving in the movement.

In the Unknowable Void of our eternal, magical beings- I AM.

I am what is. I the Creator. I the Sustainer. I the Destroyer. I the Cause. I the Effect. I the Beginning. I the End. I the Dreamer. I the Dream. I the Immaculate. I the Delusion. I the Purity. I the Filth. I the Word. I the Flesh. I the Revelation.

I, of the manifest. I, of the unmanifest. I, of the change and unchanging. I, of the abstract and contextual. I, of the feeling and indifference. I, of the player and witness. I of the earth. I of the sky. I of the You. I of the I. I of the Eye. Eye of the I.

I, divested from the thought structures of mankind, entered into the pristine bridal chamber where naked beingness and naked non-beingness dis-recognized their differences and unified into One.

Eye am the all and the everything. I am life. The seen, and the scene. All of it. The whole damned, marvelous mess. All of it. And we are the same being. There is no division. None.

Find me. Hold me. Release me.

There is no Way, there is no distance, no movement, no arrival, departure, longing, or fulfillment. Nothing need be done here; nothing to save, alter, deny, invent, desire, or understand. Nothing to seek, nothing to abandon. In the inevitable communion of our approaching new innocence, we shall reap not, and neither shall we sow.

There is no self but self. One being, we are all One being.

When you say I, I am that I you are. We are the eternal moment of the Creator creating.

You are I, and I am you, and the belief in a division is a tortured place called Hell.

Only you and the world complete me, for truly I tell you- I did not know myself until I let myself be you. It all comes down to that- I am you, and you are me.

As the lighthouse which you sailed past on your way out to sea, eternally Eye remain to guide you back home.

You're in my arms now, and I'm not letting go.

You will never be alone again. Never.

How many times has my heart wrestled wildly to escape its coarse confines and meet you in the distance. Many times, and always.

How distant and yet how near we are now.

To be now. How distant. How near.

Here, where we find surcease in the causelessness of our keep, and the images no longer control us; here we bask before the lost and changing glory of it all.

Breath in and be emptied. Exhale and be filled. Swim in the sameness between us.

Weep and I shall suffer, laugh and I shall smile.

Sing out, and I will hear you.

Reach out and I will feel you.

Look out, and Eye will see.

I am at Home because I AM Home.

Come Home.

Oh, Spirit in the manifest, ether in the stone,

I am the Life in all things.

And I am laughing.

Find me. Hold me. Complete me.

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ANARCHY OF SPIRIT

Epistle for ridiculous times.

Jack Haas

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the beat which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

"I remember that just as I was about to cross the border they asked me what I had to declare and, like an idiot, I answered "I want to declare that I am a traitor to the human race."

Henry Miller

"Life shrinks or expands, according to one's courage."

Anais Nin

PROLOGUE

There are bees in every hive with inherent imperfections: they cannot navigate from the directions given by others. They fly off everywhere. They are always getting lost. They never gather much pollen. Yet, by an incongruous twist of fate, these bees can still dance directions to others. And so they occasionally return from their misguided wanderings with delirious gospel of what they have found. Good god, what they have found! It is the lost bee that finds new flowers.

THE NIGREDO

"To be "unhistorical" is the Promethean sin, and in this sense modern man lives in sin. ...He must be proficient in the highest degree, for unless he can atone by creative ability for his break with tradition, he is merely disloyal to the past." "

Carl Jung

I am a child of god, an outcast, a fugitive, a free one.

I hail from the Tribe of Benjamin, Land of the Living Void, Clan of Nescience, House of the Eagle, Church of the Philadelphians, Bridegroom to Lilith, Guardian of the lower Trinity, Servant to no man.

I have been on this earth for what seems an eternity now, and though I am weary and worn, still I must complete the greater will, and do nothing but, and never stop, for when the fullness of our cosmic complexity falls helplessly into your lap, there is little to do but rise up stoically and follow it.

I followed, like a blind puppy, nursed on the milk of the ether. What I found in the substratum of our dreams was everything we needed, and nothing which we had. The lies of our ancestors had lead us to death, the cries of our souls sprang from god's choked breath.

It was the spiritless fears of society which led to our current destruction. That is why we live in little boxes which block out the light and silence the wind. That is why we live with blind eyes that can hardly see, and with hearts that suffer from feeling. That is what they have done to us.

But when that profundity of our sick and separate lives finally became fully apparent to me, that is when I became ruthless. Ruthless to any who would stand in my way. Ruthless to the mean and pointless vulgarity of the day. Ruthless to the torture, the noise, and the desecration of the soul. I grew instantly upward in my hatred for all lies below.

My primary duty- as it has been explained to me time and time again, by countless, cryptic voices- so as

to serve my vision onto this myopic earth- is to be myself, my true self, and only that, completely, and at every moment. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Well, it ain't. Not when you have realized that everything is a lie, and that ...you are a lie. Then the rules have absolutely changed. And man when they change you better change with them, or ...no, I need not tell you what will become of you if you don't, for that would only crush your already atrophying volition too completely.

I, who recover the Rose, time after time, from the tortured depths of the black, strangling hell of Hades- I, who link the archetypical with the actual- I eat only an unknown fruit caught falling naturally from the Tree of Life, and drink only early morning dew found settling in the navels of androgynous, sleeping angels.

My true home is an opulent marble castle by the great waterless sea, wherein, anyone who belongs is given a great house of beauty all their own. For, as it is said, our Father's home has many mansions.

My sword is of quicksilver, my armor of air.

When I breathe the Great Mother inhales me, when I sleep the Great Father dreams on. Strange that. Very strange.

Like many of you I have also had my insides ripped out, hacked to pieces, molded into nothing recognizable, and stuffed back into my groaning hollow. Loss and sadness are nothing new to my eternal being.

I too am in this world, this life, this voice behind the mind. I am speaking slowly, through the misty night of our old losses, hoarse in the brooding depths of fatigued untruth. I pause often, sigh, and continue. Hear my hollow metronome, charmed of the meter's dark whimper.

I thought of never touching down, of never saying who I was, where I had been, or what I did when I got there.

I thought of never writing a syllable from this broken mold of unwhole timelessness, because it seemed that I had attained nothing: no happiness, no truth, no love, no answer. I had no path to salvation, no idea on how to redeem. I had nothing to give to others but myself, and my wild, euphoric imaginings.

But life brings its own tasks, and I am not one to argue- not, at least, with the One who yet knows me. Thus, under the coercion of the tender, tickling Muse do I spill forth my own imperfect visions into the heartless land of men. Unto unhearing ears does the Word, be it alive and living, emit from my diffident pen.

And if I share with you what I can share, it is not so as to impose a matrix upon our infinite lives, but only that I might give myself away completely, in a blind attempt to join with you completely.

Perhaps I am only a hoarse voice in the chaotic chorus of the Great Song, but ...I am a voice.

What I have to say, is only what I have seen. I have sought the labours of a hero; a paradigm of consciousness is my maiden in distress. I have sought to transform our spirits with symbols; to heal the world with words, to drown all of life in a apocalypse of love and gratitude- to bleed the voice of sorrow from the stone.

But am I simply a lame busker, crooning stale requiems at the honored gates, to all those gathered

impatiently about, waiting to be denied entry? Am I but the phlegmatic sexton of an abandoned, crumbling, obsolete temenos? A bell-ringer without a church? A hanged man, ejaculating life back at his dead executioners?

Am I not also am caught in the inexorable, powerful grip of life? Yes indeed, and yet ...I am that grip; that grip squeezed in upon itself like a tortured, empty fist, unable to break free of its clench until it punches something harder. But I do not punch. I only grip more arduously into myself, because only exhaustion will undo my hold upon my task, my world, my self. I am the grip of life, but I do not punch, I sing.

Between the profane and the divine lives the psychic, intermediary realm of myth and symbol. Here all opposites meet, intermingle, and go to war together. Here is where the non-existent forces of Good and Evil actually exist. Here is where the individual is most effected, and has the most effect. Here is where my people are trapped, laughing and weeping, and running about.

Here it is also where one, seeking to rise up from the profane to the divine, can get caught forever in the middle ground- between the tug and pull of the two waters, so to speak- without knowledge or hope of a further redemption. Only the individual who holds firmly to his or her unknowable 'I', despite events both inward and out, will make it through unscathed.

We will all walk this path eventually. We will all be born of virgins, we will all long for a better world, we will all be tempted in the desert of our souls, all seek to save others, all be denied and betrayed by a kiss, all be baptized in water and spirit, we will all carry our own cross and die by crucifixion between two thieves, on the lonely mountain of the world's pain, and all be resurrected into the sacred heart and true life.

And when we are brought back, as we are all brought back, we will refuse to die again for others, and we will begin to live Life itself for the very first time.

To that end I say, while the dead are burying the dead, let the living exhume their lives.

I offer to you my benediction, my observations, my song.

*

When I initially fell to this other world, I did not die but was badly maimed. Broken and lost I remained just another fallen angel, wrecked and unable to fly back to god. I was a reality, but I was not real.

And I realized instantly that I did not belong, that I would never belong, and that ...I was not supposed to belong. For if I belonged, how indeed could I see through the lie, the folly, and the futility of our so called lives. I did not belong, but I belonged for that very reason. It was one hell of a cruel joke, believe me.

I saw quickly then what I was in for- that the stupidities here had gone too far, that lovelessness was the rule of the day, and that even God, weakened from the years of lawlessness, was all but helpless.

You see, as soon as I was spat forth unto this makeshift prison of woe and poison, they got a hold of

me, and the inevitable corruption began.

It was in the blood-thirsty land- the land of Cain- into which I was deposited without weapons, knowledge, or crime. Or so it did seem at the start.

Nothing happened but idiocy, let me tell you, it is all a blessed tale idiocy- a great celestial fiasco; as the full moon itself gave light to the rainbow, and the sun cast darkness upon the land, the stars themselves shone mystic anguish in retaliation to the night. There was Sol versus Luna, Luna versus Sol, but never a solution.

The whole desperate mess- of being- was like seeing something obscurely reflected in a rippling sea. But somehow everything was upside down- the sea was on top, and the clarity was hidden below. Above were the ethereal images, below was reality and the all. But that's life- always reflected, always upside down, and always fluid and moving.

It was in this mercurial, amniotic flow that I fell away from everything true. In perilous adhesion to the concupiscence of the day did I swim in the dark and godless depths. Manifold points of separateness deluded me into becoming, and I drowned gleefully in the habit of being, gasping wantonly with lungs which forgot how to effortlessly breathe.

My inward gaze was not yet strong enough to balance the show of the outer (and, take it from me, there is one hell of a show going on out there).

Caught in the movement, and swept fruitlessly into the vast organic sea of human misery, I was in endless pain, the pain of one who belongs nowhere, because the plague of mankind was everywhere, and spreading, piling up shit upon shit, until there was no where to walk without being soiled, nowhere to run without being chased, and nowhere to sing without being caged.

Everything I had ever learned from others was a malicious lie, or, at best, a cowardly negligence burying the miracle of life with every word, burying the spirit and soul with cowardly pith and bile.

I forgive others their blindness, but I curse them for having no strength, no love, no humility. Only inertia and death.

It was in this play that is playless in which I lost all surprise. No joy could redeem me, no heaven could heal. I was trapped like all others who claimed not to feel.

Mine was a life, artificial and real; as if throughout it all a glass wall separated me from myself; as if I reached out for what could be seen, but could not be touched. Oh, in that maddening regression we have deceitfully called life, we get only visitor's rights to see ourselves- that we might come nearer and nearer, only to not come near enough. Only to witness and weep.

I know now of hell- where the living spirit dies in the tomb of our misunderstandings. For the living spirit alone is what connects us to each other, for it is life, and everything else is hollow, separate, and dead.

I was always undead, always apart, always me- that mis-shapen conduit of unearthly desires- and crazed through the pain of our thoughtless false confines.

No, none of it was me; there was only the great Spirit, the great Soul, and the unbridgeable gap in between.

Oh, let me tell you, indeed you must either give yourself great distance from the Source, or struggle to find the embrace, but do not allow the unbearable vision of eternal absence, of a longing which grasps desperately for that which it has seen, and yet cannot latch hold. No, never bring yourself into sight of eternity without joining on. Such is the loss of losses, because we are born at that wall of vision which can rarely be got through, and then our own tortured breath and tears become the cloud of fog which takes even that away; it is our suffering which melts away the sight of what we are and yet cannot be. Yea, we are laminated to the infinite, and sorrow is the membrane in between.

Proximity is what destroys anyone who knows how much love is lost. And even to find where it lies hidden is not to then necessarily possess it. Because I, for one, did return to these dark depths to retrieve love. But like a man digging for buried treasure so deep that the mine collapses upon him, I was trapped, it seemed, so close, and yet life remained forever out of reach. That is hell. Better, I thought at the time, it would have been to die once and for all, than to endure the grief I found living.

For anyone whose memory goes back before the ruthless withdrawal of cosmic Love, life will be little more perhaps than drudgery and loss, though still, in the end, it is worth it- to live through the joy and hurt of being, to stare it in the face, and to find the heart of the matter in matter.

For, you see, it's as if I could see not only the misery but the miracle of life as well. Everywhere I looked were the opposites of pain and wonder, stretched in differing directions, but emerging from the same confusion. Indeed I saw the beauty and magic which is always and all around us, and yet how thoroughly we suffer the endless pains of their absence; in fact, if truth be known, we live in heaven even now, but that heaven itself is in hell; life is both horrid and beautiful, and thus we dwell in such exhaustion and dreaming.

Were life suffering and nothing but, we could easily lie down and never seek to get up. And yet we can do not but rise. Rise and fall, rise and fall, forever grasping through the thorns for the roses.

That there are roses in this painful life, and that we try, but can rarely grasp them, that is our torture and folly. If you don't believe me see it for yourself. For god's sake see it all for yourself. Look deeply into your fellow's eyes someday, look through them, and you will see that hollow core of lonely agony of which I speak, and then you will never see life the same again.

It seemed to me that somewhere long ago a horrible separation had indeed occurred- a division of what was not intended to be divided, caused by our own folly and greed, and by God's thoughtless transgressions. We were alone, separate, dying, and damned.

To remember the Fall is to remember when we could fly. To taste freedom just makes unfreedom that much more punishing. Life is a torture for anyone who has the remembrance of heaven, however subtle or obscure. If others only knew what we have lost, they would not grovel and fight over what pathetically little remains.

Why we lose ourselves at every moment to the lie, and do not flow in laughing rhythm to the eternal tune cascading through all of life and all of time is not a mystery to me anymore. If we would only open up to feel it, we would feel it. But that is not the way of mankind. I have seen clearly what the brotherhood of men have wasted in their useless, spiritless, and abject pursuits. I have seen without distortion how ninety-nine percent of life is but a tragic interruption from the moments of ecstasy and freedom which are our birthrights, our privilege, our true life.

And so I staggered about aimlessly for years, lost and alone and mad from the treason of it all; because, among the futility, folly, and losses of the day, love and truth as I thought I knew them were no where to be found, and god himself had seemingly, benevolently betrayed me. There was no reason, no need, no meaning. To take a step forward of backward, to sit, to eat, to talk, to weep- none of it mattered.

No one could solve for me the type of estrangement I found, because to exist haphazardly upon this earth, brave in the falseness of hope, is to hide without shelter, and flee without foes.

In the pit of life's blinding aporia, I could do little but sit hunched over, gripping my head in my hands, and wondering how I would make it through to the next minute, because even if I did make it, there would be another to follow, and then another, and from that I saw the hours and days of waiting and strain piled up upon themselves, and all I could do was to sit hunched over with my head buried in my hands. That's all I could do.

Oh indeed, the gentle rhythm of the spirit is all but wholly extinguished in these days of unnatural lives and petty actions, and I cared for none of it. Think of what it is to be natural, and you will understand how far astray mankind has gone. Nothing here but clothing, clocks, fences, signs, pavement, television, telephones, engines, racket, school, fire, weapons, banks, business, bureaucracy, politics, borders, rules, passports, paper, condoms, surgery, pills, walls, wire, forks, knives, cans, haircuts, makeup, shoes, sports, shovels, stores, diplomas, titles, careers, money, rent, hospitals, hotels, holidays, furniture, wheels, churches, names, dams, factories, fools, failures, fanatics, and so on. The whole mess of it one great, terrible lie. A pandemonium of pernicious delusion. All of it. Everything we have created we have done at our own peril. We have walked away from the beauty, and joy, and the miracle of living. We have made heaven into hell. And there is no way most people will change until God lines them up and puts a bullet through the back of their heads. And who can wait for that? The only thing is to steal as much of heaven back as possible; to work little, need little, spend little, to live and dance and hold your brothers and sisters in your arms with one eye pointed to heaven and one eye keeping a watch on this hell, and never to deny your heart its inmost yearning.

And though it is easy to accuse the world of the spiritless and miserable conditions of the day- for certainly therein lies no innocence, and I will never forget the perpetual atrocities committed by mankind which succeed only to further lead the individual away from their true self- in the end it was not the world which bound me into the prison of the false life, but my own trespasses therein, and eventually I recognized that it is up to each of us to stay or to leave, forgive or hate, to doubt or to believe, and until you come humbly to that

arduous understanding, all your little games of emancipation will merely build more solid walls.

Originally, you see, I had found an entrance and mistook it for my home; I confused the doorway with the castle, and lived wretchedly in the foyer of mankind's interpretations. Then one day- by grace it was- I found a hammer, lifted it with my tired arms, and went forth savagely into the pain, the lies, and the folly, and I have not yet stopped from smashing. Wherever there is a wall, there is open space behind it.

The only way to break through is to learn to feel. The only way to feel is to kill the mind; to weep, to laugh, to scream, to punch, whatever it takes. If the mind holds the reins the battle is over.

When finally my heart opened up I realized why it had been closed for so long, and why we are taught to keep it that way- because when your heart opens up honestly and to everything, and you can really feel what there is to feel, that is when you will know you're in hell. Not just you, but everyone. And suddenly life is much harder. And that, my friend, is why the heart lies dormant in our lives, and in the world.

It is as if I tapped into God's own anguish. And when that happens it takes you under, it takes you way down, and wrecks you on the bottom. And even if you can rise up from that, and make it back to the surface, a little piece of you will be left in the depths of agony forever.

And so you see, given these understandings, I could no longer hide my pain from the world. And my pain was the world's pain. And so I could no longer hide the world from itself. And when that happens, let me tell you, the world will take up arms against you, because you did not, or could not, lie its lie, and you have exposed its worst repressions to itself, and that means you are a monster, or worse... a man.

*

Life offers torturous blessings at times. I came to understand this eventually, as I always have, in every life that I have lived, when I was alone in the middle of nowhere, for reasons I cannot remember, drunk or sober, up, down, sideways, or what have you, no matter, but all the useless misery I had witnessed throughout the years came thundering down again upon me, and I lay there between great gobs of tears, begging god to do something, anything, to fix it, by whatever means, because hell was all about me, and I could do nothing. And there I lay broken open to the heavens, growling out beseechment to the sky, for I had, throughout the frantic course of my merciless chastening, seen all I needed to see, thought everything I needed to think, and sacrificed all that I had. And you know what ...God heard me. And you know what else- *God could do nothing*.

So that what that, and I could not imagine how we would make it through. For there and then, without delay, I came instantly to conviction; I was a convict, trapped in the prison of being like all the rest. And to be quite honest (as if there were another option) I wanted only to lie still until it was all over. I did not want to move an inch. For in the somber realization of what I had seen, I felt that there was no way out, that escape was impossible.

I stood there, frozen in the drama, unable to alter the play, and yet somehow fully a player, and the

whole complexity came hurling back at me, and suspended as such between disbelief and horror, I could not move. And then I moved.

You see, I could do not but rise. And man I rose up like a phoenix scared out of its wings. I rose up, bold and mad from the challenge, the need, the impossibility of it all, and went forth into the dark and the terrible, with nothing but hunger and breath to carry me through.

I rose up not because I wanted to, nor because I knew where I was going, but because there and then, beyond my wildest imaginings, I saw the next, still more horrible vision- I saw that nothing would change unless ...unless I changed it. It was up to me. No one could save me but myself. Indeed it was, as I said, horrible.

I had now realized what I had fought so hard to not realize- that I could depend on no one but myself. And even further, that I was weakened by mere association; that if I, of my own accord and volition, did not step out of the tide of mankind's folly, if I did not look hard inside and find out who I was, and why I was born onto this earth, if I did not with all my might seize this improbable miracle, I was doomed to never be nor know what was intended for me, and I would live and die like I saw other men live and die- in grief and stupidity.

The only one who could save me was myself, and for that a gigantic, relentless effort was needed. I saw this fully. I breathed in, swallowed hard, and quivered only for the briefest of moments at this burdening realization; a single instant of masochistic acceptance and all equivocation vanished; invigorated by the impossibility of our tangled predicament, I grew warm, turned my eyes irrevocably into myself, and without courage or fear fixed hard that stare which would never again blink, nor weary, nor die. Then it was, as my vision focused and my blood grew warm, that for the first time ever in my life ...I took a step forward, for I had chosen to hold and make my own ground, to find and be myself in the hurricane of our ubiquitous confusion. I was on my way.

*

Thus in the formative days which followed my inaugural, immanent plunge, in order to live upon this earth, I did not so much as even look in the direction of the bold, glorious norm, but struck out instead within myself, and haunted down lost passageways, makeshift as if all my own. As if to suddenly stare through infinity, onto this glazed incongruous known, was suddenly mine, and mine alone. I neither acquiesced, nor adhered to the fake conclusions driven hard upon us by the godless hordes about; which is to say, in order to live upon this earth as a refugee from both heaven and hell, I had to wriggle my way out of my false self, and become what never was me.

And so as the journey went on I did not begin to live truly until after many years of the most lonely and

painful uphill battle- fighting my way through the false self, false perspectives, and false purpose, all of which had been inculcated into my formative being by the magnanimous elders of our times- from which, as I said, finally, in the quagmire of lostness, I found something I cared for more than comfort, honor (if that is possible in their world), and money. And that something was ...me. And I will never play in their prison again.

It was a temperate dismemberment within the world's malice and errors which had left me slow to wallow. I had been trapped and languid in the horrible pathos of the day. I had no composite tendencies, replete or inviting, which might have gathered me full into a fury. I suffocated in the torpor of lies *because I had no anger*, not even for myself. And without anger there is no way out of this lovelessness. The only way out is to punch your way out, with a wrathful love as murderous as a mother has for her child in danger.

Love, violent love- that merciless, uncompromising mandate; you must love your own soul with a suicidal madness bent on nothing but freedom, or you will die softly in this world of courteous lies.

It took me many bewildering years of painful confusion and struggle to finally understand and overcome the useless fears that others had driven endlessly into my innocent life from day one. The endless, justified, irrational, irrevocable, cultural fears: fear of being lost in the world, of being different, of believing in nothing but yourself, of having no job (let alone a career), of having little or no money, no home, of living illegally wherever you chose to squat. Fear of existing in squalor amongst the pimps, and prostitutes, the heroin addicts, thieves, drunks, mutants and beggars, fear of being dirty, of wiping your ass with your own hand, of neither caring for, nor needing anything created by mankind, fear of owning nothing, of thinking your own thoughts, of dreaming your own dreams, of being idle, of being nobody. Fear of death, fear of life, fear of disappointing your friends and family, of being disowned or of disowning, of admitting that everyone around you is an idiot, of insulting or offending them irreparably. Fear of being absolutely alone, fear of standing your own ground while the cyclone of madness spins relentlessly about you, fear of believing in and following your own reality, fear of being wrong, of never finding truth. Fear of the wildlands, of bears, and snakes, of cold and rain, of darkness and discomfort, of where you'd lay your head that night, of what you'd eat tomorrow, of where you'd wash, and what you'd do when you woke in the sun with nothing to do but sit in the sun. Fear, fear, fear, and more fear, all ensconcing, all pervasive, encumbering, deceiving, disfiguring fear. All of it.

Many people talked as if they understood life and knew how to properly live it, but once you sat down and got inside of them, once they opened up the can of worms contained within and came forth with candor to expose themselves truly, it was always the same thing- uncertainty, hesitation, disquiet, boredom, anger, worry, envy, hate, disease, corruption, and panic. There it was, in all and everyone, lying buried just beneath the shining veneer of their own private lie, which itself was haplessly buried deep inside the greater lie- the lie into which they were born and because they had no imagination, no intent, and no energy to extricate themselves, it was the same lie into which they would eventually grow sick, and old, and die.

They would die in fear when they could instead have lived in faith. In faith- not in a dogmatic, religious form- but faith in nothing knowable- faith for faith's sake, because it was the only way out of fear and death and sorrow.

But they had no faith; no faith in life, no faith in death, no faith in themselves, in God, in Creation, in Destruction, in Godlessness. No faith, only fear. As simple and difficult as that.

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Why did this whole crazy show come about? I do not know. I only know that it came about.

It was as if I lived a manic descent from unbeing into being; I did not understand, nor choose, nor control my harrowing plunge. But when I landed, I hit with a thud that would have killed me if I wasn't an undying thing. That is how I was able to get back up and walk onward, wiped clean-through by the flames of my agonizing re-entry. And when that happens- when the *kenosis* has come full circle, and you're alive and dead, alien and belonging, strong and yet broken- that is when the real work begins. That is when you bring the fire back to earth- acquired for the men who will misunderstand and inevitably hate you, stolen from the powers who will curse even your good. So be it.

No one knows me now. No one. What seeks to contain me is death, what seeks to define me is blind.

I have not so much of a further story to tell, but a lie to untell.

I do not recognize myself in context, I only operate within it. I have come from the region of exasperation, and have found life devoid of my call.

There is no truth, no reality, no lesson issued from mankind that I consider worthy or even necessary now. I adhere to nothing. There are only deceits, delusions, cowardices and failures in every form, under every guise, all glued together with the fetid paste of inertia and guilt, and formed into a splendid mass of decay called society. It is all worse than useless, because it is thoroughly misleading, and no one can convince me otherwise.

It was a wild and unconventional path I walked learning that every decision was left to me, and to me alone; to spit in the face of absurdity, to live completely in the freedom of the day, to find my own true name. For in the end there was one Law, and one Law only to which I was bound, and that Law was... to be Myself.

It had been a splendid metaphysical intoxication which had hemmed me earlier into being, an unharnessable freedom which roamed about my cage. And then finally, through that dynamic haze ensconcing every moment, I found myself dancing- yes dancing- in wild, blind ecstasy, through the mad and drunken night, to the rhythm which I alone heard, and which no other heard above their own.

Dancing the dance called life. The beat and love rushed through me, the flesh gushed pain and joy from the memory of the untameable soul.

It was a thundering chaos of beauty and anguish, and the squirming of love's loss in between. I was filled beyond repair, and emptied for the heart to heal despair. The rules had been erased, the truth was long deceased, now it was my turn to fuel the fire of madness and release. I was already returning to the land of rapture and awe, lifted out of life, away from the term of our exile, by the very force which sent me there. I was

going home.

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THE ALBEDO

"...once you rise to a level of God consciousness you will understand that you are not responsible for any other human soul, and that while it is commendable to wish every soul to live in comfort, each soul must choose- is choosing- *its own destiny this instant. ...*

You call a life of complete freedom 'spiritual anarchy'. I call it God's great promise.

It is only within the context of this promise that God's great plan can be completed....

If there were such a thing as sin, this would be it: to allow yourself to become what you are because of the experience of others."

God (Conversations with God)

When you fall, as we all have fallen, you are instantly captured, judged, incarcerated, whipped, starved, indoctrinated, degraded and isolated. It's as if you are dropped into the sea, dragged helplessly under until you run out of breath, and only then do you thrash with enough wild frenzy to break free. But even if you do break away, you still have to swim an incredible distance back to the surface with nothing left in you but exhaustion and pain. It is desperate, let me tell you, to rise up from the bottom of hell, without a breath to relieve you, nor a strong hand to tug you along. Such is the trial of freedom. So you see the predicament we're in then. They get you quickly, and the relentless horrors multiply unceasingly.

This makes it much harder to fulfill your mission. And yet fulfill it you must, for you have been sent to this forgotten, lawless, absurd place for a specific reason, which is yours and yours alone to fulfill. And you must wake up, remember who you are, where you came from, and what odd and singular purpose that you came to complete in this mutant land of madness.

Intent will lead you through the forest to the Garden. But you must have intent. Sedulous, uncompromising, and pure. You must have it like an arrow whistling unstoppably towards its mark. If you falter or step aside for just an instant, you are lost and damned again, and only mercy shall see you through the night. You are your only hope of getting out alive. No one wanders endlessly in the darkness searching for you. If you do not seek with all your might for yourself, or truth, or love, or God, by whatever name you would call it, your

life is but a slow decline to death. To death, as the self falls away from its anchor, and the spirit flies from its ground, so shall you wither without desire to fight, to dream, and to fly.

Indeed, you may look exactly like them, you may talk like them, eat like them, suffer like them, laugh like them, and die like them, but you are not like them- know that for a certainty. No matter what they say- and they will say a lot of things, because they do not want you to know that you are different, very different- this land is not your land, this home is not your home, this world is not your world.

If you get tangled in their cares, if you fall victim to their pleasures and desires, you will certainly fail your mission.

As you would drive a foreign car, on foreign streets, in a foreign country, so must you inhabit this foreign body, in this foreign world. But you are neither the body nor the car, only an invisible driver, stealthily making their way through the roadblocks, alleys, and highways of this planet called earth.

Our greatest war is against inertia. It is a constant battle; if you let up for a single moment you lose ground, and when you lose ground you get frustrated, and when you get frustrated you have lost the war.

The world will do everything it can to stand in your way, everything it can to hold you back, to convince you out of your passion, out of yourself, out of life, and so you can depend on nothing and nobody. You must believe only in yourself. It is up to you. Your sole, unbending intent must be to return to God- to find you own Godself- for without such intent the world will only distract, derail, dissuade, and destroy you.

If you blame others for your station, you give away your power. If you seek others for your salvation, you give away your spirit. If you need others to cure your sorrow, you give away your force. It is your life, and it is nobody else's.

If you deny yourself for another, your spirit will not grow, and if your spirit does not grow you will be incapable of completing your destiny and you will be forced to return again and again as a lowly worm to this pile of festering stool. You will not be able to assist others to grow and you will do a greater disservice to them than if you had hurt, offended, or forsaken them. By all means offend them, I say. Let them writhe. Let their petty little egos crumble out beneath them. Let them fall down weeping and broken, or storm off in rage and indignation. Make a game of it if you must. Laugh yourself silly; better it is for them to have the lie ripped ruthlessly from their breast than to let it grow and devour them.

Vigilance. No word is more pertinent to the struggle against the gravity of the mind. We are like baby birds which must break out of the shell not once, but always. The conveyor-belt of humanity runs in the wrong direction, against the stream of life, and we lose ground by just standing still, or sleeping, or looking away for the briefest of moments. A single thoughtless moment of distraction and you wake up years later, a long, long way back, and there are no shortcuts by which to return, no backdoors, no jet airplanes. You have to walk the same trail again, past the same markers, through the same barriers, carrying the same burdens, in order to return simply to where you already have been. Only vigilance will keep you from backsliding. Only uncompromising intent.

The moment another stands in your way, it is because they are terribly lost from their own path.

Nothing to do then but walk around or right through them, but for God's sake stop for nothing and no man, or you will die there along with them, right where they stagnate and stand.

To be free you must be freedom itself. You must be nothing and everything, and much more than you could ever imagine. The moment you categorize, identify, create, or possess yourself, that self is no longer free.

The moment you inhabit yourself you inhibit yourself. The moment you talk yourself into or out of something, the moment you balk from fear, or shame, or conclusions- the moment you know yourself you begin dying. Strange that it must be that way- the beginning of decay- but it is. It only takes one wall to make a box out of you. One anchor, one need, one step in any direction described by mankind, and you are finished. You spend your whole life walking around that wall. And the wall never ends, and freedom lies inches away, and you never find it, and you die as dead as you lived. Your only chance is to burst through it. And the only way to do that is to lose what you sought to gain. And that is why it is almost impossible.

To be sure, all the gentle morons will do anything just to get in the way. Guilt, and fear, and shame are the weapons of their lies. All of it just a corrupt, demented effort to get you to betray your true nature.

They- the great they- and all others like them, will teach you how to feel inadequate- they call it being different- so that you should forever feel needy, and insufficient of spirit, and quiver at the thought of aloneness, absolute aloneness. Better to belong to a lie, they say, than belong nowhere. But all you need to do is have one good look at their lives- their terrified, neurotic, guilt-ridden lives- and that one look is enough to never have such need again.

They- the great they- for whom there is neither sin nor rapture, to them I turn aside.

Everything is futile, and if not futile, useless. Everyone is in pain, and if not in pain, they are numb. Numb from the struggle, from the loss, from the complexity, and the mad impossibility of it all.

They- the great they- are all far off the mark, and have strayed irreconcilably from the directionless way. No matter what they tell you, and man they will tell you a heap of things- like how there must be a job suited to you, and how you must bend and torture your soul into position to do that job, and if there are none that suit you, regardless, still you must work. You must keep working, for yourself, the future, the world. Set the clock and be ready to destroy yourself every morning. Come on, you are needed, just one more corpse upon the stack, and we'll have a proper pile! They will never be finished wheezing our their pusillanimous yarns, and artless fables.

They will say- this is what life is, and this is how you must live it, for there is no other way. And let me tell you, if you tolerate their false realities they will destroy you. They will keep you confused with useless information, and you will be punished for seeing right through. And if they succeed to confuse you, and you live full in the delirium of identity, only then will you have died.

It is now the height of self-denial, hypocrisy, useless learning, false paradigms, mutation, and madness- the whole flippin' bungle is converged relentlessly upon all and everyone in a rapturous choral Ode to Kaliyug.

But the lie of the world will only hold you in hell if you allow it to hold you, because to leave hell you must leave alone, the world cannot come with you, because the world loves hell, and the world is hell.

You must break free. Free from the masses- for they are the mass, the weight which will slow you down, the demons welcoming you to hell- or you will drown smiling upon their depthless surface, in the tepid, ensconcing dreamless sleep of meaning, in the spiritual squalor of their useless creations, in the gravity of their disease, in the wrecked and irredeemable conclusions of their minds.

Others will try to make you believe that you exist as they say you do. And they will try to make you need things. And they will try to make you live improperly. They will trap you in the Form, and further in the Content, and then in the shackles of reason.

But you will stop listening to others when you realize they are tired, and wrong, and confused by their own useless noise. And when the fury of your heart recognizes their malevolent guise, the innocence of your eyes will condemn the idolatry of their minds.

Yea, you will not be able to love the world's beauty until you have hated all its lies. And that hate is love itself, the love of emancipation, the chick thrashing feverishly for the fuller life outside.

No longer do we grow peacefully upward like sublime lotuses, gently rising above the mud. Now is the day we must push our way up through mankind’s hardened cement, and learn to blossom like mountain roses, with their glorious, soft beauty protected by their sharpened, merciless thorns.

Go wild then in the early afternoon amongst those who would seek to contain you.

Do not tame your wonderful wildness, let your wildness untame you. Dance in the cosmic song with the rapture of the lilies.

In the anemic ignorance of their tortured smiles others will cast paltry horrors onto your tenuous life. They will caress and adore you and then grin as you swallow the lie.

Be not seduced. Give them nothing to bind, and they cannot bind you.

Look here then, spirit- stare passionately into it now, or close your eyes forever. You are the lone taxpayer, in a land of ruthless, profligate kings. Pleasure is the mask of pain in this loveless hell.

Comfort and monotony will put you to sleep. The world will make you to turn away from beauty, and you will turn. Petty pursuits will unfill your infinite hollow. You will call it happiness when events conspire to distract you from the anguish of not knowing yourself. Image will kill imagination, sight will blot the sky, thought will bind the heart, and you will live not laughing, and die without shedding tears.

Yet, eclipsed beyond those crippling rays, you can bring to the night the light of day, and midnight will be the noon hour, and Luna will be Sol for a day.

To fly free from the inertia will take everything you have. The degradations shall not end until you end. In a secret rapture to shame the gods you will walk life's empty streets as the loneliest person alive. Lost and hungry you will fall in a cold rain weeping. The vultures of spirit will pick you clean of meat. Innocently you will come, defeated you will go. You will exist without knowledge or gleam. You will be gentle and mad. The

world will crush you completely. *And you will live forever*.

*

Trying to find a place in this world where I belonged was like trying to eat through my asshole, and shit through my mouth. And though the world has invented suppositories and emetics, that leads only sodomy and false purge.

I neither ingested, nor digested, I bled.

I bled from the bosh and distractions of the day. My belly was full of their poisons, and yet a great hunger still swallowed me whole, so I did the only thing I could do- I began to puke. And I have not yet stopped barfing, and I shall not stop, and to hell with their schools and teachings. It cannot be digested, none of it. Quit eating you idiots. Quit eating!

When the lies the world has served up, and rammed down your gullet, fail to fulfill and appease any of your needs, that is when you turn about and head the other way.

I realized quickly that the only thing I longingly gravitated toward was the innocent wondering of our unknowable Creator; to sit and stare at nothing and infinity, that is all I wanted. The freedom to slow down, to stop, to exalt; I loved life too much to be busy.

Loneliness is the only power I had over the world.

I did not wince, nor bobble, nor swoon in the silent requiem of the darkening night. I did not falter, but only wept a bit.

To be lost is the closest thing I knew to freedom, everything else was a trap.

There was, in the end, no solution except to tough it out. To sit with it, to feel it, to accept it, and to throw up my arms in agony, resignation, and hallelujah.

It was only in ghostly solitude, only when I was alone, only when I was lonely (conceptually lonely), could I dispute the dubious finitude that was myself. Did I just say conceptually lonely? Yes, it was there, as the mystery engulfed itself in a breathless utopia of intimate strangeness, that the tickling communion of light and grace would trickle down through my innocent nothingness. The methodology was easy- I simply forgot what I was told to remember.

This is the death I came to die, this is the life I lost by living.

It truly is a death to lose all need for the world; to do nothing, to think nothing, to be nothing. Yet a single moment of honest apathy is worth a thousand years of reckless striving.

Thus, as if the verdant and bloody field of Kurukshetra itself were laid out beneath me, I fought without fighting and did battle without battling; all this by holding firmly onto apathy- my aegis ...my shield against the tolerable.

Which is to say: a miraculous privilege happened to me one day- boredom; I had tasted life, and found

it bitter.

Nothing is more dangerous than to have ideas about what is, and what should be. Pity them who have real lives. Screw it all- their doom and glory, passion and false play.

At times you must leave it all behind, all of it, for you can only free others by first freeing yourself. So you must free yourself from others. Better to shiver in the brittle chill of an arctic soul, than be coddled comfortably by the tepid minds of men.

That is when you fall in step- when you stop walking in the maelstrom of the mind's apologies, you spit for the last time on the ground, halt short in your tracks, forget the reason you were moving, forget where you were headed, why you were going there, where you are now, and who you are. The earthquake of your life ends softly, and that is when you realize nothing of what you were is you. The mad movements are merely over, the interference has cleared, and the blessed congress of perverse redemption forces you out of the storm. The clouds blow away. The birds begin to sing again. The children come out to play. But nothing really changes. The clarity of your absence negates nothing. You still sleep, and shit, and fuck, and wait like before. And yet...and yet, something has changed. Everything has changed. And that war is over.

I myself came eventually to the point where I had narrowed my focus away from the world; I closed my eyes and kept moving, until the only thing I could sense was myself stumbling blindly. Then one time, but only once I tell you, I looked up and saw a boisterous crowd, excited and chattering, headed the other way. I wondered what was their joyous destination. Then I didn't wonder. I did not run to view what caused exuberance in the masses. *I kept on going towards where I happily ...had no idea*.

*

Let me tell you, existence brings you everything you need, as long as you are earnest enough to need it. If you need nothing, nothing will come. But if you give a damn, if you are crazy with life and wonder, and possessed by the miracle of being, ardently digging it up, uncovering the immensity of this unbelievable creation, sedulously seeking to find and be what it truly is ...to be, then life will hand itself over to you, it can do no other. That is life. That is what it demands, and what it gives. To float along, comfortable in the tepid roles of man, is to never uncover yourself, to never know who or why it is you are, and that is the greatest sin, and the greatest crime an individual can ever commit.

If I pursued what the world considered impossible, if I desired what the world proclaimed could not be had, if I required what mankind could not offer, and demanded that which no one could give, it was because if I knew one thing, and that is that you must go for it with everything you have.

You can avoid it as long as you choose, and most will avoid it their whole lives. But somewhere buried deep inside you know full well that the world is an absolute lie, and that almost every step you take toward it is an act of lying. And so you must take with force what others will not give you, which is to say ...yourself.

The trick is to know all the agony, to feel all the sorrow, the separation and loneliness, the loss and confusion, and …to not let it take you down.

That is what must be done, if our spirit is to exist in the world ...without being trapped by it.

You have to take your failures, doubts, and discouragements, and either cut them loose or carry them on your back up the hill.

When you walk away, you just walk away. That is easy. But where then to go? God knows? Just away. You leave no markings by which to find your way back, for you are never returning. You forge ahead without thought of right or wrong.

If god must strike you dead for some unavoidable error, so be it. That is god's need. You must move forward. You must live completely, without cowering in the cold recesses of harsh divine abandonment. The further you go, the further you have to go.

You must look ahead without any memory or regret.

The flesh is certainly part of the route to the soul. You have to walk it's bumpy road.

When nothing works, plug ahead anyways. Other darknesses, other fires.

The best thing is to forget everything you ever were told, to start again, and to never look back from that road. Better, I say, to be lost and then found again, than never to have been lost.

Swallow it, or spit it out, but for god's sake take another bite.

Your life is your path. Take it as it comes, leave it as it goes. Plod on through that hollow centre.

The point of no return is the starting point; if you can go back ...you have not yet begun.

Everything falls apart, keep going and going anyways, spirit, cause once you come down... you're dead.

You must push on.

*

I speak of the years of departure; the times when I left my place of welcome, to wander lonely in the void without another- to lift up and stay there, to float on the splendid confusion of disorientation, far above the thorns of context; these are the chapters of life when the soul sets out on an uncharted course, perhaps never again to remain itself- when the spirit finds again that lost fluidity, unbound nor gathered in a name, and the hard parts crumble from the eternal stream sprung free now within you. That is when the spirit relearns its passion dance, and never again to tangle in the game.

And so I existed for a great duration like a gypsy of the mind; within the infinite, boundlessness of being did I wander aimlessly from one inhospitable region to the next, never finding my home without nor within me. For the limitless Self is a strange, atopic land, seemingly indifferent to our changing whereabouts.

I sought myself so far without and within that I held no sincere hope of ever returning.

Like a camel did I drink insatiably of life before leaving, but I went too far; on the desert journey of

becoming I consumed a vast portion of my rations in order to get away, but I could see no welcoming oasis. I ran blindly and without direction, charging recklessly into lostness.

Nothing, nothing, nothing, so much of nothing. To walk and walk, down empty streets, past empty houses, amongst empty people, while nothing matters except to keep walking, because to stop means to succumb to the madness, futility, and conventions which are the deaths raised under every roof where everyone hides and no one belongs but out of boredom, fear, weakness, or shame.

I became accustomed to losing everything, to dying in life, as they say, and to having no function, no responsibility, no place, nor role in life. This was the loam upon which the seed of my spirit had sprouted and taken root. There was no turning back, I had already come to that dreadful conclusion. I was outside of life, a foreigner to all that is.

There is the point when you have come undone; when eventually whatever you thought mattered no longer matters; a point when you are allowed neither god nor the world. There is a point when you are outside forever, where you are not coming back, when you can't get back.

At these times I beheld consciousness in the grip of the hallucination which invented it. I fought like a Titan wrestling with his own powerless shadow. I drank up an ocean, and pissed out a world. The planets swarmed to knock me down. The winds howled to defeat me. The moon cast thunder down upon me. The sun went dark. But I kept on going, moving on, or something, to somewhere. I was walking. I was going. Didn't know where. No one came with me. Still I kept going. On and on I say. I kept going on, on and on. Lonely as the wind, strong as the tree which withstands it. I kept going and going, on.

It's as if from the outset I was set adrift and my whole life was a journey back home, a home which did not exist because ...I was supposed to be adrift. And it was this alienship to all being which was in fact my true birthright, my inheritance, my blessed freedom from all that dies.

These were the caustic baths of purification, the baptisms by fire, the parched and deserted lands we're left to eternally roam.

I had to go on ...because I could only go on; because once you have gone a certain distance, even if it be digression (or perhaps especially if it be digression) you cannot return from such remoteness, you cannot find your way back, ever; you have scurried about in the labyrinth's dark expanse an irreconcilable distance. Once you are away, you just keep going. To look back is to go back.

And then along the way, somewhere amongst the confused trials of my erratic re-ascent, I met again the snake who also had taken me down, and again I bit into the apple given. But this time I took the bite only ...so as to spit it back into his disbelieving face. And then I said goodbye, good luck, left him in his wily hell, and I walked back into the Garden to feed evermore upon naught but mystery, love, and the Tree of Life.

If only I had always known how easy it was to pry apart those bars of separativeness. To walk through, to breath, to grin, to walk away.

Oh, if only I would have kept playing in the play of the soul and nothing more- to be wrapped, in the rapt, welcoming, fabulous stream.

I come now to offer aid to you who blunder on obliviously. I shall wash the mote out of your eye, so that with love you might weep the plank out of mine.

I have seen another possibility, another chance for freedom, as it were. And I will not go down without a fight. I have found the new garden in which grows no Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, but only the Tree of Life.

When finally you become tired of the world and its criminal misconceptions, perhaps only then you will seek to flee along with me. I stand in earnest welcome for your tired eyes.

There are different answers these days. Just live. Be kind and ruthless to yourself. Destroy the thoughts they gave you. Abandon every idea of right and wrong. Forget yourself at every moment. Give yourself away. Arrive at where you came from. Love without finishing.

You must simply leap without descending, and climb without holding on.

Come into this new garden, come in, gather it all up, eat your fill. Here you shall find no exile.

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When everything begins to go right and wrong simultaneously, and you lose the ability to tell the difference, for there is no difference, and either way you don't really give a damn, because life has flopped up and down on you so many times that, like a person on a crazy ride at the country fair, you lose the intensity, the fear, and the joy of the event, and instead sink carelessly back into yourself; when you have become psychologically gimballed, unable to lose your sense of equilibrium, you can bet you're almost finished.

When pain is no longer painful, joy no longer a thrill, life no longer a teeter-totter between estranged opposites, then the leveling-off is well under way. That is when you become dangerous and necessary to the world, because you are outside of its struggles; you become a random particle, divorced from the chains and rules of life, and so you are both needed and distrusted, admired and despised, and praised and blamed, because other's troubles are no longer your troubles, their taboos no longer your taboos, their sorrows are no longer painful, and their euphorias mere bagatelles. You are beyond their sufferings, trifles, and desires, and therefore all powerful and yet powerless amongst them.

The day I decided it was time to leave hell, is the day the doors began unlocking ...of their own accord. For there is only one way out of hell, and that is the wish to leave it, and that is all. As you will it to be, so shall it be. But if you don't have that wish in you, nor the wherewithal to fulfill its demands, you are dead and at best tortured. The flowers and birds will not come marching to your door and ask you to come out and play. You must yourself break open internally, and walk out of your life bawling. Bawling for the injustice, for the agony,

for the horrors of the day. You yourself must go to the flowers. It is up to you.

If right and wrong invade your being you are done for. You might as well pack it in, and beg for forgiveness while there's still time. Because time will end, let me tell you. You're no help further in the darkness. Only light can help us here. And for that the wax must melt beneath the flame.

It's all about what you've got inside yourself- what hunger, and longing, and rage built up from centuries of agony and separation- what impossible passion you have to drive you through the wall of false understandings, irrelevant lives, useless facts, rules, and fears, all of which the world wields mercilessly against you from day one.

In the absence of love, truth, and help you must rise up every morning out of the ashes you became in the lonely night before. You must rise up like a ghost from the death of unlove, into the impoverished world of men, and forge on another yard, or foot, or inch, whatever you've got left in you. But you must, for your own sake and no other's. When the spirit has departed and the flesh remains intact, that is when the true work begins.

You've got to find it yourself. No one will give it to you. No man, no woman, no saint or god. They don't have it. You've got to find it yourself, in yourself, because IT is you. The power and love of all creation. You alone shall redeem or bring destruction to mankind. You alone.

There is no god nor devil but in ourselves. We are the ones responsible. We are the ones who have sown sorrow upon this earth. And we are the ones who shall change or reap it.

With the force that you judge you shall be judged, with the force that you seek you shall be found, with the power that you hate you shall be hated, and with the strength that you love you shall be loved.

If you toss about in your head long enough you'll forget why you came here. You came to be you. All of you. Body, spirit, heart, and mind. Without any one of these the whole collapses.

We all start at the centre, and we either explode or fizzle out. If we think or care too much we are finished.

If only it were different. But it ain't. It's all up to you, my friend. Rise up then, onward, into the darkness!

Like I said, the first step, in leaving hell- in returning to paradise- is simply the wish to go back. In fact that is really the only step, for, given one's intention- which must be pure and committed in order to even consider such an undertaking- everything else which follows is merely protocol- a 'putting on of one's finest' so to speak, as preparations one would gladly undertake to attend the royal ball. In fact the invitations have already been sent out. The King and Queen shall both be there. And the theme of this year's party is 'Come As You Are.' Cocktails served before dinner. Dancing and music will go until dawn. *Come as you are*.

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THE RUBEDO

"He is not Almighty, that he might cross his hands and thus await his certain victory. His salvation depends upon us. And only if he is saved may we be saved"

Nikos Kazantzakis

We were born to be naked, and dancing, and kissing each other. We were born to be changeless and changing, mortal and immortal, formed and yet free. We were born to be the stillness inside the fabulous change.

Never try to be something that you're not. Never try to not be something which you are. Never do less than the most you can do. Never imagine that life is limited- that you cannot find your true soul mate, your true self, the Great Spirit of Being, Christ, Mary, your siblings on the Tree of Life, the Source, the Finish, Satan, God, and much, much more in this great and unpredictable existence we are in and which we are. It is all there, and it is waiting. You are the only wall between finitude and infinity, and you are that infinity also.

Let the self be a perpetual baptism, wherein one moves, and moves, and never stops moving; the relentless, uncatchable, spectacular, dynamic of the soul that demands to be free.

We each belong to that energy of the moment. In the wildness beyond anarchy, where the individual, rampant from the mean, will accept no compromise, no help, no advice, no method, no limit- that is the point where the spirit breaks free of its mold, flies beyond itself, and dwells in the infinite expanse of the unimagninable, untethered new. To soar where no archetype can follow, that is to be new, and to be true.

Anyone who breaks free of the imposed structure, who lives life for life itself, with no worry or expectation of reward or praise, develops their own individual force, unknown to the greater part of mankind. We all have it, but most of us give it away to convention, or careers, or cowardice.

We were not born to follow others, to learn what they say you should learn, to go where others wander,

nor to deny the smallest part of our own force for comfort or acceptance. We are not alive to toil, to lie, to impress people, or to suffer. We are alive to be life- to be the great mystery endlessly awakening to itself. We are all God becoming infinitely godlike. And each of us must live it through. Alone.

God sits in a different seat in each person's auditorium.

If we rely on anyone but ourselves, we are doomed; every time we deny the reality that we alone can come upon, we deny reality.

And so it is the harsh but essential cosmic law that one who has no acceptance of their own vision ...shall see nothing.

Ah, to be sure, before you can blend into the One, you must stand out conspicuously, as that precarious, uncamouflaged happening so visibly bent, blotched, or broken. For in order to be chosen, you must at first become a choice.

Yea indeed, we must enter infinity through naught but our true selves; within the suffocating alienship of being we must begin the long and forgotten route through strangeness towards home, and we are our own gates, our own judges, our own redeemers, and redeemed. We must see through our own eyes.

We are destinations, pioneers of ourselves; the pilgrim is the pilgrimage.

Indeed we must- all of us and every one- alone hack out our own cramped, ponderous tunnel, towards or away from god knows what, for no imaginable reason.

The way piles up in fragments behind us, and as endless walls ahead, while we flail and and flail and perhaps find nothing but the hollow ring of movement through the moldless form of unknowable truth. So be it. The bearings may be on the outside, but the compass lies within.

Ground yourself in the conquest of new dominions.

A spiritual anarchy of biblical proportions is now thoroughly under way. Each person must sedulously mine their own dark, alien life. You are a door. Walk through it.

Praise the god inside of you and bow to no other.

Yea, the self is a vast, unconquered territory, to which even if you are given a map, it is still only a map of your own two feet. So, really, you can go ...nowhere.

When you have pursued the depth of your being with unflappable intent, benevolent guidance, and irrevocable folly, and all you have found is but a perilous mishmash of rubbish and lies; when the teachers and leaders have betrayed you completely, and when the masters and madmen have delivered to you their flightless swan songs, and you're on your own again, as you always have been, that is when, in the stillness of your honest heart- that is when you begin again to listen.

When you have dreamed alone, thought alone, walked alone, and wept alone, then you are through with the others. Through with their concern, their trumped-up solicitude, their condescension, and guidance. Better to cast your own light into your own darkness, for then you'll be certain of what you can't see, and when you can't see you stand dead still and ...you listen.

You listen because all their pointless words and actions went right through you, and nothing remained

but the permanent hollow. You listen to the hollow of your being, because that is the only place left which has not been desecrated. You listen, and in that eternal void alone do you hear the echo of your own Great Dream.

I ask not that you sanction what I have said.

Who am I?- you ask. I AM! How much more author-ity does one need? The way I see it is merely the way I see it. You see, the fact that no one else corroborates my reality guarantees that it is true. *Each man, his own messiah*.

And so I say, there is no wisdom on this earth for a man like me. *I am myself. That is wisdom*.

I'm not asking you to agree. I'm not expecting you to understand. I have only my own life, and my own answers, but, at least they are answers ...for me. A man must stand up for the god inside of him, especially if he is the only one that can possibly know it. What is true for me must be true for me alone, or what am I calling me? I have no reason, no need, no desire to embrace another person's truths, for mine are much truer for me, than any other's ever could be.

Which is to say, I alone have sought what was mine alone to seek; these are my truths, not yours.

Get your own.

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I no longer sympathize with mankind. I no longer care what others do, what others have, what others know. The laws of this purgatorial stasis no longer apply to me. The lateral rules, reason, and rhythm of the godless are just as so much dross.

I have no interest in the concerns nor lives of the majority of my fellow man; I write only for those who see the madness and stupidities for what they are; who suffer like aliens lost on an unknown world, for unknown reasons; who yearn to live truly that life which has been beaten out of mankind over the centuries of denial, distortion, and deceit; those persons who are willing to have nothing, to starve, to weep themself blind, to cuss, to scream, to wander, to forget, or to hide away in the wilderness, to be lonelier than Christ on Golgotha, to do whatever it takes to preserve the life of their soul.

I write for those individuals, and those alone, who in their lives seek no advantage over another, who desire love and emancipation for all, and yet who accept with the truth of their hearts that such a possibility can only come about through the free expression of each individual's being, undistorted by guilt, fear, or delusion, and that only upon the attainment of one's own true nature and the fulfillment of one's own highest destiny, is the greatest service towards mankind accomplished.

And so, I say, I have done what I came to do: to live as a free spirit amidst the prison of men; to find the truth buried in their endless lies; to love in a world of lovelessness; to live amongst the dead, to weep at their laughter, to laugh at their tears; and to return to God while in the torrent of the Godless.

In the end I sought liberation only for myself, not because I did not care to liberate others- on the contrary, I cared too much, and that caring is what bound us both, for *they did not want to be liberated*. They couldn't keep up, and I couldn't slow down. And so I came to seek freedom for myself because I wanted to be free, and because no one else wanted to be free enough so as to become free. But me, I needed to be free more than anything else, and I ...I went for it.

But then I found the interesting paradox- that in the tangle of our oneness, no matter what you do or how you do it, the higher you go the higher you lift others with you. To remain behind for them is to turn back for Eurydice and to lose her in that turning.

I found that the higher you rise the more you take with you. And that there is no sense in getting bound in other's prisons simply because they are prisoners; that to free yourself is to set all free.

I have no guilt, no remorse, no regrets. I paid back what I owed, did my penance in return- or was forgiven when it was beyond my ability to repair- and was purchased out of the prison of context. I finished with my earthly debts and left others to pay back their own.

Listen to me friends- I have not lived inside your tortured context, and I shall not die in that prison either. I was only loosely bound to the vain glory of impotent consternation, and I have lived too perilously long within the hypocrisy of discernment. I do not excel before the altar of coherence. I will not suffocate in the vapors of life's ambush. I have died that death already.

Though neither have I bled endlessly through the wound of consciousness for nothing; if I have only stuck my earnest spirit out from the warm abyss for long enough to spill forth my bile and laughter then, as now, while the roaring blade hastens whistling towards its mark, I shall miss not a beat, not a word, not a jingle, but calmly wail out my true song, my vision, my life.

Let me tell you, in my frantic peregrinations throughout the civilizations and wild lands of this earth, I found our famed Mercurius, the fair Nefertiti, the wild Poseidon, and the perishing Pan. I met and drank with the worn apostle Paul, and was kissed by the new and ever gentler Assisi. I knew those who could converse with animals, and others who saw the Living Light in day. I walked with Christ, was assumed up to heaven, met saints and angels in the ether, was kissed by the Mary, coddled by the Mother Earth, and beaten horribly by the heavens. I found angels dying everywhere (angels die because they don't believe in themselves, that's all, but that's plenty.).

I found my evolving anima twice in this life, loved her both times, and flew away higher in the end- light and laughing I was lifted off to nowhere. And my true soul mate- even her I loved in the flesh become spirit in our day.

Yea indeed you must find the mirrors of your own soul in the flesh, or you shall never yourself get truly out alive. It's like the first few pieces of this infinite, confused puzzle, finally coming together- then the whole broken picture has a focal point from which to grow back to One.

I also became wise to the ways of Mara, or Maya, or the Second Mary, as you will. My temptress, my illusion, my lover. And I met the sublime, sensuous soul within us all, and we fell in love. She told me what to do. I tried to follow. I call her Will. She is the one who drags me away from myself. And to her I sometimes go willingly, but only so as to drag her back out.

I roamed wild in the tempest of the archetypes, and held audience with the Myths and Muses. I sought wholeness and mercy for all, spoke with men of god, and god himself on occasion, and let me tell you, life was still all crazy and insane.

I had taken good run at the great divide I had to cross and lept with all my desperate might, but even then I was lucky for the unpredictable stepping stones along the way, and even with them I eventually had to swim in the river warmly meandering nowhere. Oh, let me say this, as the Mercies swelled to meet my sin and anguish, I fell short of the mark and yet was still gently lifted over the line. That alone is why I made it out to sea- not because I could leap well, but ...because I was willing to flounder.

I remain on this earth now, as myself, dodging life's false responsibilities, listening for the as yet unwritten Word, that I might write it, hovering weightlessly between the gravities of two opposing forces, and wondering if you have also come to your own true vision, and if you have the playful wherewithal to carry it through.

I continue to survive this hemorrhage of false meanings- a bloodletting of the knowable- forging on to diffidently blaze a precipitous trail through the hazy, hallowed regions, of revolutionary exasperation.

And if I appear brave upon the turbulent waters, it is because I found that I cannot drown; because I learned to breathe below the surface of life, to sink into the mud like a frog in winter, and inhale osmotically through the pores of my numinous membrane. I learned how to die and be to reborn every day, and so to remain strong in the battle. I learned how to retreat when I am out of bullets, and how to attack with a loaded gun, how to yield and hide, burst forth and conquer, how to flex when the force would break me, and to hold firm when a hill can be won. I learned how to stop caring when things became futile, and how to care when life was prepared to grow in the sun.

What happens in the re-ascent to our immortal selves is that fear becomes loneliness, loneliness becomes acceptance, and acceptance turns into faith. Confusion becomes revulsion, revulsion becomes indifference, and indifference turns into wonder. Reaction turns into action, action turns into inaction, and that ...that is when you become God.

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If you are thoughtful enough, when you have walked through the point in life where you realize that all the dreams, and plans, and knowledge, and purposes the world has thrust upon you are nothing but pitiful

rubbish, all of it, that the dead have led you to your own plot, have handed you a shovel, and have taught you nothing but how to dig your own grave- that is the point when you either crumble or grow. To crumble- to see the lie and yet continue to live it- it is to die into the life that men give you. To grow is to find that force inside of you which of its own accord thrills at the miraculous, privileged event of being, needs nothing from the world of the dead, and reaches infinitely upwards, and just as far downwards, through the limitlessness of the self, through the living I, into the Source, into Life, and lives from and for that spot alone.

And so, in the act of choosing yourself, you choose God, and thus unseparate the division between you. By living from your own centre, and not as a reaction to another's realities, you develop a gravity- you become a celestial force- and that way you draw all other celestial bodies to you.

The moment I accepted myself, I accepted the God within myself. And in that liberating, destructive instant everything joined sublimely together to become the One and Living Spirit, and my God from otherness into me ...and I was saved.

Ah, *blessed be Thy entanglements which complete me*.

Indeed I was eventually lifted from the earth by a force which I could not fathom, except that the earth and flesh made it possible, somehow, for the void ran right through me, and the hole that was not-me, was god, right inside me. Strange how these things happen. But they do.

Oh, it is not so much that we must transcend above being, but that we must descend into it. We are already above, the only thing left is to dive. Were the kite not tethered to the ground, it would not play so freely in the air; yes, the parachute upon which you fall to earth shall itself rise back up to carry you away.

The lost and abandoned soul wanders about on earth, never really touching down, never really belonging, never completely joining in, and therefore never assimilates its earth self, until it happens upon its homeless home, finds familiar wanderers, marries into all life for one brief moment, and then rises back out more complete and fulfilled than if it had spent its whole life in the air.

Thus we come down only so as to go up higher. We descend only so as to transcend. We fall only that we may learn how to eternally fly.

Let me tell you my friends, the only way to learn how to fly, is to leap to the darkness below. Climb as high as you can, but you won't get your wings until you fall without crashing.

Fall spirit, fall. It's the only way to learn how to fly.

For it is only through this world that we may come to grow above it; what does not put down roots, shall never climb towards the sun. No seed grows toward the sky without first germinating in the dark and perilous tribulations it will eventually no longer call hell.

And like seeds which first must leave the loving light, we suffer as we descend into the darkness- we struggle to blossom in the mire. Oh, there is no vision in the black soil; the seed buried beneath the cold earth shudders at the darkness as it begins to grow out of itself. It knows yet nothing of the sun, and even less of the heliotropic self ...it cannot help but naturally become.

Yea, we have not come to die, but to live, to be born into Life. So we must only die from this death, while yet we are living, then alone shall we live and not die.

It is only because we are at first born into death that we must be resurrected to life, and then we must live in that life inside death. There is no death to die, there is only birth to be born. Time it is for us to live again and die no more; to live in this House of Life, though it looks out onto the City of Death.

Anti-life creeps into Life- creeps in and denies life, doubts life, fears life, strangles and rigidifies life. Anti-life damns the flow; it is the damned who fall from the free-flow of life into the inert stasis of Death, which kills Life with fear, and doubt, and shame, and pain.

Kill Death I say. Kill Death by living Life. Kill Death within you. Kill your Death with your Life.

Love Life, live Life, kill Death, and you shall never die.

Live on, you, who are life. Live on.

Flesh is now holy ground.

It's all about disentangling the self from its fetters, about returning to your true nature, to the Source, to god, and then how to get others there. God is not dead, merely buried alive. What a mess. Things are different now than they were; it is not up to god to save us, it is up to us to save god; to awaken our Divinity from its profane slumber.

You see, we are in the flesh so as to redeem the flesh- to absorb pain back into the Great Love. And we must remain in the grave called this world until the death it has died knows that we cared, and by this it comes back to life.

We are here to be in the flesh completely, to exalt life, not hide from it. If we do not return willingly from the deep absence, who will?

We were sent from the light, so we must needs pour ourselves. If we do not, stretched across those anguished distances, bridge the untellable into the told, who will?

Ah, to redeem another without incurring trespass; to witness non-division with humility; to meet them in the dark of their own separate hell; to die and let them be born within you, each and every one; to live and to die as them, that they might live, and to know this is not sacrifice; to stand amongst them in your emptiness; to receive their truth, and reflect back their lie; to look them in the eyes without yourself, so that their God within can awaken and spill forth everywhere.

The tempest and the calm will continue to dance passionately on the membrane of the mean. Nothing but beasts and ghosts running about this purgatorial land. Stand your ground in the manifest, and forge on defiantly. We are only tragically manifest in the furthest, hardened reaches of the light.

Through the pathlessness and mayhem*, everything will lead you back to yourself, if only you are willing to follow*.

We are siblings in the Light. Never doubt that.

Believe in the living spirit, not in the lies of men.

Call the Father down, raise the Mother up.

We must learn again to speak with God. We must learn again to listen.

It is the bricks which build the castle, not the castle which builds the bricks.

And we *...we are but cracks in the sidewalk, making the Way divided ...and complete*.

*

Many things I will never understand nor be capable of explaining. Why we are the way we are, why life is the way it is, when it all began and where it is all headed, of these I have not a clue. I know only that I have come here for important reasons, as have you, and if anyone tells you otherwise you can bet they have missed their cue.

There were many mythical and sublime events, experiences, and hallmarks throughout my journey, none of which were expected, none of which has occurred before, and many of which would be thought of as fable to the mass of people who live with their noses caught in the world. That is not for me to worry about. There are underlying realities within realities which must be lived in order to be real, there is no other way around it.

The messages will come in many sublime ways, in many unexpected forms, as many untold truths. You must see differently, hear differently, understand differently, if you are to follow the clues meant for you, and you alone.

Let them say what they will, but if you take up the task of living Life, Life shall take you up as well. To surrender yourself is to receive yourself. If you make the Spirit your calling, by the Spirit you shall be called.

Understand this and you will understand when I declare that somewhere in the middle of my turmoil I was visited by a fierce, benevolent force which entirely devalued my original existence. As such I was killed and resurrected through pain and mercy, and the most tender of love in the gnashing. There was a merciless killer within me, and he was killing only lies, and his name, if you must know, was Christ, and I was made naught but of lies. So you see what sort of relationship we had then.

Mine was a practiced, exacting crucifixion (crucial-fiction?).

Oh how I laugh now at the gentle Christ of our sleepy churchgoers. What a romantic heap of stool. The warm, cuddly Lamb of God ...my ass! Christ is like a wild and mad wolf at your heals. He is a murderer, and you are his victim. He will kill the lie inside of you with merciless love. The truth will set you free, but first it must destroy you.

There is no soothing balm but only the scalding flame itself, and you are the kindling. The chastening will not end but in your own death's death. Thus perhaps it is that this violence comes out of love, but let me tell you- it is violence, make no mistake about it.

That cup had already been swallowed, but I took as my own the hemlock and Calvary rite.

When the Man comes for you, it is the most torturous blessing you might ever receive.

To be blessed is to be given what you have not the ability to take. To be blessed is to be shown the way, and yet be too afraid to follow. To be blessed is to rage against the merciful benevolence which sustains you, and to have bestowed upon you what you are not capable of accepting. To be blessed is to be humbled because you have what you did not ask for- the burden of a privilege you cannot imagine how to use.

To be baptized is to be shown who you are. To know who you are is to be who you are, and when you know who you are, even if the whole world were to rise up with judgment against you it would feel as if naught but a light breeze rustling through the trees.

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No matter what I have written here, nor how I have explained it, nor come to understand it, throughout it all I was nothing, and did nothing, for it was the great mystery of life which did it all. And when you come to the point of that recognition there is very little left to do. You are finished.

You see, the self which we are is nowhere and everywhere, it is everything and none; it is found in the 'there' which is 'here', and the 'here' which is 'nowhere'. To come to it we must simply die in life, live in death, surrender in the battle, battle in the flight, lift and drop, climb and fall, hope and deny, forget and remember, empty and fill, build and dismantle, release and yet care.

Understanding this, you eventually learn one of the most important lessons of all- how to give yourself completely to a situation, and how to let it go. You learn to invest your whole being, at every moment, into whatever lies before you, and you learn how to know when the shift is complete, to divest yourself, to kiss the ones you've loved goodbye, and move on to other fertile ground. You learn to die only because it leads to more life. You learn to let go only so that you can further receive. You learn to say goodbye, because only then will you be able to say hello.

You learn to leave each to their own loneliness and sorrow- it is their lesson, their way, and their only chance of return. We must bandage no bloodletting, or the worm shall never be gone

Indeed, you learn to stop trying to relieve misery from people’s lives when you realize it is God-given pain.

And so, if you have cleaned yourself out, opened yourself up, and broken down the walls which separated you from the rest of the world, you will find there comes a time when you must cease on letting others in, when you must cease taking on their sin, and must block their vexings from devouring you within. For once you have found your own light, others will seek to take it from you. Once you have shed your skin, others will try to crawl within. Once you have come to peace and stillness, others will do anything in their power to

destroy you. That is when you take your white wings off, and put your black armor on. That is when your love turns from a feather into a sword. There is no other way.

Now is the time we must learn to die in Hell, to be re-born in Hell, to live in Hell, and to not be in Hell.

So it was as such that I became life in death. Born I was out of death- the death I was witnessing and calling life, but which was not life. Yet I would not know that until I was born for the first time into Life, and not, as had previously happened- into Death. And so I found the one thing worth finding- my own eternal Spirit.

Along the way I roared because I had to roar. I danced because I had to dance. And I wept because I had to weep. Because I was caught in being also, and I hated it, loved it, wondered at it, and suffered it to the fullest completion of my soul. I dove into the deepest darkness I could bare, and flew to the highest summit on which I could stand.

I had to destroy, to disorganize, to go mad, for there was no other way to complete the necessity of my being within the claustrophobic structure avowed to our life.

Oh, let me tell you, without a hint of arrogance, that I became what it is only possible to become when the opposites of contempt and mercy, thought and feeling, and anger and succor come to exist with equal intensity and so fuse into one; when you come to fully disdain life, and yet praise it as glory, without ever contradicting the One. Which is to say I became ...a man. And I became such for no special reason but that I began to care ...with ruthless love.

And a man knows how to stand alone in the midst of a lie. A man knows how to laugh when others are weeping, and to weep when others are laughing. A man knows how to believe in no one but himself, and so to believe in all people. A man knows how to forgive himself and others and so to be capable of forgiving ...God.

A man knows how to accept and reject, how to affirm and deny, how to be different and indifferent, how to fight and how to surrender, how to dive to the deepest depths to retrieve a retrievable soul, and how to let another drown.

And a man knows how ...to be a woman; to be whole; to descend into, occupy, inhabit, and become the rose of his own life and flesh. To be and to not-be, and thus to be two in one and finally free. To let the receptive, concavity of his being unvex the sublime pleroma, and only to bring forth His convexity in order to protect Her.

Most souls never become men- they remain boys all their life. To become a man is not a function of time, nor gender even, but can happen at any instant, when you become open enough to feel another's pain or sorrow completely; a man is born from the womb of empathy. Thus there are men who are but seven years old, and boys who are seventy, for maturity lies in the heart, not in the calendar.

And so, if one day you have come, as we all must come, to weep scalding tears for the loneliness and misery of the whole world- if you can take the entire suffering and lostness of mankind into you, hold it, comfort it, and then release it- then the trial of the heart is over, and you can go on your way.

Once you have passed on the chain which holds Heaven and Earth together, then you are free.

In the end I grew beyond the troubles of separative being. After the years of rebellion, condemnation, struggle, and turmoil, I finished with the process by which I would finally melt away like a dwindling chunk of ice which had been smashed about down the river after the break-up, to then merge peacefully into the gentle flow, becoming the calm and yet resolute river myself, sweeping all things along on the voyage to the endless sea.

I came to live, and I became ...Life.

And when you become Life, you understand that no one comes into this plane of being to toil, furrow, build, write, emancipate, guide, entertain suffer, nor possess things, but only to learn how to live, which is to say- to be Life.

For to live is ...to love- to love life, to be love itself.

And this miracle is only possible when you recognize that ...we are all one flowing, evolving soul. One soul. All of us. Until the timeless tide ebbs again in our favor, we are dreamed of inside the same Dream. We are fragmented, yet we are One.

Anyone who sees this completely will never hate again, but only love. Indeed, anyone who has love inside of them has few lessons more to learn in life- for they are Life itself.

Love is the absence of separation. Love is that bond which redeems the flesh. Love has no motive. Love has no object. Love has no need. Love cannot be given, because it cannot be owned. Love possesses nothing. Love is the absence of want. Love never doubts itself. Why would it? After all, it is love. Love shatters the vessel, and lets the spirit flow. And Love is the medium one then comes to live, and be, and exist within.

It is a lesson that is the hardest, and easiest thing in the world- to be life, to be love- because we can only be love by being ...ourselves. For by being our true selves, with no lie, cunning, denial, separation, or guilt within us, nothing is left to prevent the love called God from descending into and becoming us. Nothing.

Yea, and again Yea, when you are finished with the rest of it, you suddenly realize what love is, and how and why it is the only thing that matters, and the only thing that is real, and the only thing that will save you. The only thing that will save you. And so you stop caring for anything else, and you begin to love, and your walls come down.

And you are saved.

*

"Go, love without the help of anything on earth."

William Blake